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GOD'S HANDIWORK

The Abingdon Religious Education Texts

David G. Downey, General Editor

WEEK-DAY SCHOOL SERIES

GEORGE HERBERT BETTS, Editor

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

BY

MILDRED O. MOODY



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TO MY FATHER
WHOSE READY SYMPATHY AND
CONSTANT ENCOURAGEMENT
MAKE THIS WORK POSSIBLE

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CHAPTER I

HOW THE WORLD GROWS!

ONE evening right after dinner, Robert sat on his father's knee in the big comfortable chair on the front porch. Father's arm was around him and Robert was very, very happy. They just rocked back and forth, quiet for a little while until Robert, watching the stars, exclaimed, "O Daddy, look—look—a shooting star!"

Surely enough, a star had left the other stars and shot straight across the sky.

Robert's father didn't say anything; neither did Robert for a little while. He was watching the stars and thinking.

Finally he asked, "Daddy, where did the stars and the world come from?"

"Where?" replied Robert's father. "The Bible tells us, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' The world came from God, Robert."

"All the world, daddy? The light, the water, the earth, the flowers, the sun, all the countries—did God make it all?"

"Yes, Robert, our great God made it all."

"My, but he must be a wonderful God," whispered Robert.

"He is," said his father. "He is a God with

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

all the power there is; no one is like him. One of the men in the Bible, David, said,

“ ‘There is none like unto thee, . . . O Lord;
Neither *are there any works* like unto thy
works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and
worship before Thee, . . .

And they shall glorify thy name.
For thou art great, and doest wondrous things:
Thou art God alone.’

“He is wonderful, Robert.”

“How could God do all that, daddy?” asked Robert. “How could he make the world?”

“I’ll try to help you see how God did make the world, Robert. Do you see that big building over there? Its almost completed now, isn’t it? The building belongs to one man. He wants it for those whom he loves to live in. He made a plan of just the way he wanted to have his home, and then he started to build it. He bought the wood and the brick, the plaster and the nails—everything he needed. Then he had to have helpers, so he called workmen. And now for months they have been putting the different things together for that home. When all is in place and as lovely as it can possibly be, the home will be finished.

“The world belongs to God. He wanted it for those whom he loves to live in. He had a plan of just the way he would like to have his

HOW THE WORLD GROWS

home, and so he started to build it. God is so wonderful that when he said, 'Let there be light,' there was light for day; and there was also darkness for night in his home. Then he said, 'Waters, gather in one place, and let dry land appear.' And it was so. God wanted grass and flowers and trees and bushes in his home, so he started different kinds growing. Year after year the flowers dropped their seed and other flowers sprang up. Year after year the seeds from the trees fell upon the ground and other trees started to grow.

"God, living in this world he was making, found it very lovely, and he did not want to enjoy it all alone. He wanted builders, helpers to go on making the world, so he developed men and women. We do not know how long it took, but when he was that far in his plan he gave his home world to the people and said to them:

"'Have power over the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air, and over every living thing. . . . I have given you every herb yielding seed, . . . and every tree . . . for food. You may live in my world and have the use of all I've made.'"

"Robert was listening very carefully and when his father stopped speaking, he said, "Could God do all that?"

"Yes, Bobbie boy," said his father. "God did all that and much, much more."

"He's a wonderful God, daddy. But why did he stop?"

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

"Stop! Stop what?" asked his father.

"Why, stop making the world. Why doesn't he go on making?" asked Robert. "Is he all done now?"

"Oh, no!" said Robert's father. "God hasn't stopped. The earth is still changing under his hand and he is still developing men and women. Why, you are one of the men whom God is developing, Robert. God hasn't stopped. He is using us as helpers in his building. He is using father and mother to help him make you a fine, strong man; and he is using my little boy to help make a more beautiful garden and a lovelier world. No, God isn't done making the world. He is working all the time with us if we will work with him to help make the world better, more beautiful, more lovely."

"How can I make the world better?" asked the boy.

"By doing golden deeds," answered his father.

"What are *golden deeds*?" questioned the son.

"*Golden deeds* mean doing something helpful, something friendly, something loving, something kind, something obedient. 'Deeds' mean *doing*. 'Golden' means *right*—so *golden deeds* is *right-doing*. That is how we can make the world lovelier."

"What is the most wonderful thing God makes grow, daddy?" asked Robert.

"There are many, many wonderful things God makes grow, Robert," replied his father; "but I

HOW THE WORLD GROWS

believe the very most wonderful thing God ever did was to help men and women grow. David thought so too. He says,

“ ‘I will give thanks unto thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:
Wonderful are thy works!’

“We are not just the way God wants us yet. He wants us to be lovely, to be good, to always do right. When all men and women and all boys and girls are doing *golden deeds*, then God’s home will be finished.”

“I should think that God would stay here and help us finish his home with *golden deeds* if he wants it done, instead of staying in heaven,” said Robert.

“He is here, Robert,” said his father, “just everywhere we will let him be. David thought so. He said God is everywhere:

“ ‘Thou art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue,
But, lo, O Lord, thou knowest.

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I . . . dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,

.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,
Even there shall thy hand lead me,

.
When I awake, I am still with thee.’

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

“You see, Robert, God loves beautiful things, so he does not go where it is ugly. He doesn’t stay with people who are mean. He loves true things; so he cannot be where there are lies and naughty words. He has to leave then. He loves happiness and pleasant faces; so he doesn’t stay where there are scowls and ugly tempers. He loves to be where people try to do right, but he doesn’t stay where folks will hurt him by doing wrong. He loves people who are sorry for any wrong deed, and just as soon as they are sorry he always comes to them. He’ll stay with us just as much as we will let him. He will stay right close by; we cannot see him, but we know he is here.”

Robert was very still for awhile, then he whispered, “He is making all this wonderful world for us?”

“Yes, laddie, he gave it to us as a place in which we can do *golden deeds*.”

“I can help him. He wants me to!” he whispered again.

“Yes, son.”

“Will he help me do *golden deeds*?”

“Yes.”

“He will be right beside me?”

“If you let him,” said his father.

Robert slipped off his father’s knee. “I’ll keep him right beside me, by doing *golden deeds*. I’ll help him do some of his great things. Night, daddy. Thank you ever so much for telling me.”

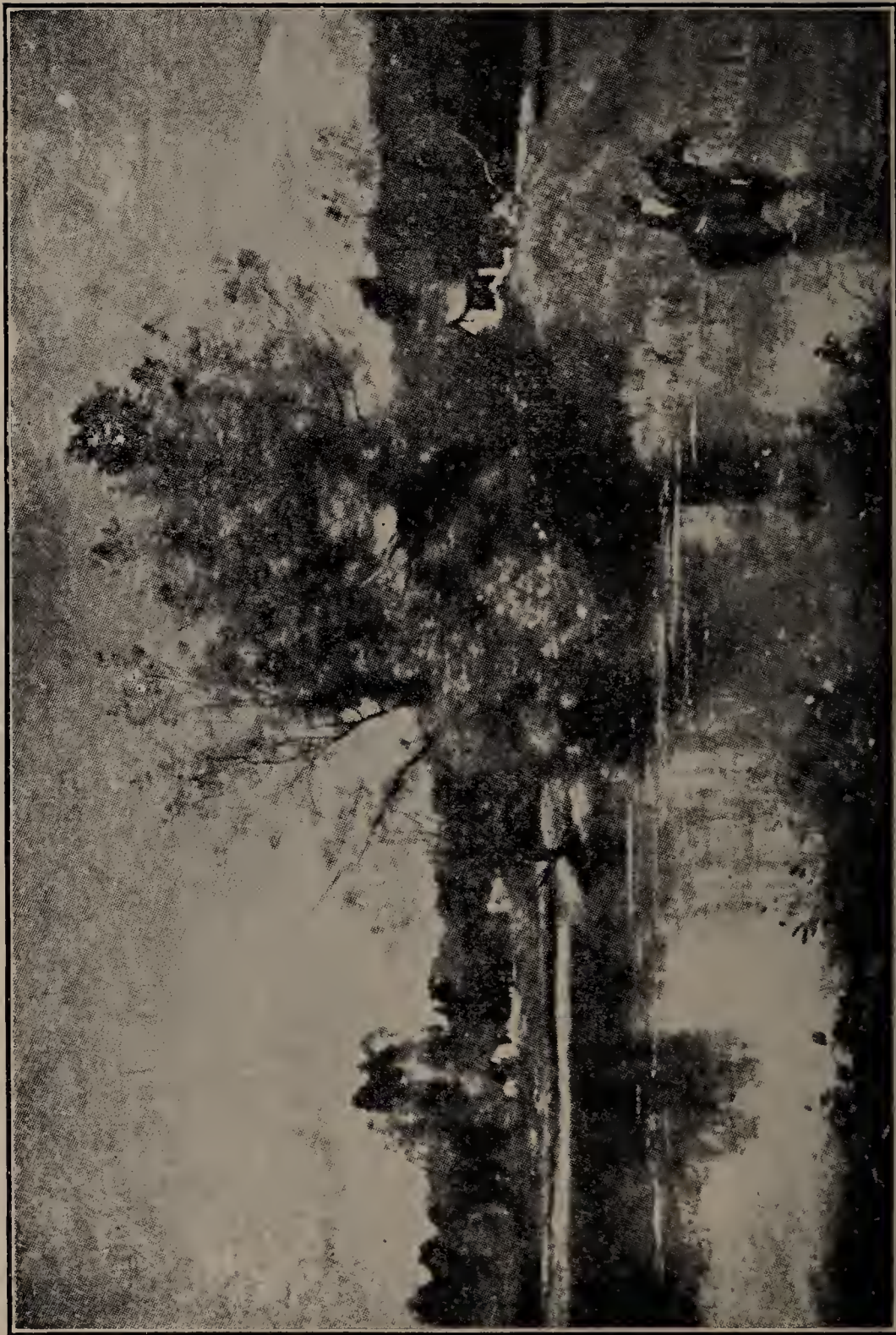
HOW THE WORLD GROWS

And Robert hurried in to bed. Mother was calling.

All the other stories in your book tell tales of *golden deeds* which men and women, boys and girls, have done in the world home God made and gave to us.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Name some of the things you know which God has made.
2. What is the most wonderful of his works?
3. Why did God give the world to us to live in?
4. Make a list of some of the places where you think God is.
Why do you think he is there?
5. If he stays with us, what are some of the things we must do?
6. Write a prayer asking God to stay close by you.
7. Learn Psalm 24—first six verses, or Psalm 8.



HOW THE WORLD GROWS!

CHAPTER II

JEHOVAH FINDS A LEADER

AGES after Jehovah had created the world and given it to the people for their home he was watching over a certain nation of folks called Israelites. They were slaves in Egypt, working hard from early morning until late at night. Old men and women had to make brick in the hot, hot fields; and if they did not make as many as the king commanded, he ordered his soldiers to whip them with long lashes. Little children had to carry stone from the hillside. All day long they worked until they were so tired they would fall down with their loads. Then the soldiers would whip them. Nobody seemed to care, because they were so sad. Nobody seemed to want to help them when they had to work so hard.

“Oh,” thought Jehovah, “if they would only believe that I care! If they would but come to me!”

One night Jehovah heard a number of the people gathered together talking over what they should do. He heard one of them say, “Let us ask Jehovah to help us.”

“Yes,” said another, “Jehovah is the one to whom we should go. He knows about our sor-

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

rows. He understands how hard it is to live here. He cares! Let us ask him."

So they prayed,

"Hear the right, O Jehovah,
Attend unto our cry,
Give ear unto our prayer,
Deliver us from this bondage,
Free us from our enemies.

"Thou knowest the distresses of our people,
Thou dost understand our sorrows.
Thou alone canst help us,
In our distress we call upon thee, Jehovah, our God.
Hear us, we pray."

Jehovah, listening, heard and answered his people of Israel: "I have heard your cry. I have taken knowledge of your condition. Patience—just a little while longer. I must find a leader to deliver you from your bondage. Where shall I find a leader? Who will help me answer my people's prayer? Moses!" decided Jehovah. "Moses shall be their leader. Moses who ran away from this very country, Moses who escaped from this same cruel king, Moses who is now a shepherd of sheep in a faraway land, Moses whose father and mother are slaves here—I will find Moses and call him to be the leader of my people."

So one day on the hillside in this faraway land where Moses was watching his sheep, Jehovah

JEHOVAH FINDS A LEADER

started a green bush burning. The flames shot high up through the leaves, but the branches did not burn. Of course Moses saw the fire. He wondered what it was and came closer to see.

"Moses! Moses!" called Jehovah from the burning bush.

And Moses answered, "Here am I."

"Draw not nigh hither," spoke Jehovah from the bush; "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou walkest is holy ground."

Moses did as Jehovah commanded and waited quietly to hear God's voice again. Soon it came from the center of the flames, and Jehovah said: "I have heard the troubles of our people in Egypt. I have heard their cry. I have seen their distress. I know their sorrows. Come now, I will send you unto their king that you may help me answer the prayer of our people. To the king you shall say, 'Thus says Jehovah, "Let my people go!"' " "

"What," thought Moses, "go back to that country? to that king? I ran away from him because he was so cruel. Go back to that king?"

Jehovah knew what Moses was thinking and he said, "Certainly I will be with thee."

"No," thought Moses, "I can't go back. The king will be angry with me if I tell him to let the people go. I can't go back. Why, he would kill me. He tried to once. No—no—no—I can't go back."

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

So Moses began to find excuses why he should not go, and he said to Jehovah: "If I should go back to my people, they will ask me who sent me, and I shall not be able to tell them. I cannot go."

And Jehovah answered, "Say, 'The God of your fathers sent me unto you.'"

"But they won't believe me," said Moses. "I have nothing to show that Jehovah told me to go to them."

"What is that in your hand?" asked Jehovah.

"A rod."

"Cast it on the ground."

Moses cast it on the ground and it became a serpent, such a great big serpent that Moses was afraid and sprang away. Then Jehovah said, "Take it by the tail." Moses did as God commanded, and it became a rod again.

"That sign will help them believe what you say," said Jehovah.

"But, Jehovah," pleaded Moses, "don't ask me to go. I can't talk very well. I am slow of tongue. I am not eloquent. I never could make the king let my people go."

"Who made man's mouth," answered Jehovah; "was it not I, God? I will teach you what you shall speak. Now go, and certainly I shall be with thee."

"O Jehovah, please send somebody else." And then he must have thought: "Jehovah loves my people. He cares for them. He wants me to

JEHOVAH FINDS A LEADER

be their leader. They are suffering. They need me.”

“Certainly, Moses,” called Jehovah, “I will be with thee.”

“Then I will go,” thought Moses; “I will go and, since Jehovah is with me, I will ask the king to release my people.”

He went to his people. He delivered Jehovah’s message to the king. The king was very angry, but he did let the people go. Moses became their leader. Jehovah, who loved them, had answered their prayer.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. How did Jehovah know about the troubles of his people?
2. How did he speak to Moses?
3. Why was Moses afraid of the king? Are we ever afraid of people? Name some reasons why we are afraid.
4. The story shows that in some ways Moses was just like people we know. Can you think of one way?

What part of the story tells us that?

5. Do you think Moses would have gone back to his people if Jehovah had not said, “Certainly I will be with thee”? Why?
6. How does Jehovah show us that he cares for us?
7. Learn first verse of Psalm 27.

CHAPTER III

THE PEOPLE'S ESCAPE

MOSES had come back from his peaceful life among the hills to ask King Pharaoh to let his people go to their own country, the country Jehovah had promised them. Moses was not afraid. God was with him—the God of help. So entering the beautiful palace of the king and bowing low before him, Moses said: “Thus saith Jehovah, ‘Let my people go.’ ”

Pharaoh was angry—oh, very angry! He thundered back at Moses: “Who is Jehovah? I don’t know Jehovah. I will not let these people go. It must be they are idle with nothing to do, if they talk of leaving. They shall work harder, then they will not have time to think about going away.” So Pharaoh called his masters who made the people work and he said to them, “What are the Israelites doing now?”

“Making brick, O king,” replied the masters.

“What are they using to make the brick?” asked the king.

“Straw, among other things,” was the answer; “we give them all the straw they need with which to work.”

“They are talking of leaving,” said the king; “we must make them work harder. Let heavier

THE PEOPLE'S ESCAPE

burdens be laid upon them. Do not *give* them the straw after this. Make them find their own straw, but demand that they make just as many bricks every day as they did when the straw was provided."

Of course the people couldn't hunt straw and make brick at the same time, and because they did not make as many as the king commanded the masters whipped them cruelly.

Then God said to Moses: "Go in and tell Pharaoh to let my people go. And if he does not let them go, then stretch forth your rod over the river and streams, over the pools, and frogs will come up and cover the land."

So Moses went in and told Pharaoh just what Jehovah said would happen if he did not let the people go. The king didn't believe what Moses said and would not let the Israelites depart. Then Moses did as God told him to: he stretched out his rod, and frogs did come up and cover the land. They were everywhere. When the king saw them he called Moses and said, "Ask Jehovah to take the frogs away from me and then I'll let the people go."

"When will you let them go?" asked Moses.

"To-morrow," replied the king.

"It shall be so. You will know that there is none like unto Jehovah our God."

Moses called, and Jehovah rid the land of the frogs. But when the frogs were gone Pharaoh would not release the people.

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

Then God told Moses to stretch out his rod and strike the dust so that the dust became as lice. He did so, and lice covered everything. Even then this cruel king held the people.

There was just one thing for Moses to do: go to Jehovah for help and try again. He got up very early one morning and went to meet Pharaoh just as he was going down to the waters, and he said to him, "Let the people depart, or Jehovah will send swarms of flies upon your land."

The king shook his head, "No."

The flies came. They crowded into the beautiful palace; they filled the servants' houses; they got into the food and the water. There was no place in the whole land where there were no flies, except where the Israelites lived.

When King Pharaoh saw that, he called Moses and said, "I will let you go, only before you leave get rid of these flies."

Moses asked Jehovah to take the flies away, and Jehovah did until there was not one fly left. But when they were all gone, the king broke his promise and still refused liberty to the people.

"What shall I do?" thought Moses; "Pharaoh lies. He breaks his promises. He will never let my weary people leave this land."

Ah, but Jehovah was interested! He knew and he could help. He called to Moses, "Go, tell Pharaoh if he does not let the Israelites go that all his cattle which are in the field shall die."

THE PEOPLE'S ESCAPE

Moses told him, but he refused. All the cattle which were in the field did die, but still the king refused. Pharaoh would have to be punished again.

Then Jehovah said to Moses, "Take a handful of ashes, sprinkle them toward heaven, and boils will break out on both beast and man."

Pharaoh and all his servants had boils, but the stubborn king refused to let the people free. Again, early in the morning, Moses went to the king and said: "You have promised many times to deliver my people and always you have refused. To-morrow it shall rain hail in all the land of Egypt."

And it did hail! Oh, how it hailed! The hail came with thunder and with lightning; with noise and with fire. It killed everything it touched—the rest of the cattle, the men, the trees, the grass, the grain. There was just one place where the hail did not come—that was the place where the Israelites stayed.

When Pharaoh saw the fire and heard the thunder, he was frightened. He called Moses and said to him: "I am wicked. I have sinned. Tell Jehovah to stop this hail, and I will let you go. I surely will."

But Moses was afraid the king would break his promise again, so he said, "I will go outside the city, and when I am outside, I'll pray Jehovah to stop the hail."

Moses went outside the city, and when the

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

king saw that all the hail had ceased, he kept the people.

Moses went back and said to the king: "How long are you going to break your promises? Let my people go! If you refuse, to-morrow Jehovah will send locusts into your land. They shall cover the earth so that you cannot see it; they will fill your homes; they will eat every tree; they will not leave one piece of grain for you. They will swarm your palace and fill your servants' houses." Then Moses hurried away.

The servants of the king had heard what was said. They were terribly frightened. They cried unto Pharaoh: "Let the men go! Oh, do let them go! Can't you see? They will destroy all Egypt if you do not let them go. We shall perish."

When he heard that, the king, himself frightened, sent for Moses and said, "Go, but tell me first whom you intend to take with you."

"Everyone," answered Moses, "everyone— young and old; our sons and our daughters, our flocks and our herds."

"Then you cannot depart," replied the king. "Take your men and go. But you must leave your women and children with me."

"Leave the women and children with you, cruel king! No!"

Once again the king would have to be punished. The locusts came. They did everything Moses said they would. There did not remain one green thing.

THE PEOPLE'S ESCAPE

When Pharaoh saw this he called Moses. "I have sinned," he said, "only this once more forgive me. Take away the locusts and I will let the people go."

The locusts were taken away, and just as soon as they were gone the king broke his promise. Moses went to the palace.

Pharaoh was very angry. Just as soon as he saw Moses, he shouted: "Get away from me! Don't come near me again. If you do, I'll kill you. Go away!"

Moses left the palace. He had done everything Jehovah had told him to, and still his people were not free. He did not know what to do next. He was tired—but his people must be freed. Jehovah had called him to that task.

And while Moses was so tired and discouraged, God came to him and said: "Pharaoh shall let you go hence. About midnight will I go out into Egypt and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die; from the oldest son of Pharaoh to the oldest of all the cattle. Then the king will let you go. Get your people ready, for only the Israelites shall be saved."

Moses went to his people. "Pack your things," he ordered. "Collect the cattle. Be all ready to go. We move to-night."

The people worked quickly. Night came on—all was quiet. Hour after hour went by. At midnight the first-born of all the land died. The king's son—the sons of the servants. There was

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

no house in all Egypt in which some one had not died. A great cry arose over the whole land.

When the king heard it, he arose, found his own dead son, and rushed out of the palace to find Moses. "Hurry!" he shouted. "Rise up! Depart from me and from my country. Take all your people with you! Take your flocks and your herds. Hurry! Begone!"

So the Israelites left the land of Egypt where they had been treated so cruelly, and as they passed through the gates, Moses said, "Remember this day. We have been freed at last. For by his strength Jehovah brought you out from that place. Jehovah is the God of our help!"

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why did Moses come back to his people?
2. In the last story Moses had been afraid. In this story all his fear is gone. Can you tell why?
3. How can we keep from being afraid?
4. Why did Jehovah send the plagues to Pharaoh and his people?
5. It took a long, long time, but finally Moses led the people out of their bondage. What do you think was the reason?
6. What kind of a God does this story tell us about?
7. Learn the second and third verses of Psalm 27.

CHAPTER IV

THE TENT OF MEETING

WHEN Jehovah called Moses through the burning bush to lead the Israelites out of Egypt he promised him that some day he should bring his people back to that very place, and there, at the foot of Mount Sinai, the mountain of God, they would worship and serve Jehovah together. Moses had led the people out of Egypt. For three long months they had journeyed and then they came to that wonderful mountain where God first called Moses. There they put up their tents and encamped around the foot of Mount Sinai. Jehovah was keeping his promise.

Early the next morning, Moses left the camp and went up into the mountain to worship, when he heard a voice—the voice of God, saying: “Go down to the foot of the mountain, gather the Israelites together and say to them: ‘You have seen what Jehovah did to the Egyptians; you know how he has freed you and helped you in your journey, and brought you to this mountain of God. Now, therefore, if you will obey Jehovah and worship him, you shall be his people from among all peoples. He will take care of you always. You shall be under his wing. He will give you a beautiful home, for all the world is

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

his.' Those are the words which you shall speak to the children of Israel."

So Moses went down the mountain to the people. He called them together and told them all that Jehovah had said. "You remember that Jehovah led us out of Egypt. Without him we would still be slaves there. And you talk of going back to worship Egypt's gods. Is it not so?"

The people could not say "No," because it was true.

"You remember that Jehovah saved you from the Egyptian army which pursued us? And yet you will not obey his commands. Is it not so?"

And again the people could not say "No," because it was true.

