

The

# SABBATH SCHOOL

## ...MISSIONARY...



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## JUDGE'S CHOICE

By Clyde Wilson Watson

Jason Jacobs was sitting on the back steps watching his dog, Skinny, gnaw on a bone when Andy Mims came bursting through the hedge. The hair rose on Skinny's slim, spotted body as he whirled to face the noise. But when he saw it was Andy, he turned back to his bone.

"Say, Jason, are you going to enter Skinny in the pet show?" Andy asked excitedly, brushing at a dead leaf that had gotten into his black hair as he came through the hedge.

Jason sprang to his feet and ran a hand through his own sandy hair. "I hadn't heard about it," he said. "When is it to be?"

"Next week at the armory," Andy replied. "I just came from Mr. Cason's house. He's going to be a judge and knows all about it. He says there's to be a prize for the most interesting pet."

"Sure, I want to enter Skinny," Jason said, moving from the steps to the yard. "Do you think he may win?"

"I'll help you teach him some tricks if you want me to," Andy offered. "Let's teach him to jump through the hoop."

"Where will we get a hoop?" Jason asked.

"There's one at my house that came off our trash barrel," Andy replied. "I'll get it in a jiffy."

Andy went back through the hedge and returned in a few minutes with a hoop. He took the bone from Skinny and held it on one side of the hoop and tried to get Skinny to go through the hoop to get it. But Skinny did not seem to understand. He would go under the hoop or around it, but he would not go through it.

Jason took the bone and the hoop but Skinny did not seem to be interested. He turned away and growled the hair rising up along his spine. Jason looked around to see redheaded Gary Taylor coming down the drive, his cocker spaniel following at his heels.

"What are you doing?" Gary queried, casting a puzzled glance at the bone and the hoop in Jason's hands.

"I'm trying to teach Skinny to jump through

the hoop," Jason replied.

"He's going to enter him in the pet show at the armory next week," Andy explained.

"That mongrel?" Gary asked, looking at Skinny's thin body and long legs, a note of ridicule in his voice. He threw back his head and laughed, "I'm entering my dog, but he's a registered thoroughbred." He looked at Skinny again and asked, "What kind of dog is that, anyway?"

Jason felt his face begin to burn. He did not know what kind of dog Skinny was. He had found him half-starved in the snow last winter. No matter how much he fed him, Skinny did not get fat.

"I don't know what kind he is," he confessed.

Gary laughed again. "If none of the others look any better than that, I'll be a cinch to win," he said.

When Gary left, Andy reached out for the bone and hoop. "Let me try again," he said.

Instead of giving them to him, Jason flung them to the ground. "I have to get me another dog!" he declared. "I don't have a chance with Skinny."

Andy drew in his breath. "Skinny is a good dog," he asserted.

"But he's a . . . mongrel," Jason said, repeating the word Gary had used. "I want a thoroughbred like Gary's."

"Mr. Cason has some for sale," Andy told him, "but they cost a lot of money."

"I'll get Daddy to buy one for me," Jason said. He'd get a dog that looked even better than Gary's.

That evening Jason persuaded his father to go with him to Mr. Cason's and buy him a thoroughbred. He picked out a black spaniel with long glossy hair.

Mr. Cason got it out of the pen and said, "You picked out the finest one in the bunch. Are you going to enter it in the show?"

"Yes, sir," Jason assured him.

The next day Jason was in the back yard playing with it when Andy came through the hedge. Andy looked from the spaniel to Skinny and then

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### Thoughts for You . . .

We have just celebrated our independence day, or fourth of July. We have a wonderful country and we are proud of our forefathers who worked so hard to make our land free. Most of all we should remember to thank God for it is He who has made it possible for us to keep our freedom and liberty.

There was a lot of noise making and many celebrations, but perhaps God is better pleased with our thankful hearts and offered prayers. The true patriots are not always the noise-makers. Just being peaceful, law-abiding citizens every day is a good way to celebrate our independence.

We must continue to pray for our country and for our leaders. If we do not receive God's blessings our nation would not last long.

The most important thing of all is to keep spreading the Gospel message far and wide. When we witness for Christ we are being patriotic, for God gave His Son for all and we must see that the message goes out to all people.

When we sing "God, Bless America," let us really mean it and be ever so thankful to God for giving us our wonderful country.

—M—

### JUDGE'S CHOICE

back at the new dog. "He surely looks better than Skinny," he said. "What are you going to call him?"

"Blacky," Jason replied, a look of pride in his eyes. "I'll show Gary he's not the only one who has a thoroughbred. I'm glad Mr. Cason is one of the judges. He said this was the finest dog he had."

Andy looked across the yard to where Jason had thrown the bone and hoop yestreday. "Let's get Blacky to jump through the hoop," he suggested.

