

# The SABBATH SCHOOL

## ...MISSIONARY...



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## "Fraidy-cat" Jimmy

By Marie Larsen

Jimmy didn't want the kids in his class to think he was a coward. More than anything he wanted to be brave. But he knew that walking the smooth poles across the noisy stream would make him so dizzy that he might fall into the deep water.

"Say!" someone from the line of boys and girls complained, "If you're going to play this game, you have to do what the rest of us do. This is the third time you've backed out because you didn't dare to go places we go."

Jimmy reluctantly glanced at the stream. It looked very deep. But the others hadn't even hesitated about crossing it, even the girls. But just looking at the water made Jimmy's head feel all swimmy, and gave him a feeling of being moved along the water.

Jimmy moistened his lips. "I—I guess I'll stay out of the game," he told them in a low voice.

Some of the boys laughed loudly. "Jimmy's a fraidy-cat! Jimmy's a coward!" they chorused.

Jimmy suddenly felt so weak inside that he hurt. He stared at his classmates, swallowing hard. They turned and skipped over the green field below the picnic hill where their teacher waited, jumping all the short bushes and climbing over tree stumps, one right behind the other.

Jimmy stood beside the stream, heartsick. He had expected to have so much fun on the class picnic. But it wasn't going to be fun at all! Jimmy shoved his hands deep into his pockets. How he wished he had stayed home! Cowards couldn't have any fun on picnics. And he must be what the children called him—a fraidy-cat!

He sat down by the gushing stream and began to toss stones into the little splashing waves that leaped at the pole. Ever since he could remember, people had been telling him to be careful. Well, he had been so careful always, that it had made him afraid to have any fun. That's what was wrong with him, he was too careful! He would probably be left out of the treasure hunt the teacher was planning, too.

Jimmy looked out over the green field and saw

the line of boys and girls winding back in his direction. They were shouting and yelling as they came. It looked like lots of fun to Jimmy. He tossed a stone hard into the water, and moved so they could cross the pole and keep on up the hill to the picnic spot.

The first boy hopped out on the pole and glanced back over his shoulder. "Come on, the rest of you, do as I do." And then he jiggled the pole up and down, laughing.

Jimmy heard the pole crack, and his eyes went wide. He opened his mouth to cry a warning, but it was too late. The pole broke in the center and dropped into the stream, letting the boy fall. He went under the water splashing and gulping. He came out of the water close to the edge of the stream where Jimmy stood, his fingers clutching at the grassy bank. Jimmy threw himself flat on the earth and stretched out a helping hand to the wet boy. He helped him out onto the dry bank. The boy wasn't laughing now. And neither were the others. They suddenly realized that they were stranded on the wrong side of the stream.

"How will we get across?" one of the girls whined. "I don't want to try wading in that deep water." "I'll find another pole," Jimmy said, eager to help.

He hadn't noticed that the teacher had come down from the picnic hill, but suddenly he was there, and saying, "I'll help lay it across the stream when you find it, Jimmy." And then he was talking in soft tones to the others. "I heard you calling Jimmy a coward a little while ago. I wanted to come to you and tell you how wrong you were then. But I think this will help you remember, even more, that being cautious is not being cowardly.

One of the boys on the farther bank dug his toes into the dirt. "I knew the difference," he admitted. "But I was afraid of what the others would think if I backed out."

"So was I," another echoed. "And it made me

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### Thoughts for You . . .

Everyday we see all the things around us which God has made and placed here for our use. We see them so often we hardly know how to appreciate them. We take them for granted, as if we deserved them and as if we thought the world owed us these blessings. But God blesses us in so many ways each day, we should try to remember to thank Him for His goodness.

Think of the pretty blossoms and flowers. We may plant some tiny seeds in the ground which we have prepared, and when the blooms appear, because it is what we expected, we forget to think about God and how He has sent the sun and the rain to make the plants grow.

God is our Heavenly Father and this is His world. Everything in it belongs to Him. But He is kind and so He lets us live here and enjoy all His beautiful things.

This is my Father's world,  
And all the things I see;  
The greenness of the valleys,  
And every leafy tree,  
The fruit and grain of harvest,  
All things good and fine  
Are His—O Praise His goodness  
For He has made them mine.

—M—

### "FRAIDY-CAT" JIMMY

sore to think Jimmy dared to back out when I didn't."

Dared back out? They thought it took nerve to stay out of the game! That didn't sound as though they really thought he was a coward!

The teacher smiled. "I know. Sometimes it takes courage to be careful."

Jimmy turned and started up the hill after the pole he had promised to find. He had been thinking all wrong about his being too careful, then. He knew it now. And he felt a little more courageous by admitting it to himself. And he felt a lot better inside, knowing he had been right by being cautious, so much better that he was sure

the picnic would be fun. Real fun. And the treasure hunt, too.—The Young Crusader

—M—

### A PART FOR DAVID

By May Brown

David carefully wiped the writing off the blackboard. Then he dusted the erasers. Any one looking into the schoolroom would have seen a dark, quiet boy of twelve, intent on his task. They would not know of the storm going on in David's mind.

It was partly disappointment, partly envy, and partly discouragement. Of course he couldn't have had the lead in the operetta. He couldn't even carry a tune. And he had to admit that the other boy members of the cast, Harold and John, were better speakers than he was. But still he felt upset. Why couldn't he be good in something?

He had tried baseball and volley ball, and he couldn't make even second team either. He was no good at football. There just wasn't anything he could do well.

David banged the erasers hard against the outside wall. That relieved his feelings a little. As he came back into the room, he heard voices in the hall. He could not see the speakers.

"I have given out all the parts for the operetta." That was the voice of Miss Dorrance, his teacher. "Now I'm looking for a good property man and stage manager." She laughed softly.

"That is very important," it was Miss Crowe, one of the other teachers, speaking. "You need some one you can trust to do the right thing exactly at the right time." "Yes, and some one who doesn't need to be reminded of his duties all the time."

David's heart lifted. Why that was one thing he could do. If Miss Dorrance would only choose him! But Miss Crowe was saying, "How about Claude Hawkins?"

Miss Dorrance answered, "Why certainly! Why didn't I think of him before?" David felt like slamming the chalk down in the cupboard. Claude Hawkins! It would be Claude. Teacher's pet. If he'd been a singer, he would have been given a leading part in the play. And now he was to be the one to raise and lower the curtain; to see that everything needed on the stage was at hand.

"Oh, David! I didn't know you were here." Miss Dorrance had come into the room. "Why aren't you out watching the game?" David pressed his lips firmly together to keep them from trembling. "Because it is my time to clean blackboards."

"But I would have excused you. If you hurry, you can still see part of the game." "I'm all through," David said. He started to leave, but not to see the game. He was going home as fast as he could go.

"Why David," Miss Dorrance was exclaiming, "you've not only cleaned the blackboards beautifully, but you have tidied up my desk. Thank you so much." "You're welcome."

"David, wasn't Claude supposed to stay to help you?" David flushed. "Yes, but he wanted to see the game. So I told him to go along."

"Didn't you want to see the game, David?"

"Why, yes, Miss Dorrance. But some one had to do this work." Miss Dorrance was smiling now. "David, some people are sweet singers, and some are effective speakers, and others play winning baseball. But people you can depend on—well, they are the salt of the earth. David, will you be the stage manager for the operetta?" "But I thought—I heard you and Miss Crowe talking—I thought you wanted Claude." "Claude would be efficient, yes. But you can do it as well as Claude. So you're it, David." "Oh thank you, Miss Dorrance." David's eyes shone. It would be fun to be stage manager. He would be out of sight, and he wouldn't have anything to say. But he would have a big part in making the operetta run smoothly.

David started to whistle, as he went down the schoolhouse steps. It was a tuneless whistle. But what did that matter? A stage manager didn't need to be musical.—Young Crusader

—M—

### A KIND LADY OF LONG AGO

By Florence Duncan Long

"This is the nicest time of the day," said Alison. Outside the snow was falling, and the glow from the street lights on the glistening branches of the trees and on the sidewalks turned the familiar neighborhood into a sort of fairyland.

Alison and David were sitting before the fireplace, all ready for bed, waiting for Mother to tell them their bedtime story.

"Tell us a brand-new story, Mother," said David, as Mrs. Price came into the room and sat down in her favorite rocking chair.

Their mother smiled at the two eager children and answered, "I have told you so many stories that it is hard to remember just which ones you've heard." "You choose, Mother," said Alison.

Mother thought for a few minutes and said, "Suppose I tell you a story about a great man who lived a long time ago and of a lady who was very kind to him. When the story is finished, we will see if you can tell me his name. Would you like that?"

"Yes," answered both children at once.

"A long time ago," said Mother "there lived a man who spent all of his time serving God. He did many things to help people, for this is the best way to serve the heavenly Father.

"In those long-ago days there were no automobiles, no trains, not even streetcars. People traveled about the country on donkeys or on foot. This good man in our story often passed through

a small town called Shunem. He always stopped at the home of a lady who was known throughout the country for her good works. She would fix a nice lunch for him; and when he was ready to leave for the next village, she would give him food to take along for the next day.

"Can you guess what she gave him for his lunch, David?" David promptly answered, "I think she gave him some cheese, goats' milk, figs, and little loaves of bread."

"That is right," answered Mother. "And sometimes she would cook rice with lamb for him, too.

"One day she said to her husband, 'We know that this is a holy man of God who stops at our house, and he must get very tired. Let us build a little room for him on the roof of our house, and when he comes through our village, he can stay and rest a few days. He will like it because it will be his own room.'

