

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates Daniel's Prejudice

"Daniel, come here!"

Daniel pulled his mind back from Nazi Germany and looked up. Mom was calling. She must be ready to leave the library now. He tucked his books under his arm and headed towards the check out.

"There he is!" Mom said. She was standing with a lady and a boy about Daniel's age. "Daniel, I would like you to meet Mrs. Matthews and her son, Robert. They have started homeschooling this year and would like to get together sometimes."

"Hello," said Daniel, shaking hands politely. Robert didn't say much, so Daniel tried to start a conversation. "I'm reading about Hitler right now and the Nazis. Have you read about World War II?"

Robert shook his head.

Robert had never read about World War II? What kind of boy was he? "Do you like to read?" Daniel asked aloud.

"Not really."

Daniel tried again. "I like making forts and playing games outside. Do you?"

Robert shook his head. "I like to draw," he said. He opened one of his books and showed Daniel drawings of arms and legs and strange flying machines.

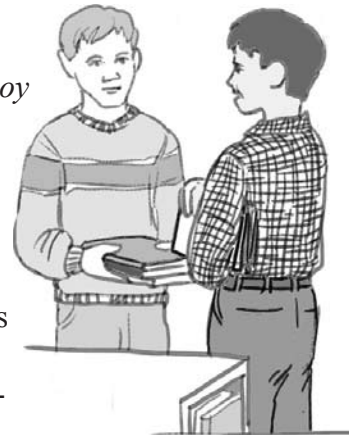
"That's interesting," Daniel said. But he didn't feel interested at all. He was glad when it was time to leave.

"Did you have a good time with Robert?" Mom's asked as they drove home.

Daniel blinked and looked up from his book. "Huh? Robert? All he likes to do is draw." Daniel would much rather think about the Nazis. They might be the bad guys, but at least they *did* some things.

"Mom, why didn't Hitler like Jews?" Daniel asked as they stopped in the driveway. "They never did anything bad to him, but he just hated them."

"Most people are prejudiced about something. It usually starts because of a bad experience, or because you just think your own way is best," Mom said. She looked at Daniel. "If we aren't humble, we can be prejudiced, too."



"I'm not prejudiced," Daniel said. "I don't think certain people are bad. Hitler didn't like the Jews just because they weren't German. That wasn't fair."

"No it wasn't," Mother agreed. "But what about when someone doesn't like the same things you do? Will you think that your way is best?"

Daniel didn't answer. He looked at the proud face of Adolf Hitler on the library book's cover. *I'm not prejudiced like he was*, he told himself.

A week passed before Robert's name was mentioned again. "I just talked to Mrs. Matthews," Mom told Daniel. "Remember the family we met at the library? Robert is turning ten next Saturday. They have invited us to come over."

"Do I have to go?" Daniel asked.

Mom looked surprised. "Robert is your age and I thought you would like to."

"But he just likes drawing. That's all. He doesn't like to play ball or build forts or read or anything!" Daniel said. "I don't want to go to his birthday party. It won't be much fun at all."

"Daniel!" Mother exclaimed. "I told Mrs. Matthews that we would be glad to come. She said Robert doesn't have many friends and he really wanted you to be there. Besides, he is the kind of boy that I would like you to be friends with."

It was settled, then, and Daniel didn't have any choice about it. Mom said she had a nice set of colored pencils that Daniel should wrap for a present. *Well, I won't sit inside and watch him drawing the whole time*, Daniel grumbled to himself as he cut out the wrapping paper. *I think artists are a big bore and I don't want to be friends, even if Mom thinks I should.*

Artists. Adolf Hitler had wanted to be an artist. A new thought startled Daniel: *Aren't you being prejudiced—just like Hitler? If Robert liked to build forts or read books, you would be his friend. What is wrong with liking to draw?*

Daniel stared at the box of colored pencils.

Why didn't he like Robert? *Because he's selfish—he only thinks about his drawings*, Daniel

A VIEW FROM THE TOWER

Solving the Problem

Most of us don't want to admit when we have a problem. It is easy to see someone else's problem. If the room is a mess, it is usually *someone else* that left their stuff out. At least, that is what you want to believe, right? Soon everyone is saying, "but that's not *my* stuff" or "*I* didn't do it." But if each of us think "It's not *my* fault," whose fault is it? Someone has to step up and say the truth: "*I* did it."

The problem of blaming others is one of the biggest problems we can have. Daniel didn't want to admit that he had a problem with his attitude about Robert. He said he didn't like Robert because *Robert* had a problem. But whose problem really was it? Who needed to change? Daniel did. But he didn't want to face it. So he blamed someone else, and the problem didn't get solved.

