

HI—

I'M SCARE-DEE CAT—

I'M SCARED !!!



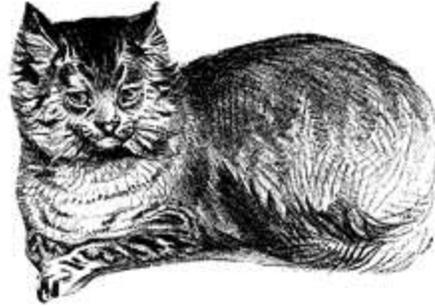
ARE YOU SCARED TOO??

**It's OK! I won't tell anyone—
Don't be ashamed of being scared—
Sometimes being scared is sensible and wise—
There are things we should be scared of—
Someone who is "Afraid of Nothing" is really VERY silly.**



**But sometimes being scared is just no fun at all!
GOOD NEWS! SCARE-DEE CAT has some real answers for you!**

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When we need answers to VERY BIG QUESTIONS — we must go to GOD'S ANCIENT BOOK— the BIBLE to get the REAL TRUTH!

"AWE— THAT'S SISSY STUFF!"

No way! The BRAVEST PEOPLE that ever lived, believed in the BIBLE! The GREATEST MEN & WOMEN who ever lived, believed in PRAYER. and the HAPPIEST PEOPLE that ever lived and still live on Earth, are those that BELONG TO JESUS!



Most things that scare us are really just scary LIES:

LET'S LEARN THE TRUTH— SHALL WE?

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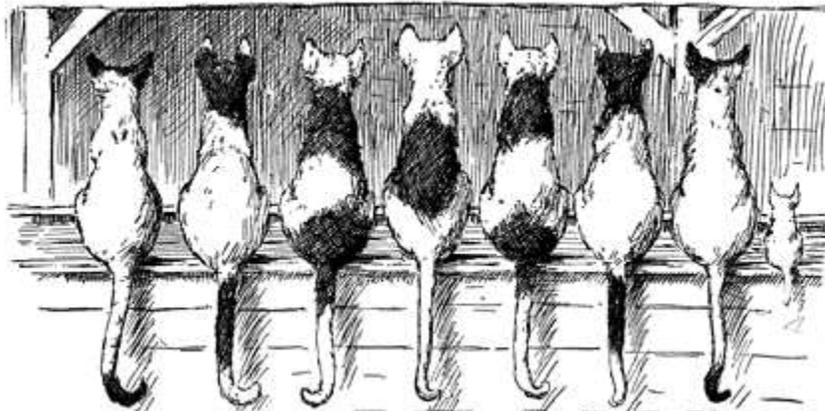
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I'M SCARED—OF JUST EVERYTHING!

"I'M SCARED OF LOTS OF THINGS LIKE STORMS AND BURGLARS AND STUFF! I'M ONLY LITTLE, YOU SEE?"

WELL—BE SURE TO READ OUR OTHER 'SCARED' PAGES, WON'T YOU?

HERE'S SOME MORE STORIES FOR YOU—REMEMBER ALL THESE STORIES ARE ABSOLUTELY TRUE!



LITTLE THINGS

It really is wonderful what God can do even with the smallest things. He takes a little acorn and brings out of it a giant oak tree. Out from a tiny seed He brings an apple tree that will bear fruit enough to feed a family. With a little baby He builds a man who rules kingdoms and sways the destiny of the world.

And now let me tell you about three little things mentioned in the Bible that God took and used in very remarkable ways. They are a man's walking stick, a widow's cupboard, and a little boy's lunch.

THE WALKING STICK

First about the man's walking stick. It belonged to a man, named Aaron, and is known in the Bible as Aaron's rod. Probably it was something like a shepherd's crook, but in any case it was just an ordinary piece of dry wood like any other rod. There was nothing special about it at all.

But one day when the people were quarreling among themselves and grumbling at Moses and Aaron, the Lord took this piece of wood and used it to settle the dispute.

He told Moses to take the rods of the chief princes of Israel, twelve in all, and place them, with Aaron's rod, in the tabernacle, saying that if something very remarkable happened to one of the rods before morning, it would be a sign that God recognized the owner of that rod as the leader.

And what do you suppose happened? When Moses went into the tabernacle in the morning, he found leaves, flowers, and almonds growing from one of the rods. No doubt he was very much surprised, for there had never been anything like that in the tabernacle before. Then he noticed that all the foliage was coming from Aaron's rod. That dry old piece of stick had borne fruit overnight! (Numbers 17:6-8.)

Taking all the rods out to the people, he showed them what had happened, and they saw at once that God had chosen Aaron.

Now, it seems to me that if God could take a dry piece of wood and make it blossom and bear fruit in one night, surely He can take the dullest and most ordinary children and make them fruit bearers in His service. I'm sure He can!

THE WOMAN'S CUPBOARD

But now about the woman's cupboard. It was almost bare. All she had in it was a handful of flour at the bottom of a barrel and a few drops of olive oil in a jug. There had been no rain for over three years; so the crops had withered and everybody was starving. She was about to make her last meal of the Hour and oil when the prophet Elijah met her. He, too, was very hungry, and asked her for food.

The poor widow replied that she had practically nothing left, that her cupboard was empty, and the little she had was to make the last meal for herself and her son.

Then Elijah asked her to do a very hard thing. He said, "You make me a cake first." It sounds very mean of him, but he surely wouldn't have said it if he had not believed for sure that God would do something for the poor woman in return. He promised her, "The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

She was a noble soul. Starving though she was, she gave away the little that she had to someone else. And God kept His promise made through His servant Elijah. Something happened to that cupboard. I don't know what it was, but every time the poor

widow went to the barrel or to the oil jug she always found all she needed. The barrel was never empty, and the jug never ran dry. I think the angels must have had lots of fun filling them up when the woman wasn't looking.

But just think of it—in the midst of a dried-up country and among a starving people, that dear woman and her son were kept supplied with food until the next crops were gathered, all because she put God first and gave her all to Him!

And don't you think that if God could look after that widow's cupboard in the long ago, He can look after boys and girls today? Of course He can. But it all depends on our making Him first in all our plans and giving Him all we have.



THE LITTLE BOY'S LUNCH

But now you want to know about the little boy's lunch. This is the most remarkable story of them all.

One morning a mother living in Galilee stood in the door of her home and waved good-bye to her boy who was going off to spend the day in the fields. She had put up a lunch for him five buns and two small fishes. Off he went, happy as a lark, looking for something with which to amuse himself for the day. Seeing a number of people all going the same way, he joined them, and asked where they were going. They told him that Jesus, the great teacher and healer, had crossed over to the other side of the lake by boat and they were hurrying around the lake to meet Him there.

Thinking this a good opportunity to see Jesus and watch Him heal people, the boy decided to go along. As they drew near to the place where Jesus was standing, the boy found himself in the midst of a vast crowd of people, all eager to get as near to Him as they could. Little by little he squeezed himself near to the front.

At last he reached a place where he could see what was happening and listen to what Jesus was saying. So this was the Jesus of whom he had heard so much! How glad he was to see Him! What a kind face He had! What searching eyes! Thrilled with

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wonder and delight, the boy watched the healing of the sick, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, and listened to the beautiful words that came from the Saviour's lips. His heart was won, his love captured.

"Surely," he thought, "this must be the Messiah for whom my people have waited so long! If only I could speak to Him or touch His hand or do for Him some little service!"

Just then he saw Jesus turn to one of the men who were standing close by Him. "Philip," said Jesus, "whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?"

Immediately the thought came through the boy's mind that perhaps Jesus was hungry and had forgotten to bring any food with Him. He thought of his lunch. Dare he? Dare he? Just then Andrew caught sight of the lad and seemed at once to understand all that was going on in his mind.

"See," he called across to Jesus, "there is a lad here with live barley loaves and two small fishes."

Jesus looked over at the boy and saw that he was offering his lunch. I'm sure His heart was touched at the sight, for He knows so well how precious lunches are to boys. As for the boy, he was more than repaid by the beautiful smile that Jesus gave him.

To the boy's surprise, Jesus did not eat the lunch. Instead, He held it in His hands while He asked the people to sit down and prepare for dinner.

"But He is surely not going to try to feed all this crowd with my little lunch!" said the boy to himself. But Jesus did not seem the least bit disturbed by the large family He had asked to dine on so small a supply of food.

Presently, when all the people were seated, Jesus lifted His hand and asked His Father to bless the food. Then He began to break the buns into pieces and pass them to the disciples to hand around to the people.

The boy watched intently, and he was amazed to notice that there seemed to be no end to the buns; the more Jesus broke off the more there seemed to be. So much so that when all the live thousand people were fully satisfied, there was food lying about on the ground uneaten, and each of the disciples brought back a full basket of pieces.

What a huge supply of food that little boy's lunch had made! Who would have thought it! Not only did the boy get a good dinner himself, but everybody else did too! And why? Because the boy had placed his lunch in the hands of Jesus.

Maybe you haven't much that you can call your own. Maybe you don't even have a lunch you can give Him; but you can be sure of this, that the same Jesus who took those five buns and two little fishes and made them feed five thousand people is able to take all you will give Him and multiply it a thousand fold for the blessing of others.

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You try it and see. Say to Him just now: "Take my life, I give you all of me; Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee." He will make something wonderful out of your life!



Saved From the Storm

The evening had been warm and sultry. Everyone was hot and tired. So was little Jessie; and when Mother told her to go to bed, she was actually glad to go.

But when the light was put out, she was just a little bit frightened, for from far away in the distance came the long rolling boom of thunder. Now and then the whole room was lighted up with bright flashes of lightning.

Jessie didn't like storms; so she shut her eyes tight and said a little prayer, asking Jesus to take care of her.

Then the rain came. Down and down it came, and while it was raining, little Jessie went to sleep. How long she slept she didn't know. It seemed only a minute, though it must have been hours.

Then something woke her, something startling and terrifying. It was Mother's voice, and she was frightened.

"Jessie, Jessie, quick, wake up!" Mother was saying, as she gently shook her.

As Jessie awoke she heard another sound, the most strange and dreadful noise she had heard in all her life. It was a terrible roaring like one great peal of thunder that would not stop. Jessie was very much frightened now.

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma, what's the matter?" she cried. "It's a tornado, and it's right upon us," said Mother. "We must pray, darling. I'll wake Daddy and get him to pray too." Daddy awoke with a start, and jumped out of bed. He guessed at once what was wrong.

They knelt down by the bed, Mother on one side of Jessie, Daddy on the other, their arms crossed over the little girl's head as though to protect her from danger.

By this time the fearful roaring seemed right overhead, and there were other sounds

now as of windows being shattered and things being torn to pieces.

"Dear Jesus, please take care of us," one of them began. Crash! There was a terrific noise as the house next door was smashed by the fury of the wind.

"Dear Jesus, please don't let the storm-"

Crash! Another awful sound told that the house on the other side had gone now.

Crash! Now it was the house across the street.

"O Jesus, help! Save us, please save us!"

So they prayed, while all the time those loving, sheltering arms were close over Jessie's head. And above those arms were other arms, stronger still and yet more loving—the everlasting arms of God.

When the storm had passed, the light of morning revealed a scene of awful desolation, with trees uprooted and the wreckage of houses strewn all around. For a block and a half every building had been smashed, with one exception—the house where Jessie, Mother, and Daddy had prayed.

Today another storm threatens the whole world. Many people are frightened as they see and hear it coming, but Jesus doesn't want us to be afraid. He wants us to trust Him always, with all our hearts. No matter what happens, He would have us keep calm and confident, believing that in His own good time all will be well.

Then He whispers to us these precious promises:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . . . Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Psalm 91:1-10.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms," He assures us. Arms of love, sheltering love, under us and over us always, just like the arms that sheltered little Jessie.

As the storm comes nearer, Jesus will not forget His promises. But let us not forget to pray, and keep on praying till the skies are clear again.

Then one day the storm will pass. Peace will come again, glorious, eternal peace; and we shall see, so clearly then, how Jesus has indeed done all things well.

TWO BURGLAR STORIES



THE POWER OF GOD'S LAW

Paula was frightened. She was all alone in the house, and it was getting late. The missionary and his wife had been suddenly called away on a long trip into the mountains, and she had agreed to stay in the house and keep an eye on things till they should return, but they had not come back. What should she do?

She wanted, oh, so much, to go to her own home, but how could she? She had agreed to stay here till they came, and she could not break her promise. If only someone else were with her, it wouldn't be so bad. But to be alone, at night, and with so many bad people around!

Those bad people worried her. She had heard so much about them. In this part of Peru thieves were constantly breaking into houses and stealing everything they could carry away.

No one dared leave a window or a door open or unlocked. Thieves had been known even to put their arms through open windows in broad daylight, quickly grab anything they could reach, and run off with it.

Too afraid to sit still, Paula walked nervously from room to room, keeping the lights on everywhere so that if there should be a thief around, he would think everybody was home, and stay away. Sometimes, just to keep up her courage, she would stand still and read one of the Bible texts that the missionary had hung on the wall. It did her heart good to read:

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," or "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."

Most of all, Paula was impressed by a big chart of the Ten Commandments which hung right opposite the front door. This was the chart which the missionary used in his meetings at the church. Somehow it made her feel safer as she read the big type which said: "God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other

gods before Me."

She thought of the great God of Israel, who had saved His people from the Egyptians, and she tried to believe that He would save her from the thieves.

It was nearly midnight. All was very still and silent. Not a sound could be heard anywhere—not a whisper of wind in the trees, not the bark of a dog, the bray of a donkey, or even the cry of a child.

But suddenly a strange noise broke the silence. It was a scraping sound near the front door. Paula listened, petrified with fright.

Yes, someone was trying to pick the lock! It must be one of the thieves. Suppose he should break in? What should she do? What could she do?

Now there was a bump, then another bump. Whoever was outside the door was trying to force it open. Paula ran into a corner and huddled down behind a piece of furniture where she could see without being seen, her heart thumping so loud she felt sure the man must hear it.

Suddenly there was a very loud bump, then a crash, as the door burst open and flew back against the wall. In stepped a big, brawny, evil-looking man. Striding into the living room, he looked about him as though trying to make up his mind what he should carry away.

Terrified, Paula looked on. What would he steal? The clock? The ornaments on the mantelpiece? Or the silverware in the bureau drawer? His keen, shrewd eyes seemed to be taking in everything, as they swept around the room.

Then the thief paused. His eyes had fallen upon something else; something different; something he had never seen before. It was the Ten-Commandment chart. He seemed to be saying to himself, "What strange thing is this, this writing on the wall?"

He went closer to examine the chart. Then he folded his arms and quietly read it all the way through.

Beginning with the words "God spake all these words, saying," he read on down through the first commandment, the second, the third, the fourth. Then he came to the fifth, "Honour thy father and thy mother"; the sixth, "Thou shalt not kill"; the seventh, "Thou shalt not commit adultery"; the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal"; the ninth, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour"; and finally the tenth, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's."

Paula wondered what the thief would do when he came to the end. She was certainly

not prepared for what actually happened.

As he finished reading the chart he suddenly turned on his heel and, without saying a word or taking a single thing, walked quietly out of the house. It was as though God Himself had spoken to him from the words on the wall.

Next day, when the missionaries returned, they found Paula all excited over her great adventure, and with half the furniture in the house piled against the front door.

"Wonderful!" they said as they heard her story. "What power there is in the Law of the Lord!"



Saved by a Prayer

This happened some years ago over on the continent of Africa.

Little Matilda came running into the house, only to find everybody out. She called and called, but nobody answered. The house was empty. Or so she thought.

Then she saw something that almost frightened her to death. In the bedroom, where the bedclothes almost touched the floor, there was a big black foot sticking out.

There was a man under the bed! And she alone in the house!

Poor Matilda was about to scream when she stopped herself. Suddenly she remembered something her mother had told her long ago: "When afraid, tell God."

She dropped to her knees and began to pray out loud.

First, she thanked God for all His mercies, and for the way He had watched over her and blessed her all her life. Then she asked Him to take care of her now and keep her from all harm and danger. Then she prayed for the people of Africa, especially for those who lived all around her home.

"Help them to find their way to Thee," she said, pausing a moment before she concluded, "and make them good and kind and gentle as Jesus. And forgive them for all

their sins."

At this there was a movement under the bed. The toes of the foot began to wiggle. Then the foot began to move. Soon two feet were showing. Then a body came sliding out.

Matilda got up from her knees, quite unafraid.

"Did you want something?" she said calmly to the big African boy.

"No," he said.

"Can I do anything to help you?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I came here to rob this house, maybe to kill you, Now I can't do it. I heard you pray for my people and for me. And now I just want to go; and I won't do anything like this again. Never."

With that he was gone, subdued and changed by the power of a little girl's prayer.



**YOUR PRAYERS CAN HAVE POWER TOO BECAUSE THE POWER OF
JESUS IS THERE TO ANSWER THEM!**



I'M SCARED OF—BEING ALONE

I have some REALLY TRULY STORIES to share with you that will help you not to be afraid when you are by yourself anymore.

Meet Our 'For Real Best Friend'



Who was Jesus? A baby in Bethlehem? Yes. A carpenter's boy in Nazareth? Yes. A kind man who helped sick people? Yes. Jesus was all of these, and much more.

Long before Jesus came down to this world as a baby in Bethlehem, He lived in heaven. In fact, He was the one who created this world in which we live. He made the beautiful trees, the flowers, the hills, the valleys, the birds, the animals, and the fishes in the sea. In heaven all the angels loved Him and delighted to do His bidding. There all was happiness and joy.

Why, then, you ask, if He was so happy in heaven, did He come down to the world at all?

Because He loved the people here, and it made Him sorry to see so many dear little boys and girls growing up to be wicked men and women. True, it was a great sacrifice for Him to exchange the joys of heaven for the sorrows of earth, but He did it, knowing that there was no other way to help people to live better and to save the little children for His kingdom.

But why did He come as a little baby, and not as a grown-up man?

Just so He could grow up like all other little boys and girls. He wanted to live as they live, so that He could be better able to help them all afterward. Well, Jesus the baby grew into Jesus the little boy, and He became Jesus the man of Nazareth, who went about all over Palestine doing kind deeds and healing all the sick people who came to Him.

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He taught the people many beautiful lessons, and told them how to live peacefully and happily together. It was Jesus who said that we should do unto others as we would like them to do unto us.

"You have always heard," He said to them also, "that you should love your friends and hate your enemies, but I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who are unkind to you, and hurt you." Matthew 5:43,44.

In His own life Jesus carried out these beautiful lessons, and all the people loved Him. That is, all except a few who were jealous of His popularity. These few were wicked people, and they did not like the way Jesus rebuked them for their sins! (sins are when people disobey God).

These people plotted to kill Him. Think of it! Here was the Son of the great God of heaven, walking about among men, healing and helping them in every way He could, and yet some wanted to take His life! Could anything be more wicked or unkind than that?



And these wicked men succeeded in their plan. They told falsehoods about Jesus, and finally persuaded the Roman governor to allow Him to be crucified. Then the Roman

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soldiers nailed Him by His hands and feet to a wooden cross in the cruelest possible way, standing the cross up on top of a little hill called Golgotha, overlooking Jerusalem.

There, on the cross, Jesus soon died, killed by pain and sorrow. When He was dead His friends came and, taking Him from the cross, buried Him in a rock tomb belonging to a man called Joseph of Arimathaea.

You ask, "Why did Jesus let the wicked people kill Him?"

Just to show them the full extent of His love. He could have called all the angels of heaven to help Him fight against those wicked men. But no, if He could help them more by dying, He was willing to die. By His death He opened the kingdom of heaven to all who should believe on His name. That is what that beautiful text means which says, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.



So Jesus died and was buried, but He did not remain dead. On the third day after He was killed, the disciples came to His tomb and found it open and empty. A little while after, Jesus met them, and they rejoiced that their beloved Master was alive once more.

For forty days He stayed with them, telling them of the work He wanted them to do, and how they were to go forth into all the world to tell everybody they met —men and women, boys and girls —how much He loved them all!

Then, one day, while He was talking with His disciples near Bethany, He began slowly to move away from them, rising higher and higher into the air until at last, far up in the skies, "a cloud received Him out of their sight," and He was gone.

Yet though Jesus went back to heaven He did not forget those whom He left behind on earth. Nor has He ever forgotten His children through all the long years that have passed since that time.

His love never changes. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. He died when He was only a young man, and He never grows old. Having been a boy Himself once, He knows just how to help other children today, rich or poor, sick or well, in all their difficulties and in all their temptations. He will never fail you if you put your trust in Him. He is the children's Friend.

"There's a Friend for little children Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend that never changes, Whose love will never die.
Unlike our friends by nature, Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy The precious name He bears."



MORE ABOUT OUR BEST FRIEND

David Learns About His Best Friend

"You look sad, son," said Mamma, as David came slouching into the kitchen with his hands in his pockets. "What's the matter?"

"Everything."

"Well, what to begin with?"

"Oh, I dunno. I suppose I'm just tired of trying to play by myself. I wish I had some friends around here, or a brother or somebody."

"You remind me of someone," said Mamma, smiling at his woebegone expression.

"Who?" asked David, looking up.

"The little boy who said he felt so lonely he wanted to go into the garden and eat worms." "E-EEww! I don't like worms," said David. "I wish we didn't live out here so far away from everybody. I want a friend who—"

"Let's go into the dining room and talk it over," said Mamma, dropping the work she was doing. David always liked to have Mamma talk to him; so he welcomed the idea at once, eager to hear what she might say.

"Now supposing," said Mamma, when she was seated, and David was leaning over the

arm of her chair, "that you didn't have a friend in the world—no Daddy, no Mamma, just nobody at all--and then someone came along and told you that you could choose any friend you pleased out of all the people in the world--what sort of friend would you choose?"

David thought a moment, with a puzzled look on his face. "Someone who would play with me," he said finally.

"But you would hardly put that first," said Mamma.

"Wouldn't you choose someone who would be good and kind and truthful?"

"I suppose I would," said David.

"And wouldn't you want a faithful friend, someone who would not only be your friend today, but remain your friend all through life?"

"Um," grunted David, "'Spose so."

"And I suppose you would choose someone trustworthy, who would never tell your secrets to anybody, and never let you down in any way?"

"Yes."

"And you would want him to be strong, so that he could help you and maybe protect you from harm someday?"

"I think I'd like that, too," said David.

"And what else would you like your friend to be?"

"Rich," said David.

Mamma smiled. "That would be nice, of course, provided he was generous and unselfish," she said. "Anything else?"

"Can't think of anything else," said David.