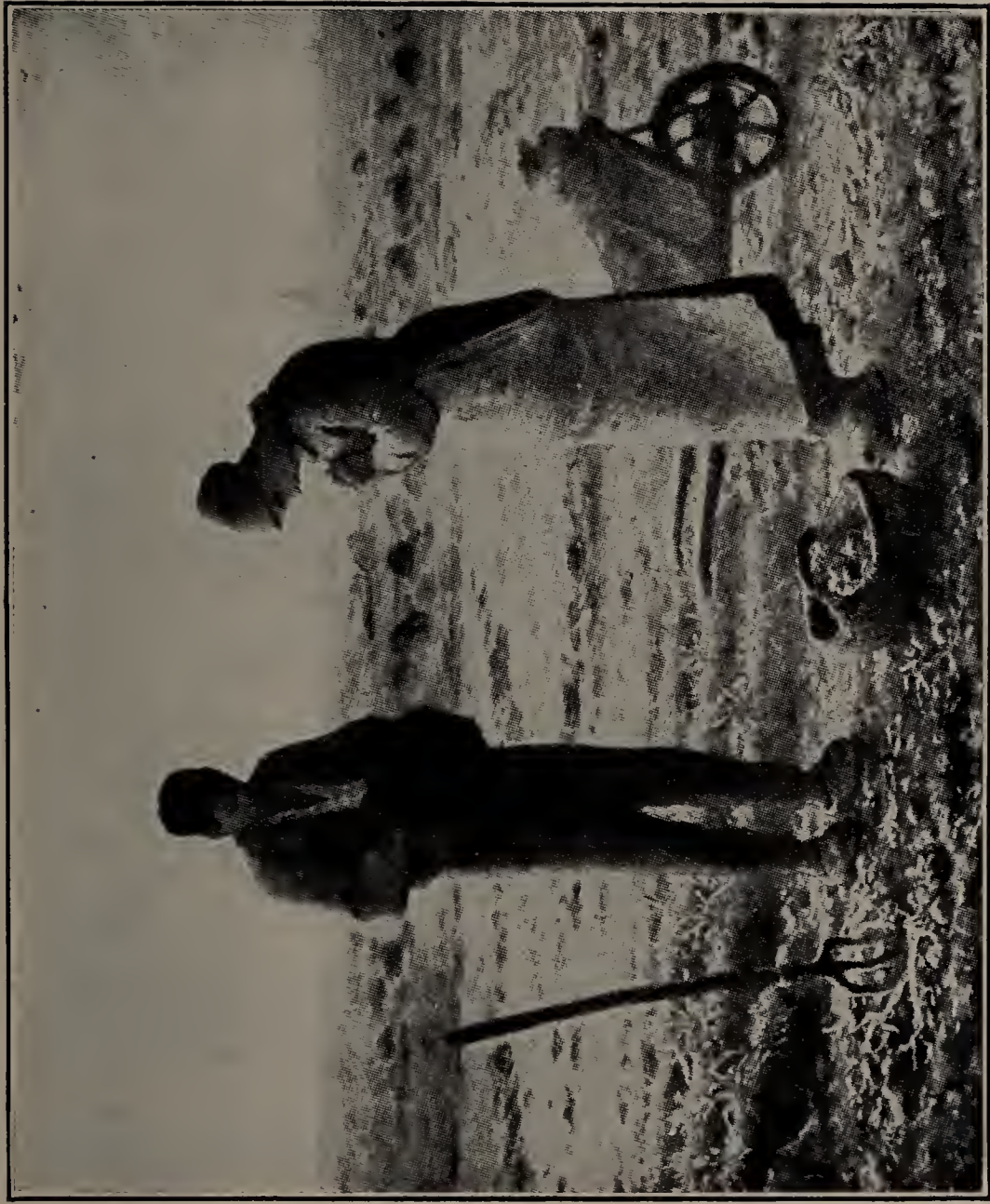
"You remember that Jehovah told us how to make the bitter water sweet when we had nothing to drink; that he sent us food to eat when we had none. And yet you become angry at me, Jehovah's servant. Is it not so?"

They could not say "No," because it was true.

"I have been talking with God on the mountain-top," continued Moses, and he told me to bring these things to your mind. 'Thus say to them,' said Jehovah; 'If you will obey my voice and keep my law, then from among all peoples you shall be mine.' "

"Wonderful—oh, wonderful to belong to Jehovah!" exclaimed the Israelites.

He said, "If you will worship me above all other Gods, you shall be my holy nation."



THE ANGELUS
Worshiping in a Field

TALES OF GOLDEN DEEDS

“Wonderful—oh, wonderful to be Jehovah’s holy nation!” replied the children of Israel.

“Those are the words of Jehovah,” said Moses. “What reply will you make?”

“All that Jehovah hath spoken we will do—obey and worship him,” answered all the people together.

Moses took the reply to Jehovah, and God said to Moses: “Go unto the people; make them ready to meet me; have them wash their garments. Tell them to do no wrong thing and be ready on the third day, for on the third day I, Jehovah, will come down in the sight of all the people.”

“How shall they see you, blessed Jehovah?” asked Moses.

“Lo, I will come unto you in a thick cloud. I will speak unto you, and the people shall hear me and believe in you forever.”

“Where shall they see you, O Jehovah?” asked Moses.

“I will come down on Mount Sinai in sight of all the people. But do you set bounds. Do not let them come up the mountain or touch the border. Keep them down at the foot.”

Then Moses went to the Israelites and told them what Jehovah had said, “Prepare yourselves to meet Jehovah. In three days he will appear unto us. Be ready for the third day.”

See Jehovah! Would they see God and worship him! How the people worked to make themselves ready! They washed their clothes and

THE TENT OF MEETING

dressed in their very best garments. They made ready a great feast. They were to see Jehovah and worship him.

On the morning of the third day, before the sun was up, the folks were awakened by the heavy roll of thunder; they saw swift lightning. A thick cloud descended upon the mountain, and the voice of a trumpet very loud! Everyone in the camp trembled and was afraid. What could it be? Moses knew. Just as soon as he heard the trumpet, he led his people out of the camp to meet Jehovah.

Look! The whole of the mountain smoked! It was like the smoke rising from a great furnace. All the earth trembled. The trumpet came louder and louder.

Then Moses called, "Jehovah!"

Jehovah came down upon Mount Sinai before all the people and answered Moses with a voice, "Come to the top of the Mount, Moses," and when Moses was beside him, Jehovah spake these words to his children: "I am Jehovah, thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. You shall make no other gods to worship."

They heard God's voice come with the thunder and lightning, and they were afraid. They called to Moses: "You speak to us, Moses, and we will hear; but do not let Jehovah speak to us. We are afraid."

"Fear not," comforted Moses, "for Jehovah is come to tell you what he would have you do."

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The people stood afar off, but Moses drew nearer the great black cloud where God was, and he heard him say: "Say to the children of Israel: 'You have yourselves seen that I have talked with you from heaven. You shall not make other gods: make no gods of silver—nor of gold. Worship Jehovah. Make no promise to other peoples or to the gods of other countries. Worship Jehovah.' "

And when Moses went down to the people and told them all that Jehovah had said, they with one voice answered: "All that Jehovah has spoken, that will we do. We will obey and worship him."

Early the next morning Moses went out and builded an altar at the foot of the mountain, there to worship God, and when the folks saw him, they crowded close around him. He read to them again the commands of Jehovah, and there at the altar everyone answered: "All that Jehovah has spoken, that will we do. We will obey and worship him."

Then Moses stretched his hands out over the people and cried: "Now you have made a promise to Jehovah and Jehovah has made a promise to you. You are his people. He is your King."

Not many days after this promise was made Jehovah called again to Moses, "Come up to me in the mountain and I will give you the tablets of stone and the laws which I have written that you may teach them."

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But before going up to Jehovah, Moses called his folk together and said: "God has called me. Stay you here until I come down again unto you." Then he disappeared in the dense cloud hanging over the mountain. He had gone to talk with Jehovah. Forty days and forty nights Moses spent with God while God prepared for him the tablets of stone on which God wrote his commandments, and told Moses just how he should build a tent of meeting in which the people could worship Jehovah.

The people wondered why Moses did not come back from the mountain. One said, "He has been killed by wild beasts." Another said, "He has departed and gone with Jehovah." And another said, "We cannot move from this place because he told us to stay here until he returned."

By and by they grew impatient. They forgot their promise to Jehovah. They thought Moses was dead, and one day some of them came to the brother of Moses and said, "Up, make us a golden God to worship. As for this Moses, we do not know what has become of him."

"Give me your bracelets; break off your golden rings which are in the ears of your wives and your daughters. Bring them unto me," commanded Moses' brother. And when they brought them, the brother fashioned the image of a golden calf. Seeing it all the people cried: "This is our God. This is the God which brought us out of the land of Egypt." They made an altar before it. They

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made a great feast and, forgetting Jehovah, they knelt down and worshiped the golden calf.

Jehovah on the mountain top knew that the Israelites had broken their promise, so he called to Moses, "Go, get thee down, for thy people whom we brought up out of Egypt have broken their promise and turned very quickly away from what I commanded."

"What have they done, O Jehovah?" asked Moses.

"They have made them a molten calf of gold. They have bowed down and worshiped it, saying, 'This is the god which brought us up out of the land of Egypt.' "

Moses turned and went down the mountain with the tablets of stone. On the way down he heard the noise of the people and said: "It is not the noise of war. They have not been captured. It is the noise of singing I hear." Nearing the camp, he saw the calf and the dancing. Moses was angry! The people had broken their promise to Jehovah. He strode into the camp, took the calf which they had made, burnt it with fire, ground it into powder and strewed it upon the water. Then he stood up in the midst of the camp and said, "Who has made you do this wrong thing?"

And they answered: "Do not be angry, Moses. We had to have a god to worship."

"Can you not believe in and worship the true God, even if you cannot see him?" asked Moses.

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“We do not know where he is,” they answered.

“You have sinned a great sin. I will go to Jehovah and ask him to pardon you.” So Moses returned to God and said: “O Jehovah, this people have sinned. They have made gods of gold. Forgive them, O Jehovah. They say they do not know where to worship thee.”

“Go back to your people,” said Jehovah, “take them to another mountain. Build a tent, a tent of meeting in which they can worship me. Take it with you wherever you journey, and then they will know where to find me as they journey from place to place.”

Again Moses went back to his people, gathered all their ornaments, and had the tent of meeting built: a tent which should be a sacred place where all could go and worship Jehovah. They pitched this tent outside the camp and everyone who sought Jehovah went to this tent. Whenever Moses went to their sacred place to worship God, all the people arose and stood, looking after him until he entered the tent of meeting. A great pillar of cloud came and stood by the door—Jehovah was there. When they saw the cloud all the people stood, everyone at his own tent door, and worshiped. They had found the God of worship. They knew where to worship him!

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What promise did the Israelites make to Jehovah?

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2. What did God promise them?
3. Who broke their promise? How?
4. What does it mean to worship God?
5. The people in our story thought they had to have one place to worship Jehovah.
What do you think?
6. Learn first seven verses of Psalm 95.

CHAPTER V

A CRY OF WARNING

LIVING near the desert, close to one of the cities of Israel, was a little shepherd boy named Amos. He did not have much time to play because his father and mother were poor. They had only a little garden with a few cucumber vines, some sycamore fig trees, and a flock of lovely sheep.

But even though they were poor, they never forgot Jehovah. They worshiped the true God, whom many of the rich people of that time were beginning to forget. Little Amos would climb up into the tiptop of the fig trees, gathering the fruit for his father, and his father would say, "Jehovah makes grow the fig tree for our feeding." He would go to the fields and take care of his father's sheep and when the stars came out at night, he would think of the stories of how God had made the world. Sometimes it would rain and Amos' mother would say, "The rain is from Jehovah, who made the sea and gives water to the earth for growing things." And so the boy Amos grew up, knowing, loving, worshiping Jehovah.

Day after day, when Amos had grown to manhood, he went to the fields with his own flocks. All alone he would sit on the hillside with his back

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against a tree, watching his sheep. As the hours went by all he had to do was watch and think. He seldom saw anyone to talk to, but he wasn't lonesome. He often talked with God. One day he saw a long, black line against the sky.

"A caravan—it is a caravan approaching," thought Amos; "now I shall have news of the great city. They will stop and tell me of the ways of the people."

Nearer and nearer they came until a voice could be heard. Amos jumped to his feet and shouted, "Hail!" The leader of the caravan heard and turned the camels his way. As they came closer, Amos called again, "Hail! Come, tell me of the great city." They led their camels to rest and came to sit on the hillside with the shepherd. Together they talked of the life in the city.

"The city is not like it used to be," one man said. "Years ago everybody was happy. That was when we were serving Jehovah. Now there are so many sad, unhappy people. Some of the rich people are buying and selling women and children. They are taking boys and girls away from their fathers and mothers."

"Do you mean that they are selling poor people as slaves?" asked Amos.

"That is what many are doing."

"But it is wrong," said Amos. "They are bringing punishment upon themselves."

"There are men who have stolen all the grain

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from the poor," said another man, "and will not let them have land upon which to raise more. Some of the people are wretchedly hungry."

"Do you mean that the leaders of the city are letting people starve while they have plenty?" asked Amos again.

The man nodded.

"That is wrong. God cannot be with them if they disobey him. They are bringing punishment upon themselves. Do they not remember Jehovah? Do they never worship him?"

"Oh, they have their great religious feasts, and expect that those meetings will please Jehovah no matter how they act toward other folks. They think that since they are God's people he will not punish them," answered one of the men.

"But Jehovah told them to obey him. He had them promise. He will have to punish them if they disobey."

All afternoon they talked, and then the caravan passed on. For many days Amos thought of what the men from the city had told him, until finally he said to himself, "I think God wants me to warn his people. Jehovah cannot be with nations who do wrong deeds. He cannot bless them. He will have to punish them. It is terrible for them to go on selling slaves; stealing from the poor; keeping food from the hungry. I must warn them. I must let them know what they are bringing upon themselves. I will go to the city."

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That very night Amos packed his lovely wool. He would take it and sell it, but while in the city he would find an opportunity of telling the people what God wanted him to reveal. As he drew near the gate he saw that the streets were crowded with people. There was a great throng, all in procession, winding their way through the streets to a rock outside of the city walls.

"Oh," thought Amos, "this is one of their great religious feasts." Standing on tiptoe he could see through the crowd.

"There are their gifts; I can see their offerings," he said to himself. "Listen! They are singing. Do they think Jehovah will hear their songs or be happy in their gifts when they cheat and steal and make slaves of people?"

Then he heard the priests praying. "I must warn them! I must tell them!" he said to himself. He pushed his way into the center of the huge crowd and suddenly he jumped to the top of a rock, flung both arms wide and cried, "Jehovah will punish the people who do evil."

Everybody was surprised. They looked at Amos so strangely. One man scowled and said to another, "Who is this fellow in the rough shepherd's dress? See how different his clothes are. What is he doing here? Is he mad?"

Amos paid no attention to what was said. He was not afraid. God wanted him to warn the people. He went right on talking, and all the gathering listened.

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“Your neighbor people to the north have done wrong. They buy and sell women as slaves. God cannot be with them. He will have to destroy them to save the poor women.”

And when they heard that the entire crowd jumped to their feet, waved their arms, and cheered long and loud. They did not like their neighbors to the north. They were glad that Jehovah was going to punish them.

“Jehovah will punish your neighbors to the south,” continued Amos, “they steal from the poor and will not let them have land for their crops. God cannot be with them. They are bringing punishment upon themselves. God will destroy them to save the poor.”

Again everybody cheered and waved. They didn't like the folks who lived to the south. They were glad to know that God was going to punish them also.

Then pointing his finger directly at them, Amos shouted, “You, too, people of Israel, you too, Jehovah shall punish.”

Ah, now there was no clapping, no cheering. Everything was deadly still, while he spoke such words as these to them:

“This is what Jehovah says to you: ‘Forasmuch, therefore, as you trample upon the poor and take from him of wheat—though you have built houses of stone you shall not live in them. Though you have planted vineyards, you shall not harvest them. For I know what you have

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done. You sell people as slaves and turn the needy from your gates.' ”

“But, Amos—” interrupted one of the priests.

Amos would not let him finish. He went on talking: “You should seek good and not evil: then you would live and then Jehovah the God of hosts would be with you as you say. Hate the evil and love the good. Establish justice in the gate.”

“We have,” called one from the crowd.

“You haven’t,” answered Amos. “You have been unjust. Is it just to sell helpless people for slaves? Is it fair to steal from the poor? Is it honest to keep food from the hungry? You have loved evil. You have done no good.”

“We have these great feasts. We give offerings unto God,” said one of the priests.

“Jehovah says,” continued Amos, “I hate, I despise your feasts and I take no delight in your solemn assemblies. They mean nothing unless you are just. Even though you offer me your meal offerings, I will not accept them. They mean nothing unless you are kind to the poor. Take away from me the noise of your songs, for I will not hear the melody of your singing. It means nothing unless you are honest. You shall be punished unless you let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream.”

“You are mad, Amos,” said the priest. “Go away before our angry people harm you.”

“Jehovah told me all I am telling you,” an-

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swered Amos. "I am not afraid. He showed me what would happen to you if you did not obey him. He said, 'Amos, the high places of Israel shall be desolate and all their temples laid waste.' That Jehovah, God told me. I am warning you."

While Amos was speaking another of the priests had slipped away from the crowd and had gone to the king of the land saying, "King, O king, there is a mad shepherd in the crowd who is plotting against our country."

"Go, tell him to leave," ordered the king.

So the priest came back and said to Amos, "O you prophet, go away from here. Leave before harm comes to you. Go to another country and tell them what will happen. We do not want your warnings."

And Amos answered: "I am no prophet. I was a shepherd. Jehovah called me from my task saying, 'Go, leave thy herds. Speak unto my people of Israel.' Say, 'Your services cannot save you. You shall be punished for your wicked deeds.'"

"Send him away. Send him away," shouted the crowd.

Unafraid, Amos continued speaking, "Hear you, that swallow up the needy, and cause the poor to starve; I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in a clear day. I will turn your feasts into mourning, and all your songs into lamentations. The eyes of

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Jehovah are upon your sinful kingdom, and I will destroy it from the face of the earth.”

“Be gone,” shouted the crowd, “send him away—put him out of the city. We do not believe you. Go!”

“You would better leave, young man,” whispered one priest; “the people are angry.”

But Amos was not afraid. He had a message to give. He would finish it. “He that walks uprightly; he that speaks kindly; he that is fair and just; only these shall build up your cities and live. For Jehovah is a God of justice. He protects the poor and the oppressed. I have warned you. Seek Jehovah and you shall live.”

Then Amos left the city. No one dared to harm him. He had given the people God’s message. We do not know what became of the shepherd, but we think he must have gone back to his fields and his sheep. During those days he must have written down what he said to the Israelites, because we have this story in the Bible to-day. It is a cry of warning to us. The people of Israel did not heed the warning, and the destruction he foretold came upon them.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What kind of a home did Amos have?
What did his father and mother teach him?
2. The Israelites were disobeying Jehovah.
Can you tell how?

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3. What message did Amos carry to the people?
4. The story tells us to obey God. Can you name some ways in which *we* can obey him?
5. Learn first three verses of Psalm 106.

CHAPTER VI

PLANNING A JOURNEY BACK HOME

THE people of Israel did not heed the warning of Amos. They went right on doing all their wicked deeds. Jehovah was not angry with them. He wanted to save them, but he knew they would have to be punished if they did not change their ways.

“I will not punish them yet,” thought Jehovah, “I will stretch out my hand to save them.” So he sent a man named Jeremiah with a message of entreaty.

“Listen to the voice of Jehovah,” he cried, “you have done evil. Your city will be ruined; your city shall be destroyed. God is not angry. He wants to save you. He will forgive and help if you will do rightly.”

The people did not heed the warning of this messenger either. They continued to sell slaves, to starve the hungry, to steal from the poor. “I will not punish them yet. I will still stretch out my hand to save them. I am not angry,” thought Jehovah, so once again he sent Jeremiah with a warning. To the king and all the people, the prophet said, “Listen to the voice of God: woe unto them that take from the needy, that rob the poor, that trample upon children. Enemies shall

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destroy your city. Then what will ye do? When they burn your town to whom will you fly for help? Oh, turn to Jehovah. He is not angry. He will forgive. His hands are stretched out to save you."

Time after time Jeremiah brought these warnings from God, but the people would not listen. They were certain that their city would not be destroyed. Jehovah was wonderfully patient, but he knew the people would have to be punished; they would not obey him.

One terrible night the warnings came true. A great army marched down from the north. Oh, how frightened the people were when they saw the marching hosts! Many of them left all they had and fled into the desert. On came the army. Around and around the city the soldiers marched. They built great mounds of dirt against the walls. Up to the tops of these mounds the soldiers climbed and shot spears and arrows into the city. They brought great battering poles and rammed the walls, trying to break through. The desperate people built another wall, but they knew that in time the soldiers would break it down.

Knowing that, instead of turning to Jehovah for help, they stripped the church of all its ornaments and put up all the false gods of Egypt, and to these they cried: "Send chariots! Send horsemen! Save us from these warring kings!"

But the false gods of Egypt did not answer.

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The king heard the cry of the people. He was very troubled. He knew he and his nation had done wrong. He knew in his heart that they ought to be punished, but he sent for God's messenger. "Who can help us, O Jeremiah?" he asked.

And Jeremiah answered, calm and quiet, "Jehovah will protect your city. He will protect and deliver you. Turn ye unto him from whom you have turned away, O children of Israel. On that very day when you will cast away these false gods of silver and idols of gold which your hands have made, Jehovah will save you."

But the people would not listen. They cried again: "Send chariots, O Egypt, send horsemen. Deliver us!"

And Egypt did not answer.

All the time the army outside was ramming the walls. They were beginning to totter.

Again the king sent for Jeremiah. "Is there any word from Jehovah?" he asked.

"There is," answered the prophet, "you shall be delivered into the hands of the army."

While he was speaking, they could hear the thud! thud! thud! of the battering rams. Then a cry arose, "A break, a breach, a break in the wall!"

The army came pouring into the city. They tore down all the walls. They burned the beautiful church. They destroyed all the homes. They took the people captive; they left only a few poor

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people and the prophet in the desolate city. The army drove the captive people like cattle; thousands of them—men, women, and children—away from their once beautiful city home. Day after day, day after day they walked, and if any were sick they were left to die by the road while the rest marched on. By and by they came to the strange land where they were to live. How different it was!—no lovely hills, no beautiful valleys, no vineyards. Just hard, hard work as slaves for a strange nation.

Years went by; some of the old men died. Their boys grew up, but they often talked of their old home. “Will we ever see our land again?” they would say. “Will we ever go back?” One bright afternoon a number of them gathered together to talk over a plan for going back to their city. “You remember what Jehovah told us through his prophet,” said one of the chief men, “‘Turn unto Jehovah, worship him. Cease to do evil, learn to do well.’”

“He told us he would save us if we did right deeds,” declared another. “Perhaps Jehovah would forgive us and save us now if we truly obeyed him.”

“We can obey him here. We can serve Jehovah in this strange land, and while serving him, plan for the time when he will let us go home,” suggested a third.

“We can worship him. We can turn away from false gods.”

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“Do not forget what the prophet said,” warned another elder. “Jehovah wants, not so much our prayer and our promises as he wants us to be good to the poor; to play fair; to be honest.”

“Jehovah is a just God. He will forgive us if we show him we are sorry. Let us serve him and plan to go back to our old home. Jehovah will help us.”

So the people of Israel—slaves in this strange land—turned to Jehovah. For many years they served him; they worshiped him; they fed the hungry, gave homes to the poor, and helped one another. And Jehovah, knowing, was ready to forgive and help. How would he help them? He would send a new king to the land—a king who would free them. What king? Cyrus! He was the man.

Then Jehovah said to Cyrus: “My will is that you shall go rule the land where my people are and free them. Let them go back home.”

Cyrus wanted to do that. He believed in this God of the Israelites, so he called the chief men together and said to them: “I have captured Babylon, and twice has Jehovah made me king of the earth. I believe he is your God. He has told me to let your people go back to their old home city.”

“Home! Home!” The chief elders hurried to the rest of the people. “Jehovah has asked the new king to deliver us. Cyrus, the king, says we may go home.”

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“Go home! Blessed be Jehovah!” cried all the people.

“We shall see our own hills and valleys,” said the older men.

“We’ll see our brothers and sisters,” said the older women.

“We’ll have a wonderful journey,” said the boys.

No longer were they sad and unhappy. No longer were their burdens heavy. They were going home! Together they started back on a thousand-mile journey home. All the way they kept singing, “O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.”

Though these folk had neglected him so long; though they had forgotten and disobeyed him—yet Jehovah forgave them. Peace and happiness were theirs.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. How do we know that God did not wish to punish the people?
2. Do you think they should have been punished? Why?
3. For what reason did God forgive them?
4. Do we need to ask God for forgiveness?
Make a list of some times when we need to ask God’s pardon.
5. Learn Isaiah 1. 16-17.

CHAPTER VII

A SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

ONCE upon a time, when Jesus lived here upon earth, he and some of his followers were on their busy way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Everywhere Jesus went great crowds surrounded him. Some came because they wanted to look into his lovely face. Some came because they wanted to hear him talk, for he always comforted them when they were sad. Some came because they were sick and needed help. They knew Jesus always helped those who were ill. Shortly before evening, with the crowd following and growing larger, Jesus entered the village. Passing along the street, he glanced ahead and noticed a man sitting in the upper branches of one of the trees that lined the street.

