



WHO WAS IT?  
STORIES

JULIA H. JOHNSTON



Class BS551

Book J7

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**WHO WAS IT? STORIES**









*What Child is This?*

# WHO-WAS-IT? STORIES

BY

JULIA H. JOHNSTON

WITH A PREFACE BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

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no. 1.

*WHO WAS IT that these stories old  
Were meant to reach, as thus retold?  
The little child, so sweet and dear,  
The littlest one, with listening ear,  
Who should these tales familiar hear.  
The work for children — write it down,  
Has been the writer's joy and crown;  
And so, to every one of these,  
This book is offered, if you please,  
With love alway, by*

*J. H. J.*



## INTRODUCTION

In presenting to the public Miss Johnston's ingenious little stories, Richard G. Badger is conferring a benefaction on our alert children, and extending a helping hand to a great host of earnest mothers, often at the end of their inventiveness and even patience, when it comes to the constant entertaining and instruction of the little ones.

As a child lover and the father of a lively company, I greatly appreciate the gifts of women who, like Miss Johnston, can arouse the interest and command the attention of these eager seekers after truth. Everything that I have read of the author convinces me that she knows by that subtle instinct that we generally associate with the world's motherhood, the point of surest contact with the child. These charming worth-while stories strengthen the conviction.

WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT.

Chicago, Ill.





## PREFACE

These stories are for the littlest folks. They are sent out with the hope that they may be bound up in the most hallowed recollections of many men and women of "the day after to-morrow" in some such wise as this: At the story-hour, that sweetest time of day which no wise mother allows anything to disturb, mother may vary the usual program of familiar songs and nursery rhymes and fairy stories and tales of "when I was a little girl," with the reading of one of Miss Johnston's narratives from the Bible. Miss Johnston is one of the most experienced of women in the lovely art of imparting Bible knowledge to children, and a most loving student of the Holy Word. After each story has been read by mother, with the littlest of all on her lap and the other little ones gathered about her knee, she is to ask of the tiny group, "Who Was It?" and see which child identifies the unnamed chief character. Nothing could be simpler, less unique. But it's not the unique that hallows the confidential story hour; it's the blessedly homely and plain and familiar. What we want to help

the mothers do is to weave about those Bible characters a twofold sacredness,— for their association with the Divine Word, and for their association with the loveliest memories men and women carry through life with them. We covet nothing so much as that as the years roll by. Here and there a man or woman looking back to the sweet story hours which a sainted mother made unspeakably precious shall find these stories woven into the pattern of those reminiscences, “When mother used to read Who Was It? Stories to us, and we guessed about Noah and Joshua.” If, years hence, some people speak of that with softened hearts and shining eyes, then shall we rejoice that these stories were given to the littlest folks.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

## CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	The Foolish Gardener	13
II	The First Shipbuilder	16
III	A Long-Ago Home Seeker	19
IV	The Little Lad Whose Voice God Heard	22
V	A Lonely Traveler	25
VI	The Girl at the Well	28
VII	The Young Dreamer	31
VIII	The Baby in the Bulrushes	34
IX	Two Spies Whom God Praised	37
X	The Brave Captain	40
XI	The Baby Who Grew to be a Judge	43
XII	A Gleaner in the Barley Field	46
XIII	The Brave Captain of Three Hundred Men	49
XIV	The Lent Child	52
XV	The Tall Young Man Who Was Made King	55
XVI	A Young Giant Killer	58
XVII	A Royal Temple Builder	61
XVIII	A Woman Who Traveled Far to Ask Questions	64
XIX	The Man Whom Ravens Fed	67
XX	A Captain Who Listened to a Message from a Little Maid	70

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXI A Boy King	73
XXII A Prophet in the Prison Pit	76
XXIII The President Punished for Praying	79
XXIV The Man in the Camel's-Hair Coat	82
XXV The Baby Saved from a Cruel King	85
XXVI A Tax Collector Who Left His Business	88
XXVII A Teacher Who Went to be Taught	91
XXVIII The Loving Father of a Little Sick Girl	94
XXIX The Man Who Walked on the Water	97
XXX A Good Housekeeper and Her Company	100
XXXI A Lowly Learner	103
XXXII A Man Who Crossed the Road to Help Another	106
XXXIII A Man Who Received a Great Gift	109
XXXIV A Happy Beggar	112
XXXV A Woman with a Needle	115
XXXVI A Prisoner Who Was Set Free	118
XXXVII Two Traveling Missionaries Who Left Joy Behind Them	121
XXXVIII The Man in a Basket	124
XXXIX A Shipwrecked Prisoner	127

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

What Child is This?	Frontispiece	✓
Who are These?	Facing page 16	✓
Who is the Man Asleep?	26	✓
Tell the Baby's Name	34	✓
Where are the Spies?	38	✓
Who was He?	46	✓
Who is the Gleaner?	62	✓
What Story does the Picture Tell?	64	✓
Name These Three	86	✓
Whose Daughter is This?	94	✓
Who cried, "Save Me"?	98	✓
Name the Preacher on the Shore	128	✓



WHO WAS IT?  
THE FOOLISH GARDENER

I

ONCE upon a time — oh, it was long and long ago, and far away — the Lord Himself planted the most beautiful garden you ever heard of. There were trees for shade and trees that bore delicious fruits of many kinds. Lovely flowers poured out sweetness from their bright cups, and singing birds and dainty butterflies flew in and out among them. Everything that was good for food grew in this garden, and it was watered by a fair river. In the middle of the garden grew a wonderful tree, called the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

When the garden was all ready to live in, the Lord God created a man to live in it and take care of the beautiful growing things. Then He gave him a wife who was as beautiful as the flowers, and the gardener was perfectly happy. In the mornings the two would go out together to see what was to be done, and as they worked through the day

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

they never grew tired. They were so strong, and the work was so easy, that it was only a pleasure to be busy. When the day grew cool, and the soft shadows fell among the trees, the Lord God came down to talk with the happy people.

There were animals of all kinds in the garden, but they had no names. They were so tame that they came up to the gardener like pet dogs, and he gave them names.

These two people had all they wished to eat without paying for it. All the good things were free. But there was just one tree that was not to be touched. The Lord God, who gave them so much, surely might say what they should do. He said, "Do not eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. If you do, you must die."

One day the gardener's wife heard a new voice. The wicked one, Satan, taking the shape of a serpent, told her God did not mean what He said, and that she would be very wise if she ate this fruit. Instead of going away, she gazed and listened, took the fruit and ate it. Then she took some to her husband and he did eat. Oh, the foolish gardener, to disobey and give up so much just for a taste of that fruit!



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

God's voice in the cool of the day frightened the two who had disobeyed, and they tried to hide. But they had to answer His questions, and God had to keep His word. After this the perfect bodies could not live forever, free from pain. Their hearts were sad because now they were no longer perfectly good.

Now they must work hard among thorns and thistles for their daily food. An angel with bright sword drove them from the garden, never more to go back.

Yet the loving God promised them a Saviour by and by. Who was the foolish gardener? Who was his wife?

WHO WAS IT ?  
THE FIRST SHIPBUILDER

II

THERE was once a shipbuilder who built a ship on dry land. He never built but one, but he was the first man we hear of who built any at all. He had never seen one and had no pattern. This made no difference, for his Father — God — told the man exactly how to build the vessel. It was to be a life-saving ship, and must be made in the very best way and out of the best things. Not a poor bit of wood must go into that boat, and the builder must do his best. This he did.

He never would have thought of building this ship, far off from river or sea, but when God told him to do it, he obeyed. When God showed him how to do it, he did as he was told. He had faith in God. When the Lord said that by and by there would be a great flood of water on the earth, and that only those in the ship could be kept safe, the man was sure that it was all true. It



*Who are These?*



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

was because he believed and obeyed God that he was chosen to build the ship and make a way for his family to be saved when the flood came.

It took a long time to build the vessel. It had rooms and a window, and a door in the side, and places for animals and fowls. Food enough for all was stored away, and when the time came, God told the builder to take the animals and fowls into the ship, seven of some kinds and two of some, and then to go in himself, with his wife, three sons and their wives. And God shut them in. Surely the builder must have invited others. When they would not come, and laughed at the ship on dry land, they had to be left outside.

Then the great rain fell, and the water rose above the highest mountains. But all in the ship were safe. Forty days and nights the flood lasted, and the earth was under water one hundred and fifty days. At last, a raven was sent out to see if it could live, and also a dove. The dove came back, and after seven days another was sent, which brought back an olive leaf. This showed that trees now grew above the water. Another dove sent out came back no more.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Then, when the earth was dry, the shipbuilder and his family went out and built an altar to God, praising Him for His goodness. And to show that God would keep His promise that there should never be another flood, He set in the sky the beautiful rainbow which we always see when the sun shines on a rain-cloud.

And the Lord God said that summer and winter, day and night, should not cease.

What was the ship called which this man built far from the water, on dry land? What was the shipbuilder's name?

WHO WAS IT?  
A LONG-AGO HOME-SEEKER

III

ONCE there was a man seventy-five years old who started out to find a new home. He was a home-seeker. He went because God told him to go, and because God promised him a better home after his long journey. He wished to make him the first father of many people who should be the Lord's own. So the man who believed God and wished to obey Him, started off, with his wife, upon the long journey. It made no difference to him whether he knew the way or not. He trusted God to lead him.

This traveler had no children, and yet God promised that his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren should be very, very many. He could not understand this, but he trusted and went on. When he was about one hundred years old, the Lord sent a baby boy into his tent-home, for the man was still journeying on to the "promised land."

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

How the father and mother loved this little child — their only one! It had seemed too wonderful to be true that they should have this baby given to them, but God promised, and was sure to keep His word. The man believed this, and went on his way.

One day when the baby had grown to be a boy able to take long walks, God gave the father a chance to show just how much he trusted the promise that this boy should be the father of many. He told him to take his son and go away into a land and to a mountain that should be shown him, and there offer his darling boy to God upon an altar, instead of a lamb, that was offered in those days when they prayed.

The father could not understand this at all. But he trusted the Lord God, and believed that all would come right. He did not tell the mother, it seems, for he knew how she would grieve, and he felt sure that God would give back the boy. So he took his son and went on, trusting all the way, hard as it was. The boy wondered where the lamb could be for the offering, but the father said, "God will make it ready in time." At last, when the father was just ready to offer his son, an angel called to him from



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

heaven not to touch him nor hurt him. "Now I know," God said, "that you love and trust me, for you have not kept back your only son from me. You have been willing to give him to me, and now I give him back to you." Then the father looked, and there was a sheep caught in the bushes. He took this and offered it to God with a glad heart.