Do you have problems? Problems with other people? Problems with what is happening in your life? God wants to help solve your problems—if you can say, "Lord, *I'm* the one that needs help." But that seems to be the hardest thing to say sometimes. Just think. If your bike tire is split, will it help to keep putting air in? No, you have to *admit* where the problem is before you can get it fixed. It was when Daniel realized, "It is *my* problem" that God could help him. If *you* have a problem, the Lord is able to help you fix it.

told himself. He imagined Robert's room. There were pictures of arms and legs and strange flying machines all over the walls. Faces of artists would stare from the shelves and hallways. It gave Daniel the creeps. But deep down inside Daniel knew he wasn't being fair.

Daniel became quite a grouch. When Rosie asked what Robert was like, he exclaimed, "I don't know! He hardly would talk to me at all!"

"Mom says that he is really good at drawing," Rosie said.

Daniel rolled his eyes and walked off. *I don't like Robert and I don't want to be his friend,* Daniel thought. *I guess I'm really prejudiced. Maybe if I found a box of Robert's drawings I would burn them. Hitler burned people's things.* Daniel frowned. *I don't want to be like Hitler! But I can't like Robert, no matter if I tried.*

It was at family devotions that night that Daniel realized what was wrong. "If you have God's love in your heart you will love others, too," Dad explained as they read from 1 John 4. "If we hate others and treat them in a bad way, we really don't love God. God's love is big enough for everyone."

When he knelt down to pray with the rest, Daniel felt a hard lump in his chest. He couldn't get Robert out of his head. He hadn't loved Robert at all, so he hadn't been loving God. What could he do? Finally he covered his face in his hands and asked God to forgive him for all the bad thoughts he had had. "I'm sorry for being grouchy and having a bad attitude," he prayed. "Help me to love everyone like You do." And that meant Robert.

And the Lord did help Daniel. The morning of the party, Daniel even felt a little bit excited. Mom had heard that the Matthews' had a creek near their house. "Bring an extra pair of clothes," she told them.

As they stood in front of the two-story house, Daniel suddenly felt nervous.



Mrs. Matthews welcomed them in and he looked around at the wide hall and long staircase. "Robert's upstairs," Mrs. Matthews said, smiling at the package he held in his hands. Daniel was glad for the chance to fly up those stairs. At the landing he turned and looked out of the high front window. He could see across

the rooftops to farmland and the far off hills.

"That's my favorite window," Robert said from behind him. Daniel turned.

"Yeah. You can see really far," he agreed.

"Do you like the country?" Robert asked.

"Yeah, I wish I could live on a farm," Daniel said. "I like hiking in the woods a lot."

"I like the woods. I especially like waterfalls and mountains," Robert said, staring off across the fields. "I like painting them."

Daniel remembered the gift then. "We brought you a present." He hoped that Robert didn't already have colored pencils. One thing was true. There *were* drawings and paintings on the walls. But they weren't of arms and legs and flying machines.

"Prismacolor pencils!" Robert's face lit up as he tore off the wrapping. "I've been wanting these forever! Thanks so much!"

Daniel couldn't help grinning. "Do you want to try them out?"

"Oh, not today," Robert said, quickly. "I guess you don't like drawing much, so Mom suggested—maybe you'd like the creek." Robert looked at him shyly.

"That would be fun! I like water as much as hiking, especially on hot days like this," Daniel said. "What is the creek like?"

"There's a little waterfall that I like to sit by and draw," Robert said, as they headed down the steps. "There's an old rope swing near it."

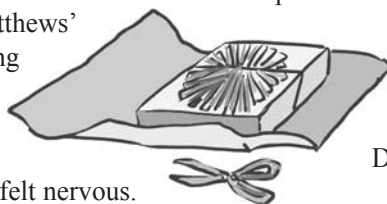
"Really?"

"Yeah, it isn't much fun by myself."

"It'll be a lot of fun together!"

Daniel promised.

And it was.




Powerful Waves

In the King's Garden

Today I want you to join me at the seaside. The air smells different as we near the ocean: fresh and salty. Then we see it—the wide blue waters and the white foam of the waves. Come down to the beach with me and let us watch them. The water swells dark and rolling. Suddenly it arches over, sea green below and sparkling white above. Crash! The wave pounds upon the beach and then slides back out to sea, soon to be followed by another one.

The waves are beautiful, but they are powerful, too. One little water droplet might not seem very strong, but millions together make a force that can break down the hardest rocks. Do you see the sparkling sand? Once it was part of hard rocky cliffs, but the pounding of the waves broke it down, bit by bit. Waves may look gentle and soft, but they are strong. Their strength comes because they keep coming and never stop.

