



# The Shining Light

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## Writing Challenge Entries!



### When Mary Hid the Clothes

Mary stared at the laundry, “How will I ever get this done?” she thought. Mary did not want to do the laundry. It was such a warm day that she wanted to go outside. Mary hid the laundry under her bed. Then she dashed out to play.

Everybody was missing clothes. Mom asked, “Where did all the laundry go? Mary was quiet. Mary felt terribly bad. She was too embarrassed to speak. Mom had an idea. Each person looked in a separate room. Mary’s dad looked in Mary’s room. He found all the laundry under her bed. “Here it is!” he cried.

“Uh oh!” Mary thought. Dad said, “Your punishment, Mary, will be to do laundry for a week.” That night they had devotions in Numbers chapter 23 verse 23. It says, “Be sure your sins will find you out.” Mary cried. She wanted to be saved. Her mom and dad prayed with Mary. Mary got saved! Mary never hid clothes under her bed again.

Abigail Neufeld (Age 9)

### Mama Was in the Kitchen

Mama was in the kitchen stirring a pot of vegetable soup. “Where is Layla?” she wondered aloud. “She should be helping me make the salad.”

Just then Layla came into the kitchen with her nose in the book *The Prince and the Pauper*.

“Layla, put that book down and help me here. Please wash the lettuce and the tomatoes and chop them. I have to get something from the cellar, and—” Mama paused, “watch the soup so it doesn’t burn.”

After Mama was gone, Alfred sauntered lazily into the kitchen. Layla, who was drying the lettuce at the sink, turned around quickly. “Alfred!” she scolded. “You are supposed to feed the animals now, and where is Doriette?”

“Oh, she’s probably playing outside by the well,” said Alfred carelessly.

“She could fall into there!” Layla cried. “Why didn’t you watch her?” “Aw, I guess I’ll go feed the animals now,” Alfred said. He went out to the hay pile. Derek and Gideon were tunneling into the pile. “Derek and Gideon! Get out of there!” Alfred said. “You are a mess!” The little boys scampered out.

They had hay on their hair, in their shoes, and everywhere. “Go, look for Doriette,” Alfred instructed. “Layla’s scared that she’s fallen into the well.”

Derek and Gideon ran to the sandbox. Six-year-old Catherine was playing there. “Catty!” Derek said. “Doriette has fallen into the well! Go tell Conrad to get ropes to get her out!”

“Really?” asked Catherine. “I will go see.” When she came to the well, Doriette’s favorite toy was lying beside it. Oh, no! Catherine was scared. She ran off to find Alinda and Sybilla. They were driving their bikes on the driveway. “Doriette has

fallen into the well!” Catherine told them. “But I thought I laid her into her bed,” said Sybilla. “Maybe she woke up and went outside to the well. Let’s go see.”

On the way to the well, Alinda and Sybilla met Philip coming from the forest with wood for the fireplace. “Philip!” said Alinda, “Doriette has fallen into the well! Tell Layla and Mama to come quickly!”

“Oh, no! I have a strong long rope here. I’ll come with you.” So the three went to the well. When they got there, Catherine, Derek, Gideon and Layla were already there, staring into the dark deep well.

“I can’t see her,” said Derek.

“Oh, I saw something move!” said Gideon.

“No, that was just a frog.”

“I think it was her.”

“Are you sure she fell in?”

“Yes, her toy is here.”

Mama came to the well to get water. “Why are you all here?” she asked.

Catherine blurted out, “Doriette is in the well!”

“Who said?” Mama asked.

“Derek and Gideon.” “Well, Alfred told us...He actually said that Layla hoped she had not fallen into the well.” Gideon hung his head.

“Children,” Mother replied, “Doriette is in her bed sleeping. She is not here. See how much a little rumor can do? Just because Layla said she hoped that Doriette had not fallen into the well doesn’t mean she did. I hope you will learn a lesson from this, children. Now hurry up to the house. Supper is almost ready.”

Evodia Anselm (Age 9)





# God Sees

I have read a story of a wicked, thoughtless man who wished to steal some turnips from a friend near the high road. He took his little child with him and placing her on the top of a wall told her to look around well and tell him if she saw any one coming near. In a short time, he looked up from his work. “Janet, is any person coming?”

“No one, father.”

“Have you looked up and down the road?”

“Yes, Father.”

“And, behind you, across the fields?”

“Yes, Father; but—”

“But what?”

“There is one place where you did not bid me look.”