"But you would like to have a friend like this—good, kind, truthful, faithful, trustworthy, strong, and maybe rich, too?"

"Surely," said David. "But there's nobody around like that."

"But there is," said Mamma.

"Where? Who is it?" asked David.

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"Let me tell you," said Mamma. "The Bible tells us of a Friend who 'sticketh closer than a brother'--Someone who loves us all so much that He is willing to be everybody's friend, your friend and my friend, too, David. And you know who it is, don't you?"

David's face had taken on that faraway look again, and he said nothing. "Well, He is just everything a friend should be," Mamma went on. "And the more we know Him, the better we love Him. Do you know His name?"

"I suppose you mean Jesus," said David.

"That's right, dear," said Mamma. "And let's think for a moment what a wonderful friend He is. First of all He is a very kind friend. He must be, for when long ago He looked down from His glorious throne in heaven and saw all the sadness and the sickness and the quarreling in this poor old world, He said, 'I must go down and help these poor people and show them a better way.'

"So He left His throne and came down to this earth as a little baby and grew up as any boy does, so that He would know just everything about little boys and the things that little boys like best, and how lonely they get sometimes.



"Then He went about making all the sick people better, helping the blind to see and the deaf to hear, and saying all the nicest things He could to everybody all the time. You see, He wanted them to know how much He loved them and how He wanted to be their friend.

"Then some cruel people took a dislike to Him and didn't want Him for a friend, and finally killed Him. But even when they were treating Him so cruelly, He prayed for them and said He forgave them.

"After that He rose from the dead and went back to heaven to sit upon His throne of glory once more; but He did not forget the people He had left behind here. Through all the years He has loved them. He loves us all today, and wants to be your friend, too. And this proves that He is not only a kind friend but a faithful friend. His love has never faded the tiniest bit. And it never will. In some wonderful way He knows all about every little boy and girl that is born, and watches over them, if they want Him to, all their lives.

"Then Jesus is a very wise friend, too; and it's good to have a wise friend, you know, David—someone who knows everything and can answer all your questions."

"Does Jesus really know everything?" asked David.

"Surely He does," said Mamma.

"How?" asked David.

"Well," said Mamma, "ever since He went back to heaven He has lived nearly two thousand years. And before He came here, He lived 'from everlasting,' and nobody, I suppose, will ever know just how long that is. If you could think back millions and millions of years, you would never get to the beginning of it. So, David, anyone who has lived as long as that must be very, very wise, don't you think? And that reminds me of something else about Jesus. He is a very strong friend.

"You said just now that you wanted a strong friend, and there's nobody so strong as Jesus. The Bible tells us that He made all this great wide, wonderful world—all the mountains and the seas, the flowers and the trees, the animals and the fishes, and all the people, too. He created the first parents of every living thing on the earth today. He also made the sun, the moon, and the millions and millions of stars."

"How could He do all that?" asked David.

"He just spoke, and it happened," said Mamma. "That's what the Bible says. And mustn't it have been marvelous to see star after star blaze out in the sky as He called each one into existence!"

"Like fireworks," whispered David.

"Yes," said Mamma. "The most glorious fireworks ever seen.

And this only goes to prove how strong a friend He is. Seeing that He made everything, and keeps the whole universe running smoothly as a clock, He must be very strong indeed. That is why He says to us, 'Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?' "

"He must be a rich friend, too," said David.

"He is," said Mamma. "Ever so rich. In fact, there is no end to His riches. All the gold

and silver in the world really belong to Him, with all the diamonds, the rubies, and every other precious stone, for He made them all. And we don't know how much more He has stored away in the stars. With such a wealthy friend we should never worry about what we need."

"What other sort of friend is He?" asked David.

"Well, I should say He is a very patient and long-suffering friend," said Mamma. "We all do many things that displease Him, but just as soon as we tell Him we're sorry, why, He forgives us and afterward is just as friendly as ever. And that's so different from the way many earthly friends treat us. Oftentimes, just as soon as we annoy them, they get upset and run away and never speak to us anymore. But Jesus doesn't treat us that way. He is 'the same yesterday, and today, and forever,' and it's a great comfort to have a friend whose love never changes.

"Then, one of the best things of all about Jesus is the fact that He is an ever-present friend. You used to have little friends living next door, but they have gone away, and you may not see them again for years. But Jesus doesn't go away like that. He is always, always with us, wherever we may go."

"How can He be?" asked David.

"By His Holy Spirit," said Mamma. "All we have to do is to tell Him that we love Him and want Him to be our friend. Then He will come into our minds and hearts by His Holy Spirit, and we shall feel His presence with us all the time. We will think about Him and talk to Him, and sometimes, maybe hear Him talking to us. And so we shall never be lonely."

"Never be lonely," repeated David slowly.

"No, never," said Mamma. "Just thinking about Jesus and His love, and trying to please Him by doing His work and helping people He wants to help will keep us always happy."

"Is that why you always look so happy?" asked David. "Why, yes, of course it is," said Mamma. "And Jesus is whispering to you, David, just now, 'Let's be friends.' "

And Mamma smiled such a beautiful smile and spoke so softly and lovingly that the frown suddenly disappeared from David's brow, and the peace and joy that were in Mamma's heart overflowed into his.

David had found a really truly new friend —Jesus.

Scare-Dee Cat



You can have this All-the-Time-Friend too! This is not a make-believe thing, like when we pretend to have a story character with us, or pretend to be a story character; Oh, NO! This is for REAL!

Anybody who wants to belong to King Jesus, can do so! Just pray and tell Him you want to be his child, forever.

How do I pray? Well it is easy, you just talk to Jesus in your mind, or if you are in a quiet place by yourself, you can talk out loud to Him. When you can, it is good to kneel down and close your eyes and fold your hands, to show respect for God; BUT you can pray in your mind to Him at any time, He will hear you, and when you ask for help and guidance to do His will, He will always answer you.

Then you seek to learn more about Him everyday. See if you can get a real Bible, this is Jesus' Book and is really a love letter to His children. The King James Bible is best, but whatever one you have, start to read about Jesus in it, and each time you read ask Him to send His Holy Spirit to be your special teacher, so you will understand it.

He will do it! You can start by reading about Jesus life on earth in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; or about how he made the earth in Genesis. Read some every day and talk to Jesus about what you learned.

Read the other stories in this section and you will learn more about being Jesus' child and never being lonely.



Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,

Scare-Dee Cat

Anywhere He leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without Him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone;
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
Though His hand may lead me over dreary ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Anywhere with Jesus, over land and sea,
Telling souls in darkness of salvation free;
Ready as He summons me to go or stay,
Anywhere with Jesus when He points the way.

Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkening shadows round about me creep,
Knowing I shall waken nevermore to roam;
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.

Anywhere, anywhere! Fear I cannot know;
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.



I'M SCARED OF —DEATH AND DYING

It is very natural to be afraid of dying. We were made to live and even the Bible tells us that DEATH is an enemy. (1Co 15:26 The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.) But notice it tells us that one day—there will be no more death!

(Re 21:4 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.)

But God does not want His children to be afraid and terrified of dying; so He tells us the truth about what it is like to die; He tells us that Death is a sleep.

(Ps 13:3 Consider and hear me, O LORD my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;) Even Jesus said it was a sleep— (John 11:13- Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep.)



WHAT IT IS LIKE WHEN YOU DIE—

Little Kenneth was very sick. He felt that he was not going to get well. Turning toward his mother, who sat by his bedside, he asked, "Mother, what is it like to die?"

Mother was filled with grief, and she knew not how to answer him. She replied, "Kenneth, I must go to the kitchen. I'll be right back." Hurrying there, she prayed, "Lord, show me how to answer Kenneth's question." Immediately, she knew how to express it.

Returning to Kenneth, Mother said, "Kenneth, you know how you have often played hard and gotten very tired in the evening? Then you have come into my room and climbed upon my bed and gone to sleep. Later your father carried you in his arms and put you in your own bed. In the morning you have awakened and found yourself in your own room, without knowing how you got there."

Kenneth said, "Yes, Mother, I know that."

"Well, Kenneth," Mother continued, "Death is something like that for God's children. Jesus spoke of death as sleep. God's children go to sleep when they die. Later, at the resurrection, they will arise and be with Christ forever. Heaven is a wonderful place, Kenneth!"

Then the boy smiled and said, "Mother, I won't be afraid to die now. I'll just go to sleep and, later, wake up and be with Jesus forever. I know God will take care of me."



JESUS UNDERSTOOD

Little Bobby was crossing a busy city street when a big car came round a corner and knocked him down. He was very badly hurt, and some kind people hurried him away to a hospital.

In the hospital Bobby found himself on a cot alongside a little boy named Tommy, whom he knew. Now, Tommy knew something about Jesus, but Bobby, it seemed, knew almost nothing at all about Him.

Poor Bobby was in great pain, and it was feared that he would die.

Presently Tommy said, "I say, Bobby, I have heard that someday, after we are dead, Jesus will come and take us to heaven where there are plenty of good things to eat, and everybody is happy. At the mission they told us that you have only got to ask Him, and He will take you there."

"But I couldn't ask a big Gentleman like that," said Bobby. "He wouldn't listen to a little boy like me."

"Oh, yes, He would," said Tommy, "but you don't have to ask Him. Just put up your hand-like we do at school—when He comes through the hospital. They say He comes through every evening—when the lights are turned down."

Evening came. Nurse went around the ward and turned out some of the lights. "I think it's nearly time," said Tommy. "Put your hand up, Bobby."

Bobby tried to do so, but he was so weak he couldn't manage it. Every time he put his hand up, it fell down.

Tommy crept out of bed, and with a pillow and the bedclothes managed to prop up Bobby's hand so that it wouldn't fall down.

"Thank you, Tommy," murmured Bobby. "Do you think Jesus will see it?"

"I am sure He will," said Tommy.

Scare-Dee Cat

In the morning the little hand was still there. Bobby was dead, but Jesus had understood.



THE 'WAKE-UP MAN'

His name is Claude Terry, and he works in a fine old restaurant in one of the Southern cities of the United States.

The place is open twenty-four hours a day, and Mr. Terry is the night cashier. He begins his work between eight and nine o' clock in the evening and goes home between six and seven in the morning.

I met him some time ago and he told me his story.

It all began many years ago. A customer said to him, "Seeing you will be up all night, would you be so kind as to call me in the morning? Here's my telephone number."

"Of course," said Mr. Terry. "I'll be glad to."

The man was so pleased at Mr. Terry's kindness that he told a friend of his who needed to be called early. Mr. Terry said he would be glad to call him too.

Gradually the idea spread. Pretty soon he was calling ten people every morning. Then fifteen. Then twenty, thirty, forty, fifty! Imagine the time it must have taken him! But Mr. Terry never complained.

Nor did he turn down anybody's request. If a man wanted to be called in the morning, all he had to do was to leave his name and telephone number with Mr. Terry, and without fail he would be called on time.

As the years passed Mr. Terry became known all over town as the "wake-up man." Today he still obliges anyone who wants to be called in the morning.

After I had said good-bye to him I couldn't help thinking of Somebody Else who is going to be the "wake-up Man" for people all over the world. You know who I mean.

Scare-Dee Cat

When Jesus was talking to poor Martha, whose brother Lazarus had just died, He said, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John 11:25. Then He went to the tomb where Lazarus had been buried and called, "Lazarus, come forth!" Lazarus heard His voice, got up, and walked out.

So it was with the widow's son who was being taken to the cemetery in a funeral procession. Jesus told the people who were carrying the body to stop. Then He said, "Young man, get up!" And he did.

It was like that, too, when the little daughter of Jairus died. Jesus went to see her and found the room full of weeping women. After putting them all outside, He said, "Little girl, get up!" And she did. Mark 5:41.

Someday, the Bible says, all who are in their graves shall hear His voice. John 5:28, 29. Isn't that wonderful! It means that Jesus is going to wake up everybody from the sleep of death.

How will this happen? A very famous man has told us. In one of his letters the apostle Paul wrote: "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Thessalonians 4:16, 17.

What a lovely thought! All who have been parted by death from dear ones will be brought together again. Together! Forever!

When will it be? On the "morning" when Jesus comes back again. Then His glorious voice will be heard all around the world, and everybody who went to sleep loving Him, will hear it and wake up, never to sleep again.

How comforting it is to think of Jesus as "the wake-up Man"! He won't forget anybody; not grandpas or grandmas or mammamas or daddies or brothers or sisters. He will call everybody who has asked Him to, right on time.



So you see—when we die, it's just like going to sleep. When you are asleep, you don't know anything that is going on, you don't know how much time has passed.

Scare-Dee Cat

Then when Jesus returns, He will wake up the dead people who want to be with Him in Heaven—and we will all go home with Jesus together!

That is the Really - Truly - Truth that the Bible tells us!



I'M SCARED OF GHOSTS AND DEAD PEOPLE!

I've seen so many creepy pictures about DEAD PEOPLE coming out of their graves to hurt us! And GHOSTS in HAUNTED HOUSES!

NOW IF YOU HAVE NOT READ THE PART ABOUT DEATH & DYING YET, MAYBE YOU SHOULD READ IT NOW.



Afraid of Ghosts!

I never go to a campfire story hour without somebody's calling out, "Tell us a ghost story!" Then everybody else joins in and cries, "Yes, do tell us a ghost story."

Just why nice, clean, good children want to hear ghost stories I have never been able to make out. And, of course, I have never told one—that is, not until I heard this one. But this is a nice, clean ghost story, and as it is absolutely true I am sure it will be all right to tell it.

Harry, Lester, and Jack had gone camping in the Ozarks. Their tent was pitched by a stream in the midst of a small forest. They had their fishing rods with them, and their .22

rifles, and were having a wonderful time. Surely three boys were never happier than these lads. That is, until one night—

It was a moonlight night, with a strong breeze blowing. Harry was in the camp getting supper ready, hoping the other two would hurry up and come home from their fishing trip. "If they don't come soon," he said to himself, "the supper will be spoiled. I can't keep the fire going much longer with all this wind. I wonder what has happened to them?"

Two hours passed. It was very late now. Harry was beginning to get anxious. Suddenly the bushes parted and Lester and Jack came hurrying in.

"What happened?" asked Harry. "You're very late."

"We've got to get out of here at once!" cried Jack excitedly.

"Let's pack up right away and go."

"Why?" asked Harry.

"We've seen a GHOST!" said Jack.

"Yes, and it was coming right toward us," added Lester.

"Fiddlesticks!" replied Harry. "I don't believe a word of it. What really kept you out so late?"

"It was a ghost!" insisted Lester. "And it was right in our way. We couldn't pass it. So we had to walk miles and miles to go around it. It was terrible, Harry; really it was."

"Now look here, you two," said Harry. "What you need is a good supper. I'm afraid this food is all spoiled, but make the best of it. And you'll feel better after a night's sleep."

"Sleep!" cried Jack. "I couldn't sleep here. We've got to pack up and get away quick. Last time we saw it, it was coming this way. It may be here any minute now... "

"Pull yourself together," ordered Harry. "Take it from me, there is no ghost in this forest—never was and never will be. You must have been reading the funnies, or something. Now, have your supper. Then I'll go with you and find this ghost."

"Oh, no, let's not go back there again," protested Lester. "There's no knowing what it might do to us."

"Rubbish!" said Harry. "We're going to find that ghost, or else. So eat your supper quickly." The two younger boys obeyed. They were very hungry. Even so, while they ate

they kept looking among the trees as though they expected the "ghost" to appear any minute.

Supper didn't take long. In their nervousness they bolted it. "Do you know where you saw this 'ghost'?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes," said Lester. "We know exactly. We could take you to the place easily."

"Do you know where you saw this 'GHOST'?" asked Harry.

"Oh yes," said Lester, "We know exactly. We could take you to the place easily."

"Is it far?"

"Not more than a mile from here," answered Jack.

"Are you really going to look for it?" inquired Jack. "Do we have to come?"

"Of course you have to come," said Harry.

"May we bring our guns?"

"If you want to," said Harry. "But I'm not sure what good it would do to shoot a ghost."

Off they went, Harry in the lead, with Lester and Jack closely trailing behind him, their guns gripped tightly in their hands.

There was something eerie about the forest at this time of night, with the wind rustling the trees and bushes, and the moon making soft patches of light on the greensward. Every crack of a twig, every cry of a frightened bird, sent cold shivers down the spines of the two younger boys.

"Look out!" whispered Lester. "We're nearly there. I am sure we saw it somewhere near here."

"But if it was moving toward you," said Harry, "how could you be sure it would be in the same place now?"

"Don't know," said Lester, "but it stayed about here quite a while, and we had to go a long way round to pass it."

Suddenly Jack gave a gasp.

"Th-th-there it is!" he cried. "Over there, on the right. It looks like an old woman in a white cape. Do you see it, Harry?"

"Yes, I see it," said Harry. "It certainly looks like an old woman, but I'm dead sure it isn't a ghost."

"It must be a ghost," whispered Jack. "Let's get out of here. I think we'd better go home."

"Now look here," said Harry. "Take it easy. As I told you before, there's no ghost in these woods. As for that being the ghost of an old woman, it is impossible."

"Dead people don't come back as ghosts. Evil angels may appear in spiritist meetings, but they don't come into God's nice, clean woods."

The Bible tells us that 'the dead know not anything,' and that they have no part 'in anything that is done under the sun.' (Ecclesiastes 9:6.) What's more, if we believe in God, we don't need to be afraid of 'ghosts,' or anything else."

"B-b-but," said Jack, his teeth chattering, "Look. Look! It's coming toward us. Let's run home as fast as we can."

"I'm going over to see," announced Harry.

"Don't!" cried Lester.

"It'll be all right," said Harry, striding toward the supposed ghost.

"We'll keep our guns ready in case it goes for you," said Lester.

"All right," said Harry. "But don't shoot. You are both so nervous you might hit me."

Harry strode on. Suddenly he gave a big laugh.

"Come on, you two. Come and see your ghost!"

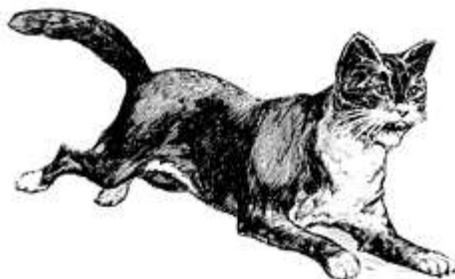
"Isn't it a ghost?" asked Jack.

"What is it?" asked Lester.

"Just the bark of a silver birch," answered Harry. "For some reason or other a large piece of bark has come loose and is flapping about in the wind. When it blew your way, you thought the 'ghost' was coming toward you. Ha, ha! Let's get back to camp and go to sleep."

They all walked back in silence. Lester and Jack were too ashamed of their fears to speak. In fact, that night was the last time they ever talked about ghosts. They knew now that Harry was right. They knew they should have trusted God and not been afraid. Never again would they let themselves be scared by a birch tree 'Ghost'.

Scare-Dee Cat



YOU SEE—The BIBLE has the answer for us about being scared of GHOSTS or DEAD PEOPLE!

WHY? Take a look:

ECCLESIASTES 9:5, 6, 10 "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.

6 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.

10 Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

JOB 14:12 "So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

SO—IF THE DEAD ARE ASLEEP—

AND THEY CANNOT WAKE UP UNTIL JESUS COMES—

AND THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING—

AND THEY DON'T LOVE OR HATE ANY MORE—

AND THEY DON'T TURN INTO GHOSTS—

THEY CAN'T HAUNT HOUSES—

AND THEY HAVE NO PART IN WHAT HAPPENS ON EARTH—

THEN—WE DON'T HAVE ANY REASON TO BE AFRAID OF THEM—RIGHT?

"But some people claim to be able to talk to the dead—who ARE they talking to??"

Scare-Dee Cat

Well there is somebody who wants people to believe a lot of scary lies about DEATH and GOD and the BIBLE and so on. That is SATAN— he is a liar and a murderer and hates GOD and TRUTH. And he seems to get lots of people helping him to tell his lies to make people afraid!



“I’M SCARED OF DEVILS AND EVIL SPIRITS!”



IS SATAN REAL?

Yes, there really is a being called 'Satan'; this name means enemy or adversary. He was not always an adversary, he was once the most beautiful and wise angel in heaven! Then he was called Lucifer; son of the Morning Star.

Satan is stronger and smarter than any of us; BUT Anybody who has given all their hearts and lives to Jesus, and has chosen to become one of His children, does not have to be afraid of Satan or all his nasty fallen angels.

Every time Satan has tried to fight against Jesus—he has lost!

See this:

Scare-Dee Cat

Revelation 12:7 "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels,
8 And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.
9 And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."



That is the story! And it also tells us what he is doing down here, he is deceiving; that means he is telling lies to everybody!!

You see, if people really get to know about God's truth and about how kind and loving God is and how very much power Jesus has to help anyone who trusts in Him; old Satan knows more people would follow Jesus than him.

In fact, if everybody really knew the truth about Satan and believed it; nobody would follow him. He is a LOSER!!

When Jesus came to earth, Satan tried to kill Him when he was a tiny baby; by sending wicked King Herod's soldiers to kill all the boy babies in Bethlehem! What a cowardly thing to do!

When Jesus started His ministry, Satan tried to tempt Him to obey and worship Satan instead of the Heavenly Father! Jesus ordered him to go away and used the mighty words of the Bible to beat him. (Satan can not stand against the Word of God—that's why he hates the true Bible and tries every way to get rid of it, either by destroying it or getting people to make new false Bibles with parts left out and added in.)

Satan tried to beat Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane and on the cross. He wanted to get Jesus to give up, and go back to heaven and leave people to Satan and his devils to kill and destroy. But again, Jesus beat him. He obeyed His Father in Heaven completely!

Scare-Dee Cat

When Jesus was dead in the tomb, Satan thought he could keep Jesus from rising again, so he sent soldiers to guard it and put all his nastiest devil-angels there to keep Jesus in that tomb.

But God sent ONE mighty angel from beside His throne and all those nasty devils fled for their miserable lives! And the soldiers fell like dead men on their faces. Notice that was only ONE angel! And God has millions of them.

No matter who it is, any time a real angel from God appears, people fall on their faces helpless, and evil angels run away terrified. Always remember what Jesus told us in His Word:

Matthew 28:18 "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

ALL POWER ! How much is ALL? If JESUS has all POWER—how much does Satan have?

NONE !

How much do all those witches and foolish folk who work for Satan have?

LESS THAN NONE !

How much do all those nasty fallen angels who work for Satan and pretend to be ghosts and dead people and monsters so they can scare and fool us?

NONE AT ALL !

