

The

# SABBATH SCHOOL ...MISSIONARY...



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## *The Party Comes to Norman*

By Dorothy Dill Mason

Norman looked at the invitation in his hand. It was cut in the shape of a clown wearing a silly hat. Inside it said:

"Do you want to have some fun?  
Come to Sally's party.  
Please be there at half-past one—  
Our welcome will be hearty!"

Parties were always fun. Sally, who lived across the street, had especially lively ones; but Norman's face was not happy. It was the day of the party, and Norman couldn't go.

"Mother," he called. "Have you seen Joe yet?"

"Sorry, Son," Mother answered. "I've been in the kitchen. Haven't you seen him?"

"No, not yet. I guess everyone's there but Joe and me. Maybe he has chickenpox, too."

Mother went to the window. "There he comes now," she said.

Norman sighed. "Well, I guess they're ready to start the party now. I wonder what they'll do first."

The phone rang; and while Mother answered it, Norman kept his nose pressed against the window glass. "Chickenpox doesn't make me very sick," he thought gloomily, "but it really has spoiled everything."

Mother came in with a smile. "I don't see how you can be so happy," Norman complained, "when I have to sit here alone while the others are having a good time."

"Wait and see," Mother said mysteriously.

In a few moments the door across the street opened, and the whole crowd poured out. They all wore funny cellophane hats with rubber bands under their chins. Sally led them across the street. They came and stood outside Norman's window. His mouth flew open in surprise.

"You couldn't come to the party," Sally cried gaily, "so the party decided to come to you!"

She brought a funny hat to Mother at the front door, and Norman put it on. It was queer how much better he felt already!

Some of the boys brought chairs from Sally's

house. They set them around on the lawn in position for the game of musical chairs.

"Where will they get the music?" Norman wondered.

"From you," Mother laughed. "You can turn the radio on and off while they play. They can hear it easily through the open door."

So while the others hopped around the chairs, Norman controlled the game with his radio. The chairs were rather tippy on the grass; and once one of the boys jumped so hard for a seat, he went over backwards, chair and all!

When that game was over, Sally brought over a big sheet of paper with a clown on it. In her other hand she had a piece of black yarn and a pin.

"We'll pin the mustache on the clown while we're blindfolded," she told everyone. She waved it at Norman so that he could see, too.

They nailed the picture to a tree, and each one tried his luck. One boy pinned the mustache on the clown's toe, and a girl put it in his hand. Joe had it hanging from his ear, and Sally missed it altogether and almost pinned it onto Joe who was standing near!

"Now it's your turn," everyone told Norman as they passed the picture in. Norman's mother tacked it on the wall, and Norman put on the blindfold. All the children watched from the porch. He walked as straight as he could; and when he felt the wall, he jabbed the pin hard. The others roared with laughter. When Norman got the blindfold off, he found he'd put the mustache over the clown's right eye.

"The yarn makes a wonderful eyebrow!" Joe laughed.

And Norman won the prize for his aim.

Sally brought a milk bottle up on the porch while Norman watched inside. She handed each guest a feather and a knife and lined them up on the sidewalk.

"Put the feather on your knife, take it up the

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## The Sabbath School Missionary

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## Thoughts for You . . .

Jesus said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Jesus went to heaven but He left a very great work here for His followers to do. We are to carry that light into all parts of the world. We are like candles or lamps.

We cannot light ourselves but we can get our light from the great light, Jesus. When we are alight we shine. There is so much darkness around, that it will take every Christian's light to brighten up each corner and help others along the way.

When a light shines for others it is giving its own life. Its brightness shines forth to serve others and one candle can light ever so many others.

Just think how big this world is and how many lights it will take to shine out into all the dark places, bringing God's message of love. Every Christian will need to shine brightly all the time for there are many, many people who do not know that Jesus wants them to be His followers. Shine, shine, shine where you are.

—M—

### CARYL LEARNS TO SPEAK KINDLY

By Geraldine Gross

Mother sighed as she got baby ready for bed. If only Caryl would not have such a temper!

The Glenhope family lived in a quiet little town, in a house surrounded by many shapely trees. It was a happy home, and as far as they were concerned, it was the happiest place on earth. But sometimes Caryl's temper got the best of her, and it seemed as if she could not control her tongue at all!

Even as Mother was tucking baby into bed, she could hear Caryl saying, "Billy, you get me so cross! Why don't you leave me alone? Every time I try to get interested in a book, you come along and bother me. Stop it, Bill!"

Exasperated with his sister, Billy left the room.