There are other types of waves. The devil has waves of wrong-thoughts and evil influence that he wants to send your way. A little lie might not seem to hurt. But one lie is followed by another. Bit by bit you will be broken down. If you let the devil's waves crash into you, your life will end in a pile of sand. Is that where you want to be?

But there is another power—the power of God's love. Like the wide, wide ocean, it has no end. Like the waves, it keeps coming and does not give up. It breaks down proud hearts and selfishness and hate. If you will give yourself up to God's love, you can become one of His little water drops and share in the power of the waves. Your life can help break down sin and wrongdoing in this world, bit by bit. Will you be a part of God's powerful waves? 

How many words can you find in the waves that describe God? The references (KJV) below may help.

- Psalm 62:11
- Luke 1:37
- Psalm 73:26
- 2 Cor. 9:8
- Psalm 145:3
- Deut. 33:27

G E R I M P O D G
 A P I U B T E A R M E R
 P M S D S O Q P O W E R H B C E
 H I E A L R T V G S A O L R A P F A
 O P F G B I R J E A S F I W N L K T
 A J S S C M E C N H Z P E J D A N N
 H N O T H I N G I M P O S S I B L E
 W Y E N P O G T D G R E A T P H P S
 A B L E X F T N E R H B T P H K O S
 S I P V C N H U A F E L M I R S R E



Treasure in the Sand
 Have you ever seen the white, round sand dollar on the beach? It is really the skeleton of a sea creature that lives at the bottom of the ocean. Brown fuzz covers them when they are alive, but the mighty ocean waves often toss them up on the beach where they dry out and die. The best time to find sand dollars is after a storm and when the tide is low. Watch carefully, for the waves often come and bury them before they are found. A sand dollar is a good reminder of the power of the waves. It also tells a story, as you can read in this poem.

The Sand Dollar's Story
 Upon this odd-shaped sea shell
 a story grand is told
 About the life of Jesus,
 the most wondrous tale of old.

Treasure Chest
 poems, and verses

In the center you may see
 the well-known Guiding Star
 Which led to tiny Bethlehem
 the wise men from afar.

Five wounds suffered by our Lord, from nails and Roman spear
 When He died upon the Cross, are marks shown plainly here.

When the shell is broken
 see five doves of Peace within,
 They tell us of our life in God
 when Christ has saved from sin.

A verse to hide in your heart:
**"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
 How great is the sum of them! If I should count them,
 they are more in number than the sand." Psalm 139:17-18**



“Grandpa, the stilts don’t work!” Edward complained, plopping down on the step.

“Didn’t you ask me how to use them five minutes ago?” Grandpa asked. “If you do it the way I told you, it will work.”

“But I like my way better,” Edward mumbled.

Grandpa smiled a little. “But your way didn’t work, did it? Let me tell you a story about

The King Who Wouldn’t Listen

King Nebuchadnezzar always liked doing things his way. His way was always the smartest and the best, he thought. Hadn’t he conquered all the world with his armies? Didn’t he personally test and choose the princes to govern his lands? And when problems came, Nebuchadnezzar had the wisest men in the kingdom to answer all his questions. Such as, how he should construct a bigger statue, or what a dream might mean. Sometimes the king’s dreams were really a problem.

“Call all the wise men before me,” the king decreed one morning. “I need to know the interpretation of the dream I had last night!” But the wise men of the land couldn’t satisfy him. “It is Belteshazzar that I need,” the king decided at last. “No problem ever stops him.”

So Belteshazzar, the chief governor of the land, came in. The king was very pleased to see him. “O master of magicians,” he cried, “do tell me the interpretation of my dream! I had a vision of a great tree that reached up to heaven, with beautiful leaves and much fruit. It gave shade to all the animals of the earth. But then a holy one came down from heaven and cried that the tree should be cut down and only its stump should be left in the field.” The king sat back in his throne. “Now tell me what this dream means, Belteshazzar. The other wise men couldn’t answer me, but you can, because the spirit of the holy gods is in you.”

The truly wise man stood silent before him, a troubled look on his face. The king waited, but at last grew impatient. “Belteshazzar, don’t let the dream bother you so!”

Belteshazzar looked up sadly. “May the dream come true on your enemies, O king,” he said quietly. “The great tree is you, O king, because you have grown strong and your kingdom is to the end of the earth. And so the most High has decreed that your kingdom shall be taken from you and you shall live like a cow in the field, until you know that the most High rules the kingdoms of men and gives them to whomsoever He wills.” The wise man’s voice became bold. “O king, consider what I say. Break off your sins by doing right. Show mercy to the poor that you might continue in peace!”