"But," you say, "I know that these things do hurt people and do nasty deeds. And they force people to have bad habits and do terrible deeds. Why is that?"

It is because, if they don't choose to belong to Jesus, and obey Him, then Satan has power over them. Some of them are stupid enough to really believe that Satan has power, they give all their lives to Satan and he does tricks for them, making them think he has power.

People stay slaves to Satan mostly, because they want to do sinful things, they enjoy doing wrong and they don't want to give it up. So Satan has power over them.

BUT—the minute anybody; big or little, strong or weak; cries out to Jesus to save them, and set them free from sin and Satan, the devils have to run! Jesus hears the weakest prayers of the tiniest child and He sends Mighty Angels to break off Satan's chains and set us free!!

Scare-Dee Cat

Jesus gives us His power to overcome sin and Satan, we always must remember that we cannot belong to Jesus and still do bad things. We must obey God's law but Jesus is the One who gives us the power to do it, remember He has ALL POWER; we don't have any. So we depend on His Power and then all the sins and bad deeds in our lives can be out of there!

We can live Jesus' life here in this world, in Jesus' strength, and Satan can't stop us!



I'M SCARED— OF BEING SICK!



HOPE FOR THE SICK

Little Billy was only three years old, and very, very sick. He had been sick ever since he was born. Most boys and girls of three are running all over the place, but not Billy. He couldn't run. He couldn't walk. He couldn't even stand up.

His arms were so feeble he couldn't lift a spoon to his mouth. His mother had to feed him all the time, just as if he were a baby.

His eyes never seemed to move. They were fixed in one position. He took no notice of anybody or anything.

Scare-Dee Cat

He was, in fact, more dead than alive. And yet he didn't die, though all who saw him said he couldn't live much longer. Billy's parents took him from one doctor to another in the hope that one of them might be able to do something to make him better. But it was no use.

They spent thousands of dollars on medical bills, but all in vain. Nobody seemed able to help. It was very, very sad.

What else could they do? What else could anybody do?

Then one day a new doctor came to the hospital where Billy was lying in the children's ward. When he heard about Billy he said he would like to see him.

As he looked down at the poor little boy he suddenly remembered something. Some time before he had seen another boy like this, and a certain medicine had made him better. Would it work again? He sent for the drug and injected some of it into Billy's arm.

A few minutes passed. Then the mother, looking eagerly, hopefully, at the poor little thing on her lap, cried out, "Look, doctor! His eyes are beginning to change!"

"Impossible," said the doctor. "It's too soon."

Certain she was right, the mother watched excitedly. Ten more minutes passed.

"Something is happening, doctor!" she cried. "I believe he's moving his muscles!"

"I'm afraid it's just your imagination," said the doctor. Five more minutes passed.

"Look!" cried the mother. "Look! He's coming to life!" The doctor left his chair and came over to Billy, snapping his fingers beside the little boy's ear.

Instantly Billy turned his eyes in the direction of the sound. It was the first time he had ever moved his eyes. A few minutes later he slid off his mother's lap onto the floor. Then he stood up. He had never stood before.

"Thank you, doctor, thank you!" cried the mother, picking Billy up in her loving arms. Then, her heart overflowing with happiness, she carried him home. It was like one of the Bible miracles.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all sick little boys and girls could get well as quickly as Billy? It surely would.

Sadly, it doesn't happen that way very often. But someday it will. It surely will.

The Bible says so. All of a sudden, "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the

tongue of the dumb sing." Isaiah 35:5, 6.

Suddenly, gloriously, it will happen. The blind will see. The deaf will hear. The dumb (people who can't talk) will sing. The crippled will run and jump. But when?

"Your God will come. . . and save you," it says. That's when. When Jesus comes again all the sick people who love Him will be made better, never to be ill again.

No more measles, no more mumps, no more scarlet fever, no more chickenpox! Won't that be wonderful?

Perhaps you have weak eyes and have to wear glasses. Suddenly you will find yourself able to see better than ever. You will throw your glasses away. You will never need them again.

Perhaps you have had trouble with your teeth, and cried a lot because of toothache. You have had to go to the dentist many times. You have held on to his chair while he drilled and filled the cavities. But no more. Never any more. Suddenly you will have a brand-new set that will never decay.

Perhaps you have had polio and one leg is a little shorter than the other. Maybe you have to wear a brace and can only hobble around. Suddenly that poor leg will be restored just like the other--just as you have hoped and prayed so often that it would be.

Perhaps you have had to stay in bed a long time because of a weak heart. Suddenly the weakness will vanish. You will leap out of bed and run about just like other children. And your heart will never bother you again.

Whatever the trouble, whatever the illness, whatever the pain, it will all disappear when Jesus comes again. For then the beautiful promise will be fulfilled: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Revelation 21:4.

No wonder people have been looking, longing, hoping for His coming for years and years and years. No wonder His coming is called the "blessed hope." No wonder the apostle John prayed, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Come, happy day!

YES, IT WILL BE WONDERFUL WHEN JESUS COMES AND THERE IS NO MORE PAIN OR SICKNESS OR DEATH!

"But what about when we are sick now? Is there any help for us?"

Scare-Dee Cat



A long time ago when I was little; I was very sick a lot of the time. Often I had to be in the hospital and Mommy and Daddy could not always stay with me. So I had to stay there all alone.

Oh, yes, there were nurses and doctors there to take care of me, but they were strangers, and I missed my Mom and Dad.

BUT—I knew a secret and I'm going to tell you about it too—I knew Jesus; and I knew that He sends a SPECIAL GUARDIAN ANGEL to care for every boy or girl!

These GUARDIAN ANGELS are with every child, all of the time. And so I would lie there in my little bed in the hospital ward, and I would talk to Jesus. I would ask Him to have my ANGEL hold my hand. And then I would put my hand out, like I was holding mommy or daddy's hand; and I would go to sleep unafraid.

How could anybody ever be afraid with one of God's Mighty Angels holding their hand? Of course not! It's better than any bodyguard you could ever have.

DOES JESUS EVER HEAL PEOPLE NOW—LIKE HE DID WHEN HE WAS HERE?

Yes! Indeed He does; and it is always OK to pray and ask Him if He will please make somebody who is sick well again, if it is His will. That means if He sees it is for the best. He always knows best. Even a child can pray like that!



Praying for Daddy

The little girl in this story was only three years old when she did this lovely thing I am going to tell you about. What a great deal of good even a tiny three-year-old can do!

Her father is a very important businessman. Not long ago he became very, very ill. He was so sick that two doctors were called in, and the servants in the great big house where he lived were told to go about their work without making the least little bit of noise, so that the master would not be disturbed.

Nobody was allowed in the sickroom except the nurses and the doctors. They were most particular about this. There was to be no troubling of the patient for any reason whatever, they said. If he did not sleep, then there would be no hope of saving his life.

And that was just what the patient could not do. Sleep would not come. Hour after hour he tossed about, restless and irritable, and constantly getting weaker.

As the days passed and he became steadily worse, the doctors finally decided that there was nothing more that they could do. It was only a matter of time, they said, and the family had better prepare for the worst.

All this time little Gloria had been filled with curiosity about what was going on in the darkened room. She knew her dear daddy was sick in there, but she couldn't understand why she was not allowed to go in, why she had to be kept so far away from him.

Now and then, when nobody was looking, she would creep along to the door of the sickroom and stand outside listening, as quiet as a little pussy hunting a mouse. There she would stay until the nurse opened the door. Then she would run away so fast that there was no time for the nurse to blame her for being there.

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How little Gloria did want to see her daddy! She felt that he needed her, and it made her cross to be told that she mustn't go into his room any more.

Then one afternoon, as she was looking around a corner of the corridor, sadly watching the door of Daddy's room, the nurse came out and walked down to the bathroom. And she left the door open!

Like a streak of lightning Gloria sped around the corner and into the room. She just had to see her daddy, and you couldn't blame her very much, could you? But when she saw her daddy she felt very sad. He looked so pale and tired. "Poor Daddy!" she said, gently touching his hand. "I'm so sorry." And then after a pause, "I love you, Daddy." Daddy turned his head and smiled weakly at her. "I'm glad you came to see me," he whispered, trying to stroke her golden curls. Tears filled Gloria's eyes, and all of a sudden she walked over to the window and looked up into the sky. And there she talked quietly to Jesus, just as though she were talking to a very dear friend. In a moment or two she was back again at Daddy's bedside.

"Daddy," she said very earnestly, with her sweet little face aglow with happiness, "Jesus told me just now that you are going to get better."

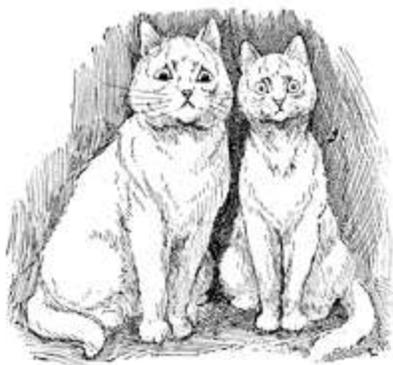
Daddy smiled and slowly closed his eyes.

Just then Gloria heard footsteps. It was the nurse coming back! But Gloria didn't even think of running to hide. It was her turn now.

"Ssssh!" she said, as the nurse came in, an angry frown on her face. "Ssssh! Daddy's asleep. Don't wake him up!" The nurse looked, and to her amazement she saw that Gloria was right. Her patient was asleep at last. The little girl had done more than all the doctors and the nurses together. The poor sick man, whom everybody had given up to die, slept soundly all that night, something he had not done for many weeks. In the morning, when he awoke, he was so much better that the doctors could hardly believe their eyes. And he kept on getting better until soon he was his old self again.

Today he is back at his work, but he never tires of telling the story of how his life was saved, not by the doctors, but by his own little Gloria and the prayer she prayed at the window that afternoon.

Scare-Dee Cat



I'M SCARED—OF GOD AND HELL!

Perhaps if you've been reading some of our other stories, you may be learning that God really is A WONDERFUL, KIND AND LOVING HEAVENLY FATHER!

But still you hear these terrible stories about how God will put bad people in HELL and torture them, and burn them for ever and ever!

You hear that as soon as we die, we either go to heaven right away or we go to HELL and be tortured for always! Some people even tell you that even if you are going to get to go to heaven, you still have to go to PURGATORY and be tortured for a few thousand years to get rid of your sins!

They say that God is made happy when He hears the wicked people screaming in pain—and you wonder—HOW CAN A GOD OF LOVE DO SOMETHING HORRIBLE LIKE THAT??

WELL—as always—the TRUTH sets us free from fear. The Bible does NOT teach that we go to Heaven or Hell when we die.

It does not say people will be burned forever and ever, although there are a few verses that seem to say that, when we don't understand what they mean.

AND the BIBLE never heard of a place called PURGATORY!! You can search from cover to cover and you will not find it in the Bible!

LET'S LEARN THE TRUTH—SHALL WE?



THE 'DEADER' GOES BY

Tom and Tony were bored with life. It had been raining and raining and raining for I don't know how long, and they had played with all their toys until they had lost interest in every one of them.

Tony, the smaller of the two, was at the window, mournfully repeating the old refrain: "Rain, rain, go to Spain"; but the rain was very obstinate this afternoon. It just wouldn't go.

Suddenly, however, Tony raised a shout of eager interest. Something was happening in the street.

"Tom!" he cried, "come here and have a look! There's a deader going by."

"A what going by?" asked Tom.

"A deader; see, look at the lovely flowers and the nice shiny cars."

"What a long procession!" exclaimed Tom, running to the window. "My, what a lot of cars! That must be Mr. Jones's funeral."

"I 'spect he must be pretty hot by now," said Tony.

"Hot! Why ever should he be hot?"

"'Cos he was a bad man, and Satan must have popped him into the fire right away."

"How do you know he was a bad man?" asked Tom, surprised at his little brother's certainty as to poor Mr. Jones's fate.

"'Cos," replied Tony solemnly, "I heard him swear one day when he was in our house. And he used to smoke. And I heard Mamma say he went home drunk one night. So I 'spect he'll be poked down and down where it's very, very hot, and he'll smell like

roast..."

"Tony!" cried a voice from the other side of the room. "What is that you're saying?"

"Hello, Auntie," said both boys together, turning around. "We didn't know you had come."

"I think I came just in time," said Auntie.

"You did," said Tony eagerly. "Come and see the deader going by! He's almost gone now, but you can still see the cars."

"Tony," said Auntie, "you shouldn't speak like that about a funeral. Poor Mrs. Jones and all the family are very, very sad about it, and you should be sorry for them and not make fun about it."

"We weren't making fun," said Tom indignantly. "We were only looking, and Tony was saying where he thought Mr. Jones had gone."

"But Tony was quite wrong," said Auntie, "and you should both have known better."

"But that's what my teacher told me happens to bad people," said Tony with a grieved air.

"Then he was wrong."

"But it was a lady."

"Then she was wrong," said Auntie; "and if you will come over here by the fire, I will tell you all about it." Glad for any sort of change, the two little boys rushed over to grab the most comfortable seats beside the fire. "Now go on, Auntie," said Tom, now as interested as Tony.

"Well," said Auntie, "I am going to tell you just what is found in the Bible. For that is God's Book, where He tells us how man came into this world and what happens to him when he goes out of it.

"First of all, how did man come into the world? I am going to read a text in the second chapter of Genesis, verse seven: 'The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' Now, Tony, how many things go to make up a man?"

"Two things," said Tony.

"Good boy," said Auntie. "That's right. First, the dust of the ground, and second, the breath of life. The two together make a 'living soul.' Separate them, and death comes. Do you see?"

"I s'pose that's what makes a deader," said Tony.

"Yes," said Auntie, with a smile, "a deader". We read of this separation at death in Ecclesiastes, chapter twelve, verse seven, where it says, 'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit [which is another word for breath] shall return unto God who gave it.' So you see that when the body and the breath are separated, there is no more a living soul"

This was rather deep for Tony.

"Do you mean there is nothing left to be poked down into a fire by Satan?" he said after a pause.

"That's exactly right," said Auntie. "There just isn't anything left. Now, if I turn over the page I read here in chapter nine, verse five, that 'the dead know not any thing'; and again in verse ten, 'There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave.' It couldn't be plainer, could it?"

"No," said Tom. "It's very plain. But don't good people, then, go to heaven when they die?"

"How can they?" said Auntie. "The same thing happens to them as to the bad people. The two parts; the dust and the breath; separate, and there is no more living soul. The people are simply dead."

"But, Auntie," asked Tony, reluctant to let go of his idea, "won't the bad people ever be poked down into a big, hot fire?"

"And won't the good people ever go to heaven?" asked Tom.

"Oh, yes," said Auntie. "While it is perfectly true that the dead know nothing, and are as fast asleep as tired little boys after a hard day's play, yet one day they will all wake up and come to life again."

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Jesus has told us that. He said: 'The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.' That is found in the fifth chapter of John, verses twenty-eight and twenty-nine; but there are other texts that say the same thing.

There is no doubt whatever that the dead will be raised to life, and then the good people will be rewarded and the bad people punished."

"But, Auntie," asked Tom, "when will it happen? Thousands of years in the future?"

"I don't think so, dearie. You see, Tom, there is a definite time fixed by God for the dead to be raised. In Paul's first letter to the Thessalonians, the fourth chapter and sixteenth verse, we are told that 'the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven: . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise.' From this it is clear that all the good people who have gone to sleep in death believing in Jesus will be awakened by His glorious voice calling to them when He comes again. And many today believe that it will not be very long before that happens."

"But, Auntie," said Tony, with a worried look on his face, "what about the fire for the wicked people? Isn't there anything about that?"

"Oh, yes, Tony," said Auntie. "That is just as clear, too, though there is only time to read you one text now. Here it is in the twentieth chapter of Revelation and the ninth verse. Here you have the story of what happens to all the wicked people who are brought back to life to hear their final sentence from God. It says, 'Fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them.' "

"A-a-a-a-h!" exclaimed Tony as though fully satisfied at last. "I knew they'd get it sometime."

"And the fire will burn up everybody and everything bad?" asked Tom.

"Yes, dear," said Auntie. "Everything bad will be burned up, and God will make a glorious new home for all the people who love Him; and in that happy, happy land there

will be no more sickness or pain, and nobody will ever die any more."

"And we shall never see a deader going by again?" said Tony. "No, dear," said Auntie with deep feeling; "thank God, never, never again."



What and Where Is Hell?

In our PAGE ABOUT DEATH we learned what happens to a person when he dies. We saw that those who accept Jesus as their Saviour and obey Him, are sleeping in their graves until He comes back to awaken them at the resurrection.

There are many, however, who pay no attention to what the Bible teaches; they will not listen to Jesus; they refuse to obey His commandments. It is impossible for Jesus to take them to heaven in their sins. What will become of them? In looking for the answer to this question, we need to know exactly what the Bible teaches. Only God can give us the true answer.

Genesis 3:3-5 tells us who first promised man that he could disobey God and never die.

"But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

This is the only text in the Bible that promises man that he can disobey God and have eternal life and it was Satan's Lie! The Bible tells us that it was Satan who spoke through the serpent to fool Eve.

"And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." Revelation 12:9

Jesus told us plainly what Satan is. "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth,

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because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for [he is a liar](#), and the father of it. John 8:44

When Jesus wakes up the dead and calls them from their graves we call it the Resurrection. Jesus said there would be two resurrections.

“Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.” John 5:28, 29

Jesus told us that most of the people would not go to heaven because they would not let Him help them to be ready for heaven. “Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” Matthew 7:13, 14

How sad it is that there are far more wicked people in the world than there are good people. All who refuse to follow the right way will be lost. Those who are not willing to live according to God’s laws here, would be most unhappy in heaven.

Many religions of the world teach that when a wicked person dies he goes immediately to a place called "hell." where he is tormented with fire forever. Many heathen religions have taught this for centuries. Several hundred years ago this false teaching came into the Christian church.

Others say that a good God would not torture someone forever because of a few years of wrong living. They believe that there really is no hell, and that this is just God’s way of threatening people to make them do what is right. They make God to be the liar! But, the question is, What does the Bible teach?

Let the Bible tell us what reward sin brings: “[For the wages of sin is death](#); but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Romans 6:23

The wages of sin is death—not life. If, as many people believe, the dead live for ever in hell fire, then they would really have eternal life too, just as do the righteous. The difference would be that the righteous live in peace and happiness, while the wicked suffer.

We know that there are not any people in Hell now because Jesus told us when all men will receive their reward: “For the Son of man [Jesus] shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.” Matthew 16:27

This verse, tells us that no one will receive his reward until Jesus comes with all His angels. Therefore the wicked are not now in hell. So where are the wicked dead people now?

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“Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which **all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, And shall come forth**; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.” John 5:28, 29

Jesus teaches that the wicked sleep in their graves until the resurrection day, when they will come forth to receive their punishment. They are not now suffering in hell!

What would be the need of calling the wicked from their graves in the resurrection day if they were already in hell? Why should they come up for judgment, if they were already suffering in hell for hundreds of years? That would be very unreasonable.

The fact is that hell-fire was really not prepared for people, but for Satan and his rebel host. “Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, **prepared for the devil and his angels.**” Matthew 25:41

They will be punished in the lake of fire at the final judgment. “And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto **the judgment of the great day.**” Jude 6

This is called the Second Death: “And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the **second death.** And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.” Revelation 20:14, 15

Sadly though, many people will also die in that Lake of Fire because they refused all their lives to allow Jesus to be able to save them and remove sin and rebellion from their hearts.

No sin defiled heart can enter heaven. It was sin that nailed Jesus to the cross. You don't want to hold on to it, instead, let Jesus free you from sin and write your name in the book of Life!

The Bible tells us about that day when the wicked are destroyed forever. “For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and **the day that cometh shall burn them up**, saith the LORD of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.” Malachi 4:1

Stubble is what is left in the field after the grain has been harvested. It is very dry and burns very hot and very quickly. When the fire has done its work only ashes are left; we see no picture of people suffering for eternity.

“And ye shall tread down the wicked; for **they shall be ashes** under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the LORD of hosts.” Malachi 4:3

Jesus said that the wicked are like weeds. “The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares (weeds) are the children of the wicked one.” Matthew 13:38

He said the weeds will be burned up. "As therefore the tares (weeds) are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world." Matthew 13:40

He also tells us when this will happen: "As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be [in the end of this world](#). The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Matthew 13:40-42

How nicely this goes along with the statement of Jesus in Matthew 11:22 where He speaks of a day of judgment as a future event. It would be wrong to think that a person is being punished before he has been judged!

Here is another reason we know there is no eternally burning Hell—because the place where the destruction of the wicked takes place is right here on this earth! "And they went up [on the breadth of the earth](#), and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them." Revelation 20:9

You may ask, "But do not some texts speak of eternal torment which will last forever, of eternal fire, and unquenchable fire?" Yes, there are those texts, but let's look at some other Bible texts and see if they will help us understand these other more difficult texts. We must always remember that the Bible does not contradict itself!

Over here in Exodus 21:6 we are told how long some Hebrew servants were to serve their master? "Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall [serve him for ever](#)."

Now we certainly know that in this case, the term "forever" means as long as the servant lived, and no longer.

Now notice the period of time Samuel's mother said he was to serve the Lord in Shiloh. "But Hannah went not up; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may appear before the LORD, and [there abide for ever](#)." 1 Samuel 1:22

And a few verses later we see what she meant: "Therefore also I have lent him to the LORD; [as long as he liveth](#) he shall be lent to the LORD. And he worshipped the LORD there." 1 Samuel 1:28

The term 'forever' was as long as the servant or Samuel lived. In both the Old and New Testaments, the term forever is used more than fifty times with reference to something that has already come to an end.

Let's see how long Jonah said he was in the fish. "I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me [for ever](#): yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O LORD my God." Jonah 2:6

I'm sure it must have felt like 'forever' but how long was it really? "Now the LORD had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And [Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights](#)." Jonah 1:17

In the case of Jonah, the term "forever" was a very short period of time.

What does the Bible say about the fire that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah? "Even as Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them in like manner, giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering [the vengeance of eternal fire](#)." Jude 7

Those wicked cities are not still burning today. What does the Bible say they are now? "[And turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes](#) condemned them with an overthrow, making them an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly." 2 Peter 2:6

Peter tells us that when the fire had completed its work, nothing was left but ashes. That is exactly what Malachi 4:3 said would be left of the wicked after the fire of destruction in the last day had done its work.

God said an unquenchable fire would burn Jerusalem if the people continued to rebel and disobey His commandments.

