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Teddy's Bicycle

By Mary B. Steyle

Teddy came rushing into the kitchen of his home where Mother was taking small apple pies from the oven. "Mother, I've got my chance at last! I'm to have a paper route, right here in our part of town. Isn't that grand?"

"Surely is. When do you begin?" Mother replied happily.

"Monday. I've been looking in the window at the bicycle, but today I went in and talked with Mr. Carruthers. He says I may pay ten dollars down and ten a month. Okay?"

"A new bicycle!" exclaimed Mother. "Better talk with Father tonight. Want to take one of these pies to Ralph?"

"What about my eating one myself?" Teddy said mischievously.

Mother lifted her eyebrows at him, but placed one on a plate. "Here you are, piping hot. Pour some of this cream over it to cool it."

Teddy's thoughts were busy later as he raced over to Ralph's home. "I'll tell him about the route, but not the bicycle until I'm sure Father will let me buy it," he decided as he rapped on his friend's door.

"Come in, Teddy. Ralph will be glad to see you," Ralph's mother said, when she opened the door.

"Here's a hot apple pie. Want him to have it now? I couldn't wait until supper for mine."

"Thanks, Teddy. Go in. I'll fix Ralph's supper now."

As Ralph listened to the news, Teddy added, "I've been wondering how you'd like to go into partnership with me? You serve one side of the streets, and I the other. That way we would be finished early and we can join the Boy's Band. We would be through deliveries and have supper over before the evening practice. What say?"

"Why—why—" stammered Ralph. "Honest—you're the best—"

"Partner you ever had," Teddy said grinning. "Then you think you'll—"

Ralph's mother came in with a tray. "See this pie Teddy brought you."

"Thanks. Wow! That looks good. Tell Mother about your partnership idea."

Ralph's mother nodded her head as Teddy told her his plan. "Ralph has his bicycle. How about you? Going to get one?"

Teddy flushed. "I'm not sure. Got to run now. See you tomorrow." Then anxiously, "You'll be all right by Monday?"

"Yes," grinned Ralph. "I'm to be up tomorrow, and Doctor says out by Saturday. See you soon."

Hurrying toward home, Teddy saw his father entering the driveway and ran toward him, excitedly telling him of the route, the partnership, and ending up with a request for the bicycle.

"You know I never buy on credit," exclaimed Teddy's father. "I've found it is best to get along without something you wish and save up until you have cash to buy it. You don't need to add interest on the unpaid balance, and you usually get a better price for cash. Really want that bicycle, do you?"

"Yes, sir!" was Teddy's reply, as he opened the door of the kitchen and called, "Hi, Mother. How long before supper?"

"Just a few minutes. Get yourselves ready," came the quick reply.

When they sat down to the table, Teddy's father asked, "How would you like a three-way partnership?"

"What do you mean?" Teddy's blue eyes showed surprise.

"Suppose I buy the bicycle for cash. You start on your route Monday, keep a set of books and at end of the month we decide how much you can afford to pay me."

"Oh, Father! I'm not very good at figuring." "All the more reason why you should learn if you are going into big business, such as a partner-

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EDITORIAL

Hello Little Folks:

Have you planted your garden yet? Early each morning it seems the birds sing, "Wake up. Don't you know it is spring?" Then when you take a look out the window, sure enough, the snow is melted and gone and green is showing.

The birds are right, even if they did have to bring their overcoats with them when they rode up on the South wind. The earthworms are keeping their heads under cover. Perhaps they have heard that the robins are back.

How nice it would be to have a flower garden all your own this summer. You could pick a bouquet for your friends and send pretty blossoms to people who are ill. But do watch. There are ever so many bugs to chew on the stems and weeds keep growing all summer long, trying to choke out the plants. You will have to keep chopping and pulling to keep the pests away.

Spring is such a lovely time for there are so many things to do. Have you been roller skating? Have you been playing marbles? Jumping rope? Playing hop scotch? Made a home run? We would like to hear from you, about what you are doing.

—M—

TEDDY'S BICYCLE

ship and all," put in Mother.

"How about it?" asked Father. "Want me in on that partnership?"

"Fair enough," agreed Teddy. "I'll have to study hard on my arithmetic."

At the end of the month, Teddy laid upon the table before his father a large sheet of paper. On the paper were figures to show how much money Teddy had made.

"You did not make enough to pay ten dollars this month," said Father as he looked at Teddy's figures.

"No, sir. And I've been thinking, had I gone into a real business, I'd have been in debt. That is not good, is it?"

"I've found it is not," laughed Father. "Suppose you let this first month's payment go. And write there, 'Experience.'"

"Thank you. Ralph and I are going to find some more customers. Next month we'll have a better showing." And he added, "Experience is a good teacher. I'm glad I got my lesson early."

—Little Pilgrim



WHICH?

If Christ should knock upon your door
Today, What would you do?

Would you say, "Lord, come back again
When I have less to do?"

Or would you open wide the door
And ask the Lord inside,
To claim the promise that He gave,
"I will with thee abide,?"

M. J. B.

—M—

LITTLE RAN DU

By Laura Sanborn

Would you boys like the name of Ran Du? I am sure that I can hear many of you say, "Of course, we wouldn't. That sounds like a girl's name."

Nevertheless, Ran Du was a little Hindu boy, who had been born a cripple. His father and mother did not love him because they believed that their gods disliked anyone who was crippled or sick. When he was but just a few days old, his parents told one of the servants to kill him, that they might once again have favor with their gods, and that they might have good crops.

The servant had heard the white man (the missionary) in the village preach about a God who loved everyone, even if they were blind, sick, or crippled; so he decided to take Ran Du to the missionaries instead of killing him. He would tell his mother he had killed him, and they would never know the difference.

When the servant rapped on the door, the white lady answered; and he just put the baby in her arms and ran.

The missionary lady took little Ran Du and bathed him, dressed him, fed him, and best of all, loved him.

Several years passed by, and Ran Du had learned to talk and to walk with the help of a crutch. He also had learned how Jesus loved him so much that He had died on the Cross for him and all the people of the world. When Ran Du was six, the missionary sent him to the Missionary Hospital for an operation on his leg. Did you say, "Wasn't he afraid?" Yes, he was afraid, but he did want to be well and strong like the other boys; so he was operated on. After many weeks of lying in a cast, he went back to Papa and Mamma, for that was what he called the missionary and his wife. He was now well, and in another year would be as strong as the other boys.

As Ran Du grew older, he had only one desire, and that was to go to his own people and tell them about Jesus. Finally, the day came when he did go home. The old servant who had saved him was dead, but his father and mother were still alive, and he told them the whole story of his life with Papa and Mamma, and about Jesus. At first they were afraid, and thought he was an evil spirit that had come to punish them. But sweet was the day when they really did believe Ran Du to be a strong man in body and heart.

—Today's Missionary

—M—

MY FAVORITE SPOT

By Jimmie Gatewood

I've been watching and watching for a letter about your favorite spot. I just wanted to read someone else's letter first.

My favorite spot the last several summers has been a walnut tree in my back yard. I love to climb its branches and feel the cool breeze in my face. I love to shut my eyes and teeter lightly to and fro while I cling tightly to a very beloved branch.

I have made many swings on its limbs for my sister and my brother and myself, sometimes of rope, often of a chain, or sometimes of an old tire casing suspended from its strong limbs. In these swings we pass many happy hours. I remember one summer we fastened a bicycle frame in our tire swing, but not too secure, for while we were swinging, the bike frame went east and a neighbor girl went west, but the Lord must have been with us as no one was hurt seriously.

My mother used to keep the wash tub and board under this tree and did the weekly washing there. When she swapped the tub for a gasoline washer, it was placed under this same tree, and now that we are about to get electricity Mom stoutly de-

clares that the walnut tree must be wired, as she still intends to keep her washer there.

Besides all that, this dear old tree provides me with goodies for candy and cake icings and many other good things to eat.

My heart almost stood still when the electric men were surveying the line and one worker grimly announced, "This walnut tree must come down." I surely looked very desperate, for the other man looked the location over and quietly announced (to my great delight) that the tree should stand.