This home-seeker who trusted God never really lived in the land promised to his children, but God took him home to heaven, and this boy and his children lived in the "promised land" below.

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE LITTLE LAD WHOSE VOICE GOD HEARD

#### IV

ONCE upon a time there was an Egyptian woman who was a maid in the family of a rich man of another nation. This woman had a little boy who seemed to be a lively child, fond of fun and play, and very strong. One day the mistress of the house found the boy teasing her only son. She did not like this, and said to the master of the house, her husband, "Send away that woman and her son. I can't have them here with my boy." The master was troubled about this at first, but God spoke to him and said, "Do it. I will take care of this boy too."

Early in the morning the master rose up, took a bottle of water and some bread, laid them on the Egyptian woman's shoulder, and sent her away with her child.

She went on and on, wandering about in a wilderness place where no one lived. By and by the water was gone from the bottle, and she could find no more in that wild,

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

lonely spot. The boy was so thirsty that he cried for a drink, and it broke his mother's heart to have no water for him. She could not bear to see him suffer, so she laid him gently down under a bush and went about as far away as one could shoot an arrow, for she said, "Let me not see the death of the child." She knew he must die if he could not have water soon, that little, thirsty, crying boy that she loved so; and she sat down and cried too, lifting up her voice and weeping aloud.

The little boy under the bush must have been pretty weak by this time, but as he cried in his weak little voice, behold, "God heard the voice of the lad." He heard the mother too, but nothing is said about that. God wanted us to remember, when He had that written down, that He listened to the crying of a child. Then the Lord sent an angel to say to the mother, "What is the matter?" And the angel said, "Don't be afraid. God has heard the voice of the lad where he is. Rise and lift up the boy and hold him in your hand; for I will make him a great nation." And God opened the mother's eyes, — that is, made her see clearly,—and there was a well of water. Oh,

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

how she hurried to fill that empty bottle and give a cool drink to the thirsty child under the bush! Surely she took him in her arms, as the angel told her to. She did not think of herself, I suppose, till the boy had all he wished. That is the way with mothers. But when she tasted the water from the well God showed her, how sweet it must have been! "And God was with the lad; and he grew, and became an archer." Who was he?

WHO WAS IT?  
A LONELY TRAVELER

V

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers. One of them was a farmer and the other was a hunter. The farmer had a smooth skin, but the hunter had hairy hands and wrists.

One day the farmer had gotten ready a dish of vegetables, a kind of beans they were, and before he could eat any, the older brother, the hunter, came in, all tired out and hungry. "Sell me that dish," he said. "I will," said the farmer, "if you will give me your right as the oldest son, so that I may have the first place in the family." "I will," said the hunter,—though he had no right to do it,—and he took the dish of beans.

A while after this, the farmer who had made such a bargain with the hunter, cheated him again, and cheated his father, making him think that the farmer was the hunter, when the father wished the hunter

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

to do something for him and receive his blessing. The hunter was so angry with the farmer-brother after this, that he said he would kill him. The mother and father were much troubled over the quarrel, and said to the farmer, "You will have to go away to save your life."

So the young man who had cheated his brother went away. He had an uncle who lived in another place. It was a long journey and he had no way to go but to walk. There was no other place to go, and he had to start out on foot. It was a rough road among the hills, and when night came the lonely traveler was very tired. He had no pillow, so he took of the stones of the place for his pillow, and lay down under the quiet stars to sleep.

As he slept he dreamed, and seemed to see a wonderful ladder set up on the earth, reaching to the sky. Even in the dark night this sight was full of light and was all glorious. As the traveler looked he saw beautiful angels going up and down this ladder. Then a Voice spoke from the sky, making wonderful promises, saying that this land should by and by belong to the one who lay there with only a stone for his pillow.



*Who is the Man Asleep?*





## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Then the young man woke and thought over the strange, beautiful sight. God must be very near. He had not thought about it. Now he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."

The traveler got up and set up his stone pillow for a mark or a monument, to keep this place so that he would know it again. Then he looked up and promised God that if the Lord would indeed keep him, and bring him back, he would give a tenth of all he had to his Heavenly Father, and would make this lonely place the house of God when he came again.

What was the name of this lonely traveler?

WHO WAS IT?  
THE GIRL AT THE WELL

VI

ONCE upon a time there was a man, a sort of a prince, who was very rich indeed. He had flocks and herds and gold and silver, a great store. God had blessed him, and had promised him great things. But this man was far from his old home and lived among heathen people, for God was making him the first of a people who should by and by be great and have a country of their own. The rich man had an only son, and he wished him to have a good wife from among the old friends left behind. One day the master called his chief servant and sent him on a long journey back to the old home, to bring back a young woman who should be a good wife for this son about whom God had given wonderful promises. His wife must know about the true God, and not be taken from the heathen round about.

So the servant took ten camels and many beautiful gifts, and started on his journey.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

At last he came near the place he sought, and he made his camels kneel down by a well of water outside the city. It was now evening and about the time that the women used to come to the well to draw water.

The good servant, who wished God to lead him in everything, now prayed earnestly that he might be shown how to do what was best and find the right one for his master's only son. He prayed that the young maiden who should say when he asked her for a drink, "Drink and I will give thy camels drink also," might be the one the Lord meant should go back with him. His prayer was hardly ended when a fair young girl came out from the city to the well with her pitcher on her shoulder. And she went down to the well and filled her pitcher and came up. Then the servant hurried to her and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." The girl kindly said, "Drink," and let down her pitcher from her shoulder to give him water. Then she said, "I will draw water for thy camels also," and she poured out the water into the trough and dipped more from the well till the camels had enough. The man asked her who she was, and behold, she was one of the very family

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

of friends that his master had left behind. From the store he brought he gave her gold and bracelets and jewels, and she invited him to stay all night with her father and brother. Giving thanks to God who had led him, the servant went home with the beautiful girl, told his story, asked to take back the girl as a bride for his master's son, and they blessed her and let her go. Who was she? What was the name of the servant's master and of the son?

WHO WAS IT?  
THE YOUNG DREAMER

VII

LONG ago and far away there lived a boy who dreamed strange dreams. He was a good boy, and his father loved him and gave him a coat of many colors. The older brothers did not like this, and when the boy told his dreams about sheaves in the field bowing to his sheaf, and sun, moon and stars bowing down to him too, as if he were to be greater than the rest of the family, they hated him the more.

One time when the brothers were keeping the sheep, the father sent this boy to find them and see how they did. When they saw him coming, they said, "Here comes this dreamer. Let us kill him and see what comes of his dreams."

One brother felt sorry to hear such words. "Don't kill him," he said. "Put him down in this pit." So they did. But this brother meant to come and take him out.

While the kind-hearted one was away

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

somewhere, the rest of them saw some travelers on their way down to Egypt, with camels loaded with spices.

This seemed a good chance to get rid of the boy in the pit. The brothers took him out and sold him to these travelers, and off they went.

When the loving brother came back he was dreadfully sorry, but he could do nothing.

The cruel brothers killed a baby goat, or kid, and dipped the beautiful coat in the blood. Of course they had not let the boy wear that away. They told the father that they had found the stained coat. He wept for the dear son whom he thought had been killed by a wild beast.

A great captain in Egypt bought the boy and was much pleased with him at first. Then a cruel lie was told about him and he was put in prison. Even there he did his best and was set over the prisoners. Two of these had troublesome dreams, which God helped the young man to explain.

By and by the king had a strange dream. One of those prisoners who had been set free, as the dream showed that he would be, remembered who had explained it. Then the king sent for the young man in prison, and

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

he told him what the dream meant. God had sent it to show the king that he must lay up food for a time when there should be none. The wise young man was set over the work of filling storehouses while there was plenty of grain. When the time came that there were no harvests, he sold food to the people so that they would not starve.

His own brothers came from far away to buy. They did not know this great man, but he knew them and loved them and forgave them. Then he sent for his father, and they all came to live together in Egypt. This younger brother was next to the king in power, and they all turned to him for help. Who was he?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE BABY IN THE BULRUSHES

#### VIII

ONCE upon a time there was a baby boy who was very beautiful. His mother thought so, you may be sure, but long afterward it was written down about this baby that he was "fair to God," and he must have been beautiful indeed.

The king of the country where this baby was born was very cruel. The people to whom this baby belonged were strangers in the land and slaves. The king said there were too many of them, and all the boy babies must be thrown in the river, so that no more would grow up to be men who might some day turn soldiers and fight against the king. Many boy babies had been drowned when this baby came, but he was so sweet his mother could not bear to throw him into the river, so she hid him three months in the house. How she hushed his cries, for fear they would be heard! At last she could hide





*Tell the Baby's Name*



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

him no longer. He was too big. She could not keep him quiet.

Lovingly, but with a heart that ached, this mother made a little basket cradle for her boy, covering it with something like varnish, to keep water out. Then she made it soft and warm inside, laid the baby in and covered him up. Baby's big sister followed as the mother carried the basket cradle to the river, and laid it carefully among the rushes or tall grasses. Sister hid near the shore to watch, and the mother hurried away. She did not dare to stay.

By and by, as sister watched and watched, there came a princess to the river side to take her bath. She was the king's daughter, with her servants. Looking out she saw the tiny cradle rocked by the waves of the river. "What can it be?" she thought. "Go and bring it," she said to one of her maids.

When the little basket cradle was brought the coverings were taken off, and there was the baby. He looked up at the strange faces. It frightened him and he cried. The princess couldn't help feeling sorry for the sweet baby. "It is one of those children that my father said must be drowned," she said. Then sister came from her hiding-place.

## WHO WAS IT STORIES?

She saw that the princess meant to keep the baby. "Shan't I call somebody to nurse it for you?" she asked. "Yes, go and get a nurse," said the princess. And sister hurried away for baby's own mother.

"Take this child and nurse it for me," said the princess, "and I will pay you." So the mother took care of the baby till he was big enough to go to the palace as the son of the princess, and to be taught in the best schools of Egypt. By and by the boy became a great man and led his people away from the land of the cruel king. But the princess called him by a name which meant "Drawn out of the water." What was it?

