

Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

At the Palace Gates

Daniel and the Steering Axle

It was a cold, windy day, but Daniel was glad to get outside. Icy air hit his face as he jumped down the back steps. “Chad! Do we have time to work on the go-cart?” he called.

Chad’s head poked out of the tool shed. “Only a few minutes. I’m going to help Tod with his new paper route this afternoon.” He finished tightening a screw on his new bicycle basket and then pulled out the go-cart frame.

“If you show me what to do, maybe I can work on it while you’re gone,” Daniel said. “We are almost done with the nose, aren’t we?”

“Yep,” Chad said. “I guess I can cut the side boards and you can nail them on.” Daniel held the measuring tape while Chad measured and marked the triangle pieces on a scrap piece of plywood. The nose of the go-cart was so long that Daniel’s legs just reached the steering axle in front. At least, where the axle would go.

“Will the axles be the next part?” Daniel asked as Chad put on earmuffs and safety goggles. The whir of the table saw drowned out his answer, but Daniel thought it was “yes.” He couldn’t wait until the wheels were on and they could try it out!

By the time the boards were cut, Tod had arrived with his newspaper sack. “Just be careful with the tools and put everything away when you’re done,” Chad told Daniel as he swung onto his bike. Soon he had pedaled out of sight down the road.

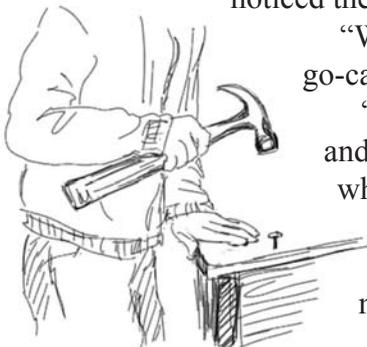
Daniel liked using a hammer and hitting the nails squarely on the head. *Bam, BAM!* If he hit them just right, he could usually level a nail in five hits. The only bad part was that he couldn’t hold a nail with his mittens on. But Daniel didn’t mind cold fingers. He hardly noticed the hail beating on the roof until Rosie opened the door.

“What are you doing Daniel?” she nearly shouted. “Is that the go-cart?”

“Yep.” Daniel nodded and stood up. The nose was finished and he stepped back to look it over. He couldn’t wait until the wheels were on.

Rosie shut the door and stepped closer. “It doesn’t look like it can go anywhere,” she said slowly. “How will it move?”

“It will have axles and wheels, see?” Daniel held up a piece



A VIEW FROM THE TOWER:

The Power of Right

You should always do the right thing. You've been told that before. And you know it is true from what happens if you don't. Even if no one sees you take the candy bar, you don't feel happy. Daniel knew that, too. When he thought about using the power drill, he chose to obey his father and leave it alone. That was the right thing to do. And even though it was hard at first, it made Daniel very glad in the end.

What if Daniel hadn't done the right thing? Wouldn't he be afraid of Dad finding out? And if he had attached the wheels, wouldn't he be sorry when it all had to be taken apart? Doing the wrong thing makes us fearful and gets us into trouble. We can't be happy and sure of success. Doing wrong makes people weak.

God knows that it is best for us to do right. So He gives us a conscience to know what is right and wrong. He also tells us in the Bible what is right—and how we can live right by the power of Jesus. Living right is the happiest way to live. When we do right we can know all is well and God will take care of us. We don't have to be afraid of getting caught. Doing right gives us courage when problems come. Right conquers wrong because God's power backs it.

If we live right in this life by the power of Jesus, we don't have to be afraid when God judges us and how we have lived. It will be a glad day to meet Him face to face and know that we are right with Him (I John 4:17).

of two-by-four with a rubber-rimmed tire attached to each side. "This will be the steering gear when we bolt it in through the floorboard, here." He tipped over the nose and laid the axle against the bottom. "Like this."

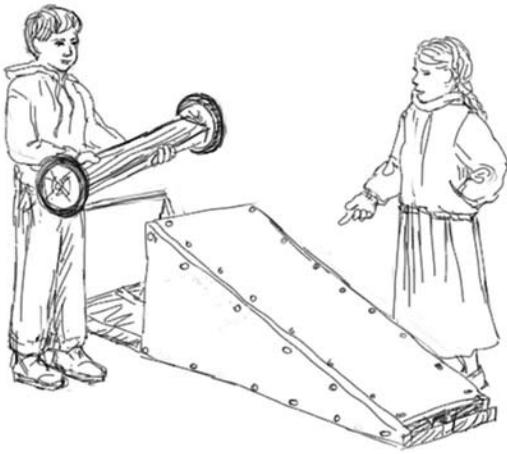
"Are you going to put it on next?" Rosie asked.

