

Sabbath School Missionary

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

What Does It Mean?

"Well, I guess we'll not have any Thanksgiving celebration this year," said ten-year-old Freddie. "We haven't much to be really thankful for."

"No," agreed his sister Bess. "Since dad's wages have been cut we can't afford any turkey for dinner, and mother is not strong enough to stand the trip to grandfather's farm. I guess we might as well not try."

This was the week before Thanksgiving. Altho teacher read stories of the Pilgrims, and dad and mother made plans for a simple Thanksgiving at home, the children were not one bit enthusiastic. In fact, they even pouted at times.

When the children awakened on Thanksgiving morning, they found the ground blanketed with a covering of snow.

It was a crisp morning, just right for sleigh-riding. Freddie and Bess just couldn't resist a desire to frolic in the snow, so after breakfast they put on their warm wraps and took their sleds to a hill three blocks away. After two hours' coasting they began to feel hungry, so started for home. As they passed the Simpson house, little Hannah waved from the window.

"Oh! Hannah's home from the hospital. Let's stop and see her," cried Bess. When they went inside, they found little Hannah in a wheel chair but she was smiling.

"See my new chair," she cried. "I'll have to stay in it, the doctor says, but that's ever so much better than lying flat on my back in the hospital. I can even wheel it out in the yard when summer comes. See my paper decorations I've been making for Thanksgiving. Aren't they pretty? What kind did you make?"

As Hannah chattered gaily, Freddie and Bess began to feel quite ashamed. They stammered something about not having much Thanksgiving at their home.

"Oh! We're going to have a meat loaf and cranberries and a little pie," exclaimed Hannah. "We didn't have enough flour for a big pie, but

mother made a perfectly gra-a-and little one. You don't have to have lots of everything to have a real Thanksgiving, you know. "Oh!" as an added thought, "Why don't you come over and eat dinner with us? I'll make some more place-cards out of this fancy paper."

"We'll see", said the two children and started for home. They were so ashamed they could hardly speak.

By the time they reached home, they managed to tell mother all about it. "And just to think, we weren't one bit thankful for ALL our blessings," they added.

During the next hour, mother and children did some hurrying. They finished dinner and packed the deliciously roasted chicken and dressing in a basket with many

other goodies. Dad carried the basket to their sled and they all went to the Simpson home where the two families enjoyed a real Thanksgiving.

—Editor.

Is Thanksgiving a time	Just to eat pumpkin pie,	Turkey and all goodies	Money can buy?
No, it's also a time	To thank our dear Lord,	For all of the blessings	Which upon us are poured.
Then we must help others	Their burdens to bear;	And always be eager,	Our blessings to share.

WHEN KINDNESS PAYS

Lonnie had been very lonely since he moved away from Fairview. None of the boys at school seemed friendly like those he had known in the smaller town. He often watched the Bates boys as they played on the vacant lot across the street. There were Tom, Eddie and little Philip. They seemed such a happy family that Lonnie would have liked ever so much to join them in their games. But they never asked him, so Lonnie went on being lonely.

"I guess I'll never find any friends here," he said to his mother one day.

"Have you tried being friendly with the boys across the street?" she asked.

"It doesn't seem to pay to try to be nice to folks, Mother," he declared, "they don't care about it."

(Continued on page 2)

THE SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARY

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND SECTION (Of the Sabbath School Missionary)

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EDITORIAL

We have blessings the whole year through, for which we are thankful, but just the same, it is fun to celebrate one special day as Thanksgiving, isn't it?

Man may change the date of this day, but it is God who sends us our blessings. We can't half name them all, can we? One of you has some certain blessing, another something else and so on. All of us should appreciate our home, good food to eat and clothes to wear.

This year all Americans have one great blessing which most parts of the world do not have. That is peace.

We can show our thankfulness in more than by saying, "Lord, we thank thee." We should live such good lives each and every day that God will know we really mean it.

