

# *The* SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARY

Volume 64

Stanberry, Missouri, April 25, 1949

Number 17

## *Clarence's Plan*

By Carl W. Stahl

Without stopping his half-running, half-walking gait, Clarence whistled two shorts and a long. He looked across the street at the green house into which they had moved last week. Teacher had kept him after school to show him which studies he would have to make up to catch up with his classmates.

An answering whistle came from the house. Still hurrying, Clarence pushed through the tangled brush and saplings of the unused field. When he came to a small clearing about forty feet from the street he paused. The eager look left his face when he saw the wreckage.

The lean-to shelter they had built out of saplings and old roofing paper had been torn down. The two forked sticks by the campfire site were broken and lay down on one side of the clearing.

Behind him he heard a crashing sound through the underbrush. "What made you late?" his younger brother, Jerry, asked. "I could not carry the old iron kettle myself and was waiting for you to get out of school. When you whistled the code signal, I left the kettle and came anyway."

Although Clarence did not turn around he knew by Jerry's gasp that he had seen the wreckage.

"Why? What? Who do you think would do a thing like that?" Jerry finally managed to gasp. "Surely we were not hurting anyone by putting up a lean-to here. We worked hard for four days putting that shelter up so we could pretend we were settlers in the old West. Why, we were even given permission by the owner to put it up. Mr. Wurger said we could."

"It looks as though the Indians here are hostile," Clarence said with a grimace. "I was warned at school that this would happen and keep right on happening until we got out. It seems that Peter and George Clayton were here first—ten or eleven years before us—all their life, in fact, and they don't want us on this vacant field."

"That is silly," Jerry protested. "Surely there is room for four boys on a ten-acre field. Why,

they never built a shack or anything on it."

Clarence's lips tightened in that line his brother knew meant trouble for someone. "We could fight them," Clarence said. "But that would not solve the problem. They would just hate us more and do mean things to get even. "I know," Jerry agreed, "but we have to do something. We can't let them get away with this. Why, if we ignore this we'll never have any peace. I have a good notion to go over to their place right now and—"

Clarence grinned. "That's not the way," he said. "I think I know how to do it, though. Listen." Jerry leaned forward and listened. The longer he listened the broader his smile became. When Clarence had finished, he clapped him on the shoulder. "You have what it takes," he said admiringly.

"Don't forget now," Clarence reminded. "We go out and come back with the roofing paper, the Illinois clay Dad used to make that anchor casting, and the cord. Be sure to look unhappy." "Sure," Jerry grinned. "How's this?" "Don't overdo it." his brother warned. "They live right across the street, and we don't want them to think this is an act." Trying their best to appear sad and unhappy they left the vacant lot. "Careful, now," Clarence warned. "They are watching us from the front window. I can see their heads. Try to act unhappy."

"If I was any unhappier I would die laughing," Jerry snickered. "Boy, what a surprise they are going to get."

The roofing paper, the Illinois clay, and the cord, took two trips. In another hour the shelter looked almost as it had before being torn down. They did not bother to fix up the fire site nor the inside.

They had trouble acting unhappy as they hurried home. Once inside the door they raced upstairs to their room. The window gave them a clear view of the entire street fronting on the va-

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## The Sabbath School Missionary

Mable J. Baker, Editor ..... Stanberry, Missouri  
Owned by the General Conference of the Church of God.

Published weekly (except one issue during the Annual Campmeeting in August and one during Christmas week) at the Church of God Publishing House, Stanberry, Missouri

**Subscription Rates:** Single copy one year 50 cents; Club of six or more to the same address 35 cents each per year. Foreign subscription rate \$1.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Stanberry, Missouri under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## EDITORIAL

Dear Missionaries:

We wish every one of you could have been here at Stanberry to enjoy our dedication services. What a grand day it was as God's people gathered at our place of worship to sing praises of thanksgiving and pray to our Heavenly Father.

God surely will bless each little missionary for their part in helping build for Him. Each little dime was a great help and you had a part in it. Doesn't that make you happy?

Many friends of our people sent beautiful flowers. They were placed in the front of the chapel where everyone could enjoy their beauty. Golden yellow daffodils, lovely rose colored tulips, long-stemmed red roses and carnations, brightly colored phlox, a huge basket of gladiolus and waxy, white lillies were among the floral offerings. They reminded us of the beauty God gives.

When you come to Stanberry for the next campmeeting you will be glad to see the chapel which you have helped to build. May God bless each one and thank you so much.

—M—

### CLARENCE'S PLAN

cant field. As they watched they saw Peter and George run across the street into the brush. They were headed in the direction of the lean-to. Jerry snickered. "We will give them a few minutes before we see how they are getting along," Clarence said.

After a short wait they went downstairs and walked slowly down the street past the vacant field. From the direction of the shelter they could hear voices. With a quick look around they ducked into the saplings and hurried toward the sound. "Quiet, now," Clarence whispered when they were near enough to hear clearly what was being said.

"They put it up just as it was before," Peter was saying. "That Clarence Dean doesn't scare a bit." "Well, maybe this will change his mind," George said, grasping a sapling that held up the

roof and tugging at it. "Give me a hand," he said, when his tugging failed to budge the support. "They have made it harder to tear down." Peter went up to help him.

Jerry barely held back a snicker as he saw both boys tug at the support. All at once it gave. Down came most of the roof. A piece of roofing paper flattened out and a gray powder fell from it, covering both of them in a cloud of dust. For several seconds it hid them completely from view. When it settled, they looked like two gray snowmen.

"What was that?" Peter exclaimed, trying to dust himself off, but succeeding only in raising clouds of dust and covering himself more thoroughly. "They played a trick on us," George raged. "If they were only here, I would fix them good and proper." "Now," Clarence said. The two brothers came out of the brush. "Looking for us?" Clarence asked. "You!" Peter and George exclaimed together. "You did this!" They clenched their fists and advanced threateningly on the two brothers.

Clarence raised his right hand, palm out. "Wait a minute," he ordered. "You brought this on yourselves. That dry clay could just as easily have been a rock or a big log. But we don't play that way. We believe in doing to others as we would want to be done by. The only reason we fixed this trap was to show you what we could do.

"We did not have to show up here now. We could have gone on rebuilding the shelter and setting traps for you. But we did not want that. What we do want is to talk this over with you."

Peter and George looked at each other. Then they both broke out laughing. "We sure are sorry-looking sights," Peter gasped. "But you're right. We brought it on ourselves. What do you say we become friends. There is plenty room on this field for the four of us."

"That is a bargain," Clarence agreed. "It's good enough for me," Jerry echoed. They shook hands all around, and as they parted Peter said: "We will be over tomorrow after school to help you fix that shelter. That is a promise."

"That beat fighting, didn't it, Jerry?" Clarence asked as they entered their own yard. "It certainly did," Jerry agreed. "Now we are friends."

—Young Pilgrim

—M—

### LEARNING LESSONS

By Mary Earle

Bobbie Kern always forgot his lessons. Sometimes he did not learn them very well. Bobbie liked to play with his new airplane or electric engine much better than to learn lessons. Today there was no school. Nothing to do all day but play.

Bobbie's mother suggested that he spend this day with Grace and Johnny Lee. Bobbie was glad

because Johnny had a new train with switches and lights and everything. It was like a real railroad in many ways.

And how the tiny engines raced around the tracks all the morning with the lights flashing on and off. But Bobbie could not understand why Grace would say:

"If you had four trains and gave two to Bobbie how many would you have left?" "Two," Johnny answered.

"If you had three trains and each train had four cars how many cars would you have left if you gave Johnny two cars?"

"Ten," Johnny answered when Bobbie didn't know. "Ah!" Bobbie said, "we don't have to learn lessons today."

But the great surprise was when Mr. Lee called the children to lunch.

"What time is it, Johnny?" he asked, although the clock was on a tiny shelf in the corner of the room and he could see it very easily himself.

"Five minutes after twelve," Johnny answered quickly.

"If the minute hand were on four instead of one what time would it be, Bobbie?" Mr. Lee smiled.

"I-I don't know," Bobbie stammered. "I can't tell time. We haven't had that in school."

Mr. Lee looked at Mrs. Lee and smiled again. Bobbie couldn't understand why all through the meal everyone asked questions or spelled words. They all laughed when Johnny spelled salad, S-A-L-E-D and had to excuse himself from the table to look it up in the dictionary before he was given the salad.

Bobbie, of course, was not made to spell things because Grace said she didn't think it was fair since Bobbie had never played the lesson game before.

"What do you mean," Bobbie asked. "Lesson game? Don't you have enough lessons each week without having more at home?"

"Oh, but these are different," Johnny interrupted. "Why, sometimes mother or father must look in the dictionary when we ask questions."

"You can ask questions, too?" Bobbie thought this part of the game was best. "Any question you can think of," Grace explained. "But you must know the answer yourself before you ask it." "What for?" "So you can tell whether it is answered right or not."

Johnny laughed now. "You see, Bobbie, it was this way. Grace couldn't spell and I couldn't remember my arithmetic. So we worked out our lesson game for our homework. Why, I know most of my school lessons before we even get to them in the book," he finished proudly.

"It's much nicer than to study from a book, too," Grace interrupted. "Each night we have a reading lesson. Father reads one part of the paper and mother another part. Johnny and I

have a small part to read. Then we talk about the things we read and ask questions. That is the only time we bother mother or father with questions."

"That is our study hour and if Grace and me don't know our lessons, we all help get them together," Johnny broke in excitedly. "Don't you mean Grace and I?" Grace asked Johnny.

"No wonder you and Johnny always get high marks in school," Bobbie nodded his head. "Learning lessons that way is a kind of game, isn't it?" "It's our lesson game," Johnny said.

