

# Treasures of the Kingdom

Dedicated to planting young feet on Heavenly soil

## At the Palace Gates

### Daniel's Refuge

Daniel liked forts. Whether it was a log fort or a tree fort, a great stone castle or a hidden underground refuge, Daniel thought forts were wonderful. He liked reading about them. He liked talking about them. And most of all he liked to build them.

"It looks like you're building a fortress this time," big brother Chad said when Daniel began hauling cardboard boxes and boards behind the chicken yard. "What happened to the fort you and Rosie made in the tree house?"

"This one is going to be better!" Daniel said, confidently. "Do you think Dad will let me use those old bricks? I need them for a barricade."

"I think so, but what is the barricade for?" asked Chad with a laugh.

"So the other kids can't come in. This fort will be even better than the tree house, and I won't let anyone take it over. It is my personal refuge."

"A selfish refuge," said Chad. But Daniel just ran off to get the wheelbarrow.

The bricks were heavy, and it took awhile to load the wheelbarrow. Next he hauled them over to the construction site. It was a perfect spot between a tall stump and the fence, with a holly bush behind. "My escape exit will be by the bush," said Daniel to himself. "No one will want to follow me through those prickles!"

Daniel started unloading bricks, and then frowned as he saw his sister. "Rosie, this is my fort and it is a secret. Don't come back here!"

"Why can't I help?" asked Rosie in surprise. "Mom said I could play outside with you."

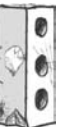
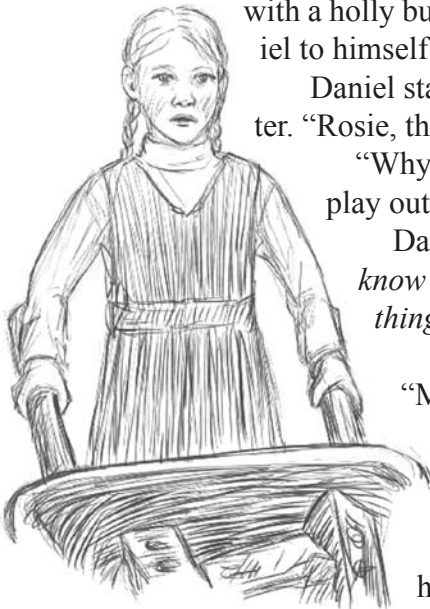
Daniel thought a moment. *If I let her help, she doesn't have to know where the secret exit is. She can bring me tools and carry things. Then I won't really be selfish.*

"If you want to help, you can be my servant," said Daniel. "Maybe I'll let you come and sit in it sometimes."

Rosie hesitated. "I guess so. What should I do?"

Suddenly Daniel had a wonderful idea. "You can haul bricks for me. I probably will need fifty or more."

The job kept Rosie busy for a long time, like Daniel had hoped. The wheelbarrow wasn't easy for her to push, so she



couldn't bring very big loads and it took a long time. Daniel got impatient.

"Can't you bring more than that? At this rate it'll take all day!"

Suddenly Rosie burst into tears. "I—I can't do it! They are—are too hea—eavy for me—e," she said in between sobs. "The bricks h—hurt my f—fingers. I don't w—want to h—help anymore."

"You didn't *have* to help, anyway," Daniel said. But as she turned to leave, he felt a little bit ashamed. *You should say you are sorry*, a little voice whispered. Daniel shrugged. *I didn't want her help, so it's her own fault.*

When Daniel came in for lunch, Mom called him into the living room. "What happened outside this morning?" she asked. "Rosie said you are making a fort and that you made her haul all the bricks."

"That's not what happened. I just had this fort I'm making and she wanted to help, so I said she *could* haul bricks."

"But you said I had to be your servant. And the bricks were too heavy for me," said Rosie.

"You didn't *have* to help me," said Daniel, frowning at his sister.

"It wasn't very nice to give her the hard work to do, Daniel," Mom said quietly. "You know you should be kind to your sisters."

"He said that he was making the fort for himself," said Chad from the couch. "And he wasn't going to let anyone else in."

"I'm disappointed in you, Daniel," Mom said sadly.

Daniel didn't say anything. Everyone was against him now. No one even tried to understand! He would escape to his fort after lunch and stay there until Dad got home. Dad would understand how he felt.

Being outside with only the chickens for company calmed Daniel's feelings. It took awhile to finish the brick barricade, and the roof was harder than he'd thought. The boards kept falling down and the holly bush got in the way. Daniel decided to try evergreen branches instead. He was up on the stump fixing his new thatch when Dad came over.




## A VIEW FROM THE TOWER:

### Receive or Resist

I've felt the way that Daniel did in the story. Haven't you? When we make our plans and are excited about our own ideas, it is hard to receive correction. We don't want to listen to the little voice that says, *That wasn't kind. You need to apologize.* It is hard to give up our way and change the plans we've made. Instead we want to prove we are right. Have you said, "But it wasn't my fault," or "I'm just trying to finish this"? It is when we are resisting the right way—Jesus' way—that we make those excuses.