"Well, I don't know," Daniel said slowly. He remembered Chad was going to use the long bolts and washers that Dad kept in his tool cabinet. *I know how to use the electric drill*, Daniel thought, as he looked at the boards carefully. *I can put the wheels and axle on before Chad gets back. Wouldn't he be surprised!*

"Do you know how?" Rosie asked.

"Sure I do," Daniel said, quickly. "I just have to drill a couple holes and slide the bolts in." But as he reached up to take down the electric drill, Daniel remembered something Dad had told him once: *Never use an electric tool unless Chad or I am around.*

Daniel stopped. "It's not dangerous to use a drill," he said half-aloud. *But Dad didn't say "if it is dangerous."* *Obedience is always the right thing*, a thought whispered. "No, I better not," Daniel told Rosie. "I'll wait until Chad gets back. He might have other plans anyway."



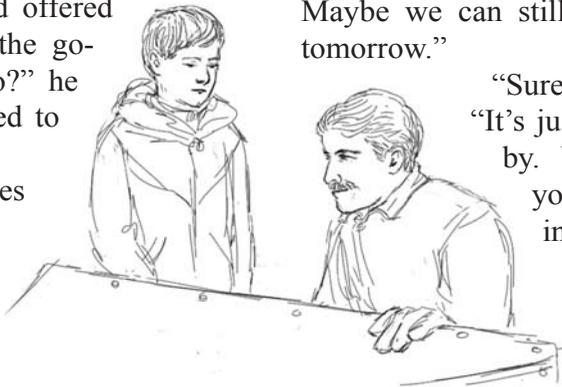
“Then come inside,” Rosie said. “Mama said we could make cookies with her.” It was hard to leave the shed with the go-cart just waiting to be finished. As he shut the door and followed Rosie across the yard, Daniel kicked at the melting hail. *I wish I was big like Chad. Then I could make things without having to have someone else there*, he thought.

As it was, Daniel had to wait several days before they could work on the go-cart again. He spent his time imagining the bright blue stripes and red star he would paint on the front. What great fun they would have speeding down the big hill on Eagle Crest! He hoped it would be ready when the cousins came on Saturday.

Friday afternoon Dad offered to help them finish up the go-cart. “What is left to do?” he asked, as the boys hurried to put on their coats.

“Attaching the axles and seat,” Chad said.

Daniel grinned. “And then we can paint it!” Dad smiled as he led the way to the



shed. But his face grew sober as he looked the go-cart over. He tipped the nose down and looked inside. Then he looked at the bottom boards and frowned.

“What is the matter?” asked Chad. “Is it built wrong?” Daniel’s heart seemed to leap into his throat as he waited for Dad to answer.

“No,” Dad said slowly. “I guess I just can’t figure how you’ll get the axle on with these boards here.” He tapped the triangle pieces that Daniel had nailed to the sides of the nose.

“Oh, no!” Chad looked surprised, then laughed. “We sure would’ve messed up putting the steering bar underneath! Imagine trying to get our feet on it!” He looked at the nose boards. “It’s my fault. I told Daniel to put them on without really thinking.”

Imagine if I had bolted the axle on the bottom, Daniel thought. How glad he was to have done the right thing!

“It won’t be hard to fix,” Dad said cheerfully. “These boards are nailed on so straight that they’ll come off in a jiffy. Then all we have to do is bolt the steering bar on and trim the sides down a bit.” As he spoke he took down his crowbar and began to pry the boards up.

Daniel smiled at his brother. “I’m glad we didn’t do any more building. Maybe we can still get it done before tomorrow.”

“Sure we can!” Chad said. “It’s just a mistake to learn by. When you’ve done your best, there’s nothing to fret about.”

And Daniel was very glad there wasn’t.