Could she not even take his jokes like a sister should? He was so full of fun and energy that he could not help being mischievous once in a while.

Caryl was reading a story. At least she was trying to read. The story was about Sara, and Sara became angry too; just as she did. She scolded her brothers and sisters day after day, until it seemed that her mother could not stand it any more. This went on for several weeks until her sisters and brothers formed the same habit. Their mother thought it was about time to do something.

While she was washing the supper dishes, a plan formulated in her mind. She would have a record made of her children's voices, while they were quarreling! Why had she not thought of that before?

The very next day, all the brothers and sisters were in the living room. This time the subject was elephants. What a strange thing to quarrel and argue about! The man who was to record their voices had everything prepared, and was standing in the dining room. Of course, they could not see him, but as if they knew someone were listening, their arguments were louder than usual.

A few days later, Mother put the record on the Victrola, and said to her family, "Now listen!"

As they heard their own voices, each one's face grew red, and Sara, the oldest, mumbled, "Is that really my voice? I never thought I sounded like that." She was truly ashamed.

Mother said, "Yes, dear, and you did set a very bad example. You became angry, and everyone else started the same habit. I hope from now on, you will set a good example, and I'm sure the rest will follow it."

Sara looked up, and with tears running down her cheeks, said, "Mother, I never want to get cross again."

Mother destroyed the record, for she felt sure that the children had learned their lesson.

Caryl finished the story, and threw the book aside. She tried to forget what she read, because it made her uncomfortable.

For the next few days, it persistently stayed in her memory. Why did she have to read about Sara anyway? Finally, she went to Mother, and asked, "How can I stop being so cross with Billy?" Then, she told her all about Sara. Mother understood. She always did.

Taking Caryl's hands in both her plump ones, she said gently, "Caryl, we won't make a record of your voice, but let's ask Jesus to help control your tongue."

So they prayed, and the little girl's conscience bothered her no more. He learned to take Billy's jokes, as he thought she should. No more did Mother sigh, for Caryl had learned to speak kindly.

—Words of Cheer

## A DIME

I was a girl of ten or eleven years, the eldest of a large family. Father had always been a hard-working man, and had supported his family well. One day my father became very ill and could work no longer; the doctors said he was going to die.

Coming in from school one day I told my parents that I had to have a new exercise book, and that it only cost a dime. But my mother informed me that there was not a dime in the house. Of course I cried and said that I must have the exercise book. I didn't stop to think how badly this must be making my father feel.

Suddenly Father said. "Let's pray for the ten cents." I heard him but I did not pay much attention to what he said. I could not imagine anyone praying for just a dime. But my father bowed his head and prayed for God to send us a dime.

I was not paying much attention as I was so busy looking behind books on the shelves and other places where I thought Mother might have left some money. But I could not find even a penny.

While I was looking behind the books I came across an old post card. It was one someone had sent to my mother some months ago. For some reason I picked it up and tore it down the middle. And between the cardboard was a dime. God was interested in a ten-cent exercise book for a ten-year-old girl. If we'll only stop and ask Him, God will hear our prayers and answer them, even for little things.—Mrs. H. B., in Boys and Girls' Joy.

—M—

## THE CLOCK HANDS

Once upon a time there was a man who had a broken clock. One day his clock would not run any more, and he could not tell what time it was.

"Dear me," said the man, "I shall have to take the clock to the clock shop and have it fixed." Now I won't take the whole thing. It is just the hands that won't go around. I'll take them off and have them fixed."

He took the hands of the clock off the face, and wrapped them in a piece of paper, and started off for the clock shop.

"The hands of my clock won't go around," he said to the man in the clock shop. I want you to fix them for me."

"Why you are foolish!" answered the clock man. "I can't fix the hands to make them go around. I have to have the whole clock."

"I know what you are trying to do," argued the owner of the clock. "You are just trying to make me pay more to get my clock fixed." He strode angrily out of the shop.

He was a very silly man wasn't he? Anybody ought to know that if the hands of a clock won't

work that something is the matter with the inside.

Anybody ought to know, too, that the reason that our hands do not always do what they ought to is that something is the matter with our hearts. But not everybody knows that.

But the Lord Jesus has told us that if our hands do the wrong things, then we must ask Him to come into our hearts. He will make our hearts right and then help us do the right things with our hands.

Why don't you, right now, ask Jesus to come into your heart and make it right?—Selected

—M—

## Your Letters . . . .

## FROM MICHIGAN

Dear Boys and Girls:

We read stories from the Missionary paper on Sabbath. We go to Sabbath School at the Baptist church.

