

# Sabbath School Missionary

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## YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

### Our Pets

We have a little brown dog—  
No pedigree to brag,  
Nothing but a stubby tail  
That's just one joyful wag.

We have a bunny rabbit  
With floppy ears and long;  
With fur so soft and silky,  
And claws so sharp and strong.

We have a big old kitty  
That sleeps the whole day through  
And prowls for mice by moonlight,  
As kitties like to do.

We have two chickabiddies  
That lay an egg each day;  
It's fun to run to find where  
They've hidden them away.

I'm glad God made us playmates;  
And, in the earth made new,  
I'd like to add a pony,  
And p'rhaps a lion too.

—By Mildred Harris (Sel.)

### A Single Soul

"Ruth, I have tickets for the concert of the Bell-Ringers on Wednesday night. Can you go?" Alice said to a friend as she stopped at her gate.

"It is prayer meeting night."

"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer meeting for anything."

"But this is a sacred concert—and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So, reluctantly against her convictions Ruth consented.

That night the girl dreamed that an angel in shining raiment stood beside her and asked gently, "Where are you going tomorrow night?"

And she answered, "I thought I would go to the concert."

Then the angel said sadly, "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

Vividly the vision came back to Ruth the next morning as she lay saying softly to herself, wonder what it could mean? "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

She decided she must take back her promise to attend the concert and go to the prayer meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing:

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,

Grace to cover all my sin;

Let the healing streams abound,

Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,

Freely let me take of Thee;

Spring thou up within my heart,

Rise to all eternity."

As the music ceased the girl sprang impulsively to her feet. "I meant to hear the Bell-Ringers tonight," she said, "but I decided that I would rather come to prayer meeting, and I am happier here than I could have been at the concert; and I am sure that no music could be any sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sung."

As the hour for closing drew near the pastor arose and invited any who would give themselves to Christ to come forward.

As he waited in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and, kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended a friend came to Ruth and said: "The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you."

Much astonished the girl went to receive the introduction of Mrs. Walters.

"I wanted to tell you," the lady said, "that I owe the fact of my being a Christian tonight to your testimony. I have not been inside of a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for a prayer meeting, and that no music could be any sweeter to you than the hymn, 'Jesus Lover of My Soul,' I thought to myself there must be something in religion, and I'm going to have it; so I wish to thank you that it is

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Mrs. Ruth Lippincott Stanberry, Missouri

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### YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND SECTION

(Of the *Sabbath School Missionary*)

Lawrence Christenson, Editor, Stanberry, Missouri

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## EDITORIAL

The other day I went to see a poor girl. I knew she did not have as many nice things as the rest of us so I thought maybe I could help her. I asked her what she needed. What do you suppose she said?

She looked up at me with a smile and said, "I don't need anything." I was really surprised. Almost all people think they need something. They can name dozens of things they would like. But here was a girl who was happy with what she had.

God wants us to be contented if we have food, clothing and a place to live. He does not want us to be always wishing for more to eat, finer clothes and mansions to live in.

Some boys and girls are continually coaxing for new toys. When they get them they soon tire of them and want something else. But some children play contentedly with simple toys and are thankful for what they have. They are the ones who are happy.

I hope the children who read this are not the kind who are always coaxing for something they do not have.

### A SINGLE SOUL

(Continued from front page)

because of your testimony that I shall go home tonight a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ruth held out her hand and pressed gratefully that of her new friend. She knew now the meaning of the angel's message. She could not tell Mrs. Walters how nearly she had come to proving untrue to her trust, nor of the dream that had influenced her in the true direction, so she answered simply:

"I thank you for telling me this. I shall never forget it." Yet she little guessed what cause she would always have to remember it.

Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a

horrible crashing sound. Looking from the window she saw where the midnight express and the 11:30 freight had collided.

The frantic cries of the frightened and the piercing shrieks of the wounded made her shudder. She bravely put away all thought of self, and calling her father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue.

