

# Little Caterpillars

I planted some seeds in little pots. Before long they started growing into nice plants. But I noticed that lots of holes were starting to appear on them. I wondered what it was that was eating them. I looked closely and on the other side of the leaves there were tiny white caterpillars. They were eating up my plants! Then I looked at a few other plants that only had one or two little holes on them. They had caterpillars too, but I noticed that if a whole lot had been eaten, the caterpillar would be longer. But if it had just started eating, it was really tiny. They must get longer the more they eat. They start off real little. Our lives are like those plants. And sin is like those caterpillars. Sin always starts off little. We tell a little lie, or steal something small, or disobey a little bit. But before long, it just gets bigger and bigger. The more you do it, the bigger it gets. The more little lies you tell, the more big lies you tell.

I went to the shop and brought some Derris Dust which is like powder. You dust the plants with it, and it kills the caterpillars and other pests. God is our Gardener, and He is the only one who can kill the caterpillars in our lives. We must ask God to forgive us, and kill the sin caterpillars in our lives.

But you know what? I'm sure those caterpillars will

keep coming back! Just because I've put Derris Dust on my plants once, doesn't mean I'm never going to have any trouble anymore! I need to keep an eye on them all the time, because I'll probably need to use my Derris Dust again! We need to always keep a watch out for the sin caterpillars in our lives.

## Keys for Kids

### Accept It

"That dog is getting on my nerves," grumbled Lacey before leaving for school. "I wish we had never agreed to watch the Carlbergs' pet. He does what he wants. He never listens. And he barks, barks, barks!"

"Be glad you go to school and don't have to listen to him all day," replied Mum with a grin. "I don't think Rascal is used to being tied up. The Carlbergs have several acres of fenced-in-land where their dog can run free, and I don't think he likes doing things our way."

"Well, we're just protecting him from traffic," grumbled Lacey. "He should be grateful, but all he does is bark!"

"Rascal is a dog, honey," said Mum. "He can't think like humans."

"Then he should just accept his situation," replied Lacey crossly. She opened the door. "Trust us!" she hollered at the barking animal as she left for school.

That evening, Lacey was so unhappy about her day that she didn't even notice Rascal's barking. "I didn't get selected for the all state chorus," she said, almost in tears. "I think I have a good voice—and I even prayed about this. I think I should have been chosen to go."

“You do have a good voice, and I’m sorry you weren’t chosen,” sympathized her father. He gave her a hug. “Try to remember that God is directing your life even though you may not understand His reasons for what happens,” he added.

“Well, I sure don’t like what he let happen this time,” complained Lacey.

“That’s because you’re thinking like a human and not like our perfect God,” replied Dad.

Mum nodded. “Remember our conversation this morning? We’re like Rascal,” she said. “Since he’s a dog and can’t reason, he doesn’t understand that tying him up is what’s best for him. But you yourself said he needs to accept our decision and trust us even though he doesn’t understand our motives. We, on the other hand, are able to reason, but not the way God does. So we need to accept His plan and trust him. Whatever he does is for our best.”

### **How about you?**

Do you get frustrated when things don’t go your way? Remember that humans don’t think the way God does, so we can’t always understand his perfect reasoning. He simply wants us to accept his best for our life and trust him.

## **Trust God’s Plan**

Quotes and Sayings on Prayer  
Prayer is what moves the arm that moves the world.

Too often prayer is a one-sided affair, degenerating into “Listen,

Lord, thy servant speaketh” instead of “Speak Lord, thy servant heareth.”

Prayer changes things.

If you pray for rain, don't forget your umbrella!

Learn to move men by God through prayer.

Some people's prayers need to be cut off at both ends and set on fire in the middle!

Without prayer, no work is done well.

He stands best who kneels best.

God answers every knee-mail.

When we work, we work. When we pray, God works.

My Heart-Christ's Home (part 1)

The Bible talks about Jesus living in our hearts. This man has written a little story imagining that his heart and life is a

real house. So remember that, as you read this story and it will make more sense!! In a way, it's like a parable. It shows us what a change Jesus makes when he lives in our heart and takes control of our life.