The king nodded his head. The wise man was dismissed. Of course, Belteshazzar must be right. But the advice? Well, it wasn’t his way of doing things at all. Great King Nebuchadnezzar was never wrong, so why should he change his ways? Like so many others, once the king got the answer he asked for, he wouldn’t listen.



Edward sat looking at his shoes. Finally he said, "Grandpa, if you tell me one more time, I *will* listen."

Grandpa pretended not to understand. "What! You didn't listen to the story? When did you fall asleep?"

"I heard the *story*, Grandpa!" Edward said quickly. "It was about Nebuchadnezzar's dream and how all the wise men couldn't answer it except Belt-sher-shaz, or something like that."

"Bel-te-shaz-zar," Grandpa said slowly.


"But I thought it was Daniel that told the dream," Edward said, looking puzzled. "How did that man know the right answer?"

"Was it the right answer?" Grandpa asked.

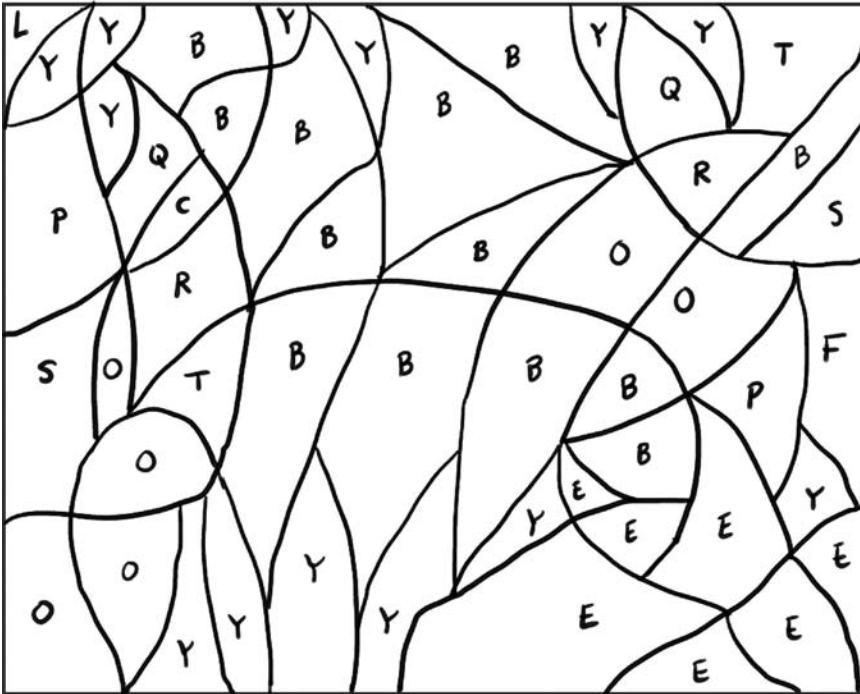
"Yes, because I remember that it all came true and the king did act crazy like a cow and grew feathers and everything!"

"Wasn't it too bad the king didn't listen to Daniel's advice?" Grandpa said. "Belteshazzar was the name Nebuchadnezzar had given to Daniel, and it meant something like 'the wisdom of the gods.' The king knew he was right."

"I guess he did," Edward said. "But he just didn't want to do it."

"Just like a little boy around here," said Grandpa, with a wink. "Let's go out and see about those stilts. Maybe this time they will work!" 

To really listen, you don't just use your ears, but your mind and hands and feet.



You must:
 O = gray
 B = brown
 E = tan
 Y = green

Do you see what the king saw?



Freedom

PART FIVE: THE POSSESSION

After a dangerous and difficult escape from Sinful Misery, Julie and Lisa are on the brink of their heart's desire—the shores of Peace Land.

Now I come at last to the day we came to Peace Land's shore. After the last slave hunters had left the ship, the *Deliverance* set out across the waters of separation. I did not look back on Sinful Misery even once. As Lisa said, "We are just going to keep ourselves as far away from that shore as we can!" With the fresh breeze in our faces we were able to sit back and rest.

"All passengers ashore!" the call rang through the air like the sound of a trumpet.

Suddenly we were really there, standing on the free rocky soil of Peace Land. Lisa knelt and kissed the ground. I stood tall, too glad to hardly say a word. I no longer had to be ashamed. I was free!