## WHO WERE THEY?

### TWO SPIES WHOM GOD PRAISED

#### CHAPTER IX

A GREAT while ago some people who had been slaves were set free to go to the beautiful land which had been given them. As they went they must have thought and talked much about this Promised Land, for it was the fairest the sun shone upon. But none of them had ever seen it, and the way was long. When the people came near the end of their journey, they were told to send twelve men to look over the land that was to be theirs, before they should all pass over into it. These men were called spies. A spy is one who searches or finds out things in secret. He does not travel where his enemies can see and kill him, but goes carefully, and learns what he ought to know. The Promised Land was full of heathen who would be glad to kill these spies if they could, so the men went quietly and carefully up and down the country, looking at the cities, watching the people, tasting the fruit that

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

grew everywhere, and finding out all that they could, so as to tell it when they went back. To show what sort of a land it was, the spies carried away some of the fruit, that the rest might see how wonderful it was. The time was the time of ripe grapes, and these men came along by a brook one day, and there was a vine with such great bunches of grapes on it that they cut down a branch which had but one cluster, and two had to carry this branch between them, to get it safely to the camp. The men also carried back figs and pomegranates.

After spending forty days in looking about and traveling up and down, the twelve went back across the river to the camp. What an interesting story they had to tell, and how the people gathered to hear it! They showed the beautiful fruit, and pictured the wonderful land. But some of the men told of the cities with high walls, and the people great and strong. They were big giants that thought the spies were no more than grasshoppers to look at, and it was no use to try to fight them and take the land. Ten men agreed in this, but two said, "Let us go up at once and take, it for we are well able." The people were so frightened they would not listen to



*Where are the Spies?*





## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

these two. They cried out, "Have we come all this way to have our wives and children killed by giants? Come, let us make us a captain and go back where we came from. It was better there." They would not listen to the spies who spoke of God's promise and power to help. Then God sent them back to the wilderness, and not one of the grown people ever entered the land, except the two good spies. Who were they?

WHO WAS IT?  
A BRAVE CAPTAIN

X

ONCE upon a time there was a soldier who had to take a very hard place. It took much courage to do it. This young man had to take the place of the greatest leader and captain that ever lived. This great leader was dead, but the people he was leading back to the land which used to be theirs, had to be guided on their way. Their enemies had to be met, and there were dangers and many hard things before them. Somebody must be the captain. God called a young man to take this place and told him to be strong and of a good courage.

First of all, there was a river to cross, and there was no bridge. There were no boats, either. God told the captain to have the priests, or ministers, and their helpers, go first, carrying the golden chest which had their best treasures in it. As soon as the feet of the priests were dipped in the brim of the water, the river was divided and there was a

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

path straight through, and all the people passed over. The captain told twelve men of them to take twelve stones from the river bed as they passed over, and set them up on the other side to show to the children afterward, and to all people, how God had made a path for them through the waters.

On the other side of the river the enemies of the people were ready to keep them from coming into the land which really belonged to the travelers, who had been on the way forty years. There was one city with great walls which must be taken first of all, and the walls broken down, before anything else could be done.

The brave captain did not know how this was to be done, for the walls were so thick and the enemies were so strong. God told him to lead the people around the walls once a day for six days. The priests were to go first, blowing trumpets, but the people were not to speak a word. On the seventh day, after going around seven times, when the captain told them to shout, they should lift up their voices.

Can't you follow these people, led by the brave captain, day by day? See how they go silently around the walls, maybe with

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

their enemies laughing at them above. Each day they march around once. But watch them on the seventh day, after seven times. See the captain in front. He bids the priests to sound the trumpets. He cries out "Shout"; and oh, what a shout goes up! Look at those high, strong walls. They are falling down. Now they are flat on the ground and the brave captain leads the people against their enemies. The soldiers fight bravely and their enemies are beaten. They did not know what the true God could do.

Who was the brave captain? What was the name of the city?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE BABY WHO GREW TO BE A JUDGE

#### XI

ONCE upon a time, before they had a king, God's people were told what to do by men called Judges. These Judges ruled instead of kings, and saved the people from their enemies.

The worst enemies the people had were the Philistines, who lived not far off. They were wild and strong, and made much trouble. In these sad times there lived a man named Manoah, with his wife, in a quiet home in the Land of Israel. There were no little children in the house to make it glad, but one day God sent a shining angel to say that these people should have a son. He told them what they must do and how they should bring up the boy, so that he would be strong and good.

When the beautiful baby came, as God promised, the happy father and mother did just as they had been told beforehand. The boy never touched wine, or anything of that

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

kind. The good Temperance people of those days were called Nazarites, and they served God in special ways. One way by which they were known was by their long hair. It was never to be cut. It was one of the rules.

The Temperance boy grew to be such a very strong man, that, one day when a lion roared against him, he killed it as easily as he would have killed a goat.

At this time the Philistines were very cruel and troublesome. A new Judge was needed who would be the leader and helper of God's people. No one could do so much for these people as Manoah's son, for no one in all the land was half so strong as he. God had made him a mighty man, so that he could help others.

This man with the long hair, which he must not cut because it was a sign that he was a Nazarite, fought against the Philistines and drove them away. Then he went and stayed for awhile on top of a rock. Three thousand Philistines came up there to tie him and make him their prisoner. They bound him with two strong, new cords, but, when they shouted against him, God's Spirit made him so strong that he broke the cords as if they had been threads.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Another time this son of Manoah was sent to one of the enemies' cities, and they thought then that they had him truly. They kept quiet all night, saying, "In the morning we will kill him." But at midnight this strong man got up and carried off the big brass gates from the city wall upon his shoulders to the top of the hill. As long as he obeyed God he was strong.

But at last a Philistine woman coaxed away from him the secret these heathen longed to know. He said, "Cut my hair, and I will be as weak as any man." She managed to do this. His enemies came in, blinded him, and made him grind corn for them. One day they took him to the idol temple to make fun for them. He prayed, and God gave him strength to pull down the house. Who was he?

WHO WAS IT?  
A GLEANER IN THE BARLEY FIELD

XII

A WAY off from the land of Israel was a strange country called Moab. Once upon a time two Jews, a man and his wife, with their two sons, went to Moab to stay a while, because food was so hard to get at home.

By and by the man died. The two sons married there in Moab, and after awhile they died. The sorrowful mother heard that now, after ten years, she might easily find bread in her own land, and felt that she could stay away no longer. So she started back, and her two daughters-in-law, her sons' wives, went to see her on her way.

But when the time came to part and the mother tried to say good by one of the loving and sorrowful daughters said that she would go on. It was no use to tell her how little the mother could do for her. Love was so strong that, while her sister gave the good-by kiss, this one went on, saying she





*Who was He?*



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

would take her mother's people, her mother's God, and her mother's home for hers.

So they two went on till they came to the old home town of Bethlehem in Judea, in the land of Israel. The mother had gone away rich and glad, but she came back poor and sad, and the people wondered to see her, and cried out, "Can this be she?"

Now the time was when the barley was ripe, and the men were cutting it. The women from Moab had nothing to live on, and the daughter, with her loving heart and ready hands, said that she would go and glean in the barley field. By following after the reapers and looking in all the corners, she could gather up enough grain to beat out and make bread for the two. The mother said, "Go, my daughter."

The fair young gleaner went into a field, and behold, it belonged to a rich relation of the mother, a man with a kind and gentle heart. When the owner of the field came out to the reapers, he said, "The Lord be with you," and they answered, "The Lord bless thee." Then he saw the gleaner, and asked, "Who is this?" The head man of the reapers told him; and the girl from Moab said, "I

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

pray you, let me glean after the reapers among the sheaves.”

The rich owner knew then who she was, and spoke kindly to her, saying he had heard how she had come with the mother, leaving all in her own land to come and trust in the Lord God of Israel. He told her not to go to any other field, but to glean in his, and to eat with the reapers. He said to the young men, “Let fall some handfuls on purpose for her, so that she can gather them up, and don’t trouble her.”

There was barley and a happy story for the mother that night. In the end the kind man married the young gleaner. Who was she?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE BRAVE CAPTAIN OF THREE HUNDRED MEN

#### XIII

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who had a visit from an angel while he was threshing wheat, to hide it from his people's enemies. Nothing was safe at this time because of them. God's people had gone after idols, and now they were in great distress because of their enemies.

The angel said to the young farmer, "Go and save the people from their enemies." The young man said, "How can I go? I'm a poor man and my father is not great. Nobody thinks anything of us."

But the Lord said, by the lips of the angel, "I will be with you, and you shall win." He also told him to cut down the idol god in the grove and set up an altar, or praying place, in its stead, and the young farmer did as he was told. Some wanted to kill him for it, but his father said, "Let the idol take care of himself."

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Soon the young farmer raised a great army, which God said was too large. After sending home as many as wished to go, the rest were taken to drink at a brook. Three hundred of them dipped up the water with their hands and drank it, but the rest, a great number, got down on their knees to drink. God said, "Take the three hundred and send the rest home. I will save you by the three hundred." The enemy's soldiers were so many that it seemed as if they were like the sand of the sea, too many to count.

The brave captain of the three hundred men armed them with lamps and pitchers and trumpets. Wasn't it strange? He divided the men into three companies of a hundred each, and every one had a trumpet in one hand and a pitcher with a lamp in it in the other. Then the captain said, "Look at me and do as I do." So the three companies of men were placed about the camp of sleeping soldiers. It was about the middle watch of the night, and the guard of soldiers had just been set to watch the camp.

All silently the captain placed his companies around the camp, and then suddenly his voice rang out in a great shout, and he blew his trumpet, and broke his pitcher so

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

that the light shone out. Every man did exactly the same. Crash went three hundred pitchers, and out flashed three hundred lights. Three hundred brave voices shouted for God and the captain, and three hundred trumpets sounded out. The soldiers waked from sleep, thinking a great army had come upon them. The lights dazed them and it seemed as if thousands were shouting around the camp. They fell upon each other with their swords, not knowing friends from enemies, and tried to get away as fast as they could. So there was a great victory that night. Who was the brave captain?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE LENT CHILD

#### XIV

ONCE upon a time there was a little lad who was a lent child. When you lend something that is yours, somebody else has the use of it, you know.

The mother and father of this lent child lived in Ramah, long ago, and once a year went to Shiloh, where God's house was, to pray and offer gifts. Before the baby came the woman was so sorrowful because her arms were so empty, that once, in the temple, she asked God to give her a dear baby boy. The minister saw her praying, but he did not know what she said to God.

By and by the sweet baby came, and the mother was so happy that she called him by a name which meant "Asked of God." Every time she said this name it would make her remember how baby came.

While baby was very small, mother did not go to God's house. She said, "I will stay and take care of my boy till he is big enough



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

to go too." You see, it was too far for such a little thing as the baby. So the mother took loving care of her wee boy, and made soft, warm little clothes for him, and loved him more and more.