“Where is that? You must look everywhere.”

“Up to the sky, where God is. Father, will God not see us?”

The man’s conscience was so struck by this reply, that he stopped, and threw down his spade. He had not quite lost the fear of God; and now, after thinking for a minute or two, he lifted the child off the wall, and went home, leaving the turnips lying in the field.

I suppose this poor little girl had been at a Sunday school and had learned there that God sees everywhere. She had read how He saw Hagar all alone in the wilderness; and Jonah, when he tried to flee from His presence; and Achan, when he stole the gold and the Babylonish garment and hid them in secret in his tent.

And you, my young reader, you have heard and read of these things. Oh! Do not forget them. Try to remember as often as you can through every day, “God sees me.”

If at any time you are tempted to do something which you would be afraid or ashamed that your parents or friends should see—if you look round to make sure that no one is within sight—then remember, God sees. Let that thought make you afraid and keep you from sin. Or if you may have no dear friends near you and are laboring hard all day, and lying down weary at night, and your heart feels sad because no one loves or cares for you, then remember, God sees. He takes notice of every one of His poor children. He gave His own Son to die for them; He is not willing that any should perish; He is ready to be the friend and the helper and the comforter of every one who asks Him.

“Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord: do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.” Jeremiah 23:24. Learn that verse by heart and read often over. May you walk through the world as one who remembers that the eye of Jesus is ever upon you and that a day is coming when you and I and every one must see Him on the great white throne of judgment. After that there is this delightful promise to all who have believed in and loved the Lord: “They shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.” “We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.” Revelation 22:4; 1 John 3:2. Selected



# Procrastination

Does any bright-eyed little boy or girl wonder what that long word means? It means delaying, putting off to another time what ought to be done just now.

Ellen has some work to do before she goes to school. She can easily get it done long before school-time if she begins it in season. But it is very pleasant out in the garden where Ellen is playing with her little brother James; and so often as her conscience whispers to her, “You ought to go in and do that work now, Ellen,” the little girl answers—

“Oh! There is time enough yet. I can hurry and get it done in a few minutes,” and Ellen goes on with her play.

By and by a whisper comes again, a little louder than before—

“It is eight o’clock, Ellen: you ought to go in.”

“Well, I will go,” Ellen thinks in reply, “I will go very soon. There’s plenty of time even yet, though.”

“Ellen!” calls the little girl’s mother from the window, “come in, my child, and finish that work before the bell rings for school.”

“Yes, Mother, just as soon as I’ve had one more race with James,” and Ellen runs laughingly around the garden in pursuit of her little brother.

“Half past eight!” she exclaims, as, hot and out of breath, she hurried, at last, into the house. “I had no idea it was so late.”

Tired, and in a hurry, Ellen sits down to her work. She can sew both well and rapidly, but fifteen minutes is a very short space of time for all that she has to do; and then her hands tremble, and her cotton seems to take a strange pleasure in getting into knots, and her needle breaks, and altogether it is almost nine o’clock when her work is done.

“You will be late at school,” her mother says, as Ellen folds her work up and lays it hastily aside, “you should not have played so long, my child.”

There is the trouble with these people who are continually putting off things; they always think they have time enough. They wait till the very last minute before they begin their work: then they begin it all in a hurry, and leave it only half done.

A much better way is to begin every thing at the right time, and leave it at the right time, done, and well done.

Selected



# I Have a Case at Court

I have a case at Court—and Court is set.  
How soon my case is called, I may not know,  
But from the seat of justice dare not go  
Til sentence has been passed on me. And yet,  
Although my stains of sin more deep than crimson be,  
I have an Advocate who pleads for me.

I have a case at Court—and Court is set.  
The Judge Supreme is on the judgment seat.  
With trembling, low I bow before His feet—  
Convicted by my own proud heart. And yet,  
Though downcast guilty eyes see not the Judge's face,  
My Advocate has never lost a case

I have a case at Court—and Court is set.  
My straining ears have caught at last my name.  
Needs not the formal charge, to tell my shame;  
My heart cannot deny its guilt. And yet,  
To hide my sin-polluted garments out of sight,  
My Advocate provides a robe of white.

I have a case at Court—and Court is set.  
With tears, the angel reads the charges there.  
And to the Court, my Counsel makes His prayer—  
For pardon pleads, admits my guilt. And yet,  
The Judge Divine, in love and mercy, sets me free—  
My Advocate has borne the curse for me.

—A.W. Hallmann  
New Jersey State Prison