WHEN KINDNESS PAYS (Continued from 1st page)

"But there is Some One who does, Lonnie—we must try to be kind and helpful for Him even if folks don't seem to thank us," his mother said gently.

Lonnie was silent, but he was thinking how very hard it was always to do the right, brave, and honest thing. After a while his mother asked him to go to the store for her. He obeyed quickly and went right to the store. As he passed the vacant lot where the boys were playing Lonnie called a cheery "Good-morning" to them. They waved back, but none of them called him to join them. "I guess they don't want me," he sighed. As he reached the boulevard, he saw an old man carrying a large bundle. Lonnie knew he was blind because he had a white cane in his hand. He stood at the crossing a long time before he stepped out into the street. Lonnie hurried up to him.

"Let me lead you across," he offered politely. Such a smile of gratitude shone upon the old man's face. When they reached the other side, he thanked Lonnie and went on his way.

When Lonnie had finished his errand he started home. As he came near the vacant lot where the boys were busily playing, a voice called to him. "Oh, Lon! Lonnie Matthew, come on over here." It was Tom Bates who called. Lonnie hastened across the lot.

Tom smiled, "Say, Lonnie, we've been watching you ever since you moved into the big house across the street. I liked the way you stood up to those fellows who were abusing their terrier the other day. That proved you have courage."

"Yes, and we liked it when you gave back the dime to the man in the grocery store when he gave you too much money!" Eddie Bates put in. "That proves you are honest."

"And just now when you helped poor old Mr. Lee across the street we saw you were kind!" added Philip. "We like kind folks."

Lonnie's face was very red. He felt very very shy and he did not know what to say.

Then Tom said, "You're the kind of fellow we want. We want you to join us in our play."

"Do you mean it?" asked Lonnie, a big grin spreading over his face. "I'd like it more than anything!" —By Margot Ridge (Sel.)

A Message From it Lena

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

How is everyone these November days? I surely hope all of you are well, busy, and happy, —busy with school work, helping at home and yet find time doing a kind deed or two each day.

If someone should ask you what is the most beautiful thing you ever saw what would your answer be? There are so many beautiful things around us aren't there? It is so nice to enjoy the beautiful flowers, scenery, birds, rivers, hills, etc., but let us look for the beautiful things that are hidden, the things that take love to search them out. To help you understand I shall tell you about a little boy who thought his mother's hands were the most beautiful sight he ever saw. They were wrinkled, and the fingers were crooked from hard work. The nails, tho clean, were broken. You would wonder why he thought them so beautiful but he looked beyond these imperfections and saw the beautiful coat those hands had made to keep him warm, also the lovely cookies those same hands had made for his school lunch. He remembered how cool and soothing they were as they rubbed his aching head. And when he awoke in the night frightened from a bad dream how mother came and held his little hands so tenderly in hers, telling him gently to go back to sleep, that there was nothing to be afraid of. Oh, there were so many things his mother's hands did each day he just couldn't remember them all.

Now, you can see why he thought his mother's hands were so beautiful, can't you? Don't you think your mother's hands are beautiful too? The way to have beautiful hands is to use them every day making others happy, to ease someone's burden a little, to bring comfort to someone who is sick or lonely, to be especially kind

to little children, elderly people and those we love in our own homes.

Our Savior did many kind deeds to bring comfort and happiness to others, then He lived on this earth and it makes Him very happy to have us do likewise.

May God bless you and use your hands to His glory.
Lovingly, Aunt Lena

SUNBEAMS

FROM NEBRASKA

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my first time to write to the Missionary for a long time. I enjoy reading the paper.

I go to Sabbath school every Sabbath. I am in the Junior Young People's Class. My teacher is Eleanor Henderson.

I have a pet cat and dog and some chickens.

We are going to have a Thanksgiving program the 23rd of Nov. I am thankful that we can celebrate this day.

I would like to have some one write to me.

