



A Sleigh Ride to Church

By Wendell Stewart

Ralph had recently passed his final exams for his first year at high-school, and he appeared to be in perfect form to play with the foot-ball team the following season. His light blue eyes and brown hair contrasted well with the way he carried his five foot eleven figure, erect as a soldier.

Ralph stepped to his Grandfather's side. Grandfather was sitting close by the radio in his large easy chair. The old man still showed the signs of vigor and strength that he had at one time possessed. His long silver white beard spread fan wise over his chest, and his shirt sleeves being rolled back showed plainly the slack muscles that had once been sinewy and strong. Removing the glasses from his nose, the old man turned the radio low, and inquired in a somewhat firm voice.

"Ralph my boy, what are you looking so angry about?" His Grandson shrugged his wide shoulders, and looking not a bit pleasant inquired in a rather dejected tone. "Grandfather, when you were a young fellow, did you have to attend Sabbath School regularly?"

Carefully placing his spectacles upon the radio, the old man answered.

"You bet I did Son! And I was always well pleased when Sabbath morning came."

Ralph then eased himself in to a nearby chair and complained, "Well, Grandfather! Dad just told me to be sure to be up in time to attend church in the morning. I don't understand why I can't sleep, because I've been a regular attendant at church for a number of years, and now I should be allowed to miss once in a while, don't you think so Grandfather?"

A glint of determination seemed to spark in the old man's eyes as he straightened up in his chair, and looked at his Grandson. "Ralph," he said. "I have a little story I would like to tell you, so if you will get my slippers for me, then

I will tell it to you before I retire."

Ralph hurried to the closet for the slippers, and returned before his Grandfather had finished removing his shoes. The lad politely knelt and placed the slippers on his Grandparent's feet. The old fellow thanked him kindly, then tried to straighten out his stiff bent knees, as he began his story.

"Son, when I was a young lad, I was raised far out in the back wilderness, which was four miles from the nearest neighbor, and seven miles from the village and only church. My sisters, brother and I eagerly looked forward for Sabbath morning to come, for then we would arise earlier than usual to do the chores, and go to church in the large farm wagon. Mother and Father would sit on the narrow wagon seat, while we children would huddle in the straw on the wagon floor, as it rumbled and bounced along. Those days we didn't stay in church just a couple of hours like today. No sir, Ralph! Instead each family took a large basket of food along with them, and after the morning services, the people would prepare and eat a lunch from their baskets, and church would continue well into the late afternoon. And son, I always sat alert, listening to every word the minister spoke; as I knew that God had many strange powers and I wanted to learn more about Him.

During the long journey home, Mother and Father would discuss the minister's fine sermon, and I often asked my brother and sisters to be quiet so that I could hear what my parents were saying. Up to the time I became seventeen years of age, I hadn't missed attending a Sabbath at church since I was three years old. We braved the fiercest storms, and forced our way through the high snow-drifts, but we always managed to get there somehow, even though we were late a few times.

"Son if you will kindly get me a glass of water, I will tell you about something that happened to

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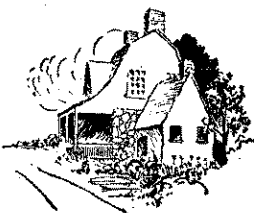
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EDITORIAL

Dear Little Readers:



DO YOU have a favorite spot? A place where you like to go to be alone? I once knew a little boy who loved to climb into the apple tree and just dream or plan or read. Whenever his

mother wished him to go on an errand or to come in for a meal, she went to the old apple tree and called, knowing he would be there.

Maybe your favorite spot is just a certain chair in which you can scoot into a reclining position and read the hours away. Whatever you choose, and most everyone has a favorite spot, why not write a letter or a small poem about it to be printed in our paper? Whether it is a place to play, study, read or just be alone we would be glad to hear about it.

Let's see who will be the first to send in a short poem or letter about, "My Favorite Spot."

—M—

A SLEIGH RIDE TO CHURCH

me one morning on my way to church. . . Thank you very much Ralph, I was very thirsty."

Well, when I became sixteen years of age, my father gave me a fine spirited black colt that had never been driven, and I was very proud and fond of it. One Sabbath morning the snow was lying heavily upon the ground, and the wind was blowing into a fierce gale. Somehow I had taken longer than usual grooming my colt, therefore long before I had finished my chores, my father had the team hitched to the big wagon, ready to start for church.