He went over and got the hoop and the bone. He called to Blacky and held the bone on one side of the hoop and tried to get him to jump

through it. Blacky wagged his stub of a tail and barked, but he would not jump through the hoop.

Jason took the hoop and the bone, but Blacky would do nothing but wag his tail and bark. Jason threw them to the ground. "It's no use!" he said.

Andy picked them up. "We haven't tried enough," he said.

Jason turned away. "I'm not going to wear myself out," he declared. "Blacky can win the prize without jumping through a hoop."

"But if we try just a little bit more. . ." Andy began. "I'm tired of trying!" Jason relied hotly. "If you want to keep on, why don't you practice on your own dog?"

"But I don't have one," Andy replied. "You can have Skinny," Jason retorted.

"Do you mean it?" asked Andy.

"Sure," Jason answered. "I was wondering whom I could get to take him. I can't be bothered with him now that I have a real dog."

Andy clutched the bone and the hoop and called to Skinny. Jason watched as the thin, spotted dog followed him from the yard. Then he dropped down on the grass and rubbed Blacky's glossy coat. He couldn't help winning with a dog like that, he told himself.

The day of the show Jason fastened a strap to Blacky's collar and led him down to the armory. He saw Gary and Andy standing together and went over to see what they were looking at. He drew in his breath when he saw that Andy had Skinny on a leash.

"You're not going to enter Skinny?" he asked. Andy nodded.

Gary turned to Jason and laughed. "I see you got rid of the mongrel, but I guess it's the best Andy can do."

Jason laughed too when he saw that Andy had the barrel hoop in his hand.

"Are you still trying to get Skinny to jump through that?" he asked.

Before Andy could reply Mr. Cason and the other judges entered and asked them to get to their places so they could pick the winner of the show.

When Jason had gone to the corner assigned him, he looked around at the other dogs and decided that none of them looked as good as Blacky. He could not help smiling when he looked across to Andy's corner. Skinny seemed thinner than ever.

It did not take the judges long to make their rounds. They started in Jason's corner and moved quickly from one dog to the other. Jason watched them as they moved all the way around to Andy who was the last one. He felt sorry for Andy as the judges stopped to look at Skinny. He wondered if the judges would laugh at the mongrel too.

The judges grouped so closely around Andy that Jason could see neither him nor Skinny. Jason's brow creased as he wondered what was causing them to look at Skinny so long. He wanted them to come on over and put the blue ribbon on Blacky.

His pulse quickened as the judges turned away, and Mr. Cason went to the stand in the middle of the floor and got the ribbon. But he did not come toward Jason and Blacky. He went back to Andy's corner and pinned the ribbon on Skinny.

Then Mr. Cason turned and spoke. "I want everybody to see why I'm giving this ribbon to Andy's dog. Show them, Andy, how Skinny will jump through the hoop."

Andy held up the hoop and snapped his fingers. Skinny jumped through it. Every time Andy snapped his fingers the thin, spotted dog jumped through it.

"How did you get him to do that?" Mr. Cason asked.

"I just kept trying," Andy replied.

Mr. Cason reached out and patted Andy on the shoulder. "That's what it takes to win," he said. "Skinny is not the finest dog here, but you did your best with what you had, and you won."

Jason swallowed hard as he looked at the blue ribbon on Skinny. He knew now that it was not always the fellow who had the best, but the one who tried the hardest, who won.

—Boy's and Girl's Comrade

—M—

## Your Letters . . . .

### FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my first time to write to the Missionary paper. I like to read the Missionary paper.

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade.

I go to Sabbath school every Sabbath. My teacher is my mother.

I have a collie puppy.

A reader,

Mary Kanady

(We are so happy to hear from you, Mary. What do you call the puppy? You have a wonderful teacher for mothers make the best ones of all.)

—M—

### IN THE NIGHT

By John Allen Foard

When daytime goes to bed, the night creeps over the earth on soft, black paws. Into all the cracks and corners, all the houses and barns, all the forests and meadows the night comes.

Even lights do not drive away the night. It wraps itself gently around you when you turn off the light.

The night is the time for sleep. Sleep takes away your tiredness and brings you new strength. Then you are ready for the day which follows the night. That is why your mother is always careful to have you get enough sleep. She wants you to be well and strong.

Not everyone goes to bed when night comes, though. Have you ever thought of all the people who work in the night?

The engineer of a train is wide awake. As the headlight of his locomotive bores a tunnel through the darkness, he watches the rails and the signals. Beside him a fireman looks at the fire and tends it. In the caboose of the freight train, men watch like shepherds over the long string of cars. Into the night rumbles the precious load of freight, hurrying to all the people all over the world who need it.