—M—

Your Letters

FROM MISSOURI

Dear Friends:

I would like to tell of the birds that nest in our walnut tree every summer, but I am hoping to see other letters of favorite spots. Maybe yours is a barn loft, or a cliff in the woods, or just resting and reading. Whatever it is I would like to hear about it, as I hope I won't be the only one to write.

I am going to be busy this summer as I learned to drive the tractor last fall and I'm big enough to help Dad fix fence. I've been helping milk cows for several years. I'll be twelve in August.

My school was out last Friday, April 1.

Let's hear what you will be doing through vacation. I would like to meet a lot of you at campmeeting, but I only go when it is in Nevada, Missouri.

Your friend,

Jimmie Gatewood

(You are the first one to write about "My Favorite Spot." And what a nice place you have, Jimmie. We hope others will soon write and tell us about theirs.)

—:—

Who Am I?

I was rich, my father was kind.
I left home and brother behind.
All my money was very soon spent,
No house had I, not even a tent.
I became a feeder of swine;
Ragged, my clothes which had been fine.
Humbly to my dear father I came
Asking for work, but seeking no fame.
My father embraced me and called to the rest
To make a great feast. His lost son he blessed.

M. J. B.

—M—

A good manner springs from a good heart, and fine manners are the outcome of unselfish kindness.
Margaret E. Sangster

Our Lesson Study.

Lesson Material: Luke 12:16-21

Memory Verse: "Every perfect gift is from.....
the Father." James 1:17.

God's Good Gifts

The disciples loved to hear Jesus tell stories. He told them of many things. One day He told about a very rich man.

This rich man had so much grain that his barns would not hold it. The fields were ripe and much grain would be gathered again and he had so much already that he didn't know where to put it. Finally he decided to tear down the barns that he had. In their place he would build another barn, so large that it would hold all the grain. Then he thought all he would have to do would be to sit back and never work, because he would have all he needed to keep him all his life.

Of course this rich man probably never thought of giving any of his wealth to the poor, or of selling it and helping the poor with the money. All he thought of was ME. He would do this and he would do that. But never for anyone else—just for ME.

But God does not want us to put ourselves above Him nor above others. He said to the man, "Thou fool. Tonight you shall die, and then who shall have all your riches?" God would have us lay up treasures in heaven, not here on this earth. All we have comes from God. He gives every good gift we have. But He wants us to be unselfish. He wants us to give Him the glory. He wants us to ask Him for help, instead of doing things our own way.

This was a very poor rich man.

Do You Remember?

1. Who liked to hear Jesus' stories?
2. What kind of man Jesus told about?
3. Why the man went to tear down his barns?
4. One thing he could have done with his grain?
5. Of whom the rich man was thinking?
6. What God said to him?
7. Where we should have our treasure?
8. Who gives us every gift?
9. Our memory verse?

Thank God for life, and be glad
Look up at the stars and sing,
Play well on the instrument of life
And let God tune each string.

M. J. B.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And in parting leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

If you have a rainy day, when you wanted so
to play,
Get your favorite story book, and find a quiet
little nook.

Another new day was born at dawn;
Its hours are yours to do
Good, before night's curtain is drawn
Or nothing, for others or you. M. J. B.

Who was the devil tempting when he said,
"Command that these stones be turned into
bread"? Read Matthew 4:3.

Let your light so shine before men that they
may see your good works and glorify your Father
which is in heaven.



Study
Your
Bible

Long ago in Egypt, in a prison I was placed.
But God was with me—my father I embraced.....
I was a prophet in a dungeon thrown.
Rescued by a servant I had never known.....
Locked in jail, two prisoners we,
By a miracle we went free..... and
My head was cut off at a woman's request.
Because I talked of her wickedness.....

Ans: Joseph; Jeremiah, Paul and Silas; John
the Baptist. M. J. B.

Two houses were built. When the wind blew
and the rains came, one of the houses fell. The
other one still stood straight and whole after the
storm. Do you know why, before you read Matt.
7:24-29?