

The

SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARY

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Paying Off

School was dismissed early. The snow, which had fallen lazily all the morning in large feathery flakes, now descended in small particles, swiftly slanting. The old porch was fairly blockaded. One after another of the younger pupils had gone home in the arms of a father. But some had no father to come for them. Among these was little lame Katie, the dressmaker's daughter. She came last and with great difficulty, at every step lifting her crutches over the deep snow, which seemed in her weariness to be every moment growing deeper.

"Get on my sled, Kate, and you'll go home by telegraph." Charles Sykes lifted her, crutches and all, and seated her on his sled.

"Oh, how kind you are, Charlie! I was just beginning to think that I never should get home. How glad I am you thought of me."

"I did not think of you at all, Katie, but Mother did—she never forgets anything—and as soon as I had landed Nell and Lou, she asked who was bringing you."

"And you came back on purpose?" Just then a piece of ice whizzed around the corner and struck Charlie on the lip, cutting it badly.

"Now we're even: I thought I'd pay you off," shouted Fred Mathers. But Charlie only held some snow to his bleeding lip, and made no reply.

The great globe on the teachers desk had been defaced. Fred Mathers, after being closely questioned, charged the guilt on one of the smaller boys. The little fellow said he was innocent. But Mr. Clark believed him to be the culprit till Charles said he had seen Fred marking the globe with his penknife, and tried in vain to stop him. He spoke of three other boys who were present at the time. They now told the same thing, but with evident reluctance, as Fred Mathers was known to be very cruel and revengeful.

"You will tell Mr. Clark, won't you, Charlie?"

said little Katie, as they drew up to the door of her mother's cottage.

"No, Katie, I know a better way of paying him off, for I don't think as he does that we are quite even."

"You would not do as he has done?" "I hope not, Katie. Good night."

There was skating on the mill pond the following day. The teacher had been down and tried the ice and given the boys their bounds, so that there was nothing to check the pleasure. But after a time one of the boys ventured beyond the mark. Fred Mathers said that he would go farther yet and come back safely. Some warned him not to go, but in a moment more he was cutting circles on the thin ice and hallooing to the rest to follow. Then he paused, threw up his hands wildly, and with a howl of terror sank beneath the surface. The boys stood as if frozen statues, all but one. He ran to the nearest pile of lumber, seized a board, shoved it over the place where Fred had broken through, caught him as he was rising for the second time, and drew him up. But the ice broke under their double weight and they were left clinging to the plank. Charles Sykes, for it was he, shouted to the boys to bring another board. When it was brought he helped Fred out first, who was now so chilled as to be almost helpless.

"Charlie," said the half-drowned boy as soon as he could speak, "why did you help me? I have treated you very badly."

"I know it, Fred. But this is the Bible way of paying off old scores, and suits me best. We will call it even now!"

"No, Charlie, it will never be even between us. But you have made me heartily ashamed of myself. I'll show you hereafter that you have not risked your life for nothing."—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

—M—

Live your life under God for others rather than for yourself.

The Sabbath School Missionary

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EDITORIAL

Greetings:

This spring day it would be hard to find anything wrong with the weather or with anyone. The birds all seem so happy and gay and the grass is green, the sky is blue and the sun is brightly shining. Still it seems that people are never really satisfied. Some want rain when the sun is out and some would rather have the sun when we get a rainy day. People have always complained about things.

The children of Israel grumbled and complained about many things. They could have taken their troubles to God and He would have answered their prayers, but it is so easy to complain. They complained of having no food in the wilderness and God sent manna for them to eat. But after they had eaten manna for a number of days they began to grow tired of that and complained about it. They wanted other food like they had eaten when they were in Egypt.

Of course there are a lot of things we would like to have changed. But instead of always finding fault with things, let's do what we can to make them better. If they cannot be bettered, we should make the best of it until we can make it better.

Have you heard people say, "Some weather. Looks like we could have some decent days." Well we can't do much about the weather we get, so we have to take whatever is sent our way. But let's try to take it without complaining.

—M—

THE TIME FOR FRIENDS

By Ollie James Robertson

It was the first day of school, and Patsy was not a bit glad. How could you be glad when you lived in a new town and didn't know anyone? Patsy had lived in the new town only three days. She wished she had moved long ago so that she could have made a few friends.

After Patsy dressed she went out to sit on the steps and wait for Mother. It was nice to have a Mother to go to school with you the first day.

But tomorrow Patsy would have to go by herself and every other day, too. No wonder Patsy was not glad.