I will never forget the evening I invited him into my heart. What an entrance he made! It was not a spectacular, emotional thing, but very real, occurring at the very center of my soul. He came into the darkness of my heart and turned on the light. He built a fire in the cold hearth and banished the chill. He started music where there had been stillness and harmony where there had been discord. He filled the emptiness with his own loving fellowship. I have never regretted opening the door to Christ and I never will. This, of course, is the first step in making the heart Christ's home. He has said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any one hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me." Rev 3:20. If you want to know the reality of God and the personal presence of Jesus Christ at the innermost part of your being, simply open wide the door and ask him to come in and be your Savior and Lord.

After Christ entered my heart, in the joy of that new-found relationship, I said to him, "Lord, I want this heart of mine to be yours. I want you to settle down here and be fully at home. I want you to use it as your own. Let me show you around and point out some of the features of the home so that you may be more comfortable. I want you to enjoy our time together." He was glad to come and seemed delighted to be given a place in my ordinary little heart.

### The Study

The first room we looked at together was the study—the library. Let us call it the study of the mind. Now in my home this room of the mind is a small room with thick

walls. But it is an important room. In a sense, it is the control room of the house. He entered with me and looked around at the books in the bookcase, the magazines on the table, the pictures on the walls. As I followed his gaze, I became uncomfortable. Strangely enough, I had not felt bad about this room before, but now that he was there with looking at these things, I was embarrassed. There were some books on the shelves his eyes were too pure to look at. On the table were a few magazines a Christian has no business reading. As for the pictures on the walls—the imaginations and thoughts of my mind—some of these were shameful. Red-faced, I turned to him and said, “Master, I know this room really needs to be cleaned up and made over. Will you help me shape it up and change it to the way it ought to be?”

“Certainly,” he replied. “I’m glad to help you! I’ve come to handle things like this! First of all, take all the materials you are reading and viewing which are not true, good, pure and helpful, and throw them out! Now put on the empty shelves the books of the Bible. Fill the library with the Scriptures and meditate on them day and night. As for the pictures on the walls, you will have difficulty controlling these images, but I have something that will help. “He gave me a full-sized portrait of himself. “Hang this centrally,” he said, “on the wall of the mind.” I did, and I have discovered through the years that when my thoughts are centered on Christ, the awareness of his presence, purity and power causes wrong and impure thoughts to back away. So he has helped me to bring my thoughts under his control, but the struggle remains.

If you have difficulty with this little room of the mind, let me encourage you to bring Christ there. Pack it full with the word of God, study it, meditate on it and keep clearly before you the presence of the Lord Jesus.

## The Dining Room

From the study we went into the dining room, the room of appetites and desires. Now this was a large room, a most important place to me. I spent a lot of time and hard work trying to satisfy all my wants;.

I told him, "This is a favorite room. I'm sure you will be pleased with what we serve here."

He seated himself at the table and inquired, "What is on the menu for dinner tonight?"

"Well," I said, "my favorite dishes: money, academic degrees, stocks, with newspaper articles of fame and fortune as side dishes." These were the things I liked, thoroughly secular fare. There was nothing so very bad in any of them, but it was not really the kind of food which would feed the soul and satisfy true hunger.

When the plates were placed before my new friend, he said nothing. However, I noticed that he did not eat. I asked, somewhat disturbed, "Savior, don't you like this food? What is the trouble?"

He answered, "I have food to eat you do not know of. My food is to do the will of him that sent me." He looked at me again and said, "If you want food that really satisfies you, do the will of your heavenly Father. Put his pleasure before your own. Stop striving for your own desires, your own ambitions, your own satisfactions. Seek to please him. That food will really satisfy you. Try a bit of it!"

And there about the table He gave me a taste of doing God's will. What flavor! There is no food like it in the entire world. It alone satisfies. At the end everything else leaves you hungry.

What's the menu in the dining room of our desires? What kind of food are we serving our divine companion and serving ourselves? Our self-centered wants? Or are we finding God's will to be our soul-satisfying meat and drink?

## The Living Room

We moved next into the living room. This was a quiet, comfortable room with a warm atmosphere. I like it. It had a fireplace, sofa, overstuffed chairs, a bookcase and an intimate atmosphere.

He also seemed pleased with it. He said, "Indeed, this is a delightful room. Let's come here often. It's secluded and quiet, and we can have good talks and fellowship together."

Well, naturally, as a young Christian I was thrilled. I couldn't think of anything I would rather do than have a few minutes alone with Christ in close companionship.

He promised, "I will be here every morning early. Meet me here and we will start the day together."