“He’s a man of small stature,” thought Jesus; “he could not see what was happening in this crowd so he climbed the tree to watch. I must find out about him.”

So Jesus crossed to the other side of the street, and when he came near to the tree where the man sat, he thought, “What a sad, sad face he has! That man is unhappy. I wonder why. I must find out and then help him.” So he said to one of the crowd standing close to him, “Can you

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tell me the name of the man sitting in yonder tree?"

"Over there?" pointed the man addressed. "Yes, his name is Zacchæus."

"Zacchæus," said Jesus wonderingly. "I wonder what he does."

"He's a tax collector. We pay him our taxes," answered another man in the crowd.

"Do you know him?" asked Jesus.

"Know him!" answered a half dozen men at once. "Know him? I guess we do. He over-taxes the poor. He gathers more than he should. Yes, we know him."

"Ah," thought the Master, "I see now why he looks so sad. He needs help. He does not know the heavenly Father. I know now why he is unhappy. He is doing wrong. I must help him."

Gently asking the crowd to stand back, Jesus went close to the tree, looked up and called: "Zacchæus, make haste. Come down. I want to go to your house to dinner to-night."

Before Zacchæus could answer, the crowd broke in: "Oh, no, no, Master! Do not go to his home for dinner. He is a wicked man. Come home with one of us."

One of Jesus' own followers came to him quietly and firmly. "I am going home with friends."

"You go home with these friends," said Jesus, quietly and firmly. "I am going home with Zacchæus. He needs me."

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Without another word Jesus extended his hand: "Come, Zacchæus."

Zacchæus came down quickly. Oh, he was glad that Jesus was going home with him. Why, he was the greatest man in the town. He had the largest house. He was rich! Zacchæus was very proud as he walked away with Jesus.

And the crowd murmured as they went, "He has gone to eat dinner with a wicked man."

As the two walked down the beautiful streets of Jericho Jesus said: "This is a lovely city, Zacchæus. They have such magnificent homes."

"Yes," answered Zacchæus, proud and boastfully, "yes, it is a beautiful city. Here are some wonderful homes! But mine is the very finest of all."

"There is a very lovely home over there," said Jesus.

"That is mine, and the finest in Jericho," boasted Zacchæus. "Would you like to see the grounds before we go inside?"

"Gladly," replied Jesus, and they walked around the mansion.

"These great pillars are the finest the country produces," explained Zacchæus. "The fountain is of pure marble. It cost me a great deal of money. It was a long, long time before I could get these lovely trees to grow and these beautiful flowers. I spent much money on the garden."

"Beautiful," whispered Jesus. "How thankful you must be!"

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“Let us go inside,” suggested the host. “It is lovelier within.”

So they climbed the great stone steps. All over the beautiful home they went with Zacchæus explaining. “That piece of statuary came from Greece. I am very careful and proud of it. You cannot find another piece like it in all this land of ours.”

Finally they came to the library. The place was lined with scrolls, which were the kind of books they had in that day. Very few people owned books, and here was a man with many, many books.

“Books!” exclaimed Jesus. “Books!”

“Yes, I got most of them from Rome. I love books. I have spent nearly a small fortune for these,” said Zacchæus. “But come in to dinner, for you must be hungry.”

Jesus asked God’s blessing upon the meal, and while they were eating he suddenly said to Zacchæus, “You must be wonderfully happy with such a beautiful home to which to invite your friends.”

“Friends!” Zacchæus hesitated. All his proud, boastful spirit was gone. “Friends,” he whispered. “Master, I have no friends.” How sad his face was!

“No friends!” exclaimed Jesus. “A man is lonesome without friends.”

“I am lonesome,” replied Zacchæus, “but the people in this town do not like me.”

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“A beautiful house,” thought Jesus. “A lovely house, a rich man and no friends.” Aloud he said, “Zacchæus, are you happy?”

“No, I do not believe I am,” answered Zacchæus, slowly. “I’d like to be, but I’m not. I am very unhappy. O Master, tell me quickly, how can I be happy? When I saw your face and noticed your different expression, when I saw all the people crowd around you, when I saw them go away from you happy, I asked myself: ‘Why is Jesus’ face different? Why do people come to hear him? Why do they love to be near him? Why is it that they go away happy?’ ”

“Do you wish me to answer these questions, Zacchæus?” asked Jesus.

“Please do, Master. I want to be happy. But I’m not.”

“Love people, Zacchæus,” explained Jesus. “Try to help them. Sympathize with them when they are sad. Give to them when they are poor. Love them all. Help them and they will come to you. After they are helped they are happy. They will then go away gladdened. Tell them about the heavenly Father. Then they know some one is near who cares.”

“I wish I could do that, Master. I am not doing that now. You are. I make people sad instead of glad. I make them unhappy. They love you. They hate me. Show me how to make them happy,” pleaded Zacchæus.

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“Zacchæus,” answered the Master, “God, the heavenly Father, is the Father of us all. He desires all his children to be happy. They cannot *all* be happy if some rob others of what they need. God loves all, not just a few. The only way for anyone to be happy is to love other folks, to help other people.”

“I never knew that before,” said Zacchæus, sadly. “I am a taxgatherer. I have made poor people pay too much, and then I have kept it. I am sorry.”

“I know that you are sorry, Zacchæus,” replied Jesus, “but you do not have to continue making folks unhappy.”

“Why, no!” cried Zacchæus, a happy light coming into his eyes. “I know what I can do. I can give back what I have stolen. I will give back to every person four times as much as I took. I’ll take some of my own money and give to those who need it. Yes, I can make people happy.”

“Do not forget to give sympathy and love as well as money, Zacchæus,” cautioned the Master.

“I won’t forget,” promised Zacchæus. “I will start to-day. Oh, I am so very glad you came. I have—why I have found the way to be happy. Thank you, Master.”

And Jesus answered, “It is because you know the heavenly Father and are willing to serve him, Zacchæus.”

(Written from an outline prepared by Miss Mina A. Clark.)

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STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Jesus was always helping somebody. Can you tell some of the ways he did it?
2. How did Jesus know that Zacchæus was sad?
3. Zacchæus had many, many lovely things. Why, then, was he so very unhappy?
4. What did Jesus tell him would make him happy?
5. Were you ever sad? What caused it?
6. How do you think you can keep happy?
7. Hunt for a picture which shows some one happy. Take it to class.
8. Learn Matthew 7. 12: "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them."
"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

CHAPTER VIII

A RUNAWAY BOY COMES HOME

ONE day after Jesus had taken dinner in the home of Zacchæus he was telling stories to a group of people in the city of Jerusalem. He had told them the story of a banquet and the story of a little lost lamb. When he finished telling the last story one of the men in the group asked him a question.

“Master,” he said, “they tell us that you take dinner with men who do wrong deeds. Is that true?”

“Yes,” replied Jesus, “I frequently take dinner with folk who at times do not do right. I took dinner with Zacchæus in Jericho recently.”

“Why do you do it, Master?” asked another.

“Because our Father loves his children, even though they disobey. They need help, so I go to them.”

“I should think God would be angry. I do not see how he can love those who do wrong.”

“He is sorry for what they do. It makes God very sad, but he loves them just the same,” answered Jesus. “He loves us like you love your children. Just as soon as we are sorry for wrong deeds, he forgives just as you do. He is a *Father*. We are his children.”

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“And he forgives and loves us?” questioned the one. “I do not understand.”

“Let me tell you a story,” replied Jesus, “then you will see what I mean.”

“Once upon a time,” he began, “there lived a father who had two sons. They were not at all alike except in one way: they both loved their father, and their father loved both of them. The older son was always pleasing his father. He never disobeyed him. He always did his work well. The younger son was always making his father unhappy. He wouldn’t do the chores his father asked him to do. He wanted to play all the time. He was always going somewhere. At night he’d leave the house without his father knowing and go off with other boys. More than once he was in trouble. It made his father very, very unhappy.

“When the sons became men, it was just the same way. One day the younger brother said to the older: ‘I’m going to ask father for my share of his money. We are old enough to have it now.’ ”

“‘What will you do with it?’ asked the brother.

“‘Do with it?’ exclaimed the younger boy; ‘why, spend it. Go and see the world—have some fun.’

“‘Stay here with us, brother,’ urged the older son.

“‘Remain here in this small village? I want

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to see something besides these narrow streets and these ugly houses. I want some adventure.'

"'But father needs us. He is getting older. Please do not go away,' pleaded the older brother.

"'You can stay with father. I am going to ask for my money and go traveling.'

"That very night the young man went to his father. 'Father,' he said, 'please give me the portion of thy substance which falleth to me.'

"And the father gave to each son a large sum of money. Late that night, when the father and older brother were both sleeping, the younger son gathered all his clothes together, and with his money silently slipped from the house.

"'Now for a good time,' he thought. 'Now for a sight of the great, great world.'

"Leaving his home town behind, he traveled over lovely hills, through wonderful valleys, over the desert into the cities of the far, far countries. Such cities—such beautiful places. Everywhere he went he did nothing but play. He spent his money for foolish things. He did many wrong deeds. He forgot his father. But his father did not forget him! Every day he yearned to have his boy back. His boy was making him unhappy, but he loved him. Every day the father prayed: 'God, our heavenly Father, keep my boy. Bring him safe home to me.'

"Months and years went by, until finally the boy's money was almost gone. He could get no

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more. He wondered what he should do. Then suddenly famine came upon the land. People were hungry. People were starving. The boy could get no food. Now he thought of the wonderful dinners he used to have at home—the lamb, the dates, the figs. ‘I want something to eat and I can’t go home,’ he groaned.

“One day he went to a man’s house and asked for work. He was tired, hungry and sick. The man sent him out into the field to feed the pigs. No man gave *him* anything to eat. ‘I must have something to eat. I must.’ And he began to chew on the same pods the pigs were eating—the pods from some of the native trees. ‘How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare,’ he thought, ‘and I who am his son perish here with hunger. Oh! if I could only go back home; I do not suppose my father wants me now.’

“Day after day went by. All he had to eat was the pods he could chew upon. He grew weaker and weaker. He was perishing with hunger. Able to stand it no longer, he said to himself: ‘I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants.” ’

“So he arose and made the long journey back to his father. Would he ever get there? Would his father welcome him or would he send him

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away? What would his father do? Stumbling in his weakness, almost fainting, he came near home. Looking up, he saw his father in front of his house. 'Father,' he called.

"The father turned, looked down the street, saw his son, and, dropping everything he had, ran to him, and threw his arms around the boy's neck and kissed him.

"'Father,' sobbed the boy, 'I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. I am no more worthy to be called thy son.'

"But his father did not let him say all he had planned to say. He helped his son into the house, called the servants and said, 'Bring the best suit of clothes we have, some new shoes, and my ring. Put them upon the lad; for my boy whom I thought was dead is alive.'

"Then he called other servants. 'Prepare a feast,' he ordered. 'The very best we have prepare, for my son whom I thought was lost is found.'

"What a happy, happy time they had. The older brother, working in the field, heard the merry singing as he came near the house. He did not know his brother had come home, so he called one of his father's helpers and asked, 'Why is the house all opened? Why is everybody so happy?'

"And the servant answered, 'Thy brother is come and thy father hath prepared a great feast because he hath received him safe and sound.'

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'They are rejoicing. Go in and make merry with them.'

"The older brother was angry and would not enter the house. His father came to him: 'Why, son, your brother has come back. Come, welcome him.'

" 'Welcome him when he ran away and left us all alone? Welcome him when he has wasted all his substance? Welcome him when he has been making you unhappy for years? No!'

" 'He is sorry, son,' replied the father. 'Come and welcome him.'

" 'Father, I stayed with you. I have obeyed you always, but you never made a great feast like this for me—you never invited my friends to come and make merry. But just as soon as my wicked brother returns you give to him the best we have.'

" 'Son,' said the father, 'thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. You have not needed a special feast. You have a feast every day. Every day I thank God for you. To-day it is right to make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; was lost and is found. Come.'

"They went into the house. The younger boy came to his father and brother. 'Why are you so good to me?' he asked.

" 'Because I love you, son,' replied his father.

" 'But I did wrong,' said the boy, sadly.

" 'You are sorry,' said the father. 'You have



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come back home and told me you are sorry. You will never run away again. You have my pardon, son. I forgive you. I am glad my lost boy is found.' ”

When Jesus finished the story the crowd was very quiet. None spoke until one in the group said, what all were thinking:

“I see. The heavenly Father loves us. When we are sorry for our wrong deeds he forgives us. Thank you, Master.”

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Look up two other stories Jesus told. Find them in Luke 14. 16-25; 15. 1-8.
2. Why did he tell the story in this lesson?
3. The father in the story forgave his son. Can you think of any times when your father has forgiven you?
4. Which one was right, the father or the older brother in the way each received the boy? Why?
5. Find a picture of a boy with his father. Take it to class.
6. Learn Matthew 6. 9-16. Which part refers to our story?

CHAPTER IX

ESCAPED FROM PRISON

AFTER Jesus had taught for three years he died and went home to his heavenly Father, leaving twelve followers to go on with his work. One of these followers was Peter. Peter had done many things for which he was sorry. God had forgiven him, as Jesus promised he would, and now Peter was doing God's work. At the time of this story Peter had been preaching for a year in the city of Antioch. The people to whom he preached organized a church and were called Christians, meaning followers of Christ. Then Peter went up to Jerusalem, where there was another church, on an important errand. The Jews in that country did not like the Christians. But the king wanted the friendship of the Jews for himself, so he thought out this plan: "If I can seize some of these followers of Jesus and punish them, the Jews will be glad and call me a great king. I will do it." He called his soldiers and said to them, "Go, capture James, one of the followers of Jesus. Behead him and tell the Jews."

The soldiers had to do as the king commanded, so they took James, beheaded him and told the Jews. "Long live the king!" they cried. "Long live the great king!"

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The loyal Christians heard the news too. Peter told them, but they did not cry, "Long live the king!" Instead they sorrowed for James and begged Peter to leave the city for fear the king would take him.

"Leave the city! Leave the work God wants me to do here?" exclaimed Peter. "Oh no, I cannot do that."

"But, Peter," urged his friends, "they may take you next."

"The Father will protect me if he wants me to stay here and preach. We will continue to pray," answered Peter.

Yet when the king saw how pleased the Jews were when James was beheaded, he called his soldiers and said, "Go capture Peter."

Ah, it looked as though Peter should have left as his friends advised.

"Must we behead him too?" asked a soldier, "and tell the Jews?"

"Not yet," answered the king. "Bring him to me. We dare not harm even Peter for the next six days. The Jews are observing one of their feasts. They are remembering the time when Jehovah helped them escape from Egypt. They would be angry instead of glad if we harmed Peter now. Just bring him to me."

So the soldiers went out, captured Peter, and brought him to the king. The king selected four soldiers to guard Peter and had him put in prison.

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“After these six days of feasting are over,” thought the king, “I will bring him out and deliver him to the Jews. They shall do with him what they please. Again they will call, ‘Long live the great king!’ ”

Peter sat in prison chained to two soldiers, and though he could not talk with his friends, he could think and pray. Many times during the day and always at evening the Christians gathered in one of their homes to pray God to save Peter. The six long days dragged by. The last night came. Peter was sleeping between the two soldiers. Suddenly a light shone in the cell. Peter felt some one strike him in the side and he heard a voice say, “Rise up quickly.”

Just as soon as the voice spoke, Peter’s chains fell off. Then he heard the voice say, “Put on your shoes.” And he did so. Again the voice came, “Gather your coat around you and follow me quickly, carefully, quietly.”

Peter did as the voice commanded, but he thought, “It is only a dream. I’ll soon wake up and find I am still in my chains. I must be dreaming of the angels.”

“Follow me,” came the voice. And Peter followed.

Why, there was the first soldier guard! Would they get safely by? Yes, they were past.

There was the second soldier guard. Could they get by him? Yes, they were past.

There were the great iron gates which led out

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of the prison into the city. Could they get through? As they approached them, lo, the iron gates swung open for them. Out into the streets they went and then—Peter was alone.

“I am free,” he said; “free from prison. Now I know of a truth that God sent one of his angels and delivered me from the hand of the king and from the laughter of the Jews.”

He hurried down the street. “I must tell the Christians the good news,” he thought. “They will be happy to know that I am free.”

To one of the homes he went, and it happened that many of the Christians were gathered there praying. Quietly Peter stepped up to the door of the gate and knocked.

A little maid came to answer. “Who is there?” she called. They had to be careful whom they allowed to enter when they were holding their services.

“It is I, a Christian,” answered Peter.

“Peter, Peter,” she cried. “I know his voice.” She was so glad she forgot to open the door of the gate for Peter. She just left him standing there and ran back into the house. “Peter,” she cried to the group, “Peter stands before the gate; he is free.”

“You are mad, little maid,” answered one of the Christians; “Peter is chained in prison. He cannot escape.”

“But I tell you he stands before the gate,” insisted the little maid. “He knocked; I called,

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‘Who is there?’ He answered, and I know his voice.”

“No, little one,” they said, “it may be his angel, but Peter himself cannot be there.”

Peter, left without, kept on knocking until some of the older Christians went to the gate, opened it wide, and saw him.

“Peter!” they called. “Peter, blessed be God for his protection. He has answered our prayer. It is Peter.”

But Peter beckoned them to be still, and when they had gone inside he told them how the angel of the Lord had come to deliver him.

“Your escape is God’s answer to our prayer,” they said.

“Tell the rest of the followers for me,” said Peter. “I must now depart to another place to preach.”

The next morning the king commanded the soldiers to bring Peter to him. And they couldn’t find him.

“He is gone,” they cried.

“Gone!” exclaimed the king. “Who let him go?”

And though the soldiers vowed they had not let Peter go, the king would not believe them. The king did not know that God was protecting his follower as Jesus had said he would. The king did not know that Jehovah had delivered Peter. The king did not know about the Christians’ prayers.

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STORY QUESTIONS:

1. The Jews had hated Jesus. That was why they disliked his followers.
2. Why was it wrong for them to be glad when the king harmed the followers?
3. Tell your mother or father the story of Peter's escape.
4. Why were the Christians having a meeting?
5. Are all our prayers answered? Why?
6. Learn Matthew 21. 22: "And all things, whatsoever we shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

CHAPTER X

PAUL AND THE JAILER

PAUL had become a follower of Jesus. He preached every day in the great cities and small villages of his country. One night he went to bed very, very tired. While sleeping he had a dream, and in his dream a man appeared unto him and said, "Are you Paul, the follower of Jesus?"

"Yes, I am he," answered Paul. "What do you wish?"

"We need you to come and tell our people about God, the heavenly Father, and Jesus, his Son," said the man in the dream.

"But I am very busy here," said Paul. "These people need me too. Where are you from?"

"I am from Macedonia. Come, oh, please come over into Macedonia and help us. We do need you so badly," pleaded the man.

Then Paul awakened. "A dream," he thought, "but that man in my dream was very anxious. Maybe they do need me. This may be how God is telling me to go and preach his message in far-away Macedonia."

"Do not go, Paul," said his friends. "Stay here with us. We need you. The king of Mace-

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donia may not like you and your preaching when you get there."

But Paul was convinced that the dream was God speaking to him, so he said: "I cannot stay. I must go. My heavenly Father wants me to go and tell the people there in Macedonia about him. I am going to Macedonia."

So he said, "Good-by" and went. It was a long journey. He could not travel as we do. He had to take a slowly moving, old-fashioned boat. It took him three full days. When he arrived the very first thing he did when he entered the city was to seek a place where he could be alone and pray. He couldn't find a place inside the gate, so he went away from the city toward the river. A young girl followed Paul, and as she walked along she sang all in one breath these words: "This man is a servant of the most high God, and shows us the way to salvation." When Paul stopped, she stopped. When Paul walked on, she walked on, always singing, "This man is a servant of the most high God, and shows us the way of salvation."

Finally, however, Paul found a secluded spot and sat down there to pray. He had not been praying long before a number of people came and sat down by him. There by the riverside, sitting on the grass, he preached his sermon. He told the people about God and his Son. There was one woman there named Lydia who believed what Paul was saying, and when he had done she

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said to him: "I worship Jehovah. I love Jesus. Will you not baptize me, that every one here may know that I follow the Master?"

And Paul baptized her.

Then said Lydia: "If you care to, you may come and stay at my house. I would be very glad to have you, and will consider that you have honored my home. Please come."

Paul was very glad to have a place to stay, but when they started to leave the river the little maid followed singing, "This man is a servant of the most high God, and shows us the way of salvation."

It grieved Paul, so he said to Lydia, "Who is that little maid?"

"Poor little girl. She does not always know what she sings," replied Lydia. "Some men here in the city earn a great deal of money by having her tell strange stories. She is different from other girls, and some ignorant people believe that she can tell what is going to happen in the future."

"Maiden," called Lydia. "Come here, child."

And the child came, singing. Paul took her by the hand and said, "Child, why do you follow me, singing?"

But the girl just kept on singing, "This man is the servant of the most high God, and shows us the way of salvation."

"She does not know what she is doing, Lydia," said Paul. "I must help her." He placed his

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hands on the little girl's head and prayed, "O God, our heavenly Father, thou who hast the power, help this little girl. In the name of Jesus Christ, make her well."

When the men saw that the little girl was well, and that they could not use her strange talk, they were very angry. They seized Paul, dragged him through the streets of the city to the market place where the judge was, and said: "This man is troubling people in this city. He is urging our people, the people of this city, to do what is not right."

"Is this true?" asked the judge.

"It is true," they answered.

"Go home, Lydia," whispered Paul. "God will take care of me. Jesus has told me that he would."

So Lydia and the little girl had to go home without him.

"Strip him of his garments! Lash him many times! Throw him into prison," commanded the judge.

They took off his coat, whipped him severely, and gave him to the jailer, saying, "Keep him safely or you die." With this command ringing in his ears, the jailer put Paul in the inner cell and fastened his feet in stocks so that he could not possibly get away. It was very hard sitting there hour after hour with his feet in the heavy stocks, not knowing what would happen next. But Paul was not afraid. He knew that

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he would be protected if he did not give up. So he sang songs to God, and the other prisoners around him listened. Then he prayed and still the prisoners, quiet, listened.

Suddenly they heard a low, rumbling sound coming from far away. It grew louder and louder. The prison house began to shake.

"An earthquake! It is an earthquake!" shouted the prisoners.

Nearer it came! It was upon them! The walls rocked. The doors flew open. All the chains and stocks were broken. Every prisoner was free.

The jailer jumped to his feet, and seeing all the doors open, cried, "They are escaped; I shall be killed," and drew his sword to end his life.

"No, no," cried Paul, "do not harm yourself, jailer. We are all here."

"All here!" exclaimed the jailer. "Bring lights!"

When they brought the lights he sprang inside the prison. "Why did you stay? Why did you not go while you had the chance?" asked the jailer.

"Because you would have lost your life if I had gone. My God would not want me to do that. He will protect me here," answered Paul.

"Your God? Tell me about your God, that I may know him, too," begged the jailer.

So there in the prison Paul told the jailer about God the Father, and about Jesus. The jailer was so happy to hear the story. He

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believed what Paul had told him, and Paul baptized him as he had Lydia. Still the jailer was afraid that something would happen to Paul.

When morning dawned the judge went to the prison, saying: "Let that man go. He probably caused the earthquake." The jailer could not wait to get the message to Paul. He ran into the inner room shouting, "Paul, Paul, the judge has sent word to let you go. Come out and you can leave the prison."

What was the jailer's surprise to find that Paul made no move to leave the prison. Instead he said to the jailer, "Before all the people the judge took away my garments, did he not?"

"Yes, he did," said the jailer.

"And he had me whipped before all the people, did he not?"

"Yes, he did."

"There was no reason for it. I had done no wrong."

"No."

"And he had me cast into prison while all the folk looked on."

"Yes."

"Then, jailer," said Paul, "go to the judge and tell him that since he had me whipped and put in prison when I had done no wrong, he can come himself and release me, so that all the people will know that I am free."

The jailer told the judge what Paul had said. And the judge was frightened. He knew that

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he might be put in prison himself if the people found out that Paul had done no wrong. Afraid, he came to the prison and asked Paul to leave, free. So Paul left the prison, free.

Back in Lydia's home the little maid was watching, watching for Paul to come. "What do you think they will do with him?" she asked of Lydia. "Oh, I don't want him to be hurt because he helped me."

"Never mind, little maid," comforted Lydia, "we will pray that the heavenly Father will protect him."

Then the little girl caught sight of Paul.

"He's coming. He's coming. I see him. He must be safe."

"Yes, child, yes," answered Paul, coming into the house, "I am safe. The heavenly Father is my *protector*."