All at once Patsy heard someone say, "Hello." She looked up and there was a little girl coming down the street. She was smiling and Patsy wondered why she was so happy.

"Hello," Patsy said. "Where are you going?"

"To school," the little girl said. "My mother is sick and cannot go with me, and Daddy's working. We haven't lived here long, but I know where the school is."

"Do you live up this street?" asked Patsy.

"Yes, and I'll be coming this way every morning. I wish we could go to school together."

"We can, we can!" said Patsy. "I'll wait for you every morning. I know we can be friends."

"School is the place to make friends," said the little girl; "and if we are going to be friends, don't you think we should know each other's names? I'm Janet Long."

"And I'm Patsy White," said Patsy. "It's so easy to make friends, I'm sure we can make many more at school."

And that's just what Janet and Patsy did.—Sel.

—M—



A MESSAGE FOR UNCLE BEN

By Julia Ann Peterson

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!" The big old-fashioned phone on the wall rang three longs.

"Your ring, Granny!" Jerry Burton called as he put the last piece of his little sister Linda's jigsaw puzzle in place.

"It's the Good Shepherd, Jerry." Linda clapped her hands happily as she looked at the picture puzzle laid out on the big, dining-room table in the soft light of Granny's shining bed lamp.

"Sh-h-h," Jerry warned. "Be still, so Granny can hear over the phone."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" Granny's kind face looked worried as she hung the receiver back on the hook. "Your Uncle Ben's girl, Sarah, is at the bus station in town and wants her daddy to come to get her. Your grandfather won't be back for ages yet."

"Let me go tell Uncle Ben, Granny," Jerry begged. "It's just a little way to his house when you cut through the cow pasture."

"I want to go with Jerry," Linda cried, shaking her puzzle apart and putting it back into the box.

Granny looked troubled. "Won't you and Linda be afraid of the dark?" she asked, looking from Linda to Jerry.

"Oh, no, Granny. Besides, the moon is shining almost as bright as daylight," Jerry told her,

throwing open the screen and pointing outside.

Jerry held Linda's hand as they walked along the cow path in the moonlight.

"Jerry, don't you think the pasture looks sort of scary at night?" Linda whispered as she squeezed Jerry's hand tighter.

"No. I like it," Jerry declared stoutly. "Listen to the little birds twittering in the trees. They sound so sleepy; they remind me of the baby when Mother puts him to bed at night. The katydids and jar flies are making a kind of music if you'll just listen carefully."

"But I'm scared of the dark places." Jerry thought Linda sounded as if she were going to start crying.

"Linda, do you remember the verse Miss Brooks taught us?" Jerry asked, stopping and looking down at Linda's scared face. "Why, yes," Linda answered thoughtfully. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night."

"That's right," Jerry told her. "And Mother taught me the rest of the Psalm. It also says, 'For he shall give his angels charge over thee,'" Jerry finished softly.

"Is that why you're not afraid, Jerry?" Linda asked.

"Yes," Jerry answered. "That's why I'm not afraid, Linda."

"Then I won't be afraid either," Linda promised. "Oh, here's Uncle Ben's house!" she cried happily as they rounded a little bend and all of the lights in the windows seemed to wink at them.

"Sarah will be glad to get home in time for supper," Jerry laughed.

"Yes, and I'm glad we brought Uncle Ben's message." Linda said, as they turned in at Uncle Ben's yard gate.—Stories for Children, Selected.

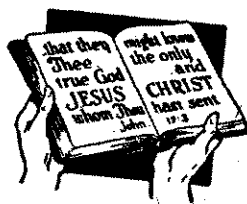
—M—

LIFE AT THE ZOO



Little Georgie went to the zoo;
He saw the bears and lions too.
He laughed and laughed at the panda there,
Fast asleep with his feet in the air.
He looked at the camel with two big humps;
He stared at a wart hog and counted his bumps.
He watched a monkey sit on a chair,
Put on glasses, and comb his hair.
He heard the seals go bark, bark, bark;
And then it was time to leave the park.
Said Georgie, taking his daddy's hand,
"There's just one thing I don't understand.
"Does the elephant thinks he's going away?
He carried his trunk' around all day!"

Dorothy Dill Mason—Sel.



WHAT ONE LITTLE BOY DID FOR CHRIST

One day a little boy belonging to a Sabbath School, met one of his friends, and told him that he expected to visit his relatives in the country.

"Well," said his friend, "and what are you going to the country for?"

"Oh, I shall run about and play in the fields and enjoy myself very much."