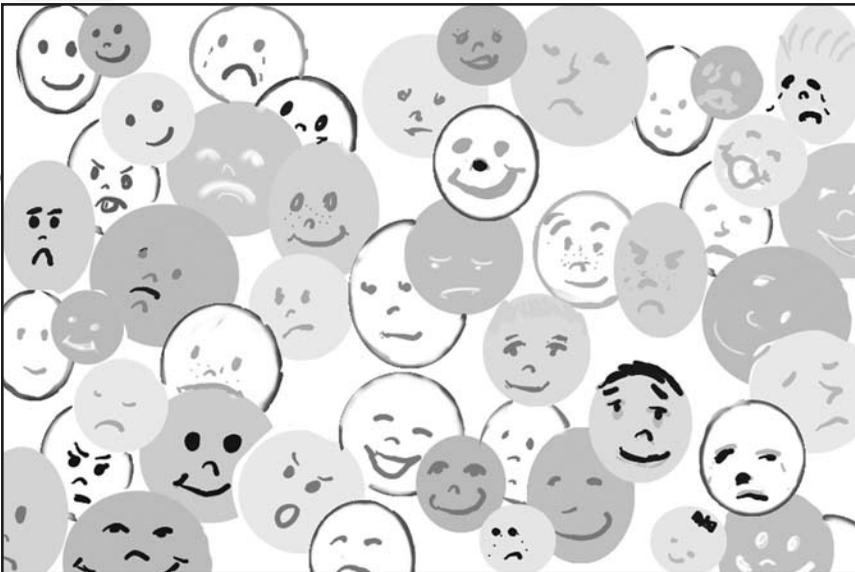
In the King's Garden

Clean Out the Pen

One of the worst chores I know is cleaning up animal pens. No one likes dirty, stinky places. The last time I went down to the pigeon loft it smelled so terrible I hurried away as fast as I could! But you know the rule: if you have pets, you have to take care of them. That pen will have to be cleaned out. Today. No more putting it off until tomorrow.

I shouldn't ask, but do you want to come and help? If you're brave enough to tackle the work, we can get it done twice as fast. Then we'll be rewarded with a fresh and clean pen. That is what I'm looking forward to. Won't we feel glad when all the dirty bedding and dried manure is scraped away and the fresh straw is spread out? I think so.

If you don't have a pigeon loft, there might be a litter box or fish tank to clean out. You probably don't like cleaning out cages any more than I do, but aren't you glad when it is done? God wants to clean out messed-up lives and help us get rid of "dirty bedding" in our hearts. When you want your own way and quarrel with your brother or sister, don't you think that your attitude is "smelling" bad? Just think of it like the litter box. What if you said, "I don't mind the smell. I don't want to clean it out!" How terrible that would be! God loves what is clean and good. He hates sin and wrong-doing as much as you hate a dirty diaper. He wants us to love to make things right (just like cleaning out a pen) and live with His peace and blessing. 



Look at all these faces! Some show smiling good attitudes. Others really look pouty and mad. Can you cross off every grouchy face so only the cheerful ones are left?

Gems for Your Treasure Chest

a collection of projects, recipes, poems, and verses

Recipe for: Giving Your Best

Take a willing heart and pour on love and cheerfulness. Add a little thankfulness.

Determine to always do the right thing, for Jesus. When you feel like stopping, do a little more. Give all your problems and the praise of others to Jesus for baking. When the trials of disappointment and troubles come to test you, pour on a little unselfishness.

And when you are done, you should have a heart full of blessing and peace. Serve with love for the King.

My Gift

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd,
I would give Him a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man,
I would do my part;
What can I give Him?
I'll give Him my heart.

-Christina Rossetti

A verse to hide in your heart:

"...God is no respecter of persons: But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Acts 10:34-35

“Grandpa, I’m tired of sitting still,” Edward said, twisting in his seat.

“Can you tell us a story?”

“Please, Grandpa,” said Sammy. It was a long trip for little boys.

“Shall I tell a story about sitting still?” Grandpa asked with a twinkle in his eye. When both boys nodded, he began....

David’s Test

I am sure you remember the story of David, the giant-killer. You remember him as a fearless shepherd boy and brave soldier. He is a hero of every daring boy. But it wasn’t a test of courage that this story is about. No, it was a test of David’s inner strength—to do what was right, when he was tempted to do wrong.

David was in trouble with the king. It seems quite unfair, but King Saul was afraid that the brave young soldier would take over his kingdom. So he plotted to kill him. What trouble David was in now! Fleeing for his life, he found himself hiding in mountain caves with a band of debtors and discontent men.

Those days were fearful ones. David was being hunted as a criminal, and the king sentenced the death of anyone that would help him. But up in the cave David turned to the Lord, who had never once failed him. “Deliver me, for I put my trust in Thee,” he prayed. “O bring me out of my distresses!”