"But if ye will not hearken unto me to hallow the sabbath day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the sabbath day; then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and [it shall not be quenched](#)." Jeremiah 17:27

Even though God had said the fire would be unquenchable, we would not think that this fire is still burning today. When God said, through the prophet Jeremiah, that the fire would be unquenchable, He meant that no man would be able to put it out until it had done its appointed work of destroying the city.

Is God anxious to burn up the wicked? No He says clearly He wants to be able to save them. "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord GOD, [I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked](#); but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ezekiel 33:11

In Isaiah 28:21 we are told that the terrible work of destroying the lost is a "strange act" for Jesus to do. His whole life was spent and sacrificed in trying to help save men. It will be a fearful, heartbreaking time when Jesus at last comes to do "His act, His strange act" of destroying those who have rejected His pleadings and for whom He gave His life.

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Remember that not one person will be destroyed unless he has rejected the opportunity to be saved. Jesus will save all who will accept Him as their Saviour. Those who knowingly cling to sin must pay the penalty—the second death.

God will soon set fire to the horrible rubbish pile of sin in this old world. He is going to clean the universe of the very memory of sin. Sin will be destroyed wherever it is found. In mercy Jesus pleads with you to forsake sin so that you will not be destroyed at last.

Jesus wants to save each one of us. He cannot bear to think of even one soul being lost. He suffered and died on the cross to open the doors of Heaven for each person! Will you not say, "Jesus, I surrender all"?

**NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE, YOUNG OR OLD, WEAK OR STRONG,
JESUS WILL SAVE ALL WHO COME TO HIM AND ASK FOR
FORGIVENESS AND POWER TO LIVE A LIFE THAT PLEASURES HIM.**

**NO ONE WILL BE LEFT OUT OF HEAVEN WHO REALLY, TRULY
CHOOSES TO GO THERE!**



**I'M SCARED OF WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THIS
WORLD! I'M SCARED OF—THE FUTURE!**

YES—WE DO LIVE IN A SCARY WORLD! JESUS TOLD HIS PEOPLE

THAT THE WORLD WOULD BE VERY WICKED AND SCARY AND MANY BAD THINGS WOULD BE HAPPENING—JUST BEFORE HE CAME BACK TO TAKE HIS PEOPLE TO HEAVEN!

BUT, HE ALSO TOLD US TWO IMPORTANT WORDS—HERE THEY ARE:

FEAR NOT!!

WHY? JESUS CONTINUES—

FOR I AM WITH YOU!

LET'S LEARN MORE ABOUT JESUS' COMING AND HOW TO BE READY--SHALL WE?

DRUM TELEPHONES!



More than a thousand years before anyone had heard about radio, or telephones, native peoples in Africa were able to speak to each other over long distances by means of talking drums.

I don't mean that they had drums that could speak as you and I speak; yet they talked just the same! You see, in every village men were trained to play the drums so skillfully that messages could be sent by the sound that the drums made.

Some of the drums were so large that their sound would travel as far as twenty miles or more. And as soon as the drums would begin to sound in one village, the drummer in the next village would pick up the message and begin to sound it out on his drum. So from village to village the word would go until the whole countryside had heard it.

When really big things happened, the news would be sent in this way all across the whole great continent.

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It is said that when Queen Victoria died, and the news was cabled from England to West Africa, natives living hundreds of miles from railways and telegraph lines immediately began talking of the death of the "Great White Queen." They heard the news even before government officials, by means of the talking drums.

When the city of Khartoum fell and General Gordon was killed, natives in Sierra Leone, thousands of miles away, talked about it the same day!

The largest drums are made from huge, hollowed-out tree trunks. Sometimes these measure as much as twelve feet long and five feet wide. Think of a drum that size! No wonder the sound of it carries twenty miles!

Wouldn't you like to hear drums like this being played? Someone who heard them all his life has said: "Shuddering down the wind come their voices. . . . Boom-tap-boom! Dumm . . . dum. . . t-rat . . . t-t-r-r-rat! Bo-o-o-o-om!"

You can almost hear them, can't you? I wonder what they are saying? Perhaps some awful disaster has happened, a flood or a fire, or some great chief has died.

The drums of Africa are still talking today. Perhaps you will hear them someday.

GOD'S DRUMS

But I am thinking of other drums. We might call them God's drums. And they are talking very loudly, bringing news, not only of things that have happened, but of things that are going to happen.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Shuddering down the wind come their voices."

Yes, all the terrible things that are happening in the world today, all the suffering of so many people, all the sorrows of so many fathers and mothers and little children, all the crime and cruelty, all the little wars and big wars, are shouting a message to us.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The deep, resonant sounds circle the whole great globe. "Wake up!" they say to us. "Wake up! Be on the watch for something that is coming soon!"

"Watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is!"

Jesus knew all about these things, and He told us that there would be "talking drums" in these days; only He called them by a different name.

"There shall be signs," He said, "in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon

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the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Luke 21:25, 26.

In the last days of earth's history, said Jesus, everything would talk to us—the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the people, the heavens, and the earth. Talking drums thundering out their warning of His coming!

And He added, "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Verse 28.

What a wonderful thing it is that God is trying to tell us now! Are you listening? Can you hear the drums? And if we can hear them, and their warning message, what shall we do about it?

Shall we not look up into His face and say to Him, "Jesus, I'm glad that You are coming again. I am so anxious to see You. I want to live in the beautiful land of peace You are preparing for those who love You. I love You too. And I want to be ready to meet You when You come. Please make me ready. Take all sin out of my heart. Help me to be good today and every day until You come again." Won't you say that? And say it now?

If you do, there will be no doubt about what will happen in that great day, for we are told that "He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." Matthew 24:31.

That means that they will be looking for you! The angels looking for you! How very wonderful! And they will find you. I know they will. And they will take us all home to that beautiful land where there will be no more war and "no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Revelation 21:4.



THE MORNING WHEN WE ALL GO HOME!

How that youngest boy of mine used to love the sea! You should have seen him holding the wheel of one of those little motorboats they have at some seaside resorts. Was he happy!

When I took him in a big speedboat one day and left him all alone on the back seat, the look of perfect bliss on his face was something wonderful to behold.

Many years ago, as we were driving through British Columbia, I happened to say that we might be going on a big steamer soon. Alas, for our peace!

"When are we going on the big steamer, Daddy?" he asked.

"How many funnels does it have? Will it have lots of smoke? Will it go very fast? Shall we go far, far away? Will it be the Queen Mary?"

But the chief question was always, "When are we going, Daddy? Will it be tomorrow?" "

"NO SON, not tomorrow."

"Then how soon?"

"Very, very soon."

"Oh, dear, I can hardly wait!"

So the days went by, with the same questions being asked over and over again, the inquiry always ending with that plaintive plea, "Will it be very soon now?"

Purposely I did not tell him the exact day for fear he would become too excited about it. So I kept saying, "Soon, very soon now."

Scare-Dee Cat

Then one day we crossed the border into the United States, and drove to Seattle. There we stayed for the night, so as to be in good time to catch the boat in the morning. But we did not tell the boy. Oh, dear, no. He wouldn't have slept a wink. Neither would we. So when he asked again, as he went to sleep, "Are we going on the boat soon, Daddy?" I said, "Oh, yes, very, very soon now; at which his weary little head fell on the pillow as though he were quite content. Little did he realize that he was so near to the goal of his dreams.

Now, whether or not it was because he had slept within a quarter mile of that ship I cannot say, but he awoke early the next day with the certain conviction in his heart that the great moment had arrived.

Rubbing his little eyes and looking up earnestly into his mother's face, he said with an eagerness I shall never forget, "Is this the morning?"

"Oh, yes," I said, responding to the light of hope and joy blazing in his eyes. "Yes, this is the morning. This is the day you have been waiting for so long. Today we shall go on the big steamer and see the masts and the funnels and all the smoke and things, and ride over the great waves."

Is this the morning?

Ever since then the words have rung in my ears like a chime of lovely bells. I have thought of all the people who have been waiting such a long, long time for the glorious morning when Jesus comes, and how happy they will be when it breaks. There are some people alive today who have been waiting nearly a hundred years for Jesus to come. They have not known the time of His coming, but, oh, how they have longed for it! And they have comforted their old hearts by saying, It must be soon now; there's not much longer to wait! "

What joy will be theirs "in the morning"!

I have thought, too, of all the people who have endured sickness and pain, blindness and deafness, and all sorts of dreadful injuries—and how glad they will be "in the morning" when Jesus comes back to open the eyes of the blind, to unstop the ears of the deaf, and to make the lame man leap as a hart! How wonderful it will be to see their joy as they are suddenly healed by His wondrous power, never to be sick again!

I have thought also of all those who have put up with great hardship and poverty, rarely ever seeing trees or flowers or the beauty of the country or the sea—and what pure delight will be theirs "in the morning" when they discover that they will never be poor again, that Jesus has come to bring them riches enough to last forever and ever, and food enough so they will never know hunger again; oh, yes, and when they find that He has planned for them a new heaven and a new earth more lovely than any they ever imagined!

Scare-Dee Cat

I have thought, too, of all the exiles, the people who have been driven from their homes and countries by cruel tyrants, and how they must have cried again and again as they wandered homeless over the earth, and how thrilled they will be "in the morning" to find that Jesus has made ready for them the very mansions that long ago He promised to prepare for His children, a home that shall never pass away.

I have thought, also, of all the children of God who have gone to sleep in death through all the ages since sin first entered this old world, and how marvelous it will be when Jesus comes to wake them from their long slumber.

Hundreds and thousands of them were loving fathers and mothers who passed away, longing for their children; and countless others were children who died, longing to see their parents again; and one day soon upon their waiting ears will fall the voice of Jesus calling them from the grave. Can you not hear them all crying in glad and happy surprise, "Jesus, is this the morning?"

What a glad reunion there will be that day!

Many will be the martyrs of Jesus—men, women, and children who chose to be tortured and killed rather than give up their faith in Him. Lots and lots of them perished miserably in dungeons, waiting patiently for deliverance that never came. Can you not hear them crying, almost frantic with joy, as the Master for whom they gave up so much bends over them in tender love and calls them from the tomb to spend eternity with Him, "O Jesus, is this the morning for which we have waited so long?"

Some people talk about the coming of Jesus as a day of darkness, gloom, and misery, but for all who love Him it is going to be the happiest day in history. That's why the apostle Paul calls it "the blessed hope." It's going to be the most wonderful, the most glorious, and the most joyous event that ever happened.

Everyone of us should be looking forward to it with the keenest joy, just as Jesus Himself must be longing, too, for the great day to dawn.

In my front garden, down by the gate, there used to be the trunk of a dead pepper tree. The top was flat and made a dear little seat, and there was a step so that one could climb up onto it.

For years this was my youngest boy's seat, where he would sit and wait for his daddy to come home.

It used to make going home so thrilling to think he would be there. When I was still a long way off he would see me and there would be a mighty yelling and a great waving of hands.

And it seems to me that this is how Jesus would have us await His coming--sitting high up on the pepper tree, as it were, looking eagerly down the road, waiting and watching

for Him.

And I believe that just as I would take up my little boy and hug him because he was waiting there at the gate for me, so Jesus will gather us into His everlasting arms of love and tell us He is glad we did the same for Him.

Then in that glorious day we will all go in together to partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb," and to hear His kind voice say to everybody, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And it will all be so wonderful, so unbelievably beautiful, that we shall cry out in rapture once more; "Is this the morning?"

And I am sure the angels will answer our question in a wonderful song of joyful assurance. THIS IS THE MORNING!



"But I'm afraid I won't be ready!"

IT'S EASY TO BE READY! READ HOW LITTLE MARY GOT READY—

It was Children's Day down at the church hall. The Sabbath school teachers had planned something very special for all the boys and girls, from the juniors down to the little tots in the kindergarten room.

Six-year-old Mary was so happy to go! She loved to be with other children, especially when they were all dressed up in their prettiest things.

What a good time they had together! Such jolly games. Such happy surprises! And such lovely food! Sandwiches and toasted buns and cookies and treats on sticks, and lots of lemonade to drink. Then the superintendent said that somebody special was going to talk for a little while, and would everybody please be quiet?

A sudden hush settled over the hall as the boys and girls sat down and stopped talking.

"Just a little thought for you to take home with you," said the man on the platform. "It's about two little words: BE READY." Then he walked over to a blackboard and wrote, BE READY TO HELP OTHERS.

"That's the first thing we should do," he said. "We should always be ready to help anybody in need. If we keep our eyes open we will see chances to help other people all the time."

Then he wrote on the board: BE READY TO STAND AGAINST EVIL.

"That is something else we must do. So often boys and girls are tempted to do things that are wrong, things that will get them into trouble, or hurt other people. Every time temptation comes let us be ready to stand against it."

Then he wrote: BE READY TO MEET GOD.

"This is the most important thing of all," he said. "Someday we must all meet God. To be ready to meet Him we must rid our hearts of everything that is unlike Him; everything that is unkind, unlovely, and unholy. And we can only do that by asking Jesus to live within us by His Spirit every day."

That was all. It was soon over. "Let's sing a little song," said the man. And they did. It was the beautiful prayer found in the song we often sing,

"Into my heart, into my heart,
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus;
Come in today, come in to stay,
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus."

When Mary got home that evening, Mamma asked her whether she had had a good time. "Oh, yes," she said. "I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life."

"But you look sad," said Mamma. "What's the matter?"

"Oh no, I'm not sad," said Mary, smiling. "I was just thinking."

Next morning Mary came running downstairs.

"I'm ready! I really am ready!"

"Ready?" said Mamma. "Ready for what?"

"Ready to meet God," said Mary, "just as the speaker said yesterday afternoon. I've been singing, 'Come into my heart, Lord Jesus,' and He's come. I know He has. Isn't it nice to be ready, Mamma?"

Scare-Dee Cat

Dear little Mary! She had discovered the secret of happiness and the keys to the kingdom of heaven!

You can find Jesus too--Just tell Him that you want to be His forever and live for Him. Ask Him to forgive all your sins and come and live in your heart. HE WILL !



LET'S LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR HEAVENLY HOME—

Jesus once said to His disciples: "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:2, 3.

Ever since He went away He has been preparing beautiful homes for all the boys and girls who love Him. These homes are all ready, and when His gospel has been taken to every "nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," He will return, gather His children together, and take them with Him to heaven.

What will that heavenly home be like?

Certainly it will be peaceful. There will be no quarrelsome children there. Even the animals will stop fighting. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock. . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." Isaiah 65:25.

There will be plenty to eat there. No one will ever go hungry. Poor little boys and girls who never had enough to eat before will find that Jesus has a bounteous store of good things. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. . . . For the Lamb ,which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them." Revelation 7:16, 17.

Jesus will provide the best of everything for all His children. Everybody will be happy there. The ransomed of the Lord will come, we are told, "with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: . . . and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah 35:10.

So there will be no sadness there. No one will ever cry. There will be no naughty boys

and girls to be spanked.

Heaven will be the happy meeting place of all who have been separated by the sleep of death. Brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, who have believed in Jesus will then meet again, nevermore to part. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Won't that be a lovely home? Doesn't it make you want to live there? You do not have long to wait. Jesus is coming back soon to take us all there, if we are good and trust in Him. Let us ask Him to make us ready to meet Him when He comes.

I'M GOING TO ASK JESUS TO GET ME READY! AREN'T YOU?



I'M SCARED — OF THE DARK!

WELL—Dark can't hurt anybody, so what you really mean is that you are afraid there might be BAD THINGS in the dark, that you can't see, that could hurt you. You may have seen pictures in movies and on TV that have scared you—BUT THOSE THINGS ARE JUST LIES!

HERE IS A PROMISE FROM JESUS: Luke 10:19 "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

AND HERE IS ANOTHER ONE: Psalms 34:7 The angel of the LORD encampeth

round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

AND EVEN MORE! Proverbs 3:24 When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Psalms 4:8 I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.

YOU HAVE A MIGHTY ANGEL OF GOD WITH YOU; NOTHING CAN HURT YOU ! HERE ARE SOME STORIES ABOUT BEING AFRAID IN THE DARK—



CONQUERING FEAR: Never Afraid Again!

What can be the matter with Joan?" Mother said to herself as she went downstairs after putting her little girl to bed. "The poor child seems to be afraid to be left alone a single minute."

She settled herself comfortably in an armchair and picked up a book to read. But hardly had she read a paragraph before she heard Joan's voice calling again."

"Mamma, mamma!"

"What is it now, dear?" Mother called back.

"Mamma, Mamma, come here!" cried Joan, as though she were in terrible trouble. Mother put her book on the table and began climbing the stairs.

"Now what is it, Joan?" she asked, as she came up.

"You turned the light out in the hall," cried Joan, "and it's all dark in here."

"I'm sorry," said Mother. "I'll turn it on again; but go to sleep, dear. It doesn't really matter whether it is dark or light if we love Jesus. There's no reason to be afraid of the dark."

"I know," said Joan, "but please turn on the light."

Scare-Dee Cat

Mother turned on the hall light, kissed Joan good night once more, and went downstairs again to her comfortable chair and her book.

But there was to be no rest for Mamma this night, and certainly no reading of her book. A few moments later she heard Joan again.

"Mamma, Mamma."

"Oh, Joan, what is it now?" she called.

"Mamma, come quick, come quick!"

Mother dropped her book and climbed the stairs again. "Joan, dear," she said, as she went into the bedroom, "what is the matter with you? Why don't you go to sleep? All the other boys and girls in the whole town are fast asleep by now."

"Mamma," cried Joan, shaking all over with fear, "look over there!"

"Over where?" asked Mother.

"Over there by the chimney. I'm sure I saw a hobgoblin, and it came walking toward my bed!"

"Hobgoblin fiddlesticks!" cried Mother. "There isn't such a thing as a hobgoblin, and never was. Who has been telling you such foolish stories?"

"Ah, but there are hobgoblins," said Joan solemnly. "Eva May told me."

"Eva May!" exclaimed Mother in great indignation. "A little girl of nine, telling you such things! Just wait till I see her mother. But what else did she tell you?"

"She said that if I wasn't a good girl, the hobgoblins would come down the chimney at night and get me."

"How stupid!" cried Mother. "And what else?"

"She told me that maybe a great big bear would crawl in through the window in the dark and creep under my bed and gobble me up before the morning."

"But there isn't a bear within a hundred miles, Joan," cried Mother. "And how could a bear climb up this house and get in that window? It is all too silly for words."

But Joan wasn't quite sure about it. Who was right? Mother or Eva May? Her friend was such a big girl, and seemed to know everything. Joan was quiet for a long time, thinking it over.

Scare-Dee Cat

"Now, Joan," said Mother, "try not to think of these things again. They are not true and couldn't be true; and it is foolish to fear things that don't exist. Why be afraid of shadows?" Joan, still pale and trembling, put her curly head down on the pillow again.

"I wish they wouldn't come here any more," she said.

"They won't," said Mother, gently stroking the poor, troubled little head. "Don't worry any more, dear. And if you are afraid again, just tell Jesus about it. And remember, Joan, you have a guardian angel too. Jesus has told him to watch over you, and he won't let any horrid things come near you at night"

"I know," said Joan. "I have told Jesus about it over and over again, but somehow it doesn't make any difference. I still seem to see them coming to me."

"Well, Joan dear, tell Him again. Indeed, we will both tell Him right now.

So Mother prayed a beautiful prayer, asking Jesus to protect little Joan from all harm and danger, and to help her forget the foolish stories she had heard. She prayed, too, that Joan might realize that her guardian angel was near at hand at all times, both day and night; and that she might learn to trust and not be afraid.

Just then the telephone rang, and Mother went downstairs to answer it. By and by she came to the bottom of the stairs and called up to Joan.

"Mrs. Jones wants me to come over to see her for a few minutes; she says it's very important. Will you be all right while I go? I won't be very long."

"All right," called Joan. "But don't be long, Mamma."

"I won't", said mother, "I'll be back in just a minute"

Then silence fell in the house, and Joan lay in her little bed, still thinking over all that her mother had said; and every time the old, ugly thoughts tried to come back, she would pray ever so hard and try to believe that everything was really all right.

And then something very wonderful happened. (I know it happened, because not only did Joan's mother tell me about it but Joan herself wrote and described it all, and I have her letter beside me as I write.)

Suddenly a beautiful light shone in the room, and Joan saw a glorious being standing close by her bed. A lovely face smiled down at her, as though saying to her, "Little girl, don't be afraid."

For an instant Joan became cold with fear, but as she looked at that shining figure, so radiant and so kindly, a wonderful peace and quietness came over her little soul.

Scare-Dee Cat

It was all over in a very little while, and soon the light faded and the glorious being vanished from sight. But from that moment everything was different.

Not long after that, Mother returned. As soon as she entered the house she heard Joan calling her. "

"Mamma, Mamma."

But there was a new note in Joan's voice. Mother noticed it at once. This was not the voice of someone afraid, but of someone with joy and gladness in her heart.

"Mamma!" cried Joan, as Mother entered the room. "Jesus has been here, or my guardian angel. Really, Mamma. He stood just there, close to my bed."

And then Joan told Mother all about the glorious being she had seen and the beautiful light that had shone in her room. And Mother knew from the look on Joan's face, all aglow with happiness, that what she said was true.

Joan is not a little girl any more. She is grown up now. But not for a single moment has she forgotten what happened on that wonderful night long, long ago, when she was only five years old. All her life she has loved Jesus, and, as she told me herself, she was never afraid again.



Songs in the Darkness

It was wartime. Bombs had been falling on the city. Many people had been hurt, and some killed, and a great number of houses had been blown to pieces.

Hospitals were crowded with the injured, and the doctors and nurses were busier than they had ever been in all their lives.

Then one chilly winter morning a strange thing happened.

Scare-Dee Cat

It was very early, between five and six o'clock, and just getting light. A nurse, walking out of a certain big hospital, saw what looked like a bundle of clothes on the steps. Stooping to look at it more closely, she saw that under all the wraps there was a little boy! He could not have been more than four years of age, and as his sad brown eyes looked up into hers, her heart was touched.

"What are you doing here at this time in the morning?" she asked kindly. The little boy did not reply, but pointed to a piece of paper pinned to his coat. The nurse unpinned it and began to read:

"My name is Georgie. I am not quite four years old. My mamma is dead. My grandma is dead. Please look after me."

"Oh, you poor little thing!" said the nurse, picking Georgie up in her arms and hugging him close. "But whatever shall we do with you?"

Marching up the steps with her strange bundle, the nurse went back into the hospital and tried to find out what should be done with Georgie.