The first face that looked into her's as she stood beside the burning train, was that of Mrs. Walters. Pale and peaceful it was, though showing how intensely she suffered. She was extricated and borne to Ruth's home. The power speech was almost gone. She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch. Taking her hand and pressing it to her lips she whispered feebly: "Child, I'm going. It was my last chance—what if you had not spoken—what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her Father always to do her duty; always to give her testimony; always to appreciate the value of a single soul. (1 Thess. 5:23).

—Sel. by Jewel Walker.

## A Message From Aunt Lena

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

Greetings on this beautiful Sabbath morning! I shall try telling you a story you have probably heard many times, but as no two persons ever tell a story alike perhaps God will give me a new thought to pass on to you. Anyway Bible stories being true are ever interesting, aren't they?

In the land of Egypt, after Joseph had died, there arose a new king. His name was Pharaoh, like the one before him, but he did not know Joseph and was a wicked ruler. When he saw how strong and mighty in number the Israelites had become, he was filled with fear. He set taskmasters over them who made their lives miserable by hard labor and bondage, but God still blessed the Israelites and they multiplied and increased in number so much that Pharaoh saw they would soon be much stronger than his people so he issued a decree that all boy babies should be killed. Now this was a very wicked thing to do, wasn't it?

I believe one of these Hebrew women was a praying mother, that she asked God to care for her children and when her beautiful baby boy was born I'm sure she asked God to spare his life. Dear children, did you ever think that you might not even be here if God hadn't answered someone's prayer?

As babies sleep and just grow at first this mother was able to keep him hid for three months, but then, as they like to coo and kick and play she knew he would soon be found and killed. So she made him an ark of bulrushes, and after making it waterproof she hid it among the pretty purple flags that grew by the river's brink. She told his sister Miriam to watch and see what would be done to her baby brother.

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"God looketh down from heaven

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upon the children of men—" Ps. 53:2

## The Journey Of Life

The travelers were wending their way southward from village to village through a country revealing on every side the hand of God in His marvelous way of providing the good things of life for His children. On the one side was the level country reaching out to join hands with the waters of the mighty Pacific and its inland bays. Dotted here and there over this productive soil, with full confidence that the Creator has set bounds for the rolling restless waters, were houses, out-buildings, pastures and fields where men, women and children apparently were dwelling in contentment and happiness. On the other side of this man-made roadway was a scene much the same except that in places of the gentle slope to the ocean the land gradually rose until in the distance as though imitating the stormy waves of the waters, it suddenly rose into massive formations of earth and rock reaching as far in the distance as the eye could see.

Like the brave pioneers of all ages who have left friends and homes to explore the great unknown lands beyond the horizon, so this road leads the travelers from the valley of contentment and plenty into the alluring though seemingly impassable mountains clothed with a covering of timber. There with the beauty of nature, and the touches of man becoming farther and farther apart they are being led up and up as tho with a determination of literally fulfil the words of the song, "Lord, set my feet upon higher ground."

Riding along in ease and comfort, wondering how much farther they need travel before reaching the summit, suddenly there appears a highway sign with these unwelcome words, "Detour." Obediently following the guiding hand they wind over narrow roads and uneven ground while treacherous ditches and shaky bridges challenge the skill of the driver and the nerves of the passengers until they finally again come back to smoother going, but only to find that the railroad track that has been keeping them company soon dis-

appears into a dark hole in the mountain side. Disgusted at the unfairness of the steel tracks that always seek the easier grades the climbers then begin in earnest to seek the top, and ascending one grade after another they come to what seems the dividing of the way where two valleys merge into the one they have been following. Wondering as they hasten on which one will be their lot to follow they seem to be taking the one to the left when the trail turns abruptly to the right and they say, "Well, this is the way we're going, is it?" But soon they find themselves turning again, and again, and again with each turn taking them higher and higher like the ruffles of an old fashioned dress, one above another, until at last high above the treetops and in the snow they take their last right hand turn, and there is the summit and the smooth highway leading down the other side to where, forgetting their grievances at the railway's shortcut, they join again as traveling companions to the valley below.