So, morning after morning, I would go downstairs to the living room. He would take a book of the Bible from the bookcase, open it, and we would read it together. He would unfold to me the wonder of God's saving truth recorded on its pages and make my heart sing as he shared all he had done for me and would be to me. Those times together were wonderful. Through the Bible and his Holy Spirit he would talk to me. In prayer I would respond. So our friendship deepened in these quiet times of personal conversation.

However, under the pressure of many responsibilities, little by little, this time began to be shortened. Why, I'm not sure. Somehow I assumed I was just too busy to give special, regular time to be with Christ. This was not a deliberate decision, you understand; it just seemed to happen that way. Eventually not only was the period shortened, but I began to miss days now and then, such as during midterms or finals. Matters of urgency demanding my attention were continually crowding out the quiet times of conversation with Jesus. Often I would miss it two days in a row or more.

One morning, I recall rushing down the steps in a hurry to

be on my way to an important appointment.

As I passed the living room, the door was open. Glancing in I saw a fire in the fireplace and Jesus sitting there. Suddenly, in dismay, it came to me, “He is my guest. I invited him into my heart! He has come as my Savior and friend to live with me. Yet here I am neglecting Him.”

I stopped, turned and hesitantly went in. With downcast glance I said, “Master, I’m sorry! Have you been here every morning?”

“Yes,” he said, “I told you I would be here to meet with you.” I was even more ashamed! He had been faithful in spite of my faithlessness. I asked him to forgive me and he did, as he always does when we acknowledge our failures and want to do the right thing.

He said, “The trouble is that you have been thinking of the quiet time, of Bible study and prayer, as a means for your own spiritual growth. This is true, but you have forgotten that this time means something to me also. Remember, I love you. At a great cost I have redeemed you. I value your fellowship. Just to have you look up into my face warms my heart. Don’t neglect this hour if only for my sake. Whether or not you want to be with me, remember I want to be with you. I really love you!”

You know, the truth that Christ wants my fellowship, that he loves me, wants me to be with him and waits for me, has done more to transform my quiet time with God than any other single fact. Don’t let Christ wait alone in the living room of your heart, but every day find a time and place when, with the Word of God and in prayer, you may be together with him.

Part 2 (next month)

# If it wasn't for.....

If it wasn't for...

Children abused,  
Decency refused,  
Wrong excused,  
Satan amused,  
Lives misused  
Minds confused,  
I'd support the liquor traffic.

If it wasn't for...

Dishonesty,  
Brutality,  
Infidelitary,  
Immaturity,  
Impurity,  
Immorality,  
Nonspirituality,  
I'd support the liquor traffic.

If it wasn't for...

Truth compromised,  
Good ostetrized,  
Evil exercised,  
God criticized,  
Children terrorized,  
Homes jeopardized,  
Wrong legalized,

I'd support the liquor traffic.

If it wasn't for...

The drunken sot,

The hungry tot,

The devil's knot,

The mind's rot,

The widow's lot,

The damning spot,

The final plot,

I'd support the liquor traffic.

## Corrie ten Boom

### He sets the Captives Free

Why I was sent to Prison

I want to tell you about my experiences in three prisons. During World War 11, I was a prisoner of the Gestapo because my family, my friends, and I had saved the lives of Jewish people in Holland. Adolf Hitler was preparing to kill all of them, and our task was to help them to escape to safer countries.

When that was no longer possible, we hid them in our houses. In the end we had a group of eighty people with whom we worked to supply the desperate needs of a hidden people: food, clothing, houses, burials. There were many other actors facing a group of helpless persons hiding in a country already stripped by the occupying army of a powerful enemy. We were betrayed and all were arrested. My father was eighty-four years old, and lived only a short while in the prison where all his children and a grandson were also incarcerated. We never saw him again, for the prison walls separated us.

Father was a courageous man, but he understood that he was too old for

prison life. “If I am imprisoned, I shall die, but it will be an honor for me to give my life for God’s chosen people, the Jews,” he said before they arrested him. I heard much later that he had died after only ten days’ imprisonment.

Continued next month.

## Funny Stories

A little girl was sitting in church with her father when she suddenly felt ill. “Daddy,” she whispered, “ I have to frow up!” Her father told her to hurry to the restroom.

In less than two minutes the child was back. “I didn’t have to go too far,’ she explained. “There’s a box by the front door with a sign that says, “FOR THE SICK.”

Mum: ‘If you passed the test, why did your teacher fail you?’

Brad: “Because I passed it to Nate.”