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why did Paul go to Macedonia?
2. He told the people he was a follower of Jehovah. How did he show them that he was?
3. Which shows best that we are followers of God—what we say or what we do?
4. How did Lydia show that she loved God?
5. Why did God protect Paul?
6. Find a picture of some one who seems to be safe.
7. Learn Psalm 91. 1-6.

CHAPTER XI

SHIPWRECKED

PAUL had escaped from prison, but his enemies in the country were determined that they would capture him again. He was preaching about God, the heavenly Father, whom all should worship. He was preaching about Jesus, God's Son. He was telling his great audiences that Jesus had been crucified by his foes, but that he had arisen from the dead. "We must get rid of him," agreed these men together. "We cannot allow him to continue his preaching."

One day Paul was preaching before the Council when a dispute arose among the people. Some believed what Paul was saying and some didn't believe.

Those who did believe cried: "We find no evil in this man. An angel has spoken to him."

But those who did not believe him cried: "Away with such a fellow from the earth. It is not fit that he should live."

The chief captain was afraid they would tear Paul in pieces during their dispute, so he commanded the soldiers to take Paul to the castle. That night in a dream the Lord stood by Paul and said: "Be of good courage! You have told the people in Jerusalem my message. You have

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been to Macedonia. You shall live to go to Rome and be my witness there."

The next morning forty Jews banded themselves together secretly, saying, "We will not eat and we will not drink until we have destroyed Paul." Then they made this plan: "One of us will go to the chief captain," they said, "and tell him that the Council want Paul to be brought before them. The rest of us will lie in wait on the road and slay him as he passes." But Paul's nephew overheard the plan and he went to Paul with it. Paul called the chief captain and said, "This young man has something to tell you."

"What is it you have to say?" asked the chief captain.

And the young man told him the plan.

"It must not be," said the captain. "We must get Paul away from here and take him to the governor. Go, young man, but do not tell anyone that you have revealed the plot to me."

The chief captain sent for one of his men. "Collect two hundred soldiers and horsemen. Take Paul and this letter to the governor."

The Jews found out where they had taken Paul and they followed. They were angry. And when Paul was brought before the governor the Jews were there.

They accused Paul, saying, "He is a pestilent fellow."

"He orders people to worship God contrary to our law."

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“He says that Jesus arose from the dead.”

But Paul answered, “I have done no sin against the Jews nor against the church, as you very well know.”

“Will you go to the king and tell him that?” asked the governor.

“I will go to Cæsar at Rome and tell him,” replied Paul.

“Very well. You with other prisoners shall sail for Rome to appear before the king,” said the governor, and Paul left the country a prisoner.

It was a very long journey by water. For many days they sailed, until one morning a heavy wind storm came up and the ship could hardly make way.

They came near a place called Fair Haven, and Paul said to the captain: “Sir, we would do well to stop here. To go on surely means loss both of what the ship carries and of our lives.”

But the captain replied: “This is no place to winter in. We must push out farther to sea. Perhaps we can reach a better place.”

But when they pushed out to sea, they encountered a stronger wind. It caught the ship, swung it around, and drove it before the wind. The sailors could not handle the vessel. They were drifting, being driven farther out to sea. All night long they battled with wind and waves. When morning came they were near some rocks. Something must be done at once.

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“Lighten the ship,” ordered the captain. “Shove the freight overboard. Hurry!”

All that day and all the next night they drifted. Still the storm raged. The third day they threw overboard all the parts of the ship which they could spare. Neither stars nor sun had shone for many days. The storm did not abate.

“All hope is gone,” said the captain, slowly and sadly.

Then Paul spoke: “Sirs, you should have listened to me and stayed at Fair Haven. Then we should not have had this loss, and we should not have been in this grave danger. But take courage. This night the voice of God, whom I follow, came to me and said: ‘Fear not, Paul. You will arrive safely and you shall save every life of them that are with you.’ So be of good cheer,” continued Paul, “for though we shall be cast upon an island, we shall be saved.”

But fourteen days and nights came and went. There was no island in sight. The captain and the sailors began to think Paul did not know what he was talking about.

Just at midnight, however, tossed to and fro on the sea, the air became warmer and the sailors whispered one to the other, “We are near land. The water is not quite so deep.” They sounded to find out and surely enough the water wasn’t so deep. Then they said to each other: “We are near land. This ship may be dashed against the rocks any minute. The lifeboat will hold us. We

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will let down the lifeboat and escape to land. We can leave the prisoners here.

Paul heard the plan and calmly replied, "Unless you stay with the ship you cannot be saved."

Daylight came, the island was in sight!

"We must try to reach it," said the captain, "our ship cannot last much longer. Put up the sail to catch the wind," he ordered.

They lifted the sail; the wind caught it, swung the ship right about and drove her headlong on the rocks. Frantically they worked to get her off the rocks. They could not move her. The waves and the wind began to break the tough old ship.

"Kill the prisoners, or they will swim out and escape," called the sailors.

"Touch them not," ordered the captain. "All who can swim, jump overboard. Quick! She is going."

They jumped. The ship broke and sank. Those who could not swim clung to the planks and parts of the wrecked ship. Everyone reached the land safely.

The people of the island were very kind to them. They welcomed the weary, half-starved folk, and building a fire on the beach, they cooked breakfast.

While Paul and his friends were eating their breakfast they told the natives the story of their rescue. The people asked them many questions and Paul answered them. He told them who he

SHIPWRECKED

was and said: "I tell people about God, my heavenly Father, and about Jesus Christ, who when he lived here showed us how Jehovah cares. Jehovah kept us from harm."

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What did Paul mean when he preached about worshiping God?
2. Who saved Paul from the band of Jews?
3. Tell the story of the journey.
4. Recall three times in the story when Paul was saved. Who did it?
5. Find a picture of some one who is showing his love for God.
6. Learn Psalm 91. 6-12.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE LILY DRESSES

WE have been reading stories of how the heavenly Father made the world and some of the *golden deeds* his followers did in this world home. We have been reading stories of how Jesus showed the people on earth the way in which God takes care of them.

One day Jesus was sitting on a mountain side with twelve of his followers. Near by grew a beautiful white lily, and in and out among the trees flew the birds. Seeing the lily and the birds, Jesus thought of another way to tell his disciples how much the Father cares. These are the words of Jesus:

“Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?

“Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?

“And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto the measure of his life? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the

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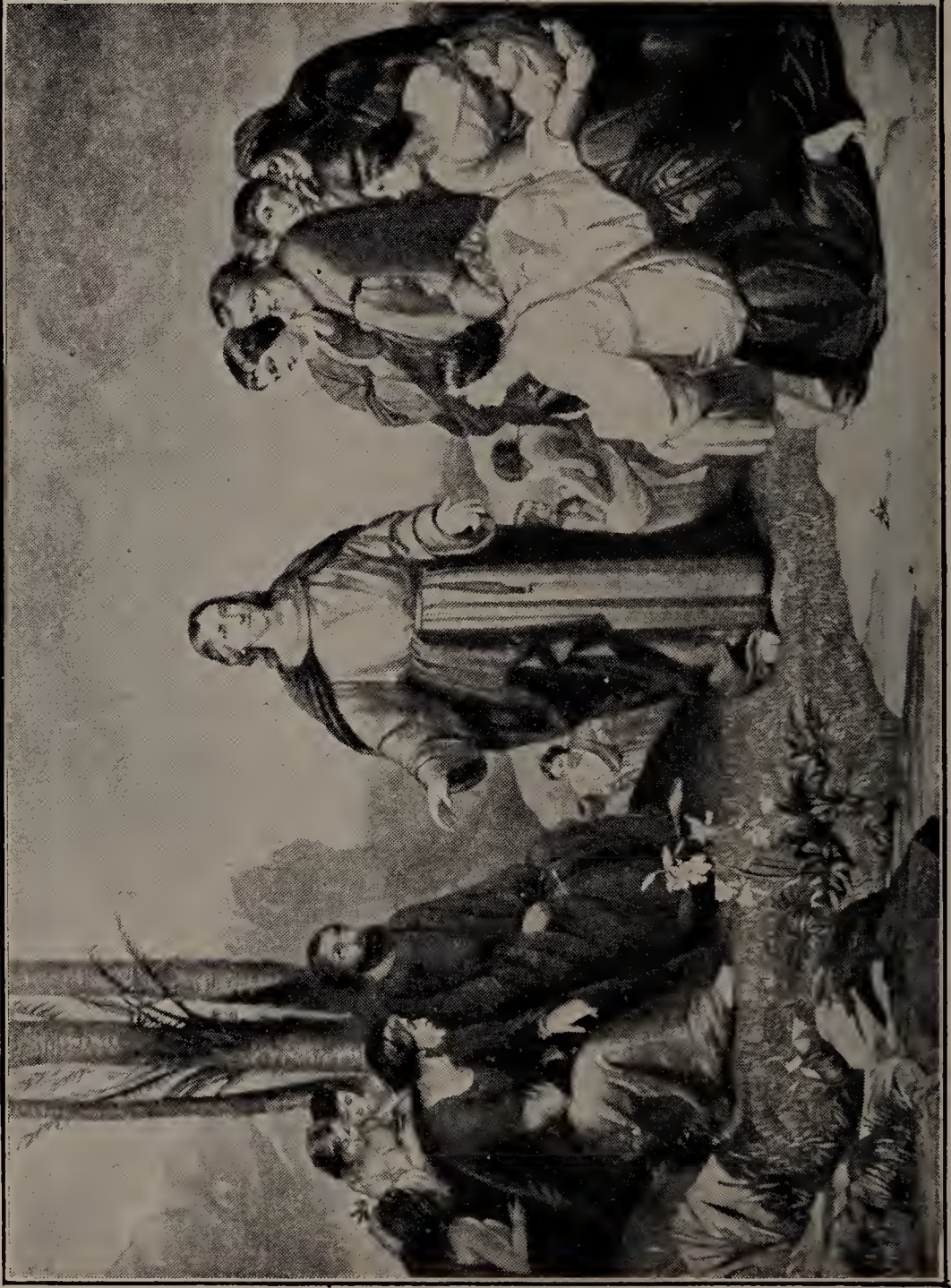
lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: Yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

“But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?

“Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you” (Matthew 6. 25-34).

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Name some of God's followers about whom we have been studying.
2. Tell one *golden deed* which each follower accomplished.
3. Think of two stories Jesus told to show the Father's care.
4. Name two of Jesus' disciples and one way in which each was protected.
5. How do we show that we are God's followers?
6. Name some ways in which you know God cares for you.
7. Learn Matthew 6. 25-34 (above).



CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

CHAPTER XIII

CAUGHT IN A CAVE

ONCE upon a time a young man named David, who was captain of one of King Saul's armies, had to leave the country because the king was trying to take his life. King Saul was jealous because the people said, "King Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands." So David went into another country a long way from home. He was feeling lonely and sad because he could not go home, and while he was staying in the woods for fear Saul would find him, the king's son, Jonathan, came to him and said, "Fear not, David, for the hand of Saul, my father, shall not find you." And just that little word from Jonathan made David feel better.

However, that very night, after Jonathan had left, some men saw and recognized David in the woods. They went to Saul and said: "Does not David hide himself in the strongholds in the woods? Now, therefore, O king, come down according to all the desire of thy soul to come down. Our part shall be to deliver David into the king's hands."

"Go, I pray you," answered Saul, "prepare and know. Be sure. Go and see his place, just

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where his haunt is. Find out who has seen him there."

"See and take knowledge," continued Saul, "of all the lurking places where he hides himself. When you are sure, come again to me and I will go with you."

And the men went.

"If he be in the land," said Saul to himself, "I will search him out through all the strongholds of the land, throughout all the thousands in the land."

When the men reached the woods where David had been seen, behold, David was gone! He had left the place and taken his four hundred soldiers with him. Saul's men found out in which direction David had gone, and they followed him. All day long they traveled and sought David among the rocks. They could not find him. David and his men were hidden far back in a long, low, narrow cave.

King Saul joined his men in the hunt for David. Just as night came on they found the cave—the same cave where David and his men were hidden. They decided to stop there for the night. The men of Saul's army lay down around the mouth of the cave outside, but Saul himself went within. All alone he went into the cave. He lay down. Everything was quiet. You could hear nothing except the heavy breathing of the sleeping men. By and by one of David's soldiers awoke and went to the front of the cave.

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“Why, who is this?” he whispered to himself. “Saul. It is Saul, all alone, and apparently sleeping.”

He rushed back to the rear of the cave and called to David, “Behold, your day has come, the day when thine enemy is delivered into your hands, that you may do to him as it seems best to you.”

When David heard that he took his sword, told several of his men to follow and advanced toward the entrance of the cave. Surely enough, there was Saul. It would be easy for David to slay him now! One of the soldiers raised his sword, but David stopped him. He stood looking down at the quiet king. Then David shook his head and, turning to his man said, “The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my king; to stretch forth my hand against him.”

And David would not let one of the men touch Saul. He cut off a piece of the king’s robe to prove that he had been there, and then returned to the back of the cave, leaving the king unharmed.

Morning came. Saul left the cave, but he had not gone far when he heard a voice behind him and the voice cried, “King, O my lord, the king!”

Saul wheeled around and saw David.

“Why do you listen, O king,” said David, “when men tell you that I mean to do you harm? Behold this day your eyes see how you were delivered into my hands in the cave. Some bade

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me kill you, but I said I would not put my hands against you."

"Is this your voice I hear, my son David?" asked Saul.

David did not answer the king's question. He went right on speaking as if he had not heard. "See, yea, see here is the skirt of your robe in my hand. I cut it off with my sword while you were in the cave, but I harmed you not. Know now, O king, and see that there is no danger in my hand for you. I have done no evil against you, yet you hunt my life to take it."

When Saul heard this he cried: "David, O David, you are more righteous than I am. You have always done good deeds for me. I have always done evil deeds toward you. You have shown me this day how well you can deal with me. For though I have been delivered into your hands you did not slay me."

"You shall be rewarded for what you have done this day," continued Saul. "Return, my son David, for I will no more do you harm."

So David went his way in safety and Saul returned to his palace.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Just think, David was hiding in the woods because he was afraid Saul would find him. What message gave him courage?
2. Tell the story of how Saul found out where David was hiding.

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3. David could have harmed Saul. Saul would have harmed David. Can you tell what made the difference in the two men?
4. David controlled himself when he let Saul go unharmed. Name some times when we must control ourselves.
5. Find a picture of a cave.
6. Learn the names of the books of history.
7. Learn the first verse of, "I Would Be True."

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be brave, for there is much to dare."

CHAPTER XIV

KINDNESS CONQUERS AN ARMY

THERE lived in the land of Israel a great prophet called Elisha who did many, many wonderful things under the direction of God. Whenever he performed a miracle he always did it to show the great power of God and the courage he gives to his people. While they were living in this country the sons of the prophet came to him and said, "We do not enjoy this place. Let us go to the Jordan, everyone of us taking a beam, and let us build a home there where we may live."

And Elisha said, "Go, if you wish."

"Please, will you not go with us?" asked one.

"Certainly, I will go," answered Elisha, and he went with them.

While Elisha and his sons lived here by the Jordan, the king of Syria—a country just north of the Jordan—planned to make war secretly on the king of Israel, which was Elisha's country.

So this king of Syria called in the captain of his army and said to him: "We will make war against Israel. We will try first to capture their king, Joram. In such and such a place make my camp. Keep it secret. There we will hide and wait for King Joram to pass by. We can cap-

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ture him then.” So the captain of the army of Syria went out to do as the king commanded.

Now, Jehovah told Elisha what the wicked king of Syria was planning to do, and Elisha sent a hasty message to his king, Joram, saying: “Watch carefully. Do not pass such a place, for the king of Syria waits there to capture you.”

Twice the Syrian king planned to capture Joram, and twice Elisha, told by God, warned Joram. When the second attempt failed, the Syrian king did not know what to think. “Surely, some one must be telling Joram what I intended to do. But no one knows except my captain and my soldiers. “Then,” thought the king, “one of my men must be betraying my secrets.”

He called all his captains and all his guards in to him and said to them: “Some one of you is a traitor to me and to our country. Only *you* know the place where the army hides to take Joram. Twice we have failed. Twice the enemy must have been told. Will you not tell me which one of you is for Joram and against me?”

Then one of the captains said: “Nay, my lord, it is not one of your soldiers who is telling Joram what you intend doing. You should know. It is Elisha, called the man of God. He lives in the land of Israel; he does wonderful miracles; he knows every word you speak: it is he who tells Joram, king of Israel.”

“Go, then,” said the king, “and find where Elisha is, that I may send and fetch him.”

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They went out to find where Elisha lived, and when they returned they said to the king, "Behold, he is in Dothan."

"Waste no time, then," ordered the Syrian king; "call together the army, gather the horses, collect the chariots, and send a great host to surround Dothan. Elisha must not escape."

So the captains did as the king commanded. They went at night and surrounded the city with horses and chariots and a great host of men.

Early the next morning one of Elisha's servants arose and went out of doors. Behold, he saw the host with horses and chariots around the city. He rushed back into the house, frightened, and called excitedly to Elisha: "Alas, my master, where shall we fly? They have surrounded the city with an army, with horses and with chariots to take you away."

"Fear not," said Elisha, quietly, "for Jehovah, who is with us, is greater than all his host which is against us."

But the young man was still frightened.

Then Elisha prayed, "Jehovah, I pray thee, open the eyes of my servant, that he may see."

And God opened the eyes of the servant and caused him to see another great host of horses and of chariots of fire around Elisha, come to his assistance. When the young man saw this he was no longer afraid. His courage came back to him and he was ready to go with the prophet anywhere.

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Closer and closer around the city pressed the army of the Syrian king, until Elisha prayed again, saying, "I pray thee, Jehovah, make this army of people blind so they may not see me."

And God answered the prayer, causing a mist to come before their eyes so that they could not see Elisha. When it was done, Elisha left the city and walked out among the army and said, "Follow me and I will bring you to the man whom you seek."

They followed him, so darkened by God that they could not see who he was. They followed him into Samaria, where Joram was. He led the whole army into Joram's city and then he said to Joram, king of Israel, "Shut the gates upon them." And they shut the gates.

"Place your own army around the city so that they cannot escape," said Elisha.

Joram did so. And then Elisha prayed a third time, "O Jehovah, take the blindness now away from the eyes of the army of Syria. Let them discover where they are."

A third time Jehovah answered Elisha's prayer. He opened the eyes of the Syrian army, and they saw they were in the midst of Samaria with the army of Joram, their enemy, surrounding them. How did they come there? They did not know. What should they do? They did not know. They were caught. They were at the mercy of the king they tried to capture. What would he do to them? They did not know.

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When Joram saw that the Syrian army realized where they were he called to Elisha: "Shall I give orders to have them shot with arrows? Shall we smite them with the sword? They cannot possibly escape."

But Elisha answered: "Thou shalt not smite them. These men have done your country no harm."

The Syrian army heard the answer. Could it be possible that they were not to be destroyed?

"What, then, shall I do, O man of God?" asked Joram. "This army has tried to capture us both."

"Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink," answered Elisha.

So Joram prepared a great dinner for the army of the king of Syria. They feasted at Israel's table, and then Joram said to Elisha, "What shall be done with them now?"

"Send them home to their own country and their own king. Harm them not. It is better so," answered Elisha.

In accordance with Elisha's command Joram sent the Syrian army back unharmed, with many provisions for their own king and their own country. When the soldiers told the king what had happened to them, the king of Syria was astonished at the great kindness and the wonderful courage of the man of God. And he said to his soldiers, "We will make no more raids upon the land of Israel."

KINDNESS CONQUERS AN ARMY

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why did God give Elisha power to do wonderful things?
2. Who was protecting Joram, the king?
How?
3. Elisha was not afraid when the army came.
Why?
4. Why wouldn't Elisha let Joram destroy the enemy? They might have come back and captured him when released.
5. Did the Syrian army ever come back?
Why?
6. Think of some one you know who has been kind. What was the result?
7. Learn second verse of, "I Would Be True."

"I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless ;
I would be giving and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weakness ;
I would look up, and laugh and love and lift,
I would look up, and laugh and love and lift."

CHAPTER XV

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD KING

HE was only a little boy with a peculiar name—Josiah. Just eight years old he was, but the people of Jerusalem chose him for their king. Just imagine an eight-year-old boy chosen king to rule over an entire country. Of course he probably had some one to help him while he was so young, but some day he knew he would have to do his work all alone. He was a fine boy, always trying to do what God would want him to do, but he had a very hard task before him. Josiah knew he would need a great deal of courage. There were other kings of other lands around him, and Josiah watched them. When one of them did something which was harmful to his people, Josiah would say to himself, "I will not do that in my country, for it would be harmful for my people also." When one of these other kings did a *golden deed* which helped his people, Josiah would think: "That's helpful. I believe God would want me to do that," and he would imitate these good things—these *golden deeds*.

Josiah grew older, and then he heard the stories of the kings who had lived before him.

"They were wicked, wicked men," he was told.

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD KING

“They disobeyed the commandments of Jehovah. For years and years the people, under these other kings had not worshiped God. They made images and worshiped them. They set up idols and bowed down to them. They left the Temple, the church, and did not repair it. They never had a church service.”

All these things were told the king, and Josiah found out that it was all true. The people had disobeyed God.

So the first thing this boy king did was to pray for courage and then send this message out over all his land: “We shall begin to obey Jehovah. First, we will repair his Temple, so we may have worship services within. All who will may bring whatever they have of gold, of silver, of timber—anything which will help in rebuilding the neglected Temple.”

How the people did bring their gifts!

“Go up to the Temple and sum up the money which the people have brought,” commanded the king to one of his men; “divide it. Pay the workmen without and the workmen within. Give of the money to the carpenters, the builders, the masons, so they can buy more timber and hew more stone to repair the house.”

All that the king commanded was done. Soon the Temple stood beautiful again—a place where people could worship Jehovah. And one day the king sent the high priest to the Temple after one of the gold cups, and as the priest was reach-

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ing for it he saw a book laid away. He reached for the book. He opened it and after reading exclaimed, "I have found it! I have found it: the lost book of the law!" He hurried back to King Josiah, "Here is the cup from the Temple, O king, and here is a book I found."

"What book is that?" asked Josiah.

"The lost book of the law. Listen," and the man started to read the book to the king.

As he read the king cried out, "It is the book of God's message to us."

It was. It told the people what Jehovah wanted them to do. "They have disobeyed God," mourned the king. "They have broken all the commandments which this lost book gave them." Would they be punished?

"Go, go quickly," he commanded the priest; "go to the prophet. Inquire concerning the words of this book. Ask if all should be done as this book says. Ask if we shall be punished because former kings led the people to disobey God."

The priest went and brought back this word to Josiah: "Thus saith Jehovah, 'Punishment must come upon this people because they have not obeyed my Voice, but have prayed to other gods.'"

When the king heard the answer he said to his men: "Bring all the people to the Temple. Gather them all, small and great."

All the people came. The king himself stood

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by a pillar of the Temple with the lost book in his hand. He read to the crowd all that was within the book. When he had finished everything was quiet. The voice of Josiah broke the stillness: "I now promise," he said, "to walk after Jehovah; to keep his commandments; to worship him only; to obey his voice as this book says."

Again there was silence.

Again the voice of the king broke it: "Will you make the same promise with me?"

And all the people stood.

When the people had made this promise, the king told his priests to take all the images, all the gold cups, all the idols, which the wicked kings had worshiped and burn them in front of the Temple in sight of all the people.

Then he called to his people: "Go ye unto your own homes and take down the idols you have there, only so can you obey Jehovah. Go to the plains and destroy the golden horses you built there to worship the sun. Go to the roofs and destroy the altars erected to strange gods. Go to the courts and beat down the pillars built to worship idols. We will worship Jehovah, the one true God. Only so can we obey him."

All this the people did. Josiah himself went all through the country searching the hidden images and idols. Wherever and whenever he found them, he burned them and scattered the ashes to the wind. "What is that monument I see?" asked Josiah, pointing to a distant stone.

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“That is the monument before the grave where lies the body of a prophet, a man of God.”

“Let him be,” commanded Josiah; “do not move the monument. Let no man move the body.”

At last the land was free from all idols and false god images. The people were obeying Jehovah. Then King Josiah sent out his first message, “Keep the feast of the Passover as commanded in the book, and renew your promise to Jehovah our God.”

There never had been so wonderful a Passover service. Now the people were happy. Now they were following Jehovah. Now the prophet sent word to Josiah: “Thus saith Jehovah, to the king, Josiah, saying: “Because thy heart was tender, and because thou didst follow God, because thou wast sorry for the people’s wrongs and have taught them to worship Jehovah, lo, I have heard thy voice. Thou shalt reign over this people in peace.’ ”

It was true. For thirty-one years Josiah reigned. Every year was a happy year for him and his people. Every year was a prosperous year for their country. They were obeying the commandments of Jehovah. They were doing *golden deeds*.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Name some places where Josiah needed courage.