One day the distress came very close. Saul’s army was after him again, and from his lookout in the cave David could see thousands of soldiers pressing up the slope. Suddenly a figure appeared in the opening of the cave and David’s men flattened themselves against the walls. What a surprise it was to see the king himself step in and lay down to sleep at their feet! “See, the Lord has delivered you!” David’s men whispered, excitedly. “Saul is in your power now!”

It certainly seemed that David’s chance had come. But as David stepped close to the sleeping man, he saw not his enemy filled with cruel hatred, but his king. “I must not stretch out my hand against him,” the brave warrior said, looking at the knife in his hand, “the Lord has made him king.” So it was the royal robe lying on the rocks that he cut in the trembling stillness. But, oh! Had he done the right thing?

The restless men shifted unhappily. Why was their leader wasting time? He held them back with an upraised hand. “The Lord forbid that I should hurt my master,” he said, earnestly. It was terribly hard for those strong men to stand still and watch their bitter enemy rise up and leave that cave. But as David held that strip of royal hem, he knew he had in his hand the proof of his faithfulness.

I Samuel 24:1-7; Psalm 25:17-20



Sammy sighed happily as the story finished. "I'm glad he didn't kill King Saul," he said. "That would have been bad."

"I know what happened next," Edward said, eagerly. "David came out and Saul was so surprised! He must have been really sorry for chasing him when he found out that David didn't kill him."

"Why do you think David was afraid to kill King Saul?" asked Grandpa. "He had

been so fearless and brave before. What made him stand still?"

"Well, I guess it was because he knew it would be wrong," Edward said, slowly. "It was really brave to let King Saul go, wasn't it? I think that showed he was a real hero."

"Yes, it is by passing the tests that God proves what we really are," Grandpa agreed. "I hope you boys want to come out real champions and be fearless for right." 

Can you pass this test and fill in the puzzle? If you don't know what the right answer is, look in Matthew chapter five. Jesus has shown us the way to live that we might be children of _____. (When you have finished the puzzle, the letters in the black boxes will spell out the answer.)

Pick the right answer and put it in the boxes. Leave the filled-in boxes empty.

1. If someone takes away your coat, you should:
 - a) HIT HIM b) LET HIM c) SUE HIM
2. What should you do if you have an enemy?
 - a) DO GOOD b) GET EVEN c) GO AWAY
3. If we treat others like God does, we will _____ them.
4. When we are doing right, and others lie about us, we should be:
 - a) ANGRY b) SORRY c) GLAD
5. Because we will have a great _____ in heaven.

1						
2						
		3				
4						
	5					



Mattie's Prize

adapted from *Choice Stories for Children*



What was Mattie turning over and over in her hand with such delight? Every now and then a ripple of laughter broke from her lips. She was sitting on a stool in the front room, wishing Mother would wake up to hear her good fortune and help her admire this wonderful prize.

It would not do to awaken her, for she was getting over a long, severe sickness. Mattie, though only eight years old, knew that every hour of sleep was bringing her mother nearer to health again. Still, it was trying for her to sit quietly with such a wonderful thing to tell. At last she decided she could not wait any longer, and went to find Aunt Fanny.

Aunt Fanny was getting dinner, but she looked up with a smile as Mattie put her rosy face in at the door.

"Is your mother still asleep, Mattie?" she asked.

"Yes. How has she been feeling today?"

"Better. But what she really needs is a breath of fresh air. A ride would be so wonderful for her right now, but we must give that up."

"Why, Aunt Fanny?"

"Because we cannot spare the money. You know, dear, your mother's sickness not only keeps her from her students, but it takes many hours from her sewing. We shall have to live very economically for a long time to keep out of debt. So, you see, we cannot spare five dollars for a ride."

"Will it cost that much?"

"Yes, Mattie. It's no use to go for a little city drive. What your mother needs is a good breath of country or sea air, and it will take a long ride to get that. It is such a lovely afternoon, too," she added regretfully.

"Aunt Fanny, we will go. You get Mamma ready, and I will make the arrangements. What time should we start?"

"It is nearly twelve. Say one o'clock," said Aunt Fanny as the little girl rushed off.

It was well for the invalid that she was awake when Mattie returned, for her delightful news certainly would not keep



much longer. Mother was waiting as impatiently as Aunt Fanny for an explanation, and the happy child was eager to give it.

“We were all in school this morning, Mother, when Miss Stratton told us that some great man—I did not catch his name—was going around the building to see how our school was managed. After a few minutes he came in with four or five other men. We went through some of the exercises and sang for him.