And how much this is like the journey of life, when as children we all travel along in the comfort and ease of home under the protecting care of parents, until coming to maturity we branch out into the inexperienced and unknown paths of life surmounted with obstacles of which we must climb. Occasionally when things seem to be going smoothly we run into the detours and often find that companions seemingly have selected the easier way and "duck" the harder trails.

But like the mountain climber, he who climbs the higher will enjoy more of the beauty of God's creation and there can view the works of His hands and the wonderful plan He has devised for mankind.

Even though life's pathway may seem as uncertain as the curves and climbs of the mountain, and the youth would that they might all cling as turn first one way and then another, faithfully to the paths set by Jesus our Guide, and eventually headed toward the right, reach the zenith of life and find the smoothed road of the resurrection leading into the beautiful valley of Eden.

—By Roy Davison.

## CHARITY

Charity — hmmm — charity — somehow that word interests me much of late. And do you know why? It is because I don't have enough of it. Yes I mean "I" don't have enough of it. Once when I thot of charity I thot of giving poor people clothes and food and other things that they need. To me, if I remember correctly, that is all I thot charity was. But I guess I must have been mistaken, according to some scriptures that I have often heard but only recently noticed.

What caused me to notice? Well—several things. For instance — my brother and I were having an argument. I wanted to put some old hay in the calf shed to keep the calf warm and he didn't want me to. He didn't consider it necessary enough for this part of the country, etc., to be worth having to clean out.

Well I had made up my mind that I *should* do this. He had made up his mind that it wouldn't be practical at all and it seemed I couldn't change his mind. But at least he wouldn't force me to not, so I loaded up some old hay in a sack and headed for the calf shed (which was made by us two and still needed some "fixing", and I did the fixing, he being busy at something else), but all this time I was uncomfortable, because my brother disagreed with me about the hay and I didn't like it. I was trying awfully hard (I thought) to console myself but I still didn't see why he couldn't be nice enough to let me do it like I wanted to and not be so stubborn.

Then part of a Bible verse came to my mind—"Charity suffereth long and is kind." I said it to myself several times and wondered why he couldn't think of that and take it to heart so he wouldn't act that way. I thought of repeating it to him to give him the idea, but decided not to, so I went on working and thinking of that verse. I soon decided that just in case he might be right I would wait till the last to put the hay in. By the time I got to the hay part I decided he was near enough right that it wasn't worth the argument, so I started back to the barn, dragging

the sack of hay with me.

But I did hate to have to admit that I was wrong. I could hardly do it. I thought of just putting the hay back without mentioning it to him, but that didn't seem just right either and I knew he wouldn't appreciate it.

Then again the thought—"Charity suffereth long and is kind." Maybe I needed to apply that to myself instead of to him, and I tried to lay aside my feelings and tell him I had changed my mind in his favor. I found out that charity isn't as simple as it sounds. I dared to think of writing an article about it for the Y. P. F., but decided that I don't know enough about it. I need more of it in my own life first. So I hope that some day I may come to a better understanding of charity and live up to it.

—By F. P.

### CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

One of the qualification for Christian leadership is a Christian character. Gal. 5:22, 23 gives the fruits of the Spirit. When we truly have been born again, and are living for God, then we will find these fruits of the Spirit in our lives as a natural part of us. We find the fruit of the Spirit are "Love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Living our lives by daily manifesting these fruits, we are an open letter to the world that we have Christ dwelling in us. So many worldly people think there is no joy, or that one cannot enjoy life by living a Christ-like life. If they would only taste and see, for it is the richest, fullest and the only life with contentment we can find.

When we have love in our hearts for our fellowmen, we will try to practice the Golden Rule and won't let planning how to cheat others be the uppermost thought in our mind or have any place there. Naturally if we manifest love we will have joy and peace and all the other fruits of the Spirit which come from living a pure life, and knowing our hearts are right with God. His Spirit is then within.