The Captain wiped tears from his eyes and said, "You are safe now and I'm glad to have brought you. Master Good has sent word to your friends and you will find a cart waiting for you farther down the shore." I looked at him gratefully, wishing I could pay him back for his kindness. Instead he handed me a purse. "Something from Master Good to help you on your way," he said simply, and returned on board.

Lisa was still kneeling and I gave her a shove. "You can't stay there all day—this is Peace Land and someone is waiting for us," I said with a laugh. "See?" The driver of the cart had spotted us and was waving.

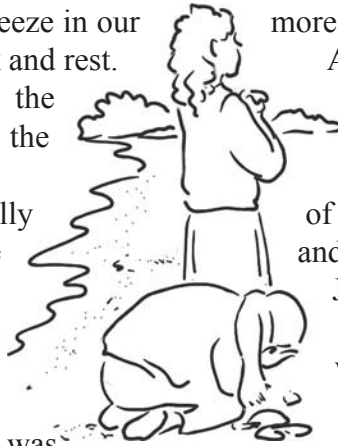
Lisa rose to her feet quickly when I touched her. "Julie, we must hide!" she whispered. "Why is that man waving at us? Everyone will see us!"

I laughed again. "Lisa, we don't need to hide ourselves any more. We are no more slaves to sin. We are free!"

A glow came to her cheeks then. "Free?" she repeated, and a glad smile lit her face. "Free to do right and live like the people of light? Free to raise up our heads and smile at God's sunshine? Oh, Julie, I'm so happy I could fly!"

I felt the same way, and when we were greeted by the cart-driver it seemed like a greeting from heaven itself. "I know how you feel," the dark-faced man said with a grin. "I came to Peace Land last year." His name was Harold Forgiven and he told us that George was waiting to meet us at Saint Abidington. "He has a job at the Pilgrims and Strangers Hotel there," he said. I was afraid to ask if anyone had heard of my mammy, afraid to know what had happened to her. Besides, Harold was in a hurry to be off.

As I took my seat in a pile of fresh hay,



I rememberd the humility straw that had hid us when the slave catchers were after us. How long ago that seemed now! Here we were in Peace Land at last, riding like queens in our own carriage.

“It is like heaven,” Lisa said, as we spread a picnic on a golden carpet of love leaves that evening.

Harold Forgiven looked at us soberly. “I must tell you, this isn’t heaven. There are many troubles and trials yet, and life is hard for us that escaped old Sinful Misery. Here in Peace Land we don’t have nice houses and fine food on our tables. Most of us don’t know much about the Word of Truth and learning to read is not easy.”

“We can learn to read the Word of Truth?” I asked, excitedly. Long ago my mammy had told me about the Book that the Master of Love had written, but we never knew much of what it said. No slave could understand it.

Our friend smiled at us. “Yes, here you can learn to read, if you set yourself to work for it. And I tell myself, I’d a lot rather be a working and living by that Truth here, than to be tasting of selfish pleasure back in Sinful Misery. I’d rather be poor and be free.”

I thought back to the would-do-right and Master Good’s promise to us. The journey would be dangerous and difficult, he had said, and living in Peace Land wouldn’t be easy, but we would be free. He had been right, and it didn’t hurt to remember it. To work and live by the simple Truth was fine

with me when there was no whip over my head.

So it was that we came at last to the front of the Pilgrim and Strangers Hotel, built by those that had escaped slavery before us. I had just leapt to the ground when George ran to meet us. He was dressed in fine new clothes and grinned broadly, but his eyes still flashed with the old determination. He greeted us as true ladies.

After he had helped Lisa from the cart, he turned to me. “She’s in the kitchen and will want to see you.”

“See me? In the kitchen?” I asked, puzzled. Was I getting a job? Then I saw her in the doorway. A strong tall figure that I knew so well, but with a slight limp and graying hair.

“Mammy!” I cried, and flung myself into her open arms.

“Julie, you’ve come!” she cried into my hair. “Isn’t it wonderful what Master Love has done for us?” I squeezed her tightly, then turned to my friend who stood by shyly.

“Meet Lisa—she’s come with me.”

Mammy pulled Lisa into our circle and smiled on us. “Come! Let me show you our home. It is not big, but it is our own.”

So we all went down Salvation Street together. We were happy and ready to face the future in this new land, whatever came. Like my Mammy says, “In Peace Land we may be poor, but none of us is slaves!”