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2. How do you know that Jehovah gave him courage?
3. How had the people disobeyed God?
4. In what ways did Josiah obey?
5. What were the results of Josiah's obedience?
6. In what ways may we be obedient? To whom?
7. Name some results that come from our being obedient.
8. Learn Psalm 27—verses 1, 2, 3.

CHAPTER XVI

BUILDING A WALL

HIS name was Nehemiah, and he belonged to the land of Judah, but when he was a young boy he was carried away from his home country and taken to a strange land, where he lived in the king's palace as his cupbearer. It was a very splendid position which Nehemiah had in the king's household. The work was pleasant and the pay large, but Nehemiah often longed for his own land and his own people.

One day while Nehemiah was walking in the city he overheard two men, who were entering the city from a long journey, speaking to one another in his old native tongue. He ran after them—they must be from his old home town.

"Tell me," he said, "how are the people of our city who were not captured when I was? Please tell me how is my city of Jerusalem?"

"Alas," they answered, sadly, "know you not? The people are in great distress. The walls of Jerusalem are broken and the gates thereof are burned with fire."

When Nehemiah heard this, he sat down and wept. His own people in distress! The wonderful wall of his city broken! The beautiful gates burned! He loved his people and his city.

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What had the strangers told him? "Neighboring nations overrun the city by day, now the walls are down, and steal everything they can carry away. By night they come to capture the people, and often it has occurred that there are men slain along the roadside from Jerusalem."

Oh, the distress of his people! Nehemiah looked up to heaven and prayed: "O Jehovah, the God of heaven, I pray thee, the God who is loving and kind to all who keep his commandments, let thine ear be attentive and thine eyes open to the prayer of thy servant. We have broken many of thy laws. We have not always kept thy word in the past, but remember what thou didst say: if we would return unto thee, thou wouldst be loving and kind. Save us by thy power! Hear my prayer. Prosper my people. Do not overlook us now while we suffer—while other nations prey upon us."

"Come, Nehemiah," called one of the servants, "the king is going to sit down to supper," and Nehemiah hurried in to serve the king. Now, it happened that always before Nehemiah had been very happy and glad while he was waiting on the king, but this night he was sad. He could not forget the sorrows of his kinsmen.

The king noticed how unhappy his cupbearer seemed to be and he said, "Why are you so sad? Since you are not ill, it must be that it is sorrow of the heart."

Nehemiah was afraid he had displeased the

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king by appearing sad, but he answered: "Let the king live forever! Why should I not be unhappy, O king, when I have just learned that my own people are in great distress; that the walls of my city lie waste, and the gates are eaten with fire. Why should I not be sad?"

"What would you request of me, Nehemiah?" asked the king.

"Will I dare ask the king?" thought Nehemiah. But with a prayer to God for courage, he said, "If it please thee, O king, and if I have found favor in thy sight, send me into my own country, that I may relieve the distress of my people. Send me to the city of Jerusalem that I may help them rebuild their wall."

"How long will your journey be?" asked the king; "when will you return to us?"

"I will set you a time, O king," answered Nehemiah.

So it pleased the king to let his cupbearer go, but before Nehemiah left the king said, "Is there any other request you desire to make?"

"If it please the king," answered Nehemiah, "let letters be given me to the governors of the countries I shall have to pass through, so that I may not be stopped before I reach my own country." And the king gave him the letters.

"Anything else I can do, Nehemiah?" How kind the king was!

"One more thing, O king, if it please thee. If I could have a letter from thy hand to the keeper

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of the king's forest, requesting him to give me timbers to make the gates and some to help build the walls of the city. And the king granted this request also.

Nehemiah started for his own country just as soon as he could get ready. When he came to the lands over the river he showed the governors the king's letters and they let him pass. But there were three of these governors who were angry because Nehemiah was going to help his people. They did not want the walls rebuilt. They wanted to be able to get into the city and plunder.

By and by Nehemiah reached Jerusalem. He stayed there for three days before he told anybody why he had come. He wanted to find out just what the walls were like before he told the people what he intended doing. So one night, about midnight, when everybody else was asleep, Nehemiah arose and went out by the valley gate to examine the walls. He looked at the sheep's gate, the fountain gate, the king's pool, the brook—all around the wall he went and returned again. Now he knew just what the walls were like, what it would take to build them up again. Now he was ready to call the people together.

To the crowd next day he said: "You see the distress we are in. The walls are waste and the gates are burned. Other peoples enter the city and steal at will. Come, let us build up our walls again so that nations may not molest us!"



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NEHEMIAH SURVEYS THE WALL

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The people quickly caught Nehemiah's spirit of enthusiasm. "Yes, yes," they called, "let us rise up and build."

When the governors heard about it they laughed at Nehemiah and said: "What is this thing you attempt doing? You have nothing to build the walls with."

And Nehemiah answered, "The people will give and the God of heaven will help us."

Once more he gathered the people in the Temple and said to them: "You have decided, my people, to rebuild our walls. You know our neighboring governors do not wish us to build. When we start they will probably try to stop us. Let us not be afraid. God will protect and help us. Let us not hesitate day or night, but work without ceasing until the wall is completed. It will be hard. You will need to give of your time, your money — all we need to build. Are you willing?"

All the people said they were.

So they measured the wall and each family group of people took a part to build.

"We will build the sheep gate," said one.

"We will build the tower," said another.

"We will build the fish gate," said a third.

And that is the way it went. Everyone was ready and willing to give all he had to help build the wall. Nehemiah worked with them. Thus they started.

When the governors heard that the people of

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Jerusalem were really started to build the wall one said to the other: "What are those feeble folk doing? Do they think they can keep us from plundering their land?"

And another said: "That wall which they are building, why, a fox could break that down! Don't worry!"

Nehemiah heard what the governors were saying. The people at work on the walls heard, too, but they prayed together and Nehemiah told them not to be afraid. They went right on with their building. They worked with all their might, and before long the wall was half done. Now the governors were angry. They knew they could not get into the city if those walls were finished, so they counseled together and said: "We will fight them. We will not let them know until we come into the midst of them and cause the work to cease."

But Nehemiah found out what they were planning and said to his builders: "Be not afraid. We will arm ourselves with spears and swords and bows. Remember, God is with us."

"Go back to your work," commanded Nehemiah, "and over every workman shall be another holding a spear, ready if the enemy come. Half shall work and half shall guard. The work is great and the wall large. Some of you are far away. We will put a trumpeter by the wall, and when you hear the trumpet, resort to us. Our Jehovah will help us."

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So they wrought in the work all day, from the first glint of the sun until the stars appeared.

When the governors found out that the workers were guarded and they could not stop the building that way, they planned to capture Nehemiah, thinking if they could get the leader, the work would cease. So one of the governors sent word to Nehemiah, saying, "Come, let us meet together in one of the villages of the plain, and plan what is best for our peoples."

Ah! but Nehemiah knew they meant to capture him, so he sent back word: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down. Why should the building cease while I visit with you?"

Four times they tried to catch Nehemiah that way, and every time Nehemiah gave them the same answer. When the governors decided that would not succeed they planned another scheme.

One of them sent Nehemiah a letter. "It is reported among us," the letter said, "that you are building this wall so that you and your people can be a separate country. It is reported that you intend to be king. Come to us and let us talk about these reports. Let us take counsel together as to what is best for the people."

But Nehemiah sent back word: "No such reports are being made. You are planning to get me in your power."

One more plan the governors tried. They hired a man to go to Nehemiah as his friend and

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say, "The governors are coming to-night to slay you. Let us go into the Temple, into the house of God and shut the door. They will not come there."

"Who is there that would go into the Temple to save his life?" asked Nehemiah. "I will not go. Jehovah is helping me. You have been hired by the governors to set this trap for me. I am not afraid; neither are my people."

On and on they worked — Nehemiah and his countrymen, giving all they had to build the wall. And lo, in fifty-two days it was finished! Their city was safe. Their people were protected. The wall around Jerusalem was done! Then gathered all the people together in the Temple with Nehemiah. With gladness, with singing, with thanksgiving, they praised Jehovah for giving them courage. Altogether, they renewed their promise to worship God, to keep his law—happy, safe within their wall.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What stories did the travelers tell Nehemiah?
2. Nehemiah was afraid to ask the king for what he wanted. Who gave him courage?
3. Nehemiah had everything he needed in the palace. Why did he go back to his people?
4. How was Nehemiah unselfish? How were the people unselfish?

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5. Could Nehemiah have built the wall alone?
Could the people?
6. They had to work together. Name some ways in which we can work together.
7. Tell some results which come from our working together which couldn't come if we each worked alone.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PLEADING OF A QUEEN

ONCE upon a time in a country far over the seas there lived a beautiful, beautiful queen. Her name was Esther, and she was the loveliest lady in all the land. She was a woman of Israel, or as they are sometimes called, a Jew, but her husband, the king of Persia, did not know that. In the king's palace there lived a man named Haman, who hated the Jews. He was a wicked, wicked man, always trying to get something for himself by robbing some one else. But the king did not know that either. He thought Haman was a powerful man and he liked him very much. He even sent out an order that all the people should bow when Haman passed by, just as if he were the king. That was what Haman loved to have the folks do.

One day as this wicked Haman was walking by the king's courtyard he noticed a man who did not bow when he passed, and he said to one of his servants, "Who is that man?"

"That is the queen's uncle. He is a Jew," replied the servant.

"Why does he not bow to me?" said Haman; and then to himself he added: "I'll make him pay for that. I'll ask the king to punish him. No,

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I won't ask the king to punish just that one man; I know what I'll do. I always have hated the Jews; I'll ask the king to have them all punished."

Just as soon as he thought of this, Haman went to the king and said, "O king, there is a certain people scattered through our country who are not like other people. Their laws are different from ours, and they do not obey thy commands. It is not good to have them in our land, and so if it please thee, O king, send out orders that they shall be destroyed.

"The people are yours. Do whatever you want to with them," said the king.

"Now," thought Haman, "I think he'll wish he had bowed to me. The queen, the queen's uncle, and all the Jews will be destroyed. I'll call the writers in now and have them send the order out all over this country."

So he called the writers, and they sent letters into every part of the land. The letters were signed with the seal from the king's ring. No one could disobey them. And those letters read like this: "On the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, the governors shall destroy, slay, and cause to perish all Jews—both young and old—men, women, little children, all in one day." That was the law.

Of course the queen's uncle saw one of the letters, and when he read it he cried aloud. All through the land the Jews were crying frantic-

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ally because the letter signed with the king's seal said they should be destroyed. Finally the queen's uncle came to the palace, and when Esther saw him weeping by the gate, she sent one of her servants to him to find out why he was weeping.

"Queen Esther wants to know why you are weeping, sir," said the servant; "she sent me to ask you your trouble."

"Show this letter to the queen," said her uncle, "and tell her that Haman who lives in the palace has paid her husband, the king, money to destroy the Jews. That's why we are crying through all the land. Tell her there is but one way in which we can be saved. That is for her to go to the king and request him for her sake, because she is a Jew and because he loves her, to save her and her people."

The servant took this message back to Queen Esther, and when she heard it she was very unhappy. She sent the servant back to her uncle with this message: "Everyone in our country knows dear uncle, that if anyone, man or woman, goes into the king's presence without being called by him, that person is put to death. That is the law. I have not been called by the king for thirty days. If I go to him now, I shall die! Only one thing can save me—that is for the king to hold out his golden scepter to me. He may, and he may not."

This the servant told Queen Esther's uncle,

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and he replied: "You go back to Esther and tell her that she alone can save us from being destroyed. Tell her to be brave, that probably God sent her to be queen in this country for just such a time as this—so she could save her people."

"Go, gather all the Jews together and have them pray for me for three days. I will pray also, and on the third day I will go in unto the king. It is against the law, but if I perish, I perish." That was the last message Queen Esther sent to her uncle.

The Jews gathered together. They prayed for three days, and on the third day Esther dressed herself in her lovely robes and leaning on the arm of one of her maids, she started for the king's court. There sat the king on his throne. How powerful he was! He looked up and saw Queen Esther standing before him. It was against the law for her to come. He had not called her. But as he looked at her he saw how lovely she was! He loved her.

"Will he save me?" thought Esther. She was trembling. She could not stand much longer, but just as it seemed to her she must fall, the king raised his golden scepter, held it out to her and said: "What will you have, Queen Esther? What is your request? It shall be given to you even if it be the half of my kingdom."

"If it seem good to you, O king," said Esther, bowing low, "I would have you and Haman

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come this day unto a banquet which I have prepared for you."

"Make haste," ordered the king; "tell Haman that he shall go with me to the queen's banquet."

They went to the banquet, and while there the king said: "What is your petition? It shall be granted you. What is your request? Even to a half of my kingdom it shall be performed."

"If I have found favor in your sight, O king," replied Esther, "I ask that you and Haman shall come to another banquet which I shall prepare to-morrow. I want just you two and then I will make known my request and my petition."

How proud Haman was! He was happy and glad. He went home and boasted to his friends, saying: "Queen Esther invited me to her banquet. She did not ask anyone else besides the king. And I am going again to-morrow!"

The next day came. Haman and the king went to the queen's banquet. While they were feasting the king said: "What is your petition, Queen Esther? It shall be granted you. What is your petition? Do not be afraid. It shall be performed even if it is a half of my kingdom."

Then Esther, the queen, said, "If it please you, O king, let my life be given me at my request."

"Your life!" exclaimed the king.

"Let my life be given me at my petition, and the lives of my people at my request."

"Your life!" interrupted the king.

"For we have been sold, I and my people;

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sold to be destroyed, to be slain and to perish," wept Esther.

"Where is the man? Who is the man who has done this terrible thing?" shouted the angry king.

"Haman, wicked Haman is the man," cried Esther.

"Save me, Queen Esther, save me," pleaded Haman, but the servants came in and took him away to be punished for his crime.

When he had gone Esther fell down at the feet of the king and begged him to save her people. The second time the king held out his golden scepter, and Esther, taking hold of it, arose. She stood before the king in all her loveliness and spoke, "You have saved me, but O my king, save the rest of my people! Save my people! How can I bear to have them destroyed! How can I bear to have them slain!"

"I will save your people, Queen Esther," said the king. "I will have my scribes write letters which will save them. We will send the letters into every part of the country. We will have them written so everybody will understand. We will send them out at once, brave Queen Esther."

They wrote the letters; they signed them with the king's seal; they sent them all over the land by the king's fastest messengers. Just as soon as the messages arrived in the cities, there was great gladness. The Jews were happy everywhere. Queen Esther by her courage had saved them all.

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STORY QUESTIONS:

1. To what nation did Esther belong? Can you give the names of any of the old-time leaders of that nation?
2. What was the false story which Haman told the king about the Jews?
3. Why could not Esther go in to the king without risking her life?
4. There is one thing in which we find all these courageous men and women believed. Can you think what that was?
5. Write the prayer which you think the Jews may have offered.
6. What two things did Esther accomplish by being brave?
7. Name some ways in which we need to be brave.
8. Write a prayer asking the heavenly Father to help you be brave in some one thing.
9. Learn Psalm 27. 6-11.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN A FIERY FURNACE

THERE came a time in the history of Jerusalem—the city where Jesus lived later—when the king of Babylon besieged and captured it. Everything of wealth which he could find the king took away from Jerusalem, carrying it to his own land. Not content with just money, golden vessels and herds, he took people also. Among these people were four men whom the king chose because, as he said, they were “well favored” (good looking), “skillful in all wisdom, cunning in knowledge, and understanding science.” They had knowledge and ability to stand in the king’s palace and they could be taught the king’s language. These four men were kinsmen and one of them, Daniel, soon became a great favorite with the king.

One night, after these four kinsmen had been in this new country about two years, the king had a very peculiar dream. He was very much troubled about it. He couldn’t sleep, but, strange to say, he could not remember one thing about that dream. He became so worried about it that he sent for all the wise men of his land and said to them, “I have dreamed a dream and my spirit is troubled to know that dream.”

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And the wise men said: "O king, live forever. Tell thy servants thy dream and we will show you the interpretation."

"But the dream has gone from me. I cannot remember it," replied the king. "If you will not make known to me the dream and what it means, then you shall be destroyed. But if you will make known to me the dream and its interpretation, you shall receive from me gifts and rewards of great honor."

Then the wise men said a second time, "Let the king tell his servants the dream and we will show him what it means."

It made the king angry to have them ask again, so he said, "I know that you are trying to gain time because you see the dream has gone from me. But if you cannot tell me the dream there is but one decree for you. Tell me the dream I have forgotten."

"But we cannot," answered the wise men; "there is not a man on earth who can tell the king's dream. No king ever asked his wise men to do that before."

The king was very angry. He commanded his captain of the guards to have them taken away immediately. Daniel and his kinsmen heard about it. They were wise men. The decree included them. Just as soon as Daniel knew what was going to happen, he went to the captain and said, "Why is the decree so hasty from the king?" And the captain told him.

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Then Daniel went in to the king. "Give us time, O king—one night only—and we will show you the dream and its interpretation."

And the king promised to delay the slaying of the wise men for one night.

Daniel went to his home and called his wise men. All night long they prayed God to make known the king's dream to them, so that the wise men might be saved. And while they prayed the secret of the dream was revealed to Daniel. How happy they were! The four of them knelt again and blessed Jehovah for helping them. When day came Daniel went to the king. He told him just what the dream was; he told him just what the dream meant. And when the king heard it, he recalled his dream. He was astonished. He knelt down and worshiped, saying: "Of a truth it is so. Your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings, a revealer of secrets, since you could tell me this secret."

So he made a great man of Daniel and put his kinsmen over Babylon.

Now you would think that after this the king would believe in Daniel's God. But he didn't. For not long after Daniel had made known his dream to him the king built a great gold image and set it up in Babylon—the very place where Daniel's kinsmen were. He called together all his princes and governors, all his treasurers, his captains and his judges to dedicate this golden image.

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And while they were gathered there a herald of the king cried aloud for all to hear, "To you, it is commanded, O people, that at the time you hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, and all kinds of music, you fall down and worship the golden image which the king has set up."

Daniel's kinsmen heard the herald. What was this he was saying? "And whoso falleth not down and worshipeth, shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace."

Just then the cornet, flute, and harp sounded. The people bowed down and worshiped the image—all but Daniel's kinsmen. They could not do that! Did not their law say, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me"? They could worship only the true, living God—not this golden image.

Some of the men, of course, noticed that Daniel's kinsmen did not bow to the image, and they went immediately to the king, saying: "O king, live forever. Thou, O king, hast made a decree that every man who shall hear the sound of the cornet shall bow down and worship the golden image, and whoso falleth not down and worshipeth, he shall be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace."

"Yes," said the king in reply to the men, "that is the decree."

"Well, there are certain Jews whom you have set over Babylon, kinsmen of Daniel, who have not regarded you. They serve not thy image nor

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do they worship the golden idol which you have set up."

The king was angry. He commanded the three men to be brought before him, and when they were come he said: "Is it true, kinsmen of Daniel, that ye do not serve my gods? Do you not worship the golden image which I have set up? Now, if you are ready, when the cornet sounds fall down and worship. All will then be well. But if you worship not, you shall be cast that same hour into a burning fiery furnace. Then who is the God that shall deliver you out of my hands?"

"We will be loyal to Jehovah," answered the kinsmen. "Be it known unto you, O king, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king."

"Heat the furnace seven times more than usual," shouted the king. "Bind the three of them. Cast them in!"

Strong men of the army bound Daniel's kinsmen, and threw them into the furnace. They fell down into the fire while the king watched. And as he watched he saw a strange thing. He jumped from his seat and said to his counselors, "Did not we cast three men, bound, into the midst of the fire?"

"True, O king," they answered.

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“Lo, I see four men, loose, walking in the midst of the fire. See they have no hurt! And the fourth is like—is like the Son of God.”

He went near to the mouth of the furnace and spake, “Ye servants of the most high God, come forth and come hither.”

Daniel’s kinsmen came forth. The princes, the governors, the judges, the captains, everybody saw them. Not a hair was singed! Not a thread of their coat was burned! Not a spot of fire was on their flesh! Not even the smell of fire was on them.

“Blessed be God who sent his angel and delivered his servants that trusted in him. He has changed the king’s word and saved them that they might not serve nor worship any God except their own God. Therefore,” said the king, “I command that no one say one word against Daniel’s God, for no other God can deliver like him.”

The brave loyalty of Daniel and his kinsmen helped to make God honored in that land.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. How did it happen that Daniel and his kinsmen were in Babylon?
2. What decree did the king issue?
3. Why should not the four men worship the image?
4. These four men were loyal and brave. Can you tell why?

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5. Name some ways in which God expects us to be loyal.
6. Can you tell some results that come from being loyal to playmates? to teachers? to God?
7. Learn Psalm 27. 11-14.

CHAPTER XIX

HANS, THE HERO OF HOLLAND

FAR away across the sea there is a land called Holland. It is a beautiful, beautiful country with fields of wonderful grain and great meadows of green grass. It is the land where tulips grow, great gardens of them, red and yellow, purple and white — all kinds. Most of our tulip bulbs come from this country of Holland. The ground in Holland is lower than the level of the sea, so that the water would come in and sweep over all the fields of grain, cover the meadows of grass and uproot all the tulip gardens if the people did not build walls to keep it out. All around their country they built these thick walls, as wide as banks, and they called them dikes.

Every evening just about sunset a boy named Hans left his village in Holland and went out to one of the big pastures after his father's cows. His way took him out along the edge of one of the great dikes. He would look at the big stones and wonder what would happen if one of them should break away and let the sea through. "Why, my whole country would be flooded," he would say to himself. "The sea would cover my lovely fields, my friends, my playmates, my father and mother."

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One evening as Hans was on his way home from the pasture he stopped outside the village to pick some of the beautiful red tulip blossoms. There were no houses near. Only the fields of grain and the red, red flowers could be seen. The cows knew the way, and though Hans had stopped, they were trudging along the dike toward their home. The boy looked up to see if the cows were going safely and then he stooped over to pluck the blossoms.

“What’s that!” he said aloud, and dropping the tulips, he rubbed his eyes. Surely, he could not be seeing aright. “It can’t be a hole!”

He leaned over the dike. “Yes. The water is coming through. It is a break in the dike! What shall I do?”

He looked up and down the dike, across the fields toward the village. No one was in sight. Then he looked down at the break in the dike. “It is larger,” thought Hans. “One of the stones will soon break out if some one does not stop it. There is no time to go to the village. It will break before I can get back. What shall I do?”

Finally a thought came to Hans. He laid down on the top of the dike, leaned way over and pushed his fore finger into the hole. It filled it! The cows were out of sight now. Hans, alone, lay along the dike keeping back the sea with one small finger. No one knew he was there.



THE COWS KNEW THE WAY

HANS, THE HERO OF HOLLAND

"I hope help comes soon," thought the boy to himself. "I do not know how long my finger will keep the sea out. Heavenly Father, send some one," he prayed. "Help me hold back the sea until they come."

He could hear the water. Splash! Splash! Splash! It was very near, terribly close by. Would it break through before help could come to him? His hand grew cold and then numb. His arm began to swell. Hans rubbed it swiftly, but it grew colder and soon he could not feel it at all. He looked up and down the dike but no one was in sight. His back ached cruelly. Little shooting, darting pains ran from his finger up through his arm. Would no one ever come!

It grew dark and in the darkness the sea seemed nearer and roared more loudly. It splashed and rumbled down among the rocks and seemed to shout at Hans: "I am stronger than you are, child. I can break down houses and wreck ships. Who do you think you are to stop me? I *will* come through."

Hans gritted his teeth together and tried to forget the pain in his arm and the words the sea seemed to say. "You shall not come through," he called back to the waters. "You shall not flood my beautiful Holland and drown my friends. But, oh, why does not some one come!"

It grew darker and darker; later and later. The boy was nearly fainting with pain and cold when he heard a far-away shout.

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"Hoo-ooo," he called back as loudly as he could, "Hoo-ooo."

"Coming, coming!" came the answering shout, and Hans knew his father's voice. They were searching for him.

"Hoo-ooo," again called Hans to guide them in their search.

"Nearly there. Nearly there," called back the neighbors' voices.

Soon they were close to Hans. When they saw him with his finger in the hole, they gave a great shout. "Brave Hans! Brave Hans!" they called even while they mended the broken place in the dike.

Hans's father lifted him in his arms and whispered against his cheek: "God bless thee, lad. By bravely forgetting yourself you have saved all Holland."

(Adapted from an ancient legend.)