Surely if we have the fruits of the Spirit the world can readily see a difference in our lives, and the lives of the wicked because the works of the flesh are "Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft hatred, variance, emulations wrath, strife, seditions heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like." Gal. 5: 21 goes on to say "that they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

There is so much difference between the two different lives we may choose it seems odd so many choose the wicked way. But each person has to

choose for themselves. I believe the main reason the majority choose the wrong way is indifference, not wanting to think of the future and of their soul's salvation, but thinking only of today. We must remember it is our life now, day by day that counts and tells if we shall have a home in the Kingdom of God.

Matt. 5:8, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

—By Edna Palmer.

### PATIENCE and PERSISTENCE

Among the qualifications for Christian leadership two of the most important are patience and persistence. In order that we may have a better understanding of their meaning let us see what some of the more common definitions and synonyms are. Patience, the noun form of the word, is defined as the state or quality of being patient. Patient, the adjective form, means: 1. bearing or enduring pains, trials or the like without complaint or with equanimity; 2. exercising forbearance under provocation; 3. expectant with calmness or without discontent, undisturbed by obstructions, delays, failures, etc.; 4. able to bear strain or stress, preserving; 5. one who endures. Synonyms for the word are: endurance, fortitude, perseverance, long suffering, self-control, constancy, inexcitability, tolerance, and resignation. Briefly, patience means calm endurance or self-possession especially under provocation.

There is, however, one form of patience which the Christian can do very well without and that is resignation or acquiescence with things as they are when it is possible to change them for the better.

Let us see what the Scriptures say in regard to the virtue of patience. Eccl. 7:8 says, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof: and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit." Isa. 40: 31 says, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." In Luke 21:19 we are instructed: "In patience possess ye your souls."

Persistence is a very necessary companion of patience. It means: 1. to go on resolutely in spite of opposition; 2. to persevere; 3. to remain fixed in a specified character, or position; 3. to be insistent and tenacious in purpose. Synonyms are: endurance, durable, permanence, constancy, unchanging, steadfastness, perseverance, hold on, hold out, continue,

stick to, keep on, carry on, keep to one's course, holding one's ground.

Matt. 24:13 tells us, "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." 1 Cor. 15:58 instructs, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

1 Cor. 16:13 tells us, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." Heb. 2:25 says, "But that which ye have already hold fast till I come. Jesus says in Luke 9: 62, "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." So let us all be steadfast in our faith and in setting an example for others.

### A Few Thoughts On The Greatness of God

I often recall the words with which my dear old grandfather, E. S. Sheffield, used to begin his prayers: "Great All-wise incomprehensible Author of our being—" What words could be more appropriate, for "in him we live, move and have our being"?

We do not always realize this as we go about our daily duties and that we could not go on if it were not for His power. He gave us the breath of life and our breath returns to Him at death.

There are many attributes that can be and are ascribed to God, but what one's could describe His power more fittingly than that He is great, all-wise and incomprehensible?

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts than your thoughts, and my ways than your ways." Isa. 55:9. Even the man may study many books and gain much wisdom, it cannot compare with the thoughts and wisdom of God. The difference would be very great, even as the distance between the heavens and the earth. "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens and his kingdom ruleth over all." Ps. 103:9.

I often think as I go out walking and see the beauties of nature and realize our daily blessings how "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

If all men would do this it would truly be a heaven on earth and there would be no terrible wars to cause

Some girls would have forgotten and maybe picked some pretty flowers or chased a pretty butterfly or maybe would have gone to play with some other children saying to herself, "Oh! he'll be all right for a few minutes." But Miriam obeyed her mother and watched faithfully. Can your mother trust you to do your duty, whatever it is as Miriam's mother did?

Now king Pharaoh's daughter came down to the river to wash herself and seeing the ark told one of her maids to fetch it to her. She must have been surprised to find a baby inside and the little fellow was frightened and cried. She felt sorry for him. Now this was the chance Miriam was waiting for so she came and offered to find them a nurse and when told to do so went and got the baby's own mother. He could not have a better nurse, could he? And she was even paid wages for taking care of her own little son. Don't you think there was much rejoicing over the miraculous way that God had spared her baby's life even to his being given into her care and keeping?