However, my father hoping to teach us a lesson, drove away leaving my brother and me to finish the chores. That being the first Sabbath I was going to miss attending church, since I was three years old, caused me to grieve very much. While I was busy feeding the stock a plan formed in my

mind; so calling my brother I related my scheme to him, and we hurried to complete our work. In a very short while we were finished and ready to depart for church also.

While my brother firmly held the colt by the bridle, I hitched it to the bob-sled. By the way it was pawing and prancing about, we knew that the colt was ready for action. When I was sure that everything was securely fastened, I stepped then I called to my brother to release the colt. He champed on his bit a few times, and upon discovering that he was free to go; shook his head and made a fast running dash. By brother being on the alert, grasped at the sled as we sped past. The frightened colt raced on in a swift rush over the snow covered road, as the sled swayed dangerously from side to side.

While I stood up in the sled holding tightly to the reins, the wind and snow hit my face causing a fierce sting. Seeing the sharp curve in the road just a short distance ahead, caused me to wonder if we would get around it safely. I realized that if we did the drive would then be safer. I also wondered how my brother was faring, but I dared not chance looking around to see. Quickly it seemed as though the curve was racing to meet us, so to be safer I lowered myself onto my knees, and then the snow from the colt's heels came flying into my face, almost blinding me.

Suddenly we came upon the curve, the sled skidded around like the crack of a whip, I grasped the side and held on hoping for the best. The sled skidding sideways hit upon a rough place on the road, which caused it to raise up on one runner, almost ready to topple over, It seemed a long time that the sled was balancing recklessly on the one runner, and I was deciding to jump when it finally settled back upon both runners. Even though there wasn't any slack in the speed, I had a chance to glance about, and saw we were well past the curve, but the nervous animal was still trying desperately to free himself from the sled.

We continued upon our way, the colt in a white lather was breathing heavily, but by that time I was having more confidence in myself, and thought how surprised father would be when he saw us driving the colt to church. We rode along smoothly until we came to a steep grade, then suddenly without warning, the sled slid cross ways of the road, and before I could decide what to do, it upset and threw the colt from his feet.

After I collected my senses, I realized the sled was lying heavily on my arm. I felt a severe pain and tried to release my arm but my efforts were useless. Looking about I saw my brother faithfully holding the colt. Then I thought of how we were going to miss church after all; so for-

getting my pain, I closed my eyes and prayed to God, to help us.

My brother called to me to lie still, and he would soon come to my rescue. Like an experienced horse-man he unhitched the colt from the sled, and the frightened animal quickly regained its feet. In a few seconds, my brother had the colt tied to a near-by tree and came to help me. Lifting and forcing he managed to raise the heavy sled off my arm. When I got to my feet I noticed that the blood was flowing down my arm; my brother removed my coat and deftly applied a make-shift bandage over the long, deep cut. Here is the scar.

After replacing my coat, I assisted my brother with one arm to upright the sled and hitch the colt again. He managed the reins and we were swiftly upon our way. While I was lying helpless upon the ground, I was worrying more about not attending church than I was about my injured arm. Then I realized that God surely answered my prayer.

The last few miles, the colt slowed down to a fast trot. When we came to the church yard my brother managed to guide the frightened animal toward the wide wagon shed, where the colt stopped still.

Tying the colt securely, I looked toward the church entrance, where I saw my sisters entering the door. We were not late for services, in spite of the accident. As the blood had soiled my sleeve, I removed my coat, neatly folded it over my arm to conceal the blood, and we entered the church.

During the services I noticed that Father was looking around at us with a surprised expression, probably wondering how we had made our way to church. Then my attention became attracted by the Minister's words. "You are never helpless as long as you can pray." How true, I realized those words proved to me.

When the morning Services ended, Father hurried to us inquiring how we had made our way to church. When I told him of driving the colt and injuring my arm, he became so alarmed that he immediately went for aid. The village was not large enough to maintain a Doctor. Father summoned the Veterinarian who was attending church. Leaving the lunch his wife was preparing from their basket, he attended my injured arm. The pain was very severe from the crude way he stitched the wound, but I didn't complain as I knew he was doing his best to help me.

Father wouldn't trust my brother to drive the colt home. He drove the wagon while my Father and I went swiftly ahead with the colt.

Now you understand, Son, why I always like to attend church. Well Son, I believe that I'll retire now."

When the old man had climbed half way up the

stairway, Ralph called to him. "Grandfather, I understand now, what you mean. Will you please call me in the morning, so that I won't be late for church?"—Selected

—M—



JIMMY JOHNSON'S DAD

Jimmy Johnson's daddy is an awful lot of fun,
He's a peacherino pitcher and can hit a real
home run,
I know my dad could play as well, but when I
ask him to,
He's always awful busy and got something else
to do.

Jimmy Johnson's daddy knows a lot of dandy
games,
And he plays 'em with us fellers, and he don't
call Jimmy "James."
I'll bet my dad knows things that's fun for
fellers, too,
But he's always busy and got something
else to do.

Some kid's dads seem glad to have a chance to
play with boys,
And even when they're readin', they don't mind
a little noise.
I'll bet my dad could beat 'em all, if he just only
knew
How I miss him when he's busy and got some-
thing else to do. —Author Unknown

—M—

FASTER THAN BY TELEGRAPH

How swiftly God speeds the answer to prayer!
It is the swiftest thing known to man. When they
were putting up the telegraph wires in the Shet-
land Islands a few years ago, a keen man of busi-
ness turned to a boy in the crowd, and said, "What
a wonderful thing! When those wires are com-
pleted you will be able to send a message through
to Aberdeen, many miles away, and get an answer
back in twenty minutes."

"I do not see anything wonderful in that,"
answered the boy.

"Do you know of anything more wonderful?"
asked the surprised man.

"I should think I do," said the boy. "I have
heard of people getting an answer before they
sent their message."

"Why, boy, what do you mean by that? How
could it be?"

"I have read in the Bible, "It shall come to
pass that, before they call, I will answer; and
while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—Sel.

—M—

Remember enough of the past to profit by
mistakes.

Our Lesson Study.

March 19, 1949

Lesson Material: Luke 11:1-4

Memory Verse: "Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11:1.

Learning to Pray

When Jesus was here on this earth, He spent much time in prayer. Many times He went to a mountain or into a desert place to pray. He needed strength and He got His power and strength from God. One day as He was praying in a certain place, the disciples came to Him and said, "Lord, teach us to pray."

Jesus said, "When you pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name." We are to pray to the heavenly Father. We are to hold God's name in reverence. "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth." We are to pray for God's Kingdom to come to this earth, for we want to live in a place that is as peaceful as heaven.

"Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins, as we forgive others." Jesus told the disciples that God knows our every need, even before we ask Him. We must forgive those who sin against us, if we would have God forgive us for our sins.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Here Jesus tells the disciples that they should pray that God will help them to overcome all their temptations. God is the only One who can help us when we are tempted.

"For thine is the Kingdom, and the Power and the Glory, forever." The Kingdom belongs to God and He has all the Power to do all things in heaven and in earth. We should give God all the Glory for He is the One who has made the earth and all things that are in the world.

This is called the Lord's prayer. It is a good example of how we should pray to our Heavenly Father. But we are not expected to pray this prayer and never pray any other. We are to pray from our hearts and God will hear. Even a few words said in a prayerful way from a sincere heart please God.

Do You Remember?

1. Where Jesus spent much time?
2. What the disciples asked Jesus?
3. To whom we should pray?
4. How we should feel toward God's name?
5. Whose will shall be done on earth?
6. Why we should forgive others?
7. Who will deliver us from temptation?

8. To whom the Kingdom belongs?
9. To whom we give all glory?
10. The Lord's prayer?
11. The memory verse?

SWIMMING BUGS

Water bugs live in streams and ponds. There are many kinds and all are interesting. One is the "water skater" which really seems to skate over the water with hardly a ripple. It has a long narrow body and six spidery legs. He steers with the hind pair while the middle pair are used as oars. The front pair seize any little bit of food that gets in the way.

The "black-swimmer" scuttles through the water upside down. Its stomach is covered with fine hairs, with which it can hang from the pond surface. Its back is a glistening white and it has brilliant red eyes.

—Agnes C. Wonsou Sel.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.



Study
Your
Bible

We are two little which were used to fill
Five thousand people upon a green hill.

We are five smooth, taken from a brook,
David used but one of us; a giant's life he took.

I'm a little linen given by a mother;

I'm worn for only one year and then she makes
another.

I am a gift, put on the Savior's head,

Some said I should be given to the poor, instead.

Use these words to fill the blanks; stones, ointment; coat; fish.

M. J. B.

Dime- a month club January 1949 Peter Nil-
sen—

Prayer must carry all our works as well as
our preaching.