I am eight years old. I am in the third grade at school.

Our cat died. It's name was Bibs. We have a dog. Her name is Scotty. Scotty rolls a stone. It's too hot here. It is 100.

With much love,

Marcia Lamoine Crandall

(We are sorry to hear about you losing your pet cat. Scotty sounds like an interesting dog. It has been hot in many places. Our cat, Dandy is in trouble. We don't know what he did, perhaps he found a bird nest and got one of their babies—every time he walks across the lawn, a pair of blackbirds swoop down and scold at him.)

—M—

## YOUR WORDS

Keep a watch on your words, my children,

For words are wonderful things.

They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,

Like bees, they have terrible stings.

They can bless like the warm glad sunshine

And brighten the lonely life.

They can cut, in the strife of anger,

Like an open, two-edged knife.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,

Under bar, and lock, and seal.

The wounds they make, my children,

Are always slow to heal.

Let Christ guard your lips, and ever

From the time of your early youth,

Let the words that you daily utter,

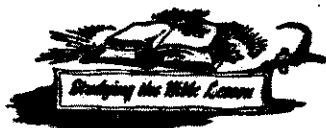
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—Selected

—M—

A song will outlive all sermons in the memory.

—Giles



FOR  
JULY 30, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 37:3-6; 143:8.

Memory Verse: "Trust in the Lord, and do good."  
Psalm 37:3.

### God Is My Helper

David wrote many beautiful Psalms about God and all the things God did for him. He sang, "God is my helper." And God did help David many times. When David was a young lad, he trusted in God and God was with him to watch over him while he fought with and slew a giant. If David had not trusted in God, do you suppose he could have won the fight with the giant? No, for he said the giant was trusting in his great suit of armor, but David trusted in God and took only five smooth stones and a sling.

Think of sometime when God has been your helper. Of course we don't meet giants and wild animals, but there are ever so many times when we have problems to face and we ask God to help us.

If God does not help us it is our fault—perhaps we never asked Him. He is always ready to help us, but we are to ask for His help and trust in Him.

When we offer prayers to God we are asking for His help and thanking Him for His loving care. Even small boys and girls may ask God to be their helper. God loves children and He will help them to be good.

### Do You Remember?

1. Who wrote about God?
2. What David said God was?
3. How God helped David?
4. How God has helped you?
5. How we can have God's help?
6. What we pray for?
7. Who loves and helps children?
8. Our memory verse?

—M—

### THE PARTY COMES TO NORMAN

stairs, and dump it into the milk bottle," she told them.

It sounded easy, Norman thought, but soon feathers were flying everywhere. Only Joe managed to get up the stairs with his feather still on his knife. Just as he was ready to dump it into the bottle, Norman opened the door a few inches and closed it quickly. The draft of air picked Joe's feather off his knife and whisked it into the shrubbery.

"No fair, no fair," Joe roared. And he and Norman made fierce faces at each other through the glass of the door.

Just then Joe saw the pink lemonade and popcorn on the table under the tree. Sally's mother was bringing a huge cake across the street. In a circle on the thick pink icing marched a parade of animal crackers—lions, bears, elephants, and giraffes. The porch was empty in a twinkling. All the children gathered around the table except Norman.

He wasn't forgotten, though. His mother brought him a cupcake, dressed just like the big one in pink frosting with four animals marching around nose-to-tail. And the pink lemonade and popcorn tasted just as good as they looked.

It was getting late now, and the party began to break up. As Sally started across the street, Norman shouted to her, "It was a wonderful party, Sally! The best one I ever had to stay away from!"—Little Pilgrim

—M—

## Know Your Bible . . .

We are a people whose name starts with E,  
All of our horses were drowned in the sea.....

Several years with Christ we spent.

To many cities and towns we went.....

We sold our brother, for him we did hate,

We met him in Egypt when he became great.....

We were into the wilderness led,

God sent meat and also bread.....

Ans: Egyptians; disciples; Joseph's brothers;

Children of Israel.

M. J. B.

—M—

### THE BOY INSIDE

There is a fellow that I know,  
Born just about as long ago  
As I, and, with me, bound to grow—  
That boy inside of me.

Sometimes I wish he were not there,  
For when in games I am not fair  
He seems to say, "Stop Is that  
square?"

That boy inside of me.

Or when I plan some secret lark,  
Then suddenly, I have to hark;  
Somehow he makes me toe the mark—  
That boy inside of me.

It really does no good to hide  
A thing from him, because I've tried,  
And I'm so glad I'm on his side.—  
That boy inside of me.

—Youth's World