“Then he said: ‘Now I want to hear some of the little girls read aloud. I will give this to the best reader.’ And he held up something, I could not see what.

“Miss Stratton called up five girls to read, and I was among them. When it came my turn, Mother, I remembered all you had told me about punctuation, distinctness, and expression, and I tried my best. I was the last, and when I finished he said, ‘This little girl has fairly earned the prize,’ and he put in my hand—see, Mamma!—a five-dollar bill!”—and Mattie held out her treasure.

“I danced all the way home and found you asleep. Then I sat down and tried to think of all I could buy for five dollars. I wanted to run right out and get you some oranges and grapes and all sorts of good things. I wanted to buy you a new pair of slippers—yours are so shabby. I wanted to get you—”

“Stop, stop, little daughter! Did you not want to buy something for yourself with your five dollars?”

“Oh, Mamma, I have everything I want!”

“I thought I heard a little girl wishing

for a new hat and shoes.”

“Oh, the old ones will do! Wouldn’t *I* look nice,” said Mattie scornfully, “buying myself hats and shoes, when you are sick! Well, I was trying to decide what to buy, and went to ask Aunt Fanny, and she told me about the good a ride would do you. So, Mamma, we will go for a ride down to the seashore, and make you well and strong again.”

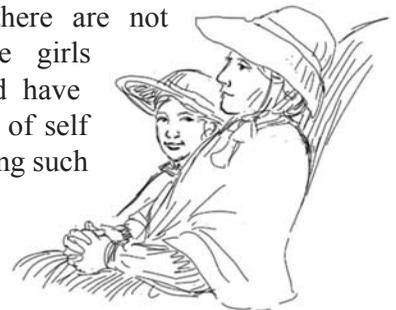
“But, Mattie, it seems too bad to take your prize from you so soon.”

“Too bad! As if I cared for the money half as much as I care to get you well! Besides, Mother, if you had not taken so much pains to teach me to read well, I would never have had the prize. So, you see, it is really yours, after all. Now let me help Aunt Fanny dress you. Isn’t it beautiful to see you have a hat on again!”

It would be quite beyond my power of description to give any idea of that ride. The best part of it, for the little girl, was the sight of a faint flush upon her mother’s pale cheeks, a new light in her eyes, a stronger, clearer ring in her weak voice.

After happy, tired Mattie was fast asleep in her own little bed, the mother said: “I was downhearted, Fanny, thinking I must give up the struggle for health; but my little daughter’s gift must be repaid by making every effort to get well again. I will get well for her sake.”

“Yes, indeed,” Aunt Fanny said heartily; “for there are not many little girls who would have no thought of self after winning such a prize.”

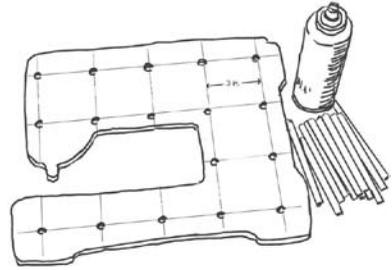


Something You Can Do

Do you like to build things out of wood? Do you know someone who likes to sew a lot and needs a rack for big spools of serger thread? If you have permission to use a drill or can get someone to help you, you can make your mother a special

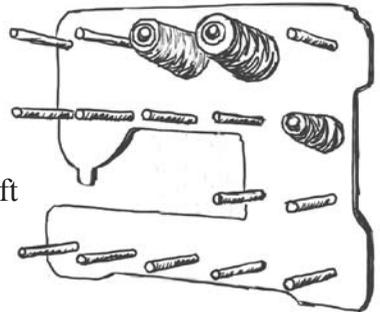
---Serger Spool Rack---

You will need: a piece of 3/4-inch plywood
a saw (a jigsaw if you have one)
3/8-inch drill bit and drill
3/8-inch wooden dowels
wood glue
sandpaper



1. Measure and cut a piece of plywood 13"x26"—about the height and length of a sewing machine.
2. With a ruler, draw a grid on the board with lines about 3" apart. This is for the spacing between each spool, so you can make the lines closer together or farther apart if you want. If you have a jigsaw, draw the shape of a sewing machine on the plywood—you'll cut out the shape later.
3. Wherever the lines cross inside the sewing machine shape you drew, drill a hole most of the way through the plywood. Try not to drill all the way through. If the spool rack is going to be hung on the wall, you need to drill the holes at an angle, so the spools won't slide off the dowels later.
4. If you have a jigsaw, have an adult help you cut out the shape of the sewing machine. Sand all the rough edges.
5. Find out how many holes you have, and cut the dowels into 5" lengths. They should be just a bit shorter than the height of the spools, so it will be easy to put the spools on and off. Sand one end of each dowel piece, and glue the other end into the board. Put some newspaper underneath to catch the extra glue.