No, not everyone goes to bed. Telephone girls sit before huge switchboards. Through all the night they help people talk back and forth across the world. They help call the doctor. They speed the laughter and the music of friendship. They send glad words to lonely loved ones far away. These things pass through the lines that are connected by the nimble fingers of the operators.

Everywhere people work in the night. The wheels of the factories run. The electrician watches his huge dynamo as it makes light and power for you to use when you need it. The fireman waits, ready to put out the burning fire. The policeman makes his lonesome rounds, guarding the city.

In radio stations men and women talk and sing and the air is filled with their voices. High in the air great planes rush from one place to another. Ships move on the seas and little tugs puff about the harbors. In hospitals the nurses move on silent feet, watching over the sick.

All these people, and many others, work in the night while you are soundly sleeping.

Do you like the night? Do you like the stars and the moon and the soft darkness?

You should like it. God gave us both the night and the day, and both are good. It is selfish to want all day and no night. The world is round. The sun cannot be everywhere at once. So we have night when the sun is giving daylight to the other side of the world. The people there like daytime, too. God is very wise, and we are glad He knows how to plan what is best for all of us.—Young Pilgrim

—M—

Forget yesterday and live today. Happiness is the art of never holding in your mind the memory of any unpleasant thing that is once passed.—Selected



FOR  
JULY 16, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 95:1-7.

Memory Verse: "O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker."—Psalm 95:6.

**Come, Let Us Worship**

David, a shepherd boy played the harp and sang. He wrote many songs which we call Psalms. In these Psalms he wrote of the goodness of God and about all the wonderful blessings He sends to His children. Many of these Psalms were used by the worshippers in the temple.

In some Psalms there are questions and answers. Long ago when the people went to the temple the singers were divided into two groups. One group sang the questions and the other group sang the answers. Then both groups joined to sing the chorus.

Singing is a joyful noise. Our Psalm for today says, "Make a joyful noise unto Him with Psalms." God is pleased to have His children praise Him in song. We are to worship and bow down and kneel before Him, for He is our Maker. We are to be humble before the Lord.

Our God is Great and Good and above all other gods. He made the heavens and the earth and all creatures in the land, sea and air. We are to come into His presence with thankful hearts for all we have, came from God.

Let us worship God in the beauty of holiness.

**Do You Remember?**

1. Who played a harp?
2. What kind of songs David wrote?
3. Who sang these songs?
4. How we can make a joyful noise?
5. What God has done for us?
6. How we should worship the Lord?
7. Our memory verse?

—M—

**THE CHILD AND THE CLOUD**

Bertha Inwood Michael

Pretty cloudlet in the sky—  
Crimson, white and blue—  
As you sail so swiftly by  
Tell me what you do?

Sprinkle all the trees and flowers,  
Shelter you, through sunny hours.

Cloudlets near the setting sun—  
Purple, gold, and gray—  
What do you see as you run  
Through the sky, at play?

Many children fair and sweet,  
In country lane and city street.

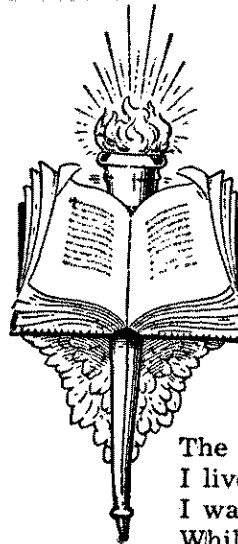
Pretty cloud, if in the air  
I could float like you,  
I would never have a care,  
Have no work to do.

God has work for you and me—  
Children or a cloud we be.—Selected

—M—

Watch your step. Whether we will or not,  
we can not journey without leaving footprints,  
and others will follow where we go because we  
have marked the way.—Selected

—M—



**KNOW  
YOUR  
BIBLE**

The last judge of Israel was I.  
I lived in the temple with Eli.  
I was a judge who was very strong,  
While my hair was thick and long.

When I was sick I prayed with tears,  
God lengthened my life fifteen years.  
A lovely ivory palace had I  
But for a vineyard I did sigh.

Ans: Samuel; Samson; Hezekiah; Ahab.

M. J. B.

—M—

**A SPELLING LESSON**

"G" stands for Goodness —the strong, manly kind;

"E" is the Earnestness you'll always find;

"N" means he's Noble in thought, word, and act;

"T" means he sees the importance of Tact;

"L" means he's Loyal to God and mankind;

"E" stands for Effort of body and mind;

"M" signifies that he's Modest, Meek, Mild;

"A" means he's Artless like unto a child;

"N" is his Neatness in manners and dress.

What do these nine letters spell? Can you guess? There's no need of guessing, just look at each one, absorb all the lines, and your lesson is done.—The Boy's Weekly.