At last he was big enough to go to Shiloh. Yet he wasn't very big, for "the child was young." She did not wait till he was very old. Then she took him to the minister, in God's house, and said, "Do you remember the woman who was so sorrowful and prayed here in the temple? For this child I prayed. God has given me what I asked. Now I want to give my little boy back to God. I will return him, and he shall be lent to the Lord as long as he lives."

So the lent child waited on the minister in the temple, and God used the boy to do little things for him in his house. Every year the dear mother came to see him, and brought him a nice little coat which she had made.

One night when the Lord wished to use this lent child to carry a message, the boy lay down to sleep. It was before the lamp went out in the temple. Lying there he heard his name called. "Here am I," he said, and ran to the minister, feeling sure that

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

he had called. The minister said, "I called not. Lie down again."

This happened three times. Then the minister knew that it must be God's voice calling. He said, "When you hear your name again, answer, 'Speak, Lord. I hear.'"

How quiet it was then! How the boy listened! The voice came again, and he answered as he had been told. Then the Lord talked with him and gave him a message. Next morning he told the minister what God had said to him when he called him by name. What was his name?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE TALL YOUNG MAN WHO WAS MADE KING

#### XV

**A** LONG, long time ago there was a young man who set out with a servant to find some asses that had strayed away from his father. They could not find them, and made up their minds to go and ask a good man and minister in a certain town, if he could help them in any way. When they got to the place where they heard the minister was staying, and had met him, the minister did not seem surprised to see them, but told them the asses were found, and that they must go with him to a feast just ready, and then next day they should go home. Now the Lord had spoken softly to the minister before this, and told him "in his ear" that he would send him at this time the man who was to be the king over the people who had asked for a king. So the minister said to this young man, "The wishes of all the people are set upon you." The young man was much

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

surprised, and said, "My family is the smallest, and worth the least, of all in the land. Why do you speak so to me?" But the minister took him to the feast and said to the cook, "Bring the part that I told you to set away," and when the cook brought the best part it was set before the stranger, for the minister said, "I had this kept for you from the time I invited the people." So they ate together. The minister, you see, was one of those to whom God told things beforehand. Such were called prophets.

Next day, just as the light was breaking, the minister called the traveler and went part way with him on his journey home. As they went — the gray old minister and the tall, strong young man (he was very tall indeed, and strong)—the two talked together. The minister sent the servant on before, and then when they two were by themselves, he poured some sacred oil on the young man's head, to show that God set him apart to be king, and told him how God's Spirit should come into his heart to teach and help him as he went his way.

Reaching home, the tall young man told that he had heard from the minister that the asses were found, but said nothing more.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

By and by the minister called the people together to show them the one God had chosen to rule over them and lead them to battle. But when they looked for this young man, behold, he was hidden among the stuff. At last they brought him out, and he was head and shoulders taller than anybody. The minister said, "See him, that there is none like him among all the people." And they all shouted and said, "God save the king." What was his name? What was the name of the minister or prophet who anointed him king?

WHO WAS IT?  
A YOUNG GIANT KILLER

XVI

ONCE upon a time there was a young shepherd boy who kept his father's flock of sheep and sang sweet songs as he watched them. Three of the young shepherd's brothers had gone to war with their king, to fight against the enemies of their people.

One day the father called his youngest son from his work and said, "Take these ten loaves and ten cheeses and this parched corn, and run to the camp of your brothers and give the cheeses to their captain and see how your brothers are." Early in the morning the shepherd boy rose up, left the sheep with a keeper, and went on his errand to the soldiers' camp.

He found his brothers and asked them how they did. As he talked with them a great giant came stalking out from the camp of the enemy, and cried out to the king and his army, "Give me a man, that we may fight together. If he kill me we will be your ser-

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

vants; if I kill him you shall be our servants." Then the soldiers who heard the great giant speak ran from him, for they were terribly frightened. No one dared fight the big giant, whose clothes were covered with brass and his head with a brass cap, so that nothing could hurt him.

Then the soldiers said to the shepherd, "Have you seen this man? The king will give great riches to the one who kills him." The shepherd boy was so interested about it that they took him before the king, and he said to the king, "Let no one be afraid. I will fight the giant." The king said, "You are too young, and are not able." The boy then told how God had been with him as he watched his sheep, and had given him strength to kill a lion and a bear who came to take each a lamb from the flock.

At last the king said the shepherd might fight the giant, and gave him his sword and other things, that he might fight better. These things were too heavy, and the boy was not used to them, so he took them all off and went down to the brook. There he chose five smooth stones, and put them in his shepherd's bag. He had a sling with him, and then he was ready.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

The great giant laughed at the boy when he saw him coming, and said, "Come, and I will kill you and give your flesh to the birds to eat." But the shepherd boy said, "I am come in the name of God. He will give you into my hand, that all may know that there is a true God in the land." Then he put a stone in his sling and slung it, and it struck the giant in the forehead, so that he fell to the ground. The brave shepherd boy then ran and finished killing him with his own big sword — this wicked giant who had talked so proudly against the true God and God's people.

When the heathen army saw that the Giant was dead they turned and ran, and the king's army ran after them and scattered them and took what was in their tents. Then the young giant-killer was brought before the king. Who was he? What was the king's name? What was the name of the giant?



## WHO WAS IT?

### A ROYAL TEMPLE BUILDER

#### XVII

**I**N a country far away there lived, long, long ago, a great, rich, and wise king. His father, the king before him, had been a great soldier, but when this baby boy was born he was called by a name that meant "peaceable," for the father knew that the son should not lead in great wars, but should do works of peace. The father had longed to do a certain thing which he was not allowed to do, but a promise was given him that this son should carry out the plan in time of peace, which the fighting king was kept from doing. When the time came the young man with the peaceful name was crowned king with great rejoicings. He was asked what great thing he would like to have above everything else, and he chose wisdom instead of money and power, and God made him the wisest man that the world had ever known. He knew about beasts and birds and fishes, about trees and flowers, and talked

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

of them all. He spoke three thousand wise sayings, and his songs were "a thousand and five." God also gave him great riches, and he gathered gold and silver very much, and precious jewels. At last he began to do what his father had longed to do. He began to build a wonderful temple. This was to be a house of prayer for the Lord God, and was to be the most beautiful building ever seen. The wood used in it was the finest that grew, and the royal builder sent thirty thousand men far away to mountains where grew the fir and cedar, to cut this precious wood. Great stones were cut and squared and polished and made ready far away, and then brought and put in their places without a sound of ax or saw. It took over three thousand men just to look after the workmen that were doing these wonderful things as the house went up. It took seven years to build the great and beautiful temple, all of white marble, costly wood and silver, with shining jewels and richly embroidered curtains. When it was done it was wonderful to behold. The whole house was covered over with gold, and there were carvings of lilies and fruit, and all so bright people could hardly look at their shining.



*Who is the Gleaner?.*



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Then this royal builder called the people together to offer the temple to God and to pray, and a great cloud of glory filled the house, and God said he would dwell there and hear and answer prayer. Who was this temple builder?

## WHO WAS IT?

### A WOMAN WHO TRAVELED FAR TO ASK QUESTIONS

#### XVIII

**L**ONG and long ago, and very far away in an Eastern land lived a woman that you would call "a great lady." She was immensely rich, and had servants and servants to wait upon her, while all the people of the land had to do her bidding, for she was "the first lady" among them all, and above them all in power. She had gold and jewels and rich robes, and a table loaded with good things every day. But with all this splendor she had not an easy mind, and this was one thing which her servants could not give her. As she sat among all her beautiful things she thought and thought about things that she could not understand, and wondered where she could get the answers to all the questions that kept coming into her mind. She must have known something about the true God, for it seemed that she wished to know more about Him. Wise as she was she



*What Story does the Picture Tell?*





## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

longed to talk with some one much wiser. But where should she go? At last she heard of a king, far off, who was the wisest of men. They said that there was nothing this king did not understand. Perhaps his ships came to her land for gold, and the sailors told the story of their master's wisdom. Nobody knows quite how she heard it, but at once this great lady made up her mind to go and see the wise king. She was so anxious to have her questions answered, and the things that troubled her explained, that she did not mind the long journey; so off she started, after making great preparations. The only way she could go was on a camel's back, but she did not travel alone that long, dangerous way, you may be sure. She took many people with her, and a great train of camels loaded with sweet-smelling gums and spices and rich woods, and gold "very much," with sparkling jewels fit for a king's crown. She meant all these riches for a present, when she should find the king. On and on went this great procession, till at last the journey's end was reached. It must have made a stir in the city, when all those camels stopped before the palace door. Then came the hard questions. The king who had prayed

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

to God for wisdom, and had received it, was able to tell his visitor all she wished to know. No questions were too hard. How the traveler praised the king for all his wisdom and greatness! How astonished she was to see the palace and the temple of God, and how happy she thought the servants and all the people! She said, "I couldn't have believed it if I had not come to see it all, but it was true, what I heard, and the half was not told me." The king gave his visitor great presents in return for hers, and she returned to her own land. Who was she?

## WHO WAS IT?

THE MAN WHOM THE RAVENS FED

### XIX

YOU may not like rainy days that keep you from outdoor play, but think of having no rain at all! How dry and dead all living things that grow would soon become. There was a time, long ago, when it did not rain upon the earth for more than three years. It was in the days of a wicked king who prayed to idols, and led his people to do the same. Suddenly a tall, strong man stood before the king, a man in rough clothes, who came from the hills, and told him that there should be neither dew nor rain in all the years, except as he spoke the word. The Lord sent this messenger to the king. Then he told the messenger to go and hide himself beside a brook. The wicked king hated the good man and would have been glad to kill him. He would have been glad had the messenger starved in the famine that came upon the land all thirsty for rain. But no harm could come to the one whom the Lord hid away.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Away off toward a flowing river there was a running brook in a lonely place where no man lived. No one came to drink of this brook, and there the brave messenger was safely hidden. Although there was no rain the brook flowed on, and the good man drank of the cool water, and rested under the trees and thought of God, and listened for his words in his heart, and learned his lessons out there under the quiet sky beside the running water. But what did he have to eat? Bread and meat. How often? Bread and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening! Who brought it, when no man knew the way to this secret hiding-place? The flying birds brought it, the black ravens of the air. How did they know? God sent them and taught them. They loved such things themselves—why did they not eat the bread and meat? God kept them from that. The food was for his messenger. Do you suppose the man ever wondered whether the food would come, or if it would come both morning and night? It never failed. Do you know why? The ravens could not have told, but you know. By and by the brook grew smaller, and at last it dried up. God had another way to care for

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

his messenger. He sent him now to a widow outside a city gate gathering sticks to make the last meal in the barrel into cakes for herself and son. "Make me one first," said the messenger of God, and she did. And for a full year there was meal each day in the barrel and oil in the oil-jar, and the three had enough to eat; and there was water for them too, until the time came for it to rain upon the earth. Who was the man the ravens fed? Where lived the widow with her son, who made him first a little cake out of a handful of meal?