When the glue has dried, you have the perfect gift for your mother!



Make It *Right*

The old bunkhouse was a perfect place to play. The narrow bunks that lined the walls and the square frame windows made a perfect cabin. The shaggy carpet was fine for sitting around and play-

ing games. But the broken glass swept into one dark corner was not so wonderful. It had hap-

pened when a bunch of us were having a lot of fun and didn't notice how wild we were getting. Then, crash! Grandpa's old mirror lay in a thousand pieces on the floor. We knew we were in trouble. But no one was around to see, so we thought it would be better to shove all the evidence away out of sight. And since none of us was going to tell, I thought it would be best to shove all thought of the trouble out of my mind.

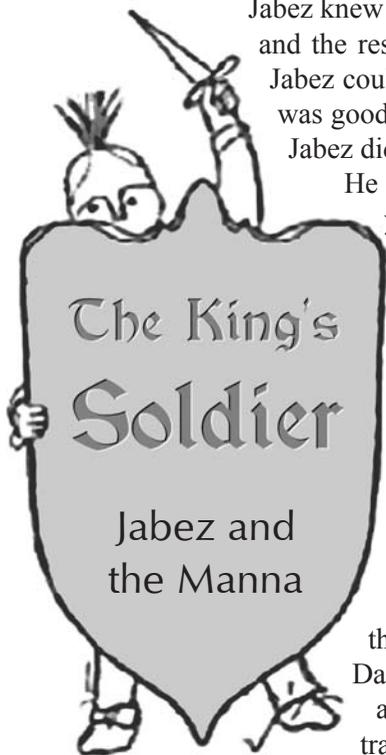
Shoving things into corners doesn't get rid of them, does it? Maybe it will be out of sight and out of mind—but the problem isn't gone. The mirror wasn't fixed. And in the dark corner of my heart, I knew I wasn't honest. Years went by. Most of the time I didn't think of that old mirror. Everyone else had forgotten it, too. And Grandpa never mentioned it. I was glad that it was forgotten.

But I was wrong. I had forgotten that there was Someone who doesn't forget. I didn't think about the God who loves truth and right, and who hates all that is wrong. The Lord doesn't accept cover-ups and excuses, and He sees all the hidden corners. The broken pieces of glass weren't out of His sight at all. And He was kind enough to remind me.

Sometimes I wanted to do better and really live for God. "First make it *right*," the quiet voice of God whispered. "A covered-up wrong is still a wrong. You have been hiding the truth, and that is a lie." I thought it would be silly to go tell Grandpa now. It had been at least three years! But God doesn't listen to excuses. "Make it *right*," He whispered.

At last I really got serious. I determined I would obey and do what was right, no matter how hard it was. I wanted to please the Lord and be clear in my heart. It was time to go tell Grandpa about the mirror. I felt nervous and my heart was thumping, but I told him the truth. And Grandpa forgave me. "Thank you for telling me. I didn't know it had broken," he said. At last the corner was clear! I felt so free and happy. Everything was *right* again. And that mattered most of all.

Jabez knew that he was smart. He was fast with his hands, too. When Mother and the rest of the family picked vegetables in the garden back in Egypt, Jabez could pick faster and bring in the biggest basket. Mother said that it was good to be fast at things, but one should be unselfish and help others. Jabez did not like to think about that.



He knew how to make a trade, too. When Obed found a rock with yellow and red stripes, Jabez knew right away that all of the boys would want it. "I'll show you where I found the clear, crystal rocks if you'll give it to me," Jabez told Obed. Everyone had wanted the crystal rocks before, but when Jabez got the rock with stripes all the boys wanted it. Soon Jabez had a treasure box that was overflowing with the boys' most valuable things.

Daddy said that a good trade was where both were happy, but Jabez really thought that a good trade was where *he* was happy. Jabez thought he made a lot of good trades.

