

JESUS

Helps a Family

By Florence Duncan Long

"Mother said we should feed the lambs before we eat our breakfast, Ben," called Dorcas to her sleepy, little brother.

"All right, I'm coming," Ben said, as he slowly followed her out into the bright, early sunshine.

The sky was a beautiful blue. Birds were singing their happy morning songs, and the little lambs were happy to see their friends. They rubbed their soft noses against the children's hands, and seemed to be saying thank-you for the food and fresh water they brought them.

Ben sat down on a little bench and played with his favorite lamb. Dorcas said, "We had better go into the house now, for it is time to get ready for school."

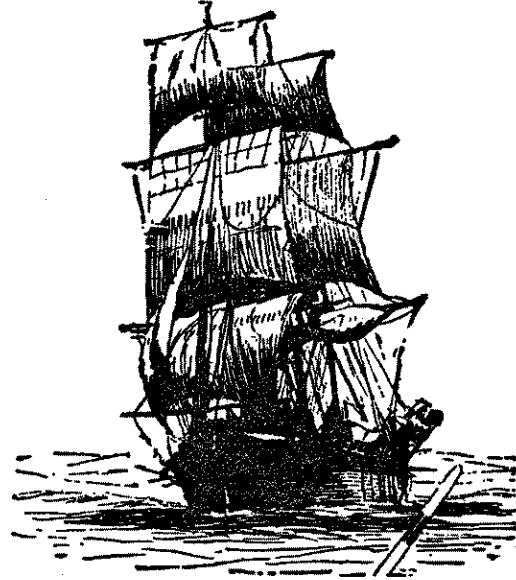
"I don't want to go to school today," said Ben. "I can't learn the one-hundredth Psalm. The teacher said we must know all of it today, and I only know two verses. It is hard for me."

"I'll help you," answered Dorcas. "I learned it last year. We are learning the first Psalm in school now, and it is much harder. I like to learn the psalms. When father reads them in the evening as we have our prayers, it is nice to know every word."

Dorcas and Ben went to the synagogue school in the village. Ben liked to read—he really enjoyed everything in school, but learning the psalms seemed like real work to him.

Their father, Philip, was a fisherman. He owned a small boat, and every night he went out on the lake with other men to fish. He sold them in the market place to earn money for his family. Their kind mother, Martha, took care of the small home. Dorcas and Ben helped her with the garden and with the lambs.

Ben and Dorcas started for the house. Ben said "Dorcas, why are Father and Mother so quiet? They do not laugh as they did. And do you see how Mother watches the food, not one scrap extra is left over for our pets."



Dorcas answered, "I think they are worried. When Father came home from fishing yesterday morning, Mother asked, 'Was the fishing better last night?' And Father answered, 'No, we did not catch any fish in our nets. It has been a long time now since we have had even a few fish. It is hard to work all night, and come home empty handed.' "

The children ran quickly into the house. Martha, their mother, said, "Here is your breakfast waiting for you. Let us thank the heavenly Father for taking care of us. Then when you have eaten, it will be time to go to school."

Ben looked out the door and said, "Here comes Father." Both children ran to meet him. He looked different this morning. He took each child by the hand and walked quickly into the house. Martha was waiting for them at the door, with her usual kind smile.

Philip, the father, said "Martha, a wonderful thing happened last night. As we were washing our nets, Jesus came to the shore. He got into Simon's boat and sat down to rest. But there was a great crowd of people following Him. So He talked to them and taught them many things.

"When he had finished talking and the people had gone, he said to us, 'Go out where the water is deep and let down your nets.' Simon answered, 'Master, we have caught no fish for many nights, but if you tell us to, we will let down our nets.' "

(Continued on page two)

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.

Thoughts for You . . .

We like our Bibles. Each child and adult who owns their own Bible should never be ashamed of it. People have not always had so many Bibles. Long ago those who owned Bibles had to keep them hidden so they would not be taken and burned.

About one hundred and fifty years ago a man named Voltaire said, "It took twelve men to establish Christianity. I will show the world that one man can pull it to pieces. In one hundred years the Bible will not be read or printed anymore."

The one hundred years is up and today the Bible is the best seller of all the books being printed. There is one Bible printed every six seconds, day and night, the year through. That means 11 Bibles every minute, and 16,377 every year.

When we think of all these Bibles we wonder why there need be one person who does not know about Jesus. Yet there are many who don't know and others who never open their Bibles to study the Word.

Let us help others to love their Bibles and to read them to see what God wishes His children to do. Read your Bible.

—M—

JESUS HELPS A FAMILY

So we went out in our boats where the water was deep and let down the nets, and there were so many fish in them we could hardly bring them up to our boats. In fact, men from other boats had to come and help us.

"When we got back to shore we fell to our knees to thank him and some of the men followed him. I hurried home to tell you the good news. Is he not a good friend to help us in every need?"

Martha's eyes were filled with tears of happiness, and she answered, "Indeed he is. Now when you have sold the fish, we can pay the money we owe to our neighbor Obed, and we can buy the things we need for the children.

As they sat down to eat their breakfast, Philip said, "Let us eat our meal with thankful hearts. Dorcas, will you lead us in saying the one-hundredth Psalm, for we do want to 'make a joyful noise unto the Lord.' "

Ben whispered to Dorcas, "I'll learn the one hundredth Psalm, if you will help me, Sister."

—Young Pilgrim

—M—

RELIABLE BOY WANTED

By Anna Belle Edwards

For the first time in three years the stores were making an effort to deliver orders. In spite of the fact that many men had returned from military service, it was not easy to find people who wanted to serve as errand boys. At last Mr. Truscott decided to advertise for some one to help him.

"Boy Wanted." Thus said the ad he inserted in the morning paper. Twenty-five boys trooped in to answer the call. Some came pushing and jostling to be first when the manager was ready to begin interviews.

A waste basket, placed beside the desk, was pushed around until it was on the other side of the room. Some boys neglected to remove their caps, some came with muddy shoes; some talked loudly and boastfully. One had come so quickly that his face was unwashed and his hair uncombed. Another had put on his best clothes to make a good impression but had left his finger nails dirty.

To members of the office force it seemed a hopeless task to select one from this crowd who would be a boy Mr. Truscott could trust and whom he would be glad to have his business associates know was doing errands from his office.

A lad who had remained in the background picked up the traveling waste basket and returned it to the desk. He then returned to his place in line to await his turn to be questioned. When he stepped up to the desk he answered clearly and courteously. The manager noticed that he was neat and clean although his clothing was plain. There was no mud on his shoes, his cap was in his hand, and there were no cigarette stains on his fingers.

"You may report tomorrow morning," the manager told him.

An assistant, sitting near, asked the manager, "How could you decide among so many?"

"That was easy," was the reply. "In the first place, that boy was neat and clean when he came, he entered without disorder, removed his cap, left no tracks, showed no signs of cigarette smoking, was not selfish in trying to gain attention out of turn, showing orderly habits in restoring the waste basket to its place. Mr. Truscott would be proud to send a boy like that on an errand to his friends and customers." —Young Crusader

Your Letters

FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Friends:

I have been wanting to write a letter to you for a long time. My Mother is writing for me as I will not go to school until next fall. I will tell her what I want to say to you.

Since I wrote before we have moved from Stanberry to Fairview where Daddy is the pastor of the church. I like it here and have many new friends.

"Janie," my cat, had three more kittens. She died, and I have to take care of the orphans. My dog, Shorg, tries to help me.

I like Sabbath School very much. Mrs. Vona Noble is my teacher.

It rains a lot here and some tornadoes came pretty close. But God helped us and didn't let us get hurt.

I would like to see all of you. Maybe I can at Camp meeting. I hope I can go.

The dog which I mentioned is just a pup now and likes to chew on about everything, even the kittens. It keeps me busy running inside and outside to see if they are alright.

Daddy reads to us in the evening from the Bible. I liked the stories of Queen Esther, Daniel, David, and Ruth and Naomi.

I sang two songs at "Singspiration" last Saturday night. I am learning a new one now named, "The Bible Tells of Jesus."

I wish some more of you would write letters to the Missionary.

Your Friend,

Lorraine Anita Faubion

(We were glad to get your letter, Lorraine. We wondered if you had forgotten to write about your new home. What a busy time you have with the dog and the kittens. Plan to sing for us when you come to camp meeting.)

* * * *

FROM OREGON

Dear Missionary Readers:

We, the Loyal Junior Class, decided to say hello to the rest of the readers.

We have an average attendance of ten, and our ages range from eight to twelve years. Our teacher is Doris Grantham. We like the lessons in this quarterly. The blanks are fun, and teach us, too. Our teacher reads us stories that are told by Grandmother True.

Oregon is a nice state and we find plenty to do to help our parents during the summer. Our school closed this week with a picnic.

We will close for this time.

With Christian love,

The Loyal Juniors Harrisburg, Oregon

(What a nice class for Doris to teach and what a good teacher you have. It sounds as though you are loyal juniors to your parents as well as to your class. Let us hear from you again and from more classes.)

—M—

MAKE-BELIEVE FLOWERS

By Audrey O'Connor

When is a flower not a flower? That may seem to be quite a strange question. It is not, though, for quite often what seems to be a flower is really something else.

Plants which grow from seeds usually have bright-colored flowers so that bees and other insects will see them easily and will come to sip the sweet nectar from them. The plants need these visits from the insects, because that is the way that pollen is sent from one plant to another. Of course, the wind carries pollen from one flower to another for some of the plants, but most of them must wait for the insect messengers.

There are several plants which need the help of insects but were forgotten when bright blossoms were given out. So these plants make up for lack of flowers by painting some of their leaves vivid colors.

You have seen many pictures of poinsettias if you have not seen a real growing plant and you know how red and attractive the "flower" is. But the poinsettia flower is not a blossom at all. It is just the end leaves of the stalk which turn such a startling bright red when it is time for the plant to bloom. Yes, there are flowers but you will scarcely notice them unless you look very carefully. That tiny bunch of greenish buds right in the center of the red leaves is all the flower the poinsettia can claim.

Very strangely, nearly all plants which produce brilliant leaves such as the poinsettia does, choose bright red as the color. However, a lovely vine which grows in tropical climates has chosen a beautiful lilac shade. This is the bougainvillea, which is much too long and clumsy a name for such a gay, graceful vine. These flowers are just as much make-believe ones as those of the poinsettia, and the true bloom hides down in the center—just a dull yellow little bit that no bee would ever look at once, much less a second time.

The flaming salvia pretends, too. While it does have red flowers, it advertises them by painting several of the leaves along the end of the shoot bright pink or red.

These bright leaves are commonly called flowers, but it is a good idea to remember that they are not really blossoms, but just make-believe flowers that the plant grows to let its pollen carriers know where the real flowers are.—The Young Crusader.



FOR
JULY 2, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalms 33:12; 67; 100.

Memory Verse: "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing."—Psalms 100:2.

The Songbook Of Bible Times

We like to sing. When we go to church we all join in singing songs of praise to God. This is one way in which we can show our thankfulness to Him for all the good things He sends us. When we sing songs of praise we worship God.

Long ago they did not have song books such as we use today. But the people sang to God. When they felt happy and thankful they just sang what they felt in their hearts.

David sang as he watched the sheep. He saw so many things to sing about. He sang of the hills, the stars, the trees and flowers and about God's loving care. His songs have been sung by many people. We can find them in the book of Psalms. This book is called the songbook of the Bible.

David played a harp. He played so sweetly that King Saul asked him to live at the palace and play for him. When King Saul felt blue or out-of-sorts he would call for David and his harp. David's music would soothe him and he would feel better.

Many of the gospel songs we sing today were taken from the words of David's Psalms. God is pleased when we worship Him with our voices by singing our thanks.

Do You Remember?

1. Why we sing?
2. Long ago songs of the people?
3. What shepherd sang?
4. What David sang about?
5. Where we can find David's songs?
6. Which book of the Bible is called a songbook?
7. What instrument David played?
8. Who asked David to play for him?
9. Our memory verse?

—————M—————

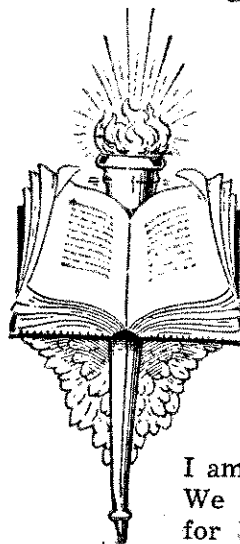
It isn't the heaviness of the load that counts, but the way you carry it.

SYMBOL OF UNITY

One of the first objects seen by soldiers and sailors returning from Europe, is the Statue of Liberty.

More than a quarter of a million people each year take a boat from the Battery in New York to Bedloe's Island to ride in the elevator the 141 feet from the ground to the top of the pedestal on which Miss Liberty stands. From that point, ascending and descending spiral staircases of 168 steps carry one to the crown. Ladders are provided for the use of the men who take care of the thirteen 1000-watt lamps that shine out through the flame colored-stained-glass of the
(Continued below "Know Your Bible")

—————M—————



KNOW YOUR BIBLE

I am..... was my wife,
We were chased from the garden
for life.

I am a tentmaker named.....

I was helped by my wife,

....., my wife, loved our younger son.

While I,, loved the older one.

I saw a vision, my name is

My son was Samuel, my wife was

Ans: Adam and Eve; Aquila and Priscilla;
Rebekah and Isaac; Elkanah and Hannah. M. J. B.

—————M—————

torch. The little tablet held in the left hand bears the date, July 4, 1776.

The statue was a gift of the people of France though the pedestal was provided by the United States. Dedication took place in October, 1886. The artist who designed the monument, Auguste Bartholdi, selected the site for Miss Liberty's home. The visitors to New York will want to add the Statue to the list of places to be visited.—Sel.