The other nurses felt very sorry for him and wanted to do all they could to help, but the busy doctors said there wasn't time to spend on a case like this just now. He should be sent to an orphanage as soon as possible.

But the nurse who had found Georgie on the steps, did not want him to go away so soon. She wanted to do something for him herself. So she hunted all around the wards to see whether there was some little corner where Georgie could be put without his being in the way or being noticed too much.

She searched and searched, but every place was full. At last, however, she came to the section of the women's ward where all the elderly women were cared for, and there she found a place just big enough to hold a tiny cot for Georgie.

Naturally the old people were very much interested in the little boy who had been put in with them. They rather liked the idea, for it gave them something new to talk about. Then, too, Georgie was very good and quiet and didn't bother them, as some had been afraid he would.

The first night Georgie was in the women's ward the nurse who had found him came to tuck him in and bid him good night. As she was doing so, Georgie spoke to her, "Me want to say my prayers," he said, looking up solemnly into her face.

The nurse was surprised. How, she wondered, did a little boy like this, barely four years of age, left destitute on the hospital steps, know anything about saying his prayers? He must have had a good mother, and a good grandmother.

"All right, dear," she said. "You may say your prayers if you wish. How shall we

begin?"

"Shut your eyes," said little Georgie.

The nurse smiled, but obeyed.

"Put your hands together," said Georgie, and again the nurse did what she was told.

"Now we are ready," said Georgie, and he began to pray.

This was his little prayer, just as he prayed it:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.
Froo the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till mornin' light. Amen."

Georgie opened his eyes just in time to see the nurse bending down to kiss him.

"Me sing that in the mornin'," he said.

"All right, dear," said the nurse. "You shall."

And in the morning Georgie began to sing his prayer. He sang it on and off all day, and everybody thought it was very sweet and beautiful.

Then one night the air-raid sirens sounded, and their dreadful wail struck fear into all hearts, though everyone tried to be very brave.

The bombers were coming again, with their grim loads of death and destruction.

All lights were put out, and the ward was very dark indeed. The only light came from the reflection of the searchlights on the cloudy sky. Soon the bark of the anti-aircraft guns could be heard. Bang, bang, bang, bang! This was followed by the distant boom of falling bombs. The raiders were getting nearer and nearer, and the elderly women put their heads under the bedclothes as though to shut it all away.

Then suddenly there was a terrific noise as a bomb exploded in the courtyard of the hospital. The whole building rocked. Every window was smashed. Even the wooden casings were blown into millions of little pieces which, together with the broken glass, were strewn all over the ward.

The women screamed in fright, and one of them died of heart failure.

Poor little Georgie, who had been asleep when the bomb exploded, woke with a start and began to cry out: "Me want my grandma! Me want my grandma! Somebody

light the dark! Somebody light the dark!"

Just then the nurse came running into the ward, and picking her way through all the debris, came at last to Georgie's cot.

"Are you all right, Georgie?" she asked anxiously.

"Me want my grandma!" cried Georgie. "Somebody light the dark!"

The nurse picked him up in her arms and tenderly tried to soothe the poor little boy. Suddenly she had a bright idea.

"Georgie," she whispered, " Sing."

"Don't want to sing" wailed Georgie. "Somebody light—"

"Yes, Georgie, sing," said the nurse. "Sing. It will help you. It will help everyone."

"What shall I sing?"

"You know. Your little song. Go on. Sing it, Georgie."

Georgie began. In a faint, broken, tearful voice he started to sing:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.
Froo the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till mornin' light."

And then a wonderful thing happened.

From away down at the end of that pitch-black ward came the sound of another voice. One of the elderly women had begun to sing too. It was a quavering voice, but it was singing. And it was singing Georgie's song: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

And then another quavering voice joined in, and another and another, until all down that ward, in the midst of the darkness and the terror of that dreadful night, everybody was singing the same lovely hymn.

As they sang, Georgie gathered courage and sang louder and louder, while everyone felt better just to hear him sing. It seemed to bring God near.

Over and over again they sang the song until at last the sound of the guns and the bombs faded away and the lights came on again.

What a beautiful thing it was that Georgie did that night! Maybe one day you and I may be able to do something like that too. Singing in the dark! Singing courage and

cheer into hearts that are afraid and sad.

No matter how young you are, even if you are as young as little Georgie, you can help to bring happiness to others. That is what the Bible means when it tells us that "a little child shall lead them."



MORE SONGS IN THE DARK

Doris, Enid, and Katie were staying at a Christian young people's camp for two or three weeks. One afternoon, on a long hike with a number of other girls, they found they had become separated from the main group. Perhaps they had dawdled or, talking too much, had failed to pay attention to the instructions they had been given. Anyway, here they were, miles from camp, and nobody to tell them which way to go.

"I suppose if we just wait here someone will come back for us," said Doris.

"We don't need to wait," said Katie. "I know the way all right. Just follow me and we'll soon be back on the right path again."

Doris and Enid took Katie at her word, but they soon found that she did not know where she was going. "I give up," said Katie. "Perhaps we had better light a fire and the smoke will tell the others where to find us."

"Do we have any matches?" asked Enid.

They didn't.

"The lady in charge told us the other day that if we ever got lost we should find a stream and follow it downhill to the nearest house," said Doris.

"Good idea," said the others.

They found a stream and followed it for some distance. Then to their dismay they saw that their way was completely blocked, or so it seemed.

Scare-Dee Cat

On their left was a cliff, too steep to climb, while on their right was the stream, too deep to cross. Ahead the mountain went right down to the stream, but near the bottom there seemed to be a dark hole in it. They walked closer. There was a hole in it, an old disused railway tunnel.

"I'm not going in there," said Enid.

"Neither am I," said Katie.

"Then what are we going to do?" asked Doris. "We can't go back, for we don't know where to go, and if we stay here we'll freeze when the sun goes down. This tunnel must lead somewhere, and it could take us closer to the camp than we think. I say, let's go ahead."

"Oh no!" cried Enid. "It's too dark and damp in there."

"Come on!" cried Doris, stepping bravely forward. "Don't be scared. Follow me."

Timidly the other two obeyed.

The walls were slimy, and they could hear water dripping from the roof. As they talked their voices echoed in a strange, uncanny way. For some distance it wasn't totally dark, for light from the entrance shone in quite a long way. But as they walked on, the darkness deepened until at last Enid could stand it no longer.

"I'm going back," she cried, her voice trembling with fear.

"No!" said Doris. "You mustn't. Let's stick together and go ahead. It can't be very far now. See! There is a tiny point of light far ahead. That must be the other end. Let's sing to keep up our courage."

"Sing what?" asked Katie, who felt too scared to whisper.

"The choruses we sing in camp," said Doris. "You know, 'Love Is Shining All Along Our Way,' 'Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus,' 'By and By We'll See the King,' and songs like that. I'll start us off."

Her voice sounded a little strange in the damp, dark tunnel, but it was wonderfully comforting to Enid and Katie. They joined in, and as they did so, their courage rose and the darkness didn't seem so black. Soon they found themselves walking more quickly, and the far-off point of light seemed to grow bigger and bigger much sooner than they had dared to hope.

They were singing "Wide, Wide as the Ocean" when they found themselves at the end of the tunnel and eagerly stepped out into the sunshine again.

Scare-Dee Cat

After blinking their eyes for a few seconds, they looked around them for some familiar object that might direct them. Suddenly Doris said, "Do you see what I see?"

"What?" asked the others.

"That flagpole far over to the left. Surely it must be the one at our camp."

It was indeed, and half an hour later they were safely home.

They had sung their way through darkness to light, from fear to peace and happiness. When Doris wrote and told me of her adventure I couldn't help thinking that it has a beautiful lesson for us all. Sooner or later we all must pass through some tunnel that is dark, damp, cold, and frightening.

It may be in the form of sickness, loss, or disappointment. But we must never lose heart. Like dear, brave Doris we must sing the lovely songs that tell of our faith in the power and love of Jesus. And singing in the dark, our hearts will be uplifted. New courage and hope will come to us, and sooner than we think, we shall find that we have sung our way into the light.

King David of old sang psalms in the cave of Adullam, and he sang his way to the throne of Israel (see Psalm 57, title, and 1 Samuel 22: 1).

Paul and Silas sang in prison until an earthquake set them free (Acts 16: 25).

Jesus sang before He started on His way to the cross and His glorious resurrection (Matthew 26: 30).

No matter how dark your way may be, remember that every tunnel has an end, and that beyond is the warmth of God's sunshine and the eternal joys of His heavenly home. So sing on! Keep singing in the dark!

By the way, I received an email from a relative of one of these very girls and she said how happy she was to see this true story on the TEMKIT site!

SO WHEN YOU ARE AFRAID

REMEMBER— Jesus' watch care over you.

PRAY— and tell Jesus all about it.

ASK— for your Guardian Angel to stay with you.

THINK— about how safe you are

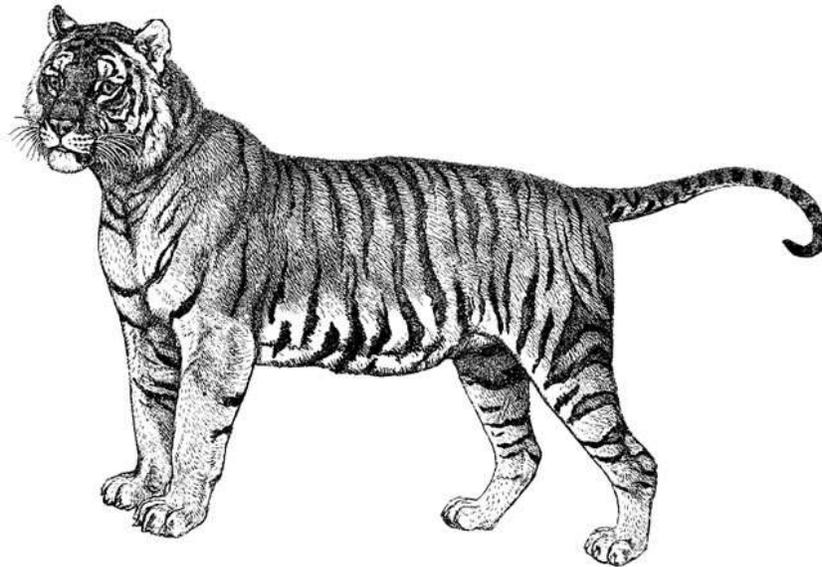
SING— songs about Jesus.

Scare-Dee Cat

NEVER BE AFRAID OF THE DARK AGAIN!



**I'M SCARED OF —WILD ANIMALS, SNAKES AND
BUGS!**



Come on in! He's friendly!

THERE ARE PROMISES ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS TOO—

**AFTER ALL—JESUS MADE THE ANIMALS AND BUGS AND
EVERYTHING! HE WON'T LET THEM HURT HIS CHILDREN.**

**Luke 10:19 "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and
scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by
any means hurt you."**

**Psalms 91:13 "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion
and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet."**

Read all of Psalms 91 as it has promises for just everything!

One of the best ways to get over being afraid of animals, bugs, snakes, spiders or whatever, is to realize that Jesus made them all and they have their purpose. It is true that some animals in our sin-sick world are harmful—but God's angels can still guard us from them.

If you start to read about them and learn about them, you will like them more and more. Go somewhere that you can see real animals and birds and watch them and see what you can learn from them.

The things of nature were made to be a blessing to us and each living thing is special in some way. Remember— being afraid is a choice— you can decide not to be afraid and Jesus will take the fear away. I used to be afraid of spiders— but I made myself watch them and learn about them and now I don't scream and run away anytime I see one.

In the Bible we read about Daniel, who got thrown into a den of savage LIONS for saying his prayers! But listen what he told the king the next morning: Daniel 6:22 "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me:"

Here are some stories about different animals that prove that Jesus can keep them from hurting His children!



COPPERHEAD!

A friend of mine tells what happened to him when he lived in a part of the USA where there were lots of poisonous snakes!

One day he was looking for a piece of pipe to do a repair job with. His friend said, "Look over there under that piece of metal, that is where I keep my pipes."

He went over there and reached under the metal to find the pipe he needed. He moved things around and felt piece after piece and finally, not finding what he wanted, he put the metal down.

But for some reason he picked it up again, higher this time, and took one final look underneath. There in the middle of the parts was a BIG COPPERHEAD snake! and he was very angry!

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My friend called and the other man came over and they killed the big snake. It was for sure that an angel had stopped the angry snake from biting my friend while he rummaged under the sheet-metal.



THE CHINESE LADY AND THE RATS

One time, away over in China, there lived a little, old Chinese lady with a little, old Chinese man in a little, old Chinese house. Now they didn't know anything about our Jesus. They worshipped the picture of a god called Josh. In the picture that hung on the wall, Josh looked like an old, old man, with big, long whiskers, and big long sleeves to his robe and he just sat there with his arms folded and his legs crossed and he didn't do anything. He just looked, and looked, and looked.

When they wanted to pray to Josh, they took a piece of bread and they poked five or six little sticks of incense into it. Then lighting the incense they placed the bread in front of the picture and while the smoke of the incense was going up and up and up, they would get down on their knees, ring their gongs, and pray, and pray, and pray. But Josh couldn't see, and Josh couldn't hear and Josh couldn't do anything. He just sat there in the picture with his arms folded and his legs crossed and he just looked, and looked and looked.

One day the little, old Chinese lady was going downtown and as she hobbled along on her tiny little feet, suddenly she heard the strangest music. It was coming from a building which she was just passing. The door was open. She looked in. the room was full of people singing "Jesus loves me, this I know." She had never heard anything like it before there was an empty seat sitting near the door so she stepped in and sat down.

Soon four or five people stood up and began to teach. Of course you've guessed what it was already but she had no idea what a Sabbath School was and she was surprised at everything she saw and heard that day. But when one of the teachers spoke kindly to her and invited her to come again; she said, "I believe I will" and she did. She came again and again and she gave her heart to Jesus she was baptized and became a Christian.

Then she longed for her husband to become a Christian too and she tried and she tried her best to get him to come to Sabbath School with her. "Husband", she said one day, "Why don't you worship my big God? Your Josh never helps you; he never does anything for you. He can't see you, he can't hear you, he just sits there in the picture and looks and looks and looks."

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“Yes I know”, replied her husband angrily, “I know he can’t see me, but I can see him. Now I can’t even see your God. When you pray, sometimes you look up; is your God on the roof? Sometimes you look down; is your God under the house? I know my god doesn’t do anything for me but I can see him and I can’t see your God.”

“But Husband”, said the little, old Chinese lady patiently, “You don’t understand; my God lives away up in heaven beyond the sun and the moon and the stars, that’s why you can’t see Him. But He can see us and He can hear us and once upon a time His people were very hungry and when there was nothing to eat, they just prayed, and our Great God heard and He opened a little window in heaven and down came food for them all.”

“Huh”, said the little, old man, “I don’t see your God opening up a little window and letting rice down for you. I have to buy all the rice that you eat.”

“But Husband, listen!” said the little, old lady, “Once His people had no water to drink and they prayed to their Great God, and he just told the leader of His people to strike the rock and a spring of water came right out of that rock.”

“Huh”, said the little, old man, “I don’t see your God giving you any water to drink. I have to carry all the water from the river for you to drink, I do.”

“But Husband, listen!” the little, old lady kept on, “and once they came to a river and there was no way to get across and the people prayed to their Great God, and He told the leader to hold out his rod over the water and do you know, the waters divided and there was a roadway immediately and they all went across.”

“Huh”, kept on the old man, “But I don’t see your God doing anything like that for you. I have to give you money to cross the river in a ferryboat every time you want to go across the river, I do. Why don’t you tell your God to do something for you that I can see? Then maybe, I’ll go to worship your God with you.”

“But, Husband, He is doing many things”, began the little, old lady but she was interrupted by the little, old man who said with great excitement, “Say, Listen! I’ll tell you what. Our house is full of rats. They eat holes in our blankets; they eat up our rice. Look; you tell your God to chase the rats out of our house and if He can do that, then, then maybe, I’ll go to worship your God with you.”

But the little, old Chinese lady wasn’t quite sure that God could chase rats out of a house. Of course He could bring manna down out of heaven and water from the rock and raise the dead; that was easy. But RATS! RATS? She had never heard of God chasing rats out of anyone’s house. So she thought and thought for three days.

Then she said to her husband, “Come here and sit down. I’m going to ask my Great God to chase the rats out of the house. You close your eyes now and keep very quiet and when I am finished, you say Amen, and we’ll just see what my Great God will do for you.”

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Then that humble little, old Chinese lady kneeled down and prayed; “Dear Father, I think you can do it alright. It isn’t nearly as hard as bringing manna down from heaven, or raising the dead. And Dear Father, Thou hast heard what my husband says. He says that if You only do something that he can see, then he might worship You too. Please, dear Father, Couldn’t Your just send an angel to frighten the rats. I think...”

And do you know, while that little, old Chinese lady was praying, a rat poked its nose out of the hole where the floor and the wall come together. And it went sniff, Sniff, sniff; then something seemed to frighten it and it scampered right across the floor, out of the front door, on to the street.

“Oh, thank You Lord” Said the little woman still praying, “I knew you could. Please send some more...”

And do you know, another rat poked its nose out of the hole and it went sniff, sniff, sniff, and then it scampered across the floor and out of the front door onto the street. Then another one came and it scampered across the floor, and another one, and another one, until every rat in the house ran out onto the street. And they never came back again.

The little, old Chinese man was nearly frightened to death; he sat there wondering of the great faith his little wife had in her great big God. And when the rats began to run out of the house, his eyes bugged open; he swallowed hard; he moved his chair in terror. The little Chinese woman’s big God had done something he could see. And the next time the little, old Chinese lady went to Sabbath School, the little, old Chinese man went too.



A Wall of Horses!

The horses had come through the village once before, and a wild and savage sight it had been. Rounded up from the prairies, they had suddenly turned down the narrow dirt road between the houses, and with the thunder of a thousand hoofs had raced madly through.

That was years ago, and the people who now lived in the village never dreamed it would happen again. Surely there would never be another stampede like that, not in their life-time.

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So time passed, and children were born. They grew up and played on that same dirt road. Horses from nearby farms passed peacefully to and fro, and the children knew most of them by name; but of the wild horses of the mountains and prairies they knew nothing, except what their mothers had told them of the big stampede. Sometimes, perhaps, they dreamed, as children do, of that terrible day when the whole frantic herd went galloping through their village.

Life was very happy and peaceful there, far from city noises and railroads and speeding automobiles. Nothing very special happened from week to week until one afternoon, -- Yes, it was a Sabbath afternoon. Lucy and Lillian had studied their Bible lesson with their parents that very morning. It had been about Daniel in the lions' den, and the two children had enjoyed it very much, especially the part where the angel came and shut the lions' mouths so that they would not harm the prophet of the Lord. They had asked Mother if the angels would go to the rescue of other people who might get into trouble like that, and Mother had said they surely would.

The lesson over, the children had gone out for a little walk by themselves. They had planned to go down the dirt road, across a field or two, then back again. But they did not get that far.

Suddenly, while they were still in the village, they heard a strange noise in the distance. Looking up, they saw a great cloud of dust which seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

Then, amid the dust they could see horses, galloping horses, galloping madly—straight toward them.

They were standing near a little bush not much taller than themselves, and no protection at all, but now they knelt beside it, saying a little prayer, and wondering what would happen.

Meanwhile Mother had heard the horses too. Instantly she had recognized the dreadful sound that had frightened her so much long ago. At the same moment she thought of her children. Where were they? Surely they must be on the road, right in the path of the wild, plunging beasts. She ran out to look. Yes, there they were! She called to them, but they could not hear her. Meanwhile the wild horses, scores and scores of them, were rushing madly, blindly, frantically, right through the village toward them!

"Save them! a Jesus, save them!" Mother cried in desperation, turning her head away lest she should see them killed.

Then something very wonderful happened. You do not need to believe it unless you wish to, but I know it is true. The mother told me about it herself. And the oldest girl too.

Suddenly, as the horses neared the children, those in front stopped. Neighing frenziedly, they reared up on their hind legs, their hoofs pawing the air. Then the next

row piled onto those ahead of them, their front legs straddling the others backs. Behind them still others did the same, until, in the space of seconds, there was a wall of horses right across that village street. With their manes flying in the wind, and clouds of dust billowing about them, it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

In that brief pause the children slipped away and hurried home. The horses plunged and tossed a little while longer, then dropped their hoofs to the ground and started off again on their mad and thunderous flight.

"But weren't you afraid?" asked Mother as Lucy and Lillian came sauntering up to her. "Afraid?" they said, quite unconcerned. "Oh, no. We knew the angel of the Lord would look after us, and he did."

Then they went indoors to play, while Mother, who had been sick with fright, marveled at their faith.



ANGEL ON A HORSE

It was early autumn and the first snow had already fallen in Manitoba. The very sight of it made Patsy and Peggy long for their old home in the country where they used to live before they moved into the city.

"I'd love to go and see it again," said Patsy, who was just over twelve at the time.

"So would I," said Peggy, who was eleven.

"Then why don't we?" questioned Patsy, "It isn't far. Not more than three or four miles at the most. We could walk it some afternoon."

"Lets", said Peggy.

And so it came about that one afternoon a few days later the two girls set out together for their old home. The paved city road soon changed into a winding country road that led them through a forest. With snow on the trees and bushes it was a very pretty walk, and the children enjoyed it immensely.

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Two hours later they arrived at the clearing where the old cabin stood in which they had enjoyed so many happy years. They walked around it several times, peering in at the windows and recalling all the pleasant times they had spent there in days gone by.

The afternoon went by all too quickly. Soon dusk began to fall, and the girls decided it was high time they started back to the city. They didn't want to have to pass through the forest after dark.

So, bidding the old cabin farewell, they began their homeward journey. In the fading light and the awful stillness of the snow-covered forest they began to feel very much alone.

"Isn't it quiet out here?" said Patsy.

"Dreadfully," said Peggy. "I wish we hadn't stayed at the cabin so long."

"So do I," answered Patsy. "It's getting very dark, Isn't It?"

"I'm feeling a bit frightened," whispered Peggy. "Are you!"

"Yes, I am," said Patsy. "They say there are bears in this forest, especially in wintertime."

"Bears!" cried Peggy. "I hope we don't meet one. It might tear us to pieces and eat us up."

"Don't!" said Patsy, "You make me feel creepy."

They walked on in silence for a while. Even their footfalls, cushioned by the snow, made not the slightest sound. What little breeze there had been in the afternoon had died down. There wasn't a movement anywhere. Or was there?

