

The

# SABBATH SCHOOL

## ...MISSIONARY...



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## OLD SCARDIKAT

By Della Emerick

Tommy sat on the back steps with his head in his hands, thinking. "I wish I could make the boys at school like me," he said out loud.

"Whom are you talking to out there?" Mother called from the kitchen. She came to the door. "Oh, I thought someone was out here with you," she said. "Do you think you're big enough to take Little Sister to Aunt Martha's house all by yourself?" Mother asked. "Yes, I am," said Tommy.

He held her little hand and walked slowly so her baby legs could keep up. A dog jumped from behind a house and barked at them. Little Sister screamed. Tommy let go of her hand and ran. She stood still and screamed. Then a lady came out and called the dog.

Tommy was very much ashamed of himself. He hadn't meant to leave Little Sister. No wonder the boys at school called him, "Ole Scardikat." He was glad Little Sister was too young to tell anyone what a coward he had been. But he knew he was a coward, and he was very unhappy.

Next day at school Dick yelled, "Ole Scardikat," and chased Tommy with a stick. Tommy ran screaming to the teacher.

She was helping Jean with some arithmetic. When Tommy told her what happened, she called Dick in. "Why did you want to hit Tommy?" she asked.

"I wasn't going to hit him," said Dick. "I only wanted to hear him yell."

"He sure sounded funny," said Jean. "I could hear him in here."

"How would you like for Tommy to chase you?" Teacher asked.

"He wouldn't. I'm not scared the way he is. He knows I wouldn't run," Dick bragged.

The bell rang, and they all had to go to their desks.

But Tommy knew what Dick said was true. He knew he was a coward and Dick wasn't. And he didn't want to be one.

Tommy decided he would show them he wasn't afraid. Next recess he would show them! But when the captains chose up sides, nobody wanted

him. "Ole Scardikat can't play ball. He'd run from it," they said. Tommy wanted to cry, but he wouldn't. Not when Jean and Dick and all the others were looking.

That night he was too unhappy to eat. "Tommy, you haven't tasted your potatoes," said Mother. "Don't you feel well?"

Tommy looked up at his mother. "Mother, why am I a coward?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" she asked. "Where did you get that idea?"

"All the kids call me 'Ole Scardikat,'" Tommy said, hanging his head, "and I know it's true. But I don't want to be a coward."

"You aren't," said Mother. "You're afraid only because you think you are. You've just got yourself into a bad habit of thinking."

"But what makes me think that way?" Tommy asked, miserably. "I don't want to think that way. I want to be brave, and I want to be like the other boys. I want them to like me."

"You forget about it now, and we'll talk about it in the morning. I think we can do something about it."

He felt better right away. "It'll be wonderful not to be afraid any more!" he said, and he picked up his spoon and began eating his potatoes.

On Monday morning Tommy was anxious for time to come to go to school. Mother's idea sounded wonderful. He was sure it would work. On the way to school the big dog came out and barked. Tommy started to run, then remembered to act as though he wasn't afraid. So he walked along and pretended he didn't see the dog. It went away.

When he walked into the schoolyard, Dick called out, "Look who's early! Ole Scardikat Run! Run!" He started toward Tommy.

Tommy stepped aside and stood still. He remembered to act as though he wasn't scared.

Dick stopped. "What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Tommy. "I came early to play with you." He felt so scared inside he wanted to

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### Thoughts for You . . .

Do we appreciate our blessings? There is a saying that we find what we are looking for, and that is true. Two women were admiring a rose bush. One said, "Oh, what beautiful roses, the petals are like velvet." The other said, "I think they are awful, for just look at all those thorns." One was looking for beauty and she saw it, the other was looking for a defect or flaw and she found just what she wanted to find, thorns.

A tree may be somewhat decayed, but to one who is looking for beauty, it is a tree covered with bright green leaves which gives welcome shade to man and a home to the birds. To one who is looking for a flaw it is just an ugly tree marring the landscape.

Some people look at an acquaintance and see everything good about him. Then another may see only the small mistakes the person has made. We should remember the good, forget and forgive the bad. Everybody makes mistakes so let us look for the good in others.

If we learn to appreciate the beauty of things about us and look for the good, we will not be so ready to find fault with our friends and look for the thorns.

—M—

### OLD SCARDIKAT

run, but he felt excited, too. He was doing what Mother had said. And it was working.

"All right, fellows, we'll try him," said Dick. "Jean, you take him on your side."

They played until the bell rang and not once did anybody call Tommy that hateful name. Tommy was too happy to think about his lessons when the bell rang. At recess he would have another chance to act as though he wasn't scared. Only he hoped it would not take too long a time before he stopped feeling scared.