When everyone crossed the Red Sea, Jabez was glad that he would not have to be a slave in Egypt when he was grown up. Every day Daddy gave thanks that God had delivered them from the hand of Pharaoh. "We should be thankful for what we have," Daddy said when many began to complain. But Jabez didn't care about the problems; he had discovered lots of ways to make better trades all the time.

One morning, everyone came out of their tents and saw an amazing sight. It looked as if it had snowed. But it wasn't snow at all. Everyone was saying, "What is it?" In the language which Jabez and the rest of the Israelites spoke, this is said: "Manna?" So the white stuff was called *manna*. It was food from God up in heaven and it tasted very good, like wafers made with honey.

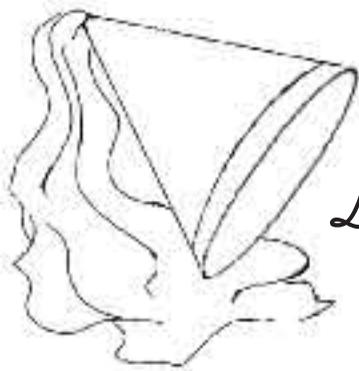
Everyone was gathering baskets of the manna everywhere. "Wow!" Jabez thought. "I had better get this stuff while I can." He filled the back of the tent with baskets of manna. He filled the area behind the tent with baskets of manna. He even made a deal with Seth to use his ragged old tent to store more baskets of manna.

By the time that the manna on the ground melted, Jabez was awfully tired. He had gathered ten times more manna than anybody else in the whole Israelite nation. But who knew if there would be any more manna again? Daddy looked at all the rows of manna-filled baskets and shook his head. "Didn't you listen to what Moses, the man of God, said?"

The next morning, the manna was there again. Everybody was gathering manna except Jabez. "I'll just wait until some lazy person comes along to trade for my manna," he thought smugly. Sure enough, Naphtali came with a little gold chain in his hand. He made a deal for five baskets. But when Jabez went to get five baskets, he was horrified. *All of the manna he had saved was bad!* It smelled terrible, and there were even little worms in it!

Foolish Jabez! God can not be outsmarted. "As it is written, He that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little had no lack" (2 Cor. 8:15).

[If you want to read more about the story of the manna, you will find it in Exodus 16.]



Letter to a
Little Princess
from an
older princess

Dear Princess,

Have you ever heard of the “Way of Ascending”? I suppose not, because most people hardly ever go far enough down to find its secret entrance. You see, the King has made it to be a stairway only obedient servants find out. Shall I tell you of the day that Princess Precious discovered it?

From the start, it was a rather hard day for Precious. She had been hoping to go over to the village hall to sing for the poor folks

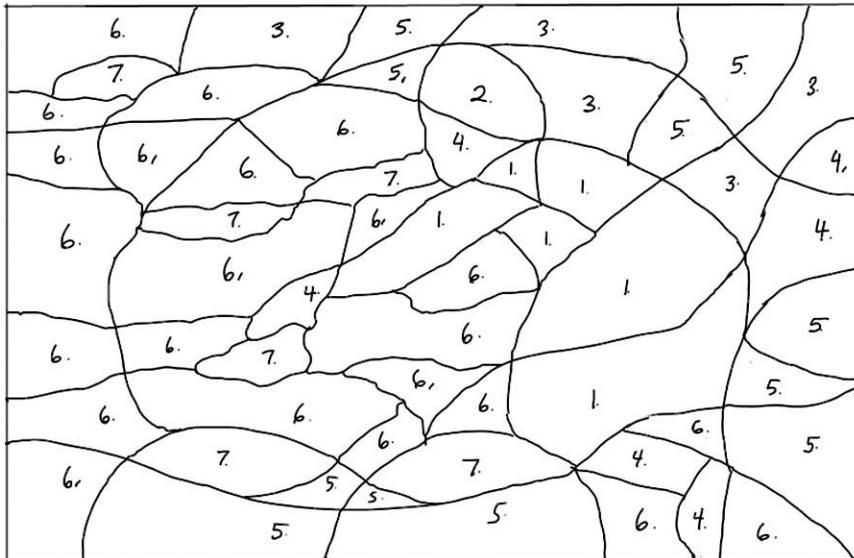
there. Mother Matron usually took her on Saturdays and Precious especially liked the caramels she would get and the friendly cat there. But today the King had said she must stay home and help Princess Praise in the kitchen.