Your Missionary friend,
Wilma Potratz

Box 173, Bassett, Nebr.

(Yes, Wilma it had been a long time since you wrote your last letter. Wish we could hear your program. Editor).

FROM NEBRASKA

Dear Missionary Editor and Readers:

We are indeed pleased that the Missionary is once more a weekly paper and hope it may continue so. We worked long and hard for that and finally with help of a few succeeded in getting it for over three years. We trust that all its readers may realize that their help is needed to keep it up, by their contributions of material, money and work in securing new readers.

We are glad to see the names of so many of the children of years ago, as contributors to the Y. P. F. Keep up the good work and let every one help, then it will succeed with God's blessing.

Sincerely,
Effie E. Wheelock

FROM WASHINGTON

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my second time to write to the little Missionary. I am 9 years old and am in the 4th grade. We haven't been going to Sabbath school but we have all gotten together and have made up our minds to get together at least once a month. I would like to have some of the little Missionary readers write to me. I will give my address. I will close.

A friend in Jesus,
Sherry Whitehall

Coulee City, Wash., R. 1.

(You will no doubt have some pleasant times at your monthly meetings. Write again. Editor).

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my first letter to the Missionary. We

haven't had very cold weather yet but have lots of rain and foggy weather. Bro. and Sister Roy Davison were here to visit us, last week. Sister Davison was my Sabbath School teacher last Sabbath. We enjoyed her so much. There were eleven children in our class. I am eleven years old. My name is—

Kenneth Whitehall

(I know you enjoyed Bro. and Sister Davison's visit. We have had several days of cold weather. —Editor).

"LITTLE HANDS"

Take my little hands, dear Father,
Use them while at work or play,
May they render deeds of kindness
Unto all throughout the day.

May they lighten other's burdens,
Bring comfort, love and cheer,
And with all Thy loving guidance,
Do just deeds that will endear.

Though my little hands grow weary
E'er each childish task is done,
May they never fail or falter
Till the goal before them's won.

So, dear Father, take and use them
For the work there is to do,
And I pray that Thou wilt find them
Eager, willing, faithful, true.

—Picture World.

IN HIS STEPS

"I believe it will snow today," said Mr. McDonald at breakfast.

Don looked at his father anxiously. He knew that a big snow would keep him out of school for weeks. Although he had to walk two miles to school he wanted to go every single day. How he dreaded the days when deep heavy snow would keep them inside and lonesome.

"It might be best for you to stay here today, Son," his father said. "If it should begin to snow you might lose the trail in the woods."

"But my teacher said that if it began to snow she would let us out of school early. Then all the children could get home before the snow got too deep."

"Well, you may go then," Mr. McDonald agreed. "But if it starts to snow don't waste any time along the trail."

Don's mother brought his lunch and kissed him. "Be careful today, Son," she told him. "And don't forget that Jesus can help you through any storm. Let's pray before you go."

With a happy heart Don left for school. Just as Miss Olson rang the bell he joined the other twenty children. Another day of school began.

But by noon snow was falling fast, and would soon cover with white the ground and the way home. Don wondered if Miss Olson would dismiss them soon. Surely she could see the snow as she looked out the window!

Miss Olson stood up. "Children," she said, "I'll have to dismiss you now. Since it may be some time before some of you can come again,

be sure to take all your books home."

The snow was already several inches deep and very heavy on Don's feet when he reached the trail. Sometimes he had to shut his eyes against the freezing wind. But he staggered blindly on. After a while he looked quickly about him. Where was he? Was this the right way? He didn't know. He couldn't locate a familiar landmark; in fact he could only see a few feet ahead through "Jesus, help me to get home," he prayed.

He staggered on. Then he stumbled and fell to his knees. He stayed there, too tired to get up and go on.

"Jesus, help me." Don prayed again. "I cannot go on without you to help me."

He opened his eyes. In front of him he saw fresh tracks in the snow!