A professor asked a student to stay for a moment after class. Holding the young man’s assignment, the professor asked, “Did you write this poem by yourself?”

The student said, “Yes, I did---every word of it.”

The professor extended his hand and said, “Well, then, I’m very glad to meet you, Mr. Wordsworth. I thought you had been dead for quite some time!”

A just –out- of-seminary pastor was about to conduct his first wedding and was worried sick. An elderly preacher

gave him some advice: “If you lose your place in the ceremony book or you forget your lines, start quoting scriptures until you find your place.”

The wedding day came. And sure enough, the young man forgot where he was in the ritual. Unfortunately, the only verse he could think of was, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

# THE COOL POOL

## A Jungle Doctor Story

“It’s beautiful,” said Dic-dic the antelope.

“Um, there’s no place like it anywhere,” mumbled Boohoo the hippo.

“You’re both right,” nodded giraffe. “Elephant made it especially for us because we are his friends.”

“Er, um, I don’t think we deserve it,” said hippo.

“Plop!”

A pebble landed in the middle of the Cool Pool and koko the small monkey strolled into view.

She picked up a paw-full of pebbles and started tossing them into the cool Pool. She liked the plopping noises and the splashing sounds. She gurgled happily as little clouds of mud rose slowly from the bottom. Her gleeful chattering suddenly changed to a yell as a very large mouth closed firmly around her tail and dragged her away from the water.

A muffled voice said, “Eh! Stop it, monkey. That’s elephant’s Cool Pool”

Boohoo backed away three hippo-lengths and then opened his great lips.

Koko tweaked out her tail.

“You big brutal bumble-footed beast! I’ll do what I like, when I like and how I like.”

She put out her tongue at him and scampered up a palm tree. When the others had walked away she thought no one was looking she started to throw lumps of mud into the Cool Pool. Then giggling to herself she pulled up the flowers and ferns that grew near the edge and threw them in, roots and all.

As she stood back to admire her work, she saw elephant standing and watching. With a gasp, she shot up a tree and leaped from limb to limb till there was no jump left in her legs.

Days went by and it was Koko’s birthday. Giraffe’s head appeared beside her.

“Happy birthday, Koko.”

Small monkey jumped onto Twiga’s neck and chuckled.

“Today’s my latest birthday. I have two every year now. It helps me to grow up quicker.”

“Now that’s true monkey-wisdom,” smiled Twiga. “Oh, Koko, I came to tell you that elephant wants to see you.”

Koko gulped, jumped down and bolted.

Under the umbrella-tree she met Dic-dic. Wedged between his horns was a yellow jungle-fruit.

“Koko, happy birthday, here’s a present for you.”

Small monkey grabbed it. She said nothing for a while; her mouth was too full.

Then she mumbled, “Birthdays are great. I’ll have three every year in future...”

Dic-dic laughed, “Did you hear that elephant is looking for you?”

“What does he want me for?” asked Koko trying to look innocent.

“He wants to give you a present,” said Dic-dic. “But you don’t deserve it. Think of what you did to elephant’s Cool

Pool.”

“I didn’t,” stammered monkey, but then she remembered that elephant had seen her.

She walked down the path feeling sadly that this wasn’t as good a birthday as she had thought.

Hippo smiled at Koko as he came up the path. “Um,, I have a water melon for your birthday.”

“Oh, thank you, Boohoo, I love melons. I’m going to have four birthdays a year from now on.”

But hippo wasn’t listening. He licked his lips. “Um, it isn’t easy for a hippo to carry things, so I---um--- put it in my mouth and forgot and chewed it. Lovely flavor---um--- delicious.”

“You ate my melon/” Koko shouted.

Hippo nodded. “Very delicious it was. But I always say it’s the thought that matters. Oh, Koko, did you hear that elephant wants to see you?”

Monkey made a face at him and hurried on.

“She didn’t deserve that melon,” mumbled hippo shaking his head. “I shouldn’t have given it to her.”

Round the corner trotted Koko and nearly bumped into elephant.

She stopped, tried to run away, but her legs didn’t seem to be able to carry her.

Her mouth felt dry.

“Er—um,” she spluttered, and in her mind she saw a picture of the cool Pool all mud and mess and elephant looking at her.

“Happy birthday,” came elephant’s big, friendly voice.

Koko looked at the ground and whispered, “Thank you.”