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What are the dikes of Holland?
2. Name one thing the boys of Holland do?
3. Can you tell what would have happened if Hans had not stopped the breach in the dike?
4. Name some times when we need to forget ourselves.
5. How can we help others by forgetting ourselves?

CHAPTER XX

HELPING A FOREIGNER

IN the country where Jesus lived there was a city called Samaria. In that city there lived a race of people who were not like the Jews. They were called Samaritans. They did not look like the Jews. They did not talk like the Jews. They did not dress like the Jews. They did not worship like the Jews. They were a people altogether different.

Because they were so different people often made fun of their dress, laughed at their funny speech, and wouldn't have a thing to do with them.

On one of his journeys Jesus with two of his followers was going to his own country (see John 4. 3). They had to pass by this city of Samaria. Jesus was very tired and the men were hungry, so when he noticed a well with a high stone wall around it, Jesus said to the men: "Go into the city. Get for yourselves something to eat while I sit here and rest."

The men went away, but they had not been gone long when Jesus heard footsteps. He turned and saw a woman coming toward the well. She had a large water jug on her shoulder.

"She is a Samaritan." Jesus knew that by her dress and by her face.

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“He is a Jew,” thought the woman. “I’ll get my water. He will not speak to me. Jews never do.”

But when she came near to the well Jesus looked up and said, “Give me to drink.”

The Samaritan woman was so surprised that she just looked at Jesus for a minute and then she said, “How is it that thou being a Jew, asketh drink of me who am a Samaritan woman?”

And Jesus told her why. He told her about the heavenly Father. He told her how happy the followers of God are. He sat there talking with her for a long time. He was still talking when the men came back with food. How astonished they were! They heard Jesus say, “I, that speak unto you, am the Messiah or Christ.” They saw how happy the Samaritan woman was when she lifted her water pitcher and left.

They did not ask Jesus any questions, but to each other they said: “What does the Master wish?” You would not think he would speak with a Samaritan woman. He told her who he really is.”

I think, however, that Jesus knew what they were thinking, and decided that he must show these men why they should help all people, no matter if they were of a different race (See Luke 17. 11). The opportunity Jesus was looking for came. For at another time they were on their way to Jerusalem, passing through a little village, when they heard a loud cry, “Unclean!

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Unclean!" Looking in the direction of the cry, they saw ten men who were lepers. They were crying "Unclean! Unclean!" so people would not come near them. One of the ten men was a Samaritan. When they saw Jesus they cried altogether, "Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us!"

Now Jesus could show his followers that they should help all people. So he said to the ten men, "Go and show yourselves unto the priest."

They did not ask why. They simply obeyed Jesus. They started to go to the priest's house, and lo, as they went, they were healed! And one of the ten, when he saw he was healed, turned around and ran back to Jesus. He threw himself down at Jesus' feet and shouted so all could hear: "O Jesus, Master, thanks unto you! I am healed! I am healed!"

And Jesus answering him said, "Were not all the ten healed?"

"Yes, Lord."

"But where are the other nine?" inquired Jesus.

"They came not back, Lord."

"Were there none found to return and give thanks to God but you, a stranger, a Samaritan?"

The men with Jesus must have thought, "After Jesus healed the ten of that terrible disease, only one came back to thank him, and that one was a Samaritan whom we ridicule."

A little later, on this same journey, Jesus had

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another opportunity to teach his followers that they should help all peoples, even those of other races. They were entering a village to stay one night, and a certain man of the village asked Jesus and his two followers to take dinner at his house. They were very glad to go, but it was not long before all the folk of the town knew that Jesus was eating there.

There was a woman in that little village whom no one would help. She was sad and lonely and sorry for some wrong deeds she had done. She wanted to tell Jesus about it. She wanted to show him that she was sorry, so when she heard where he was, she took a box of very expensive ointment, the most costly thing she had, and came to the house. She knelt down by Jesus, weeping. She bathed his feet in her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. She broke her wonderful box of ointment and anointed Jesus with it.

The man who had invited Jesus to his house saw the woman, of course, and he thought: "I do not understand why Jesus allows her to stay. No one in this village will talk with her."

Jesus understood what his host was thinking, and he said, "Simon"—for that was the man's name—"I have something to say unto thee."

"Say on, Teacher," answered Simon.

"Simon, do you see this woman?" questioned Jesus.

"Yes, Lord."

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"When I entered into your house, you gave me no water to bathe my feet."

"No."

"She hath bathed them with her tears and wiped them with her hair. When I entered into your house you gave me no greeting kiss," continued Jesus.

"No."

"But she from the time she came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head thou didst not anoint."

"No."

"But she has anointed my feet with costly ointment."

Then turning to the woman, Jesus said to her, "Go in peace."

And she went away happy. Probably Jesus was thinking of these men and women when he said to his followers, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And if we had asked Jesus as the rich man did, "Who is my neighbor?" I think the Master may have answered, "Everybody."

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What two races of people is this lesson about?
2. Can you name two races of people you know whose language and whose dress is different from ours?
3. What did Jesus tell the Samaritan woman that made her so happy?

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4. Jesus had healed ten men and only one remembered to say, "Thank you." Do we remember?
5. Who is your neighbor?
6. Find a picture of a little boy or girl of a different race from ours.
7. Learn Luke 10. 27. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

CHAPTER XXI

A SICK MAN HEALED

JESUS stayed for two days in Samaria, and many people believed his wonderful story about God, the heavenly Father, partly because of what he told the Samaritan woman at the well and partly because of the marvelous way in which he helped the sick folk. But after two days he left Samaria to go into Galilee. On his way he visited a town called Cana. While there a man from a nearby village, a nobleman, came to Jesus and said, "Come down with me, Master, and heal my son, for he is at the point of death."

"Except ye see me do marvelous deeds, you will not believe me," answered Jesus, sorrowfully.

But the nobleman answered, "I believe. Sir, please, come down before my child die."

Jesus said, "Go thy way. Thy son liveth."

And the nobleman believed Jesus. His son was not there. He could not see that he was better, but the man knew if Jesus said he would heal the son, it was true. So he started home, but had not gone far when he met one of his servants coming toward him and the servant called, saying, "Thy son liveth."

"At what time did he begin to get better?" asked the nobleman.

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"Yesterday, at the seventh hour, the fever left him," answered the servant.

"It was at the same hour Jesus said to me, 'Thy son liveth.' " And everyone to whom the nobleman told his story believed about Jesus.

Soon after this Jesus went up to Jerusalem again. He did not enter the city by the man's gate; instead he went around to what was called the sheep gate, through which all the sheep and oxen entered the city. It was close by the city market. In those olden days there was a big pool by this gate, one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and eight feet deep. When Jesus was there it was filled with water that helped to heal many people who were ill. They would come down to the pool, bathe in the water, and the water would help cure some of them. Around this pool were five porches, so called. They were really walks, covered over, so that whoever was sitting there would be shaded from the sun.

It was by this pool of water and through these porches that Jesus entered Jerusalem. And what a sight! Those covered walks were crowded with people—men, women, and children, and all of them sick. Some of them were crippled; some were blind; some were lame; some were paralyzed; all of them were waiting to bathe in this water—waiting for the time when the waters were stirred up, for it seemed to be the time that the waters helped most when they were stirred. Jesus saw this host of people. He knew why

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they were all there. He noticed one man, who seemed to be worse than others, lying on a bed patiently waiting. Jesus went to him and said, "Have you been ill long?"

"Thirty-eight years," answered the man.

"Would you be made well?" asked Jesus.

"Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled [stirred] to help me into the pool. Some one else always steps in before me. You see I cannot move," answered the man.

Then Jesus said, "Take up thy bed and walk!"

Possibly the man's bed was only an old coat. At the most it was not more than a stuffed, small, old mat. But he had not walked for thirty-eight years. Would he do as Jesus said? He did not hesitate a moment. Just as soon as he heard the words, he arose, took up his bed, and walked. The day was Sunday. What a happy Sunday for the man who was healed!

Some of the people saw the man walking with his bed and said to him: "It is the Sabbath day. It is not right for you to pick up your bed and walk."

But the sick man who had been healed replied, "He who made me well said unto me, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'"

"What man is that which said unto thee, 'Take up thy bed and walk?'" asked the people, angrily.

"I do not know," answered the man.

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And he didn't know. Jesus had not told him. He had hurried away just as soon as he had done his *golden deed*. Jesus had gone from the pool into the Temple to worship. He wanted to talk to his heavenly Father. He wanted to pray on that Sabbath. He wanted to hear God's message. The man who had been healed wanted to worship also. He wanted to thank the heavenly Father for healing him. He wanted to tell God how happy he was, and so he too went to the Temple.

And there Jesus found him and said to him: "Thou art well. Do nothing now which God the Father would not have you do."

Then the man knew who had healed him. He went back to his questioners by the pool and said, "It was Jesus who made me whole."

"On the Sabbath day!" they exclaimed.

"To-day," answered the man healed.

"It is not right to heal on the Sabbath day," they called and went to find Jesus. And when they found him they said, "Do you not know it is not lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?"

And Jesus answered, "Since the world was formed God, my Father, has not ceased to do *golden deeds* of mercy every day. I came into the world to do good, and every day is alike to take its opportunities for helping people. What my Father does, I do." There was silence for a moment and then Jesus added: "I can of mine own self do nothing. It is only through the power of God, my Father."

A SICK MAN HEALED

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What do you think Jesus was doing those two days in Samaria?
2. Tell how Jesus helped the nobleman.
3. What part of Jerusalem did Jesus go to?
4. What kind of people did Jesus find there?
5. Tell what Jesus did for one of the men.
6. Why were the people angry?
7. Do you think it was right for Jesus to heal the man on the Sabbath?
8. Are there things we ought not to do on Sunday? What?
9. Who helped Jesus heal the sick man?
10. Learn—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

CHAPTER XXII

HERE'S MY LUNCH!

ONCE upon a time in the country where Jesus lived there was a small boy who went away from home for a good time one day. He may have been going on a picnic, or he may have been going on a hike; we do not know about that, but we do know that he had a lunch to take with him. It was just the kind of a lunch this little boy liked, for it was a lunch of bread and fish. With this tucked under his arm he went whistling down the street until he noticed ahead of him a large crowd of people.

"Why, I wonder what has happened," and the little boy ran to the edge of the crowd. He wormed his way past folks, keeping tight hold of his lunch, until he was in the center of that crowd of people. There he saw a man lying on the grass and screaming. "The crazy man," thought the lad and started to go away, but the man on the ground uttered a shrieking cry, and the boy, looking up, saw Jesus.

He heard Jesus say to the man, "What is your name?"

And the man told him. Then Jesus said, "Unclean spirit, come out of the man."

Immediately he was in his right mind. How happy he was!

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He said to Jesus: "What can I do to help? Let me go with you!"

But Jesus answered, "No, don't come with me. Stay where you are and tell all the people where you live what a wonderful thing God has done for you. That is the way you can help."

"O he's wonderful!" thought the little boy. "I just love him, I wish I could do a *golden deed* like that to help some one."

The people pressed closer and closer to Jesus. One woman in the crowd was so near that the little lad could see how pale her face was. Timidly, she stretched out her hand and touched the robe Jesus wore. Just as soon as she touched the robe Jesus asked, "Who is it that touched me?"

"It is the crowd, Master," answered one of Jesus' followers. "They push and crush you."

But Jesus answered, "No, some one did touch me. Some one who needs help."

Then the woman spoke, "I touched you, Master. I am ill. No one can help me but you. Make me well."

"You are well," said Jesus and as soon as he spoke the woman was better.

"Oh!" said the little boy again to himself, "he's wonderful! I love him. I wish I could do something like that to help people."

Just then a man came running up to Jesus, threw himself down at the Master's feet and cried: "Come, Master, come to my home. My little girl is dying. Come quickly!"

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"I hope Jesus will go," thought the little lad to himself.

But before Jesus could answer the man, a servant from that home was seen hurrying forward, and as he came to the father the boy heard him say: "It is too late. Thy daughter is dead. Trouble not the Teacher."

"Fear not," said Jesus; "she is not dead. She only sleepeth."

The servant wondered at his reply because he was sure the little girl was dead.

Jesus went with the father. The entire crowd followed, the little lad keeping as close as he could to Jesus. When they reached the home Jesus let no one go in except the father, but it wasn't long before Jesus came back to the crowd with the father and the little girl was with them. Jesus had saved her.

"Oh!" thought the lad again, "Jesus is so wonderful. I love him. I wish I could do something like that to help folks."

But Jesus had done so many wonderful things some of the village people were frightened. They did not know Jesus. They thought if he were able to do *golden deeds*, he had power to do evil deeds also, so they asked him to leave their town. Jesus went away, but many of the crowd followed him. At every house, at every street, some one would join that throng of people. It was growing larger. The little boy was tired walking so far, but he kept close to Jesus. He wanted to

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hear all the Master said and see all the wonderful *golden deeds* he performed.

Just at supper time one of the followers came to Jesus and said: "It is late, Master, and this is a desert place. Send the multitude away."

"Why send them away?" asked Jesus.

"So they can get something to eat and a place to sleep in the village," said the follower; "there is nothing here to eat."

"Give ye them to eat," replied Jesus.

"Would you have us go buy bread for all this crowd?" asked the follower. "It would cost a great deal."

"No, give them what you have," answered Jesus.

"We have nothing," said the follower.

The little lad hugged his lunch tight. He had eaten nothing since morning. Besides, he had only a little fish and bread. What help would that be among so many? "Shall I give my lunch?" thought the little lad. "It might help some."

"We have nothing," repeated the follower.

"Here's my lunch," said the boy. "It's more than nothing."

The follower looked at it. "It is only five small loaves and two small fishes," he said to Jesus.

The lad watched and listened, wondering.

"Give me the lunch," said Jesus, and I think he flashed a tender, wonderful smile at the boy.

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“Give me the lunch and have the people sit down in groups—fifty in a group.”

They seated that crowd on the hillside, fifty in a group, and there were one hundred groups. Thousands of people there were.

“What will my little lunch be with all these folk to feed?” thought the boy.

But Jesus took the lunch and prayed to God the heavenly Father to bless it. Then he brake it and gave it to the followers. They started to feed the multitude. Everyone ate all he desired, and when they were finished, Jesus said, “Gather up what is left of the broken pieces.”

And the followers gathered twelve baskets full.

“Oh!” thought the little boy as he whistled his way back home, “Jesus is wonderful. He takes the little gifts we give and makes them do great *golden deeds*. I love him. I am glad I gave him my lunch!”

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Can you tell the three wonderful things which this little lad may have seen Jesus do?
2. What chance did he have to help? Did he take it?
3. Why do you think the little boy liked to be near Jesus?
4. Who besides the little boy helped Jesus feed the multitude?

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5. Who helps us? How?
6. Write a prayer asking his help in something you wish to do.
7. Learn Mark 9. 41.



A HAPPY FAMILY SHARING A LUNCH

CHAPTER XXIII

FEED MY LAMBS!

A LONG time ago there was a man named Peter whom Jesus had asked to help him. Peter had promised Jesus that he would, so people called him a follower—a follower of Jesus. Some folk called him a disciple, which means the same thing. Peter went many, many places where Jesus went. He was one of the followers with Jesus when the little boy gave his lunch to feed the crowd. Sometimes these followers of Jesus were in danger because wicked men tried to capture Jesus and his disciples to punish them.

One time the soldiers really took Jesus when Peter was with him, and they led him away to the high priest's house where they should decide what to do with the Master. Peter was left outside.

“Now, I wonder what they will do with me,” he thought. “If they know that I am a follower of Jesus, they will punish me also.”

Just as he was thinking this a maid came to the door and said to Peter, “Art thou also one of this man's disciples?”

And Peter denied him, saying, “Woman, I know him not.”

Then one of the men in the courtyard said, “Thou art also one of them.”

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“Man, I am not,” answered Peter again.

“You are,” said another standing by, “I have seen you with him.”

“Man, I know not what thou sayest,” answered Peter the third time. Just as he said it the soldiers led Jesus away. Jesus heard the words. He looked back at Peter, and oh, the sadness of his face! Peter, his follower, had told a lie and denied him!

It is said that when Peter saw the look on Jesus' face, he rushed out of the courtyard and went away by himself and cried bitterly. He was sorry, oh! so sorry he had said he did not know Jesus.

One evening he was walking up and down the beach by the sea. Some friends were with him, but while they were telling stories to each other, Peter seemed not to hear. He paced back and forth, back and forth, his head bowed. I believe he must have been thinking: “I told a lie! I told a lie! If I could only see Jesus and tell him how sorry I am! I wonder if he wants me for a follower any more? I wonder if he will let me do his work; I wonder if I will ever see him again!” After a while Peter threw back his head as if he wanted to forget about the lie he'd told and he called to his friends on the beach, “I'm going fishing.”

“All right, Peter,” said his friends, “but if you're going we're going too.” So they pushed off into the sea. All night long they fished, and

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every time they drew in the nets, there was not a fish in them—not one. They fished near the shore, and they fished far out at sea, but they caught no fish. The sun was just rising when they decided to give up and row back to shore. When they turned their boats around they noticed a Stranger standing on the beach, and while they were rowing in this Stranger watched them. As soon as they were near enough to hear, he called from the shore, “Children, have ye aught to eat?”

“No,” they shouted back.

“Cast the net on the right side of the boat and ye shall find,” directed the Stranger.

“But we have fished all night, first on the left and then on the right, and have caught nothing,” they answered.

“Pull out a little into the deep; cast down your nets on the right and you shall find.”

Peter and his friends rowed out into the deep. They let down their nets as the Stranger commanded, and they were not able to draw them in for the multitude of fishes. When he saw so many fish, one of Peter’s friends said to him, “It is the Lord!”

“It is,” cried Peter. “It is the Master!”

He was so excited, he could not wait for the men to row in. He jumped overboard and swam to shore where Jesus was. His friends came in the boat, dragging the net full of fishes. When they got to the beach they saw a fire of coals, and

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on the coals were fish cooked. Near by was bread. Jesus had prepared their breakfast.

“Bring up the fish which you have taken,” said Jesus.

And Peter hurried down to the shore. He wanted to show Jesus how sorry he was by doing all he asked. He drew in the great net. They counted the fish. There were one hundred and fifty-three. And for all there were so many, the net was not broken.

“Come and break your fast,” said Jesus. And he himself came and took the bread and gave it to his disciples; the fish likewise.

When they had finished their breakfast Jesus called Peter aside from his friends and said to him, “Peter, do you love me more than your friends?”

“Yes, Lord,” answered Peter. “Thou knowest that I love thee.”

“Then feed my lambs,” answered Jesus.

A second time Jesus asked, “Peter, lovest thou me?”

And Peter must have thought, “Why does the Master ask twice? Does he not believe me?” But he answered, “Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.”

“Tend my sheep.”

A third time Jesus asked Peter, “Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?”

Peter was grieved to have Jesus ask him the third time. He wanted Jesus to believe him, so

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he said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

"Feed my lambs," said Jesus.

"Feed my lambs," reflected Peter. "Feed my lambs! That means do my work. Jesus wants me to show my love for him by doing his work—helping other folks—little children, men and women. I will. I will. I am so glad he is letting me help."

Happy Peter! He loved Jesus, and now Jesus was asking him to help. All his years Peter remembered those words of Jesus, "Feed my lambs!"

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What is a disciple?
2. Who is the disciple of our story? Name some disciples of to-day.
3. Why did Peter lie about knowing Jesus?
4. Tell the story about the stranger on the beach.
5. How did Jesus let Peter know he wanted him to help?
6. How can we tell what Jesus wants us to do?
7. Name some ways in which we can help.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE WOMAN ALL CHILDREN LOVED

IN a town on the sea this woman lived, this woman whom all children loved. She lived in a little home right by the water, probably, and her name was Dorcas. She would watch the great ships go out—some of them to be gone for years, but she couldn't watch long. She knew the men in those ships had left little boys and girls with their mothers all alone in that town, so Dorcas would hurry away to their homes to see what they needed most and what she could do for them. She was always helping some one. The whole village loved her. The children called her Dorcas sometimes, but more often, I think, they said, "Aunt Dorcas," because they loved her so much. And the reason they loved her so well—If a little girl needed a dress for Sunday services, Dorcas made it. If a boy needed to earn money to help his mother, Dorcas found work for him. If there were families who were without something to eat, Dorcas sent them dinners. If there were times when papas did not come home from the sea, Dorcas helped the families. She always smiled and said, "Good morning," or "Good evening." No wonder the children loved her!

One stormy night there was a wreck off the

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shore by the little town where Dorcas lived. The wind blew so hard and the waves dashed so high that the men in the lifeboat could not get near the wreck. Just a few of the people on board were saved, picked up out of the water by the life guard. Among those saved was a little nine-year-old boy and his sister. Both father and mother had been lost in the sea. He was a splendid boy, so manly and fine. She was a sweet little girl.

The folk of the village would say one to another, "Dear little people, aren't they?"

And the answer would come, "Yes, but what shall we do with them?"

"I would like to take care of them," one mother said.

"Yes, but you already have four little ones to care for, and their father out on the sea."

There seemed to be no place for those two little children until Dorcas said, "They shall go home with me."

"Would you like to go home with me?" Dorcas asked the little lad.

He didn't say a word. He just looked up into Dorcas' face and when he saw how kind that face was, he put his hand in hers, took hold of his little sister's hand and the two went home with Dorcas.

It was not long before they were happy, happy little children there with Aunt Dorcas. She took them with her when she went to see other children. They had many playmates and numbers

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of playthings. Dorcas was very good to them. But one day Dorcas was taken sick. She could not go to take dresses and dinners to the people who needed them. She could not walk out on the street and smile at the children as she passed. She could not help the elderly people who needed aid, for Dorcas was very ill. The men and women of the village would come to the door and say, "How is Dorcas to-day?"

And the woman who was caring for Dorcas would answer, "She does not seem to be any better." Then they would go away sad.

The boys and girls would come and say, "How is Aunt Dorcas?"

Then that dreaded answer, "She is no better."

They all wanted Dorcas to be well; they all loved her; but the little boy and the little girl who lived with her wanted it most. They sat on the doorstep one evening, and the little boy said to his small sister, "I wish Aunt Dorcas would get well."

"What if she doesn't get better, brother?" whispered the little girl.

"I do not know," answered the boy.

"What will the people do without Aunt Dorcas to help them?"

"I do not know," again answered the boy.

"Do you think all the other folks would forget us?"

"Perhaps," said the boy; "I do not know—but Aunt Dorcas wouldn't forget."

THE WOMAN ALL CHILDREN LOVED

That night one of the followers of Jesus heard that Dorcas had died. Just as soon as he heard about it he hurried away to another town to get Peter. This follower knew that Peter was doing the work Jesus told him to do and that he could probably help Dorcas. When he reached the other town, he found Peter and said to him: "Come, come with me at once. Do not wait."

"What is the trouble?" asked Peter.

"Dorcas, Dorcas is dead. Come quickly."

How Peter hurried! He knew Dorcas. Dorcas was trying to do the work of Jesus also. He must help Dorcas. They reached the village in the morning and as Peter walked down to the house where Dorcas was he passed a little boy. The lad stopped him and inquired, "Please sir, can you tell me how Aunt Dorcas is this morning?"

"Oh, do you know Dorcas?" asked Peter.

"I guess I do know Dorcas," and the little boy's voice trembled; "she took care of me when I was sick."

"Cheer up, laddie, we will help Dorcas," and Peter took the little boy with him.

Before they had gone far a young girl stopped them, asking, "Can you tell me how Dorcas is?"

"And do you know Dorcas, too?" asked Peter.

"Indeed, I know Dorcas," answered the young girl. "She helped me when my mother died. We cannot live without Dorcas."

Some one in every house they passed wanted to

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know how Dorcas was. Soon they reached Dorcas' home. Peter left the lad out on the steps with the little boy and his sister, and went in where Dorcas lay. She lay so still! She was so white. Peter knelt down by her bed, looked into her pale face and said: "Dorcas, dear friend, you have started your long, long rest. You have worked so hard you ought to be allowed to rest. I'd like to let you sleep, Dorcas, but the children need you. The children need you! So many people forget to help. You don't."

Peter took her hand. "Come, Dorcas."

She opened her eyes. She looked at Peter. When she saw him she sat up. Dorcas was alive.

Oh, how happy the children were! How happy the men and women were! Dorcas, the woman all children loved, was well.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why did Dorcas do so much for the folks of her town?
2. What difference did her helping folk make in the way they felt toward her?
3. Dorcas was trying not to forget that Jesus wanted her to help him in his work. How did she help?
4. Does Jesus still ask others to help him?
5. Who can help him?
6. Can we do any of the things Dorcas did?
7. Supposing Dorcas had forgotten to help the children?

