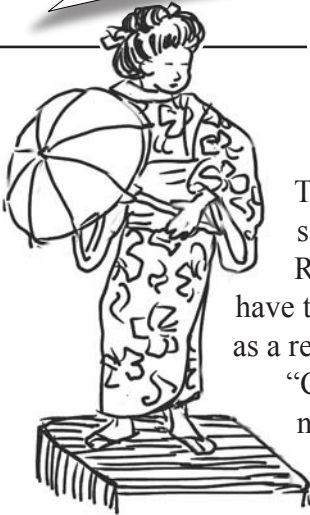


Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates

The China Doll



The doll stood high on the shelf holding a brightly painted fan. Mom said she was Oriental and that her pink dress was called a kimono. Rosie thought she was beautiful. She hoped very much that she could have that little doll. Mom had said that maybe, just maybe it could be hers as a reward some day.

“Can I hold her?” Rosie looked down at her little sister. She hadn’t noticed when Emma came in, and now the little hands were reaching up for the doll.

“Oh, no, Emma,” Rosie said. “She is a china doll and might break.”

“But I’d be very careful. I just want to feel her pretty dress and look at her fan,” Emma said.

“Mommy said we shouldn’t touch her,” Rosie said, and turned from the shelf. “Why don’t we go ride our bikes?” She was glad when Emma followed her outside. It would be better to forget the doll for now.

Emma’s bike was broken, so Rosie offered to give her a ride. “Sit behind me and hold on tight,” Rosie said. The bicycle seat just fit them both, but it was hard to keep balanced. It wavered back and forth down the driveway. Rosie peddled faster and made a big turn. Suddenly the pedals jammed and the bike screeched and fell over. Rosie’s elbow hurt, but Emma was screaming like her leg was broken.

“Where are you hurt?” Rosie asked as she tried to get her little sister out of the wreck. Emma only screamed louder and reached for her foot. It had caught in the chain and was cut and bloody. Mother and Irene were there in a moment and soon were carrying Emma inside. Rosie followed behind, nervously.

“Will she be okay?” she asked Irene when she came out of the bathroom.

“Mom thinks she’ll need stitches,” Irene said soberly. “Her foot is cut pretty bad.” Mother carried Emma out with her foot wrapped in a wet cloth. She was only whimpering now, but her face was very pale. The others crowded around and Chad offered to carry her to the car.

“We’ll be back after a little bit,” Mother said, as she followed Chad out the door. “Thank the Lord, it isn’t very deep.”



A VIEW FROM THE TOWER:

Love and Hate

Love is something we all like, isn't it? We are happy when we love others, and it is wonderful to have others love us, too. It is in our families that we learn how to love each other. You know that your parents love you. And so you love them, too. God is the one who gives love.

But sometimes it is not so easy to love each other. Sometimes it seems easier to hate others. When your brother keeps bothering you or little sister wrecks your special project, irritated and angry thoughts come to your mind. "Why can't he just keep away?" or "She knows she's suppose to keep out of my things!" Soon everything they do seems just to bother you. Instead of love, you have hate building up inside.

Hate is a very bad thing. At first it seems like a good idea, like when Rosie thought Emma shouldn't get so much attention. But when you think selfishly you forget about others. Soon the hateful thought grows until it chokes out all the good inside you. It makes you miserable and hateful yourself. The Bible says that he who hates his brother is a murderer. Of course, you wouldn't want to kill your brother. But some people started out with a few angry thoughts, and in the end they killed another person. That is what hate can do.

Love is just the opposite. Instead of thinking about yourself, you will think of how to make others happy. Instead of choking out the good, love fills us up with good. It brings peace and happiness to our hearts. If we let God have His way, He can fill us up with love no matter how others act. Think about how much God loves you, even if you are hateful. When we do good to others and love them, hate will have to leave. And don't you think they will want to be more loving, too?



No one paid any attention to Rosie as she walked slowly to the sink to wash off *her* scrapes. Her elbow stung terribly and she brushed away a tear as she curled up in Daddy's chair. *When will Mom come back?* she wondered.

But when Mother did return, she just called, "Girls, why don't you fix the couch up for Emma to lie on. She'll need to keep off of her foot for awhile." Rosie carried pillows and blankets to Irene and she made a cozy bed on one end of the couch. Chad laid Emma down and she smiled up at them.

"I got four stitches and a butterfly Band-Aid," she told Rosie importantly.

"Does it hurt badly?" Rosie asked as she looked at the foot poking out of the covers.

Emma shook her head. "Not too much, after Mommy prayed for it."

