

# Give It All you've Got!!

Read Colossians 3:23

There is a group of people in America who will go somewhere, do something silly and video it. For example, they went to a huge train station which was crowded with people, and at a certain time they all completely froze. All the other people were most puzzled and on the video you hear their different comments. It's quite funny to watch! Then at a certain time they all start moving again. Another time in their group there were about 10 pairs of people who looked very similar. In another words, every person looked like one other person and they were dressed the same as them. They had the same hairstyles and the same shoes. And their purpose was to look like a human mirror. So they got onto a train and

every person sat exactly opposite their pair. They sat in exactly the same position as their pair, and if their pair moved, they would move the same. The result was that they looked like a mirror! One lady on the train commented, ‘They must be twins. Maybe there’s a twin conference!’” Another lady said, “Oh! I thought it was a mirror!” Everyone on the train thought it was funny!

One thing I noticed about this group was how much effort they put into those videos! There’s really no point to them except for having fun, yet they go to such effort.

It made me feel a bit ashamed. I thought, “How much effort do I put into things that are important? There are things that I can do for God that are very important. Maybe teaching Sunday School, or singing an item, or something else, but sometimes I put as little effort and time possible into them.

**Shame on me!**

**I know that we have to trust God to use us, not just rely on ourselves, but still God says, “Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men.”**

**Whatever we can do, we should put our all into it and do it for God.**

**If people can get so excited over what’s silly or not real, how much more should we be excited/enthusiastic over what is real, true and important?**

## **Keys for Kids**

### **Do You Hear?**

Jack unlocked the garage door, swung it open, and plopped his schoolbooks under the clip on his bike. He had just adjusted his mirrors when he heard, “Jack! Oh Ja-a-a-ck!”

I suppose Mum wants me to do something before I go to school, he thought. I’ll just pretend I don’t hear her---I want time to play. As Jack quietly glided out of the garage, he could hear his mother still talking.

It seemed that school was such a drag that day, but finally Jack

closed his locker for the last time and headed home. I suppose Mum will be sure to have a job waiting for me, he thought, sighing. I just don't feel like working on a hot day like this! When Jack opened the kitchen door, Mum looked up in surprise. "Jack, I thought you had gone fishing with Grandpa," she said. "He called just after you left the house. You were still in the garage when I called to you, and I was sure you could hear me. I took your overnight bag and fishing gear to his house at noon, and you were to go there directly after school."

As Jack looked at Mum, he remembered that he had deliberately not listened when he heard Mum calling to him. "I guess I missed a good time, didn't I, Mum? It's my own fault; I wasn't listening," was all Jack said.

Jack turned and stumbled up the stairs to his room. He felt disappointed as he pictured Grandpa and his boat on the river at that moment. I'm going to listen when someone speaks to me after this, he thought. And I'm going to quit trying to get out of work. With new determination, he got up and ran down to the kitchen. "Mum," he said, "Is there anything you want me to do?" Mum looked at Jack, saw his smile, and gave him a hug. "Sure, Jack," she said. "Let's go find Grandpa!

**How About You?**

Do you really listen to your parents? It's important that you do. It's even more important to listen to God. He uses parents, teachers, and the Bible to talk to those of us who will listen. Listening as we should has a positive effect on our actions. God may be trying to tell you something really great today!

# Listen to God

## My Heart—Christ's home (part 2)

### The Workroom

Before long he asked, "Do you have a workroom in your house?" Out in the garage of the home of my heart I had a workbench and some equipment, but I was not doing much with it. Once in a while I would play around at making a few little gadgets, but I wasn't producing anything substantial.

I took him out there.

He looked over the workbench and the few talents and skills I had. He said, "This is fairly well furnished. What are you producing with your life for the kingdom of God?" He looked at one or two of the little toys that I had thrown together on the bench and he held one up to me. "Is this the sort of thing you are doing for others in your Christian life?"

I felt terrible!" Lord, that's the best I can do. I know it isn't much. I'm ashamed to say that with my awkwardness and limited ability, I don't think I'll ever do much more."

"Would you like to do better?" he asked.

"You know I would!" I replied.

"Well, first remember what I taught you: 'Apart from me you can do nothing.' John 15:5" Come, relax in me and let my Spirit work through you. I know you are unskilled, clumsy and awkward, but the Spirit is the Masterworker. If he controls your heart and your hands, he will work through you. Now turn around." Then putting his great strong arms around me and his hands under mine he picked up the tools and began to work through me. "Relax. You are still too tense. Let go—let me do the work!"

It amazes me what his skilled hands can do through mine if I only trust him and let him have his way. I am very far from satisfied with

the product that is being turned out. I still get in his way at times. There's much more that I need to learn. But I do know that whatever has been produced for God has been through him and through the power of His Spirit in me.

Don't be discouraged because you cannot do much for God. It's not our ability but our availability that's important. Give what you are to Christ. Be sensitive and responsive to what he wants to do. Trust him. He will surprise you with what he can do through you!

## The Rec room

I remember the time he inquired about the rec room, where I went for fun and fellowship. I was hoping he would not ask me about that. There were certain associations and activities I wanted to keep for myself. I did not think Jesus would enjoy or approve of them. I evaded the questions.

However, one evening when I was on my way out with some of my buddies for a night on the town, he was at the door and stopped me with a glance. "Are you going out?"

I answered, "Yes."

"Good," he said, "I would like to go with you."

"Oh," I replied rather awkwardly. "I don't think, Lord, that you would really enjoy where we are going. Let's go out together tomorrow night. Tomorrow night we can go to a Bible class or a social at the church, but tonight I have another engagement."

"As you wish," was his comment. "Only I thought when I came into your home we were going to do everything together—be close companions! Just know that I am willing to go with you!"

"Well," I said, "we'll go someplace together tomorrow night!"

That evening I spent some miserable hours. I felt rotten! What kind of a friend was I to Jesus? Deliberately leaving him out of part of my life, doing things and going places that I knew very well he would not enjoy? When I returned that evening, there was a light in his room and I went up to talk it over with him. I acknowledged, "Lord, I have learned my lesson. I know now I can't have a good time if you are not along. From now on we will do everything together!"

Then we went down together into the rec room of the house. He

transformed it. He brought new friendships, new excitement, and new joys. Laughter and music have been ringing in the house ever since. With a twinkle in his eyes, he smiled, ‘You thought that with me around you wouldn’t have much fun, didn’t you? Remember, I have come ‘that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full. (John 15:11)

## The Hall Closet

There’s one more matter of crucial consequence I would like to share with you. One day I found him waiting for me at the front door. An arresting look was in his eye. As I entered, he said to me, “There’s a peculiar odor in the house. Something must be dead around here. It’s upstairs. I think it is in the hall closet.’

As soon as he said this I knew what he was talking about. Indeed there was a small closet up there on the hall landing, just a few feet square. In that closet behind lock and key I had one or two little personal things I did not want anybody to know about. Certainly I did not want Christ to see them. They were dead and rotting things left over from the old life—not wicked, but not right and good to have in a Christian life. Yet I loved them. I wanted them so much for myself I was really afraid to admit they were there. Reluctantly I went up the stairs with him and as we mounted, the odor became stronger and stronger. He pointed at the door and said, “It’s in there! Some dead thing!”

It made me angry! That’s the only way I can put it. I had given him access to the study, the dining room, the living room, the workroom, the rec room, the bedroom and now he was asking me about a little two-by-four closet. I said to myself, “This is too much! I am not going to give him the key.”

“Well,” he responded, reading my thoughts, “If you think I am going to stay here on the second floor with this smell, you are mistaken. I will take my bed out on the back porch or somewhere else. I’m certainly not going to stay around that.” And I saw him start down the stairs. When you have come to know and love Jesus Christ, one of the worst things that can happen is to sense him withdrawing his face and fellowship. I had to give in. “I’ll give you the key,” I said sadly,

“but you’ll have to open the closet and clean it out. I haven’t the strength to do it.”

“I know,” he said. “I know you haven’t. Just give me the key. Just authorize me to handle that closet and I will.” So, with trembling fingers, I passed the key over to him. He took it from my hand, walked over to the door, opened it, entered it, took out the putrefying stuff that was rotting there and threw it all away. Then he cleansed the closet, painted it and fixed it up all in a moment’s time.

Immediately a fresh, fragrant breeze swept through the house. The whole atmosphere changed. What release and victory to have that dead thing out of my life! No matter what sin or what pain there might be in my past, Jesus is ready to forgive, to heal and to make whole.

### Transferring the Title

Then a thought came to me. I said to myself, “I have been trying to keep this heart of mine clean and available for Christ but it is hard work. I start on one room and no sooner have I cleaned it than I discover another room is dirty. I begin on the second room and the first one is already dusty again. I’m getting tired trying to maintain a clean heart and an obedient life. I am just not up to it!”

Suddenly I asked, “Lord, is there a possibility you would be willing to manage the whole house and operate it for me just as you did that closet? Could I give to you the responsibility of keeping my heart what it ought to be and myself doing what I ought to be doing?”

I could see his face light up as he replied, “I’d love to! This is exactly what I came to do. You can’t live out the Christian life in your own strength. That is impossible. Let me do it for you and through you. That’s the only way it will really work! But,” he added slowly, “I am not the owner of this house. Remember, I’m here as your guest. I have no authority to take charge since the property is not mine.”

In a flash it all became clear. Excitedly I exclaimed, “Lord, you have been my guest, and I have been trying to play the host. From now on you are going to be the owner and master of the house. I’m going to be the servant!”

Running as fast as I could to the strongbox, I took out the title deed

to the house describing its assets and liabilities, its condition, location and situation. Then rushing back to him, I eagerly signed it over giving title to him alone for time and eternity. Dropping to my knees, I presented it to him: "Here it is, all that I am and have forever. Now you run the house. Just let me stay with you as houseboy and friend."

He took my life that day and I can give you my word, there is no better way to live the Christian life. He knows how to keep it and use it. A deep peace settled down on my soul that has remained. I am his and he is mine forever!

May Christ settle down and be at home as Lord of your heart also.

# Jokes!!

Mary: What's your worst sin?

Sally: Vanity. The Bible says vanity is sin. I tend to stare in the mirror admiring my beauty.

Mary: That's not vanity. That's just imagination!

What's the difference between a coyote and a flea?  
One howls in the prairie, the other prowls on the hairy!!

A Sunday school teacher asked her Sunday school children, "Why do we have to be quiet in church?" A little girl replied, "Because people are sleeping!"

Mrs. Wright: Can I put this wallpaper on myself?

Clerk: Yes, ma'am, but it looks a lot better on the wall.

Mrs. Wright: Timmy, did you take a bath today?

Timmy: Why, is one missing?

## Missionary Story

### The Spitting Cobra

“Master! A snake has got Christiana!”

I rushed out of the house. Sure enough, a snake had got Christiana, our housemother. There she was, sitting under a tree holding her hand over her eyes. Then another woman was led toward us. She was moaning and holding her eyes, too.

Christiana had been sweeping out her room with her short straw broom when she happened to tickle a bit spitting cobra curled up in a dark corner. Then, straight as an arrow, he spit his poisonous saliva right into Christiana's eyes. Her friend heard Christiana's cries and ran to help her. The snake did the same thing to her, too---spit his poison into her eyes.

News of the snake flew. Soon we had a big crowd of men and boys, all armed with sticks, and war was declared on the cobra. Everyone crowded into the hut, yelling, and thumping with their sticks. The sly old snake saw that he was outnumbered, and slid across the floor toward his hole in the wall.

“There he is! There he is!” the boys called out, and lunged

at him with their sticks. The sly old snake saw that he was outnumbered, and slid across the floor toward his hole in the wall.

“There he is! There he is!” the boys called out, and lunged at him with their sticks. But the snake was too fast for them. He got safely into his hole.

One boy poked and poked about in the snake’s hole, trying to make him come out. “It’s no use,” he said finally. “He’s too far in.”

Then he had an idea: “I know what! One of you go outside and make a hole in the other side of the wall. When the snake sees the light, he’ll try to make a getaway.”

The hole was soon made in the outside of the wall. One boy stood watching with a forked stick while another boy worried the snake with his stick from inside the hut. The snake saw the light coming into his hole, and pushed his head through to the outside.

“Here he is!” shouted the boy with the forked stick, and pinned the snake to the ground. But he was so excited he forgot to keep his head back and snake let him have it too--- a direct shot of poison right into his eyes.

The older men soon killed the snake. But now we had three casualties—two women and a boy, all sitting under a tree nursing their eyes.

What did we do? Well, milk is an antidote for the poison of the spitting cobra. If you can get milk into the injured eyes quickly enough, the snake’s venom won’t hurt them. So we brought some milk from the house and put it into the three pairs of eyes. The cold milk made their eyes feel better right away, and they soon recovered their sight too.

That snake reminds me of Satan, who blinds the eyes of people. He turns their thoughts away from God and even makes some of them worship idols. But the milk which healed the sore eyes reminds me of God’s Word. When

someone takes God's Word to them, they learn to love the Lord Jesus. Then they don't serve Satan. They worship God and follow His ways.

Don't let Satan blind your eyes! God says in the Bible, "As newborn babes desire the ...milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." 1Peter 2:2

Remember to read your Bible. And pray for others who don't know God. Who knows? Some day God may send you to tell them about the Lord Jesus!

## Quotes and Sayings

### The Person God uses

- 1) The person God uses is the person who by God's grace has removed every hindrance from his life.
- 2) The person God uses is the person who has placed himself absolutely at God's disposal.
- 3) The person God uses is the person who has but one great purpose in life.
- 4) The person God uses is the person who has learned how to prevail in prayer.
- 5) The person God uses is the person who is a student of the Word.
- 6) The person God uses is the person who has a vital, living message for a lost world.
- 7) The person God uses is the person of faith, who expects results.
- 8) The person God uses is the person who works in the Anointing of the Holy Spirit.

# Mary's Ointment

Read John 12:1-8

1 Jesus therefore, six days before the passover, came to Bethany, where was the dead *man* Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from among *the* dead.

2 There therefore they made him a supper, and Martha served, but Lazarus was one of those at table with him.

3 Mary therefore, having taken a pound of ointment of pure nard of great price, anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.

4 One of his disciples therefore, Judas *son* of Simon, Iscariot, who was about to deliver him up, says,

5 Why was this ointment not sold for three hundred denarii and given to the poor?

6 But he said this, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and had the bag, and carried what was put into it

.

7 Jesus therefore said, Suffer her to have kept this for the day of my preparation for burial;

8 for ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always.

9 A great crowd therefore of the Jews knew that he was there; and they came, not because of Jesus only, but also that they might see Lazarus whom he raised from among *the* dead.

10 But the chief priests took counsel that they might kill Lazarus also,

11 because many of the Jews went away on his account and believed on Jesus.

Was what Mary did to Jesus a waste? It was very expensive perfume, did she waste it? Is anything given to Jesus a waste? Your life, your talents, your money, your future/career or your time?

Nothing given to Jesus is a waste.  
Everything not given to Jesus is a waste.

“The whole house was filled with the smell of the perfume.” (V3)

What does your life smell like? Does it smell like perfume or like something dead? Does it smell good or bad? Does it smell of a rotten attitude, disobedience, rebelliousness, stubbornness, bitterness, selfishness or pride? Or maybe it reeks with the smell of bad language, a sharp tongue, dishonesty or hatred? Or does your life smell like perfume? Does it smell of a surrendered will, an obedient heart, a sweet attitude, an honest, kind and clean tongue, an unselfish, humble spirit? What does your life smell of? But remember, the good-smelling perfume was very expensive! And a good-smelling life will cost us something. We have to go against the flow and be different. We have to let Jesus be the boss and obey him. It costs; but it's worth it to be sure!

## The Work of His Fingers

By Alison Brown

When we pause to consider this wonderful earth,  
We see some incredible sights...  
A world full of beauty suspended in space,  
With billions of twinkling lights!  
Perhaps you have wondered just how it got there,  
..Perhaps you've been tempted to guess?  
(It didn't explode from a cloud of hot gas:  
Explosions make only a mess!)  
Instead it was lovingly made by our God,  
Whose power and great understanding  
Are far beyond anything thought of by man;  
No problem was found too demanding.  
What distance to set from the earth to the sun  
Was a very important decision,  
For only God knew what that distance should be  
And he measured with careful precision.  
If too near the sun then our ground would burn up,  
The grass would just wither and twist;  
Yet if too far away...all our water would freeze  
And life could no longer exist!  
But God knew exactly just how to create  
An atmosphere perfect for plants...  
And since it's still here after thousands of years,  
It could never have happened by chance!  
Sometimes children ask us, 'How long is a year?  
And how will we know when it's done?'  
God ordered our years by the time that it takes  
The earth to go once round the sun.

Our planet spins round as it travels along,  
(Each spin makes a night and a day);  
The side next the sun will be flooded with light  
While the other is gloomy and grey.  
For people grow tired and their bodies must rest,  
So God planned our time with dark spaces,  
When shadows would fall and we'd want to lie down...  
In cosy and comfortable places.  
As well as the sun, our great energy source,  
God knew we'd need plenty of air;  
He didn't put any on Venus or Mars  
...No men would be living out there.  
(If you go exploring in those barren worlds  
You'll have to make up for the lack,  
By breathing some oxygen out of a tank  
You'll carry around on your back!)  
And oxygen also protects us from harm  
By forming a dense ozone layer.  
To soak up the deadly invisible rays  
That come from the sun's dazzling glare.  
The blanket of ozone is wrapped round the earth  
Ten miles or so up in the sky;  
If God hadn't thought about putting it there  
Then everything living would die!  
And then there is water...we always need some  
For bathing or having a drink,  
And doing the jobs that we may not enjoy  
Like washing those things in the sink!

But no other planet has water like ours,  
Collected in oceans and seas...  
With vapor...and storm clouds...  
And rain pouring down,  
And taps running just where we please!  
God created a world where seasons can change...  
New blessings are sent from above;  
Through summer and autumn  
And winter and spring  
He dresses the earth with his love!  
We have flowers and bees and fruit-laden trees  
In breathtaking colors and shapes...  
With things we can look at, and things we can eat,  
Like pineapples...peaches...and grapes!  
Take a look inside these and you'll be amazed,  
By pattern of structure and line;  
They had to be planned by someone who thinks...  
Such order appears by design!  
Every plant carries seed, a true germ of itself,  
Which will root and grow into another...  
So plums will grow plums...  
And peas will grow peas...  
Baby plants all resemble their mother!  
And animals too, as the Bible explains,  
Will produce only 'after their kind'.  
'Like gives rise to like', as the scientist say,  
(That's exactly what God had in mind.)  
Giraffes will give birth to baby giraffes...

A chick is produced by a hen.  
A frog will have spawn and tadpoles and frogs..  
But monkeys will never make men!  
For we have been made in the image of God  
With longings to know Him as friend.  
He gave us a mind that could study His Word..  
And a soul that would live without end.  
And let's not forget the great rule of science  
That, 'Life can come only from life.'  
The Creator must live who gave the first breath,  
To Adam, and then Eve his wife!  
There's no need to debate or question or doubt  
What God has so wonderfully done...  
For the evidence all around us agrees  
With Genesis chapter one!

## Hero Story

### Hudson Taylor (part 1)

Little Hudson Taylor sat quietly in his place at the table. Carefully he sipped steaming tea from his cup and listened. His father was talking. Father talked a lot, especially about the strange, faraway country of China. Hudson listened carefully. He never got tired of hearing about china. Father Taylor's eyes flashed and his voice boomed. "Why don't more missionaries go to China?" he asked. "There are millions of Chinese who know absolutely nothing about Jesus."

Five-year-old Hudson piped up. "When I am a man, I will be a missionary and go to China."

Mother and Father smiled at each other. Before Hudson was born they had

prayed that if God gave them a son he should go to China. God had given them a son but He had not given Hudson a strong body. He was small and sickly. God must have something else in mind for our boy, they thought.

He will never be able to go to China.

No one thought Hudson could ever be a missionary. He was so often sick that he didn't even get to go to school until he was eleven years old. He missed all the fun of playing and going to school with other boys. Yet every now and then he would say again, "When I am a man I will be a missionary and go to China."

Although he couldn't go to school, Hudson had the best teachers a boy could wish for. His strict father and pretty, gentle mother taught him at home. When he was only four years old he could already read and write. Besides reading and writing his parents taught him arithmetic (math), Latin, and everything else English boys studied in school 130 years ago. They taught him, too, about the Lord Jesus whom they dearly loved. They taught him to love and read God's holy Word, and to pray.

Hudson loved to read. Afternoons he often read aloud to his mother while she sat in her rocker busily mending and sewing. Once he was reading such an interesting book that he didn't want to stop. *If only I could read in bed!* he thought to himself. *But mother always takes the lamp away with her when she says good-night.* Then he had an idea. *I'll slip some old candle-ends into my pockets. After mother has tucked me in I'll light them one by one and read my book in bed.*

In the evening when a visitor came, Hudson had his chance. He tiptoed to the place where Mother kept the candle ends. Quickly he stuffed several into his biggest pocket. Then he went into the living room and started to say goodnight. But the friendly gentleman pulled Hudson up on his knee. Hudson wanted to wriggle away and didn't dare. It would have been impolite. The man perched Hudson right next to the warm fireplace. Poor boy, he got very warm and worried. *The candles!* he thought frantically. *They'll melt and maybe even drip.* He squirmed miserably.

At last, after what seemed like hours, Mother said it was time to go to bed. Hudson said a hurried goodnight and rushed to his room. A few minutes later Mother found him standing in the middle of the room with a pocketful of greasy, melted candle-ends. What a mess! He was sorry and ashamed. He felt especially bad when he saw how sad his mother was because he had tried to deceive her. Big tears rolled down his cheeks.

Next to reading books Hudson loved to tease his sister, Amelia. Often he rambled with her in the woods and fields. Together they started a

collection of bugs, butterflies, and flowers. Sometimes Father hiked along with them and helped them collect.

But soon Hudson was thirteen years old and, like other English boys in those days, he had to go to work. Every day he slipped on a crisp, white apron and went to work with his chemist father. Patiently his father taught him how to make, measure, and mix medicines. And Father let him read his thick books about medicines. Sometimes he even waited on customers. Hudson liked his work. But he was not happy. He had stopped reading his Bible everyday like he used to do. When Father read God's Word morning and afternoon at tea time he didn't care to listen anymore. And he didn't feel a bit like praying either. What do you suppose was wrong? The trouble was that Hudson knew about the Lord Jesus but he was not trusting in him as his own Saviour. He had become more interested in other things. He had begun to dream about having lots of money, a fine horse, and a big house. Such things would make him happy, he thought. Perhaps some of you, like Hudson are wishing for these things too.

Part 2 (next month)

## Corrie ten Boom (Part 2) Solitary Confinement

For the first week, they put me in a cell with four or five others, for I was very ill with pleurisy. The prison doctor said it would develop into tuberculosis, so I was sent to solitary confinement. He didn't want me to infect the others.

For the first time ever, I was really alone, and I knew my life was completely in the hands of the enemy. They could kill me or torture me or just forget about me altogether, and there would be no one to know or care.

At night the sounds of distant bombing penetrated the thick walls---and from somewhere within came the muffled cries of people being tortured by the Gestapo----that was a little bit of hell! When I lost courage, I tried singing, but the guards pounded on the door and demanded silence. They threatened to take me to the dark cell. In the dark cell you had to stand in water. Time became a very thick thing that I struggled to wade through. Solitary confinement lasted four months. It wasn't only the isolation that was so hard, but the constant threats that at any moment of the day or night

they would come for me. Whenever I heard footsteps outside my cell I would ask myself, "Are they coming to torture or kill me?" Once I stood with my back against the wall with my hands spread out, as if to try to push away the walls that were closing in on me. I was dead scared. I cried out, "Lord, I'm not strong enough to endure this. I don't have the faith!" Suddenly I noticed an ant which I had watched roaming the floor of the cell for days. I had just mopped the floor with a wet rag, and the moment the ant felt the water on the stones, he ran straight to his tiny hole in the wall.

Then it was as if the Lord said to me, "What about that ant? He didn't stop to look at the wet rag or his weak feet---he went straight to his hiding place. Corrie, don't look at your faith; it is weak, like the tiny feet of that ant. Don't dwell on the treatment you might receive from these cruel people. I am your hiding place, and you can come running to Me just like that ant disappeared into that hole in the wall."

That brought real peace into my heart. I was then fifty-three years old, and I had always known about Jesus, but there in solitary confinement I began to really understand and experience for myself that His light is stronger than the deepest darkness.

I know there are moments for you when you lose all courage. You feel as a prisoner that you don't exist in the eyes of the people around you, in the eyes of God, or in your own eyes. Then you can read in the Bible a promise from Jesus. "Come unto Me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Mathew 11:28. When you can believe that, you will know Someone is still interested in you. Someone still cares about you---not as a number, but as a person.

## Bible Application Quiz

1But now thus saith Jehovah, that created thee, O Jacob,  
and he that formed thee, O Israel: Fear not, for I have

redeemed thee, I have called *thee* by thy name; thou art mine.

2When thou passest through the waters, I *will be* with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

3For I *am* Jehovah thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee.

4Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee; and I will give men for thee, and peoples for thy life.

5Fear not, for I *am* with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west;

6I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the end of the earth,

7every one that is called by my name, and whom I have created for my glory: I have formed him, yea, I have made him.

8Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears.

9Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the peoples be assembled: who among them declareth this, or causeth us to hear former

things? let them bring forth their witnesses, that they may be justified; or let them hear, and say, *It is truth.*

10 Ye are my witnesses, saith Jehovah, and my servant whom I have chosen; that ye may know and believe me, and understand that I *am* HE: before me there was no \*God formed, neither shall there be after me.

11 I, I *am* Jehovah; and besides me there is no saviour.

Here are some practical applications from the passage you just read. Can you match them with the right verse?

I am God's witness. \_\_\_\_\_

I'm precious in God's sight. \_\_\_\_\_

God has called me by my name. \_\_\_\_\_

God is my only hope for salvation.

\_\_\_\_\_

I don't need to be afraid, because God is with me. \_\_\_\_\_

I am God's. \_\_\_\_\_

God created me for His glory. \_\_\_\_\_

God has redeemed ;me. \_\_\_\_

God has chosen me to be His servant, so I can get to know Him and believe Him and understand that He really is God. \_\_\_\_

When I go through hard times,  
God will help me and bring me through.

God loves me. \_\_\_\_

When I listen or read the Bible,  
I need to realize how true it is.

\_\_\_\_

## **It Works!!!**

### **A true war story**

I was down in this country during the civil War. Across on the other side yonder there were hundreds of tents, where our soldiers were encamped. Measles broke out, and many of our brave lads died. The epidemic got so bad we stretched some tents farther down the valley and moved all the measles patients into these tents. I was wardmaster in charge of the tents where the measles patients were located.

“One night, while I was on the ward, I passed a bunk where there was a very sick soldier lad not more than seventeen years of age. The boy looked at me with a pathetic

expression and said: ‘Wardmaster, I believe I am going to die. I am not a Christian. My mother isn’t a Christian. My father isn’t a Christian. I never had any Christian training. I never did attend church. I did go with a boy friend to Sunday school just once. A woman taught the Sunday school class. She seemed to be such a good woman. She read us something out of the Bible about a man---I think his name was Nicodemus. Anyway, it was about a man who went to see Jesus one night. Jesus told this man he must be born again. The teacher said all people must be born again in order to go to Heaven when they die. I have never been born again, and I don’t want to die like this. Won’t you please get the chaplain so he can tell me how to be born again?’”

In those days, I was an agnostic—at least that’s what I called myself. As a matter of fact, I wasn’t anything but an old sinner. So I told the boy, ‘you don’t need a chaplain. Just be quiet now. Don’t worry; you’ll be all right.’ I went on around the ward, and in about an hour I came back to the boy’s bed. He looked at me out of such sad, staring eyes as he said, ‘Wardmaster, if you don’t get the chaplain, please, get me the doctor. I am choking to death.’ ‘All right, my son, I’ll get you the doctor,’ I said. So I went off and found the doctor, and he came, mopped out the throat of the lad so he could breathe just a little easier. I knew the boy was going to die. I had seen many other cases just like his. The boy was so sweet he literally climbed into my heart. He thanked me for my kindness. He thanked the doctor for being so good to him. The doctor and I went away from the bed.

“In about an hour I came back, expecting to find the boy dead, but he was still struggling. He looked up out of his eyes of death and said, ‘There is no use, Wardmaster. I have got to die, and I haven’t been born again. Whether you

believe it or not, won't you find the chaplain and let him tell me how to be born again?' I looked at him for a moment and thought about how helpless he was in the grip of death. So I said, 'All right, my son. I will get you the chaplain.'

"I walked away a few paces and then turned and went back to the boy's bedside. I said, 'My boy, I am not going to get you the chaplain. I am going to tell you what to do myself. Now, understand, I am an agnostic. I don't know whether there is any God. I don't know whether there is any heaven. I don't know whether there is any hell. I don't know anything. Yes, I do. I know one thing. I know my mother was a good woman. I know, if there is a God, my mother knew Him. If there is a heaven, I know she is there. So, I will tell you what my mother told me. You can try and see if it works. Now, I am going to teach you a verse of Scripture. The verse is John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." My mother said that I cannot save myself, but if I will believe in Jesus he will save me.'

"I asked the boy to say the verse with me. I started, and he followed with a weak and trembling voice. 'For God so loved the world,' 'He gave His only begotten Son,' 'that whosoever believeth on Him,' 'should not perish,' 'but have everlasting life.' 'Now, my boy, my mother said if a person will trust Jesus, he will not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"I referred the lad to another verse my mother taught me, but he closed his eyes, stretched his hands across his breast, and in a whisper he quoted slowly, repeating some of the words several times, 'For God so loves the world,...He gave His only begotten Son,...that whosoever...*whosoever* believeth, *believeth* in Him, *believeth* in him.' Then he stopped and said, with a clear voice, 'Praise God,

Wardmaster, **it works**. I believe in him! I shall not perish! I have everlasting life! I have been born again! Wardmaster, your mother was right. Why don't you try it? Do what your mother said. **It works**, wardmaster. **This thing works!** Wardmaster, before I go I want to ask you to do something for me. Take a kiss to my mother, and tell her what you told me and tell that her dying son said, "**It works.**" As he drew his last breath, he said, '**It works.**'

## The Secret of the Caves (Mystery Story)

### Chapter 5—In Doubt

"I am glad that you have kept this story to yourselves," Mr. Hayden said, after a short silence, "and I hope that you will continue to do so. I do not want a crowd of people in that cave because I have valuables stored there. The many burglaries that have taken place up and down the country during the past year have rather alarmed me, especially as I am often away and my old servant is deaf. In my time I have won many silver cups and other trophies, and I do not want them stolen. I am keeping them in the inner cave because my safe is small and rather old-fashioned, and would not give a burglar very much trouble."

"Oh!" gasped Raymond and Nigel together.

"That is why I want you to keep the story of the caves to yourselves. Can I rely on you to do this?"

"Yes, sir," they replied at once.

"Thank you. Some day, in return for keeping my secret, I will show you all over the Manor, and how the cave is reached from above, but we will arrange that later. I think that is all, Mr. Langton, except for the recovery of the box."

"As two of my boys removed the box, I think it is my duty to recover it for you, sir. If you would like me to do so, I will go down and see Miss Prior immediately after classes."

"Thank you. I shall be much obliged if you will do so."

"That is all just now, boys," Mr. Langton said. "You may return to your

Form-room.”

After classes, Raymond and Nigel went up to their study. Most of the juniors had gone down to the nets, but the two brothers did not feel much like cricket just then.

“What do you make of it now, Nigel?” Raymond asked.

“I don’t know. It sounds all right when Mr. Hayden explained about the boxes, but the more I think about it, the more I feel that he was lying.”

“I have that feeling, too,” Raymond replied. “He was pleasant enough at first, but the way he glared at us when we couldn’t produce that little box made me think that he wasn’t telling the truth. And why is he in such a desperate hurry to recover the box, if it’s only a keepsake? He knows where it is now, and he knows he’ll get it back all right. Why all the hurry? Mr. Langton’s gone down to the village, a thing he hardly ever does at dinnertime, and he could just as easily have called for the box when he was out walking tonight.”

“I say!” Nigel said suddenly. “I think Mr. Langton was looking for that box in our study last night, and as he didn’t find, it, Mr. Hayden came along this morning. If he had found it we should have been on the carpet just the same, but they would have got hold of the box earlier. And I believe Mr. Hayden and our form-master know one another quite well--- what do you think, Raymond?”

“It does look rather like it. If Mr. Hayden suspected a Hinchcliffe man when he found the box was missing, he should have gone to the Head. He wouldn’t be likely to try Mr. Langton first unless they were very friendly. Yes, they must know one another. They would have been in rather a fix if Mr. Langton hadn’t seen us that afternoon. And,” added Raymond as a sudden thought struck him, “It was Mr. Langton who persuaded the head to put Black Mike’s cave out of bounds. That’s another pointer. The chance that anyone would find the inner cave was rather a remote one, and they could well have ignored it. Why do they want to make quite sure that no one goes into the cave?”

“Hayden came here at a time when we were all at classes,” Nigel said thoughtfully. “He and Mr. Langton were alone for fifteen minutes before we joined them, and ten minutes after we left them. I wonder what they said to each other, and I wonder if its all square about those boxes in the secret cave. I don’t like it a bit.”

“Mr. Hayden’s story was plausible enough,” Raymond said slowly, “and we might be letting our imaginations run away with us. But I can’t help thinking that there’s something behind it all, and that the little sandal-wood

box is more valuable than it seems. Yet there's nothing in it! We'll have to tell Bessie what has happened this morning and see what she thinks about it. Langton will be back soon, and when he comes in we'll ask him if he has recovered the box."

They went down and out into the quadrangle. As they strolled across towards the gates they passed two Sixth Form prefects. One had a paper in his hand, and was talking excitedly.

"Just think of it, Brown! Three thousand pounds' worth of notes and jewellery gone! What a shock the pater would have when he went to his study! The police say that it's the work of a skilled man, but they haven't the faintest idea who that man is or where to lay their hands on him. We-- The two brothers moved on out of hearing, and Raymond gave a low whistle.

"You heard that, Nigel? Another big burglary. There's been one every few weeks for the past twelve months, and several of them have been in the homes of Hinchcliffe fellows. I wonder---

"S-s-s-sh!" interrupted Nigel. "Here's Mr. Langton."

There was a frown on Mr. Langton's face as he came striding in at the gates. When the two juniors quietly asked if he had recovered the box, he swung round on them with a grim brow.

"I have not recovered the box. Bessie Prior is not at home, and is not expected home until tonight. If the box has passed out of her hands I shall deal very severely with you."

Mr. Langton strode on, obviously very much annoyed, and as they watched him go the two brothers felt their doubts increase. Either Mr. Hayden had not told them the truth, or he had kept back something of vital importance; something he did not want known.

Chapter 6---What Bessie Saw (next month)