The End

Something You Can Do

Do you want to live for Jesus and please Him? Maybe sometimes you have trouble getting along with others like Daniel did. Or maybe you have a habit of doing things "later" as did Princess Precious. There are many times where we are weak or puzzled or afraid, but there is One who is able to help us. No matter how big the troubles seem to be, there is something you can do—

---You Can Pray---

Jesus wants to be your strength. He wants to take the broken things in your life and make them strong and useful. He wants to make the sad people happy. He wants to take away your fears and give you peace. How can He do all these things? Let's see if you can figure it out from this true story:

Johnny was poor. His mother worked hard for their daily bread. "Please give me something to eat, for I am very hungry," he said to her one evening.

His mother let her sewing fall upon her knees and put an arm around him. Her tears fell on his face as she said, "Johnny, my dear, I have not a penny in the world. There is no bread in the house, so I can not give you any tonight."

Johnny did not cry when he heard this. He was only a little fellow, but he had learned the lesson of trusting in God's promises. He believed in Jesus' words, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you."

"Never mind, Mama," he said. "I will soon be asleep; but you must sit and sew, hungry and cold. Poor Mama!" He threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.

It was time to pray, and he knelt by his mother's knee as she began, "Our Father..." He repeated the words after her until they came to the petition "Give us this day our daily bread." The way in which his mother prayed these words made Johnny's heart ache. He stopped and looked at her, and repeated with eyes full of tears, "Give us this day our daily bread."

When they had finished the prayer, he said, "Now Mother, do not be afraid. We shall never be hungry any more. God is our Father. He had promised to hear us, and I am sure he will."

So Johnny went to bed. Before midnight he woke up, while his mother still sat sewing, and asked if the bread had come yet. She said, "No, but I am sure it will come."

In the morning, before Johnny was awake, a gentleman knocked at the door. He wanted a lady to come and care for his two motherless children. When Johnny's mother agreed to go, he left some money with her. It was plenty to buy some things for breakfast, and so when Johnny awoke the bread was there—all that he needed!

What did Johnny do when he had a problem? He didn't complain, but believed God would take care of them. He prayed, because he believed his Heavenly Father was listening. And did God listen? Oh, yes! God is ready to help in all our needs if we come to Him in confidence and expect an answer, as Johnny did.

Letter to a Little Princess

Continued from page 10

Precious needed it again. But Joy's tangled thread lay at the bottom of the pile, quite forgotten. Joy found a new needle and thread, and began to wonder whether her big sister could be trusted. For as the weeks went by, many more things went into Precious' basket than ever came out again.

The first of the month was Palace Inspection Day, when the King himself came into each room to see how clean and orderly everything was. Inspection Day usually caught the lazy princesses off guard and brought a blush of shame to many faces. But Precious always had been careful to keep her room tidy and clean, and this day was no different. Even the *later* basket had been neatly dusted, and self-will said that it added a good effect to the room.

Strange to say, it was the basket that King Jesus stopped at first. "Is this your new collection?" He asked, very seriously.

"Not really," Precious said with a little laugh. "It is my *later* basket, to keep things that I should do—I mean, that I don't have time to do." For some strange reason her bright little plan didn't seem so wonderful when she told it to King Jesus.

He looked at her almost sadly as he repeated, "Things that you don't have time to do. What sort of things are those?" He lifted up the basket and took out Valiant's shoes. "Is that why the little fellow was wearing his boots to town last week?" Pre-

cious hung her head. Next came a book borrowed from Princess Patience, a dirty spoon, and the pair of scissors Precious had never been able to find.

"That's where they went!" Precious exclaimed. King Jesus looked at her sharply and she blushed. When he began taking out the little scraps of paper she wished she could sink through the floor. One by one he read them aloud. "Wash dishes...write a thank-you note...sweep the stairs." And at the bottom of the basket was the tangled thread.


"So you didn't have time for these things?" King Jesus said, looking straight into her eyes. "Who told you that?"

Precious was nearly in tears. "I don't know—it just seemed that—that it was best to do it later—and," she swallowed hard, "I never remembered. I'm sorry, and I don't want to put anything in there again!"

"And how shall you do that when you have such a habit of letting the self-thoughts have their way?" He asked, quietly. Precious looked up into His face and understood.

"Will You help me?" she asked humbly, "I don't want to be selfish."

"Then let's get out the shoe polish," He said, taking her hand. "It is not *too* late to shine Valiant's shoes."

With love, 
Aunt Faith



Greg was a very smart boy, but he liked to cheat. It didn't matter if it was wrong. He thought if he was smart enough he would never get caught.

Mrs. Goodwin, Greg's math teacher, lived only two blocks from his house. She would prepare tests and the answers on her computer at home. Greg knew a way to get into her house. The only problem was that Mrs. Goodwin kept a mean dog in her yard when she was away.