Have you ever thought what it would be like to have Jesus living in your town? As He went about helping the needy and teaching people how to live right, each person would have a choice. Would they receive Him and follow His ways? Or would they resist this "good guy" who wanted to change their lives and their plans? It was the Pharisees of Jerusalem that said, "If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and our nation" (John 11: 48). They resisted Jesus—and put Him to death—because they didn't want to change their ways.

How about you? When Jesus comes knocking at your heart's door, will you let Him in? Maybe you have wanted to please Him and God has changed your heart. Some days it might seem easy to do the right thing and follow Jesus. But what about when Mom tells you to do something you don't want to do, or when your brother is messing up your plans? It is then when Jesus says, "Take my way and learn of Me." Will you receive Him, or resist Him and His love as the Pharisees did? 



“Ahoy there, Captain!” Dad called, giving a little salute. Daniel smiled.

“But Dad, this is not a ship,” he explained as he scrambled down. “This is my secret hideout.”

“So I heard,” Dad said, looking it over. Daniel felt a tingle in his back. Mom had told him about it, then. Well, Daniel didn’t care. It *was* his personal refuge.

“No one else allowed, huh?” Dad asked.

Daniel nodded. How could he explain it to Dad? “It’s just that I want my own space that I don’t have to share with anyone,” he said. “The other kids mess up things and I want this spot to be where I can keep things the way I like them.”

“And where you don’t have to treat others kindly, either?” Dad asked quietly.

Daniel frowned. “Rosie said she wanted to help. She can’t build a good wall, so I said she could haul bricks. I didn’t know they were too heavy for her.”

Dad looked at him for a minute, and then asked, “Daniel, whose side are you on?”

Daniel was puzzled. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, are you receiving Jesus or resisting Him? Is He your Captain or not?”

Daniel felt trapped. If he said Jesus was his Captain, Dad would ask why he hadn’t been sharing. But it didn’t seem fair to share a *personal refuge*. He didn’t want to be selfish, really. “I don’t know,” he muttered. “I just wanted to be by myself.”

“And what about the One who gave up Himself for you? Are you going to leave Him out,

Daniel?” Dad’s voice was very serious, and when he put his hand on Daniel’s shoulder, Daniel felt like shrinking. But Dad’s next words caught his attention: “Did you know that Jesus has a refuge He wants to share with you? It is called Humility, and it is a wonderful hideout. I’ve been there many times.”

Daniel looked up at Dad’s kind face. What was he trying to say? That Jesus wanted him to be humble?

“Once, a man on my crew left out some tools at work,” Dad said. “My boss was upset when he found them later and bawled out the other crew. I usually was very careful, and so I didn’t want for him to blame me. But I knew my safe spot was in the refuge, and so I humbly told him that I was sorry about the trouble and was willing to pay for the damage.”

“But it wasn’t your fault, was it?”

“It was my responsibility because I was head of that crew,” Dad said. “It is not if things are fair or if it is your fault so much, but if you have the right attitude, that matters. Jesus took our blame and humbled Himself to be a servant. Daniel, do you want to stick to your own way, or join Him in that refuge?”

Daniel looked down. It was hard to give up, but when he thought of Jesus and His example, he felt ashamed. “I’m sorry I was selfish. It wasn’t kind of me to make Rosie get the bricks because I didn’t want her there,” he whispered. “I want to be kind and share.”

After they had prayed together, Daniel lifted his head with a much lighter heart. Everything was right again. It was strange, but even though he knew he must apologize to Rosie, he felt peaceful inside. Jesus’ way of humility was a good refuge alright.





# As a Newborn Baby

## In the King's Garden

“As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby” (1 Peter 2:2). You have seen a newborn baby, haven't you? They are very small and don't know how to talk or walk or do many of the things you do. They cry because they need something. Maybe they are hungry. Maybe they are uncomfortable. Maybe they feel lonely. Mommy and Daddy love their little baby and want to take care of him. So they feed him and change him and cuddle him close. Soon their baby will grow strong and happy, because he is loved and cared for. Isn't that what happened to you?

Some babies don't have such love and care. If their mommy or daddy can't take care of them, someone must do it! So the baby might be adopted by someone else who wants to love and care for her. Her new Mommy and Daddy will bring her to their home and she will belong to their family.

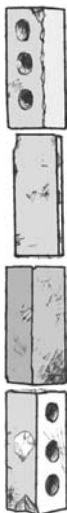


That is what God wants to do for us. When we do wrong, we belong to the devil. He doesn't care for us at all, but God loves us and wants to help us. He wants to adopt us and be our Father and make us part of His family. What a wonderful loving God He is to care so much about us!

Did you know God loves babies? Not just newborn babies that you can see, but the kind that are *newborn inside*. You see, you can't just walk up and “join” God's family. You have to *become like a baby*. That sounds sort of strange, but it is true. Growing up doing wrong makes our hearts sinful, and God can't have sin in His family. So we must become little and weak—just like a baby—so we can *start over again inside*. Instead of saying, “See how great I am!” or “I want this—I need that,” we must see that we are really very small and need God to take care of us.

