

The

# SABBATH SCHOOL

## ...MISSIONARY...



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## Before They Call

In a far-away Mission School in China a small three year old English boy had been having a grand time on Saturday afternoon sliding down a nice, uncarpeted flight of stairs. His little fat legs outstretched, the seat of a strong pair of blue serge knickers made quite good runners for the little human toboggan, and considering the number of journeys made down the stairs on that winter afternoon, the said garments did very well. They had not been in wear long and were safe to do duty for some time yet, thought Mother, who was contemplating a campaign of work beyond family claims in the shape of a three-week's Bible School for Chinese women which was due to begin the following Monday.

Bedtime came and the small boy was undressed. Garbed in his night attire, he sat in his cot watching his mother fold his clothes. Presently in a rather distressed tone she said, "Oh, Sonnie, what have you been doing? Look!" The knickers were clearly not going to last until Bible School was over, for the lining was already showing through two large thin patches in the seat!

With a sigh Mother said, perhaps a bit wearily, "These were going to last ever so long, and I shall not have time to make you another pair." Then followed a penitient confession; he did not know the stairs would wear them out, and it was such fun!

Next came prayer—or "thanking God," as he called it—and the wee boy knelt up in his little nest to talk to the Lord Jesus about the day. There was not as much praise as usual. The list of things to thank God for was condensed a bit that night, for his little heart was burdened. "Lord Jesus," he said, "I'm very sorry I've been naughty and worn out my knickers. You know my mummie's very busy. She's got a Bible School next week, and she has no time to make me a new pair. Will You send me some, please?" And then screwing up his closed eyes with hands clasped, head on one side and face uplifted, he said in a confidential coaxing tone, "And You, know when mummy makes my big brothers' knickers she always gives them two pockets, and

she only makes me one. May I have two pockets in the new pair, please?"

With rather a full heart, and an extra warm kiss, that Mother tucked in her baby that evening, and then went downstairs to tell Father. Their children's prayers often brought God very near.

On the table downstairs was a large parcel. The postman had been in. It looked a bit travel-worn but the contents were intact. The senders were some unknown friends at home whose fingers had been busy helping missionary mothers, saving them many hours of stitching which would have to be put in were it not for their practical sympathy and help.

This particular package was full of delightful surprises—little garments which would go far to lighten the work of the coming months. One by one they were taken out with many a thought of gratitude for the loving labor the things represented and thankfulness to the One who inspired it. Right at the bottom of the pile came a wee pair of blue serge knickers, the counterpart of the pair which had suffered so sadly that afternoon. The mother picked them up, and, with eyes a bit dim, perhaps, noticed that they had two pockets!

She sped upstairs. The curly golden head lay on the pillow, he was fast asleep, with no doubt in his little heart that his prayer was heard. The little garments were hung over the foot of the cot. Early next morning his brown eyes fell on them, but there was no surprise. The only detail about which he seemed to lack assurance was the number of pockets! There were two!

That parcel had taken many weeks to come from England. Was it merely by chance that it came that night, timed just for the right moment to answer a little child's prayer?

"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isaiah 65:24).

—H. M. W. in China Inland Mission

—M—

The words of wisdom in Proverbs are written for us to learn.—L.L.K.

## The Sabbath School Missionary

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## Thoughts for You . . .

Have you counted your blessings lately? Perhaps you have a list that would fill several pages. Or are you one who just can't think of a single thing to be thankful for? Each morning we can be thankful for another new day in which to live. The sunshine is a blessing, or if it happens to be raining, it is a blessing too, for gardens and flowers need the moisture.

A mother to get breakfast for you, a father to work so he can buy food and clothing for you, a sister or brother with whom to play, a pet, a house in which to live, friends,—all these are blessings and it is doubtful if anyone lives who has never had one or more of these things for which to be thankful.

Once a woman who was paralyzed so that she could not walk went to a meeting. When they asked for a favorite song she said, "Please sing, Count Your Many Blessings". When asked if she had any blessings to count, she replied, "Thousands of them." So they sang,

Count your many blessings,  
Name them one by one,  
And it will surprise you  
What the Lord has done.

—M—

### JEAN HUNTS A CHORE

By Beth K. Hawk

"You're too little!"

Jean Walker, sweet and kind hated those words. She wanted to help. Last summer had been so much fun on the farm with her cousin Peter. Now it was different.

She almost wished to be back home. But mother worked and daddy was in the hospital. Remembering the fun of last year, Jean had been glad to make the visit again.

Now she stood beside Peter between the tall green rows of beans.