"I wonder if I can get my mom and dad to play a lesson game with me," Bobbie asked. "Of course, Bobbie," Grace broke in. "They just never thought about it, that is all. Why don't you ask them?"

They must be playing the lesson game at Bobbie's house because his report card has "high" on it now.—The Young Crusader

—M—

### JOHNNY HELPS

#### A read aloud story

Johnny went outside to find a place that might be cool. It was summertime and so he didn't go to school. He waved his hat to fan his face, and Buster, with a bound, took it with his small sharp teeth and ran around and round. Johnny laughed and then gave chase but Buster ran so fast that he was soon all out of breath and had to stop at last.

He lay beneath a big oak tree, and called, "Buster, come here." He whistled sharply till he saw the little dog appear. Buster laid the cap down on the grass at Johnny's feet. "It's three o'clock now, Buster. Look, coming down the street." "Hello," the postman greeted. "This is the hottest day. I still have one long hill to climb. I'm 'bout to melt away."

"Well we will help you, Mister, if you would want us to; I'll get my big red wagon and pull the mail for you." "Thank you Johnny, very much. Such help I sure could use. I've walked this whole town over till I've worn out all my shoes."

The heavy bag of mail was soon put in the wagon bed and Johnny pulled it up the hill while Buster ran ahead. "How kind you've been, and helpful too. I'd like to do something for you."

Johnny said, "We thank you too for giving us a job to do. We like to help, and now we will get in and coast back down the hill." M. J. B.

—M—

### OUR DUTY

We should be brave and true,  
Trying always the right to do.  
Carry the ,hold it high,  
Tell the gospel to all who pass by.

M. J. B.

# Our Lesson Study..

FOR APRIL 30, 1949

Lesson Material: Mark 11:7-10

Memory Verse: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Mark 11:9.

## The People Welcome Jesus

What a busy day for the people living in Jerusalem. They arose early and began to prepare for the day of rejoicing. This was the day that Jesus was coming into their city. Even the children were in a hurry to have their tasks finished. They wished to be at the gate when Jesus entered.

Jesus and His disciples were near the city. Jesus said to two of His disciples, "Go into the village and there you shall find a colt that has never been ridden. Bring the colt to me. If anyone should ask you why you want the colt, tell them that the Lord has need of him."

They brought the colt to Jesus and placed their coats upon him. Jesus sat upon their coats as He rode into Jerusalem. The people saw Him coming and they began to shout, and to wave palm branches in the air. Some put the branches upon the road for the colt to walk upon. The children sang, "Hosanna. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

These people loved Jesus. They had heard Him tell wonderful stories about God's love for His people. They had watched as He healed the sick and the blind. It was a great day for them. Not often did Jesus come to their city, and this was the first time He had ridden upon a colt through the streets. How happy they were. They praised God and followed Jesus as He rode to the temple.

### Do You Remember?

1. Why the people of Jerusalem were so happy?
2. What Jesus told His disciples?
3. What they put upon the colt?
4. How Jesus entered the city?
5. What the people did with palm branches?
6. What the children sang?
7. Where Jesus went?

—M—

## BIRDS' NESTS

Which is the most wonderful bird's nest in the world? This is a hard question to answer, for nests vary so much in shape, size, and materials.

The most dainty home built by the bill and feet of birds is that of the ruby-throated hummingbird. When completed it is scarcely larger than an English walnut and is usually saddled on a

small horizontal limb of a tree many feet from the ground. It is composed almost entirely of soft plant fibres, fragments of spider's webs sometimes being used to hold them in shape.

The nest that is really the most interesting, and displays great skill in the making is that of the Baltimore oriole or golden robin. In shape, it resembles a long pouch and is swung hammock-fashion from two twigs at the end of a lofty, drooping branch. It is formed of vegetable fiber and wool closely interwoven, then securely sewed in place with very strong stitches. The thread used for sewing is usually long horsehairs, though bits of string, thread or silk floss are used, and with what wondrous skill are these materials wrought into shape—knots perfectly tied, threads deftly interwoven and the whole structure securely hung by ways that defy all human skill! The oriole's nest is one of the wonders of the bird world.—Our Dumb Animals

—M—

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

—M—



*Study  
Your  
Bible*

### WHO?

1. Prayed at an open window?
2. Wrote a message on the ground?
3. Gave his lunch to Jesus?
4. Went to sleep in the garden?
5. Gleaned in the field for her mother-in-law?
6. Dipped in the river seven times?

Ans: Daniel; Jesus; A small boy; Peter, James and John; Ruth; Naaman.

M. J. B.

—M—

We usually take our visiting manners when we go on a visit, to church, to school or anywhere away from home. But how about our home manners? Our loved ones in our home deserve our politeness and good manners, perhaps more than the strangers we meet. Let's be careful to have good home manners as well as visiting manners.

—M—

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness everywhere. —Sidney