Most of us don't want to act “like a baby.” We want to be strong and smart and do things ourselves. But God wants us to be His little ones that just cry out to Him for what we need. When we are sad or scared or need help to be good, our Heavenly Father loves to give us what we need. Like a little baby, we should cry for Him and He will care for us. That is the way to grow strong and happy in God's family.

Circle the things that are good for a baby to have, and ~~cross~~ out those that aren't.





# Gems for Your Treasure Chest

a collection of projects, recipes, poems, and verses

## A Good Plan

*When you don't know what to do,  
Can't tell which way's right for you,*

*Pray to God a prayer.*

*He will have an answer true,  
God will tell you what to do;*

*God is everywhere.*

*He will help you choose the way,  
In your work and in your play;*

*God is everywhere.*

*So if you're in doubt today  
And need help to choose the way*

*Pray to God a prayer.*

—Poems for Memoriz

## Directions to the Blessing Zone

1. Leave the Me-Road and turn onto God's Way.
2. At the border of Peace, you will come to a toll booth. Pay all you have and enter through Salvation.
3. When you get your new Experience, fill up your grace tank and start down Love Lane.
4. Continue in Love as you go through Little and Big Trials. Fill up your tank whenever grace gets low.
5. Keep to the right when you come to Temptation Alley.
6. Go up Casting-all-cares and take in the view on the top of Mount Trust. Before you lies the Blessing Zone, and you may stay there as long as your Experience is well-maintained and you never depart from the center of Obedience Valley.

A verse to hide in your heart:

**"Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us."**

**Psalm 62:8**

Alice flopped down on the couch next to Grandpa. “Are there any stories about someone who tries to do their best and everything goes wrong?” she asked.

Grandpa smiled. “Yes, it happened to King David once. And it ends up very nicely, too.” Alice sat up to listen and he began—

## The Time to Ask

It all started when David called together the leaders to share his big idea. “If it seems good to you, let us call all the people of Israel together,” he said. “And then we will all bring back the ark of God, for it was forgotten in the days of Saul.”

The ark of the covenant had been kept in a little town ever since the Philistines had sent it back many years before. The king was right—they needed to have the symbol of God’s presence at the capitol, everyone agreed. So King David had a new cart made and a great procession was soon ready to go get the ark of God.

But something went terribly wrong. Right in the middle of all the singing and rejoicing, when everything seemed to be going so well, the oxen stumbled. In horror the priests watched as the new cart swayed, and one of them quickly put out his hand. But it wasn’t the ark of God that tumbled to the ground a moment later. It was the priest, struck dead by the Lord.

You can be sure that the music stopped in a moment. The king stood in shocked amazement. He was both displeased and afraid. It didn’t seem fair that the priest should have died for trying to save the ark. What had they done wrong? “I surely cannot bring the ark home now,” David said, feeling sick at heart. So it was taken to a nearby house and left there.

Life went on as it always does. David was busy in Jerusalem when messengers came from the king of Tyre. He couldn’t help feeling pleased when he heard they had come with carpenters and masons to build him a house. “Surely the Lord *has* confirmed me as king over Israel,” he thought.

His enemies must have disagreed, for next the Philistine army came out against the new king. David prepared for battle. But in his renewed courage David felt his need of God’s blessing. “Shall I go up against them?” he prayed. “Will You deliver them into my hand?” “Go up,” the Lord assured him, and that day David had a great victory. “Burn all their gods,” the king commanded when the battle was over. “God has broken down my enemies before me.”

It was not long until God led King David in another victory over the Philistines, and the news spread far and wide. Soon all the lands around were afraid of him and Israel was at peace once more. David knew now that the Lord would help him and guide him, even with bringing the ark of God back to Jerusalem.

And David said, “No one should carry the ark of God but the Levites, for God has chosen them to do this work.” King David would gather the people together again. God would help him.

I Chronicles 13-15:3





# Freedom

## PART ONE: THE PROMISE

Let me tell you the story of how I came to be free in this great Land of Peace.

I was once a slave in the deep dark land of Sinful Misery where a cruel Master of Bitterness ruled us poor sinners. It had not always been that way. When I was a young girl, I was living with my mammy at the No-Chain plantation in Lesser Sin. We knew we had things better off than other folks. The Master there didn't beat us and we had our own little house together.

I felt safe with my mammy there, though she did have to work in the Master's house every day. She was a tall, proud woman, my mammy. One day she said to me, "Julie child, I have heard folks say there is a place where slaves are free. It is called Peace Land, but don't you tell anyone. Just remember what I say."

I did remember it. I sang it to myself in sleep and whispered it in the fields when I was sent out to grow selfishness crops, because the Master said I was big enough to do my share then. Mammy cried about it. "You are just a child still," she said. But it was the day that the slave traders from deep in Sinful Misery came that I saw she was afraid.