"Let me try," she pleaded, reaching for a long thick pod.

"No," Peter pulled the bean and threw it on the

ground. "That isn't the size. They have to be just right."

"You're too little," he added, pulling a handful of slender pods and dropping them into the tall basket. "You don't know how to pick them."

"I can learn," Jean wriggled bare feet in the warm earth.

"No! Don't bother me now. I'm busy." Peter sounded cross.

Silently Jean made dust drawings with her toes. Peter had always been so jolly. She looked up and smiled at him.

"I'm sorry," he said "I'd like to play too, but we can't get farm help so I have to do my share. We can play after while."

Jean understood then. She had heard grown-ups talk of the help shortages. Children everywhere were busy. There was a name for them. Famine something! Oh, yes. . .

"Famine Relief!" she cried. Peter spilled a handful of beans.

"What?" Peter stooped to pick them up.

"Famine Relief," repeated Jean. "That is what you are."

"Well," Peter grinned, "I'm one of them."

"I want to be one, too," Jean pleaded eagerly, her brown eyes bright. "You're too little."

Oooh there were those words again. "I'm not." Jean turned and ran back to the house.

"Hey, where are you going?" yelled Peter.

Jean's answer floated back to him through a film of dust, kicked up by her flying feet.

"To find a chore my size," she cried joyously.

But it wasn't as easy as she thought. The white hens were afraid of her and when they were frightened, they wouldn't lay eggs.

Horse and cows and pigs all were very well taken care of. Tears stung her eyes. Maybe Peter was right. Maybe she was too little.

Jean went sadly to the pen of baby chicks. They had come three days ago by mail. She loved to watch them. Tiny wing feathers were peeping through soft fluffy sides. Peter said they were a nuisance. They took extra work. Had to have medicine in the water.

Jean saw the water jar was empty now and the chicks clustered unhappily around it. The feeding troughs were empty too. Their tiny beaks were hanging open in the hot sun.

Pity filled Jean's eyes. Poor babies! If she only knew how to take care of them. She jumped up excitedly and started for the bean field.

"I can learn," she cried as she ran up the row to Peter. "I know I can!"

"Can what?" demanded Peter

"Learn to take care of the baby chicks," she answered happily.

Peter stared at her. "Why, of course," he said. "Now why didn't I think of that before?"

"Come," he took her hand. "I'll show you right now."

The chicks dipped their beaks in the cool water and tipped their heads back to let it run down their throats. Fuzzy yellow heads nodded until their thirst was gone. Then they clustered about Jean's small feet. She watched them happily. Peter grinned down at her. "Here's a chore for you, just your size."—Selected

—M—

## Your Letters . . . .

### FROM OREGON

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am twelve years old and will be in the seventh grade next year. I have always gone to a rural school where there are about thirty-two pupils. Two of them are in my class.

I go to church at the City Hall in Harrisburg. I am in the young people's class at church. My teacher is Brother Billy Watts. There are about seventeen in our class.

For pets I have one dog and one cat with five kittens.

At school I took 4H sewing and 4H health. I like it very much. In sewing I made a dress, a pot holder, a dish towel and an apron. In health I made a health poster with different kinds of foods.

I have a sister named Vickie, and two brothers, Darwin and Numan. Numan is going to 4H summer school.

I wish all Missionary readers would write to the little paper to make it a big paper.

A Missionary Friend,  
Wilma Haffner

(A nice long letter Wilma, and we too, wish all the readers would write. You sound like a very busy girl, and you must be a great help to your mother. We hope you get your new church soon.)

—M—

### A CHILD'S DEVOTION

#### A True Incident

We have recently read of a Christian Jewish family who received a visit from a wealthy Gentile man whom they had formerly known. He brought with him foods of the finest, but as he was a man of the world it was thought best not to ask a blessing upon the meal. "But when everyone was seated around the table, the man, being very much interested in children, noticed a downcast expression on Judy's face, and asked 'What's the matter, honey, are you sick?' and Judy sadly explained, 'I can't eat without giving thanks to God and asking His blessings on the food.' The visitor

responded, 'Go ahead, honey,' and say the blessing if you feel that way about it.'

"Well, Judy not only asked a blessing upon the food, but she thanked the Lord for bringing her friend to their home, and prayed that he might arrive safely at his destination. It was a beautiful prayer and when the man spoke again it was with tears in his eyes and a quiver in his voice, because he had received the surprise of his life. He said, 'Thank you, honey, this is the first time anyone has ever prayed for me. That was beautiful! I have never heard such a beautiful prayer in all my life; would you please write it down for me? I'd like to have it very much.'