That night Dick and Jean and Tommy walked home from school together. When they came to

the canyon, Jean said, "Let's run a race down the hill."

"I don't know," said Dick. "We might fall down and hurt ourselves."

Jean and Tommy were already on their way. They waited at the bottom for Dick.

"Say, Tommy! I was scared to try. But I made it and I didn't fall down," said Dick.

Tommy remembered. This time he'd forgotten to be scared! —Stories for Children

—M—

### PEPPER PLAYS POSTMAN

By Dorothy Dill Mason

Andy sat beside his sand pile and carefully leveled a little sand road for his jeep. He picked up some twigs and planted them as trees beside the road. Then he sat back on his heels and surveyed his work. Pepper nudged Andy with his nose and watched him with big, sorrowful eyes.

Andy sighed. He had almost forgotten for a moment that something was very wrong. Until the dog reminded him, he had felt almost at home in this new town, especially since there was a sand pile here like his old one.

"Don't you wish Jimmy were here now, sitting on the other side, rolling his old, green bus down our swell road?" he asked Pepper. "I 'spect you miss him almost as much as I do. I wish I had a nickel for every time you carried a message to him. I'd have a million of 'em, I'll bet!"

Pepper wagged his tail and continued to look solemn. He felt sad at moving too. He had been so important as a messenger, carrying notes from Andy to Jim or from Jim to Andy. Only yesterday Andy had placed the last message in the special slit the boys had made in his collar. "Come over and play," the note had read, although Pepper didn't know that. Jimmy had come for the last time and stayed all afternoon.

Andy turned back to the sand pile. From broken shingles he erected a small service station at an intersection and brought his jeep up to get some gas.

He wondered about the children next door. There was a tall laurel hedge between the two houses, but from the sidewalk Andy had seen a boy and girl playing in the yard.

Suddenly there was the sound of a screen door slamming on the other side of the hedge. Laughing voices grew loud and then faded away.

They probably have a gang of their own, Andy thought. Maybe they won't want an extra boy around.

Andy sighed. He had been thinking so hard about his loneliness that he had run his jeep off the road into a twig. He sank an old pan into the sand and filled it with water to make a lake.

The sight of water made Pepper thirsty. While

Andy had his back turned, Pepper emptied the lake! Andy shouted at him, and Pepper, his feelings hurt, disappeared around the house.

As Andy swung his jeep out into the main sand road again, he wondered about the best way to get acquainted. If he could only do something wonderful for them—save them from a burning house or from drowning.

Just then Andy heard strange voices. He turned and stared. Coming around the house, proud as a peacock, was Pepper. Behind him were the boy and girl who lived next door.

The girl smiled at Andy and stooped to pat Pepper. Pepper wriggled all over and licked her hand. "It was so nice of you to invite us over," she told Andy. "We've been wanting to know you, but we thought you weren't settled yet."

Andy stared at her, speechless.

"That was a clever idea," her brother said admiringly, "hiding the note in the dog's collar. I just happened to see it sticking out. Oh, you've got a sand pile! Say, I'll go home and get my new red fire engine. It'll just fit on those roads. Okay?"

"Okay!" agreed Andy happily.

"And I have some tiny dolls to put beside that lake!" the girl added. "We can make boats for them! We'll be back in a moment."

While he waited, Andy sat patting Pepper. He knew now what had happened. Jimmy had put yesterday's note back in Pepper's collar, the one that said, "Come over and play." And Pepper had decided to play postman again!

"You'll get an extra big bone tonight," he told Pepper. And Pepper's eyes weren't sorrowful any more.—Stories for Children

—M—

### HELPING HANDS

By L. L. Wightman

When Mary started for school, her heart was full of joy. Her mother had just said, "Mary, you have been such a help to me this morning. I am glad to have such a good girl."

How had Mary helped her mother? By not lying in bed until the last minute, then hurrying for something to eat, and away to school. She rose early enough to wipe the breakfast dishes and also dust a room.

Mary had a motto for every day in the week. She kept it in the heart, not on the wall: "To-day is the day to help someone."

When school was over for the day, she went home to see if Moher wished her to do any special work.

"No, Mary, the work is done," her mother said. "You may play until supper is ready."

"I'll go over to play with Helen," she said, running across the street.

Helen was raking leaves. She could not play until her work was done.

"That won't be long," said Mary, picking up an extra rake. "I'll help you." In just a few minutes the leaves were raked.

"That was very kind of you, Mary," Helen expressed her thanks. "I wonder if Jane would like to play with us?"

