

The

SABBATH SCHOOL

...MISSIONARY...



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A NEW FRIEND

By Joyce Combs

Bobby Jensen was very ill. His head hurt terribly. It seemed wherever the bed touched him it hurt. The pillow was so hot that he could not rest. He put the pillow on the floor. He still could not rest. His mother did all she could to make him comfortable. He needed his daddy. He could not remember many things about his daddy, but he could remember the feel of his strong arms. His daddy's arms would feel good after he had stayed in bed so long. Bobby's daddy was somewhere in the Pacific, because his country needed him. Bobby knew he would not come back home for a long time.

There was a timid knock at the door. Mrs. Jensen opened the door. There stood Jimmy and Sue Brown, Bobby's very best friends.

"How is Bobby today?" they asked. "Please may we see him, just for a minute?"

Mrs. Jensen smiled and said, "Come right in. I believe Bobby will feel better if he can see you for a minute. He must be quiet and not get tired. I'll come in and tell you when it is time to go."

Jimmy and Sue tiptoed into the bedroom. "Hello, Bobby," they said. "We miss you so when we play. Do hurry and get well!"

"I'm trying hard, but nothing seems to help much. If my daddy were here I'm sure I would feel better," said Bobby.

Jimmy and Sue thought awhile. Who could take the place of Bobby's father? Jimmy finally said, "Hasn't the minister of your church come to see you yet?"

"Oh, no, I don't know any minister. I'd be afraid for one to come. I don't believe they know little boys."

"We know the minister of our church. He's one of our best friends. We see 'Preacher Bob' every morning before we go to school. He tells us stories, shows us pictures, and plays the big organ for us. He's the one who helped me make my scooter wagon in vacation school last summer."

"And he helped us make a snow man one time," piped up Susan.

Mrs. Jensen came into the bedroom. She smiled and said, "Time's up."

"We'll come again tomorrow, if we may," chorused Jimmy and Susan.

Before the afternoon was over, another knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Jensen opened the door. There stood a pleasant-looking man she did not know.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Jensen. I'm Rev. Smith, 'Preacher Bob' to Jimmy and Sue Brown. They say that your Bobby is ill. Thought I'd visit with him a few minutes if I may?"

"Certainly, come right in," Mrs. Jensen replied.

"Hello, Bobby," said Preacher Bob. "I'm sorry you are ill." He sat down by the bed. He took Bobby's small, hot hand in his big, strong one and he began talking. "You know, Bobby, it seems people have always been sick. When Jesus was here on earth, there were many sick people. Some had terrible diseases that no one has now. Do you know, He healed everyone who asked him. One time a little boy's daddy came to Jesus and asked him to come and see his child who was very sick. Jesus healed the little boy without even going to the man's house."

Bobby listened to the stories Preacher Bob told him of Jesus and the children. He listened to the kind voice and thought the look of love on his face was very much like the one he had seen on Jesus' face in pictures. Holding his strong hand, Bobby felt comforted and fell asleep.

When Bobby awoke he felt better. Every day after that he felt better than the day before. Preacher Bob had a new and happy story for him every day. He told Bobby about the crippled lady he visited, how the boys in his church-school class carried her coal in the winter and mowed her lawn in the summer. He told Bobby the things

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Thoughts for You . . .

A this time of year people like to go fishing. Everyone likes to tell about the big fish they caught or the bigger ones that got away from them. Do you like to go fishing?

Long ago many people made their living by catching fish in the sea. Jesus called Peter, Andrew, James and John away from their nets and they left all their work to follow Him. Jesus said He would make them fishers of men. Do you know what He meant? He meant they were to tell others about Him and bring them to Christ.

There are many places we can fish; at home, in the country, in other lands or most anywhere. Only Simple Simon in the nursery rhyme book would use a bucket or tub in which to fish. If we are to be fishers of men, we will have a line—we can use God's Word. We must have bait—this can be only one thing—LOVE.

We won't always be successful. Who ever heard of a fisherman that caught each fish that swam by his bait? We can't expect to catch all the fish. We are only told to fish. Peter and the others did not always catch fish, but they kept trying. One time Jesus told them in which place to cast their nets, and when they were drawn up they were full. But they had fished all night and hadn't caught one fish. Sometimes we may think there is no use fishing anymore, but we should not give up. We are to keep fishing.

—M—

A NEW FRIEND

he did every day until Bobby felt he was skipping along with Preacher Bob instead of having to stay in bed.

One bright and happy Sabbath morning Bobby was able to go to Sabbath school. He went to Rev. Smith's church. He had a very happy time. Then he went with his mother into the big church. The soft music of the big organ and the beautiful singing of the choir made him think of God.

Skipping home after church service with his mother, he was very happy. He said, "Mother, our

teacher said to please God we must live by the Bible."

"Of course, Bobby," said Mrs. Jensen.

"Do you know what our Bible verse was, Mother?" asked Bobby.

"No, Bobby," replied his mother.

"Be ye kind one to another," answered Bobby proudly. "You know what, Mother, you know what?" "No, I don't—" she said.

"You know, I believe Preacher Bob knows that verse better than anyone else in the whole wide world," said Bobby.—Young Pilgrim

—M—

MARGIE LEARNS HOW TO BE HONEST

By Ruth Evans

Margie and Janet were standing on the playground waiting for the bell to ring. It was Monday morning, and they were talking about their Sabbath School lesson.

"Well, I must say I am honest all the time, like our lesson said to be," Margie said. "I never take anything that does not belong to me. None of us do. I don't think we needed that lesson."

"I know it was not a new lesson," Janet replied. "But perhaps we needed to be reminded about it."

Just then the bell rang and the girls hurried toward the school.

"I am glad it is time to go in," Margie whispered, "because Miss Stewart promised to start reading 'Bambi' to us this morning." But when they reached their room with the rest of the third grade, they were disappointed. Miss Stewart was not standing in her usual place behind her desk.

"I am Mrs. Graham, your substitute teacher," announced the lady standing in Miss Stewart's place. "Miss Stewart is sick this morning, and I am here instead."

Slowly the children went to their seats, watching the new teacher closely. The first lesson announced was reading. Miss Stewart had always had spelling first, and some of the children did not like the change. Mrs. Graham said they would begin on page thirty-five. There was a great deal of giggling and whispering because the class had already reached page forty-five, but no one said anything. Margie was called on to read the first paragraph. She read it easily because it was review for her.

"You read very well, Margie," the teacher said. "I am pleased that you can read a new part so easily."

Margie suddenly remembered her Sabbath school lesson which she had said she did not need. Her conscience was speaking to her and saying, "You are stealing praise you do not deserve. This is not a new part like the teacher thinks. This is really review."

Margie spoke quickly. "Mrs. Graham, this is

not new work. We have already read that and are on page forty-five now."

Mrs. Graham looked surprised and pleased. "I am glad you told me that. Let us turn to the right place."

During recess Margie was talking to Janet again. "You were right," she said. "We do need to be reminded about being honest. If we had not had that lesson yesterday, I might have cheated when I was reading."

"And we are getting a reward, too," Janet added, "because Mrs. Graham is going to read 'Bambi' to us after recess." —The Children's Friend

—M—

ROLLO AND THE TRAP

By Rose Hart

Rollo was a very small boy. He had a small woolly dog. His dog followed him wherever he went. One day Rollo thought it would be fun to play a trick on Fido.

So he set a mouse trap under the maple tree. Fido cocked his black ears and watched as if wondering why the boy did that.

"He won't know," Rollo whispered to himself. After a while he would run ahead down there. Fido would race after him, and step on the trap. Rollo laughed. Maybe Fido's foot would be caught. Maybe it would be his long tail. It would be fun to see Fido jump and bark and try to get rid of the little mouse trap.

Soon Rollo's little friend, Ted, came to play. For a time they rolled hoops up and down the walk. Fido was right at their heels all the time.

It was a nice warm day. They took off their shoes and socks.

"Let's run in the grass!" cried Ted. "The grass is so cool and soft," said Rollo.

Fido seemed to think this was a game. Sometimes he ran after Rollo, sometimes after Ted.

"Let's play tag!" called Ted. "Last one to the maple is 'it'."

Rollo did not like to be "it." But he knew he could run faster than Ted. Only Ted was ahead. So Rollo had to run faster than he ever ran before. Ted was still ahead when they were almost to the tree. If he could just push Ted away. Now they were side by side. Rollo tried to run in front of Ted. He slipped!

He had forgotten all about the mouse trap. As he fell to the ground something gripped the fingers on his right hand. It was holding tight. It pinched. He could not get loose. He began to cry. Then he knew! It was the trap he had set for Fido!

For a long time Rollo cried, because his fingers hurt so much. Even after his mother had said there were no broken bones, and had bandaged them, Rollo cried.

"Aren't you glad it was not Fido or Ted?" his mother asked. Then Rollo dried his tears. He slowly nodded his head.

"I did not know it would hurt so much," he said thoughtfully. "After this I am going to think of kind things to do, so I won't hurt others." And while he was thinking about that his own little fingers stopped hurting so much.—Sel.