Precious sighed as she looked at the “To Do” list on the counter:

- make cabbage soup
- bake bread
- sort through apples
- wash kitchen windows
- organize canning jars

Nothing seemed as interesting as caramels or cats. Besides, Precious didn’t know how to make soup or bake bread. And the windows were too high up. Then she remembered King Jesus’ parting smile and she determined to do her best. Pouting wouldn’t help a bit.

- 1 = blue
- 2 = red
- 3 = green
- 4 = tan
- 5 = brown
- 6 = gray
- 7 = white



“Shall I sort apples or organize the canning jars?” Precious asked when Princess Praise came up the cellar steps with a huge cabbage in her hands.

“Either one,” Praise replied. “But you might need to wear a cape and mittens. It is cold down in the cellar.”

So Princess Precious trudged down the cold stone steps to the lowest room in the palace. “I guess I’ll start on the jars,” she said to herself, looking over the dimly lit shelves. It was a good thing she was wearing mittens, for the glass jars were very cold. “Maybe if I sing I can work faster,” thought Precious as she pushed the canned fruit into even rows. She began on “I’ll be a Sunbeam” and sang through all the songs she knew. At last all the jars were in order.

“How nice that looks!” Precious exclaimed as she stepped back. “Now where are the apples?” The apple crates were in the corner. As she pulled them into the middle of the cellar, Precious noticed a flicker of light coming from a narrow opening in the wall. The words “Way of Ascending” were carved above it. Suddenly Precious smiled. King Jesus had said something about “a way up” when He sent her to the kitchen.

Soon the sorting was done and Precious picked up the basket of rotten apples. She would follow that glimmer of light and

see where it led her. First the narrow passage-way smelled as rotten as the apples she held. But as she came up some steep steps, Precious found herself on a lovely little balcony with the clean, cold air all around.

“Oh, it was the Gardener’s compost pile that smelled so bad!” Precious exclaimed as she looked down into the garden below. With a toss the rotten apples joined potato scraps and stable bedding.

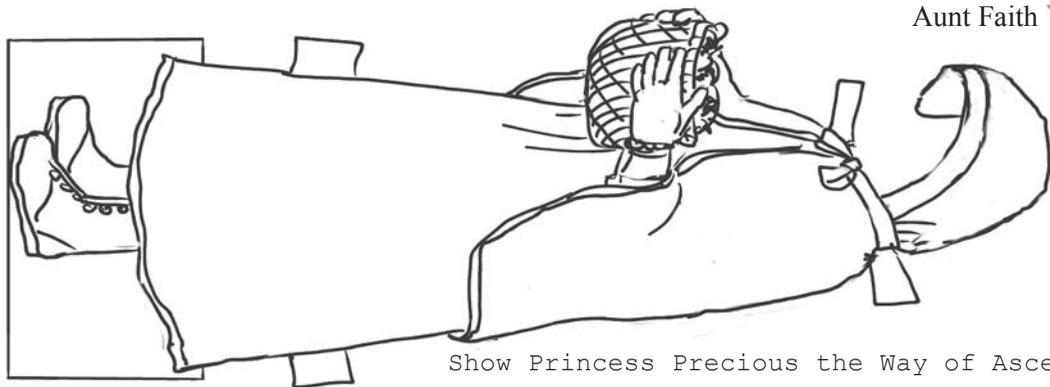
The lovely stairway wound up and up above Precious’ head and her feet were quick to follow it. First she saw the

bare rose bushes and the brick garden walks. From another window she could see all the way down to the frozen lake. And how beautiful the wooden glen looked, all sparkling with frost!

At last Princess Precious stood at the top of the tower in a lovely glass room. “I never knew there was such a place as this!” she said to herself, peering out across the King’s lands all the way down to the little village where Mother Matron was. “How glad I am that I could stay home to find it out.”

And so every princess soon learns that “the way up is first the way down.”

With Love,
Aunt Faith



Show Princess Precious the Way of Ascending.

Give of Your Best to the Master

Howard B. Grose

Charlotte A. Barnard



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;

Refrain—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

Fine



Throw your soul's fresh, glow-ing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your ser - vice; Con - se - crate eve - ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove.

Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple, Daunt - less was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you will be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

D.C. Refrain



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion; Give Him the best that you have.
Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's a - dor - a - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

Dear Reader,

As the old year comes to a close and a new year opens before us, we are thankful for the Lord's help and the many, many blessings He has given us. In the year ahead, let us give our best to the Master, that we may live and serve as He would have us.

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 are 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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How many screws and bolts can you find?
There should be 89, including this one:



SEND TO: