



The SABBATH SCHOOL ...MISSIONARY...



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Ming and Wong Feed The Dragon

By Etta W. Schlichter

It was New Year's Day of the year 4641. "My!" you will say, "there isn't any year 4641."

But that's because you are not a Chinese. The Chinese have a different calendar from ours and their year 4641 was the same as 1943. They also celebrate a different New Year's day, which is some time between January 19 and February 23, according to the moon.

Wong had run across the street to see Ming. Both children were very excited. "I'm nine years old today," said Wong. "I'm eight," said Ming. "Jock's fourteen and Chung is twelve," said Wong.

Jock and Chung were Wong's brothers. Ming hadn't any big brothers, so she said, "My mother and daddy are much older than that."

"I guess mine are very old too," answered Wong proudly. The Chinese have great reverence for age and it is a compliment to be called old.

Do you know why the Chinese boy and girl were so excited? There were two very good reasons. In the first place, it was their birthday. It was also the birthday of all Chinese. They do not consider the day on which they were born their birthday. But they all call New Year's day their birthday and have just one big birthday celebration.

Wong and Ming lived in New York. Their fathers had little stores on Pell street and their families lived in rooms above the stores. Wong and Ming were great friends. Often they would wave across the street at each other from their windows. Today the two families would eat their dinner together. That would not be until after they had fed the dragon.

Fed the dragon! What could that be?

Suppose you ask mother and daddy if they ever saw a Chinese beggar. I am sure they will tell you no. For the Chinese are kind to their own poor and provide for their needs so that they do not have to ask for relief.

Every New Year's day, when everybody is happily celebrating birthdays, a great dragon goes through the streets, collecting gifts of money with which to provide for the poor.

In this year of 4641, most of the money was to be sent to China, where the war had caused much

suffering. There would be a great parade right through Pell street where the children lived and Ming and Wong both had their gifts for the poor all ready to give to the dragon.

How they saved their pennies! Now each one had the money wrapped carefully in bright red paper and tied with a long string.

It was almost noon. "I must run home," said Wong. "I must feed the dragon from my own window." "We'll feed him at the same time," said Ming.

The narrow street was gay with decorations. Everywhere the dragon was to pass flags of China and of the United States were displayed. Crowds of people, mostly Chinese, gave birthday greetings to one another.

Now Ming and Wong from their opposite windows heard music. Cymbals and tom-toms were being beaten and someone was singing a Chinese song.

A great flag that reached clear across the street was carried by Chinese women. It was the flag of the Chinese Republic. The women held it by its corners to receive gifts thrown into it for the poor in China. A great deal of money was thrown into it for the poor in China. A great deal of money was thrown into it by people along the street.

I'm sure you have seen pictures of dragons, great lizardlike creatures with wings. Of course there are no such monsters but the Chinese used to believe there were.

The dragon in the New Year's parade was made of cloth. It had a great head and a long tongue. Since it could not fly, it had to walk and how do you suppose it did that? Inside were several men who walked slowly, making the dragon seem to skim along the street. One man, in the dragon's head, moved the head from side to side with one hand leaving his other hand free.

Slowly along the street the dragon moved, swinging its head from side to side and opening its great jaws. People from the window dangled strings in front of it, their gifts of money tied in red paper. The man inside the head took the gift

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Thoughts for You . . .

Today telephones are common and are to be found in many, many homes. Even small children are able to talk over these instruments. Long ago the people never had an idea about such things. The only way they could send a message to one another was to send it by a servant.

A telephone is very useful but it cannot be used at all if it is not connected with a system of wires and other telephones. If the phone is in working order, we must ring in and give the number or dial it, then when we hear a voice we answer. Sometimes we cannot get an answer, for the party may not be at home. We use the phone for information. A child may be away from home and call his mother to tell her when he will be home. Parents can call the school to leave information for their child or to see how he is doing with his school work. There are as many uses for the phone as there are numbers of phones. At times the line is busy and we must wait to use it.

Talking to God is like using the telephone. Faith is the line by which we are connected to Him. We send our message to Him through prayer and He sends His blessings as His answer. God is always there and the line is never too busy, for He can hear ever so many messages at one time. He tells us what to do and how to do all things. We can always talk it over with God. We can have no trouble with the number. It is No. 1, for He is first in everything. Prayer is the easiest telephone for everyone to use. Use it often.

—M—

MING AND WONG FEED THE DRAGON

with his free hand and put it in the dragon's mouth. The dragon nodded its head for thanks and sometimes danced a little to show its appreciation.