“Look,” said elephant. “I have a present for you.” Koko glanced up and saw a bunch of beautiful, ripe bananas.

She stretched out her paws and then shook her head. In a very small voice she said, “I made a mess of the Cool Pool,

Tembo, I'm sorry."

There was a big pause.

"I don't deserve to be given a present."

"But this is my gift to you because I love you. When you were sorry, I forgave you, but even before that the bananas had been picked for you."

Koko was feeling very small inside.

"Thank you, Tembo."

She looked at the bunch of bananas. It was as big as she was.

"Thank you very much," she smiled. "I'm going back to the pond to clear up as well as I can."

Elephant's eyes were smiling. Koko didn't see. She was still feeling very small.

"I don't deserve it," she whispered.

As she carried her bananas down the jungle path she thought, "I'll share Tembo's gift with hippo and Twiga and Dic-dic." She did, and it was the best birthday she'd ever had.

We're like Toto, we've disobeyed God and done what we please. We deserve to be punished. But God, like Tembo, doesn't only offer to forgive us, but also to give us something aswell. "The gift of God is eternal life." How amazing that God would do that. But will you accept God's gift? Have you asked God's forgiveness?

**Let's Talk About Being Unselfish!!**

**Philippians 2:3,4**

Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but in lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than themselves.

Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.

Acts 20:35

“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

Matthew 22:37

“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

There are at least 4 ways that we can be selfish. With our **time**, our **thoughts**, our **actions**, and our **things**.

Here are a few everyday examples. How could you be unselfish in these situations???

I'm tired; it's been a busy day. I want to just sit down and relax. But Mum is still washing a big stack of dishes and she'd tired, too. Should I dry the dishes for her or go relax on the couch??

I have a bag of lollies. They're my favorite kind. Should I eat them all myself or share them with my friends or family??

I've been asked to help with a children's club at my church. But usually on that afternoon I play my favorite sport. What should I do, if I want to be unselfish??

There are 2 pieces of cake left on the plate! The plate gets passed to me first. Should I take the biggest piece or the smallest??

It's time for bed, but I'm really tired. I feel like skipping my bible reading and prayer. What would be the unselfish thing to do??

It's Saturday and I have a whole list of things I really want to do. But Dad asks me if I could please help with jobs today. What should I do??

I've just sat down to read a new book and the phone rings. It's a friend who is very lonely. I would really rather read my book, so should I tell her/him that I'm busy??

## Hero Story (part 3)

### John Bunyan (part 3)

Preview...

One day, however, a man on horseback rode to the jail to speak to his friend, the jailer. "Ho, friend," he called out. "I hope all your prisoners are safe in their rooms. You are to have visitors this afternoon."

"What? What's this you say?" he asked in alarm.

"Someone has been telling tales of you to the magistrates, and they are coming to check on John Bunyan."

"Oh, I am ruined then!".....

"Do you not know where he is to send for him?"

"Yes, I know. But he is in London to preach and not due back until tomorrow."

"My dear friend, then you are in trouble. The magistrates will surely lock you in your own jail."

The jailer dropped his head to his hands, thinking he was lost, when John Bunyan stepped around the corner. "What's the trouble, my good man?"

"John Bunyan!" the jailer cried, his arms outstretched a smile on his face. "What brings you home a day early?"

"I'm not sure," Bunyan answered, "but I just felt I must come back."

"Then up to your room quickly. And you're welcome to

leave whenever you please, for you know better than I when to come back.”

But after that, the magistrates had Bunyan watched closely, and he could not leave nearly as often.

For twelve long years Bunyan stayed in prison. Often he had the comfort of visits from his family and friends. Often he kept busy writing or making shoelaces to support his family. Sometimes, though, he was unhappy; sometimes he doubted God’s love and promises. He would sometimes brood over his sins for days and wonder if such a sinner could really be right with God. But God was faithful and comforted Bunyan when he got discouraged. And Bunyan learned to love the promises of God in Scripture. Eventually his faith in God’s ability to save him and keep him became stronger as he studied these promises and claimed them for himself.

When he was finally freed from prison, the congregation at Bedford voted to have him as their pastor, and Bunyan was happy to be home with his family.

He was put in prison later for a short time. At that time he thought about all the experiences he had had as a Christian. He remembered how miserable he had been before he trusted Jesus as his Savior, and he wrote a man named Christian who also carried a great burden until it rolled off him at the cross.