Suddenly Patsy stopped.

"L-l-look over there!" she stammered, her teeth chattering with fright. "D-d-d-id you see something?"

Peggy looked as Patsy pointed.

"You mean that bush over there on the right?"

"Yes," whispered Patsy. "Watch the lower branches. I'm sure I saw them move." "Y-y-y-ou're right," said Peggy, now all atremble herself.

"They are moving! Oh, dear, what can it be?" Then they saw it. A big black head

with a long nose peering out at them!

"A bear!" they cried together, petrified with fright.

"Oh!" wailed Peggy, "what shall we do? He'll eat us up; I know he will."

"Ssh, be quiet," cautioned Patsy, who could hardly speak for fear.

"But what shall we do?" wailed Peggy. "What shall we do?"

"We can't do anything but pray," responded Patsy. "If we run he will chase us. Can you pray, Peggy?"

"No, you pray, Patsy, and I'll say amen."

So Patsy prayed. It was a very halting, frightened prayer.

"Please, Jesus, there's a bear in the woods close by us, and we can't get away. Please help us. Please save us from the bear."

Then it was that they heard another sound, and at first they thought it was another bear. It was coming straight toward them through the forest.

But this time it was not a bear. It was a man on a white horse. And the horse was so white that it seemed to be part of the snow as it moved swiftly through the trees.

"Look out!" the children called to the rider. "There's a bear over there! He's behind that bush. We saw him ourselves."

But the man on the white horse did not seem to mind. Instead, he rode right up to them. Then he smiled and, turning his horse toward town, said kindly, "Follow me."

Not knowing what else to do, and more than glad for company, the children followed. On and on they walked, the man on the white horse just in front of them.

"Who can it be?" whispered Patsy.

"I don't know," said Peggy. "I don't recognize him. Perhaps he will tell us when we get to town."

But he didn't. When they reached the edge of the woods, the rider on the white horse turned, smiled again, called good-by, and galloped away, vanishing as mysteriously as he had come.

"I wonder who he was," said Patsy as they hurried on into town. "I don't know," said Peggy. "But don't you remember how we prayed for help, and it was just afterward

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that we saw him? Could it be that Jesus sent an angel to save us?"

"It could have been!" exclaimed Patsy. "Maybe it was! Maybe it really was!" Maybe it was. Anyhow, when I met Patsy some time ago she was still quite sure that Jesus did send someone to save them from the bear. And I believe she was right, don't you?



So learn about the animals, and see how wonderful they are, and when there is real danger, ask Jesus to send His angels to protect you.



I'M SCARED OF — MONSTERS, DINOSAURS AND SCARY THINGS ON TV AND MOVIES!

WELL, THIS IS SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT. LET'S LOOK AT IT ONE BY ONE:

MONSTERS & SCARY THINGS ON MOVIES AND CARTOONS: These are just made up non-sense; they don't exist for real; SO just don't watch or listen to the kind of pictures or stories that talk about junk like that. Learn to love real things and throw away all that old monster junk!

These things come from Satan because he likes people to see ugly things and be afraid!

DINOSAURS: There used to be dinosaurs, but most of them were plant eaters. Jesus made them in the beginning and they were good, because He said all the animals were good back then.

Some of them may have later learned to be bad because of sin in the world. —But when God sent the flood, He didn't take very any of those huge animals on the ark. The small ones or any large ones that did go on the ark, are likely extinct now long before our days.

SO, just like monsters, DINOSAURS are not real any more and we don't have to worry about them.

HERE'S SOME GOOD ADVICE ABOUT SATAN'S JUNKY, SCARY STUFF:



The Tough Old Oak Door

If you should ever have the good fortune to pass through the town of Deerfield, Massachusetts, be sure to visit the museum. There you will find many a fascinating relic of the early history of North America.

When I was there some time ago, my attention was attracted by a massive old door, and I wondered why anybody had gone to the trouble of preserving in a museum anything so ordinary as a door.

But I soon learned that this is no ordinary door. It is a door with a history. One terrible day in the long ago it was the one thing that stood between some of Old Deerfield's inhabitants and a horrible fate at the hands of the Indians.

For many years Deerfield, first settled in 1669, was the frontier post of New England on the northwest. It suffered severely from Indians in 1675 and 1677. Then on the twenty-ninth of February, 1704, came the worst disaster. Once more the village was attacked. Many of the houses were burned. Forty-nine people were killed, and one hundred and eleven were carried away as captives. To escape the raiders, some of the

people ran into one of the homes, barricaded the door, and turned the house as best they could into a small fortress.

After the Indians had done all the damage they could elsewhere, they swarmed around this house, battering on the door with their tomahawks, but were unable to break it down. Despite repeated assaults the door held, and the people's lives were saved.

Today one can still see the marks of those tomahawks on the door—much-prized scars of a terrible fight and a gallant defense.

As I thought about that battle, it occurred to me that we all need a door like that today—not on our homes, but on our hearts. Nowadays we are not troubled by savage Indians, but we are besieged by temptations of one kind or another.

As the apostle Paul wrote: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. . . . Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Ephesians 6: 12-16.

Yes, we are in a fight. We are surrounded by enemies who would destroy us. We are pressed hard by many temptations. The devil throws his "fiery darts" at us through wrong pictures and stories, through the movies, television; through impure magazines and evil companions; always striving to capture our spiritual fortress and lay low our fine ideals and noble ambitions.

As never before we need a strong shield that will resist all evil, a door to our hearts that will stand against every satanic invasion.

That shield, that door, is faith. Faith in God. Faith in His Word, the Bible. Faith in His love, in His promises, and in His power and willingness to help us in every time of need.

When we have such faith as this, God will be ever near to protect and deliver us. He will "quench all the fiery darts" of the enemy. He will cause us to resist temptations to which other boys and girls give way, leading them into great wrong and sorrow.

Faith in God is a sure protection, a defense which the devil can never break down, a door against which he will batter his "tomahawks" in vain.

As David said: "The Lord is my defense; and my God is the rock of my refuge." Psalm 94: 22. And Solomon: "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe," Proverbs 29: 25.

HERE IS THE STORY OF WHAT 2 GIRLS LEARNED BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THERE WAS ONLY RADIO—



Over the Radio

Hazel and Agnes loved to listen to the radio. In fact, they listened all the time they could. Both of them, even little Agnes, had learned how to turn the knobs on the front of the cabinet, and they could "tune in" all the best stations just as well as Mother or Dad. One or the other of them would start the radio going as soon as they got up in the morning, and kept it going until they went to bed. Daddy was out all day, and Mother was very busy with home duties and church duties and other things; so the children listened to almost anything they pleased.

One afternoon as they sat together beside the radio, there came the sound of angry voices, with guns firing.

"Good-ee!" exclaimed Hazel, clapping her hands. "It's the children's hour, and they're going to have another crime story. Let's call Mother to listen."

They both ran into the kitchen where Mother was busy preparing supper. "Come quickly!" they cried. "Please hurry, Mother. They're shooting already. It's going to be great. You must come!"

"I'm busy, I'll come later, I can't come now."

"Oh, do come. I know there'll be a murder," said Hazel.

"Perhaps lots of them."

"A what?" cried Mother, horrified.

"A murder," said Hazel, with a touch of mystery in her voice. "You know what that is, Mother. And there may be a whole heap of murders. Do hurry, Mother, please."

Mother decided to drop her work and go into the parlor.

The radio was on, and the sound of cars racing, men shooting, and guns firing filled the room. Hazel and Agnes resumed their seats, their little faces tense with excitement. Now there came the sound of shrieks and groans of wounded men, the crash of cars smashing into each other, and more shooting.

"They're dead now," whispered little Agnes. "Must be lots of people dead."

"Yes! Yes!" cried Hazel, hardly able to keep her seat. "I wonder how many were killed? I hope they got the bandits. Isn't it wonderful, Mother?"

"Stop it!" cried Mother. "Turn the radio off! Why, I never dreamed you were listening to things like this. It's terrible, terrible!"

"Oh, but Mother, it's the children's hour," wailed Hazel, as she obediently walked over to the radio to turn it off.

"Children's hour or no children's hour," said Mother, "I can't have my little girls listening to horrible things like this. No wonder you both have nightmares so often."

"But, Mother, listen, please listen a little longer."

"No, but you can try another station."

Hazel turned the knob. A monster story came over.

"Oh, listen to that," said Hazel. "Isn't it creepy, Mother?"

"Hazel! I'm surprised at you!" exclaimed Mother. "Turn it off! Surely you don't listen to dreadful things like this. I never thought-"

"Oh, yes, we often hear creepy stories, we've come to like it," said Hazel.

"Hazel," said Mother solemnly, "this has got to stop. I can't have my two little girls listening to things like this!"

"Oh, Mother, can't we turn the radio on to programs we like after this?"

"Not until you can distinguish between the evil and the good," said Mother. "And evidently you can't do that yet."

"Well, how can we tell what is good and what isn't?" asked Agnes.

"There is a way," replied Mother. "Long before there was any radio, John Wesley's mother told her children that if they wanted to know whether a pleasure was

good or bad, they were to take this rule: 'Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes away your relish for spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin.' "

"I don't see what that means," said Hazel.

"Maybe it is rather deep for you, dear," said Mother, "but it means just this: We should never do anything, or say anything, or listen to anything that would displease Jesus or lessen our love for Him and the things that He loves. And I know He could not possibly want us to listen to such dreadful things as we have heard this afternoon. We must learn to listen only to the good things, and keep out the other."

After this Hazel and Agnes were much more careful. As they turned the dial, seeking for "the good things," they would ask themselves, "Would Jesus like us to listen to this?"

And so their little minds were kept clean and innocent while they learned to love the beautiful things most.

So don't bother to watch or listen to scary things on TV or movies, or read such stories in books— it's not true and it's just old Satan's tricks to make you scared!

Learn about real things and the beautiful things that Jesus made— AND YOU WILL BE MUCH HAPPIER!

If anybody says you are a sissy not to read or watch that stuff— just tell them it's silly to waste time on made up junk!



I'M SCARED OF BEING BAD—
HOW CAN I LIVE A GOOD LIFE?

LET'S HAVE A FEW TRUE STORIES—



The Happy Way to a Happy Home

It was one of those sultry, suffocating summer days in Washington, D.C. Everybody was hot and tired and sticky. Whether you walked or whether you stood still, you were bathed in perspiration. A clean shirt lasted twenty minutes. There was no air-conditioning back then.

The city appeared deserted, for the heat had driven nearly all the people off the streets. But it was almost as hot inside as out, and just as stifling. At noon I went into a restaurant. The customers all looked about as depressed as I felt.

It was too hot to eat; too hot to care about anything or anybody. Just then I noticed a young girl waiting on the people, her face aglow with smiles. The contrast was so striking that I watched her awhile..

She would come to tables at which people were sitting, tired, hot, and irritable, and smile at them so cheerfully, so sincerely, that she made them smile back at her. And it didn't make any difference who it was. She had the same happy greeting for everybody. The whole big restaurant was cheered by her presence.

At suppertime that same day I thought I would go back to the same place to eat, just to see if that unusually happy little soul had lost her radiance.

The evening was hotter than the day. It was almost too much trouble to drag my weary legs to the restaurant. But then, sure enough, smiling still, was the same cheerful waitress I had seen before.

I must confess I felt a bit ashamed of myself, for I had rested while she had worked, and here I was still tired, while she was working away, as bright and cheerful as ever.

The hotter the day, the cooler she seemed. The more others frowned, the more she smiled. As others became harder to please, she became more willing to help them.

Then an idea came to me. Suppose everybody should have a sweet spirit like that, and a smile like that, what a happy place this old world would be to live in!

Haven't you noticed how pleasant it is to talk to people who smile at you? It cheers you

up, doesn't it? Makes you feel good. Makes you want to smile at them.

While I was sitting there in that restaurant watching the inspiring little scene, my mind went back to a hymn I used to sing in church long ago:

"There is a happy land, Far, far away." Maybe you have sung it too. Then I began to wonder what will make that land so happy. It's going to have golden streets, so we're told, and pearly gates and jasper walls. There'll be a sea of "glass mingled with fire," and a beautiful river with many, many glorious trees and flowers growing all about it. And there'll be magnificent mansions for us all to live in. And there'll be marvelous lighting arrangements, and air conditioning, so that it will never be too hot or too cold. But will it be all these wonderful things that will make the people happy, and keep them happy?

I don't think so.

There are many people about nowadays with beautiful homes and gardens who are the grumpiest people on earth, and the hardest to get along with. And there are many children with heaps and heaps of toys and other good things, who are perfect little demons. Maybe you know some of them.

No, it isn't the possession of beautiful things that will make heaven a happy place in which to live. Rather, it will be the joy in the people's hearts, and the smiles on their faces.

There won't be a single disagreeable person there. Not one. Nor anybody with a grouch or a grumble, or any hard feelings of any sort.

And when you walk down the streets of the New Jerusalem one day—as I hope you will; you will not even notice the streets of gold or the gates of pearl for looking at the smiling faces of the people you will pass on the way. There will not be a sad face among them.

You will be thrilled through and through just to see everybody so cheerful; especially after seeing so many people miserable and cross and grumpy down here.

From behind you and before you will come the sound of holy, happy laughter; for their mouths shall be "filled with laughter," the Bible says. Everybody will be bubbling over with joy.

And so will heaven's happiness continue forever and ever. Won't that be wonderful?

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light, on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Revelation 7: 16, 17.

Scare-Dee Cat

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah 35: 10.

That will be a heaven worth waiting for, worth hoping for, worth living for. Wouldn't you like to be there?

Well, you may be, if you wish. But first you must let Jesus take out of your heart everything that would spoil that lovely place. Every mean thought must go, with everything that is cruel, coarse, rude, unfriendly, or impolite. For nothing that might harm anybody else or ruin anyone's happiness may enter there.

Jesus can do this for you. He can change you and make you fit to live in His beautiful heaven. That is why He came to this world—to cleanse us from every evil thing and make us ready to enjoy the wonderful new world of eternal joy and blessedness which He is preparing for His children.

Strangely enough, while we are preparing for the happiness of the next world, we shall be happier in this!

The frowns will vanish, the grumbles will cease, the hard words will disappear. In their place smiles will come, and a cheerfulness that will lighten the darkness around us like radiance from heaven itself.

That's how you may get to the happy, happy land, "far, far away."

Let's start on the road to it now.



Patching Up the House

Gerald had just completed his list of New Year's resolutions. Just why he had made the list he was not quite sure, but the most important reason, no doubt, was that the boy next door had just done the same. It was the thing to do.

Gerald looked down his list and began to wonder how long he would keep some of his promises. For instance, the list began: "I resolve that I will always get up early in the morning."

"That," he said to himself, "will probably last about a week at the most."

Then there was, "I resolve that I will not tease my baby sister."

"That one," he told himself, "will hardly last out the afternoon."

Next came, "I resolve to help Mother wash the dishes once a day without grumbling."

"A good resolution," he thought, "but not likely to be kept after school starts."

Next, "I resolve never to read any book or paper that Mother doesn't approve."

Gerald wasn't too sure about this one, and he wondered what he should do with the comics he had hidden at the bottom of his bureau drawer.

Next, "I resolve that I will never again say a bad word."

"Now I'll be___", began Gerald, pulling himself up short; "why did I make this resolution?"

Just then Mother came in, and, seeing Gerald so interested, asked whether she might read what was written on the piece of paper he held in his hand. Mother smiled and said she was pleased that Gerald was "turning over a new leaf" and planning to be such a good boy. "But I wonder how long they will last?" she added with a smile.

"Oh, not long, I suppose," said Gerald, laughing. "But it was fun to make up the list. All the boys around here are making their own."

"I suppose it is a good idea to make these resolutions," said Mother, "but I never had much faith in them."

"Why not?" asked Gerald.

"Oh, well," began Mother, "just because they are so seldom kept. To my mind it is too much like patching up an old house."

"Patching up a house, Mother!" laughed Gerald. "What makes you say that? Whatever does it have to do with New Year resolutions?"

"Well, I would have to tell you a story to explain exactly what I mean."

"Go on, tell it," urged Gerald, who loved stories above everything else.

"Long, long ago," began Mother, "there was a family living in one of the Eastern States. Deciding, like many others, to go West, they packed everything into their covered wagon and started off.

After traveling a few hundred miles they stopped, built a house, and settled down. But the oldest boy was not satisfied. He wanted to go farther west still; so, bidding the family good-by, he moved on.

Week after week he trudged westward, coming finally to a tract of land that really appealed to him. It was very fertile, and had plenty of water. Here he built a small shack for himself and started farming on his own.

"Years passed by. Other people came to the same district. Soon a village sprang up. Then it grew to be a small town, and then a city.

"Still this boy, now grown to be an old man, dwelt in his humble little shack. He liked it. Other people could have mansions if they wanted them, but, 'Give me my little shack,' said he.

Scare-Dee Cat

However, the people around didn't like having that little old shack in the midst of their beautiful homes. They said it spoiled the whole district, and should be torn down. Some of them tried to buy the place, but the old man refused to sell.

"At last one day two well-dressed men called at the little shack. The old man invited them in and asked them what they wanted.

" 'We have come to buy your shack,' they said.

" 'Nothing doing,' said the old man. 'I've lived here many years, and I'm going to live here till I die.'

" 'But we are willing to pay you a very big price,' they said. 'See, here is a check for \$100,000. If you will just sign this receipt, the cash is yours.'

"The old man had never seen so much money in all his life. This was more than all he had ever earned put together. Perhaps, he thought, such a chance to make a lot of money would never come his way again.

"He signed, and the men went away, promising to return in a day or two with the final documents.

"Hardly had they left, however, before the old man's conscience pricked him. He told himself that he should not have taken so much money for the place. Why, it wasn't worth a thousand dollars, let alone a hundred thousand. Look at that door half off its hinges, and that window that wouldn't close, and the chimney that smoked so badly.

" 'Well,' he thought to himself, 'if I am going to take so much money for it, at least I ought to patch it up a bit.' So he took off his coat and went at the job.

"By and by the two men returned, and the final documents were signed. As they were leaving, the old man spoke up. 'I hope,' he said, 'you have noticed what I have done to the place since you were here before.'

" 'Done to it?' they asked. 'What have you done to it? Oh, you shouldn't have bothered. We are going to tear it down and build a mansion here.'

"And so it is," concluded Mother, "with us and our resolutions."

"But I don't quite see . . ." began Gerald.

"I know," said Mother, "but it is this way: We keep trying and trying to patch up all that is wrong about us by saying, 'I resolve this,' and, 'I resolve that,' but it doesn't do any good.

You see, Gerald, Jesus has bought the whole property—every bit of us—and He wants

to build a beautiful mansion in place of our little shack. All we have to do is to ask Him to come into our hearts. Then He will get to work and change everything Himself. He will even change our desires, so that we will not want to do wrong things or say wrong words or even hide silly comics in a drawer, so that Mother won't see them."

At this Gerald jumped up, blushing all over his face and down his back. "Er-er-er," he began, "excuse me, Mother, just a minute. There's something I want to do."

For a moment Mother wondered what it could be that Gerald had so suddenly thought about; but as she listened she could hear a drawer being pulled out of a bureau and something being stuffed into a wastepaper basket. Mother smiled and offered up a little prayer of thanksgiving.

The new mansion was being built already!



Harold's Hurting Heart

It had been a bad day for Harold. He had been cross with Sister, rude to Mother, short with Father, and, oh dear, what a lot of trouble he had had! Life seemed utterly miserable. He was sure nobody loved him.

It was a very sad and lonely Harold that went to bed that night. He didn't mean to upset people so. He wanted to be good, but somehow he couldn't. Just when he made up his mind never to say anything unkind again, why, that was the very moment he said the worst thing possible.

He tried to say his prayers, but it was difficult. He kept thinking of all the naughty things he had said and done that day, and what God must think of him. Finally he gave it up, jumped up off his knees, and climbed into bed. But he could not sleep. His thoughts seemed to keep going round and round. What was the use of trying to be good when you couldn't be good? Why does a boy have to get into so much trouble and have everybody cross with him all the time?

Just as he began to despair he seemed to hear a little voice saying, "Jesus loves you; He will help you to be good." This was comforting, but how could Jesus make him good?

Scare-Dee Cat

An hour or so later Mother went upstairs to bed. As she passed Harold's room she thought she heard someone crying. She stood still and listened. Yes, someone was crying. She crept softly to the door and looked in.

"What is it, dear?" she asked tenderly. "Are you in pain?"

"Oh, Mother, my heart hurts," he said.

Mother was at his side in a moment, wiping his tears. "Whereabouts?" she asked anxiously. "Did you hurt yourself today? Shall I send for the doctor?"

"No, no, Mother, not that. I haven't hurt myself that way. It's just that I am sorry I have been such a bad boy. I want to be good. I want to do what Jesus wants me to do." Mother dropped on her knees beside him. She knew that Jesus was speaking to him. This was perhaps the great moment for which she had been praying so long—the great moment when he would fully give his heart to God.

"All you have to do," she whispered gently, "is to tell Jesus that you love Him, that you want to be His child, and that you accept Him as your Saviour. Do you want to tell Him that, really, truly?"

"Yes, Mother, I do."

Then Harold got out of bed, knelt beside Mother, and told Jesus of the hurt in his heart and how he wanted to give that heart to Him for always and always.

Just then Father came in. Seeing what was happening, he knelt down beside Mother and Harold.

A moment later Big Brother and Big Sister came in and they too knelt. Then they all prayed for Harold, one after the other. It was a very wonderful prayer meeting, one that Harold never forgot.

That night a boy was "born again"—born into the kingdom of God. And from that moment there was a great change in Harold. He was a new boy, a different boy. He was, as the Bible says so beautifully, "in Christ. . . a new creature."

As soon as they all rose from their knees, he was different. He wanted to talk about Jesus at once.

"You know, Mother," he said, "the devil was pulling me one way, but Jesus pulled me back. I am so glad."

Next day it was like sunshine after rain. Harold was radiant with his new-found love for Jesus. He was no longer cross and grumpy and ornery. Instead, he was kind, gracious, gentle, and respectful, a joy to have around the house.

Instead of objecting to everything that Mother and Father suggested for him to do, he replied, "Of course, I shall be glad to help you any way I can."

Instead of fighting with Big Brother and Big Sister all the time, he showed them such courtesy that they were amazed. "Why!" they exclaimed, "something has happened to Harold!"

Something had happened to him. He had found God. He had given himself to Jesus. The Great Physician had healed the hurt in his heart.