They went to ask Jane. "Just as soon as I finish my dusting," Jane said.

"Give us dust rags and we'll help," Mary said.

In a few minutes the dusting was done. "That was a big help," Jane said. "Thanks, very much."

"Guess we owe Mary the thanks," Helen said. "She began it by helping me, then both of us helped you. I think I'll do as Mary does—help somebody each day."

Perhaps they enjoyed their playtime a bit more than usual, knowing that helping hands had made it possible.

But there was something more the girls were to learn about this.

"Do you know why I help folks?" Mary asked.

"No," said the girls.

"Then I'll tell you. My mother reads the Bible to me each day and explains the verses she read. One day she read about bearing one another's burdens, and told what Christians should do. I decided then to be the kind of Christian that would help those in need, asking Jesus to show me what to do."

My young friends, we do not lend a helping hand in order to become a Christian. Because we are Christians, that is the outflow of Spirit-filled lives. We do it because Jesus lives within.—Juvenile Pleasure

—M—

## Your Letters . . . .

### FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my first time to write to the paper. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade.

I like to read the Missionary paper but best of all I like the letters.

I attend church at Oklahoma City. I like to go to church very much. Every once in awhile Brother Whitten comes up.

We are planning to go to the campmeeting at Tecumseh. I hope others come. I like to go to quarterly meetings and camp meetings.

My Sabbath school teacher is Sister Louise Nelson. She is very nice.

A reader,

La Fern Kanady

(It will be nice for you to be able to go to the camp meetings. You have a good teacher and it is grand that you have Brother Whitten with you for some of the meetings.)



FOR  
JULY 23, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalms 32:10, 11; 15:10, 15; 86:5.

Memory Verse: "For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive."—Psalm 86:5.

### God Is Ready To Forgive

God is love. He does so many wonderful things for us and all He wants us to do is to live for Him every day.

God would have us be loving and kind all the time. But many times we fail to show our love to others. Mary is selfish and Jack talked mean to Joe, Nellie stomped her foot when mother said she couldn't go to Emma's, and Kay pretended to be ill when she was asked to take care of tiny May.

God sees all these actions and He is not pleased to have His children be unkind and selfish. But God is always ready to forgive us if we ask Him.

David asked God's forgiveness after he had done wrong. God was pleased to have David come to Him to be forgiven.

Many places can be found in the Bible where men have sinned and have asked God to forgive them. God is always ready to blot out their wrongs. God has not changed. He will forgive us if we come to Him, admit our mistakes and ask His forgiveness. What a wonderful God we have.

### Do You Remember?

1. Who is love?
2. What God does for you?
3. What God wants us to do for Him?
4. One wrong thing you did?
5. What God is ready to do?
6. What great man asked God's forgiveness?
7. Our memory verse?

—M—

### AS GOD SEES IT

A story says that a man went to church with an angel as his guide. Every seat was filled, but there was something strange about it all. The organist moved his fingers over the keys, but no music came forth from the pipes. The choir arose to sing; their lips moved, but not a sound was heard. The pastor stepped to the altar to read the service, but not a word was heard.

The congregation joined in the confession of sin and in repeating the prayer, but not a single sound was produced. The pastor stepped to the pulpit and went through all the motions of preaching, but the man with the angel heard nothing. So he turned to his angel guide and said: "What does this mean? I see that service is being held, but I hear nothing."

The angel said, "You hear nothing, because there is nothing to be heard. Today you see this service just as God sees it. These people are not putting their hearts into it, and so God hears nothing. He hears that which comes from the heart and not that which comes only from the lips."

While the angel was speaking, back in the last pew, they now began to hear the voice of a child saying, "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name," etc. And the angel said, "Now you are hearing the only part of this service which God hears. God hears this little one's prayer because it means what it says, and is putting its mind and heart into it."—Young Pilgrim

—M—



# KNOW YOUR BIBLE

### Mountains

High upon my rocky crest,  
Noah's ark was made to rest.....

I am a hill, but not so high,  
Where God's Son was brought to die.....

Many were the things I saw,  
'Twas here God gave Moses the law.....

Jesus ascended to heaven from me,  
When He returns, its here He will be.....

Ans: Ararat; Golgotha; Sinai; Mount of Olive.  
M. J. B.

—M—

In Florida many families raise crickets for fish-bait. A dollars worth of feed will last for months. They usually sell the crickets for one cent apiece, sometimes two cents each.

Seals for circus acts are caught in nets when they are young and weigh about 200 pounds. They are intelligent and many are sent to Seal College, operated by Mark Hulling of New York. After he teaches them to play musical instruments and balance balls they are worth thousands of dollars.