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...MISSIONARY...



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A Birthday Gift

By Agnes Trimble

It was the very first cold day of winter. Thomas put on his new warm coat. It was maroon color with bright plaid. He also had a hat to match. He liked his coat. He picked it out at the store all by himself. Of course, Dad and Mother were along. They thought his choice was excellent. Thomas began to walk fast. He was almost at Robert's house. He ran up on the front porch and rang the doorbell.

Robert came to the door. "Come in and wait. I will be ready in a moment."

"That's a fine coat and hat you have," observed Robert's mother. "Thank you, Mrs. Jones," replied Thomas.

"Robert has a new one too," said Mrs. Jones. "His dad and I bought it to give to him on his birthday. But because it is so very cold today, we are letting him have his present early."

"When is his birthday?" asked Thomas.

"Saturday," replied Mrs. Jones. "He will be eight years old."

Soon Robert came out wearing a green and plaid coat made almost like the one Thomas was wearing. "I like your coat," complimented Thomas.

"Oh, thank you. It is my birthday present from Mother and Dad. Say, I like yours, too," remarked Robert. "They are made almost alike, aren't they?"

They got to school just in time to line up with the rest of the class. As they were marching in, Evert said, "I guess we spent too much time on the way comparing our coats. We were almost late."

"I don't like to be late," replied Thomas. "That's why I like to leave plenty early."

All that day Thomas kept thinking about what to give Robert for his birthday. He wanted to get something Robert would like, for Robert was his very best pal. He thought of model airplanes, a water color set, a book, but nothing seemed to be the right thing. "I will talk to Mother about it when I get home. She always has good ideas," thought Thomas.

Thomas rushed home after school. "Say, Moth-

er, guess what? Saturday is Robert's birthday. I want to give him a gift—something he will really like."

"That's fine," replied Mother. "What would you like to give him?"

"That's the whole trouble. I can't decide," answered Thomas. "How much do you want to pay for it?" questioned Mother.

"I never thought of that; I'll have to see how much money I have," said Thomas, starting for his room. He took his safe from the top of the chest, unlocked it, and counted his pennies, dimes, and quarters.

"How much do you have?" inquired Mother.

"I have one dollar and forty-three cents," replied Thomas. "Do you think I will be able to buy him something with that?"

"We can go to town and look around," suggested Mother. "I will give you seven more pennies. That will make one dollar and a half. Surely we can find something for that much."

"I don't want to give him a toy," volunteered Thomas. "He has all the toys he needs. I would like to give him something he can wear."

"That's a god idea," agreed Mother. "Shall we go to the department store? Maybe the clerk can give us some good suggestions."

The clerk showed them sweaters with gloves and hoods to match. "They are very nice," replied Thomas, "but they really cost more than I have to pay. Can you show me something for less?"

"How about this muffler and gloves to match? You can buy both for one dollar and forty-seven cents," suggested the clerk.

Thomas liked this suggestion better than any. But somehow the red color just didn't seem right. Robert's coat was green. "Do you have any green ones?" asked Thomas.

The clerk went through box after box. Then holding up a green set she said, "Is this the right shade?"

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Thoughts for You . . .

A bright new locomotive stands in the railroad yard. It is shiny and clean inside and out. It looks as if it could pull many cars along the track. But it can do nothing—unless someone builds a fire in the firebox to make steam. No matter how pretty it is, it will do no good without steam to drive it.

Many girls and boys are like a locomotive. They look nice and clean, but they need God in their lives to make them go. They need more than just fine looking clothes and clean bodies. They need to be steamed up and working for the Lord. There are ever so many things they can do for the Lord if they have the willingness to work for Him.

Think of the many cars of food and fuel one locomotive can haul if it has the steam to make it go. And think how much good one boy or girl may be able to do if they have the power of God in their lives. Don't be just a beautiful locomotive, be a useful one.

—M—

A BIRTHDAY GIFT

"Oh, yes, just what I want," replied Thomas. "Please wrap it up as a gift."

Counting out one dollar and forty-seven cents, he paid the clerk, took the gift, and said, "Thank you for helping me."

Next morning Thomas got up early. He put on his nice warm coat and hat and started out. At Robert's house Thomas rang the doorbell.

"Come in, Thomas," invited Robert.

"No, I do not have time. My mother wants me to go on an errand for her. This is for you." He gave the nicely wrapped package to Robert. On the outside was written: "Happy birthday to Robert from Thomas."

Robert looked at the package and read the note. "Oh, thanks, Bud!" exclaimed Robert. "Come back at noon and share my cake with me."—Little Pilgrim

g ago i . . . Y PILL-MAKERS By Chester Shuler

On the shores of the Malay Peninsula abound multitudes of industrious little crabs who make pills. The crabs themselves aren't much larger than a small pea, so of course their product is even tinier.

They are usually first noticed on the beaches after the going out of the tide, when they make the beach look as though it were covered with loose, powdery sand and holes of various sizes. Upon looking more closely, one can observe little paths which lead in the sand to each hole; also that the sand itself is in minute balls.

When a human being approaches a spot inhabited by these industrious little pill-makers, the sand takes on a peculiar twinkling appearance—the simultaneous rapid retreat of a myriad of the tiny creatures into their holes. Should the watcher take up his position near one of the holes and remain perfectly motionless, the crabs will come out in due time and he can observe them at work.

The crab is a cautious little fellow. It will come to the entrance of its hole and reconnoitre. If it is satisfied that no enemy is near, it will venture about its own length from its hiding place. Then it will rapidly pick up particles of sand in its claws and deposit them in a groove beneath its thorax.

In a brief time, a tiny ball of sand comes out through its mouth. This is carefully laid to one side, and the process repeated, until the smooth beach is covered with pellets or pills.

Just why these little fellows work so hard at this seemingly useless task can best be imagined. However, the most logical explanation seems to be that it is their method of eating, and that in some strange manner, provided by their all-wise Creator, they extract from the sand some sort of nourishment for their tiny, industrious selves. Sel.

—M—

PENNY IN THE CAKE

By Karl S. Andrus

It was the first week of school. On Miss Evans' desk was a large cake. Miss Evans was giving a party so the children and the new students could become better acquainted.

"I have a surprise for you." Miss Evans told the class, and they all looked up expectantly, wondering what it could be. "I have wrapped a penny in waxed paper and put it between the layers of the cake. The boy or girl who gets it may choose his favorite seat in the classroom."

The children thought this was a grand idea. Each began planning where he would like to sit if he were the lucky one to get the penny. There were many nice places to sit in Miss Evans' room. It would be fun by the aquarium where you could

watch the fish. It would be nice by the flower shelf, too.

"Before I cut the cake," Miss Evans said, "I want you to meet our new student. His name is Tommy Akers. Will you stand up, Tommy?"

Tommy stood up rather timidly. He did not know any of the children, and he felt a bit strange standing up in front of them. When he sat down, Miss Evans began cutting the cake.

"Jane and Julia, would you like to help pass the cake around?" She cut the cake and put the pieces on pretty paper plates. Jane and Julia passed the cake to everyone; then each one took his paper fork and parted the layers, hoping to find the penny.

"I have it," shouted Lester. He excitedly unwrapped the penny and held it up.

Miss Evans smiled. "Now, Lester, which seat do you choose?"

Lester looked all around the room. He thought about each of the nice places to sit. Then he noticed Tommy, the new boy sitting in the back of the room. "It must be lonely to be a new boy at school," Lester thought. Then he had an idea.

"Miss Evans," he said, "could I give the penny to Tommy? He's new here and he might have a special place he'd like to sit."

"I think that would be very nice," Miss Evans said. "You may give the penny to Tommy, and he may choose where he wants to sit."

Lester handed the penny to Tommy. Tommy thanked him and looked all around the room. He felt very happy to think Lester had given him the penny.

"Where would you like to sit?" Miss Evans asked him. Tommy stood up. He looked at the quarium, then at the flower shelf. He thought it would be nice to sit by the table where the toys were kept. But he did not choose any of these places.

"Could I sit by Lester?" he asked.—Selected.

—M—

SOMETHING TO PONDER

1. The story is told of a boy who hated church. His parents could not get him to attend a service or go to church school without much argument. Even then he went with an unwilling spirit and a scowling face. Then the family moved to a small western mining town where his father was to serve as an overseer. He was thrilled when he heard that the town contained no church. He dreamed of being free from church restrictions, of doing as he pleased, of climbing mountains, of hunting on Sabbath mornings. When they were settled in their new home, however, his dreams began to lose their glamour. The other fellows in the town weren't interested in mountain climbing. They drank and frequented the poolroom, where they gambled. They spoke crude, rough English. They had little knowledge of books,

music, world events. There were no recreation centers except the taverns. There was no public library. The high school was small and ill-equipped. Before he realized it, he was wishing for a church! The church, he finally concluded, had a way of coloring a town, of raising its standards, of making it decent. And in so doing, the church was helping all persons in the town. In time, "the boy who hated church" was instrumental in getting the mission board to establish a church in the mining town.

2. The church helps us directly as well as indirectly. It is the only organization that touches a person throughout his entire life. The public school reaches a person for six (eight, or twelve years). The Scouts contact a boy for perhaps four or five years. Other clubs, lodges, institutions, keep in touch with a person for varied periods of time. But the church influences a child before it is born, through its parents; it dedicates the infant; it leads him through church school; it makes him want to be a church member; it gives him friends; it offers him a trained adviser and helper (the pastor); it gives him spiritual strength through worship; it comforts him in times of trouble; it gives him help when he needs it; it marries him; it trains his children; it offers the final words of comfort at his tomb.—Young People's Friend

—M—

HIS OWN

Once a servant came to a great man and told him that a little boy was outside and wished to see him.

The man was very busy, so he shook his head and said, "I am very busy. Tell the child to come some other day to see me."

The servant went away, but returned soon and said, "The child insisted that he must see you. He said he was sure you would want to see him. He refuses to go away."

The gentleman was ready to say, "Send him away," but thought for a moment. "What is the name of the child?" he asked the servant.

The man smiled and told him the name of the child. Immediately he ordered the child brought to him. It was his own little boy, and no matter how busy he was, he wanted to have time for his own son. That boy belonged to him and he must never be too busy to take care of him.

Just so, when we belong to God, and are His own children through Jesus our Savior, we can be sure that He will take care of us. When the children of Israel were ready to cross the Red Sea and the army of Pharaoh was pressing in on them, God made a way for their escape. He placed the cloud of protection between them and their enemies while they were crossing the Red Sea, while the others were kept in darkness, troubled and finally drowned in the sea.—Sel.



FOR
JUNE 25, 1949

Lesson Material: Matthew 28:16-20.

Memory Verse: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matthew 28:19.

Jesus' Last Command

The disciples went with Jesus. They learned many things from Him. He taught them to heal the sick and give sight to the blind, with faith in God. They loved Jesus. They called Him, Master. They traveled over rough roads with Him to teach and preach to others.

When Jesus was taken from them and hung on the cross, the disciples were so very sad they were sure they would not know what to do. But Jesus stayed in the tomb only three days and three nights as He had said.

Jesus arose from the tomb and was seen by His loving disciples several times. Once when they were fishing Jesus called to them and told them where to cast their nets. They did as He directed and the nets were full of fish. One time when they were in a closed room Jesus came into their midst and talked with them.

Just after Jesus came forth from the tomb He sent word to the disciples to go into Galilee and He would meet them there. When they saw Him they fell down and worshipped Him. Jesus said, "All power is given me in heaven and in earth. Go therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Jesus left a great work in the hands of His disciples and all who are His disciples even today must carry on this work for Jesus.

Do You Remember?

1. What Jesus taught the disciples?
2. Whom the disciples called Master?
3. Why the disciples had been sad?
4. How long Jesus was in the tomb?
5. How He helped them catch fish?
6. Where they were to meet Jesus?
7. What Jesus told them to do?
8. Who His disciples are?

Long ago in Palestine goatskins were used as waterbags.

Every Christian is a missionary.—Geo. L. Mackay

If we would live better, we must seek to become better.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Jezebel was a wicked queen. What prophet hid one hundred prophets in a cave to escape her wrath?

—M—



KNOW YOUR BIBLE FATHERS

I am a father who was willing to sacrifice my son.

I am the father of the man who led Israel into Canaan.

My son built the most beautiful temple.

My son was the first king of Israel.

My son was a friend to my enemy.

My favorite son was the ruler of Egypt.

Ans. Abraham; Nun; David; Kish; Saul; Jacob.
M. J. B.

—M—

The Latin version, called "The Vulgate" was made into the first book ever printed.

A man is poor not because he has nothing, but because he does nothing.

Bad habits must be slain or they will slay you.

Diamond, composed chiefly of carbon is the hardest natural substance.