"Master No-Chain is selling us all off," she said, "and we might be pulled apart, child. Don't you forget what I told you about Peace Land. Someday we will meet there."

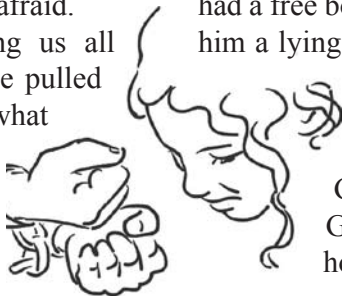
I was afraid, but what could I do when the cruel taskmaster

pointed his whip at me and said, "Get in that cart, or else—!" I learned later his name was Bitterness, and it fit him well. We never were a bit peaceful when he was in sight.

Others from the No-Chain plantation were taken, but not my mammy. I felt frozen and so alone. Then it was that I saw the chains that were circling the legs of the men. We had thought we would never be chained. But there was proud, angry George separated from his wife and children. And young Ben and gentle Adam stood quietly as they were locked in beside him. It was all due to the hateful selfishness.

Other children smaller than I were whimpering. I held their small dirty hands as the wagon jolted forward and we rolled onto the road. Bitterness rode on behind us, cracking his whip above the men who walked in back. I'd like to forget that journey. It was misery all right. The sun beat down and we got so thirsty, and then swamp waters nearly sucked us down. I was the one that gave George a hand when he was sinking in the muck. Once a man was kind to us and gave us a drink. He had a free boy with him, but Bitterness called him a lying holiness prig. I wondered if had something to do with that Peace Land somehow.

Then we came to the Hate-Good plantation. Master Hate-Good sat in front of a very fine house. It was much finer than Mas-





ter No-Chain's had been. Bitterness seemed to be a bit afraid of him, for he took off his hat and walked up respectful-like. But Master Hate-Good only said curtly, "Is that all you could get? Take them around to the slave quarters." He didn't care about us one bit!

I don't know how I would have made it in the next weeks without Lisa. She just looked like a pile of rags when I stood uncertainly in the no-friend hut for girls. Lisa was a cripple and her face was hard and twisted in pain. But she talked to me, and showed me how to get along. We dipped our food from a pot. We slept on ragged blankets. And we worked all day in the fields of hate under the whip of Master Bitterness. It was horrible.

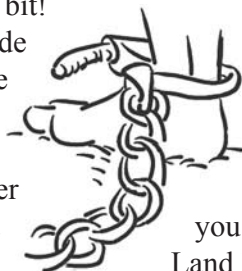
Scowling bent-up Lisa became my friend. She told me the first night how she had once tried to run away and how the taskmaster had caught her and nearly beaten her to death. She thought she was going to die. I shivered then, and thought again of my mammy. I wouldn't ever forget. I couldn't lose hope.

Everyone was too tired to talk much at night, and the whip kept us quiet during the day. Bitterness was especially glad to crack the backs of the weak and the old. I tried to help Lisa and shield her from his cruel eyes, for she was weaker than I and couldn't pick so much of the hateful fluff.

Then one day Master Hate-Good himself came into the fields with a fine gentleman. "This good man has come all the way from Peace Land to study rare birds around here," he announced proudly to the taskmaster. "He wants several slaves to help him."

Bitterness didn't seem one bit impressed, and as I watched in the hushed excitement, he struck me with the whip. I was ducking in

fright when the fine man took him by the arm and marched across to where George and the other men were working. Fear and eagerness tingled through me. Here was a man from Peace Land itself!



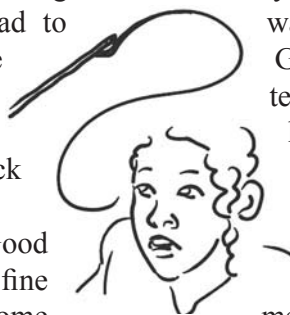
It was only in the darkness of the night that we talked about the stranger. Some of the girls said they'd heard about Peace Land. Lisa told us about her preacher daddy and the Star of Truth. "If you follow it, it will lead you to Peace Land," she told us.

"Don't talk about such things," a tall girl said fiercely. "You'll get in big trouble if you try to go there!" She looked hard at Lisa's bent back and marched away.

"It is a cold, cruel place where nothing can grow," another said in a fearful whisper. "I'm afraid." We were afraid, too. But as Lisa and I lay huddled together, we pledged to help each other escape some night before the hateful harvest was over.

It was Sunday the next day. A day to beat our rags and try to rest. But no one really rested on Hate-Good plantation. I was swinging my beating stick when George called me aside. He was tense and excited when he said that he had been out bird-hunting with Master Good the day before. "He hasn't come to collect rare birds," he told me. "He has come to free slaves. You and Lisa meet me tonight when you hear the call of the whip-poor-will. We're having a secret meeting and Master Good will tell you about it."

So it was that a small group of us were in the would-do-right that dark night, listening to the ring of the stranger's words. "Slavery in sin is great evil and can not be tolerated. I



## Something You Can Do

Are you ready for another recipe? This one is easy and delicious, and is especially good for an energizer—or just a special cold treat. If you have a blender and eggs and milk, and Mom doesn't mind that you use them, try making a

### ---Foamy Eggnog Float---

For two servings you will need:

- 3 eggs
- 1 ½ cups milk
- 2 T. sugar
- ¼ tsp. vanilla flavoring
- vanilla ice cream
- nutmeg
- a blender
- 2 glasses
- 2 long-handled spoons



1. To begin, gather all your ingredients and plug in the blender. If you are using farm eggs, make sure they are washed well.
2. Carefully crack the eggs and put them in the blender. Measure and pour in the milk.
3. Put the lid on the blender and blend well.
4. Now add the sugar and vanilla, and 1 scoop of ice cream. Put the lid back on and blend for 5 seconds.
5. Pour into two glasses. Put one small scoop of ice cream in each. Add a sprinkle of nutmeg.
6. Add a spoon and serve with a smile.
7. Don't forget to clean up and put the ingredients away!

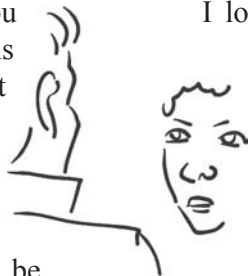


have come to liberate the captives and free those that are bound. It will take great determination and courage, which not everyone has. You will have to leave all and flee through many dangers to reach Peace Land. I am here to show you the way and help you, but it is for you to choose to take this risk for liberty.”



Master Good was a bit hard to understand, but we knew one thing. The escape to Peace Land would be dangerous and difficult. As I listened then, I didn’t know how bad it would be. But I wanted to be free.

“It will hard on the way, and hard once you get to Peace Land,” Master Good said soberly. “But the promise is that you will be free. Do you want to go?” As he looked steadily at each of us, I felt my head lift. Though it might be hard, I would tell him how I felt.



“I’m afraid, but I don’t want to be beaten by old Bitterness one more time. No animal is meant to be treated like I am,” I told him. “I promised my mammy that I would go to Peace Land if I got

the chance, and I mean to join her there.”

Lisa spoke next, and I remember well the quiet confidence of her words: “I know I’m not meant to be a slave. My daddy said I was meant to be free like the people of light, and I believe him.”

Adam’s quiet voice spoke then, “Yes, before I met you, Master Good, I thought it just was not use to hope. Everywhere we would be slaves. But now I mean to get to the Peace Land, whatever it takes.”

Master Good smiled. “I like the courage of those words. George has also said he will go, but Ben has not decided.”

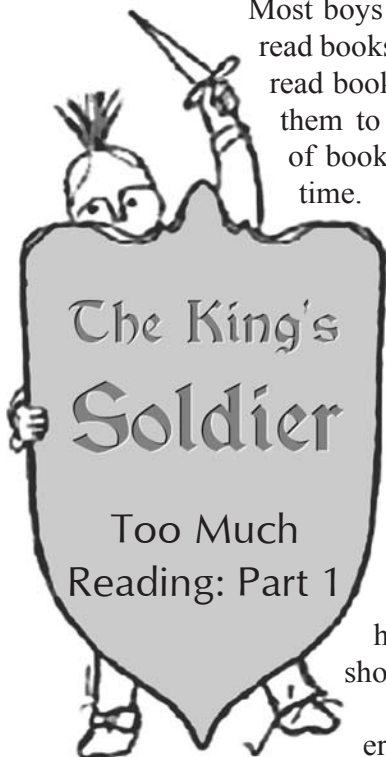
I looked at dark Ben. He was a young slave who was big and strong, but I could see the fears still bound him inside. Would he make his escape with us, or was he like the many other slaves on Hate-Good’s plantation? They were too scared or too dulled to care about the promise of freedom. I knew I had made up my mind and I couldn’t wait for our chance to escape.

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## -:-:~Good Reading~:-:-

*The Children’s Hour with Uncle Arthur* is a collection of stories about real children and the lessons they learn. There are a few stories from the Bible and history as well. Read about brave mothers, practical fathers, boys who learn to conquer, and girls who learn to obey. Good for family reading or quiet times. They were written by Arthur Maxwell in the 1940’s and are available bound in five volumes.

Most boys would rather ride their bikes or do something outside than read books. But not Billy and his little brother, Sam! They would rather read books than anything else in the whole world. Their mother took them to the library every week, and after returning several boxes of books they checked out several more. This was Billy's favorite time.



There were lots of books at the library—shelves and shelves of them. There didn't seem to be in danger of running out of things to read *there*. Billy would have loved to live at the library.

Mother had been a schoolteacher, and she wanted her boys to read a lot and learn all that they could. She was glad that her boys liked to read.

But she also believed that boys should learn to help with chores around the house. They should make their own beds; they should wash the dishes; they should take out the trash. Daddy also had ideas about what boys should do to help out and do their part. "You live here," he said, "and you should help with the work."

Now Billy and Sam knew that they should help out Mother and Daddy. They did not really *like* to work, but they knew that they should. Perhaps you are thinking that they should have

liked to work. I believe that you are right about that. Perhaps you are thinking that they liked to read *too much*. I would have to agree with you there, as well. But this is a story of two boys who were really like this. I must tell it as it really happened.

Billy and Sam never seemed to have enough time to read with all the work that needed to be done. Do you know what they did? They carried a book with them when they were made to do their chores. Then, I am sorry to say, they would stop working as soon as Mother was not near, and they would read. You can guess how long it took them to do anything.

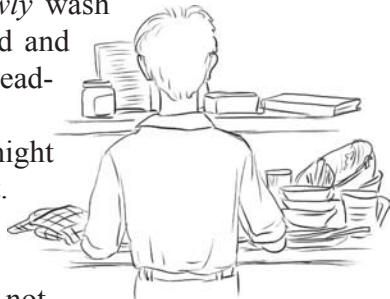
They would prop a book up in front of them and *slowly* wash dishes (a snail would have moved faster) as their eyes read and read and read. Then Mother would come. They would stop reading and move slightly faster.

Mother saw that something had to be done. Now you might say, "Stop taking them to the library." But she did not do that.

Instead, she took their book away and said they could have it again when the work was done.

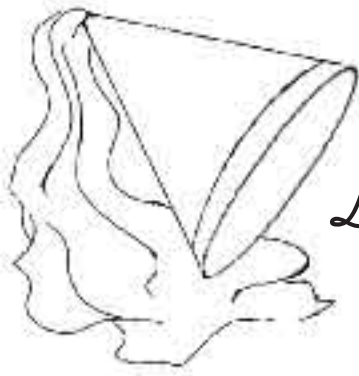
I wish that I could tell you that this worked. But it did not.

There was something wrong in the hearts of Billy and Sam. They did not have what the Bible calls "a ready mind." Even though the reading had some good to it, they were selfish in doing just what they wanted to do when they wanted to do it. They were determined to read, even when they should have wanted to help out.



—to be continued in the next issue





Letter to a  
*Little Princess*  
from an  
older princess

Dear Princess,

Everyone enjoys being around Princess Precious. She is always kind and helpful, and she never seems to think of herself. When another princess once asked her, "How come you are so good all the time?" Princess Precious smiled. "It is because of the crown of Love that King Jesus has given me," she replied. And then she told this story:

When I first came to the palace, I didn't know what it was like to be a princess. For

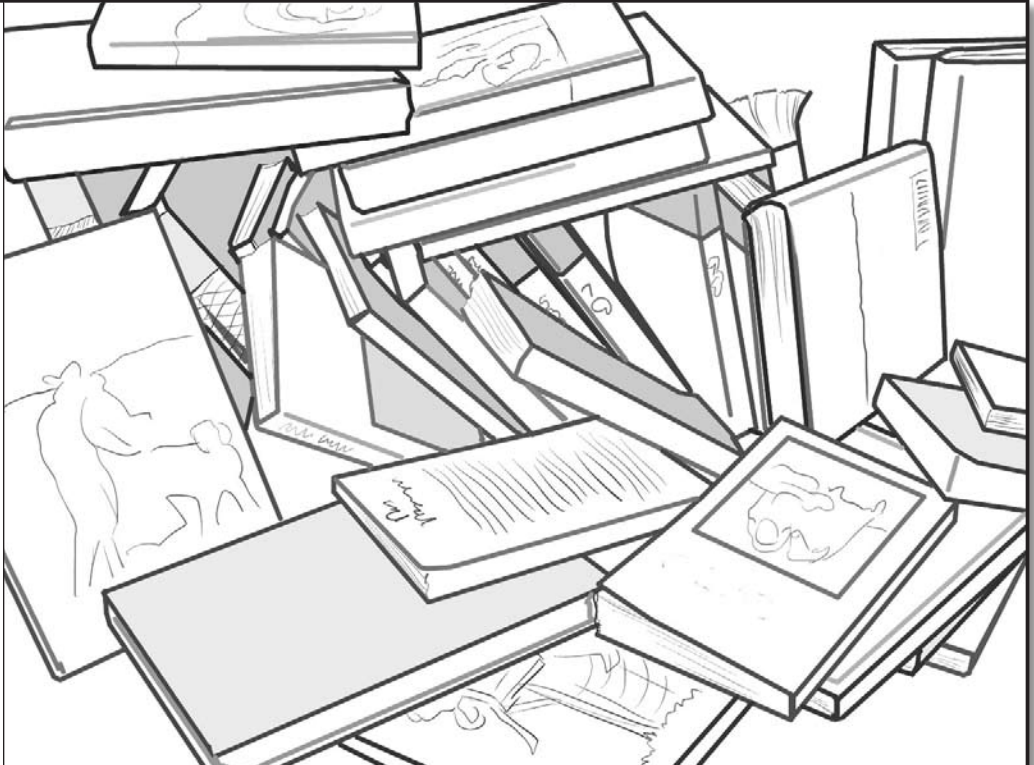
sure, the King had cleaned me up and given me new clothes and told me that I belonged to Him and must always ask when I needed anything. It seemed so wonderful just to be walking around in a palace with good food and a place to stay, that I didn't think I needed much of anything. That was at first.

Then one day I can remember Princess Joy ripping a page from my new book. It was by accident, but when I found her I got very angry. "You naughty girl!" I said. "You know better than to touch my things!" And before I knew it, I had slapped her.

Well, right away I was sorry and felt very badly for losing my temper. King Jesus wouldn't be pleased with that sort of behavior, I knew. So I told myself that I must be very careful so that I wouldn't do it again.

I did try very hard. Some days, when things went all wrong, or I had forgotten to

How many books can you find?



go for a morning visit in the King's court, I didn't do so well. Before I knew it, I would find myself pouting or complaining about something. Mother Matron would say, "Precious dear, the King has help for you." But I'm afraid I really didn't listen to her. I thought that I should try harder the next day, and I would tell King Jesus that I was sorry.


Then came the day that I found the promise in the King's Love Letters. I probably had read it before, but that day I was feeling quite tired of trying and trying to be good. So as I sat quietly in my window seat, the sun seemed to just shine down and make these words glow: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing" (John 15:5).

I thought of how much I had tried and hung my head. Suddenly I was flying down the steps and into the throne room. I told

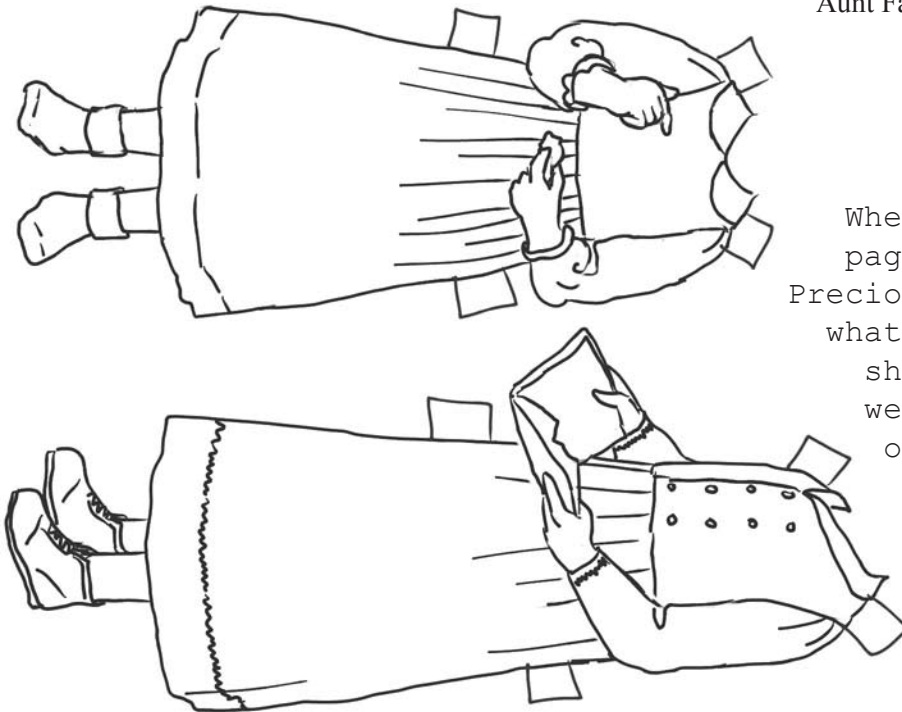
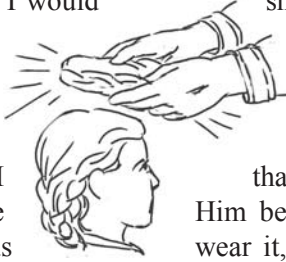
King Jesus all about it and asked Him what I should do. "My dear princess," He said most gently, "will you stop trying by yourself and let Me give you the crown of Love?"

It seemed such a simple thing, that I wondered why I had not come to Him before. "Oh, dear Jesus, I do want to wear it," I said, kneeling down at His feet. And as I looked into His beautiful face, the King placed a shiny golden band on my head. "Is it Your Love?" I asked. He smiled and lifted me to my feet, while a glow seemed to shine all around me. And King Jesus has helped me to wear it ever since.

And do you want to know the secret of wearing that crown? You must always keep your eyes lifted upward, and never hang your head or look at your own self. If you do, it will surely slip off. It is by living in the King's presence that your crown of Love may be always kept bright.

With much love,  
Aunt Faith 

When Joy tears a page in Princess Precious' book now, what do you think she'll do? Does wearing a crown of love make a difference?