One day, Greg got his chance. He was near Mrs. Goodwin's place when Sam Pother passed him on his bike. Sam had a paper route to help his family, but Greg called him "goody-two-shoes." He was wishing Sam didn't get such good grades when he noticed Mrs. Goodwin's gate was open. Suddenly a loud, barking blur dashed out. Sam pedaled as fast as he could down the street with the dog snapping at his tires.

Greg made a perfect score on his test the next day.

The next week Greg was waiting at the corner for Sam to pass. But this time as Sam went by Mrs. Goodwin's gate he pulled out a can of dog spray. When the dog tried to chase him, he gave it a blast in the face. Mrs. Goodwin's dog began to roll on the ground, pawing at his face, and whimpering. Sam got off his bike and went into the yard and Greg followed.

"Oh, hi, Greg!" Sam said, as he appeared around the house with

a garden hose.

"What are you doing here?" Greg said roughly. "Are you bothering Goodwin's dog?"

"No, I'm just trying to teach him not to chase bikes," Sam said with a smile. He turned on the water and grabbed the dog's collar. He was busy washing the dog's face when Greg slipped in the back door.

Before class the next day Greg stopped in front of Mrs. Goodwin's desk. He said he had something important to tell her in the principal's office. "It is about Sam Pother," he said. "I saw him over at your house yesterday afternoon."

When Greg sat down in his seat he smiled to himself. He knew he would get a perfect math score again today. And he wasn't surprised when Sam was called into the principal's office.

Mr. Steele, the principal, was standing in front of his desk when Sam came into his office. He looked really mad. "All right, boy!" he shouted. "Why did you do it?"

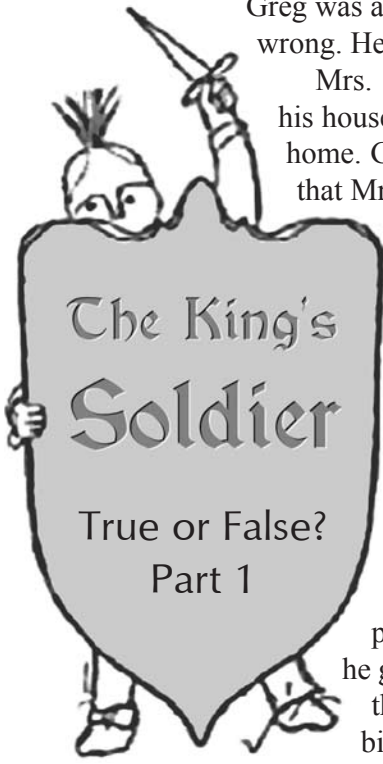
"W-what—did—I—do?" stammered poor Sam. He couldn't think of anything he had done wrong.

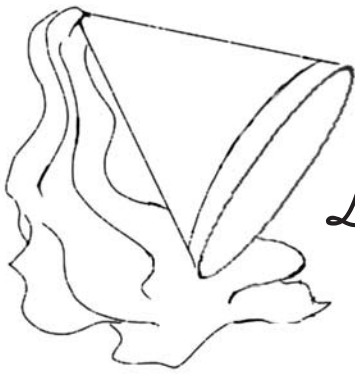
"You're a smart one!" barked Mr. Steele. "Don't you know that breaking in is against the law? Do you want me to call the police?"

"What—d—did I break?" Sam asked in a quavering voice.

"DON'T GET SMART WITH ME, YOUNG MAN!" Mr. Steele roared in a voice that shook the window pane. He called Sam's parents. Then he called the police.

—to be continued in the next issue





Letter to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess

Dear Princess,

Have you ever said, "I'll do that later," or, "I don't feel like it right now"? The *later* habit begins in a very simple way, but it needs to be stopped before it is *too* late.

One afternoon Princess Precious was thinking about all the things she would like to do, when little Joy skipped into the room.

"Oh, Precious! Would you untangle this thread? I need to sew my button back on," she said.

Precious took the needle and thread from her sister, but her mind was on the picture she wanted to paint. Just as she began picking at the knot, a little thought popped into her head.

"You have been busy working all morning and it is time for a break," little self-first whispered. "Just leave that tangled thread until later." Now Precious hadn't learned much about making her thoughts behave, so she listened with almost a smile.

Joy had disappeared and so Precious looked around for a place to put the tangled thread. Another naughty thought spoke up: "There is a nice basket in the

Which is the true picture of what Greg is doing?
Look in the pictures for the hidden letters for TRUE and FALSE.



top of your closet. If you put it by your lamp you will be sure to remember the thread later.” It sounded so good that Precious followed self-will’s suggestion at once.