"The man was interested beyond anything they had imagined, and the whole evening was spent in telling their rich guest how they happened to accept Christ as their Messiah and Savior, each with a Bible in hand."

The children of the public school she attended elected that same little girl president. "So, as president, she inaugurated the idea that at lunch time, someone in each group must ask God's blessing on the food." The principal, though felt to be a fine Christian gentleman, questioned the advisability since the children came from all sorts of homes. But the little girl seriously told him "she would give up her office rather than be obliged to ignore or slight the Lord." The principal "evidently decided to take the consequences, if any; and prayers are being said every day before lunch." —Junior Challenge

—M—

### BE KIND TO EACH OTHER

Be kind to each other; the sunbeams that fall

Are teaching this beautiful lesson to all;  
Be thankful to God for the pleasures they give,

And love one another as long as you live.

Be kind to each other; how little we know  
The joy that a look or a word may bestow.

And though you have nothing but kindness to give,

Oh, love one another as long as you live!

And, oh! be not ready to censure and blame;  
Far better, by kindness, the hearts to reclaim;

The faults of the erring, how sweet to forgive,

And love one another as long as you live.

—Unknown

—M—

"Let your hands be strong.",

"O sing unto the Lord a new song."



FOR  
JULY 9, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalms 122:1; 134.

Memory Verse: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Psalms 122:1.

**The Singing Pilgrims**

A pilgrim is one who travels from one place to another. Long ago they had no cars, planes or steamships in which to travel. Most of their journeys were made on foot. It took many hours to walk from one city to another. In summer the roads were dusty and hot or if it had rained there was mud to wade through. We have good roads even to our farms. Can you imagine traveling on a path like they had in Bible times?

Many people did not travel far. They stayed in one city most of their lives. But many went to the city every few months to trade. Then once every year the people were required to go back to their native city to be taxed. To some this meant a long, long journey and many days away from home.

The roads were not very safe, unless there was a large caravan because robbers lived in the hills and they often took the riches from the travelers and sometimes left them wounded.

But these pilgrims were brave. They trudged along and perhaps they sang as they went on their way. That would be a good way of forgetting how dusty the road was or how long the way appeared.

As they traveled on their way to Jerusalem they must have been comforted by singing praises to God, thanking Him for His protection on their journey. We can be singing pilgrims just as they were. As we make our journey through life, let us keep singing our thanks to God for all the things He has given us.

**Do You Remember?**

1. What "pilgrim" means?
2. How they traveled long ago?
3. What kind of roads they had?
4. Why the roads were dangerous?
5. Why the pilgrims sang?
6. What they sang about?
7. How we can be singing pilgrims?
8. Our memory verse?

—M—

**THREE BOYS**

Three boys went camping. They slept all night on the ground in the open air. The next morning they had three different stories to tell.

"That ground was certainly hard last night," said the first. "My bones ache like the mischief this morning."

"I slept like a log all night," said the second. "I don't remember a thing."

Said the third boy, "I lay awake for a long time, looking at the stars."

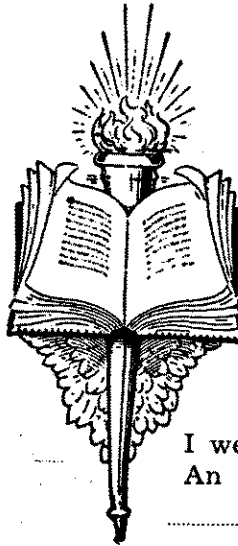
Think it over.

You will realize that these boys represent three types of people. Those of the first type are always complaining. Nothing is good and nothing suits them. They are never happy.

Those of the second however don't know what is going on. They eat their meals, do their work, and go to sleep without thought as to what they

Continued below

—M—



**KNOW  
YOUR  
BIBLE**

I went before a Persian king.  
An important message to bring.

I left my home and friends I knew  
Because the Lord had told me to.....  
We went to Egypt to buy some grain.  
There we met our brother again.....  
To the temple I went every year,  
With a new coat for my son so dear.....  
I didn't go where I was sent,  
Three days inside a fish I spent.....

Ans: Esther; Abraham; Joseph's brothers; Hannah; Jonah.

M. J. B.

—M—

are doing or why.

The people of the third type look for the best in life. They keep their eyes on ideals and try to lift others with them as they move to higher levels. They are the salt of the earth.

Each person should search his soul and ask four questions: Which type am I? Am I satisfied to be what I am? What can I do to become what I ought to be? Am I the kind of person who, when the night is dark, looks for the stars?—Unknown