"Here it comes!" shouted Wong to Ming. Of course she could not hear him through all that din, but she saw him dangling his gift, so she

dangled hers. The dragon got them both. Now their money would be sent to China to help the poor little children there.

Wong came to Ming's house for dinner with his parents and his brothers.

I wonder if you'd have enjoyed a feast like that. You may be sure they did, but there were things to eat you might not have liked because you were not used to them. People served such delicacies as shark's fins, fish soup, birds'-nest soup, very old eggs, dried birds, and nuts that we never see in American shops, and a rare tea called by a name that means "mist of the mountains."

Though these things sound odd to us, Ming and Wong enjoyed them just as much as you would ice cream and the cake with candles that you have on your birthdays.

And happiest of all was the thought that some of the children of China would be made happier because of the gifts they were sending them by the dragon.—Sel. from the Young Crusader

—M—

TWO BOYS AND A COASTER

By Simon Smith

Kenny finished his morning chores. He sat down in the garage doorway and tried to think what he could do for fun. He almost wished that there was school today. If only somebody would come to play with him!

As if in answer to his wish, Chester suddenly appeared around the corner of the house.

"Oh, Chester, I'm so glad you came," cried Kenny. "Now we can have fun."

Chester smiled happily. "Doing what?" he asked. Kenny wrinkled his forehead and thought and thought. Suddenly his eyes lighted when they fell on an old tricycle and a pair of old skates in the corner of the garage.

"We can make a coaster out of these," he said, running to bring them out. "How?" Chester wanted to know. He was not smiling now, but looked thoughtful.

"We'll find a way," Kenny replied, finding pliers and a hammer and screw driver in his father's toolbox.

But work and plan as they would, they could not make a coaster that would work. After a long while, Chester stood up and wrinkled his forehead in thought. "I know what we can do," he said. "My father is not working today. He'll be glad to help us." "Oh, do you suppose he would?" Kenny cried.

Without a word Chester dashed from the garage. In no time at all he was back with his father. And in almost as short a time they had a coaster that would zing down the sidewalk so fast that it almost took your breath.

Chester's father went back home, leaving Kenny and Chester to enjoy the coaster. Kenny loved

to ride the coaster down the steep sidewalk and feel the wind whistle past his face. In fact, he liked it so well that he did nearly all the riding. And why not? he thought. Wasn't the coaster his? Didn't the wheels on it come from his tricycle and skates? He forgot that Chester's father made the coaster. Kenny did not seem to notice that Chester was not smiling now. And he was having too good a time to notice Chester start walking toward home.

But before Chester turned the corner going home, Kenny saw him and called out, "Don't go home now, Chester. We're having too much fun."

But Chester went right on without saying a word.

Soon Kenny lost interest in the coaster. He went into the house. His older sister, Sue, was sitting in the living room. "Oh, I thought Chester was with you," she said, looking up from the book she was coloring. "Naw, he went home. I wonder why."

Sue squinted her eyes and looked thoughtful. But she didn't say anything. Kenny went over to the table and picked up Sue's new picture book. He dropped down in a deep chair and started turning its pages. Just then Sue put aside the color book and came and took the picture from Kenny. "Aw, I wanted to look at it, Sue."

"But it's mine," Sue told him. "I guess people who own things have first use of them."

She gave him a sidewise look which Kenny did not miss. Suddenly he knew what she meant. He jumped up and ran outside.

A few minutes later he found Chester bouncing his ball on the sidewalk in front of his house.

"Chester, I want you to come ride the coaster a hundred times." Chester looked at him and then the smile came back to his face.

A short time later, the coaster was again zinging down the hill, and Chester's face was covered with smiles. He looked at Kenny and grinned. "Say, why don't we both ride?" Kenny got on and was surprised when the coaster went whizzing along as fast with both boys as it did with just one.

"My, this is fun!" he cried. And Kenny felt all warm inside because Chester was having fun, too.—Young Pilgrim

—M—

RULES FOR SUCCESS

I wish I could give young people just starting out on life's great adventure some rules for success. Nobody wants to live in this world for eighty or ninety years without making a worthwhile mark on it. He wants to be remembered as having done something of value.

Probably I can do no better to insure your success among mankind than to commend for your guidance the directions found in the New Testament. There you will find that all rules are sum-

med up in two. One tells you to love your neighbor as yourself. The other says you must love God with all that is within you. The two go together. You can't love other people as you should and leave God out. Neither can you love God long without getting a love for human beings.

This reminds me of an old story from the Orient. It seems that a certain king asked two of his wisest counselors how he could best make his people happy. Then he told them they could have two months to prepare their reply. At the appointed time the two wise men appeared before their master. One carried a long roll containing 200 written rules; the other came empty handed. The reading of the rules sadly wearied the king. He then called upon the other, whose reply was given in just two words: "Love God."

"Did I not require to know how I might best make my people happy?" exclaimed the king, "and you only direct me to love God!"

"True," replied this wise man, "but thou canst not love God without loving thy people also. When you really love them, you will be bound to make them happy."

Here then is a simple motto for successful living: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."—Selected

—M—

Your Letters

FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Missionary Readers,

I am eleven years old and will be in the sixth grade next year. I have always gone to rural school where there are about twenty pupils. Four of them are in my class.

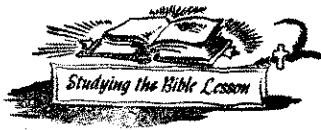
I attend church at Fairview, Okla. A little over a year ago our church was remodeled and a basement built under it so now we can have better classes with more chance for activity. Recently our class has received some new material. Our teacher reads a letter each week from "Uncle Mac", who lives in the Holy Land. These are very interesting. We also have stamp pictures of the life of Christ. We are filling a stamp folder made for them.

Our teacher is Sister Donna Faubion. She is a very nice teacher. We usually have about five or six in our class.

If the rest of you enjoy the letters as much as I do why don't more of you write to our little paper?

Your friend, Bryan Burrell

(Your class work sounds very interesting, Bryan. We hope the others take your advice and start writing. The readers would like to know what you are doing and perhaps their classes will get new ideas from your letters.)



FOR
JUNE 18, 1949

Lesson Material: John 21:1-13.

Memory Verse: "Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." John 20:20

Why Peter Was Glad

Jesus had been crucified and placed in a tomb. But He had risen again and was with His disciples several times.

One day Peter and some of the others were fishing, but they had caught no fish. They saw someone standing on the shore. He asked them, "Have you any meat?" They did not know who this man was, but they answered, "No."

They were told to cast their nets in a certain place. They did, and when they were brought up, each net was full of fish. They were surprised and could not understand this. They brought their boat to shore and joined the man.

There was a fire burning and they heard Him say, "Come and dine." Only then did they realize that this was Jesus, their friend and Master. How happy they were to meet Jesus again and to eat with Him.

After they had eaten, Jesus said to Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Peter said, Yea, Lord thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus told him to feed His lambs. Again Jesus asked this same question and again Peter answered the same. Jesus told him to feed His sheep. And even the third time Jesus asked about his love for Him. Peter answered, "Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee." The third time Jesus commanded him to feed His sheep.

These words of Jesus made Peter very happy. He did love Jesus and wanted to work for Him.

Do You Remember?

1. What the disciples were doing?
2. How many fish they had caught?
3. What the man on the shore asked?
4. How they were able to catch so many fish?
5. Who said, "Come and dine?"
6. What Jesus asked Peter?
7. How many times He asked this question?
8. Peter's answer?
9. Our memory verse?

—M—

TRAVELING SEEDS

By Perley R. Wade

In field and pasture when the seeds ripen through the summer and fall, many of them must travel far away from the mother plant in order to find a place where they may grow. Mother

Nature knows this, and she has provided a way for all of them.

Most of us are familiar with the winged seeds of the maple, ash, and elm trees, whose wings help them fly away in the wind and settle down at some distance, and we have all helped the dandelion seeds fly through the air like tiny balloons when we have tried to see how many we could blow away with one breath. We have come in from field or pasture carrying a handful of burrs with which to make doll's furniture. Little do we think we are helping Dame Nature put some of her seeds to bed in new places.

If the dandelion seeds are balloons or tiny airplanes, we may call the milkweed seeds little sail-
(Continued below "Know Your Bible")

—M—



KNOW YOUR BIBLE

I let light into a place that was dark
I am the..... in Noah's ark.

Thousands ate us without any dishes
We are two barley..... and five.....

A large marching army made me fall,
I am the famous Jericho

Woven of bulrushes, pitched all around,
I am the in which Moses was found.

M. J. B.

—M—

boats as they fly through the air by means of their feathery tails, and a companion little sailboat is found in the seeds of the thistle.

"Pop-pop-pop!" Witch hazel has joined the party of flying seeds and exploded with such force as to throw the seeds a long way as the pods burst open as if a plant firecracker were exploding. Another exploding seed plant is the Jimson weed, which grows plentifully in uncultivated land.

These seeds would form an interesting procession—airplanes, sailboats, sticktights, pepperboxes, starting with the maple seeds in the spring and ending with witch hazel seeds in the fall.—Selected

—M—

I am a rodent, on farmers I'm rough
My name spelled backwards is black sticky stuff.
Ans. rat, tar