## WHO WAS IT?

A CAPTAIN WHO LISTENED TO A MESSAGE  
FROM A LITTLE MAID

### XX

LONG, LONG AGO, when there were many wars, and men, women, and children used to be carried off as slaves by the soldiers who beat in battle, a little girl was taken in this way from her home in the land of Israel. A great captain in the enemy's army took her home to wait on his wife.

It was very hard for the little maid to be carried so far from home and friends. I dare say she cried softly over it more than once. But she knew about the true God and his ministers, and though now in a heathen land, she did not forget what she had learned at home.

Now, the great captain, the maid's master, was a mighty man, brave and honorable, and in great favor with the king, but he had a dreadful disease which no doctor could cure. He could still go about, but he knew that he could never be well. The little girl

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

who waited on his wife was sorry for the captain, though he had taken her from her home. She knew how he could be made well. Should she tell it? At last she could keep the message no longer, and she said to her mistress that she wished her master could go to the good prophet in Samaria, for he could make him well. Somebody went and told the captain the girl's words. Surely she must have been in the habit of telling the truth, or no one would have listened to her, nor have told what she said. Not only the captain but the king seemed to think this message worth listening to, and the king at last sent the captain away off to Samaria, with a great company with him, and six thousand pieces of gold, besides much silver and many beautiful garments. But he thought, of course, the king of the country was the one to know and do everything, so he wrote a letter to him and sent the captain to him with it. The king was very angry. He did not think anything about the prophet who did such wonderful things. He supposed this heathen king wished to quarrel with him, and asked something impossible so as to make an excuse to fight. He tore his clothes and said, "Does this man think I am God, to

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

kill and to make alive?" But the prophet heard the story and sent for the captain to come to him. Before the prophet's door the great captain soon stopped his chariot, thinking he would come out and make a great fuss over him. The prophet did not come out at all, but sent his servant to say, "Wash in Jordan seven times, and you shall be well." The captain said he had better rivers at home to wash in, and went away in a rage. But his servants coaxed him to try this little thing; and when he did, he was made well and his flesh was fair as a little child's. The prophet would not take pay, but the captain went home to worship God. What was his name?



## WHO WAS IT?

### A BOY KING

#### XXI

**T**HINK of a real, live king only eight years old! Long ago and far away lived this king who was set upon a throne when as young as this. When he had been ruler over his people going on eighteen years, he began to think one day about the house of God, which was badly broken down and in need of a good cleaning and mending up. A messenger was called and sent to the chief minister of all, to say to him, "Count the money brought in, and give it to the carpenters, builders, and those that buy wood and stone, and let them make God's house all fair and whole again." So the workmen were called and told what to do, and were so honest that they did not need to be watched. But one day while the clearing up was going on the chief minister found somewhere a wonderful book. It had in it the law of God. "I have found the book of the law," said the chief minister to the writing man.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

This man read it and brought it to the young king, saying, "The money has been gathered and given out, and the workmen are going on well, and here is a book the chief minister found and gave me." So he read it before the king. Now, when the king heard the words of God, and knew that he and his people had not been doing as the Lord said, he felt so sorry and troubled that he tore his robe to show his grief, for this was the way they did in those days. "Do go and get somebody to ask the Lord what we shall do," the king said, "for we have not been keeping this law." There was a good woman there in the city who lived near to God. He made her understand the meaning of His words, and gave her messages for His people. To her this matter was taken, and she asked God, listening to hear what He would say. Afterward she said, "Thus saith the Lord, go and tell those who sent you that God will punish those who disobey, but tell the king who sent to know my will, and who is sorry for his wrongdoing, that I have heard him and will bless him." So they brought the king word again, and he sent and gathered the people together to listen to the lost book that was found. Then he made them put away

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

their idols and stop doing wickedly and said to them all, "You must keep the feast which God has commanded in this book." It was a solemn feast, when a lamb was killed to remind them of the time when the houses of God's people, with blood-sprinkled doors, were passed over by the death angel who came to punish their enemies. Now there was never such a wonderful keeping of this feast before these days, nor since. Who was the king?

## WHO WAS IT?

### A PROPHET IN THE PRISON PIT

#### XXII

ONCE upon a time, in a land far off, was born a baby boy that God meant should be a messenger for him. From the beginning the Heavenly Father made this child good and wise, and when he was yet young God said to him: "I have made you a prophet unto the people." A prophet is a teacher, a messenger, sent to tell and to explain God's word, and to tell before it comes what will happen. In those days the whole Bible was not written, and God sent prophets to speak for him to the people. This young man thought he could not do this, but God said, "Don't be afraid; I am with you." This made him brave, but he had such sad messages to give that they often made him weep, and his heart was troubled. For God's people were not doing right, and the holy city with its beautiful house of prayer was full of trouble because of the sins of those who lived there. This prophet,

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

or teacher, with the sad, loving heart and weeping eyes, spoke the message as God gave it, and told the people of the punishments to come, but they would not listen nor change their ways. Instead, they were very angry at the man who spoke to them. Some heathen people, strong and mighty, were coming against the city to take it and carry away those in it. The prophet said boldly that this was to be so, and those who heard said, "It will not be so." One time when there was a good chance, the prophet thought he would leave the city, but when he was passing the gate a man took him and said, "You are going to join the enemy's soldiers, I know you are." "It is not true," said God's prophet; but the man would not listen, and hurried him off to the princes or great men, who were very angry at the story, and beat the good man and put him in prison, where he stayed many days.

The king of the country was afraid the prophet might be right after all, and came by himself to ask if there was any word from the Lord. "Yes," said the prophet, "there is. You are to be given into the hand of your enemy. But what have I done? Don't send me back to prison lest I die." The king

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

said he should be kept in a better place, and bread from the baker's street given him. But again the people grew angry with the prophet, saying, "He says things that discourage the others." So they got him cast into the prison pit, a place underground, so muddy that the good man's feet sank in the mire. Then a friend said to the king: "They have done evil. The prophet will starve to death in that hole." "Take thirty men and get him up," was the order. The friend did so. They drew him up with cords. The city was taken, but finally the prophet was set free. Who was he?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE PRESIDENT PUNISHED FOR PRAYING

#### XXIII

ONCE upon a time there was a boy carried away by soldiers from his own country. The king of the strange land was pleased with him because he was handsome, good, and bright, and took him into the palace to serve him. Through the time of other kings that came after, this young man was in great favor, because he knew so much, and because God made him wise to tell people the meaning of strange dreams. At last, under one of the kings, this man was made president. There were three presidents, and he was the first of the three. The presidents looked after one hundred and twenty princes whose business it was to look after matters in the kingdom, under the king. The man from the far country was so much wiser and better than the rest, and was in such high favor with the king, that the second and third presidents and the hundred and twenty princes hated him. They could not bear to have another praised more

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

than they were, and made up their minds to bring him into trouble somehow. But this was hard to do. The first president did his duty so well, and was always so faithful and good, and loyal to the king, that the presidents and princes, watch as they might, could find nothing against him about which they could tell tales. They talked it over and said: "We shall never find anything against him unless it is something about his religion. He worships another God, and is very careful to keep His laws. We will find some fault with him for this, and get him punished." So they said to the king: "We have planned a way to honor you above every one. Please make a law that nobody shall ask anything of any one except the great king, for thirty days, and if any man does, he shall be cast into the den of lions." The king was proud of this, and signed the law. But the first president was so brave that he was afraid of but one thing, and that was doing wrong. He always prayed to God three times a day with his windows open, not ashamed of anything, and now he did it just the same. Of course he was caught, and his enemies made the king punish him for praying to God instead of to the man on the



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

throne. The king was very sorry indeed, angry at himself and at the men, but he had to keep the law. He couldn't sleep all night, and early in the morning hastened to the lion's den and called to know if the man was safe. He had said, "Your God will save you," but after all he wasn't sure, for he was a heathen. How happy he was to hear a voice, clear and strong, calling, "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me." Who was this brave man?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE MAN IN THE CAMEL'S-HAIR COAT

#### XXIV

ONCE upon a time, and far away, lived two good people, a man and his wife, who loved and pleased God and were happy together, but there was no little child in their home. The man was a priest; and one day, in God's house as he prayed and made his offering, an angel stood before him and told him that God would by and by give him a little son. It seemed too strange and glad to be true, and the priest said, "How shall I know this?" The angel said that because he had not believed God's message fully he should be dumb, and not able to speak till after the baby came, and this should be a sign to him that God meant what He said.

The people wondered why the priest stayed so long in the temple, but when he came out he could not tell them, for he could not speak. Time went on, till the precious baby came of whom the angel had told such

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

wonderful things. When the happy father and mother were ready to give him his name, the neighbors said, "Call him after his father." The mother said, "No," and gave another name. They said, "You have no relations by this name," and they made signs to the father to say what he would have the wee baby called. He got them to bring a writing table, and wrote down, "His name is—" the same the mother had said. Then, while they were all wondering, the father's speech was given him again and he praised God. He said to his little son, "Thou, child, shalt be the prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the Lord to prepare His ways." In olden days a man used to run before the king to cry, "He is coming. Make ready the way!" So, as the angel had told before, this baby was to grow up and be the one to tell people that Jesus was coming, and they must be ready for Him.

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts." He never touched wine or strong drink, this brave, wonderful man, and lived in a very simple way. He wore a coat of camel's hair, very rough and coarse, with a leather belt around his waist. He ate wild honey from the rocks,

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

and the locusts, which were a sort that people used for food in those days.

