

Bible "For whoever calls on the name of the LORD shall be saved." (Romans 10:13)

"What does 'whoever' mean?" Lori asked.

"It means anyone who wants to, doesn't it, Mommy?" Betty said. "I'm going to show that verse to Donna tomorrow. I think she would like to know about it."

Mother smiled. "Yes, Betty. There are many other verses in the Bible that tell us how the Lord Jesus welcomes all who come to Him."

"Even little children like me?" Lori asked eagerly.

"Yes, Jesus loves children very much," Mother said. "Once His disciples tried to keep the mothers from bringing their children to Jesus. But Jesus said, '*Let the little children come unto Me and forbid them not...*' Then He took the children right up in His arms and blessed them."

Lori's eyes were shining. "Do you mean I can take Jesus as my Saviour right now, Mommy? Can I really?"

"Yes, Lori. We will pray right now. You can ask Jesus to forgive you and be your Saviour and He will do it."

They all knelt down and Lori prayed, "Dear Lord Jesus, I am sorry for the wrong things I have done. Please forgive me. Please come into my heart." Lori was quiet for a minute.

Then she whispered softly, "Thank You Lord Jesus, for coming into my heart. I'm so glad that I'm not too little."

Boys and girls, you do not need to wait any longer. The Lord Jesus loves you and He will save you right now if you ask Him to. Why not ask Him today?

Just pray to Jesus like this:

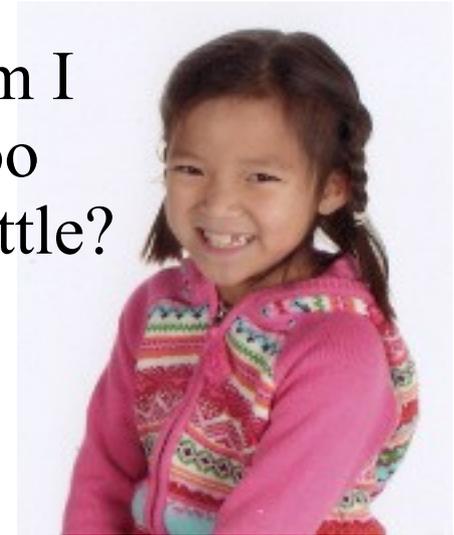
"Dear Lord Jesus, I know that I have sinned and I am truly sorry for my sins. I thank You for loving me so much and for dying on the cross for my sins, and rising again. Please come into my heart and be my Saviour."

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16).

You may join the Mailbox Club for free and do lessons by mail so you can learn to know and understand more about living as a Christian.

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Am I Too Little?



Pastor Murray had just finished speaking to all the boys and girls in the junior class of the Sunday school. He had told them once again how the Lord Jesus had died on the cross for their sins. Then the pastor invited all those who wanted to take Jesus as their Saviour to go with him into his study.

Lori watched as some of the boys and girls got up and went into the study. She tugged at her older sister's arm. "Betty," she whispered, "I want to do it too!"

"Sh - sh," Betty hushed. "You are too young. Come on, it's time to go home."

As the girls left the church, Lori felt the tears sting her eyes. Oh, if only she could take Jesus as her Saviour too!

"Let's go home through the park," Betty said. "It's shorter."

Lori followed her sister down the path, and said, "Betty, why can't I ask Jesus to be my Saviour? You did a while ago."

"Yes, I know," Betty answered. "But I am nine years old and you are only five."

"Doesn't Jesus love people until they get to be nine years old?" Lori asked anxiously.

Betty thought for a minute. "The Bible says that Jesus loves everybody," she said at last. "But... you, Oh, never mind now, Lori. Come on. I'll race you to the stream."

The girls were laughing and almost breathless by the time they reached the little stream. "I'm going across on the stones," Lori said, taking off her shoes and socks. "It's more fun than walking across on the old plank."

"You better not," Betty warned. "Mom told us not to get our clothes dirty, remember?"

"I won't get dirty," Lori said. Holding her shoes in her hand, she started across on the stones. Betty ran along the plank and stood waiting on the other side.

The stream was very shallow and the stepping stones were close together. As Lori reached the last stone, she paused. The space between the last stone and the bank seemed wider than usual.

"Come on," Betty urged. "Jump to the bank. You have done it before."

"I know," said Lori as she wriggled her toes in the warm water that lapped against the stones. "But that was when I had my old clothes on; it didn't matter if I slipped into the water."

"Here, I'll help you," Betty said. Reaching down, she caught Lori's hand and held on tight as Lori jumped safely onto the bank.

"Hurry now and get your shoes on,"

Betty said. "We are late and..." Betty stopped suddenly and stared at Lori's yellow dress. There was a big muddy spot down the front. "Oh, Lori! You did get your dress dirty. What will Mom say?"

Lori stood up and tried to brush off the dirt but it wouldn't come off. "I guess my shoes were dirty and they bumped against it when I jumped to the bank," she sighed. "I'm sorry."

Mother shook her head when she saw Lori's dress. "It is too bad I wasn't able to go with you today," she said. "But, Lori, you know you are to obey even when I'm not there to see you. Now you haven't anything suitable to wear, so you will have to stay with Grampa while Betty and I go to the hospital to see Daddy this afternoon."

Lori's face clouded. "I'm, sorry, Mommy. Really I am. Please forgive me."

"Yes, dear, I do forgive you," Mother said, giving Lori a hug. "Run on now and get ready for lunch."

When the girls went to their room after lunch, Betty picked up a book and began to read. Lori lay down on the bed. Her thoughts were troubled. After a while she said, "Betty, will you pray and ask Jesus to forgive me for not obeying Mommy?"

Betty looked up from her book in surprise. "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Well, you said I was too..." Lori's voice choked..."too little to belong to Jesus. So I thought I couldn't pray to Him. Please ask Him for me, Betty. Please," Lori pleaded.

Betty stood up. "It was Donna Baker

who told me that we had to be nine before we could be saved. But maybe she was wrong. Let's go and ask Mom to explain it."

When their Mother heard all about it, she took Lori on her lap and said, "Lori, we are all born with sin in our heart. That is what makes us do wrong things. A tiny baby would not understand this. But I think you know when you are doing something wrong, don't you?"

Lori nodded. "Yes, I knew it was wrong to walk on the slippery stones today when you had told us to be careful and not to get our clothes dirty. And I knew it was wrong yesterday when I got mad at Betty and tore her book."

"Well," Mother said, "when you are old enough to know that you have done wrong, you are old enough to ask Jesus to forgive your sins and be your Saviour."

"But, Mommy," Betty said, "In Donna Baker's church they say you can't get saved until you are nine years old."

"Yes, some people believe that," Mother answered. "Some people think that you have to wait until you are seventeen before you can be saved. But God tells us in the