—M—

Abraham Lincoln was known as the great Emancipator.

When Jesus needed helpers to carry on His work, how many did He choose?

Work a little harder with determination and intelligence.

Only one tree in the garden of Eden was not to be touched by Adam and Eve. Name the tree. Genesis 2:17.

—M—

Your Letters

FROM NEBRASKA

Dear Readers:

We are writing in class. There are four in our class. Mrs. Robert Banzhaf is my teacher.

Our school was out May 13, and we went on a picnic the last day of school. I want to go to campmeeting this summer.

I am twelve years old and will be in the seventh grade in school next year.

Please would some of you boys and girls write to me?

Your friend,
Detta Sheffield

Farnam, Nebr.

(It really is a lot of fun to go on a picnic the last day of school. We hope you get to come to campmeeting. Perhaps by that time you will know many others through their letters to you.)

* * * *

Dear Missionary Readers:

My Sabbath school teacher is Opal Banzhaf. I like to go to Sabbath school. I am ten years old. I have a little pup. She is black and yellow.

Your friend,
Roland Sheffield

(Your letter was short, Roland but we are very glad to hear from you. You will very likely be a busy boy during vacation.)

—M—

The most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed.—Chamfort

Remember: Streets are made for cars to ride on, not for children to skate and slide on.



JUNE 11, 1949
FOR

Lesson Material: Mark 15:24, 42-47; Luke 24:1-6.

Memory Verse: "The Lord is risen indeed." Luke 24:34.

A Sad Day Becomes Glad

The disciples were very sad. Jesus had been hung on a cross by wicked men. They missed this dear Friend who had taught them and walked with them and told them so many wonderful things.

A kind friend had come and asked for the body of Jesus. When it was given to him, he took it to a cave and because the Romans were afraid the body would be taken away they rolled a great stone over the entrance and put a seal upon it. Guards were placed there. Jesus had said that He would rise again. Of course the soldiers did not believe He would but they thought His friends might take the body away and claim that He was risen.

But even the guards, the stone and all His enemies could not keep Jesus in the tomb. After three days and three nights a great earthquake shook the ground. The stone was rolled away and Jesus came from the tomb.

When Jesus' friends came to anoint His body they found Jesus gone and an angel in shining garments said, "He is not here, but is risen." Then they remembered what Jesus had said. They could hardly believe it; yet they knew that it was true. How happy they were. They hurried to tell all the other friends.

Do You Remember?

1. Why the disciples were sad?
2. Where Jesus' body was laid?
3. Why a guard was placed at the tomb?
4. How long Jesus was in the tomb?
5. Then what happened?
6. Who came to anoint Jesus' body?
7. Who told them Jesus was risen?
8. What they remembered?
9. The memory verse?

—M—

THE LITTLE WAITER GIRL

Grandma has such a cold that she had to stay on the couch in her own room, and the doctor came to see her. While he was there, Nannie brought a glass of fresh water. "I am Grandma's little waiter girl," she explained.

"A very nice little waiter girl," said the doctor. "What else can you do besides getting a cool drink for her?"

"I can close the blinds when the sun comes in, or open them if the room is too dark; I bring her

medicine powders to her, and spread the slumber robe again when it slips off."

"You are quite a little nurse," the doctor said. "No wonder your grandma is better today, with such kind and tender care."

"But sometimes she is tired, and wants to be still; then I go away and play," said Nannie.

"That is right," the doctor answered. "Now little waiter girl, will you please give this medicine to Grandma at dinner time? And if she has a little jelly, she may give some to you. Good-by."

—Sunshine

—M—

The longer you gaze at a difficulty, the bigger it looks. Tackle it at first sight and lick it.

—M—



**KNOW
YOUR
BIBLE**

Jesus healed ten lepers by the way,
How many came back their thanks
to say?

Once a great flood covered the land,
How many were saved by God's great hand?.....

When sent to spy, I never lied,
I led Israel when Moses died.....

Because we were tired at the end of day,
We failed, for Him to watch and pray.....
M. J. B.

—M—

TRUE HELPERS

Olivia C. Campbell

Sing-a-little, Share-a-little, Bear-a-little; three
Are helpers in the conflict that faces you and me;
Hope-a-little, Love-a-little, Smile-at-those-you-meet
Will add new zest and courage to heart and hands
and feet.

Help-a-little, Cheer-a-little, these are comrades true
Showing to a girl or boy what it's right to do.
And they'll comfort others up and down the line—
Keep these helping comrades all your days of time.

—Selected