At last this man in the desert began to tell people that Jesus was coming, and they must get their hearts ready for him by giving up their sins. Many went to listen to this earnest preacher in rough clothes, not like any of the priests of that day, but crying out the message with all his heart. Hundreds went to hear him and were baptized, saying they were sorry for their sins,—so getting ready for Jesus. Who was this preacher?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE BABY SAVED FROM A CRUEL KING

#### XXV

**M**ANY hundred years ago there came a Little Child to this world, more wonderful than any seen before. He looked much like other babies, except for being sweeter, perhaps, and He was always good. He was born in a very poor place indeed, because His parents were poor, and the town was too crowded to make room for them. No one of all the crowd knew who the Child was, except some men out of doors who heard the news sung by a choir of sweet voices, and hurried to the place to find Him. Afterwards, some men from far off followed a light which led to the lowly house where He was. They stopped on the way in a larger city to find out if the king knew about the Wonderful Child. He knew nothing, but found some who did, and they said it had been written down in a Book long ages before, where He should be born. When the travelers heard the name of the place they journeyed on to

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

find it, and the light shone again and led them. But they left the king in great trouble. These pilgrims had asked, "Where is He that shall be born King?" The man on the throne did not like this. He could not bear to think of any other in his place. He made up his mind that he would kill this Baby King at once. But he made believe that he also wished to worship him, and said to the travelers, "When you find Him, come back this way and tell me, so that I can bow before Him too." And all the while he meant to kill Him if he could find him. God in heaven was watching the Young Child in his fair young mother's arms. He spoke to the travelers to go home another way. So they did, and the king in the big city never saw them again. Then God spoke to the parents of the Baby and said, "Rise, and take the Young Child and go to Egypt, for the king will try to kill Him." In the night they all set out for the far-away country where the wicked king could not find the Child. He tried to make sure of taking His life by putting to death all the boy babies in the place younger than three years of age, but the most precious Child of all was not there. At last the king died and left his throne. Then



*Name These Three*





## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

word came to Egypt, "Go back, for those who wished to kill the Child are dead." Again the journey was taken, and the Child brought back. For fear that the man who was king now instead of the other might wish to do him harm, they carried the Boy to another place, and there the father had a carpenter shop for many years. Who was the Young Child? What was the name of the cruel king?

## WHO WAS IT?

### A TAX COLLECTOR WHO LEFT HIS BUSINESS

#### XXVI

ONCE upon a time there was a man who made his living by collecting taxes. The money that a man has to pay because he owns land is called a tax. In a city there must be a mayor and policemen and firemen, and these are all paid by sums of money given by those who own houses and lots. The owners cannot say what taxes they will pay, but must give what their rulers ask. When this man lived it was thought to be a disgrace to collect taxes, because the country was then under strange rulers who cared more for getting money from the people than anything else, and took much more than was fair. There was a great deal of cheating and stealing among the tax collectors, and when this particular one went to his place of business those who saw him hated him. They thought he was not honest, and that, as he was one of the people of the land, he could not love his country if he was willing to work for the

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

strange rulers who came from far away, and by cruel war made the land theirs. But this tax collector did not care what people thought. He was getting rich and pleasing himself, and thought little about the rest.

One day this man went to his place of business, as he had many other times, not knowing that it was to be the strangest and greatest day of his life, and the last he was to spend taking money from the people. As he sat in the place where folks came to pay their taxes a Great Teacher passed by. He had no church or pulpit of His own, and most of the time he taught out of doors. The seaside was the place on this day, and very many people followed after Him, listening to His words. For this Teacher taught as never any man did before, and those who heard Him wondered at His words and longed to hear more. So they followed Him about in crowds. Although there were so many pressing on every side, this Teacher saw the tax collector in his place, and knew that if he gave up that business he would make a good helper. He stopped and said to the man, "Follow Me." There was such love and such power in the Teacher's voice that the man could not keep on with his work.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

He gave up his business at once and followed this new Master. He loved Him so much that he invited the Teacher to his house for a great feast, and asked many of his old friends to meet Him. This displeased some people, who complained that the Teacher was eating with sinful people. But He said He came to get just such to follow Him and do better. The man who invited Him followed Him ever after, and afterward wrote a book about Him. What was this man's name and the name of his book?

## WHO WAS IT?

### A TEACHER WHO WENT TO BE TAUGHT

#### XXVII

IT was a strange and wonderful time in an old city long ago. A new Teacher had come who set everybody to wondering, for no man in the world had ever spoken as this one did. In the house of prayer, inside and outside the city, the Stranger preached and taught and did most wonderful works. Now among those who heard the Stranger and heard of Him was a man that was a teacher of the people himself. He had read and studied the law of God and many books of men, and seemed to be very wise. But at this time he began to feel that he did not understand everything, for this new Teacher said many things which puzzled him. He was very anxious to know exactly who the Stranger was, and to know more about His teachings. So, being really a wise man in many ways, he took the best plan in the world to find out — he went to the Great Teacher Himself to ask what he wished to know. He

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

chose a quiet time when he could have a chance to talk without a great crowd around, for indeed the Stranger must have been busy all day, not only teaching, but healing people, for He had great power. This man who wished to know more went in the night to ask his questions. After the two had met and spoken to each other the teacher who wished to learn said, "Teacher, we know you could not do the wonderful things you do here if God were not with you, so you must have come from God." The Master looked at the man and read his questions in his heart. Then He said, "If you wish to come into God's kingdom and belong to him, you must be made over again as a little child." This surprised the visitor. "I can't become a baby again," he said. Then the Stranger, who might now be called the man's new Friend (for He loved especially all who came to learn of Him), made the man understand that the Holy Spirit must make him over, so that his heart would be like the heart of a child, as simple, as trusting, lowly, and loving. The Great Teacher showed him by words a picture of a camp of people dying from serpent bites, and a brass serpent lifted up, that whoever looked might be healed. This

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

was like the look of trust and love that was needed to make a man well of sin, but he must look to God's Son to do all for him. The man went away after his lesson. Again we hear of him standing up for the Great Teacher when others wished to kill Him. After the Master was indeed put to death by His enemies, this friend, who was rich, with another rich man made ready the dead body for the tomb. The teacher, who had come by night, brought a hundred pounds of sweet spices for the body. Who was he?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE LOVING FATHER OF A LITTLE SICK GIRL

#### XXVIII

ONCE upon a time the Greatest Doctor in the world went in a boat across a lake. Strangely enough, the people did not want Him there. They thought it was too hard to give up what they were asked, and the Greatest Doctor came back to the place where all were glad to see Him, "for they were all waiting for Him." Very soon a man came hurrying up and threw himself down at the feet of the Greatest Doctor in the world. It showed that he wanted something very much. Looking up into the kind face, this man said: "My little daughter is so sick that she is just at the point of death. Do come and just put your hand on her, and she shall live." This man had a high place in the church and was called a ruler. He had a good home, and enough money, and much to please him, but he thought only of his child now — his little girl at home, just ready to die, the darling that he loved so much. "I





*Whose Daughter is This?*



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

have only one," he said, with a voice full of love and sorrow. The Greatest Doctor knew just how the poor father felt, and turned at once to go home with him. On the way a poor woman came in the crowd and touched His clothes, that she might be made well, and the Doctor stopped to talk with her and sent her away well and happy. This took time, and the poor father hurrying on before was met by some servants from his house who said, "The little girl is dead. There is no use now in troubling the Great Doctor."

As soon as the Doctor heard these words and saw how sorry the father was, He said kindly: "Don't be afraid. Just believe." So they all went on together. At the house they found people crying aloud because the little girl was dead. The Greatest Doctor said, "She is only asleep," but the visitors laughed at that. They were soon put out of the house, and only the father and mother and the Doctor's three best friends were in the room when He took the child's hand and said, "Darling, rise." How they all listened, holding their breath. And the little daughter rose at once, and walked about, for she was twelve years old. Instead of being weak from her pain, she was strong and well. But

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

the Greatest Doctor never forgot anything, He knew she must be hungry, and He said gently, "Give her something to eat." How they hurried about to get it, with hearts full of joy. They were all so astonished that they could hardly speak, and looked in wonder at the little girl, and at the One who had called her back to life. I wonder if she did not run first to Him, and what the father said. What was this father's name? Who was the Great Physician?

## WHO WAS IT?

### THE MAN WHO WALKED ON THE WATER

#### XXIX

**I**N a far-away country, lying toward the sunrise, there is a beautiful blue sea. The ships that used to float upon the sparkling water are gone now, but once upon a time, long, long ago, there were many of these, and men went in them from one shore to the other. Often and often, in those days, a Great Teacher, with His followers, walked beside the sea and taught the people on the shore. One day there had been much for them all to do, for the people crowded around, and had to be not only taught, but fed and comforted, and then sent away home. They were all very tired, and evening was coming on. The Great Teacher told His followers to get into a small ship and cross over to the other side of the sea, while He sent the people quietly away. The men did as they were told, and sailed away over the blue water. But when they were in the midst of the sea, and the farther shore seemed very far, a

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

sudden storm came on. The day was gone, and in the dark, the wind rushed upon the little ship and tossed it like an eggshell upon the rough waves. Alone in the storm, wet with the dashing waves, frightened in the dark, the men longed for their Master. They were not used to being without Him. Oh, why had He sent them out by themselves? He could do everything, and if He were only there how glad they would be. But still the wind roared and tossed the ship, and the angry waves tried to swallow it, while time passed on, and morning came nearer.

But see! What is that strange sight between them and the shore they left at evening? What dark form is that? He has no boat but He is coming closer. He walks upon the stormy water and does not sink. Hear the men cry out for fear! They think it must be a ghost coming to them. Oh, if the Master were only there! Hark! There is a Voice speaking gently, but the wind cannot drown it: "It is I; be not afraid." Why, they know that Voice, surely. There is one among them who is always first to speak, always in a hurry to do things. He thinks he knows his Teacher's voice, and cries out, "If it is you, tell me to come on the water."



*Who cried, "Save Me"?*





## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

“Come,” says the Voice, and the man hurries over the side of the ship and walks on the water too. Suddenly he looks around. How dark and windy it is! He forgets to look at his Master and begins to sink. The Master hears his cry, “Save me,” and puts out His hand to catch him, taking him safely into the ship, saying, “Why didn’t you trust me?” Who was the man? Who was his Master?”

## WHO WAS IT?

### A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER AND HER COMPANY

#### XXX

**L**ONG ago in a pleasant home on a hillside lived a happy family. The one who did most of the housekeeping was a very good woman. She liked to have things neat and comfortable, and she knew how to keep them so. She was a busy sort of a person who always seemed to find plenty to do, and she had a kind heart that loved to make her friends comfortable. The housekeeper had a sister and a brother whom she dearly loved. The sister was rather a quiet person, who liked to be still and think pleasant thoughts, and was anxious to learn all she could. This home was pleasant to visit because it was quiet and peaceful, and there was so much love there, and friends were made welcome.