When They All Come Home Again



The big railroad station was crowded. Hundreds of soldiers were making their way to a troop train, and many wives and children had come to see them off.

A fine big man in uniform was talking to his pretty wife, while a sweet little girl was holding fast to his hand. Suddenly he picked up the little girl in his arms and kissed her over and over again, put her down gently, then turned and ran for his train. Maybe you can guess why he turned away so quickly. I think it was because he was afraid he might cry if he stayed too long, and soldiers mustn't cry.

Then I began to think of all the other people who have had to go away from their homes and their loved ones during time of war or other disaster—all the little children who have had to leave their mothers and fathers and go to live with strangers, for one reason or another; all the boys and girls in certain countries who have had to go to strange places to work by order of the government; all the families that have been separated by one terrible happening or another. All the children of "broken homes."

What a lot of sad people there must be in the world today! How many of them must be longing for their loved ones to come home again!

How many dear children there must be whose hearts are aching for their mothers and daddies far away! How many mothers and daddies there must be, too, who would give everything they have just to see their boys and girls once more!

Wouldn't it be glorious if someone could suddenly make all the trouble end; and say, "Now let everybody go back home!" What a happy day that would be!

Scare-Dee Cat

A shout of joy would go up from all over the world such as has never been heard before. In millions upon millions of little homes people would say, "Just think, Daddy's coming home!" or, "How wonderful! The children will be back next week!" or, "It's too good to be true! but we'll all be together again soon!"

I wish I could make this happen, don't you? It seems to me that it would be the greatest, grandest thing that anybody could do. But neither you nor I can ever do it. In fact, nobody in all the world can do it. Only Jesus. He can, and He will.

Maybe you haven't heard about it, but it's really going to happen someday. In His beautiful book, the Bible, Jesus has told us some of His plans.

To His disciples He once said: "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:2, 3.

That means that He has prepared a place for you and for me, for your mother and daddy, too, and for all your brothers and sisters, and the little friends you love. He wants us all to be in heaven with Him and with one another.

Soon, as He said, He will come back to take us to that beautiful home He has made ready for us; and in that happy day all who have gone to sleep in death will be awakened by His lovely voice, and "we which are alive. . . shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thessalonians 4: 17.

There is the promise again. We are going to be "together." Not separated. Not left lonely forever. All who love Jesus, all who have truly given their hearts to Him, are going to live with Him through all the years to come.

In that happy day, the Bible says, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Revelation 21 :4.

And Jesus Himself said, "I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in My people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying." Isaiah 65: 19.

Then there shall be no more wars, no more falling bombs, no more ugly sights or dreadful noises, no more things to frighten us or make us sad. Our loved ones will not leave us, never to return. There will be no more sad partings, no more saying good-by.

That is why the Good Book says that "God shall wipe away all tears"-for nobody will feel like crying any more. We will all be together forever and ever-as far in the future as you can think, and a thousand times as far again.

Scare-Dee Cat

Oh, it's going to be wonderful when "they all come home again" into the everlasting kingdom of God! I would like to be there and see it happen, wouldn't you?

Just to see everybody so happy will be marvelous! Can't you imagine thousands of mothers and daddies clasping their children in their arms and crying out happily, "Darling, here you are at last!" And the children shouting, "Daddy, it's you! Mamma, It s you."

No wonder it says that "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah 35: 10.

They will have something to sing about, won't they? And they will be so very, very happy that they will go on singing forevermore.

Are you planning to be there? I hope so. Jesus will be looking for you.



I'M SCARED OF— NOT HAVING WHAT I NEED

Does God Answer Our Prayers?

OF course you say your prayers every morning and evening, don't you? I hope you do. But are you sure God answers them?

If He doesn't, well, then there isn't much use saying them.

And if He does, how much is possible! There is another question, which should, perhaps, be answered first, and that is, Why do we say our prayers? Have you ever asked yourself that? There are several good reasons, but perhaps the most important is that we are all God's children, and in prayer we come to talk with Him just as we do to our parents. What would Daddy think of you if you never spoke to him? Wouldn't he wonder what was the matter? I'm sure he would.

And so, seeing we belong to God--because in the beginning He created our first parents and because He "so loved the world" that He sent Jesus to die for us--what else can we do but speak to Him?

As our heavenly Father, He delights to have us come to Him and talk to Him about everything that interests us. We must not think of prayer as just so many words in a prayer book. That is a great mistake, because if we keep saying the same things over and over again in exactly the same way, the time may come when the words will mean nothing to us. We would become just like a parrot that repeats little phrases without thinking what they mean.

Prayer should be just as natural as if we were talking to any of our friends, only, of course, we should speak more carefully and reverently, remembering how great and good God is. The second reason why we pray is to tell our heavenly Father how thankful we are for His kindness toward us. Even Daddy is pleased, isn't he, when you let him know that you appreciate something he has done for you--though you don't do it very often, I'm afraid; and I believe that God, too, is glad when His earthly children return thanks to Him for His many blessings to them.

Have you ever given a present to someone and wondered why you never heard anything about it? You didn't like that, did you? Not a bit. On the other hand, when someone to whom you gave some little gift sent you a nice "thank-you" letter, didn't you feel as though you loved that friend all the more? I know you did.

I'm sure, too, that when we come to God in prayer, and tell Him how thankful we are for all His many mercies, He, too, is happier. That He loves us, we know, for He has told us so over and over again. Surely, then, He must be pleased when those He loves so much tell Him of their happiness in Him.

Then, of course, there is a third reason why we pray, and that brings us back to where we began. We pray also because we want God to help us. As He is the great Creator and Upholder of the universe, we know that He has all power, that there is nothing too hard for Him, and that He can do anything for us that He wishes. Having such a Friend as that, why shouldn't we tell Him of our needs and desires?

To our heavenly Father belongs all the gold and silver in the world and, as David said, "the cattle upon a thousand hills." David meant, of course, that there is absolutely no limit to the treasures God possesses. That being so, why not tell Him what we need and want?

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Oh, yes, I know that He understands our thoughts afar off, and that He knows our needs before we express them, but don't you think He prefers us to tell Him in our own simple words just what is on our hearts? I am sure He does.

Now don't get the wrong idea. God will not give us everything for which we ask. Your mamma doesn't, does she? If you were to ask her for a ten-dollar bill to spend on candy, would she give it to you, even if she could? I should say not. And why? Because she knows that so much candy would probably make you very ill. So don't be surprised if now and then there does not seem to be any answer to your prayers. When that happens, ask yourself this question, Was that a selfish request I made? God does give us things, sometimes, that are just for ourselves, but He doesn't want to spoil us any more than Mamma does. He is more likely to answer our prayers when we ask help for others.

And now, I think, we are ready to answer our first question, which, as you will remember, was, Does God answer our prayers? He does. Not always in the way we expect, but in some way that is best for us. No sincere prayer goes unanswered.

Do not let yourself become sad or discouraged if you do not get an answer to a prayer right away. If you are sure that what you want is good —good for you or good for somebody else —keep on praying. God may just be testing your faith—to see how much you trust Him. Remember, of course, when you ask God for something, always say, "If it be Thy will." Then, whatever happens, you will be satisfied. If you trust God like this, you will never be worried if the answer seems slow in coming, or if it doesn't seem to come at all.

And that brings me to what is to follow. In the next few stories you will read truly amazing examples of answers to prayer —children's prayers, too. I have been collecting them for some time, and I am acquainted with all the people concerned. Of course I have not given their real names or the real places where the events happened, for they might not like that, but the stories are absolutely true.

When you read the first of them, I am sure you will say, "That was remarkable." When you read the second you will say, "That was amazing." But when you have read them all, I believe you will say, "That is convincing; I'm sure now that God does answer prayer."

Yet there is only one way to be perfectly certain, and that is to prove God for yourself. Ask Him for something yourself something that you really, truly need, or, better still, something for someone else. Ask Him earnestly, seriously, confidently, and then wait and watch.

God will not disappoint you. Look at these lovely promises He has made: "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Isaiah 65:24.

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and

ye shall have them." Mark 11:24

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Luke 11:9

What wonderful invitations! Why not accept them? Surely it is worth trying, just to see what He will do for you.



Bread From Heaven

After months of sickness and unemployment Father was feeling very discouraged. "I don't see any way through," he said one day, "unless God helps us."

"I hope He will—soon," said Mother earnestly, knowing how very little food there was left.

"I never was in such a fix before," Father went on. "No money in the house, and through no fault of our own either. I wonder what is going to happen?"

"I can't tell," said Mother. "It's the children I'm worried about. They'll all be in for supper in a minute or two, and there isn't a bite of bread for them."

"Is the last loaf gone?" asked Father anxiously.

"It is," replied Mother sadly, "the last loaf."

"Then it is surely time for God to work," said Father.

At this moment the back door was flung open with a bang.

In rushed the three children, panting from their run up the long hill from the school, and, as usual, desperately hungry.

Scare-Dee Cat

"What's for supper, Mamma?" asked the eldest, Mother looked at Father. For a moment she didn't know just what to say.

"I'm afraid", she said, "God hasn't sent it yet."

The children's faces fell, Nothing to eat! That was awful. They knew that Father was out of work and that hospital bills had taken all his savings, but somehow there had always been something for them to eat. "

"Mamma," said the youngest earnestly, "if there isn't any food in the house, why don't we ask Jesus to send some? He surely won't let us starve, and I'm so hungry,"

"It's the only thing we can do," said Father, "Let's gather round the table and pray."

So without another word they all knelt down —Father, Mother, and the three children —and pleaded with God to send them at least some bread to eat as He had promised in His Word.

Now it so happened that this very afternoon two ladies, who belonged to the same church as this family, were talking about them, wondering why they had not seen them of late.

"There must be something the matter," said one, "or they would've been to the meeting yesterday. They never miss."

"You're right," said the other. "I think we should go to visit them and find out whether there is anything they need. The husband has been out of work for some time, I believe."

"Yes," said the first lady, "Let us go now."

So the two ladies set out for the little cottage in the country where the poor family lived. It was quite a distance to walk, part of the way being up a long, steep hill.

They had nearly reached the top of the hill when a baker's truck passed them, traveling very swiftly. As it went by, what do you suppose happened?

Well, believe it or not, the door of the truck flew open and out fell a loaf of bread on the roadway. A moment later the truck seemed to hit a stone or a rut in the road, for it shook violently, scattering Loaves in all directions through the open door.

Quite unaware of what had happened, the driver of the truck continued his headlong course and in a few seconds was out of sight and far away.

Here was a problem for the two ladies. All over the road were beautiful, brown,

Scare-Dee Cat

crusty loaves of bread, good food that in a few minutes would be crushed and spoiled by other traffic passing by. It seemed too bad to leave them there, and as the truck driver did not return, they decided to pick them up.

It took them a little while to do it, but at last they stood there on the grass beside the road, each with a pile of loaves in her arms.

"What shall we do with them now?" asked one of the ladies, smiling, but a little worried.

"I don't know," laughed the other, "If we knew who owned them we'd take them back to him, but we don't. The only thing I can think of is to take them with us and see what happens."

"Well, let's do it, then," said the other, "and quickly, for my arms are getting tired."

So off they went, soon reaching the garden gate of the little cottage they had set out to find. Walking up the path, the loaves still piled high in their arms, they knocked at the door.

Rat-tat-tat!

The door was opened by Mother, and the two ladies saw a sight that moved their hearts, for there were Father and the three children still kneeling in prayer around the empty table. A moment later all were on their feet, their eyes gleaming with surprise and excitement.

"Jesus has sent us bread!" cried the youngest. "I knew He would if we asked Him." "Yes," said Father, "He surely has, and far more than we dared to ask for. It is bread from heaven indeed."



Let's Set the Table

Some rime ago I told the story about "Bread From Heaven" to a church in Wales.

After the meeting a gentleman came to me and said that he and his family had had a similar experience.

"I remember it," he said, "just as if it had happened yesterday. We had had a very bad winter, and with one trouble after another, we had just about spent our last penny. As for food, there wasn't anything left in the pantry at all; not a bite. "The worst of it was when the children came in from play, expecting their dinner as usual. Mother and I didn't know what to say to them. Until then we had always been able to find something or other for them, but now we had come to the end. It was terribly hard to tell them that the cupboard was empty."

"Why didn't you tell somebody in the church about your need?" I asked.

"We didn't like to," he replied. "Nobody does when he gets down and out like that"

"I understand," I said. "And what did you do?"

"Well," he went on, "I called the children to me, and we talked it all over together. They said, 'Why don't you ask Jesus to send us some food? You talk about His supplying every need and giving us "richly all things to enjoy," and you tell us that the Bible says He will not see "the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," so why not tell Him all about it, and see if He will come to our help?"

"And did you ask Him?" I inquired.

"We did," he replied. "I can see us all now, kneeling around that table. But before we did so, my little girl spoke up.

" 'Daddy,' she said, 'don't you think we ought to do all we can to show Jesus we really believe He will answer our prayer and send us food?'

"We all wondered what she meant, and I said to her, 'What more can we do, dear? Jesus can see the pantry really is empty, can't He?'

" 'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'but don't you think that if we were to set the table and put out the plates and the knives and forks, He would see that we truly believe He will send us something to eat at once?'

"We smiled, but I thought, I must not have less faith than this little child. So we put on the tablecloth and began bringing out the dishes and putting the knives and forks in their places. When the table was all set, we knelt down beside it.

"That was a wonderful prayer meeting. I remember how my little girl prayed. 'Dear Jesus,' she said, 'You see we have set the table to show You that we believe You are going to help us. Please send us some food to put in the empty dishes.' "

"And what happened?" I asked eagerly.

"It was wonderful," my friend replied. "So wonderful that I don't suppose you will believe it. But we had hardly got off our knees when there was a knock at the door. I went to open it, and there stood two ladies, each carrying a basketful of all kinds of food. They were practically strangers to us, but they said they had been impressed to bring us something to eat. We invited them in and showed them the table we had set and told them how we had scarcely finished praying when they arrived. Really, I don't know who were happier, they or we."

"I think I know who must have been the happiest of all," I suggested, "and that was the little girl."

"I believe she was," he said, "for it seemed to her that Jesus had actually sent two angels from heaven to answer her prayer."

"Perhaps He did," I replied. "It would not be the first time that faithful children of God have 'entertained angels unawares.'"



The Last Coal

Here is another true story of God's faithfulness to His needy children. It is wonderful how He comes to the rescue just in time.

Lucy lived with her mother in one room of a tenement house in London. They were very poor. Mother had to go out scrubbing every day to earn money to pay the rent and buy food and clothes. She worked so hard that one-day she fell sick.

She might have sent Lucy to one of the Christian missions in the district for help, but something kept her from doing so. Until her husband died, she had been quite well off, and now she did not want anybody to know how very poor she had become.

Day after day, as she lay in bed, too weak to get up, she worried about the future. Anxiously she watched her precious savings grow less and less until they were all gone.

"Don't worry, Mamma dear," Lucy would say to her. "The Bible says, 'Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure' (Isaiah 33:16), and I am sure God will send us help somehow before it is too late. There is still some food in the cupboard and a little more coal for the fire."

"I know," Mother would reply, "but both are getting very short and can't last us long now. Oh, if only I could get up and work again!"

But that was impossible, and every day the little stock of food and coal grew steadily lower.

There came a Saturday night, cold and bleak. Outside an icy wind howled, while snowflakes danced earthward to dissolve on the windowpanes or mingle with their fellows on the frozen pavement. Within, Lucy sat beside Mother's bed, which she had drawn across the room to the fireplace. In the grate glowed the dying embers of the fire on which she had put the very last piece of coal an hour before. In the food cupboard empty dishes told their own sad tale.

"I am sure even yet He will not fail us," said Lucy, though her heart was very sad. Mother drew the covers around her a bit closer in a vain effort to keep warm. "Please read to me again," she said.

Lucy picked up her Bible once more and went on reading where she had left off, in the eleventh chapter of the book of Mark: "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Verse 24. Lucy stopped.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "did you notice what that verse says? 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' And it is Jesus Himself who is speaking. Isn't it wonderful? Perhaps we have not believed hard enough."

"Perhaps not," said Mother, "though I have tried to, many times."

"Shall we pray again now?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said Mother, "if you wish."

'And we really will believe that He will do something to help us this very night.' "Yes," said Mother, who wished that her faith were as strong as Lucy's. Lucy knelt beside Mother's bed and began to pray.

Scare-Dee Cat

This is what she said: "O dear Father in heaven, Thou hast promised, and we believe Thy promise. Send us some food and coal this evening, if it please Thee. And send them before the fire goes out. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Rising from her knees, Lucy took up her Bible again and continued to read from the book of Mark.

Half an hour passed. Still she read on, sometimes stopping to ask a question, some times passing a comment of her own.

Suddenly they heard the front door of the tenement open and heavy footsteps echo down the hall. Then they stopped. And a deep voice called out, "Does Mrs. Weston live here?"

Mother sat bolt upright in bed, shivering with fright.

"Who can it be?" she whispered under her breath.

Again the voice called, "Does Mrs. Weston live here?"

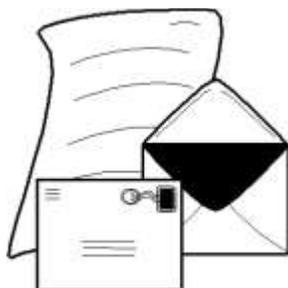
"Go to the door, Lucy, and look out carefully," said Mother. "I seem to recognize the voice." As silently as she could Lucy unlocked the door, opened it just a little way, and peeped through the crack. Then with a shriek of joy she threw it wide open. . "Uncle Tom!" she cried. "We thought you had been drowned!"

Uncle Tom, who had been overseas for a long time, entered the shabby little room. "You poor things!" he exclaimed, putting his arms around his sister and Lucy. "What has happened to bring you to this? Let me run out for some food and coal. You both look starved."

"Oh, Tom!" said Mother, "you have come just in time, and in answer to a little girl's prayer."

"Yes, look!" cried Lucy. "See, Uncle Tom, it's still alright!

God sent you before the fire went out."



After 13 Years!

This story comes from Canada, and was told to the writer personally by one of the children —now grown up—who prayed for help in a time of great need.

Try to picture the scene. A little log cabin stands on the vast Canadian prairie in winter, with a thick carpet of snow stretching out in all directions for miles and miles. Inside the cabin lives a family of six, consisting of father, mother, and four children—one boy and three girls, the youngest being eight years old. For a long time the father has been having a hard struggle to make ends meet, and the return of winter has found him ill prepared to meet it. Plenty of wood has been gathered to keep the fire going, but food stocks are very low, and credit with the stores in the nearest town has run out.

Slowly the short, gloomy days and long, dark nights pass by. Now and then fierce blizzards pile snow above the widows and leave the log cabin like a tiny brown island amid a great white ocean.

Mother tries her very best to make the food last longer.

Everybody is put on rations, but in vain. One day she tells Father that she has come to the end—nothing is left.

You can imagine how worried he feels; and not so much for himself as for the children he loves so dearly. What can be done? What would you do under such circumstances?

They talk it over together and decide to take their trouble to their heavenly Father and ask Him to help them out.

This they do, the father leading the family in prayer. They all pray, even the youngest, telling God how desperate is their need of food; how they need it this very day; and how they can see no way of getting any unless He helps them. Rising from their knees, they begin to talk about what may happen. Each one tries to suggest something that God might do if—

But all are mistaken. How God does like to surprise His children! "Tom," says Father after a while, "I have an impression that there are some letters waiting for us at the post office. I wish you would go into town and get them."

"All right, Father," says Tom, putting on his snowshoes and wrapping himself up well to meet the icy wind outside. "I'll go, but there won't be any. Nobody writes to us nowadays."

"Well, run along, Tom," replies Father. "Maybe you'll be mistaken this time. Anyhow, try to get back before dark. We shall be looking out for you."

Off goes Tom, moving skillfully over the snow, glad to be out in the open air, cold though it is, but quite sure he is going on a fruitless errand.

Arriving at the post office, he learns to his surprise that there is a letter —just one—addressed to his father. "Anyway, that will satisfy Dad," he says to himself, putting it into his pocket before starting back on his homeward way. Night is falling as he reaches the log cabin again, where all are eagerly awaiting his return.

"Any letters?" they cry together.

"Yes, there is a letter; but only one."

Father opens it. As he does so a check falls out. Tom picks it up.

"Why, Dad," he exclaims, "it's for one hundred dollars!"

"Wonderful, wonderful!" cries Father. "I lent this man one hundred dollars more than thirteen years ago and never expected to see a penny of it again. To think it should come back just now! It's almost too good to be true."

"But it is true, thank God," says Mother, her eyes full of tears. "Once more He has not failed us. Let us kneel down now and thank Him for all His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men."



Money Order Mystery

It was three days before Christmas, and the prospect before the Vester family was anything but a rosy one. Many months of sickness had eaten up all their savings. At the moment there was not a bite of food in the house.

They had never told anyone how bad off they were and did not wish to do so now, but things were looking pretty black. Little Jane went off to school that morning without any breakfast. She returned at lunchtime ravenous, but still there was nothing for her to eat.

She found Mother in tears, for Father had just returned from another long search for work utterly discouraged. "

"Mamma," said Jane, going up to them, "I'm sure Jesus doesn't want us to

starve."

Mother wiped away her tears. "I don't think He will let us starve," she said, "but I wish He would do something for us soon."

As she spoke her courage returned. She walked over to the old piano they still possessed and presently found herself playing the old familiar hymn, "The Lord Will Provide."

"Now, let us pray once more," she said. "I can't believe that Jesus will forget us."

So they all three knelt in prayer and asked the dear Lord to send them help in their desperate need.,

As Mother rose from her knees she said, all of a sudden, "I believe that in ten minutes a letter will arrive with a money order in it."

"I hope your faith may be rewarded," said Father, "for we surely need it."

"Jane," said Mother, "go to meet the mailman. I can see him coming down the street. He has that letter with the money order in it."

Jane laughed, and skipped out to meet the mailman.

"You have a letter for me?" she said hopefully.