CHAPTER XXV

NICHOLAS MISSES THE CELEBRATION

SOME miles from one of the little villages in far-away Russia lived a small boy named Nicholas. He did not have a very large family, just mother and one smaller, younger brother. But most of the time Nicholas was happy. He helped his mother around the home, did what work he could on their plot of ground and took care of his little brother. Nicholas had been to the village only a few times in his short life. It was so far away. But whenever he had gone he had always slipped into the cathedral there to spend a little time.

Nicholas loved the cathedral! In the summer time it was always cool and in the winter it was always pleasantly warm. He loved the beautiful pictures on the walls. He loved the marvelously carved altar. He loved the music. It seemed to him as if he never had entered the church but what he had heard music. He loved to see the people come in to pray. Nicholas himself often bowed his head before the altar.

One day in early winter Nicholas came home from the village and said to his mother, "Mother, every one in town is talking about the New Year's celebration."

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"Yes?" inquired his mother, absent-mindedly. She was thinking of all that she had to do that long, weary winter. She was not listening intently to what her boy was saying.

"I wish that I could go to the cathedral at New Year's to see the celebration. I would like to worship there that night," said the boy, longingly.

"Well, son," answered his mother, "perhaps you can. We will see what the day is like. It's a long way and you would need to come back after nightfall; but we will see."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the boy; "oh, mother, how I hope I can! I have never seen the New Year's celebration."

"Never, child?"

"No, never, mother. I am ten years old and I have never seen it," answered Nicholas.

"Then you shall surely go this year," declared his mother, firmly.

"You've seen it, haven't you, mother?" asked the boy. He could not talk about anything else.

"Yes, son, I've seen it. The last year your father was here we went together. You were a tiny baby and we left you with your grandmother."

"Tell me about it, mother, please. I love that story," pleaded Nicholas.

So the mother told again the story of the New Year's celebration.

"The great cathedral is all dark," she began. "There is no light anywhere. People crowd into



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THE CATHEDRAL

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its great room before midnight, each bearing an unlighted torch. The great, great church is absolutely unlighted, and it is thronged with worshipers. They stand there silent in the darkness. There is no whisper. There is no word. They are waiting for the stroke of midnight which will usher in the New Year.

“At last the great silence is broken by the pealing of the beautiful bells. A priest comes out from behind the curtains with a lighted torch in his hands. One by one, the great throng still silent, the priest lights the torch of the men nearest to him. Each one of these men lights the torch of the one nearest him, and so the torches all over the church are lighted.

“Shortly the great church is radiant with light, and as the blaze flares up the great organ starts to play and the people join in a hymn of praise.”

Nicholas drew a long breath. “It must be beautiful, mother! May I carry a torch?”

“It is beautiful, son, and wonderful—and, yes, you may carry a torch.”

“Mother,” whispered Nicholas with his face against hers, “some say that the Christ is there that night. Is he?”

“Yes, child, the Christ is there. One can feel his presence and worship him.”

“You are sure I can go, mother?”

“You shall go, Nicholas, and I think I shall let you take your brother with you,” assured his mother.

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"Oh, mother, I'm glad!" And giving her a hearty kiss, the little Russian peasant lad went out to find his brother.

"Brother," he called; "brother, come here!"

And brother came with a group of his little playmates around him.

"Brother," exclaimed Nicholas, "what do you think? We are going into the village to the New Year's celebration, you and I. Mother said we could."

"Are we?" whispered the little brother, his eyes big with wonder.

"Yes, we are. We will see the great crowd of people. We are going to carry a torch. When the bells ring at midnight, all the torches will be lighted and we will see the great church. We will hear the big organ. We can sing with the people."

Thus explained Nicholas to the little brother and his friends.

Day after day went by. It seemed as if New Year's Eve would never come. But it did finally dawn, clear and cold and bright.

Mother prepared the torches, gave each of her boys a lunch, wrapped them warmly, and early in the evening they started for the village.

"You know the way," called mother from the door. "I'll be waiting for you. Come back right after the service."

Hand in hand the boys walked down the road toward the village, and as they walked they

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talked about the celebration they were to see. They were both excited about it. Darkness settled. They were still a long way from the village, but they were not afraid. They knew the way.

All at once little brother stumbled over something in the road, stumbled and fell. And as he fell he heard a peculiar little moan. Nicholas hurried to help his brother and then they looked to see what he had stumbled over.

"A dog, brother," said the little boy. "It is a dog."

"A Russian hound," said Nicholas. "See how white his hair is? As white it is as the snow. That's why we did not see him."

"He's hurt, Nicholas—oh, he's hurt. See his leg."

"Broken, brother. Poor treasure. We must get him out of the road. Some one may drive over him."

Hearing their voices, the dog tried to stand, but he couldn't.

"Poor fellow," said Nicholas. "We will get you out of the road."

He was heavy. It was all the boys could do, but finally they managed to lay the dog one side of the track. Again the dog tried to stand.

Nicholas was thinking: "He will get back in the track. Some one will drive over him. He may try to follow us. Poor fellow, he can't."

What should he do? They could not carry the dog. It was getting late. They must hurry or

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they would miss the celebration. There was just one thing to do, so Nicholas with a little choke in his throat, said to his brother: "Brother, I'll stay with the dog. You go on to the cathedral. Take my torch and hold two—one for me."

"And leave you here? Oh, no, brother," answered the little fellow.

"One of us must stay. You take my torch and go on. There is no need of both missing the beautiful service."

"But I don't want to leave you alone," said the smaller brother.

And though he was terribly disappointed that he could not see the celebration, Nicholas tried to speak with a smile: "You can tell me all about it when you come back. And, brother, try to feel the presence of the Christ-child. Say a prayer for me."

The little brother started on the rest of the way alone.

"Bring some one back with you to help carry the dog home," shouted Nicholas after him.

Hour after hour went by. The brother arrived at the cathedral. He saw the great throngs. He heard the peals of the bells. And then they started to light the torches. Ah, what a beautiful sight! The great organ began to play. All the people started to sing. Brother felt the beauty of it all. Surely, there was the presence of the Christ-child.

When the service was over, a man standing

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close to little brother said, "Why carry you two torches, son?"

And brother told him how one belonged to Nicholas and what had happened to them on the way.

"And your brother stayed with the dog?" questioned the man.

"Oh, yes, sir, and I must find some one to go back with me so that we can care for the hound."

"I'll go with you," answered the stranger.

So together in their Russian sleigh, the stranger and brother traveled fast over the road together.

"There, there he is," said the brother. "He's lying down by the dog."

"Nicholas!" called his brother. "Nicholas!"

But Nicholas did not answer. They could not awaken him.

"Quick," ordered the stranger. "We will put him and the dog in the sleigh. We must hurry home."

So they put the boy and dog in the sleigh and hurried home.

Hours later when both boy and dog were cared for and they knew that Nicholas would be all right, the stranger came into the room and said to Nicholas, "You gave your torch to brother and stayed with the wounded dog."

"I wanted to see the celebration," said Nicholas. "I wanted to feel the presence of the Christ-child. I did want to worship him there

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and let him know that I am glad he came to earth.”

“He does know that you are glad, child,” said the stranger. “You do worship him. The Christ-child rejoices in what you have done this night.”

“Are you sure?” questioned Nicholas.

“I am sure,” answered the stranger.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. What *golden deed* did Nicholas do?
2. Why do you think the Christ-child would be pleased?
3. Did you ever give up going some place when you wanted to go?
4. Name some *golden deeds* of giving up you know about.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BOY ON LONDON BRIDGE

NEAR the great city of London, across the River Thames, there spans a great, wonderful bridge. Nearly always this bridge is brilliantly lighted so that you can see anyone who crosses it. But during the years of the war, when airplanes were circling above trying to locate the bridge to bomb it, they did not dare have the great arc lamps alight. All the immense globes were painted black. Only one little round space at the very bottom of the light was left white. Through this one little round white space, a straight, faint ray of light shot down to a single spot on the bridge. How dark it was! The soldiers guarding the bridge paced back and forth in the black night, listening, always listening, for the sound of an airplane above or for footsteps below.

One cold, rainy night the soldier boy guarding the bridge stopped suddenly in his pacing. Quickly he raised his gun. What was that he heard! Silently he listened. Someone was coming. Who could be out on such a cold, cheerless night? Surely, no one would be crossing the bridge in that storm.

But some one was coming, and yet, how

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strange the sound, the slow "Tap! tap! tap! tap!" Nearer the sound came and nearer. Just as the soldier was ready to cry, "Halt!" a little news-boy came under the faint ray of light. Under one arm was a crutch. It had made the peculiar "Tap! tap!" sound. Against the crutch, at every step, swung the boy's poor little withered leg. Under the other arm he had what was left of his roll of evening papers. Watching, the guarding soldier saw the little chap cross the bridge and lean wearily against one of the railings of the bridge.

"Poor little lad," he murmured as he took up his pacing again. "They say London is one of the biggest, greatest cities in the world. But to my mind no city is great which does not care for its children."

Suddenly another sound caught the pacing soldier's ear. Ah! Someone else was coming—some one running. He knew that by the "pitter patter, pitter patter" of fast-falling feet—bare feet too; the splash on the wet bridge said so. Who could be running across the bridge so late that cold night? The soldier did not have long to wait; on the run, a larger boy, one of London's bootblacks, passed him, hurrying home from a day on the street. Bare feet blue with cold, the boy ran bravely on.

"Another poor little youngster. O London! Why do you not care for your children?"

Voices reached his ear. "He must have reached

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the newsboy," thought the soldier. "I'll just march past that way and see what's doing. I do not want anyone to harm the little cripple."

Yes, the bootblack boy had found the little cripple lad and had stopped. Stepping near, unseen in the dark, the soldier heard him say, "Got far to go?"

"Good smart way," replied the cripple, with a smile.

"Pretty tired, I guess?" inquired the bootblack boy, leaning against the rail beside the newsboy.

"Been working all day," replied the cripple lad. "If my leg wasn't short, I wouldn't be tired. But I'll be rested after a while."

"Where do you live?" asked the bootblack.

"Over on Maple Circle. Do you know where that is?"

"Whew!" whistled the bootblack. "Guess I do. Say that's nearly two miles from here! Going to walk?"

"Don't have anything to ride," answered the cripple cheerily.

"I'll give you something to ride," said the bootblack.

The little newsboy looked his companion over and laughed. "You," he said. "What you got to ride?"

"Me," shortly answered the bootblack. He knelt down on the cold, wet floor of the bridge, slipped his kit off from his shoulder and turned

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to the newsboy. "Climb up onto my back," he ordered.

"But you can't carry me," objected the cripple lad. "Not me and your kit too."

"I'll leave my kit here. Hurry up, this bridge is hard! Knees are getting sore," laughed the bootblack.

"But somebody will take your kit while we are gone. You won't have anything to earn money with to-morrow," argued the little cripple.

"Come on! Stop your bothering. Jump on my back. I am a horse. I can prance fine. Try it," urged the bootblack.

So the little cripple boy climbed upon the bootblack's back and wound both little thin arms around his neck. The bootblack straightened up slowly, got his balance, gave one last look at his beloved kit. "Hang on tight," he called up into the tired face of the little newsboy. "I'll get you home in a hurry." And he trotted off into the black, inky, cold, rainy night, leaving behind his precious kit.

The soldier watched them go. Then he picked up the kit. "I will take care of this for you, son," he said under his breath. "It will be here for you when you return. They say," he mused as he paced back and forth, "that London is the greatest city in the world. I have wondered why. Now I know. It is because of the *golden deeds* of her boys."

If London can be called great because her

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boys are kind, the cities of America can be great also.

(Adapted from "The Boy on London Bridge" from *I Wonder Why Stories*, by George Adams. Used by permission of the publishers, the George H. Doran Company, New York.)

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why was not the bridge lighted the night of the story?
2. The soldier was afraid the big boy might harm the cripple. Tell the story of what the big boy did.
3. Why did the soldier decide that London was great?
4. How can you help make your own town great?
5. Make a list of the ways in which your class can help make your town great through *golden deeds* of kindness.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SON OF A NEW ARMENIA

AKSOR AKSORIAN! It was a peculiar name, but the little boy in the big Armenian orphanage was proud of it. Mr. Hardy, the American whom Aksor loved, had given him the name. Mr. Hardy had gathered the Armenian boys and girls and the Turkish boys and girls out of the desert, put them in this house where they could work and play; where they could have clothes to wear and food to eat: a lovely home. Mr. Hardy told them the stories of God the Father and Jesus the Great Teacher. He had shown them some of the *golden deeds* which followers of the good Jehovah do, and named all those who did these deeds "The Sons of a New Armenia." For these reasons every child in the large home loved Mr. Hardy, Aksor most of all.

But this morning Aksor was in trouble. He had forgotten the *golden deeds* Mr. Hardy talked about. He had forgotten the law which the son of a new Armenia should follow. He had gone back to the law of the desert which had been, "Beg or steal—or starve." Aksor had never starved. He had stolen, and Mr. Hardy had sent him to two of his own playmates who were to decide how he should be punished.

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One of these two schoolmates was a Turkish boy. How Aksor hated the Turks! The other judge was Miriam—a little cripple girl whom he liked better than any other playmate he had. Before these two they brought Aksor. The Turkish boy, Mahmoud, spoke first: "You admit that in the shoeshop yesterday you tried to steal one of the boy's needles because it was sharper than yours?"

Aksor nodded his head. What did he care!

"And at closing time you stole the boots the other boys mended so well and passed them off as your own?"

Again Aksor nodded. If he ever got out of there, he'd run away. He'd go back to the desert where he did not have to work.

"Then you took the other boy's pay for his shoes, though it was twice as much money as you should have had?" asked Mahmoud.

Yes, it was all true. Aksor did not deny it.

"Aksor!" It was Miriam who spoke.

Aksor looked up. She was so pretty and so—so—the sight of her crutch hurt Aksor. Miriam stood as she spoke and leaned forward, when "bang" went the crutch to the floor. The little Turkish boy sprang for it and gave it back to Miriam.

"My thanks, Mahmoud," said Miriam, and Aksor was angry. How could Miriam like a Turkish boy! Why, it was a Turkish soldier who had crushed her knee when she was a tiny girl

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and made her lame. He would never, never like a Turk! Nor would he consent to have a Turkish boy tell him what he must do! Never!

Miriam saw the look in Aksor's face, and turning to Mahmoud, she said: "You must tell Aksor what Mr. Hardy decided. It is your turn to do it."

Mahmoud rose slowly. Aksor smiled. Was it hard for the Turkish boy to pass sentence on an Armenian boy? Indeed, Aksor hoped it was hard. Mahmoud had lost his home and money too, or he would not be in the orphanage.

"Glad of it," thought Aksor; "serves him right. Turks ought to suffer and Armenians ought to hate them."

Mahmoud spoke: "We have asked Mr. Hardy what to do with you, Aksor, and he says it is like this: you have taken what was not yours to take. He says that you should give what is yours to give, the—the——"

He hesitated. In a flash Aksor guessed, because there was only one thing which was his to give. The great melon! The melon he had watched and tended all summer, trudging the rough miles every day to water it. The melon that was sure to take the prize at the fair the next day. His melon that he was planning to sell for real money.

"You——" choked Aksor. He sprang to his feet. "My melon! Mine?"

Miriam nodded. Mahmoud nodded. Aksor

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couldn't believe it. Then he turned to Mahmoud: "You! You Turk! Who are you to take my melon from me. It is what a Turk would do — take — take — always take. Thief! You dare call yourself a judge. You are a common thief."

"Aksor," called Miriam, "now we shall have to put you in the school jail for to-night. Tomorrow you shall go to the gardens, get your melon, and tell Mr. Hardy it is your gift to the school."

How could Miriam side with a Turk! How could Mr. Hardy side with a Turk! He gave one look at Miriam and she answered: "It is right! You have taken what was not yours to take. You must give what is yours to give. There is but one law for both Turk and Armenian. That is the law of God. Mr. Hardy says that this is the only way in which we can build the new Armenia."

So they led Aksor away to the school jail. And while he went, a wild plan was forming in his mind. He wouldn't stay there. He wouldn't work for them any more. He'd run away! He would never give up his melon. He would steal it himself—steal it and sell it at the early market. He'd go back to the desert. Mr. Hardy? Well, if Mr. Hardy were going to side with the Turks, what was the use of staying?

Five hours later Aksor was slipping along the dark road outside the city. The gardens were

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just a mile away, but it seemed longer in the dark, dark night. He started at every shadow. The rough track was hard to keep. He stumbled and fell. How terrible the old days in the desert! How safe the orphanage! Oh, why had he left? He was an exile again.

Nearer he came to the gardens. "Crack—crack." Two shots he heard beyond the rise. There was trouble. Somebody was fighting in the school gardens.

One moment of fear and then, "How dare they?" cried Aksor, and ran for the gardens. He would die defending the school gardens. Three dim struggling figures broke apart as Aksor came. One fell with a groan at Aksor's feet! The others fled before his fists. Aksor bent over the boy who had fallen, and two startled cries came as one.

"You, Mahmoud?"

"Aksor!"

"After my melon, were you?" thought Aksor and clinched his fists again. But he couldn't strike a boy whose eyes had closed.

"They did not get your melon, Aksor," said Mahmoud, faintly. "We frightened them away. But, my arm——"

"What are you doing here?" asked Aksor.

"I—I heard two of them talking in the market place," whispered Mahmoud. "They were going to steal the melons. I have watched two nights. I made Mr. Hardy let me come."

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“But your vines are not on this side. This is the Armenian patch. Here, why, here is my melon. Why?”

Could it be that Mahmoud, the Turkish boy, had risked his life out here in the darkness for an Armenian—for him?

“Mr. Hardy says—the law of God—for the new Armenia,” answered Mahmoud. Then he fainted.

The Turkish boy was wounded defending his, Aksor’s melon! What should he do? He knew. The stakes at the corners of his garden he would use for splints. Off came his coat for padding. One phrase rang in his ears—“The law of God for the new Armenia.” How he bandaged Mahmoud’s arm and half carried him back through the rough midnight, Aksor never knew, but when he had taken the Turkish boy to the school hospital, he marched himself back and locked himself in the jail.

The next morning Aksor was called before his schoolmates again. With them sat Mr. Hardy. It must mean that they were going to send him away from the school because he had run away. Well, he deserved it. He stood straight, his eyes bright and steady.

“Aksor,” said Mr. Hardy in his crisp American voice, “Mahmoud will not be out of the hospital for a week. Yesterday you were a son of the desert. But last night you acted like a son of the new Armenia. Mahmoud wants you to

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take his place until he is well. I approve, and so does Miriam.

Aksor looked at Miriam happily. "The law of God for the new Armenia," her eyes seemed to say.

(Adapted from the story "The Son of a New Armenia," published in The Church School, and used by permission of the author, Miss Mary Jenness.)

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. How did it happen that Aksor and Mahmoud were both living in the same home?
2. Can you tell why Aksor hated the Turks?
3. What had Aksor done that was wrong?
4. What was the punishment his schoolmates gave him?
5. Tell the story of how Aksor saved Mahmoud.
6. What law did both Aksor and Mahmoud learn to follow?
7. Find a picture of an orphanage and take to class with you.
8. Learn the golden rule for *golden deeds*:
"Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."



AKSOR

CHAPTER XXVIII

Hajeela

A LONG, long way from here there is a country called Africa. It is a big, big country, much larger than our own. It has beautiful mountains and wonderful rivers. It has mighty forests and a great, hot desert. It is a rich, rich land, too, for they have many gold mines and great diamond mines. But many of the people who live there have never heard the story of God, the heavenly Father, who helps us, nor the beautiful story of Jesus, who came to show us what God wishes us to do. They had no schools. They had no doctors. And, of course, they had no hospitals where they could take care of their sick folk, until some people from our country, who remembered that Jesus told us to go into every part of the world and tell people about God, went to Africa and, in order to tell their wonderful story, they built churches and schools and hospitals.

Into one of these schools, one day, came a little brown-skinned girl whose name was Hajeela. Oh, but she was the dirtiest little girl! I don't believe you have ever seen anyone as dirty as she was. Most of the other girls and the boys in the room were not very clean, but when Hajeela sat

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down beside them, they would move away from her and say, "Get away from me. You're dirty!"

"Dirty your own self," would cry Hajeela.

"Yes, but I am not as dirty as you are."

There wasn't a child in the entire school who would let Hajeela sit beside her.

One day one of the missionary teachers came into the room and said to the little girl, "Come upstairs with me, Hajeela; I have something I want to show you."

The brown-skinned girl followed the teacher upstairs, and the teacher led her right to a wash basin, and began to scrub her hand and arm. Hajeela was frightened. She had never seen a washbowl before. And soap! How it did foam! The teacher rubbed that foam up and down, up and down the little girl's arm, and when she rinsed the soap off, what a difference there was! Her arm and hand were just as clean as yours are after a bath. Hajeela put it up beside her other arm, and how she did laugh!

"Why," she said, "is that my arm?"

That night when she went home she carried a bar of soap the teacher gave her, and the next day when she came to school she was the very cleanest little girl there. All the girls and boys liked to have Hajeela sit beside them then because she was so clean. And she never came to school dirty again.

Some things about this school where the missionary teacher was Hajeela liked, and some

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things she did not care about. The things she loved best were the stories the teacher told about Jesus and the picture cards which were given her to take home. The little girl would just look, and look, and look at those picture cards. She would tell the stories over and over again. When anyone came near her, Hajeela would show her picture card and tell her story.

On the very last day of school they had an entertainment, and everybody was invited to come. "Please, mama," begged Hajeela, "please go with me. The other boys and girls are going to have their mamas there."

So Hajeela's mama went. After the exercises were over, Hajeela took her mama and introduced her to the teacher, the way she had been taught in the school, and while the two were visiting together, Hajeela ran out to play with the other children.

"Yes, school is over for this year," said the missionary teacher. "We are going away for a little while. But we will be back again to open the school. Do not forget what you have learned about the heavenly Father and his Son Jesus. Promise that while we are gone you will not forget," pleaded the teacher.

"Forget!" Hajeela's mama exclaimed. "Do you think that I could forget with Hajeela in my house? I shall not have a chance to forget."

"Oh, does Hajeela help you remember?" asked the teacher.

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“Help me remember! She gives me no chance to forget!” laughed the mother.

“How does she do that?” inquired Hajeela’s teacher.

“Every night when she comes home from your school she brings the picture card you give her. She gathers all the children of the neighborhood around her—all the children who go to school and all the children who do not go to school. Then she shows them her pictures and tells them all the Jesus stories she can remember.”

“She does!” exclaimed the teacher.

“Yes,” continued Hajeela’s mama, “yes, and many times the men and women who cannot go to school stand around and listen to her. They never go away until she is all through showing her pictures and telling her stories.”

“That is a lovely service,” said the teacher, softly. “That is a real *golden deed*.”

Then Hajeela’s mama looked up at the teacher. “I wish——” she began and then stopped.

“What do you wish?”

“Oh,” hurried the mother, “I wish my little Hajeela could have lots of pictures; many, many of them to give to the children who come to see her. I wish she could give them each a little picture when she tells her stories, even to the men. They like pictures. Then they would never forget, either.”

Hajeela’s mama was all out of breath when

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she finished and a little frightened to think that she had said so much.

"I'll get the cards for Hajeela," said the teacher, quietly.

The mother was not expecting that. She took hold of the teacher's arm and exclaimed: "Will you? Oh, will you really? I am sure, then, the other children will never forget the Jesus stories. Oh, I am so glad you will get the pictures!"

"Indeed, I will," said the teacher, turning to go.

"Wait, please wait. You must tell my little girl," and the mother turned around calling, "Hajeela! Hajeela! Come here! Come quickly!"

Hajeela came running. "What is it, mama?"

"Your teacher says that she will get pictures for you to give to the other children when you tell them the Jesus stories."

Hajeela looked into her teacher's face and whispered, "Can you?"

"Yes, dear, I can and will," answered the teacher.

The little girl's eyes just danced. "Oh, I am so happy!" She clapped her hands and jumped up and down. "How?" she asked. "When will you get them?"

"I'll have the boys and girls in America send them to me for you," promised the teacher.

"Oh, will they do that?" the little girl's eyes were big and round with wonder.

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“Yes, they will,” again promised the teacher.
“But, good-by. I must go now.”

“Good-by,” called Hajeela; but just as the teacher went out the last thing she heard was little Hajeela’s voice calling, “Please don’t forget to send me the pictures.”

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why was it that they did not have churches and schools and hospitals in Africa?
2. Who told them the story of Jesus?
3. Do you think it makes boys and girls happier to know about Jesus? Why?
4. How was Hajeela going to tell the story?
5. Where will she get her pictures from? Who will give them?
6. Collect Bible pictures and take to your teacher to send to little girls like Hajeela.