The child grew and they brought him to the king's daughter and he became her son and she called him Moses because "she drew him out of the water." His mother taught him about God and to love his brethren.

One day when he was a man he saw an Egyptian beating a Hebrew. On seeing the injustice of it and not thinking of the consequences he killed the Egyptian and hid him. It was right for him to have compassion on his brethren but he forgot that the Lord said, "Vengeance is mine I will repay." Because the king then sought his life, Moses ran away and hid himself in the land of Midian. Here he found a wife. A baby son was born to them and Moses was happy caring for his father's-in-law flock. But God had spared Moses' life again and now He needed him in His service. As Moses was all alone tending sheep he saw a bush burning and not being consumed. He turned aside to see why the bush was not burned, and when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, He called him.

After this, many wonderful experiences came to Moses. He led the children of Israel for forty years in the wilderness. God performed many miracle through Moses. God gave them the Ten Commandments for us on Mt. Sinai. He spent forty days and forty nights in the presence of God. Rev. 15th chapter says the righteous shall sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb. So you see, Moses was a chosen vessel of God and was wonderfully blessed, all because he turned aside to see the burning bush and found the call to service.

I think that if Moses had failed to turn aside he would have missed the call direct from God. Likewise if we fail to turn aside from our daily paths we may lose the blessing and perhaps the call to greater things. But if we take time from our own busy affairs to turn aside to see something God has for us to do, He will reveal it to us. Perhaps a little child is hurt and crying and if we take time to comfort and help, a greater task might be waiting a little farther along, but if we fail the little child will we be made fit

for the greater task ahead? If we fail to write the friendly Christian letter we feel should be written, sometimes something happens to the recipient that makes us very sad for years. The flowers we intended to give and failed to do, did not bring any comfort to the sick in their illness.

Let us remember to keep our eyes open and turn aside to see the needful things to be done. They seldom come to us. There are many good things our hands can find to do and when we are faithful in the little things God will call us to greater service.

Lovingly,  
Aunt Lena

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## GIFT FOR THE GIVER

Molly and Marcia's daddy stood in the dining-room doorway and beamed at them.

"I don't suppose," he chuckled, "that either of you two remember anything important about today."

The twins laughed out loud. As though they hadn't been talking about today and planning about today for weeks!

"Of course we do!" they cried. "It's our birthday!"

Daddy came into the room and sat down with them while they finished their oatmeal.

"I have very special presents for you two this year," he told them gravely. "In fact, they're so special I don't even know what they are myself."

"What?" the twins cried. "How can you not know?"

"Because they're not selected yet," daddy laughed. "This year you're going to do that."

"You mean," Molly cried, her eyes shining, "that we get to choose **anything** we want?"

"Anything within reason," daddy promised.

"Oh, I know just what I want!" Marcia burst out. "I saw it down in the store last week. Daddy, it's a new dress, a silk dress with little ruffles and... daddy, can I really have that? I want it more than anything in the whole world."

"Absolutely!" her father agreed.

Molly was silent, her face troubled. "Well, can't you decide? her father asked.

"Ye-es," she said slowly. "I know what I'd like to have, but I'm afraid it isn't the kind of present you'd want to give."

"Let's hear about it, anyway," urged the father.

"Well — I'd like to have a party!" The words came out in a rush.

Molly's father laughed. "That's not such a terrible thing to ask for," he said. "Of course you can have it."

"But not a regular party," Molly hurried on. "You know, Irene broke her leg last week, and she's getting very tired of having to lie still, so I thought... well, I thought it would be fun to give her a party at her house."

"Well, for goodness sakes!" her father said in surprise. "That's sort of giving away your present before you get it, isn't it?"

"It's a silly present to ask for," Marcia declared.

Tears rushed to Molly's eyes. "Maybe it is," she murmured, "but you asked me to tell you what I wanted most."

Daddy patted her bent head. "If that's what you want most, you shall have it," he said firmly. "Just go ahead and invite your — or Irene's guests, and I'll have a big birthday cake and plenty of ice cream sent over there."