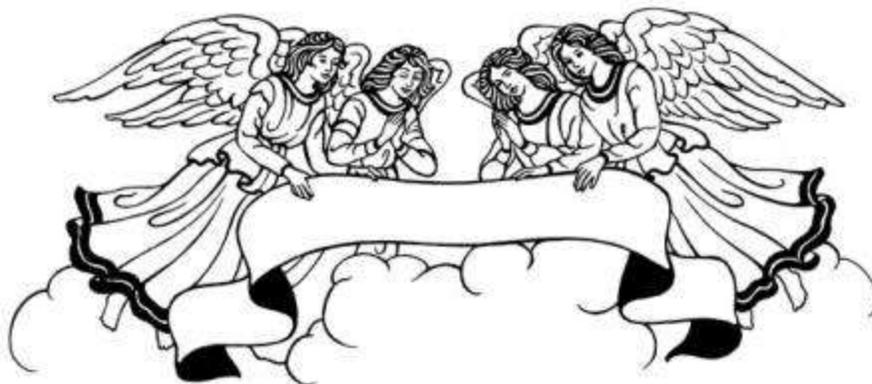
"Well, I have one for your mother," he replied, handing it to her.

Jane flew with it to Mother. "Open it quickly!" she cried.

Mother did. Out fell a money order for one dollar and fifteen cents! "What did I tell you?" she said smiling. "Now at least we can get something to eat. The Lord does provide, you see, even if it is only bread and butter."

Strangely enough, the very next day a gentleman called at the house and asked Father if he would like to do three days' work. He gladly accepted the offer. Other work followed, and the family has never been in want from that day to this. That Christmas proved to be one of the happiest of their lives.

You could never persuade Jane, or her parents for that matter, that Jesus does not help His children in time of need. They know He does!



TRUE ANGEL STORIES!



ANGELS IN AN AIR-RAID !

Bang! Boom! Bang! Boom! Boom! The bombs were dropping all around. Buildings were burning and falling. People were screaming and crying.

Already most of the city of Surabaya had been destroyed in the terrible bombardment. Thousands of men, women, and children had been killed.

Almost all the churches had been bombed, all except the little Adventist church, where Christian and Ketty, with their father and mother and some friends, were talking together, wondering how long their lives would be spared, and whether it would be their turn next to die.

As the bursting bombs came ever nearer and nearer, they could see, through the windows, great fires blazing all about them. Father, who was the minister of the church, then urged them all to take refuge in the baptismal tank. It was not much of an air-raid shelter, but the best they had.

This tank, which was behind the pulpit, was not very large or deep, but they all crowded into it. Then they began to pray. What a prayer meeting was that!

Father prayed, and Mother, and then the children. Christian, just twelve years old, remembered the thirty-fourth psalm, especially where it says, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them"

Over and over again he pleaded, "Send the angels, Lord, to encamp round about

us and deliver us. Send the angels, Lord! Send the angels!"

Then little Ketty, who was only four, began to plead: "Dear Jesus, Thou hast promised to send Thine angels. Keep Thy promise. Oh, Jesus, send the angels!"

So they prayed. And God in heaven heard.

What happened next may seem to some unbelievable, but it really happened. I know this minister well. He is one of God's noblest servants, and he told me the story himself.

As they prayed, the planes passed over, and the bombs fell farther and farther away. When the sky seemed clear again, Father went out into the church to see if all was well. It was. Not a spark of fire had fallen on the building.

As he stood there, thanking God for His goodness, there came a loud knocking on the door. Going to see who it could be at such a time, he found two policemen there, with many angry civilians behind them.

"Who was singing in this church just now?" they demanded. "Singing?" he said. "Singing? Nobody. The church has been empty.

"You're not telling the truth," they said. "We heard the singing, and we want to know what you mean by singing in here when the city is burning and people are dying all around you."

"Come in and see for yourself," said Father.

They came, and found the place empty, and went away wondering.

So did Father. What could the police mean by saying that there had been singing in the church? He had not heard any.

Then the bombers returned. Again the dreadful hum of their engines became louder and louder. Once more the bombs began to fall. So Father hurried back to the baptismal tank and told the others the strange story the police had told him.

Then they prayed again. Once more, as the noise and terror of it all mounted about them, Christian and Ketty lifted up their voices to God, saying, "Send the angels! Send the angels, Jesus! Keep Your promise! Send the angels!"

And then they heard it too, that strange, sweet sound. Above the din of destruction, above the bombing and the burning, they heard the sound of singing. Beautiful singing, such as they had never heard before. And it was coming from the church, just as the police had said.

Scare-Dee Cat

And the song? It sounded, so he told me, just like the old, familiar hymn:

"All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask beside?

Can I doubt His tender mercy, Who through life has been my guide?

Heavenly peace, divinest comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!

For I know what-e'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well."

When the bombers had passed, all hurried out of the baptismal tank into the church. They found the building empty, without a sign that anyone had been there.

Then again there came the loud knocking at the door, as police and people came to find out what it all meant. When, once more, they found nobody there save this handful of grownups and children, they were amazed and could not believe their eyes.

But father understood now. So did Christian and Ketty. They knew their prayers had been answered. They knew that God had sent His angels to protect them, and they--O joy, O wonder of wonders--they had heard them singing!

Today that Adventist church still stands in Surabaya, a monument to God's protecting power over His people in time of trouble, a testimony that the angels of the Lord still encamp round about them that fear Him, to deliver them.



GOD SENT HIS ANGEL!

More than 80 years ago, there used to be coal mining near Harrisburg, Illinois. Old-timers in the area still talk about what happened. One day, the roof of a coal mine caved in, and those able to do so ran out. When the men were counted outside, there was still one man in that cave. Wives and children quickly gathered, and everyone began praying. When they tried to go back in for him, they found the tunnel blocked at a certain point by immense rocks; beyond it they could not go. The situation appeared

hopeless. But the families outside kept praying.

Inside the coalmine, a man sat huddled in a corner in the darkness. Somehow, he had lost his headlamp and did not know how to find his way out. So he sat there and wept. Then a man came over with a light and said, "I can help you. Come, follow me." As he followed the man, he wondered how the one leading him could be wearing white clothes-without one stain of black on them. White clothes in a coal mine, where everything you touched turned you black! But he was too frightened to think much about it.

Soon his guide led him along the tunnel to a point where light from the entrance could be seen; and, just before turning to go back into the mine, he told the miner to continue on out. When the man emerged from the mine, there were tears and great rejoicing. Then he told them about the man dressed in white, who had entered the tunnel and brought him out. Apparently he had gone back in to bring out more men. Those outside told him that there were no other miners inside and that no man in white had gone into that tunnel; and besides, the tunnel was blocked with rubble. That is why they did not go in to try and find him.

Dear readers, God answers prayer! Heaven is no further away today than when God's angels guarded Elisha or shut the mouths of Daniel's lions. And you don't have to be 'somebody important' or know some special 'magic prayer'; just pour out your heart to God in the name of Jesus. No genuine cry for help will ever be ignored by our dear heavenly Father!

And think about that man huddled in the dark; he has lost his light; he has no way out. We are like that in this world. We live huddled in the dark; we have no light and no way out! Just as God sent His angel to the poor miner, so He eagerly offers the mighty power of salvation to each lost soul. There is 'a way out' and God will lead you all the way!



WHEN THE ANGELS STEERED A SHIP!

Reported by Henry Galus in 'Fate' magazine April-May 1952

In June 1887, the '*Canton*' left New Bedford, Mass., for the whaling grounds of the south Atlantic. After several whales had been killed and rendered, the ship sailed north to the island of St. Helena to unload the barrels of sperm oil and take on water.

Scare-Dee Cat

Soon after the '*Canton*' left the island early in September to return to the grounds, the ship assumed a course of her own in defiance of the helm and the wind. Time and again Captain Howland pulled the vessel back on the determined course, but each time she swung away with a weird will to proceed in her own direction, her sails flapping in protest.

Captain Howland was a God fearing man. With his eyes on the sky, he said, "this is a good ship and there's no reason why she shouldn't respond to the wheel. It must be the hand of Providence. Let her go the way she will. May God take us to where He wants us to go!"

During the next two days the Yankee captain spent most of his time standing silently at the rail, giving his orders gently. On the third day First Mate Antone Cruz noticed a number of dots on the surface ahead. When the *Canton* drew closer, the dots became small boats, scattered, loaded with gaunt human beings waving their hands and shouting hoarsely.

Captain Howland soon learned that he has rescued survivors of the British trader *Monarch*. The trader with over two hundred cases of dynamite in her hold had caught fire seven hundred miles off the Cape of Good Hope. The flames quickly spread beyond control and the vessel was abandoned. Suffering from hunger and thirst, the passengers and crew had drifted about one hundred and fifty miles.

"Thank God for your rescue," the captain told the survivors. "He was the skipper that brought us to you. Thank Him in humble prayer."

Notes: The survivors were taken to the Cape of Good Hope. Later the British Government awarded Captain Howland a solid silver teapot, and a gold medal.



JESUS IS WITH US!

Daniel chapter 3 tells the story about the three Hebrews who were cast into the "burning fiery furnace" because of their faithful witness to God. When King Nebuchadnezzar looked into the furnace to watch the three young men being burned

Scare-Dee Cat

alive, he saw, not three people, but four. The Bible says that the king was so astonished that he "rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counselors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? . . . Lo, I see four men loose, . . . and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Yes, Jesus does walk with His own, especially when they are in great need. Sometimes, too, He sends His angels to guide and protect them. An angel saved Daniel from the lions. (Daniel 6: 22.) Another released Peter from prison (Acts 5: 19), and yet another stood by Paul during a terrible storm in the Mediterranean. (Acts 27 :23.)

Of little children Jesus once said, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven" (Matthew 18:10), which is clear proof that every boy and girl who belongs to Him has a guardian angel appointed by the Lord to care for and protect him. If we love the Lord, and try to serve Him faithfully, spending our lives in the service of others, we may know that "the angel of the Lord" has been told to encamp round about us and deliver us. (Psalm 34: 7.)

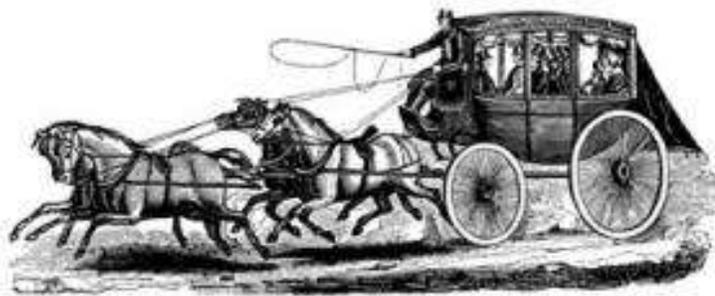
Then, too, we may claim that beautiful promise in the ninety-first psalm, which reads: "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Verses 9-11.

So when we go on our missions for the Master, be they great or small, to lift up the fallen or help some poor soul in need, we may expect to sense "the form of the Fourth" close at hand. And, wonder of wonders, this kind and watchful Stranger--at your side and mine in every trial and danger--may be "like the Son of God."





TRUE PRAYER STORIES



FLOUR BARREL MIRACLE

When Grandma was much younger than she is now she lived on a small farm hundreds of miles from a big city. Her nearest neighbors were so far away she scarcely ever saw them.

Sometimes she would feel very lonely, especially when her husband was working far from home and she was left alone with the children for weeks on end.

Sometimes food would get scarce, and the children would have to go on short rations until their daddy got back with fresh supplies.

One bad winter he didn't get back when he said he would, and the food ran out.

Grandma was worried. She hated to see the children suffer. Gladly would she have driven to the nearest village to buy food, but there was no way for her to get there. Her husband had the horse and cart.

She couldn't telephone for help, because farmhouses didn't have telephones in

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those days. So the last little bit of food was eaten, and Grandma wondered what would happen if her husband didn't return soon. Next morning she went to the flour barrel and looked in. It was empty. This meant there would be nothing to eat for breakfast.

At this moment Grandma remembered another barrel that belonged to a woman like her, and how the prophet Elijah promised that if she would put God first, the barrel would never be empty.

She knelt by the barrel and prayed.

"I've always tried to put You first, dear God. I've paid my tithe and brought up my children to love You. Now we are in great need, and I claim the same promise."

As she prayed a voice seemed to say to her, "Bang the barrel!" So she stood up and banged it, good and hard, with the flour dipper. Then she looked inside. There was flour at the bottom. Quite a lot, in fact; at least enough to make a nice little breakfast for everybody. Next day Grandma banged the barrel again, and once more found flour at the bottom of it, this time enough to make a pan of biscuits. The third day she banged it again, and still more flour came.

The day after that she banged it again.

Believe it or not, she kept on banging that barrel for a whole month, and without fail always found enough flour at the bottom to give them something to eat. She was still banging it when her husband arrived home with fresh supplies of food. He laughed when he heard the story, but she didn't. To her it was something very precious. Ever after she would remember 1 Kings 17:14.

"The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

She had claimed God's promise, and He had kept it, as He always does.



A 'TEENY' MIRACLE

I might as well tell you at the start of this story that I don't expect you to believe it.

Scare-Dee Cat

In fact, I would find it hard to believe myself if one of my own granddaughters had not told it to me. And she would never tell me a story that didn't really happen. Not she! She knows better!

Well, it all began in a mountain cabin up in the high

Sierras of California during the winter of 1961. One very cold day a mother cat had five kittens in that cabin. It was a bad day to bring kittens into the world, but all the mother cat could do about it was to try to keep them warm.

The owner of the cabin helped her by making a wooden box for her new family. The box had high wooden sides so the kittens could not fall out. When he had finished it, he put a cozy blanket inside and set the box on the back porch.

It wasn't long, of course, before Freda and Florry, the little girls who lived in the next cabin, heard about the arrival of the kittens. Their mamma had told them that the mother cat was "expecting," and now that the blessed event had happened they wanted to be the first to see the kittens. So they ran over right away and were thrilled when the owner said that they could each have one of the kittens when they were big enough. "To keep, all for ourselves?" they said.

"Yes indeed," said the man. "All for yourselves."

Each chose a kitten. Freda called hers "Teeny" and Florry called hers "Toots."

Every day—sometimes several times a day—the two girls would go over to see their kittens, and as the fuzzy little things grew older and bigger they would pick them up and pet them, then give them back to their mother.

One snowy morning when the girls arrived at the cabin they saw a sad, sad sight. One of the kittens was lying outside the box, very cold and still. Somehow it had climbed over the side of the box in the night, and unable to get back, had frozen. It was Teeny!

"O my poor little kitty!" cried Freda, bursting into tears. She put out her hand to touch Teeny but drew back. Teeny was stiff as a board.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, "if only we had come earlier we might have saved you. You poor little thing!"

"We'd better go and tell Mamma," said Florry. "Maybe she'll know something to do."

"And we'll take poor Teeny with us," said Freda, picking up her poor frozen kitten by the tail and hurrying back home with it.

"What in the world have you got there?" cried Mamma as the two girls burst into

the house. "Take it outside at once!"

"It's my precious Teeny," said Freda. "She fell out of her box last night and couldn't get back. Then she froze, and I'm afraid she's dead."

"She looks awful dead to me," said Mamma.

"Can't you do something for her?" asked Freda.

"There's nothing we can do but bury her," said Mamma. "I'm terribly sorry, but I'll get you another kitty someday." "But I want my Teeny!" wailed Freda. "I don't want to bury her."

"I'll get a pickax and a shovel and make a hole for her," said Mamma. "I'll make it near the big cedar, where the wildflowers bloom in the spring."

It was a sad little procession that made its way across the snow-covered garden. First, Mamma with the pickax and shovel, then Florry, looking very sad, and finally Freda with what was left of Teeny now cuddled in her arms.

There was no snow under the big tree, and Mamma didn't have as big a job as she had expected to dig the hole. When it was ready she motioned to Freda to put the kitten into it.

Freda did so, shedding copious tears. Then the two girls dropped on their knees and Freda began to pray.

"Please, Jesus," she said, "I am so sad about my poor little Teeny. I don't want to see her buried in the cold ground. If You could give her back to me, I wish You would, and I would love You always and always."

She was just going to say "amen" when Teeny said it for her.

From the grave came a faint "Meow."

Florry screamed, Freda jumped to her feet, and Mamma dropped the shovelful of earth she was about to put back in the hole.

"She's alive!" cried Freda, grabbing Teeny out of the grave and cuddling her again in her arms. "Thank You, Jesus, thank You so very, very much!"

Soon Teeny's eyes blinked and her tail began to swish. "Well, I never. !" muttered Mamma.

"Isn't Jesus wonderful?" said Freda.

"He surely is," said Mamma. "This beats all!"

Now don't ask me to explain it. I can't. And yet, maybe, I can. That warm cuddle on the way to the grave could have had something to do with it. Cats and kittens can take a lot of "killing." But then, too, God has all sorts of lovely ways of making sad children happy and answering their faith-filled prayers.



Mother's Prayer

Mrs. Goodyear looked at the clock for the twentieth time that evening. "Eleven-thirty, and such a stormy night, too! Where can the boy be? I hope he is not in trouble. He is getting so difficult and wayward."

Very worried, she knelt beside the kitchen table, and with her hands clasped on her Bible, prayed that God would protect her dear Tom, bring him home safely, and turn his heart to the Lord.

At last, well past midnight, there were sounds in the yard. Evidently Tom had returned and was putting his bicycle away.

A few minutes later the boy entered, looking very pale and weary.

"Hello, Mother," he said. "Still up? I think I'll go straight to bed. A bit tired tonight"

"You're very late," said Mother. "Has anything happened?"

"I'll tell you all about it in the morning," he said, and with that he went upstairs to bed.

Mother, worried and anxious, followed. "Tom," she said, "what has happened?"

"Well," said Tom, "Will and I had a strange experience about an hour ago. We were cycling home through the storm, when we felt ourselves moving rapidly downhill. It was pitch dark, and since we had no lights on our bikes it was almost impossible to see where we were going.

Scare-Dee Cat

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, pulling me back. I thought it must be Will, and called to him. He called back to me that he had just felt a hand on his shoulder, and thought it was mine.

So we both stopped and got off our bikes, wondering what it all meant. Will said that he thought he would walk to the bottom of the hill, and I agreed to go with him. When we got there, we found a rock slide right across the roadway. If we had run into it, we would most likely have been killed."

"Thank God," murmured Mother, stroking Tom's hair. "I am so thankful that He cared for you."

"But, Mother, how could God have had anything to do with it?"

"Tom, when was it you said you felt that hand on your shoulder?"

"I should say about an hour ago. I suppose it must have been about half past eleven."

"I was praying for you then," said Mother. "That's why I am sure God had something to do with it. He sent His angel to protect you tonight, Tom."

"Do you think so?" asked Tom.

"I'm sure He did," said Mother, "because He wants you to give your heart to Him. I hope you will someday."

So saying, Mother kissed him good night and tiptoed out of the room. When she had gone, Tom lay thinking for a little while. Somehow he still felt that hand on his shoulder. Was Mother right after all? If so, was he not a most ungrateful boy? At least, should he not say Thank You to God for looking after him? He thought he should. By and by he got out of bed and knelt in prayer-for the first time in many months.

Mother, listening, heard the movement, guessed what it meant, and felt so happy.

That was the turning point in Tom's life. Beside his bed he gave his heart to God. From that hour he was a different boy.



How Much Does A Prayer Weigh?

How much does a prayer weigh? The only man I ever knew who tried to weigh one still doesn't know.

He owned a little grocery store on the west side. The First World War had just ended, and it was the week before Christmas. A tired-looking woman came into the store and asked him for enough food to make a Christmas dinner for her children. The grocer asked her how much she could afford to spend.

"My husband was killed in the war," she said, "and I have nothing to offer but a little prayer."

This grocer confesses that he was not very sentimental in those days. A grocery store could not be run like a bread line.

So he said, "Write it on a paper," and turned about his business.

To his surprise, the woman plucked a piece of paper out of her bosom and handed it to him over the counter and said, "I did that during the night watching over my sick baby."

The grocer took the paper before he could recover his surprise, and then regretted having done so! For what would he do with it; what could he say?

Then an idea suddenly came to him. He placed the paper, without even reading the prayer upon it, on the weight side of his old-fashioned scales. Picking up a loaf of bread nearby, he said, "We shall see how much this food is worth."

To his astonishment the scale would not go down when he laid the loaf on the other side. To his confusion and embarrassment, it would not go down though he kept on adding more food, anything he could lay his hands on quickly, for people were watching him.

He tried to be gruff and he was making a bad job of it. His face got red and he felt flustered. So finally he said, "Well, that's all the scales will hold anyway. Here's a bag. You'll have to put it in yourself. I'm busy."

With what sounded like a gasp or a little sob, she took the bag and started packing the food, wiping her eyes on her sleeves every time her arm was free to do so. He tried not to look, but he could not help seeing that he had given her a pretty big bag and that it was not full when she had finished. So without saying anything, he tossed down the counter to her several expensive items. Trying not to notice, he saw a timid smile of grateful understanding glistening in her eyes.

When the woman was gone, he went to look at the scales, scratching his head and shaking the scales in puzzlement. Then he found the solution. When the paper had

been placed on it, the scales had been broken.

That grocer is an old man now. His hair is white. But he has never forgotten the incident. He never saw the woman again. And, come to think of it, he had never seen her before either. Yet, for the rest of his life, he remembered her better than any other customer he ever had.

And he knew it had not been just her imagination, for he still had the slip of paper upon which the woman's prayer had been written, "Please, Lord, give us this day our daily bread."



Here Kitty, Kitty!

A pastor had a kitten that climbed up a tree in his backyard and then was afraid to come down. The pastor coaxed, offered warm milk, etc. The kitty would not come down. The tree was not sturdy enough to climb, so the pastor decided that if he tied a rope to his car and drove away so that the tree bent down, he could then reach up and get the kitten.

He did all this, checking his progress in the car frequently, then figured if he went just a little bit further, the tree would be bent sufficiently for him to reach the kitten. But as he moved a little further forward, the rope broke. The tree went "boing!" and the kitten instantly sailed through the air - out of sight.

The pastor felt terrible. He walked all over the neighborhood asking people if they'd seen a little kitten. No. Nobody had seen a stray kitten. So he prayed, "Lord, I just commit this kitten to your keeping," and went on about his business.

A few days later he was at the grocery store, and met one of his church members. He happened to look into her shopping cart and was amazed to see cat food. Now this woman was a cat hater and everyone knew it, so he asked her, "Why are you buying cat food when you hate cats so much?"

She replied, "You won't believe this," and told him how her little girl had been begging her for a cat, but she kept refusing. Then a few days before, the child had begged again, so the Mom finally told her little girl, "Well if God gives you a cat, I'll let you keep it."? (Can you see where this is heading?)

She told the pastor, "I watched my child go out in the yard, get on her knees, and

Scare-Dee Cat

ask God for a cat. And really, Pastor, you won't believe this, but I saw it with my own eyes. A kitten suddenly came flying out of the blue sky, with its paws outspread, and landed right in front of her."

Never underestimate the Power of God to answer your prayers!