CHAPTER XXIX

A NEW DOCTOR FOR CHINA

CHEN, a little Chinese boy, awakened to find himself one morning in a little mission hospital in South China. Over him bent Doctor Leonard, the American doctor, the foreigner whom Chen did not want in his village.

"How did I come here?" asked Chen, weakly.

"We carried you here on a stretcher. We have already set your broken arm, put your shoulder in place, and dressed the wounds the tiger's teeth made. You'll soon be all right," answered the doctor.

"Oh, yes, I remember," frowned Chen. "The tiger hunt. My companion Ho was with me. Where is he?"

"He was hurt too, but he is here at the hospital, and we will let him come to see you soon," replied the doctor.

Day after day the American doctor dressed Chen's wounds, but, strange to say, Chen did not like the foreign doctor.

"Bah," he thought, "they do not know how to care for sick people. These foreigners do not burn out the evil spirits with hot irons. They do not know how to run needles into them so as to cure our sores. Our Chinese doctors are good

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enough for me. And yet, these folks here are getting better. I wouldn't like hot irons and needles myself. But I wish these foreign doctors would stay in America where they belong."

And every time the doctor came near Chen he frowned darkly back at him.

One morning Doctor Leonard bandaged Chen's arm and then slipped the little glass "pencil" into Chen's mouth to see if he had any fever.

"This little pencil must be some magic very precious to the doctor," thought Chen. "I heard him say that he only had two left. Maybe I could break this. Then he'd only have one."

Grasping the little "pencil" firmly in his teeth, Chen pulled sharply down with his well hand. The "pencil" snapped.

"Spit it out. It is poison," cried the doctor, and slapped Chen sharply on the back of the neck, and the little glass "pencil" flew out of his mouth.

"Open your mouth," commanded the doctor. "No, he's all right," he added to the nurse. "Why, boy, you might have killed yourself. That silver inside the glass is poison. It can't hurt you while inside the tube, but it would kill you if you swallowed it."

"That was a narrow escape, Chen," said the nurse. "What made you break it?"

But Chen only frowned. And the nurse left the room.

"They never scolded me," said Chen to him-

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self. "My father would have been angry. Is it the foreign religion that keeps them from being angry? I wonder. If they had scolded me, I could go home and laugh at them, because they would be no different from us. But——"

Just then Chen heard the "tap, tap" of Ho's crutch. He came in and plumped down panting on a chair beside Chen. "What do you think, Chen," began Ho, excitedly, "the foreign doctor says I may stay here and take care of the new cow instead of going home right away. Besides, he'll pay me my board." Ho's eyes sparkled.

"Humph," grunted the sullen Chen, "you better go home. I would if I were you."

"Oh, but you ought to see the cow, Chen. She has little horns and she does not look very strong. She is sort of deformed, not at all like the big cows we plow with. You would laugh to see what a sight she is, but she gives five times as much milk as any cow I ever saw. It's wonderful the way this foreign——"

"There you go again," interrupted Chen, angrily. "Foreign, foreign, foreign! What do we want of these foreign cows, or these foreign doctors, either!"

"But, Chen," said Ho, astonished, "these foreign teachers are our friends. Doctor Leonard says he hopes the farmers around here will raise cows like his because they give so much more milk."

"Well, I don't hope so," snapped Chen.

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"I do," said Ho; "Doctor Leonard says that milk is good for babies and sick people, and this cow helps a lot with the hospital.

"Humph!" grunted Chen.

"I'm going," concluded Ho. Chen was so unpleasant that he did not want to talk with him any longer. "I am going out to play."

"Ho is mean," said Chen under his breath, "going off and having a good time when I can't get out at all." Then suddenly an idea came to Chen. He laughed out loud. He would get even with Ho.

Chen slipped out of the hospital. No one was in sight. Out to the stables he went and forced back the barn door with his weak left arm. There was the strange cow. Was she indeed a cow? He spoke to her soothingly and gently unfastening the strap, he led her out into the field. Carefully Chen urged her on. If he could only get her out into the hills, what a hunt Ho would have! The foreign doctor would surely be angry then and scold. Who cared for his old foreign milk? Snatching his old straw hat from his head, Chen flopped it round and round to frighten the cow away, but she only tried to get back to the stable. Chen rushed at her, but the cow with wide frightened eyes, outcircled him. Suddenly she sank forward, doubling up until she almost fell on her head. Instantly Chen knew what had happened. She had stepped into a deep hole. The cow pulled herself out of the hole, but when she tried

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to take a step forward she went down on her broken leg. "Moo," she called, pitifully.

Frightened now, Chen crept forward. Softly he called to the cow. She tried to crawl away from him. Tenderly he felt of her injured leg. If only he knew how to make a splint!

"Lay still, bossy. Don't move. There, there, Chen will fix it, my treasure." So he tried to soothe her.

If only some one would come! With his teeth and weak left hand he untied the bandage on his own broken arm, but when the bandage was off he couldn't use his right arm and he couldn't bind up the cow's leg with only one hand. The sun was fast setting. The mosquitoes arose in a cloud and Chen tried to beat them away from the cow. Would no one ever come? There, he saw a blue-clad figure in the hospital yard.

"Ho, oh Ho!" he called, "Ho!"

There was a faint answer.

"Ho, Ho!" Chen shouted again. "Quick!"

The blue-clad figure came into the field.

"Ho," called Chen again. "Hurry!"

But Ho stood still for a moment. Then he broke into a limping run. "What is the matter?" panted Ho as soon as he could be heard.

"Get Doctor Leonard," called Chen. "The cow has broken her leg. Hurry!"

"But how—how did she get here?" questioned Ho.

"Get Doctor Leonard," commanded Chen,

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In a surprisingly short time Doctor Leonard came. But instead of looking at the cow, the doctor began to examine Chen's arm.

"I could bind up her leg, Doctor. I am sure I could if I had the things," pleaded Chen. "Oh, won't you try to do something for her? Won't you just try? You have so much foreign magic."

The doctor shook his head. "It never has been done. We will have to kill her to put her out of her pain."

"And what shall I do for milk now? Our smallest boy was going to pull through on milk." The doctor looked sadly at the cow. "And I thought this was one more problem of China solved," he said to himself.

They put Chen back in his clean bed. Late that night he held the thick quilt before his mouth to stifle his sobbing—he—who had not cried when they dressed his wounds. But he had killed the poor cow. The foreign doctor had not scolded. He had just looked sad and had talked anxiously about the little sick boy who could not live without milk. The foreign doctor did not have magic or he would have cured the cow. It was knowledge he had. And it was not just foreign knowledge. Anybody could learn how. It might be that he, Chen, could study and learn how to cure folks.

Chen sat up in bed at the thought. "Maybe I could be a doctor." He slipped out of bed

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and down the corridor to the office. There at the desk sat Doctor Leonard. He was writing a letter and he had just written, "So the cow is dead," when he saw Chen.

"Well, Chen?" he asked smiling.

"Honorable Doctor," sobbed Chen, "I drove the cow away. But I never meant to hurt her. I am very sorry. And you did not scold me. Is it the foreign religion that keeps you from scolding?"

Doctor Leonard put down his pen. "It is not a *foreign* religion, Chen," he answered. "There is only one God for all the world. He has been China's God as long as he has been the God of my people or of any other people. We are not telling you about a foreign *religion*!"

"Then why did we not know before?" asked Chen in wonder.

"Those who knew have been slow to tell, very slow," replied Doctor Leonard and smiling continued, "and you were slow to listen."

"Then there is no foreign religion any more than there is foreign medicine?" asked the boy. "There are Chinese doctors who know the medicine you know?"

Doctor Leonard nodded. "Yes, many who know all we know."

"Then, *I* too will be one," exclaimed Chen, firmly. "And I shall set all bones—all; cows' bones and all." Chen went happily to bed.

Late that night Doctor Leonard finished his

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letter. "So the cow is dead," it read, "but I think we have gained a new doctor for China."

(Adapted by permission of the Missionary Education Movement from *The Honorable Crimson Tree and Other Tales of China*, by Anita B. Ferris, copyright 1919, by Everyland Press.)

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Who helps build hospitals in China?
2. Name some of the ways in which Chinese doctors try to cure people.
3. Why did Chen break the glass tube, and frighten the cow?
4. Do you know why the foreign doctor did not scold Chen?
5. What did Chen finally decide to do?
6. What would happen if no one went to other countries and told the people about God the Father, and Jesus?
7. Find a picture of a hospital and take to class with you.

CHAPTER XXX

KEEP THE DOORS OPEN

IN a little village called Yeot-mal in far-away India, Miss Estella Conway kept a little mission school and served as the pastor of the one Christian church of the village. Many children and grown people had heard the Jesus stories. Many of them had been baptized and had joined the church. Of course they had to have some one who could guide them, teach them, preach for them. And this is what Miss Conway was doing. And next Sunday was to be a big day! Over a hundred boys and girls were to be baptized and join the church. It was the one thing they had been talking about for weeks.

Friday morning before that Sunday arrived two junior Hindu girls came early to the mission school. They sat down outside the door to wait for Miss Conway. Pretty girls they were, Dulares and Ramabai, with their light skin, with their flashing black eyes, their long, flowing white robes, one end of which they drew up over their black, black hair.

"Ramabai," said Dulares, it is wonderful for us to have this school here. I am so happy about it."

"Yes, I am glad too, Dulares," said Ramabai.

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"Do you know where I'd be if I were not in this school?"

"Where?" asked Dulares.

"I'd be sold! My father was going to sell me to a man for his wife, but he said that he would let me come to school while the school lasted."

"Oh, Ramabai," said Dulares, "don't, don't let your father sell you to that man to be his wife. Look at Eulabi!" And Dulares dropped her voice to a whisper.

"Eulabi?" questioned Ramabai.

"Yes, Eulabi," said Dulares. "She was married to a man. He has died and his people say that Eulabi is to blame for it, and they beat her terribly and make her do all the work for the family."

"Oh, Dulares," shivered Ramabai, "really?"

"Yes, really. That's what happens to little girls like we are when they are widows. I am glad that I am in this school where the Jesus lady won't let that happen to me."

Ramabai shivered again. "I am too," she said.

Just then they saw Miss Conway coming down the village street from the church to the school. A face full of sweetness and a heart full of love she had. Every child in town knew instinctively that he was safe with Miss Conway. The two girls jumped up and hurried to meet her.

"Oh, Miss Conway," called Dulares before they had come close to her, "Ramabai and I are so glad we have this school."

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"Why, child?" asked Miss Conway. She wanted to know what the children had been talking about.

"Because we learn about Jesus here. Because we know as much as our brothers when we get out. Because we are happy here. Because we are safe here," answered Dulares.

Ramabai pressed close to the side of the missionary lady-teacher-pastor. "Miss Conway," she whispered, "the school will always be here, won't it?"

"I hope so, Ramabai," answered Miss Conway, quietly, but noticing the startled, frightened look on the little girl's face, she inquired, "Why do you ask, child?"

Snuggling closer to the missionary lady as to a protector, Ramabai said, softly, "I'd be sold if I were not in school."

They entered the building then and started to work. In the midst of their morning session a man dressed in a long white cotton coat came to the mission door, saluted, and handed a long business-like looking envelope to Miss Conway. Then he stepped back waiting.

Miss Conway opened the envelope with every little eye in the room upon her. She had read only a little way when she raised her hand to her heart and her face turned white.

"Oh, Mem Sahib," called Ramabai and ran to the teacher's side. "What is it? Tell me the trouble."

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"It is the school, Ramabai," answered the teacher. "This message says that the school and the church must be closed. There is no money to run them longer."

"Oh!" wailed Ramabai, and throwing her robe over her head she ran like a deer from the room.

"Dulares, go after Ramabai," ordered the teacher. "Bring her back."

Poor little girl. There was no telling what she might not try to do while she was so frightened.

Miss Conway dismissed the messenger and slowly reread the letter. One paragraph held her attention:

For some reason the money from America has not come. For several months now we have not received it. We have waited until the last minute, but now the school and the church must be closed. *Baptize no more*, for we will not have the money with which to keep a pastor or a teacher there to lead them.

"Baptize no more," said Miss Conway to herself, "and over a hundred boys and girls ready to be baptized next Sunday. What will become of the children in my school? Oh, I cannot bear to have them go back to their old life."

Looking toward the door, she saw Dulares bringing in Ramabai. The little frightened girl came in and threw herself down by the teacher's side. Miss Conway put her loving arms around her.

"What will become of my children?" she

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thought to herself, but aloud she said, "Children, we must all be brave and think what we can do."

"We do give money," said Dulares.

"Yes, dear, all you can, I know," answered Miss Conway. "You go hungry often in order to give money to the school."

"Nahabo gave all his rice yesterday and had no dinner," volunteered one small pupil.

"It is the money from America. It has not come," explained Miss Conway.

"Maybe they have had a famine like ours," suggested one pupil.

"Maybe the boys and girls of America have forgotten," said Ramabai, raising her tear-stained face to the teacher. "Shall we remind them?"

"We can try," answered the teacher.

It would be something for the boys and girls to do while she thought of something which could be done. The pupils set to work.

"Baptize no more," the letter said. Miss Conway seemed to see her hundred boys and girls trying to come into the church, trying to enter the door, trying to follow Jesus, and she seemed to see hands, white hands, American hands, pulling them back, keeping them away.

"The doors, oh, the doors! If they could only keep them open!" she sighed to herself.

Feeling a light touch on her arm, she looked down. There stood one of her brightest boys. He was holding his letter to the boys and girls in

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America in his hand. Miss Conway took it to read.

“Dear Brothers [it read], If you close our school, I will have to go back and be a street sweeper like my father, but if you will keep it open I will some day be a great doctor.”

Miss Conway smiled down into the upturned face. “That’s right, Nahado, you will,” she said. Then came Ramabai with her letter:

“Dear sisters in America, If you close our school, I must be sold to a man to be his wife and be a slave all the rest of my life. Please remember and keep the school open.”

Then came Dulares:

“Dearest American boys and girls. Please keep our doors open! You have helped us so much, please do not stop now. I am going to pray the heavenly Father to help you remember, and then I know that you will.”

Turning to Dulares, Miss Conway said: “We will all pray to the heavenly Father. And I will stay with you just as long as we can get enough to eat. Surely, America will soon send money. There must be a way to keep the school and the church open. Let us be cheerful and happy. Now we will pray.”

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Every little head was bowed and every little eye was closed while Miss Conway prayed: "Dear heavenly Father, we all love thee and want to learn how you would have us live. We want to know about Jesus so we can follow him. We can't know without our school and our church. Please help our friends in America to remember us. Amen."

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why do you think the children were happy in the mission school?
2. What made it necessary to think of closing the school?
3. Whom did Miss Conway think of first?
4. Why did the boys and girls decide that the children of America could not send money?
5. What were they willing to do?
6. What are we willing to do?
7. Write a prayer to the heavenly Father telling what we will do for Hindu girls and boys.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BELONG

CHRISTOPHER MARCONI, an Italian boy nine years old, left his home among the sunny hills of Italy and came to this land of ours with his father and mother. Christopher was very much excited about it. His father and mother had talked to him a great deal about the new America. Naturally, this Italian boy was anxious to see this wonderful land of promise. He couldn't wait to get off the boat. He thought that they never would get away from the officials who examined them. But at last they were in the city.

"How funny this is!" he thought to himself. "It is so strange, so different from my Italy. This is not my home."

But he took tight hold of his father's hand on one side and tight hold of his mother's hand on the other. He did belong to them. They would find the way, and where they were that was his home.

On a slip of paper Christopher's father had the address of their new home in this city. But none of them knew how to get there. He crossed to the center of the street to ask a policeman.

"Will you kindly tell me how to find this place?" he asked the policeman.

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But he spoke in Italian. The policeman could not understand what he said. He looked at the paper, however, and knew that the Italian wanted directions, so he said in English, "Three blocks east to Walnut Street and seven north to Orange."

Alas! the Italian could not understand English.

There they stood! The Italian talking rapidly in his language, the policeman trying to answer in his. Neither one could understand the other.

Christopher wanted to cry! "It is so strange," he thought. "I can not understand anything they do or say. I do not belong here. This is not my home."

Finally from the crowd which had gathered, a twelve-year-old boy, Norman Steeple, stepped up to the policeman. "I'll take them to the address," he said, "if I know where it is."

The policeman handed him the paper.

Yes, he knew where that street was. Stepping to the curb, the boy beckoned the Italian and Christopher to follow. The policeman motioned them to go with the boy, and though they could not understand the words the policeman spoke, they did know what he meant by these signs. So they followed Norman.

Safely at the address, Norman, forgetting that the little boy could not understand English, said: "Here we are. I hope that you will like America."

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The Italians shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads, but their faces showed their thanks.

Christopher was in his new home!

As the weeks went by the new country did not seem so strange. To be sure, father and mother worked all day and went to night school nearly every evening, but Christopher went to school in the daytime and learned to speak English. Soon he succeeded in getting a paper route. He was going to earn money by selling newspapers on the street.

All went well for several weeks, and if Christopher's father and mother had lived, he would probably have liked his new home, but just as they thought they were getting acquainted with the new ways of America both father and mother were taken ill and died. Christopher was left alone.

The little boy continued going to school for a little while, continued selling papers and living in his one room. But when the man came for the rent Christopher could not pay it. So the man took what little furniture there was and Christopher was without a home.

Then he had to give up school. He could not earn enough money just selling papers nights and mornings. He must work during the day.

Day after day he cried his wares on the street, "Evening Post!" "Evening Post!"

Night after night he crawled into any hole he could find to sleep.

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During the days he wanted sunny Italy and his playmates there. During the nights he wanted his father and his mother with their home. What if it were but one room? He had belonged there and some one cared for him. He wanted somebody to whom he belonged. All the other boys had somebody.

Sometimes it was hard to keep the tears back as, after a hard day's work, he lay down under the arch of a bridge to try to sleep. "Oh, mother," he sobbed, "I want you. Oh father, I want you for my own folk."

But every morning Christopher was up with smiling face again shouting his papers. Standing on one of the busiest corners of the city one morning, he noticed a man beckon to him from across the street. He ran over. "Times, sir?" he called on the way.

The man nodded and after he had paid for his paper, he put his hand on Christopher's shoulder. "Bless you, my lad," he said and walked on to his office.

Christopher stood quiet on that busy corner for seconds—long seconds. "Bless you, my lad—my lad—*my* lad," kept running through his mind.

Then through the crowd he darted, caught up with the man who had spoken to him and followed him to his office. Every day for three days Christopher followed that man whenever he saw him, until one evening the man stopped Christopher and said, "Lad, why do you follow me?"

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And looking into his face Christopher replied, "You said, 'My lad.' I didn't suppose I was anybody's lad and I—want—to—belong—to somebody."

"No home, laddie?" inquired the man, quietly. Christopher shook his head.

"No father, no mother?" asked the man.

Again Christopher shook his head.

"Come with me," said the man, and he took Christopher to his home.

As they were nearing the home a boy came running to meet his father. It was Norman Steeple. Before his father could say a word Norman said, "I know you."

And Christopher said: "I know you. You showed us where our home was when we first came here."

Long that evening they talked, and before they went to bed Norman's father said to Christopher: "My lad, we have a place for you—a home where you shall belong. You will have playmates and a 'mother.' She will not be like your own mother, but she will love you and you will love her. To-morrow we will take you to this Children's Home.

The next day, rested, clean and happy, they took Christopher to a lovely place with a great green lawn, with flowers, and with, above all, a mother.

He had some one to whom he could belong.

BOY WHO WANTED TO BELONG

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Can you imagine how you would feel if you went to a country where you could not understand a word anyone said?
2. Why did Christopher feel strange?
3. What kind of a home did Norman's father take Christopher to?
4. Who made that home for boys like Christopher?
5. Can you think of other ways we can help make boys and girls of other lands happier in our land? Make a list.

CHAPTER XXXII

RITA MAKES A RESCUE

RITA was a little black girl about nine years old. She and her mama had just moved from their sunny three-room cabin in the South to this Northern city, where Rita's mother was the cook in one of the finest homes of the city. Rita was the happiest little colored girl. She helped her mother keep their home as clean as yours and was always ready with a smile for anyone.

She was a bright girl too, was Rita, and one day her mama took her to a most wonderful school. It was finer than anything Rita had ever seen before. Such shining desks! Such pretty windows! Such lovely teachers! And she had one of those shining desks all for her own right by a sunny window. It was wonderful! Rita was very happy, and after her mama left she looked up to smile at the girl at the desk across from hers.

"Why, what can be the trouble?" thought little Rita. "Why won't she smile at me." But every time Rita smiled the girl across the aisle just turned her back and pretended not to see. Rita couldn't understand it.

By and by recess came; and the little colored girl raced out onto the playground. "Maybe I

RITA MAKES A RESCUE

should not have smiled in school," thought Rita. "I'll soon get acquainted out playing."

But when she tried to join in the games the white girls pushed her out, and one of them said, unkindly, "Get away. They may let you come to our school, but you need not think we will let you play with us."

So little Rita went back into the schoolroom. She was too hurt to say anything back to the girls. She just sat in her seat and studied, trying hard not to cry. After school she hurried home, but as she ran she heard some of the boys calling after her, "Nigger! Nigger! Enia, Mina, Miny, Mo! Catch a nigger by the toe." And then all the boys and girls laughed. Straight into her mother's arms Rita ran and sobbed as if her little heart would break.

"They call me names, mama. I don't want to go back to school. They're mean. Let me stay here with you."

"Never mind, my pet," said her mother, "let them call you names if they want to, and don't cry. You study hard and win over every one of them. Stand at the head of your class."

"But they are mean, mama," persisted Rita.

"Do not think about what they said. Think about your work, honey," urged her mother.

So Rita dried her eyes and determined not to cry any more over that. But it was hard every day to sit all alone while the other children were playing. It was hard not to have *one* friend. It

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was hard when they said mean things about her. The hardest thing that little Rita had to bear though was not being invited to the Valentine party which one of the girls gave. Every other girl in that room was invited except Rita. And the next day they were all excited over the lovely, happy time they had had. All but the little colored girl. Rita was unhappy.

That afternoon she walked more slowly toward home, trying to think what to do. The girls were laughing behind her. Some boys across the street had started to call her names. Tears were very near the surface when around the corner came the cry of a little dog. It was a hurt cry. Little Rita darted around that corner as quickly as she could run. Across the street was a little puppy dog trying to climb up on to the curbing. Every time he would get part way up a group of boys would push him back and laugh. One of them had tied an old can to the puppy's tail.

"Bow-wow," came the frightened cry of the little hurt puppy. Then one of the boys threw a stone. It struck the little fellow on the leg.

"Yelp, yelp." It sounded just like "Help, help."

Rita couldn't stand it a minute longer. She threw her books down on the walk, pushed up her sleeves. With one little fist she struck out at the nearest boy. "Leave that puppy alone," she called. "Shame on you. Git out and stay away."



THE WOUNDED HOUND

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She worked as fast as she talked and her little fists did such splendid work that the boys fled.

Then the little colored girl picked up the frightened little puppy. "Poor little dog," she whispered against his smooth brown head, "Rita won't let those naughty old boys hurt him any more."

The puppy whimpered as if he understood just what she was saying.

"Rita will take him home and bind up his paw. She'll make him a bed by the stove and give him lots of supper. Dear little doggie!"

And the puppy reached out his tongue to lick Rita's hand and so say, "Thank you."

The girls had gathered around while Rita was rescuing the puppy. One of them picked up her books. One picked up her hat, and when she crossed the street the girls from the school crowded around her.

"Are you going to keep him, Rita?" asked one.

"Isn't he cute?"

"Wouldn't he be fun to play with?"

"Oh, Rita, do you think your mama will let you keep him?"

"I guess she will," said Rita. "If he does not belong to anyone else, she will. I am going to take him home now and give him something to eat."

The girls handed her her things and Rita started off. "Good-by, Rita," called the girls.

"Good-by," Rita replied.

RITA MAKES A RESCUE

The next morning when Rita went to school the girls were all waiting to hear how the little puppy was, and when Rita went to her desk there was a note for her. It read:

“Dear Rita: We are sorry we have been so mean to you. We are glad you saved the little puppy. We wouldn’t dare do that. Will you let us play with you this recess?”

And it was signed by every girl in the room.

That was the beginning of very happy days for Rita and for her little rescued puppy dog.

STORY QUESTIONS:

1. Why did the boys and girls treat Rita so mean?
2. In what ways did Rita show she was a little Christian girl?
3. Why did the little colored girl save the puppy?
4. God is the heavenly Father of Rita as well as our heavenly Father. How do you think we ought to treat the colored boys and girls?
5. Make a list of five ways in which we can make other races happy.

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