"Her husband answered, 'That is a good idea. I am glad you thought of it. We will start building the room tomorrow.' So the next day the carpenters came, and soon the room was finished. There were many windows in it, and the stairs were on the outside, so that the man could come and go as he wished.

"When the room was finished, the lady said, 'Now I'll furnish it and make it nice and comfortable for our friend.' So into the room she put a bed, a table, a candlestick. She went to the weaver in the village and bought a pretty woven counterpane for the bed and a rug.

"The next day after it was all finished, the man came through the village and as usual stopped for his lunch. After he had eaten, the lady said, 'Come, we have something to show you.' So they took him up to his nice, new room.

"He was quite surprised and very thankful. He said, 'You have been thoughtful and kind. I will pray God to reward you.'

"Now," said Mother, "do you know the name of the man?" "I know," said Alison. "It was Elisha."

"I love that story," said David. "Will you tell us more about Elisha tomorrow night, Mother?"

—Selected

—M—

Have you learned that the worst human enemy you have is your own big self?

Life is like a ladder, every step we take is either up or down.—Roger Babson

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

For evil doers shall be cut off, but those that wait upon the Lord they shall inherit the earth.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.



FOR  
APRIL 29, 1949

Lesson Material: Mark 14:3-9.

Memory Verse: "Let all things be done with charity."

### A Friend Shows Love For Jesus

Jesus came to Bethany. Here He visited in the home of Simon, the leper. As they sat eating their meal, a woman came in. She carried a small box made of alabaster. She came to the place where Jesus sat, and breaking open the box, she poured the precious ointment which it contained upon His head.

Some did not like this. They said, "The oil could have been sold for a goodly sum of money to be given to the poor. Now it is wasted." But Jesus said, "You will always have the poor with you. I will not always be with you. This woman has done a good work. She has anointed me before time."

Jesus knew He would soon leave this world, but they could not understand this. The woman had shown her love for Jesus by bringing this precious ointment and putting it on His head.

We should be willing to bring good gifts to Jesus. He would have us live good lives for Him each day. That is the greatest gift we have to offer Him. It shows our love for Him.

### Do You Remember?

1. To what town Jesus went?
2. At whose home He ate?
3. Who came in as they were eating?
4. What the woman had?
5. What she did with the ointment?
6. Why some did not like this?
7. What Jesus said to them?
8. How we can show our love for Jesus?
9. Our memory verse?

—M—

### ASALA

Asala was a little black girl who lived in Africa. She had gone to the mission school and learned to love Jesus. One day her father sold her to the head man in a tribe far away from home, to be his wife.

In the new home not a person knew anything about Jesus and the things the Bible teaches. And there was no mission school to attend.

How would you feel if you were the only one in your whole town who knew about God? I believe you would feel as Asala did, very strange and timid. But would you be as brave and try your very best to tell all you could about Jesus?

"How do the Jesus people do this?" they would ask, and Asala would tell them. They had never

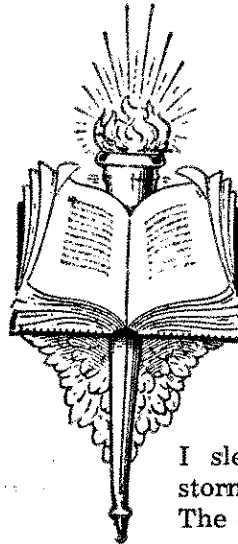
heard that it was wrong for them to steal or lie, or even kill people.

One day Asala went home for a visit. How happy she was and how she wanted to stay! Her heathen father said, "Stay." But if she did not go back the people in her village would not believe the Bible any more, because she would have broken her promise. So at the promised time she went back through the forest to her husband's home. First she went to see the missionaries, and they promised to send a missionary to that town. And through this faithful little girl a whole town came to know Jesus. —Young Pilgrim

—M—

Be yourself if you ever hope to be somebody.

—M—



# KNOW

# YOUR

# BIBLE

I slept in a small boat during a storm.

The others cried out in alarm.....

My best beloved son was sold

But I saw him again when I was old.....

I am a vineyard by ..... owned

A king took me, my owner was stoned.

In the sweat of my face shall I eat bread

My wife believed what the serpent said. ....

Words to use: Naboth; Jesus; Adam; Jacob.

M. J. B.

—M—

The early houses of the White Mountain area of New Hampshire had fireplaces large enough to receive logs three or four feet in diameter. An oven in the back was used for huge family bakings.

The sugar-maple groves of Vermont, New York, and Ohio furnish three-quarters of the maple syrup for this country's waffles.

In ancient Greece and Rome they had no windows in their buildings. Glass window panes were unknown. The word "window" means a passage for wind. In early times these "passages for wind" were covered with oil paper.