"Well, so much you are going to do for yourself. What else do you expect to do?"

"Why, I can help the farmers, perhaps."

"Well, so much for yourself and the farmers. What do you expect to do for your heavenly Father?"

"What, me!" replied the child, in surprise. "What can a little child as I do for God?"

"You can do much. Now, I will give you a bundle of tracts. Take these, and when you go into the country, give them away."

"Oh, to be sure, Sir, I can do that," said the boy, and he received the tracts.

Now, here was the seed sown. Let us see what came of it. The expected. After being there a day or so, a boy living in the neighborhood asked him if he would help gather the cows together and bring them home.

"Oh," thought the young missionary, "here will be a good chance to give one of my tracts." So off they started for the cows.

The child (for he was no more) took out one of the silent preachers, saying, "Here is something for you."

"What is it?" he said looking it over; "what is it?"

"It is something good to read," said the lad

"I cannot read. Never mind, I will take it home; they can read it there."

Some days after, the country boy met his city friend. "Well," said he, "that little book you gave me made a great stir at our house, I tell you."

"Did it though? How do you mean?"

"Why," replied he, "they read the tract, and then they read the Bible, and when Sabbath came they made me get out the old carriage and clean it up, and then we all got in who could, and the rest got on before and behind, and rode off to church. That tract has done great things, I tell you."

Afterwards it was learned that this one tract was the means of converting twenty-four souls.—Unknown.

Our Lesson Study..

FOR APRIL 16, 1949

Lesson Material: John 14:1-4

Memory Verse: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God believe also in me."—John 14:1.

Christ Arose

It was a very sad day for the disciples and all those who loved Jesus; for cruel men had taken Him and hung Him on a cross. Jesus died there for all. A kind man named Joseph took His body away. He buried Jesus in a tomb. A great stone was rolled across the opening and sealed with the king's seal.

Three days and three nights went by. The friends of Jesus missed this best of all friends. Suddenly there was a great earthquake and the stone was rolled away from the tomb. When the friends of Jesus came to anoint His body, they found the tomb empty. An angel stood there. He said, "He is not here. He is risen, as He said."

At the angel's words, they were frightened, but they remembered the words Jesus had spoken—that He would rise again, after three days and three nights in the tomb.

They hurried to tell the others about Jesus. On the way they met Jesus. They fell down and worshipped Him. Jesus said, "Be not afraid. Go tell my brethren to go into Galilee and there they will see me."

How happy they were. Their friend was with them again. They had been weeping before, and now they were glad. They told all their friends the good news.

Do You Remember?

1. Why the disciples were sad?
2. Who took Jesus' body away?
3. How the tomb was sealed?
4. How long Jesus was in the tomb?
5. How the stone was rolled away?
6. Who spoke to them at the tomb?
7. Where they met Jesus?
8. What Jesus told them?
9. To whom they told the good news?
10. Our memory verse?

—M—

NEIGHBOR

In Anglo-Saxon neah meant "nigh," "near," and gebur meant "dweller," "farmer." These two words were combined into neahgebur meaning, literally, "a near-by farmer." The word appears in medieval English in the form neighbour and in modern English as neighbor. Its meaning, changing with the evolution of civilization, no longer

applies particularly to neighboring farmers, but refers to persons living near each other in apartment house suites or suburban cottages as well as to those on near-by farms. Even nations in the modern world are called "neighbors"—an interesting development of a word that means literally "near-by farmers."—Selected.

—M—

A WORD

In a small boat I fell fast asleep, while a wild storm swept over the deep. Awake! awake! they cried to me; or we will be drowned in this rough sea. I arose, and said, "Be still." The wind and the waves obeyed my will. Who am I?

I was turned to a large round stick of something that we eat. I disobeyed the voice of God. It doesn't pay to cheat. Who was I?

Long ago——, a shepherd boy was called to play a —— for the king. When the king was feeling discouraged he sent for this boy and had him make sweet ——.

—M—



*Study
Your
Bible*

We are ten things that you should do
Because your God has told you to.
We're written in the finest book,
Do you know just where to look?.....

* * *

I am called the Golden Rule
I am a very helpful tool.
All your actions measure by me
Kinder, happier you will be. Matt.....?

M. J. B.

—M—

A man in the Bible had very long hair, which got him into trouble. An oak tree and a mule figure in this story. If you do not know who it was, read 2 Samuel 18:9-15.

I am a twin and my father was blind. I cheated him by telling him I was my brother. He blessed me. Read about me in Gen. 27.