He remembered the Tournbridge Fair that had both excited and terrified him as a child, and he wrote about Vanity Fair, where the worldly townspeople could not understand a Christian who did not crave all the pleasures and temptations of the world.

He remembered the doubts he had suffered in prison before and wrote about doubting castle and the Giant Despair.

Many more experiences he thought about and described so that every Christian could recognize his own journey to the

Celestial City, Heaven.

As soon as it was published, *Pilgrim's Progress*, as he named the book, became popular. People, rich and poor, saw themselves as Christian and enjoyed reading the story of his journey. Before long nearly every home in England had a copy of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. In many homes it could be found alongside a well-worn Bible.

Soon Bunyan wrote other books. Remembering his experiences as a soldier in Cromwell's army, he wrote *The Holy War*, about troops of the devil trying to capture the town of Mansoul.

When his wife and children became curious about the family of the pilgrim Christian, Bunyan wrote a second part to *Pilgrim's Progress*. It tells the story of Christian's wife, Christiana, and their children on their way to the celestial City.

As John Bunyan grew old, he spent his time preaching and writing. He was well known in England and well loved. One evening when Bunyan was nearly sixty years old, a young man came to see him. Bunyan recognized the caller as the son of an old acquaintance.

"Mr. Bunyan, I wish to ask a great favor of you, please."

"Certainly. I'm always glad to be of help."

"My father and I have quarreled," the young man began. "I know it was my fault, and since he is old, I wish to apologize, but he refuses to see me."

"What would you like me to do?"

"Mr. Bunyan," he pleaded, "I know my father lives a long way off, but he greatly respects you. If you would kindly see him and talk to him, I know he would soon forgive me."

"I'll be glad to do what I can. I leave tomorrow to preach, and your father's house is not too far out of my way."

"Thank you, Mr. Bunyan, and God speed to you."

When the young man had left, Mrs. Bunyan looked up from

her mending and said to her husband, “John, why must you go there? You are not well, and you could easily write a letter to the man.”

“No, I know the boy’s father. He must have a visit. But don’t worry about me; I am in God’s care.”

The next day John Bunyan saddled his horse, kissed his good wife, and set off on his journey. What he said to the angry father we do not know, but soon the man and his son were reconciled.

He went on to visit friends and to preach, but as he rode through the rainy countryside, and caught a chill. After several days he became too ill to preach and knew that he was about to enter the Celestial City.

“I’ll be glad to go,” he told his friends gathered at his bedside. “My affairs on earth are in order, and I shall be with my Lord.”

Thus, like the Christian he wrote of, John Bunyan entered the gate to hear the Shining ones say, “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

## **Christian, Do You Love Me?**

**Christian, do you love me**

**Enough to give of your time and money**

**Enough to give your energy**

**To work for me continually.**

**Christian, do you love me**

**More than what this world offers thee**

**More than money, friends, or family  
To live a life surrendered to me?**

**Christian, do you love me?  
Then take up your cross, and follow me.  
So that in you others will see,  
The love of God as was shown to thee.**

**Christian, do you love me,  
Enough to tell of Calvary?  
That while you live, where ere you be,  
You will be a missionary.**

**Christian do you love me,  
Enough to go across the sea  
Leave your friends and family  
And make a difference for eternity?**

## **Bible Quiz**

**What book of the Bible is this story or person  
in**

**Creation**  
**Joseph**  
**Lydia**  
**Prodigal Son**  
**Jesus Turns water into Wine**  
**The people worship the golden calf**  
**Naaman gets healed**  
**Daniel**  
**David and Goliath**  
**The 12 Spies spy out Canaan**  
**Jesus Walks on Water**  
**The ten lepers**  
**Balaam and the Donkey**  
**Samson and Delilah**  
**Gideon**  
**Saul's conversion**  
**Moses is born**  
**The Tower of Babel**  
**Nicodemus**

**Secret in the  
Caves**

# Preview

In the study, the two brothers looked at one another with startled and excited faces. Why had Mr. Langton come up to search their study while they were out? What was it that he had hoped to find?

## Chapter 4—The Man from the Manor

After a few moments Raymond and Nigel looked carefully round their study. Mr. Langton had left few signs of his search, but as they looked closely the boys could see that some of their belongings had been moved. But for Batson's tip they would not have noticed anything wrong, and certainly they would not have suspected Mr. Langton of searching their study

Hinchcliffe boys were not allowed to possess certain articles, and if a master suspected that one of his boys had cigarettes or forbidden papers he had every right to search that boy's study, but it was a step that was rarely taken. Raymond and Nigel, however, had never possessed such things, and had never given Mr. Langton any cause to suspect them of doing so.