So instead of untangling Joy’s thread, Precious began on her painting. It was of a darling little kitten playing with a ball of string. She was just adding some pink to the ears when the supper bell rang. Quickly Precious put her paints away and dumped out the cup of water.

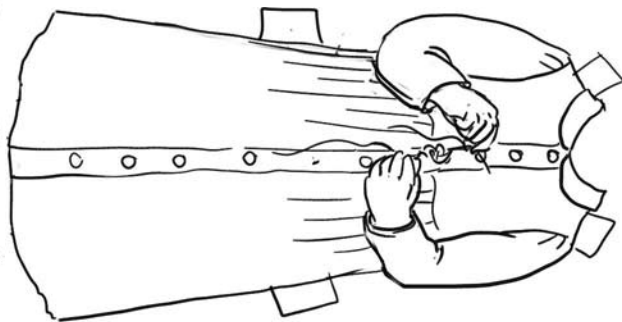
“Oh, dear! The paint brush!” Precious said, as she was ready to dash down the stairs. Then she spotted her *later* basket. “I’ll do it after supper,” she told herself as she dropped the paint brush in beside the thread. But as things always happen, after supper there was something else to

do, and Precious never even thought of looking in the *later* basket until bedtime. Then she was sleepy, and so she told herself she would do it first thing in the morning.

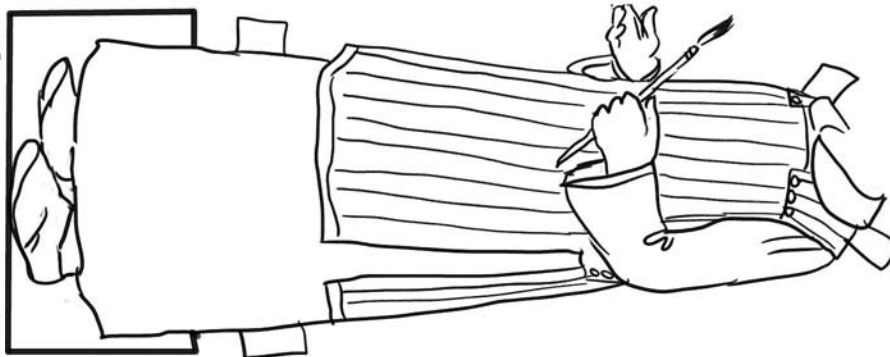
The next day many new things were added to Precious’ *later* basket. “This was such a good idea,” another little self-thought said, as she dropped in a pair of scissors that needed to be put away. It was also the easiest place to keep the shoes that Valiant wanted to have polished. Later she put a little note in the basket: “sweep the stairs,” because she was too busy to do it just then.

At first, Precious remembered to look in the basket every day or so. It wasn’t until a week later that the paintbrush was washed out, and that was only because

Turn back a few pages to finish the story in the center section



When Princess Precious is busy with her painting, will she help untangle Joy’s thread or put it off until later?



Give a Call to Jesus

J. A. E.

(1 Thessalonians 5:17)

Joel A. Erickson

Not too slow

1. Have you been fight - ing the foe? Are you still striv - ing to win?
2. Are you dis - cour - aged and sad? Are there mis - takes you must mend?
3. Is your day lone - ly and drear? Does it seem gloom - y and dim?
4. Has Je - sus helped you to - day? Do you in vic - to - ry reign?

§

Fine

Do not give up and let go, Tell the One who saves from all sin.
Would you be hap - py and glad? Take the time to talk to a Friend.
Je - sus is wait - ing to hear, Come and bring your trou - bles to Him.
Wheth - er at work or at play, Give a call and thank Him a - gain.

D.S.—give a call to Je - sus to - day.

Refrain

1-3—Give a call to Je - sus to - day, Ask Him now for help on your way;
4—Give a call to Je - sus to - day, Give Him thanks for help on your way;

D.S. al Fine

He will sure - ly an - swer you, And give you help to make it through, So
Je - sus' smile is shin - ing there, And there is sun - light eve - ry - where, Yes,

Dear Reader,

Our lives have been very full, with the recent deaths of two grandfathers and also preparation for Joel's wedding. But no matter what is happening, or however busy we are, we must never forget to take time for Jesus. When He is with us, all will turn out well, for "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8:28). So we are glad that at any time we have the privilege of calling for His help.

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 (24), Joel (23), Kara (20), and Amanda (12). The publishing of *Treasures of the Kingdom* is mainly done by Laura, Joel, and Amanda, 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*.

In the King's service,
The Editors

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Treasures of the Kingdom

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*How many sand dollars can you find?
There should be 90, including this one:*



SEND TO: