

# SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARY

Volume 64

Stanberry, Missouri, March 21, 1949

Number 12

## *The* BETTER PRIZE

By Anne Phillips Miller

Tommie and Janie Monroe entered their yard after seeing Dick Hudson's prize steer. They gazed fondly over the fence at Minnie, the little heifer they were planning to enter at the county fair. Tommie shook his head. "Minnie is a nice little animal, but she hasn't a chance to win a blue ribbon!"

"Why hasn't she?" Janie asked indignantly.

"Because she hasn't grown enough. Just look at her!"

"I think she is a little beauty," Janie defended.

Tommie didn't say anything more. He could have cried if it would have helped, but he knew that it would take more than being sorry to help Minnie win any kind of prize.

The day finally came for the trip into Fairview to the county fair. Tommie and Janie had not solved the problem of how to make Minnie more beautiful and larger. She was loaded into the truck while Tommie watched with sad eyes. "I am glad she doesn't know about this," he thought as she stroked her thin sides. "It isn't her fault she hasn't grown any larger."

Janie ran out and climbed in beside Minnie. Tommie wondered if animals didn't sometimes understand about things like having to grow enough to win ribbons at a county fair.

Minnie nibbled on the hay stacked in beside her and glanced about uneasily. "Everything is going to be all right, old dear," Janie said softly, "you surely should win some kind of a nice ribbon."

"Don't tell her that or she will be disappointed when she doesn't win," Tommie teased.

"I don't care," Janie protested, "I'll love her more than any cow in the world even if she never wins!"

The fair grounds were crowded when Tommie and Janie led Minnie to the booth allotted them. There were many entries and Tommie noticed that none compared to Dick's fat steer.

"Hello, I am glad you are going to be next to me," Dick called gaily. "I don't know any of the other exhibitors. Is there any way I may help you get settled?"

"No, thanks," Tommie said shortly. He suddenly didn't like Dick. "Minnie isn't any trouble," he added.

"She is a pretty little thing," Dick complimented. "You have done a lot for her. She was such a skinny little runt when she was born."

Anger flared up inside Tommie's heart. Dick didn't have to be so—smug! Tommie thought bitterly.

"Here they come!" Dick suddenly shouted when the judges could be seen making their way along the stalls. Blue and yellow ribbons were flying in their hands. "Whom do you think will win?" Dick asked. "It would mean a lot to me if my steer does. Mr. Freeman said if he did, I may have him as my very own!"

"I almost hope Dick's steer wins," Janie whispered. "He is an orphan and we do have our parents."

Standing there in the warm sunshine and the friendly talk of friends and neighbors, Tommie suddenly remembered how important it was to be a good loser and he echoed Janie's wish in his heart. He had been wrong to want Minnie to win the blue ribbon when Dick's steer deserved to win and it meant so much to Dick. He wanted to rush over and tell him how sorry he was, but realized that Dick didn't know about his wrong thoughts. He looked over and grinned at Dick, pushing back his tears. "Your steer will win," he promised. "He is far the best looking of them all!"

Suddenly the judges were entering Dick's booth looking busy and friendly. All at once the steer began to bellow madly and paw the ground, making a dash toward one of the men. "We had better let this fellow cool off," Tommie heard one of them say as they started to enter Minnie's booth.

"No, wait!" Tommie called to them, flying into Dick's booth, getting the steer by his halter and holding him fast. "Come back," he pleaded. "I am sure you will think he is the best steer," he promised.

Continued on page 2

## The Sabbath School Missionary

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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 in the Post Office at Stanberry, Missouri, as second class matter.

## EDITORIAL

Hello Little Friends:

Have you noticed the springy feeling in the air these days? We had so much ice and snow it seemed spring would never arrive, then just overnight things happen. You wake up to a new world. The snow is gone and green places are showing on the lawn, the trees are budded and even some of the little songsters are back to make music while they work at nest building. I heard a tiny wren just a few days ago and this morning I couldn't mistake the sweet call of the meadowlark.

If you have ever watched birds building their nests or hunting for food for their hungry brood, perhaps you have noticed how they stop and sing after each little task is done. Sometimes I wonder if they don't show more thanks to God than we do. Are we so happy, that after each little bit of work we praise the Lord? And we really have so much to be thankful for. Let's try to show our thanks by being full of praise to our Heavenly Father.

A reminder: Don't forget to write that letter or poem about "My Favorite Spot." Be the first one to have yours printed.

—M—

### THE BETTER PRIZE

Soon the blue ribbon was tied securely to the steer's halter and Dick stood by with a smile of happiness on his face. "You are the best friend I ever had," he said gratefully.

Before Tommie could reply, another of the steers broke away and came charging among the people. Janie screamed when she saw a little girl standing directly in the steer's path. In the excitement, Tommie forgot to hold Minnie's halter for a second and she flew from her stall and started toward the street.

