

Children's Sermon

Joseph.

Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D. D.

So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. Genesis 45:8.

When Joseph was young he was disagreeable and selfish and we do not wonder that his brothers did not love him. But they ought not to have done what they did.

They were off with the sheep in another part of the country, and one day old Jacob sent Joseph to see what his brothers were doing. When they saw him coming, with his coat of many colors, they were angry. No doubt they thought that he wanted to spy upon them, and then go back and tell some more tales to his father. So they decided they would make way with him. Some of them wanted to kill him. But instead of that they sold him as a slave to some Midianites who came along about that time, and were going down into Egypt. These Midianites took Joseph and made him trudge along beside one of the camels all the way to Egypt and there they sold him as a slave.

Then what do you think those bad brothers of Joseph's did? They had taken off his pretty coat before they sold him. Now they took the coat and dipped it in blood, and when they went back to their father they told him they had found it along the road. Poor old Jacob believed that some lion or bear had killed Joseph, and mourned for him as though he was dead.

After Joseph went into Egypt we hear nothing but good about him. God sometimes sends trouble to us to bring out the good that is in us. If Joseph had stayed there in the land of Canaan all his life, the pet of his father, he would very likely never have amounted to much. He would have been selfish and conceited all his life. But the trouble that came to him made a good man of him.

There are several fine things about Joseph in Egypt. He resisted temptation. Joseph knew when to say "No." That is a great thing for any boy and girl to know. When you are tempted to do wrong, say "No" and mean "No."

Someone tells of seeing a mother put her

little boy on a street car one day, with a note in his pocket to give to his grandma. When she left him she said, "Now don't take the note out of your pocket till you get to grandma's."

There was a smart young man sitting in the car beside the little boy. He said to him: "Please let me see that note." The little boy didn't say anything. "If you don't let me see it I will make this car run away." The little boy looked at him, but he didn't let him see the note. Then the man said: "I will give you one of these nice peaches if you will let me see it." At last he said: "I will give you this whole bag of peaches if you will let me have one little peek." Just then there was a seat vacant on the other side of the car, and the boy climbed down and went away from the man who was trying to make him disobey his mother. There was another man on the other side who had heard it all. He put his hand on the little boy's shoulder and said: "Your mother ought to be very proud of a boy who can resist temptation."

Another fine thing about Joseph was that he always made the best of everything. He was shut up in prison for years, the best years of his life. And he had not done anything wrong either. But while he was in prison he tried to make other people happy and do as much good as he could.

Some of the very finest stories in our language were written by a man who called himself "O Henry." When he was a young man he was sent to prison. Many men would have become sour and selfish and wicked in prison. But he made the best of it and there he started to write those stories that made him famous.

But the best thing of all about Joseph was his forgiving spirit. His brothers had done him a great wrong. But when a chance came to be good to them, he forgave them for all that they had done. That was the finest and the greatest thing that Joseph ever did. He learned to forgive. If you want God to forgive you, you must learn to forgive others, as Joseph did.

Norfolk, Va.

enjoy them very much. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Gill. I have one brother and one sister.

Your unknown friend,

Alma, Ark.

Helen Bushmiaer.

Dear Helen: I was glad to hear from, and to know that you enjoy the letters. Would you like to hear from some of the other boys and girls who have birthdays in May? H. A.

A PRAYER.

Oh Lord, cleanse our minds from evil thoughts. Put love and kindness into our hearts. Give the water and bread of life to our souls; and help us our temper to control.

Pauline Powers Donnan.

(12 years old.)

A SURPRISE FOR FATHER.

Dear Presbyterian: I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day and am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Lee, and I like her fine. I have one brother and no sister. My brother is at the University of Georgia. His name is Dibrelle. My aunt takes your good paper. I like to read the children's let-

ters. This is the first letter I have written to you. I want to surprise my father.

Your unknown friend,

Savannah, Ga.

Clyde Jones.

Dear Clyde: I am glad that you like the children's letters. I am sure father will be pleased with your letter. Write again.

H. A.

FLAG RAISING.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl seven years old. I have a big yard to play in. My papa is the pastor of our church. My Sunday-school teacher is going to give us an Easter egg hunt. I enjoy reading the letters in your paper. Our school had a flag raising last week. I am in the second grade at school.

Your unknown friend,

Wesson, Miss.

Phoebe Rose Williams.

Dear Phoebe: I hope you had a good time at the egg hunt and found lots of eggs.

H. A.

ANOTHER H. A.

Dear Presbyterian: As I do not see many letters from Brunswick's boys and girls I will write you. I have a cat named Ralph Kellard, and had one named Pearl White. But I gave her away. I have a little dog. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school-most every Sunday. My teacher is Miss Eva Middleton. I love my teacher. I go to school, too, but I have the measles now. I have a brother and a sister. My papa is an Atlantic Coast Line engineer. Please print my letter as I want to surprise my papa.

Your little friend,

Brunswick, Ga.

H. A. Pennick, Jr.

Dear H. A.: Isn't it funny that your initials and mine are the same? I hope you are well now. I rode on the A. C. L. the other day, I wonder if it was your father's train?

H. A.

FROM TENNESSEE.

Dear Presbyterian: I'm twelve years old. I go to school every day and my school is out now and I am sorry it is out. I go to Sunday-school every time I can. My teacher was Mrs. C. N. Ralston, at Purdy College. I am in the fourth grade. I have recited the Child's Catechism and received a nice Testament and I am studying the Shorter Catechism now. I like to read the children's letters. My father takes your good paper. I wish you would print my letter in the paper. I want to surprise my father and mother and my friends.

Your little unknown friend,

Sumter, Tenn.

Mattie Viola Wolfe.

Dear Mattie: I was glad to hear from you and to know that you like school so well. What are you doing now that there is no school?

H. A.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Dear Presbyterian: I have not seen any letters from South Carolina, so I thought I would write one. I am in the seventh grade at school and thirteen years old. I study English history, algebra, Latin, spelling, reading, arithmetic and geography. I have not been late or missed a day from school or Sunday-school. I would like to write to any little girl whose birthday is on the 24th of September. I want to surprise my mother.

Your friend,

St. George, S. C.

Lauretta Snodgrass.

Dear Lauretta: I am sure mother will be pleased with your letter and I hope you will hear from some other September girl.

H. A.

Children's Letters

OUT OF SCHOOL.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school every day I can. It closes today, with an entertainment tonight. I hope every one will enjoy themselves. My little sister and I were baptized by our pastor, Rev. G. Cook Campbell. We all like him fine. Papa takes your paper and I like to read the children's letters. I am studying the Catechism. This is my first letter.

From your friend,

Melvin Boyd Kitzmelter.

Bismark, W. Va.

Dear Melvin: You are getting out of school early. I know you enjoyed the entertainment. Now that you have so much time, you must write to me again.—H. A.

BIRTHDAY IN MAY.

Dear Presbyterian: I am 14 years old. My birthday is in May. I am in the eighth grade at school. I read your letters every time and