One day company came to this house, and a glad day it was. It was the Best Friend who came, and who so welcome as He? He often came there to rest, for He was a great traveler. Indeed He had no home of His own

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

at all, and it was good to have this place to visit whenever He would, and to be sure that all the family would be glad to see Him whenever He could spare time to come; for He was very busy going about doing good and helping people. Now, He was here to-day, the family's Best Friend, and the housekeeper thought nothing was too good for Him, and too much could not be done. So she bustled about, getting as good a supper as she could. She thought of so many things and planned so much, that it made a great deal to do for one person. By and by, as she hurried about, the housekeeper got tired, and she felt troubled about her work. Why did not her sister come and help her? Surely she too was glad to see the Best Friend. Why did she not try to do something for Him? She looked around and there sat her sister at the Visitor's feet, listening to Him as he talked. She did not seem to remember that supper was to be made ready, nor to think of anything but the words she heard. The busy, tired woman thought this was not fair, and she said to the Best Friend, "Don't you care that my sister has left me to work alone? Do tell her to help me." But the kind and wise Friend said, "You are troubled about

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

many things, but there is but one that is really needful. Your sister has chosen the best part in listening to me and learning all she can." And then I am sure that He gave a loving look at the tired housekeeper, who was trying to show her love by doing a great deal, and at the sister who showed hers by listening to what He had to say and learning sweet lessons at His feet. Who was the busy woman?

WHO WAS IT?  
A LOWLY LEARNER

XXXI

THERE was once, long ago, a young woman who lived in a comfortable home in a quiet little town, far, far away. This village was on the side of a hill where grew the olive trees which people thought much of in those days. It must have looked as if the houses were climbing up hill, for the town was but a mile from the top. Not far away was a great city, with high, thick walls, and in it a beautiful temple, the fairest building in all the land. The home of this young woman was a very happy one, though everything in it was very simple and plain. There were no wonderful days filled with feasting and company, but every day was pleasant, because there was love in this house. The three people who lived there, two sisters and a brother, had grown up together and cared much for one another. There must have been peace in this house, and great kindness and love, or the people would not have had the

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Guest who loved to come there. This guest was a Traveler who had many kind errands to do up and down the country, and He was a Teacher, very wise indeed, who must go about helping others to know the best thing. There was nothing which this Teacher did not know, and He always was willing to help those who wished to learn of Him. He had no home of His own, this wonderful Friend. Indeed, He often slept out of doors under the olive trees upon the hill where lay the quiet village. But in this home of the three there was always a welcome for Him, and when He was tired He loved to come to the peaceful place and rest with His friends, who were always so glad to see Him. The youngest sister in this home, the one I am telling you about, was a quiet girl who loved to think and to learn. She loved the Guest very dearly and wished to have Him teach her, for she felt that she knew very little, and He was so wise. The sister had a warm, loving heart, too, and was always glad to have the Guest come. She would bustle about and make Him as comfortable as she could. She seemed to be always busy.

One day the dear Visitor came walking over the hill to the home in the village. As

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

soon as He was made comfortable, the older sister hurried to get the best supper she could, but the younger one longed to hear the Teacher talk. She took a low place at His feet, for she was a lowly learner, and looking into His kind face, she listened to His words. The busy sister said, "Do tell my sister to help me," but the Guest said, "She has chosen the better part that cannot be taken away"; and still the lowly learner sat at His feet and listened. Who was she? Who was the Guest?

## WHO WAS IT?

A MAN WHO CROSSED THE ROAD TO HELP  
ANOTHER

### XXXII

ONCE upon a time a man set off on a journey to a city where palm trees grew. It was a beautiful, busy city, but the road was dangerous. There were dark caves and hiding-places among the rocks along the way, where robbers were likely to be hid and to jump out at any time. But this man had business in the city and started off bravely. All went well for a while, but at last in a lonely place the thieves fell upon him, took all he had, beat him, tore off his clothes, and ran off, leaving him half dead. The poor traveler was so bruised and cut that he could do nothing for himself, so he lay by the roadside in pain and distress. Now it happened that a priest, whose business it was to serve in the temple, was going down, and as he went along the road he looked over and saw the wounded man. He just looked at him, and passed by on the other side of the road.



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

He did not seem to think it was any of his business. Who knew when the robbers might come back? He did not care to touch a man lying there in his blood. It was bad to touch blood, so he went on. Presently along came another man. This was a member of the family whose father was called Levi. His work was to help in the temple, too. Very likely he thought he had enough to do to take care of himself, and had no time to look after that half-dead man. When he was at the place he looked at him and passed on, along the other side of the way. If he had been left much longer the poor man must have died; but another traveler was on his way. He came from a different place from the home of the priest and Levite and the poor wounded man himself. He was called after the name of the country he came from, and people did not think much of it, nor of the people there. But this stranger, as soon as he saw the half-dead man, went right to him. He wasn't afraid to cross over to him and get close enough to help him. He bound up the bleeding wounds, gave the man medicine, and then set him on his own beast, while he walked beside him till he brought him to the place

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

where travelers rested, called an inn. There he took care of the sick one all night, paid his bill, and said, as he left in the morning, "Innkeeper, take care of this stranger, and if you spend more than I have given you, I'll pay you when I come back this way." When we read of this one who was sorry enough to do so much for the man who was robbed, what do we call him?

## WHO WAS IT?

A MAN WHO RECEIVED A GREAT GIFT

### XXXIII

**M**ANY hundred years ago there lived a man with a very loving heart. It was so big and full of love that he is still remembered as the loving one. This man had a Master whom he followed everywhere. The Master had other friends and followers, but this man was one of those who loved him best and followed closest. He was called the one the Master loved. He, with two others, often went with him when others were not invited.

This man was not always so gentle and loving. At one time he was very fiery, and ready to punish those who did not agree with him. But, as he went about with the good Master, and learned of him, he grew more loving, and others could not help loving him. The man's father was a fisherman, and he and his brother were fishermen too, but the brothers left their nets to follow the Master wherever He went.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

One of the most wonderful things that happened to this man was on a mountain top, where he was taken, with his brother and another friend. There the Leader was changed till His face was like the sun, and even His clothes were white and shining. Some men who had long been in heaven came down to talk with Him, and at last a bright cloud covered them all, and a voice from the sky spoke to them. After this, these followers knew that their Master was a King as well as a man.

But there were people who did not feel toward this great Leader as His followers did. They did not know Him so well and did not wish to. They hated Him because he told them of their sins and evil ways, and made up their minds to put Him out of the way if they could. At last these enemies took Him prisoner. The loving-hearted man was with Him at the time and followed Him. He knew the one before whom the Master was taken at first, and went in to stand beside the one he loved when he was abused. When it was decided to put to death the one born to be King, His follower went with Him to the place where He was to die. It was there that he received the great and beautiful gift which

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

showed how much his Master loved and trusted him.

The tender mother of the dying One stood near Him in that sad hour, and as her Son looked lovingly at her and at the man with the loving heart, He gave His mother to him to be his mother, and gave to her this man to be her son. It was the most precious dying gift that He could give. From that hour the man with the loving heart took the sorrowing mother to his own home. Who was the man? Who was the mother?

## WHO WAS IT?

### A HAPPY BEGGAR

#### XXXIV

**I**T is the morning hour of prayer in the old city far away. A man with a praying heart is starting for the holy house of God. He takes a friend with him, and together they walk and talk along the city street. God's house has much ground around it. The walled-in places are called courts, and people pass in through great high gates. One of these is so wonderful to behold that it is called the Gate Beautiful. The man and his friend come to the beautiful gate and behold a beggar there, a man lame from the time he was a baby, never having walked at all. Some pitiful people carry him daily to the gate, and he holds out his hand and begs. It is the only way he has to live. He sees the friends and asks for help. They stop at once. They are very sorry for the poor fellow, but they, too, are poor. Once they went fishing to earn money, but they have given this up now to go about telling of their

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Master who has gone above the skies and left them to tell the story. The one who seems to be the leader fastens his eyes on the beggar, saying, "Look on us." He thinks he is to get something, and watches and waits. "I have no silver or gold," says this new friend at the gate, "but such as I have, I give you. In the name of my Master, rise up and walk." He does not stop with the words, but reaches down a strong, kind, helping hand and lifts the man up. The man has never walked, remember, but he does not say a word about that now. That very minute his feet and ankle bones grow strong. The weakness is gone. He jumps to his feet, he stands, he walks! Oh, the joy of it! Where shall he go first? Into the house of prayer, surely, to show how thankful he is. He cannot wait. He hurries in. He cannot go slowly, but leaps and runs and walks, and shouts his praises to the Lord God. He knows whose power has healed him. "And all the people see him walking and leaping and praising God." They see that it is the same man who lay at the beautiful gate, who never walked a step in his life. Everybody is astonished. The healed man holds his new friends fast, and the people run together,

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

greatly wondering. But the leader of the two who stand there says earnestly: "Why do you look on us as if we did this thing by our own power or goodness? Our Master's name, through believing in his name, has made this man strong." So he turns their thoughts to the One above all, and tells them about Him. Who was the man that spoke these words beside the beautiful gate?



WHO WAS IT?  
A WOMAN WITH A NEEDLE

XXXV

**F**AR, far away, in the Land where Jesus lived, is a city beside the sea. The name of the city is Joppa. Long ago, after Jesus went back to heaven, a woman who was a follower of Jesus, lived in that city by the sea. She was a very busy person indeed, always finding a great deal to do. She did no great, beautiful, wonderful things, that would make people stop and gaze at her, astonished. She did not use a brush to paint lovely pictures, nor a pen to write wonderful stories. Nobody knows whether she had so much as a harp in her house, on which her fingers could make sweet music.

There was just one thing — a tiny thing, which this woman had. Every one who knows her name, or anything about her, knows what this was. It was a needle. But this good woman knew how to use it, and did use it — not all for herself, either, please remember.

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

In the city of Joppa long ago, as it is now in New York and Chicago, and other places, there were people who could not get all that they needed to wear. Some who may have had needles did not know how to use them very well, and many who could use needles had no cloth to sew. Somebody had to help these poor people, if they were to have clothes to wear. This woman with the needle did not say, "Let somebody else do it"; she said, "I will do it."

And so you can see why this kind woman was very busy. She was making coats and garments for the poor. Her needle was not allowed to be idle. But one day this friend to the poor was taken very sick and had to lay down her shining needle. She had to give up visiting, and many other kind deeds which kept her busy, for the story says that she was "full of good works which she did."

The good needlewoman grew no better, and at last the spirit left the tired body. Then those who loved her laid it in an upper room, making everything all fresh and clean. But Jesus' friends in Joppa had heard that one of the Lord's apostles or messengers, whom He left to do special work for Him on earth, was now in Lydda, not far away. This was

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

Peter, to whom, as they knew, Jesus had given power to do wonderful things. Could he call back this friend to life? They sent for Peter and he came at once.