"Some one has been this way!" he exclaimed. With new courage he rose and followed the tracks. He hurried to catch up with the one who was making the tracks. He stepped in each foot-print—they were just the right size. That way he could go faster. He was almost running. Then ahead of him he saw a clearing. Dimly through the snow he could see his own home. But the stranger had disappeared. And so had the tracks!

His mother helped him into the house. All the while she was thanking God for his safe return. Then she asked, "How did you ever find your way through this blizzard, Son?"

"I don't think I could ever have made it if it hadn't been for the tracks." "Tracks? what tracks?" she asked.

"Why, I was awfully cold. My feet were so heavy that I could hardly walk. Then I fell down. I asked Jesus to help me. And when I opened my eyes I saw tracks in the snow. They led me home—but even though I almost ran I never did see who was ahead of me," Don exclaimed.

"If they led here I would have seen whoever made them. I was watching for you every minute."

"Why, maybe Jesus made the tracks!" Don suddenly exclaimed.

"Yes, He might have," his mother agreed, "Certainly it was a miracle of God and an answer to prayer that you came through this blizzard."

And Don never found out who made the tracks in the snow. So he believed that Jesus had made them. When he was a man he loved to think that Jesus was always walking just before him to show the way. Don always tried to find and follow in His steps. —Beulah Mayers (Sel.)

MOON AND STARS

Last night when I went up to bed,
The great big golden moon
Looked down and seemed to say to me,
"I won't be here at noon."

I knelt and prayed, and then arose,
And nestled down in bed,
While Mr. Moon peeped in at me,
And shone about my head.

'Twas nice to have him smile on me,

But, oh, 'tis sweeter far,
To know that Jesus smiles on me,
My Bright and Morning Star.

—Sel.

PRIMARY LESSON No. 23, Dec. 7, 1940

Scripture Reading: Esther 2nd Chapter.

Memory Verse: Esther 2:7.

ESTHER, A JEWISH MAID

Once upon a time there was a great king named Ahasuerus, who lived at Shushan. His kingdom was very large and he had great wealth. They drank from golden vessels. The beds were gold and silver, built on red, blue, white and black marble, and the curtains were hung on silver rings. The king decided to get a queen to live in this beautiful palace with him, so he sent messengers to collect all the fair young girls for the king to choose a queen from among them. After they were brought to the palace they were given anything they wished to make themselves beautiful, and a year's time before they should go before the king.

A beautiful Jewish maiden named Esther was chosen by the king. He set the crown upon her head and made her queen. Then the king made a great feast. Esther's parents were dead and she had been reared by a relative. She always obeyed him. He was very careful to take good care of her. This man's name was Mordecai and he sat in the gate of the king that he might see and know of Esther at all times. Sitting there he overheard two of the king's servants plotting against the life of the king. Mordecai told Esther, and Esther told the king. The king investigated and captured the men and they were hanged on a tree. Then the king did great honor to Mordecai because he had told about the plot.

INTERMEDIATE LESSON No. 23, Dec. 7, 1940

Scripture Reading: Esther 2nd Chapter.

Memory Verse: Esther 2:7.

ESTHER, A JEWISH MAID

- 1—For what was Ahasuerus appeased?
- 2—How was the king's new queen chosen?
- 3—Who was Hege or Hegai?
- 4—Who was Mordecai?
- 5—What favors did Hege do for Esther?
- 6—Why did Esther not tell her people of her being called before the king?
- 7—What attention did Mordecai give Esther each day?
- 8—How long did it take the maidens to prepare themselves to go before the king?
- 9—What act of the king showed his favor for Esther?
- 10—How did the king celebrate?
- 11—How obedient was Esther to Mordecai?
- 12—What kindness did Mordecai do the king?
- 13—How did he get the message to the king?
- 14—What became of the two men?
- 15—Why did Esther please the king?
- 16—By whom had these Jews, or their forefathers been brought from Jerusalem?