The rest of that day Emma seemed like a little queen, sitting on her throne. Chad read her stories and Irene baked her favorite cookies. Daniel even found a praying mantis to show her. But Rosie stayed away. She didn't think it was fair that Emma got all the attention.

The next day wasn't any better. While Emma was taking a nap Irene called Rosie to the back room. "Mom said we could give her the little oriental doll. She likes it so much and I think she will be very careful with it. You can help me wrap her up."

Rosie put her hands behind

her back and shook her head. "I don't want to," she murmured. Her heart seemed to have sunk to her shoes and she wanted to cry. Irene didn't say anything as she reached up for the little black-haired doll. Its silk dress shone and the slanting eyes seemed to smile a good-bye to Rosie as she disappeared into the tissue paper.

It isn't fair! She is my doll! Rosie's lip trembled as she ran from the room. She wanted to find some place to go and cry, but Mother met her in the doorway.

"What is the matter, Rosie?" she asked gently. Rosie shook her head and turned away. *Mother didn't really care. All she liked was Emma.* "I think Emma will enjoy the doll most right now," Mother said quietly. "She can't run around and play like you can."

Rosie felt frozen, and her heart felt like a stone. *How can Mom say that? She knows I always wanted that doll!* When she felt Mother's hand on her cheek she pulled away and fled outside.

Rosie found a tire in the shed to sit on. Everything was dark and gloomy, and she let herself cry a long time. She cried because no one cared how she felt, and she cried because she couldn't have the doll. But when she thought of her little sister with a bandaged foot, Rosie stopped. She wouldn't cry for her. Not for such a little selfish, greedy girl like Emma. Not when that beautiful, beautiful doll would be broken and ruined forever. That horrible thought squeezed all the joy out of Rosie's heart and made her feel like choking.

A light shone across the shed and Rosie could see the dust dancing in it. Then she could hear Dad's voice saying, "Are you there, Rosie?" She didn't answer, but he came



in and sat down beside her. "Tell me about the doll, Rosie." Rosie couldn't answer; her throat hurt too much. "I guess she's pretty special?" he asked.

She jumped into his arms then and hid her face on his sweater. It seemed like a long time before the story was out, but she was glad when it was. When she stopped sobbing Daddy just held her close and said, "Shall we pray?" Rosie nodded.

The heavy feeling was still in her heart, but as Daddy prayed, she remembered the story from Sunday School last week. It was about the boy who was mad when his father gave a feast for his brother who had run away. He didn't really love his brother, but just wanted him to be punished. That was how she felt about Emma.

Do you love the doll or Emma more? a little voice whispered. Rosie knew God wanted her to be happy for her sister. It seemed too hard to give up that little doll. *I can't*, Rosie thought. *But Jesus can help me.* Would she let Him take all the anger and hard feelings away?

At last Rosie folded her hands, "O Lord, help me to love Emma and be happy. Help me, please." It wasn't easy to say, but as she prayed it seemed that the hard, hard place in her heart melted away. At last she could smile again.

"I want to go see how Emma likes the doll now," Rosie said as she took Daddy's hand. "Maybe I can get out my little tea set and we can have a party together!"


Go to the Ant

In the King's Garden

I am looking for an ant hill. Do you want to come along? I'm bringing a plate with left over cake crumbs to attract them. Let's look in the flower bed first. See any ants? Oh, here are a few. Where are they going in such a rush? Let's put the plate down and see. Oh, no, the ants have all left. We will leave our crumbs here and come back later.

Come, quick! I just went to look at the plate and there are ants all over it! We kneel down to look at the tiny black insects. They are climbing on all the cake crumbs. There is one with a piece in her mouth. Where will she go? We watch her as she carries it to her tunnel. I wonder where she'll put it? She seems to bring a message to the other ants, because now dozens more are coming out of the hole that she went in.

Just look at this ant! It's trying to get a sticky crumb off the plate. It looks impossible for such a small animal, but it won't give up. She climbs on top of it and tries to shove it. That won't work. She crawls off and gives it a push from the side. Others see her working and come to help. Now there are about five ants all pushing and shoving and working as hard as they can. I see it wiggle! It's slowly moving across the plate. Slowly but surely they take it back to their home. Another team is having trouble. Their crumb is so large it gets stuck on a stick. Can you see the leader pulling at the top while the others push from behind? Finally the stick is moved and they bring it to their hole, only to find it won't fit through. But they won't give up now. They take chunks from it and carry it to their storage houses. Soon the crumbs have disappeared.