Tommie froze in terror when the little girl ran in front of Minnie's flying feet. He started after Minnie and just as she reached the child, she gave her a playful nudge with her nose and

tossed her into one of the half filled feed bins.

When the people saw what happened, there were cheers for Minnie. "Give her a blue ribbon," someone shouted and the mother of the child was standing by with her child in her arms, tears of joy in her eyes.

One of the judges came back smiling. "We have already presented the blue ribbon for the best entry," he said loudly, "and since this little cow isn't entitled to win one, I am sure you wouldn't want her to win unfairly would you?"

Silence filled the stalls and someone sighed softly. "Unfortunately there isn't a prize for the cow saving someone's life," the judge added, "but if there were one, she surely would win it this time!"

The people started clapping again when Minnie was led from her stall. "She really should have a prize ribbon," Janie defended. "Not many cows know how to save a life as she did today!"

"There is more than one kind of champ," Tommie said thoughtfully. "One kind is like Dick's handsome steer and one kind is like Minnie. Pretty is as pretty does. I like Minnie's kind best because a good disposition can last forever!"

Minnie turned out to be a good champ after all, and Tommie had won a new friend.—Selected

—M—

### JACK'S GOLDEN RULER

By Mable J. Baker

"I have a golden ruler," called Jack to his friend, Rita. "O, I know you are only fooling, Jack. I never heard of a golden ruler. Come and play."

"I will play with you, but watch out, for I may use my golden ruler on you," answered Jack.

Rita wondered about the golden ruler Jack kept talking about but she soon forgot it, as they played. Rita had a big swing in her yard. She always wanted to swing and have Jack push the swing. This worked fine for awhile, until Jack got tired and wanted to swing.

"Now it is my turn to swing, Rita." "No, Jack, it is my swing and so I can swing as long as I want to."

"Then I will go get my wagon and coast down the hill. But don't expect to take a ride in it." Jack ran home and got his big red wagon. He smiled as he sat there, guiding his wagon on the swift flight down the hill. Once he looked back and saw Rita standing there, looking sad and lonely.

At the foot of the hill Jack stopped and started back to the top. He suddenly remembered something. The golden ruler he had told Rita about. He had said he would use it on her, and here he needed it himself. Why had he forgotten so soon? Mother had read that to him just this morning.

When he came to the top of the hill, Rita had disappeared. Jack went to find her. He called

her name and when she finally answered, he said, "I'm sorry, Rita."

"But it is your wagon, Jack. You can do as you please with it." "It is my wagon, Rita. But I forgot something. I forgot to use my golden ruler."

"There you go, talking in riddles again."

"I really meant it. I have a golden ruler. I found it this morning when Mother was reading to me. She was reading from the Bible, and it said, 'Whatsoever you would have others do to you, do you even so to them.' Mother says that is the golden rule. I call it the golden ruler, because it is used to measure."

"I guess I needed the golden ruler used on me this morning when I wouldn't let you swing, Jack. I am sorry. Will you come over and play again?"

"Of course I will, and I will let you coast in my wagon. We will always remember to use our golden ruler, won't we?"

"Yes," cried Rita, "and when we are tempted to be selfish or mean, we will say, 'Remember the golden ruler.'"

#### FOUR PENNIES FOR HIM

Lucile Ridge

Diana was on her way to Sabbath School, feeling very happy. She wore the new red coat she had received for her birthday. In her new red purse was a bright, shiny fifty-cent piece. It was her birthday offering for Sabbath School. Diana had saved the pennies herself and that very morning her daddy had given her the half-dollar in exchange for them.

Each member of her class gave a birthday offering every year. The offerings were "Thank-You's" to Jesus for all of the blessings they had received from Him throughout the year.

Diana had more to be thankful for than many of her classmates. Her heart was singing a little song as she skipped along thinking how glad she was to give Him the offering she had saved.

As she went by the fruit shop, Diana saw a girl staring into the window filled with delicious fruit. The girl was pale and thin. She wore a shabby little sweater and her head was bare. Diana felt sorry for her, shivering there in the cold. As she passed by, the girl turned from the window and there were tears in her eyes.

Diana stopped. "What are you crying for?" she asked gently. The girl only shook her head and began to sob. "Please tell me; I want to help you," Diana urged.

Finally, the girl stopped crying and held out her hand. In it were four brown pennies. "They are all I have," she said, sadly, "and tomorrow is Mother's birthday—and she's sick. I wanted to

buy some grapes. Mother said she believed she could get well if she had some grapes, but these few pennies won't buy any," she added looking at the pennies with tears in her eyes.

Diana looked at the girl, then at the cluster of luscious grapes in the window. She thought of the shining piece of money in her red purse. It surely would buy a cluster of those delicious grapes for the girl's sick mother. But it was her birthday offering. Diana hesitated, but only for a moment. Then quickly she opened her red purse, and taking out the money, pressed it into the other child's hand. "Here," she said, "you can get a beautiful big bunch for this. Now early Monday morning you can come to the store and get them."

The girl looked at Diana through tears. "You're very good," she said. "I'll take your money if you'll take mine," she added, and she thrust the four pennies into Diana's hand.

Diana ran down the street toward the church. When she got there she began to feel ashamed of the four little brown pennies that were all she had to give. "It's too little for a birthday offering," she said to herself. The more she thought of it, the worse she felt. By the time she reached her classroom door, Diana was about to cry. She had given away her "Thank-You" to Jesus—now she had only four pennies for Him. He would think she didn't love Him.

She stood outside the door for a long time. She was standing there when Miss Field, her teacher, opened the door and saw her.

"Why, Diana, what is the matter?" she asked.

Slowly, Diana raised a puzzled face to Miss Field. Then she told of meeting the girl in front of the fruit shop.

"I wanted the sick lady to have the grapes. Now I have only four pennies to give Him for all the blessings He has given me last year," Diana said.

"Why, dear child!" said Miss Field, "you gave Him the gift He loves best of all. Do you remember where it says in His book, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me'? I think you made Jesus very happy by what you did."

Diana studied a moment, then a bright smile chased away her tears.

"Oh, Miss Field, I never thought of that. I'm so glad I gave her my Thank-You money!"

Junior Challenge, Selected

—M—

Once a king had a dream. In the morning he could not remember the dream, but wished to know what it was and the meaning of it. He demanded his magicians to interpret the dream. God revealed the dream and the meaning of it to Daniel. Who was the king? Daniel 2.

# Our Lesson Study.

FOR MARCH 26, 1949

Lesson Material: Luke 7:1-10.

Memory Verse: "Let us do good unto all men."  
Gal. 6:10.

## Jesus' Kindness To A Foreigner

Jesus was kind and loving to everyone. One day when He was in Capernaum, a group of men came to Him. They were Jewish elders and they came to ask Him to heal a certain centurion's servant. They said, "This man is worthy to be healed. He loves our nation and has built us a synagogue."

Jesus went with the men to the centurion's house. But the centurion sent friends to meet Him. They said, "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come into my house. If you will only say the word, my servant shall be healed. I am a man of authority. I say to one man, do this, and he doeth it. I have soldiers who take my orders. Only say the word and my servant shall be made whole."

Jesus, when He heard these things, turned to the people and said, "I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

Then those who had been sent to speak to Jesus, returned to the house. They found that the servant was healed.

Jesus had never seen this man, but He had compassion for him, and He granted the centurion's plea, because of his great faith.

God is ready and willing to hear our prayers. He wants us to have faith in His power to do these things. The centurion was a man who could expect his servants to obey his commands. He trusted that Jesus, by saying a word, could heal his servant. God wants us to have this great faith in Him.

### Do You Remember?

1. To whom Jesus was kind?
2. To what city Jesus went?
3. Who met Jesus?
4. What the men wanted?
5. Who the centurion sent to meet Jesus?
6. The message they gave to Jesus?
7. What Jesus said about faith?
8. What the men found when they returned to the house?
9. In whom we should have faith?
10. Our memory verse?

—M—

Help the world to laugh and sing by letting your own heart be gay. When Love rules the world, we will have peace for all.

## A DIGGER

Many times you see small hills and ridges of dirt move slowly, and you know that a mole is at work in your garden. Have you ever seen one of these little underground creatures? They are strange little fellows with wedge-shaped heads and small pink, hairless tails. Many people think the mole has no eyes. But he does, although they are as tiny as pinheads and his ears can hardly be seen.

The hair is packed so closely together that it feels and looks like velvet. The mole makes his home beneath the earth. There is a central chamber with two connecting pathways, one above the other. One path is an exit to be used in case of danger. The other one leads to the feeding grounds. A warmly lined nest is at the intersection of these pathways. The mole is always hungry and it takes a lot of insect food to keep it going.

—M—

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

—M—



*Study  
Your  
Bible*

I spent all of my money, and work I could not find  
My father welcomed me back home, for he was  
very kind. ....

I fell among thieves and was left to die.

Who gave me help, when he heard my cry? .....

I was short, so in order to see,

I climbed into a sycamore tree. ....

Afraid of a queen, to a brook I fled,

God sent ravens to me with bread. ....

Ans: Prodigal son; Good Samaritan; Zacchaeus;  
Elijah.—M. J. B.

—M—

In one of the stories Jesus told, He mentioned an animal that was lost. He likened His people to this animal. Do you know the name of it before looking in Luke 15: 3-7?