"It's queer!" Raymond said at last. "Mr. Langton came here at a time when most of the fellows were out, and but for Batson we should never have known that he had been here at all. It looks as though he wanted to do the job without our knowing he had been here. We've nothing to hide,

**and nothing that we daren't let him see."**

**"We've nothing that doesn't belong to us," agreed Nigel, "except the sandal-wood box."**

**"But he couldn't have been looking for that!" exclaimed Raymond. "He doesn't know anything about it!"**

**"Well, no, I don't see how it could have been that, and I can't think why he should have come here. It doesn't fit in. Nothing fits in!" Nigel ended disappointedly.**

**"Let's give it up, then," Raymond said with a laugh. "We've got two mysteries now, but we shan't find out anything definite until we've something more to work on. Perhaps there will be another move in a day or two."**

**The next move was not long in coming. The Fourth were at classes the following morning when the door opened and Jones, the page-goy looked in.**

**"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Langton. "I've taken him to your study, sir."**

**"Oh! Very well, Jones. Robertson, I shall leave you in charge of the Form until I return. If order is not kept I shall deal severely with the culprits."**

**Having delivered that warning, Mr. Langton whisked out of the Form-room. Fifteen minutes passed before footsteps were heard in the passage again, and then it was not Mr. Langton, but Jones, with a message that Raymond and Nigel were wanted in their Form-master's study.**

**Mr. Langton's visitor was still in the study. He was a**

tall man, with piercing grey eyes, and he smiled at the two boys as they came in.

“Boys, this gentleman is Mr. Hayden, of the Manor House,” Mr. Langton said abruptly. “He has a number of questions to ask you.”

They exchanged a quick glance.

“I understand from your Form-master,” began Mr. Hayden, in rather pleasant tones, “that you were in Black Mike’s cave at low tide, two afternoons ago. Did you follow the passage which is only open at low tide into another and smaller cave?”

They gave a start of surprise, which did not escape Mr. Hayden.

“Yes, sir,” they admitted.

“And while there,” continued Mr. Hayden, “I think you found a way out of a second cave into a third cave, did you not?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Raymond.

“Very well. Now that we understand one another I can come to my most important question. In the third cave was a small, flat, sandal-wood box, which is no longer there. Did you bring that box away with you?”

“Yes, sir,” admitted Raymond, and Nigel hastily took up the story.

“It was my suggestion, sir, and I hope you won’t think that we’ve stolen the box. We just brought it away as proof of what we had found, and we intended to take it back the next time we went to the caves. As the box was empty we didn’t think it was

very valuable, but we never meant to keep it, in any case, sir. We had no idea who owned the boxes in the cave. We couldn't find a way through into the Manor, but I suppose there must be one."

"There is," Mr. Hayden admitted frankly. "As for the sandal-wood box, it is just a keepsake but I prize it very much, and that is why I am so anxious to recover it. I will accept your statement that you meant to return the box, and if you return it to me now I will ask Mr. Langton to forgive you."

"We'd—we'd be glad to do so, sir," stammered Raymond, "but—but we haven't got the box now!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hayden harshly. His easy, pleasant manner disappeared in a moment, and he half rose to his feet, his face stern, his grey eyes cold and hard. "You have no got the box? What do you mean, boy? Where is it then?"

"We—we passed the box on to a girl friend of ours in the village, sir," Raymond explained, surprised and a little alarmed by the anger that both men were displaying. "She promised to put it back for us when she went to explore the cave."

"Oh!" Mr. Hayden sat down again, but his eyes were still fixed intently on them. "What is this girl's name, and to how many people have you told your story of the caves?"

"We have told no one but our friend Bessie Prior, sir, and she won't talk about the caves until she has seen them for herself. We had decided to keep the story to ourselves until we knew more about the

**caves.”**

**“A very sensible idea,” agreed Mr. Hayden. “The inner cave is just below the Manor, and I certainly do not want people exploring it. You have told no one else? Not even boys in your own Form?”**

**“We have told no one but Bessie, sir,” Raymond replied, and both boys saw, for a moment, a look of relief flash over Mr. Hayden’s face.**

**Chapter 5—In Doubt (next month)**