When they brought the apostle into the upper room, behold, there stood a company of poor widows crying, and showing the coats and garments made by this dear, kind friend while she was with them, and used her busy needle.

Peter asked them all to go out. Alone with Jesus, he prayed, and then turned, and speaking the beloved name, he said, "Arise." She that was dead sat up, and, calling her friends, Peter showed her to them alive. Who was she?

## WHO WAS IT?

### A PRISONER WHO WAS SET FREE

#### XXXVI

**L**ONG ago there was a cruel king who did not in the least mind cutting off people's heads. He hated a wonderful preacher of that time because of his goodness, and he hated his followers too. He killed one of them, and because others as bad as he were glad of it, the king thought he would kill another who spent his time teaching and preaching what he had learned from his Master. So this good man was put in a dark prison, and sixteen soldiers set to keep him safe till after a certain time when the king meant to put him to death. It was a sad time for the many friends of this good man, who had no power themselves to help him. But while the prisoner was kept behind the thick walls, his friends held prayer meetings and kept praying for him day and night. They knew that there was One who could set the man free and they talked to Him about their friend in prison. The time came very

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

near for the man to be brought out to die. That very night he was asleep between two soldiers to whom he was fastened by two chains, while the keepers before the door kept the prison. You would think that surely there was no way out. But there was. The prayer in that upper room far away was like a key to unlock the doors. Suddenly a light shone in the dark, and God's angel woke the sleeper by striking him on the side and raising him up, saying, "Arise up quickly." He was able to do this because that minute his chains fell off. "Fasten your clothes, put on your shoes, and throw on your cloak," said the angel. He wouldn't take the man out till he was ready and comfortable. "Follow me," said the angel then, and out went the two through opened prison doors, the man thinking he was in a dream. On and on they went through the streets, till they came to an iron gate leading straight into the city itself. Behold, the gate opened to them of its own accord and on they went! After passing along one street the angel left the man, knowing that he could go on by himself. "Now I know that God sent his angel to save me," the prisoner thought, and he hurried to the house of his friends. The

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

prayer meeting was going on there when the man knocked. A girl came to listen and he called to her to open. She was so astonished when she knew his voice, that she ran back to tell the rest without letting the man in. They could not believe that their prayers were answered, but said it must be the man's ghost. Still he kept knocking till they let him in, and stretching out his hand to quiet them all he told them how the Lord had sent His angel to save him. Who was the man? Who was the girl doorkeeper?

## WHO WERE THEY?

TWO TRAVELING MISSIONARIES WHO LEFT  
JOY BEHIND THEM

### XXXVII

**W**OULD you like to take a journey far away? Then come, let us go with two missionaries journeying far from home with good news to tell.

See! They are being driven out of one place where they have spoken. Many have heard and believed their word, but some are angry and they stir up others, and the missionaries are hurried roughly out of the place. We will follow them to another town. Here they stay awhile, speaking boldly and doing much good, but now their enemies make a plan to stone them, and on they go.

Now hear them preaching in another place. Do you see that man listening, who seems unable to stand up? Why, look. He cannot walk at all. Somebody says that he never has walked, but has been lame from the time he was a baby. How sad, never to be able to run and jump or even to walk! Some one

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

must have carried him to this place to hear the travelers talk. He seems to listen well, doesn't he?

But what is the chief one of the two missionaries doing? He is looking straight at that poor cripple who has never walked. Hark! What is he saying to him? "Stand upright on thy feet." How can the man do that when he has never taken a step with those poor feet? But see there! He does stand right up, and more than that, he jumps and walks. Did you ever see any one so happy? How it must feel to be able to jump and walk when not a step had ever been taken. What do the people think about it? They do not understand it at all. They are heathen people in this town. They do not know the true God. They do not understand that the two travelers have no power to make a man well, but that their God has the power and has told them to heal the cripple. Hear these heathen crying out. What are they saying? They cry that the heathen gods are come down to them in the likeness of these strangers. They give them new, heathen names, after the gods; and now see what they are doing. Look at those oxen all wreathed with flowers. The men



## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

are bringing them to offer to the travelers, as they would to their gods, as sacrifices.

Will the missionaries take presents like these, and let the people treat them as if they were idol gods? No indeed. See the two strangers tearing their clothes to show how troubled and sorry they are. Hear them as they rush in among the people crying out, "Why do you do such things? We are men just like you, but we have come to tell you of the true God." It is hard to stop the offerings, but it is done at last.

By and by some enemies follow the missionaries and stir up trouble. One of them is stoned, but not killed, and soon on they go. Who are they?

WHO WAS IT?  
THE MAN IN A BASKET

XXXVIII

COME now, and let us go back a long way and a long time, and walk together along a great road leading to the old city of Damascus. See before us a man, traveling along as if he were in a hurry and had something on his mind that could not be put off. A company of men are with him. Now we are near the city. See! What is this strange light? It dazzles so that we cannot look up at all, but must shut our eyes to keep from being blinded. Look, now, and see if you can see the man who was leading that company. He is lying on the ground. The men around are watching in wonder. They do not understand. A Voice is speaking to the man on the ground, but he is the only one who can understand the words. The man seems to see Some One whom no other sees, and to be talking with him. If we could come near enough to understand, we would know that it was Jesus who had sent the light,

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

blinding the man's eyes, and whose voice asks why this man is fighting against him. Is this man fighting against Jesus? Yes. He has hated Him so much that he hated all who loved Him. He started on this journey to seek Christians in Damascus and kill them if possible. If we could hear the man's words, we would know that he was saying at last, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And the answer is, "Go on to the city and it shall be told thee."

The man goes on to Damascus, but he has to be led by the hand. The light has left him blinded. At the house of a man who lives in the street called Straight, the traveler stays three days without sight, eating nothing.

Hark! There is a Voice speaking to another,—one of the Christians. It bids him go to this man, who in a sort of dream has seen some one coming to touch his eyes. "I am afraid of this man who has come to put Christians here to death," is the answer. "Go," says the Voice. "I mean to send him on my errands." The Christian goes, lays his hands on the blind eyes, says, "Brother"; and behold, the man sees, and praises God. They give him something to

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

eat; he grows strong and begins to preach. Everybody wonders, for they say, "Isn't he the one who came here to kill the Christians?" By and by the people who do not love Jesus grow angry. They do not like this earnest preaching. They say they will kill this preacher. The man hears this. Day and night the gates of the city are watched by enemies, but he has friends, too. One night they take him to a house by the wall and let him down through the window in a basket. He goes away safe, and lives to be the greatest missionary ever known. Who is he?

## WHO WAS IT?

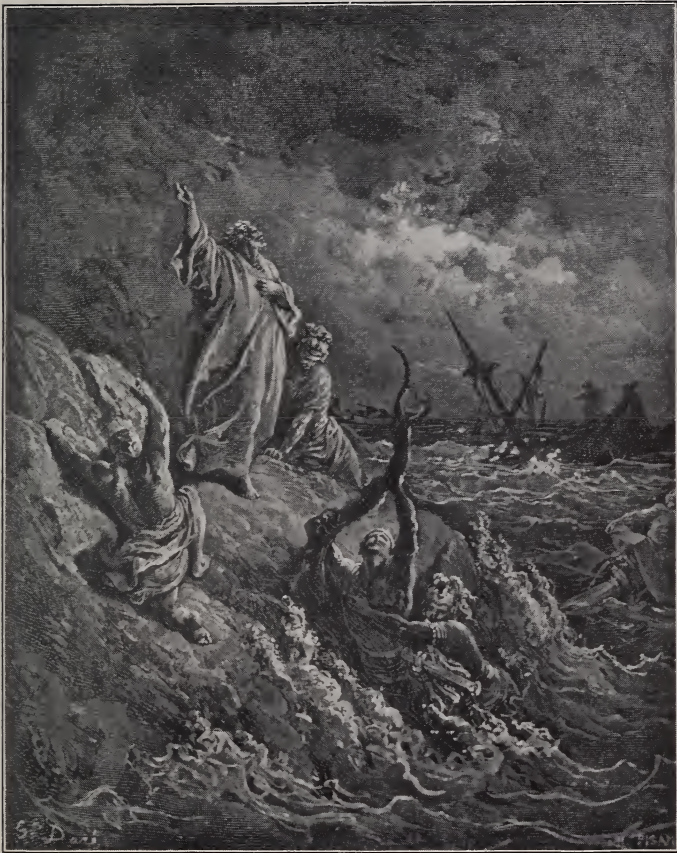
### A SHIPWRECKED PRISONER

#### XXXIX

ONCE upon a time there was a good missionary who went traveling about far-away countries, telling good news wherever he went. He was in many dangers on land and sea, and was beaten and stoned and even left for dead, but he was brave and strong and kept on his way. At last his enemies caught him and sent him as a prisoner, guarded by soldiers, to a far country to be tried before a great ruler. The whole company started in a ship which they changed for another going to the distant land, and sailed away and away. For many days they sailed slowly, for the wind was against them and it was very dangerous on the water at that time of year. The good missionary wished that all on board might safely reach the journey's end, and went to the master and owner and said, "Sirs, I see that this voyage will be with great danger even to our lives. Don't go on, but wait for a better

## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

time." But it did not seem a very good place to winter in, and they were in a hurry to go on; and go on they did, when the south wind blew softly, and they thought all would be well. But not long after, there arose a mighty wind, and the ship was caught in it and tumbled about as a giant would toss a baby, so that the men who were sailing her could do nothing but let her drive. Next day they tossed much of the cargo the ship was bearing to its port, into the sea, so that the vessel would be lighter, and then, when many days passed by, and neither sun nor stars were seen, all hope of being saved was taken away. Now came the brave missionary to cheer up the sad hearts. "You ought to have listened to me," he said, "and not started from the island where was a harbor, but never mind now. Cheer up. Not one life shall be lost, only the ship. For an angel stood by me last night and said, 'Don't be afraid. You must stand before the ruler who is to try you, and God has given you all that sail with you!' Now cheer up, for I believe God that it shall be as He told me." But when they had been driven up and down for fourteen days, at midnight they found they were getting into water not deep enough



*Name the Preacher on the Shore*





## WHO WAS IT? STORIES

to keep them off the rocks, so they cast out four anchors, and wished for the day. The missionary begged them to eat something, and himself took bread, asked a blessing, and gave it to them. Then they all felt better and cast out more wheat into the sea, for there were three hundred and seventy-six people aboard. In the morning they ran aground and the ship broke to pieces, but those who could swim cast themselves into the water, and the rest hung to broken boards, and so they all got safe to land. Who was the missionary?









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