The ants have a good lesson to teach us. Do they give up when a job seems too hard? No, they just keep trying until they find a way to succeed. We can be like that. Even when the work you have to do seems like a crumb bigger than yourself, you can ask God to help you do your best. You don't have to sit down and grumble. That won't help! Remember the ants when the work doesn't seem fun or you wonder why you have to do it. When you are willing and cheerful, God has a blessing for you. Besides, the ants get a lot done when they all work together! 



1. Sketch the three body parts of the ant. The abdomen is bigger than the head and thorax.



2. Add six legs. They bend in the middle like our legs and arms. On the head put two antennae.

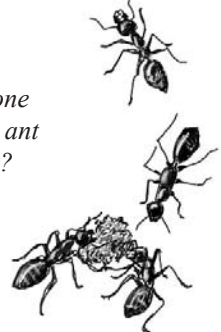


3. Now shade in the ant to make it look black.



4. Finally, use your eraser to lighten one side of each body part. This makes the ant look round and lively. Wasn't that easy?

Draw It!





Gems For Your Treasure Chest

a collection of projects, poems, and verses

What is your favorite ice cream? I'm sure you've heard that question before. Some people like chocolate and others prefer vanilla, or maybe peppermint, or cookies and cream. To prefer means to choose it first. I prefer vanilla, so I would choose it before chocolate ice cream. But when we have a choice between thinking of ourselves or others, most people have the same choice. Themselves. The Bible tells us that we should prefer one another. God can help us to think of others before ourselves. If I prefer my brother, then I will think of what he would like and how to make him happy. And guess what? It will make me happy, too!

Preferring One Another"

the Sunbeam

*See that little sunbeam
Darting through the room,
Lighting up the darkness,
Scattering the gloom.*

*Let me be a sunbeam
Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
Everyone I know.*

-Poems for Memorization

Here is a fun activity to do with your family: Put each person's name on a piece of paper and put them all in a paper bag. Shake up the papers and have each person pull out a name without looking. Now each person must see how many ways they can prefer that person during the day (or week)! To make it more exciting, you can keep the names a secret and try to prefer them without being found out. That will be an extra challenge!

A verse to hide in your heart:

**"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love;
in honour preferring one another."** **Romans 12:10**

“Why can’t everything go like we want it to?” Alice complained. “It doesn’t seem fair that I have to miss out because someone else is sick.”

Grandpa patted his knee. “You want life fair, my dear? Come over and I’ll tell you a story. Maybe you can tell me if fair really means what is best. It is about a man I will call “Levi”:

It Wasn’t Fair

Things had gone terribly wrong in the past week for Levi. Jesus, the Master, had been arrested and condemned to death by the rulers in Jerusalem. The trial hadn’t been one bit fair! Levi thought. Jesus had been the most faithful and true friend anyone could ever have. It was all wrong.

Then, three days after the crucifixion, some of the women started passing around the story that Jesus was risen from the dead. “It can’t be true,” Levi told his friend, Cleopas, as they walked home that afternoon. “What have we to hope in now? And I thought He was the Christ who would have redeemed Israel. It wasn’t right of them to condemn an innocent man.”

“What sad topic is this?” asked a fellow traveler, stepping near.

“You must be a stranger here to not know!” Cleopas said in surprise.

“Know what?” the man asked.

“About Jesus of Nazereth, a prophet of God whose words and deeds are known by all the people,” Cleopas said. The stranger listened to the whole terrible story of how the Master had been betrayed and cruelly killed.

“Some of us went to the tomb to check out the rumour that the women have been telling,” Levi finished. “It was like they said—but *He* is not there.” There was a hopeless wail in Levi’s voice as he spoke of his dear Master.

With a light in his eyes, the stranger replied, “Fools, don’t you believe the prophets? Why *shouldn’t* Christ suffer and enter into His glory?”

Levi felt stunned. Didn’t this man care? But as the stranger started quoting the promises about the Christ, his doubt slowly disappeared. Could it be possible that this man was right? “He shall see travail of his soul and shall be satisfied,” the man said. It was as if the Master Himself was there again, showing them the real purposes of life. Jesus Christ *had come to suffer*—the shame and unfair treatment had all been part of the plan.

As they arrived in the village the man turned to go, but Levi stopped him, “Please stay with us tonight. It is getting late.” And when they sat down to supper, he felt strangely glad. Levi looked at the strong, kind face lifted in blessing, and suddenly he started up with a cry of joy. “Jesus, Master!” But it was in that moment the dear form vanished.

Cleopas’ eyes shone. “It was He! Didn’t your heart rejoice when He was speaking to us on the way and helping us to understand the scriptures?”

Levi nodded and turned to the door. “We must tell the others. Surely the Christ has come and entered into His glory, just as He promised!”