Daddy stopped at the department store on his way to the office and ordered Marcia's dress to be delivered to the house. She put it on excitedly that afternoon. She admired it a long time before the full-length mirror.

"It's so pretty!" she cried. "The prettiest thing I ever owned! Oh Molly, I do think you were silly to give away your birthday present. If you had to ask for a party, you might at least have made it a regular birthday party so the guests would have brought you presents."

But Molly, putting on her old party dress, said nothing in reply. She had already invited Jean and Bobby and Ruth and the rest of the girl's friends to the party. She had warned Irene's mother about what was going to happen, so now everything was ready for the big event.

All the guests gathered first at Molly and Marcia's house. Then they trooped together over to Irene's home.

Irene had been feeling especially lonely that day. Each day that she had to lie on the couch in the living room seemed longer than the one before.

But this afternoon, when she was feeling most unhappy, suddenly the front door burst open and eight merry girls and boys poured in.

"Surprise! Surprise!" they cried.

"What on earth!" Irene gasped, wide-eyed, as gaily wrapped presents were piled around her on the couch.

"It's a birthday surprise party," Molly chuckled. "But—but it's not my birthday," Irene pointed out, hoping anxiously that her friends wouldn't find they'd made a mistake and go on elsewhere.

"No, it's Marcia's and my birthday," Molly laughed, "but we're having our party here instead. Go ahead and open your presents."

As Irene opened package after package, her pale cheeks grew more and more rosy, and her eyes more and more happy. There were four brand-new books to read, two new games to play, a book of paper dolls to cut out, and a dress-making outfit for doll clothes.

"O Molly and Marcia," Irene cried, when she had thanked all who had given the presents, "how can I ever thank you two for giving me your birthday party? Why, I have so many things now to play with, I'll be busy right up to the time I can walk again."

Marcia's face had been growing more and more sober, as Irene's grew happier. Now Marcia said, "You mustn't thank me, Irene. Molly asked for a party as her own special present today just so she could give it to you."

Watching Irene hug Molly joyously, Marcia thought wistfully, "Molly chose a present she could give away but she's getting back a grand good time and a lot of friends in turn. I guess

that's more fun and lasts longer even than a new silk dress. Next time," she decided, "I'm going to think about somebody beside myself, and choose a gift as good as Molly's."

—Our Boys and Girls.

—:—

### PRIMARY LESSON, Nov. 22

Lesson Study: Luke 11:1; Matt. 6:9-13; and Luke 11:9-13.

Memory Verse: "Hallowed be thy name." Luke 11:2.

#### JESUS TEACHES HOW TO PRAY

One day Jesus was sitting on a mountain side talking with His disciples. He told them they should not pray just so people would see them and think they were good. You know some people say long prayers, pretending to be good. But they do not really mean what they say.

Jesus taught His disciples a good prayer. It is good for us too. Maybe you could learn it. Here it is: "Our Father which art in heaven Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

If we don't forgive people who harm us, the Lord will not forgive us. But if we forgive others, He is glad to forgive us. He will also help us when people coax us to do wrong.

#### Questions to Answer

1. Where was Jesus sitting?
2. What kind of a prayer did He teach the disciples?
3. Who gives us our daily bread?
4. Does Jesus forgive us when we do wrong?
5. What must we first do?

### INTERMEDIATE LESSON, Nov. 22

Lesson Study: Mark 7:24-37

Memory Verse: Psalm 126:3; Acts 10:34

#### SERVING OTHER RACES

Locate on map: Tyre, Sidon, Sea of Galilee, Decapolis.

Tell the meaning of: meet (verse 27), impediment (verse 32), beseech (verse 32), charged (verse 36).

1. Where did Jesus go?
2. Who came unto Him?
3. What did she want?
4. What did he tell her?
5. What did He mean by bread?
6. How do you know the woman really believed on Him?
7. Was the daughter healed?
8. What other person did Jesus heal?
9. Why do you think people told this, when He asked them not to?
10. What did others say about Jesus?