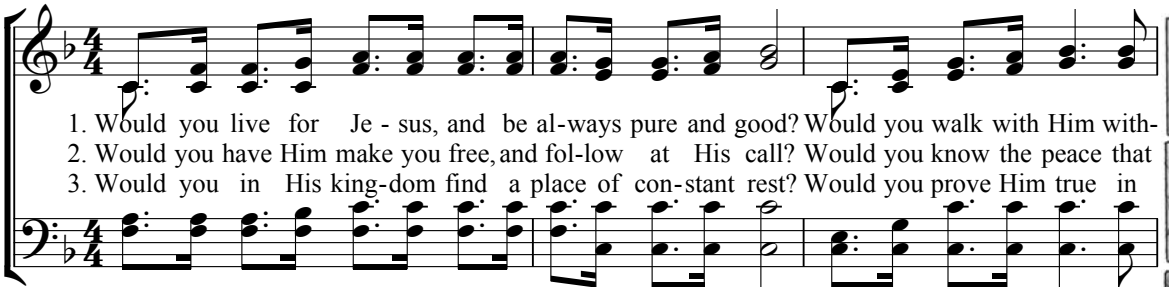


# Let Him Have His Way with Thee

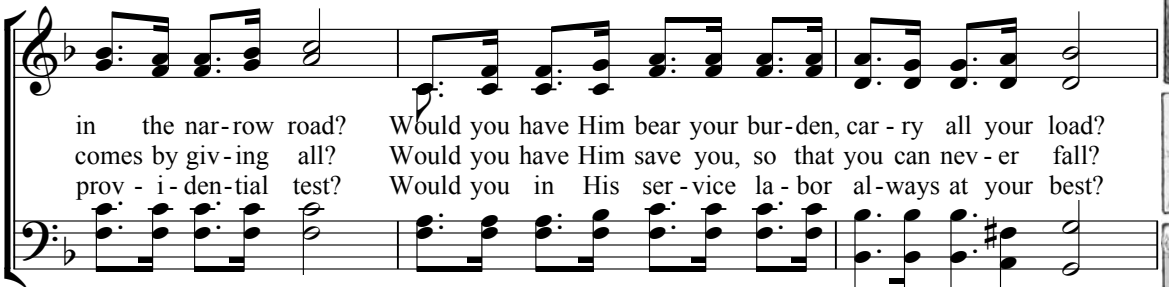
C. S. N.

(Matthew 6:10)

Cyrus S. Nusbaum

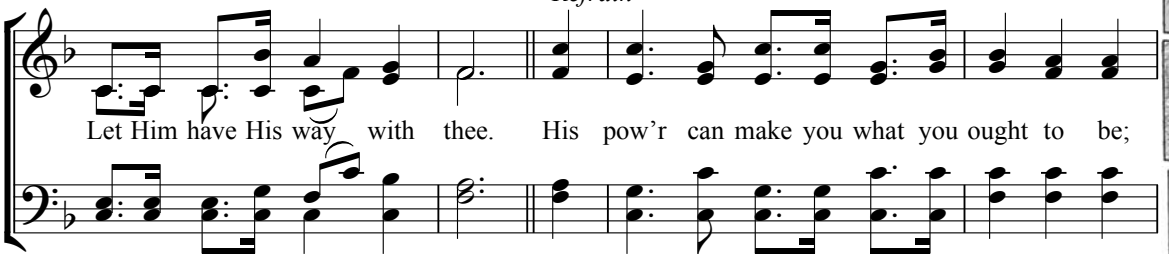


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with Him with-  
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the peace that  
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him true in



in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den, car - ry all your load?  
comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can nev - er fall?  
prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His ser-vice la - bor al-ways at your best?

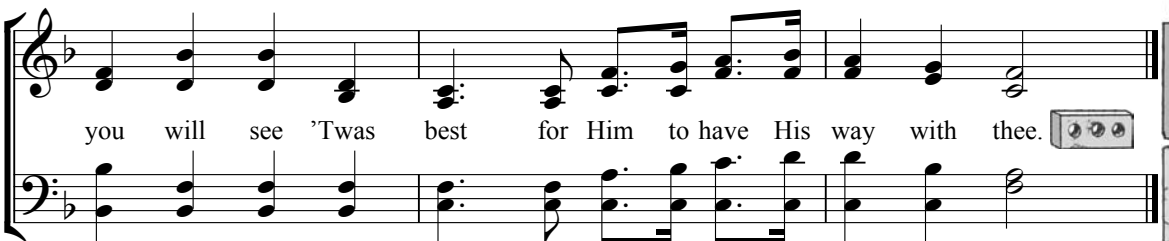
## Refrain



Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you ought to be;



His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and



you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.



Dear Reader,

With joy we bring you another issue by the Lord's help. We hope and pray that you also have escaped the slavery of sin, and have found the wonderful refuge in Jesus. May we each let Him work in our hearts to 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](http://timelesstruths.org).

We are a God-fearing family that includes Rick and Krista Erickson, Laura (24), Joel (22), Kara (19), and Amanda (11). 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: ***Songs and Stories: Book 2*** is nearly ready to publish. If you would like a copy, please write us—the music will be available on your choice of cassette or CD.

In the King's service,  
The Editors

**Number 32**

**October 2004**

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*How many bricks can you find?  
There should be 115, including this one:*



**SEND TO:**