Alice was quiet, thinking back to those disciples so long ago. “Why didn’t they believe that Jesus would rise from the dead?” she asked. “Didn’t He tell them that He was going to die?”

Grandpa smiled. “Yes, but it is often hard for people to believe in things they don’t understand. Like for you to believe that life can go on when your plans are changed.” He chuckled and Alice looked down. Her cheeks grew pink as she thought of how she had been grumbling.

Sammy had been listening from his sick bed on the couch. “I know why Jesus died,” he said. “He wanted to give us white hearts.”

“Well, I guess they didn’t know that,” Alice said slowly. “It really didn’t seem right to kill Jesus when He was so good. They didn’t understand that it was all what God had planned.”

“And it was all for good, even though they felt everything had gone wrong,” said Grandpa. “God can work all things for good to us, too. We just need to remember His plans are better than ours. Even when it doesn’t seem like it.”

Alice looked at her little brother. “I’m sorry for complaining. I guess you don’t want to be sick much either. I think God wants me not to be so selfish,” she said with a little smile. 

IS IT FAIR? Is it really fair to be treated the same as everyone else? God is fair because He gives us what we need, and not just we think is fair or equal. Think about these situations. Circle the ones that show the right way to act.

Taylor and Teddy are twins. Taylor likes to read and Teddy likes to do science projects. On their birthday they each got a new book.

Katie knows two sisters named Jane and Melany. Jane has lots of friends. Melany’s close friend moved away and she is feeling lonely. Katie invites Melany over to do something special. Jane is not invited.



Mom is serving ice cream and she gives 2-year-old sister and 6-year-old brother the same amount.

Uncle Jim came to visit and promised to take the children on a nature hike. Andy and Flora carefully helped him pack the car, but Joey got in the way. He was looking through the binoculars when he tripped down the steps and twisted his ankle. Uncle Jim said he will wait until Joey is better before going on the hike.



Annie's Plan

A TRUE STORY

Most girls want to manage things, just like Mother. They want to be able to make their own decisions and run their own house. And how exciting it would be to be queen of their own kitchen! At least, that is what ten-year-old Annie thought....

It all started the day Annie decided that she wanted to make suppers. Not just plain, ordinary ones like Mom always made. But the special kind with tableclothes and napkins. She asked Mom about it and it seemed like a good plan to her.

Big sister Karla thought it was a good idea, too. "That would be a good thing to do, to have a little discipline in your life," she said.

The first night Annie decided she wanted to make cheese tortillas and chips with salsa. She set out a tablecloth that they hadn't used for a long time. She put napkins underneath the plates, because she wanted to try out new ways of doing things. After she was satisfied that the table looked nice, Annie went to work making the food.

The cheese tortillas were pretty easy to make, because she had learned how to use the stove pretty well now. After they were done she wrapped them in a dishtowel and asked Mom to help her put them in the oven to keep warm. She poured the chips in a tin bowl and put the salsa in a little white dish. The Ranch dip was put in a second white dish.

Now supper was ready, but she had to wait until 6:00 to serve it. And it was only 5:15. So she took a

much-needed shower and put on Karla's bathrobe to make herself look "professional." Everything was ready when 6 o'clock came.

"Time for supper, everybody!" Annie called.

Everybody said it was a big success. "We'll just have to keep our new supper-maker," Mom said with a smile. "You did a very fine job." Annie felt quite pleased with herself.

The new supper job went fine most of the time. There was always something new Annie wanted to try out. Some days she even made three courses or wrote surprise notes to stick under each person's plate. It was great fun to put on an apron and make all the decisions. It made Annie feel important and grown up.

But one day, when Annie had supper all planned out, something went wrong. The dishes were set on the table and she was just about to start making sandwiches when Mom came into the kitchen.

"Dear, I have a wonderful idea for supper," Mom said. "Why don't we have black beans and rice?"

Annie's face fell. She had things all planned out for a special supper and here Mom came in, planning to change everything. Annie decided if Mom



wasn't going to make what she wanted, then she wouldn't help. Mom could make supper by herself. *I don't know how to cook beans and rice, anyway*, she told herself. So Annie went to the other room to watch Karla draw a picture.

Mom called after her, "What was your plan for supper, Annie?"

"Well, I guess we're having beans and rice," replied Annie, matter-of-factly.

After watching Karla sketch for awhile, Annie heard Mom call from the kitchen. "The beans are too hard for supper yet, so we can't have them anyway. What were you thinking, Annie? Wasn't it sandwiches? I guess we'll have to have those tonight."

Annie stood still. *Mom hasn't called me to come*, she thought. *And I don't want to. So I'll just let her do it by herself. She's in charge of supper now, I guess.*

Soon Mom called everyone in for supper. Annie came to the table. *Supper isn't as nice as when I do it. Mom can't make it very well*, she thought to herself. *But she might be too busy to fix all the extra things*, a little voice said to her.

"I didn't know what you wanted in your sandwich, Annie," Mom said, "so I only put lettuce."

Annie stared at her plate. She felt too lazy to go get the tomatoes, cheese, and meat. So she ate her lettuce sandwich in silence. *Mom could've made my sandwich nicer than just lettuce*, she told herself. *But you told Mom you didn't like mayonnaise and pickles in*

your sandwich, so she didn't know what you did like, a little thought argued back. *It wasn't her fault.*

Supper ended and Annie went away to think. She wondered what she should do so that things would work out. She knew Mom wasn't really trying to ruin her plans and that she had acted selfishly. What would be the right thing to do? Annie didn't want to do everything by herself, and she didn't want Mom taking over the whole supper job, either. But it *was* Mom's kitchen after all. At last Annie thought of a wonderful thing.

The next afternoon she went to Mom before she made any plans. "What are your thoughts for supper, Mom?"

"Well," said Mom, "the only plan I really had was using up some of the watermelon. I think that's all."

The watermelon worked easily into Annie's supper schedule. Annie felt happy that she had not just done what *she* wanted, and Mom was glad that the watermelon was being used up. And everyone liked the supper immensely.

After that, supper-making went well.

Something to think about:

- Why do you think Annie's plan worked out?
- Can you find a verse in the Bible about it? Check in Ephesians 6.
- Have you ever been frustrated at someone for messing up your plans?
- If you think about others before yourself, what do you think might happen?

This true story is written by Annie herself, though the names are changed. If you have a lesson you have learned, please share the story with us!



Something You Can Do

In the story “Annie’s Plan,” Annie helped make special suppers for her family. One way to help make a meal special is to make appetizers. Here are some easy vegetable treats you can fix by yourself. It can be your way of being a helping “ant” in the home when you make

---Ant Appetizers---

You will need:

- fresh vegetables (celery, cucumbers, asparagus, carrots, tomatoes, or sweet bell peppers)
- raisins or sliced olives
- peanut butter or cream cheese
- wooden toothpicks
- a knife (be sure you have permission), chopping board, vegetable peeler, and plate or platter



1. First wash the vegetables. Snap the asparagus spears and keep the pointy end. They should be boiled for about five minutes, so get someone to help you.
2. Next pick an appetizer to make. It is fun to make them look like insects, or you can just make pretty patterns.
3. Lay out the appetizers on a plate or platter. Keep it in the refrigerator until you are ready to serve!

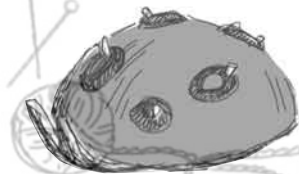


Appetizer Ideas:

Ants on a Log—Cut the celery into 2- or 3-inch pieces. Spread peanut butter or cream cheese in the hollow of the celery. Now line up a row of raisins on top for the ants!

Vegetable Dragonflies—Peel the cucumber leaving long stripes of green (if the skin is still good). Now carefully cut round slices, 4 for each “dragonfly.” These will be the wings. Use asparagus or carrot sticks (peeled and cut in 4-inch strips) for the body. Toothpicks will work to hold them together.

Ladybug Tomatoes—Cut a round tomato in half. Lay the flat side on a plate. Put sliced olives on for spots, using toothpicks to hold them on. Carefully cut a long strip of bell pepper with a slit at the end for the body and antennae (or use a leafy end of celery, or a long curl from peeling a carrot). Put it under the tomato.



"I wish Father would come home," the boy on the sofa said in a troubled tone.

"Your father will be angry," said Aunt Phoebe, who was sitting in the room, reading a book.

Richard sat up and and frowned. "He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

Ten minutes lapsed and the sound of a bell reached his ear. "That's Father, now!" Richard started up and went to the door. He came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air, "It wasn't Father. I wonder what keeps him so late. Oh, I *wish* he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get into deeper trouble," remarked Aunt Phoebe. She had been visiting for about a week and was not sympathetic toward children.

"I believe, Aunt Phoebe, that you would *like* to see me whipped," said Richard, indignantly; "but it won't happen."

"I must confess," replied his aunt, "that I think a little whipping would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am quite sure you would not escape."

"I am not your child, and I do not want to be. Father is good, and he loves me."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa and went to the door.

"It's Father!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what is the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

Richard's eyes filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he opened the door of a glass case and brought out the fragments of a broken statue which had been sent home only the day before. A frown came over Mr. Gordon's face as Richard set the pieces on a table.

"Who did this, my son?" he asked in an even voice.

"I threw my ball in the room once—only once, in forgetfulness." The poor boy's voice was unsteady and he looked at his father anxiously.

For a little while Mr. Gordon sat controlling himself and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully: "What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see. I will not add a word to increase your distress."

"Oh, Father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so good."

Five minutes later Richard entered the sitting room with his father. Aunt Phoebe looked up, expecting to see two shadowed faces, but she did not find them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said to Mr. Gordon after a little while. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined. I think Richard was a naughty boy."

"We have settled that, Phoebe," was the mild, but firm, answer of Mr. Gordon. "It is one of our rules in this house to *get into the sunshine as soon as possible*."

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! It's the best way!

into the

Sunshine

Adapted from
Choice Stories for Children

“My mother and daddy have gotten really mean,” Jimmy whispered to his friend, Stanley Rogers.

“Really!” Stanley whispered back. “What do they do?”

“They are making me work all—” The boys quickly shut up as Mr. Dale, the fourth grade teacher, approached where they were sitting.

“Good morning, boys,” he greeted them.

“Do you have your homework this morning?”

The boys looked at each other. “I left mine on the kitchen table,” Jimmy said.

“I have mine,” Stanley said. He took a paper out of his backpack. Only the first two problems had been done.

“Well, boys,” Mr. Dale said, “you know the rule.”

The rest of the children were building a pioneer house out of logs on the playground, but Jimmy and Stanley would have to stay in to do their homework. So Jimmy quickly said, “My dad said it’s too hard for me!” Stanley nodded.

Mr. Dale took out his cell phone. He called Jimmy’s home. “Hello. Mr. Myers?... Yes, praise the Lord!... Yes, every morning has been a good morning since I got saved, too.” Mr. Dale looked at Jimmy.

“Yes, sir. It’s about Jimmy. He says that you feel his homework is too hard.” Jimmy looked at his feet. “I see; he told you that I said he didn’t have to do it...”

Mr. Dale put away his phone. He looked at the boys, but they did not look at him. Then Mr. Dale began to tell about Adam and Eve. They did what God told them not to do. After they disobeyed, they felt differently. They complained and made excuses. They had to leave the beautiful garden and go away. Everything became much harder. God gave them much harder work to do, because He loved them. He did the best for them that could be done at the time. He made them work harder because He knew this was best for them.

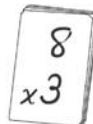
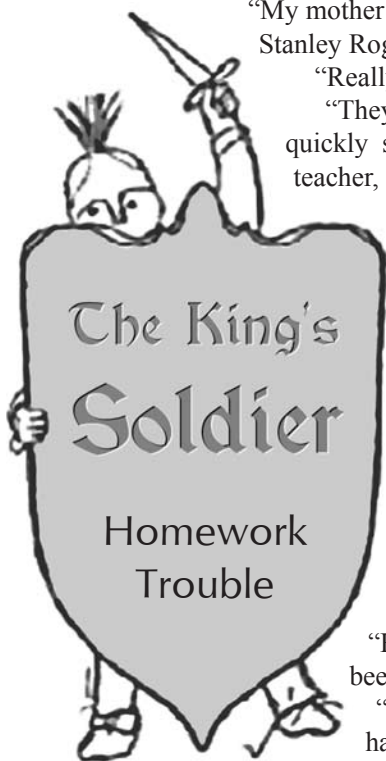
Jimmy and Stanley did not like the sound of that.

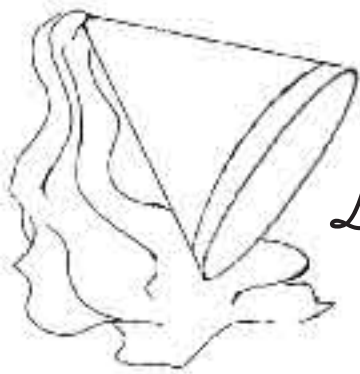
They did not like what happened next, either. Not only did Jimmy and Stanley work at math during recess, Mr. Dale stayed after school with them. They had to memorize the multiplication tables (which they should have already learned) and pass a test before they could go home. If they started to complain, Mr. Dale would pray for them and rebuke the spirit of complaining. For supper, they had a cracker each and a glass of water. It took Stanley four times before he passed the test. It took Jimmy six times before he got to go home. *And* they had more homework for the next day.

Now, the boys did not think about how Mr. Dale missed *his* supper. They did not think about how hard *he* worked because of them. Oh, my, no! They only thought how unfair he was.

When Jimmy got home he was full of complaints. His dad and mom told him that they were so sorry that he was a lazy liar. He looked at them. They had tears in their eyes—even his dad.

“I haven’t lived right,” his dad said. “I haven’t done as I should for you. I haven’t been a good example.” Jimmy thought how Dad didn’t yell at him anymore. He also helped him with his homework and did things with him. “But God has made a new man of me,” Dad continued. “And I am praying that He will make a different boy of you.”





Letter to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess

Dear Princess,

Do you know what it means to prove a promise by faith? Here is a story how Princess Precious learned that “believing is the condition of receiving.” I hope you will discover this secret, too.

Precious was feeling tired. *It isn't a very interesting day*, she thought as she looked out at the gray sky. She trudged down the steps to the sitting room. Prince Valiant said a cheery “Good morning!” as she plopped down into a

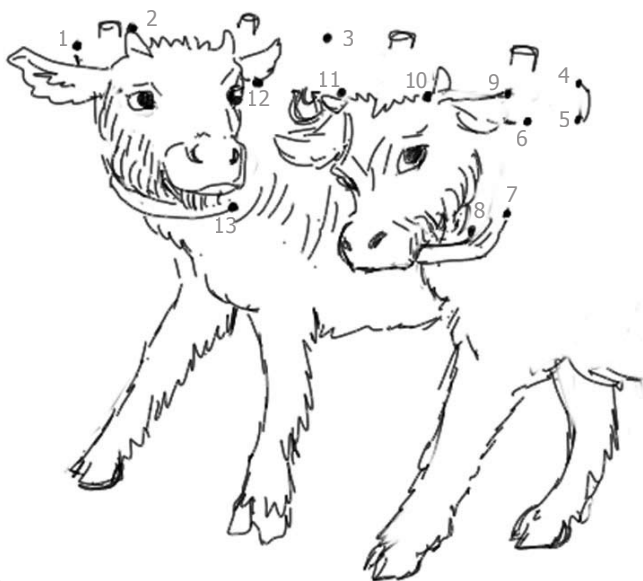
chair. Precious mumbled a reply. It didn't feel like a good morning.

“This morning it may be dreary out,” Mother Matron said, “but I have a precious note from King Jesus to read to all of you.” She smiled at them, but Precious' lips couldn't smile back. “My God shall supply all your need...” Mother Matron read. Precious' mind felt dull, but she tried to pay attention. Maybe something would come along to brighten up the day.

It started to drizzle during breakfast. And breakfast was plain old toast and eggs again. *No sunshine, nothing new to eat*, Precious thought. *How can I have a good day?* She thought of the King's promise. Mother had said she should make it her very own. Could she? She would try.

“Hey, you think *this* is bad?” Valiant teased as Precious frowned at the stack of mending to do. “I have to help fix the gate.

It is good for a man that he bear the _____ in his youth.



Connect the dots to find the missing word. Look in Lamentations 3:27 to check your answer.

Can you figure out what it means? Do you think it is true? Did the boys in the story think it was true?

Good thing the King knows what we need, or I wouldn't..." His voice was muffled by the beating of hail as he opened the door. "Whoopee!"

Precious had to smile. If King Jesus sent hail for him, maybe He would send something to brighten up her day, too. She began to hum softly as she picked through the button tin. After she replaced the missing button on Valiant's shirt, she picked up a mitten with a hole in the thumb. It was Valiant's mitten. *Boys do tear up their clothes*, she thought and glanced out the window. It was raining again and she was glad to be inside.

Valiant's head poked around the door. "I'm on a polar expedition and the blizzards are hitting hard. Do you happen to know where my extra mittens are?"

"Of course," Princess Precious said. "They have been through the repair factory and are ready for service." Valiant thanked her and ducked outside. Precious looked at the soggy



pair dropped on the floor. *It is a good thing God made girls. Boys do need someone to look after them*, she told herself as she headed for the washroom.

"Days like this just stack up the laundry!" Mother Matron said as she added the mittens to the full load. "The boys get their clothes so muddy."

"It's a good thing we have a washing machine," Precious said. "I guess the King knew we needed that." Mother looked puzzled. "I mean, hasn't He supplied all our needs?" Precious said.

"Yes, my dear, He certainly has. And it is certainly wonderful how He has supplied me with such helpful workers, too."

Precious' heart felt warm as she went back to the mending. It did seem that the King knew just what she needed to brighten up the day. She knew His promise was true. He had supplied all her needs.

With love,

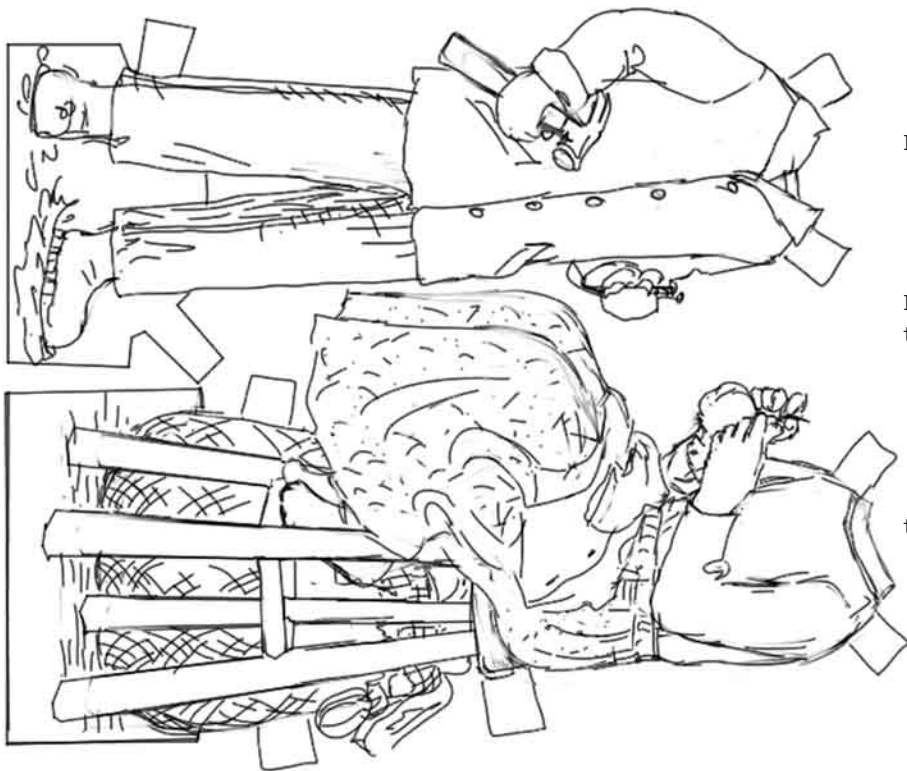
Aunt Faith



What does Prince Valiant think of hard work?

Is Princess Precious going to have a good time mending?

I hope they will ask the King to help them be cheerful and do their best!



Handle with Care

Judith Garnett; *arr.*

Charles H. Gabriel

1. Look out, lit - tle wom - an! Look out, lit - tle man! Do
2. Your soul is the treas - ure, and day af - ter day You
3. The words of the Sav - ior were "Come un - to Me!" So

be just as care - ful as ev - er you can, For each of you car - ry a
choose which to fol - low: the straight or broad way; So mind what comes nigh you, and
sweet - ly He spoke them in dear Gal - i - lee; He wants us to serve Him with

treas - ure too rare To risk an - y tri - fling, so "Han - dle with care!"
heed where you go— Your soul is e - ter - nal for weal or for woe.
pure hearts, and true; Then let us be care - ful in all that we do.

Refrain

Look out! Look out, lit-tle wom-an! Look out, lit-tle man!

Dear Reader,

We are thankful to be able to bring you another issue by the Lord's help. It is our desire to print those things which will help little feet to find the pathway of truth and holiness, and to encourage those who may be young soldiers on the way. We are persuaded that the Savior loves each of you and wants you to possess the treasures of His kingdom. May He use our feeble efforts for His glory.

We would be glad to hear from any of you. We welcome questions, and would be very happy to learn how the Lord has been helping you.

For older ones who want to be challenged and encouraged in Christian living, *Foundation Truth* is published for youths and adults. Back issues and other literature are available at timelesstruths.org.

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, Laura (23), Joel (21), Kara (18), and Amanda (10). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura and Joel, with help (guidance, proofreading, and contributions) from others.

The paper is freely sent to those that request it. You will be kept on our mailing list unless you request otherwise. If the Lord leads you to send anything, please note that since we are not a business we cannot cash checks made out to *Treasures of the Kingdom*.

Notice: we will be working on *Songs and Stories (Book 2)* as the Lord gives time. If you would like a copy when it is done, please write us—the music will be available on your choice of cassette or CD.

In the King's service,
The Editors

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Treasures of the Kingdom

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*How many ants can you find?
There should be 95, including this one:*



SEND TO: