



## The Lost Cakes

By Josephine E. Toal

Joyce and Marilyn were on their way to the glen to pick flowers and to enjoy a picnic for two. For this was the first day of May, and the violets and anemones were pushing shy heads up through the moist soil down in the glen.

Joyce carried a basket of sandwiches and fruit. From one hand Marilyn swung a paper sack containing two drinking cups, and in the other she carried—oh, so carefully—a box of luscious pink-frosted cakes.

Down in the glen the girls tucked their lunch away on a ledge of rock in a dark crevice near a tiny trickling spring. The branch of a drooping willow tree hid basket, bag, and box so they were out of sight.

"There, I am sure they are quite hidden," decided Joyce, giving them a last push back behind the leafy screen. "I don't think a stray dog could find them."

They decided to go farther up the glen to where the best flowers grew.

Never before, the girls thought, had the violets been such a dark blue, nor the anemones so delicately tinted. Farther and farther they wandered up the glen. By and by they met three boys with fishing rods, going down to the trout stream just beyond the foot of the gorge. The boys greeted them with a shy "Hello," and the girls smiled in reply.

"They are the Parker boys—" whispered Marilyn when they had passed, "that family, you know, that just came to town. They live in the house the Meyer's moved out of."

"Oh!" Joyce looked thoughtful. "That's the family Miss Carr mentioned last Sabbath. You know, she said she hoped we would all see that they had an invitation to church and Sabbath School. I wonder if there are any girls in the family."

"We will have to find out, Joyce. I hope there is at least one of our age."

The flower gatherers roamed on until they had

all the violets and anemones their hands could hold. Then they hurried back down the glen to put the flowers in the spring where they would not wilt.

"I'm hungry as a bear," Marilyn declared, diving behind the willow screen for the lunch. Joyce spread a flat rock with ferns for a table. "I'll find the cups while you unpack the lunch," she said.

"Why, where is the box of cakes?" Marilyn cried, turning with startled face to stare at Joyce. "It's gone!"

Joyce ran to look. "That's funny," she said, wrinkling her brow. "I'm sure I put it in there with the other things."

"I know! Those boys took it!" Marilyn's black eyes blazed with anger. "If that isn't the meanest trick!"

"Oh, we don't know, Marilyn."

"Of course they did. It couldn't have been anyone else. If that's the kind of folks they are, I shall not ask them to come to our Sabbath School."

"Perhaps some little animal carried it off—perhaps a coon." "Don't be silly, Joyce: An animal would have broken into the box, not carried it away. No, I am sure those boys did it to be mean. Just wait until I see them again!"

"But, Marilyn, we can't be sure. And if they did do it, probably they just meant it for a joke."

"Just the same, it's a mean trick. We don't want that kind of boys in our Sabbath school."

"But supposing they did mean to do wrong, Marilyn; maybe they have never been taught better. Then shouldn't we try to get them into Sabbath school where they would learn what the Bible teaches?"

The anger slowly faded from Marilyn's eyes. "I suppose you are right, Joyce."

"Well, we have sandwiches and fruit, anyway," laughed Joyce. "We can still have a picnic. I'll fill the cups." She tripped down to the spring.

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## The Sabbath School Missionary

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### Thoughts for You . . .

Perhaps you have sung the song about the lower lights. It is called, "Let the lower lights be burning."

What are the lower lights? We know that Jesus is the light of the world. He is the great light. We get our light from Him.

We are the lower lights. Jesus is the great light that shines from above, and we are the small lights here below. But we are to keep shining into the darkness, for there are others who do not know the way and they are depending upon the light we shed to guide them aright.

Sailors depend on the great light at the top of the lighthouse to guide them in the right direction, then when they are near the shore they watch for the lower lights along the pier, by which they are guided safely into the harbor.

It is very important for us to keep the lower lights shining. If we should let our lights grow dim and go out, we might get lost ourselves and think of all the others who might fail to reach the harbor safely because they had depended upon our lights?

We never know whom might be watching our light and depending upon its beams to guide them. Let us keep our lights trimmed and burning brightly.

—M—

### THE BOY JESUS IN THE SYNAGOGUE SCHOOL

Probably the boy Jesus could not remember the first time He had repeated words from the Jewish Bible. So often had He heard Mary and Joseph repeating parts of it in their prayers and at feasts and festivals, that He had come to know the words as well as He knew His own name.

But when Jesus became six years old, Joseph said, "It is now time for you to go to school in the synagogue with the other boys of Nazareth."

Joseph went with Jesus the first day, for it was the business of fathers to take their sons

to school. Of course, if a boy had no father, his mother took him to school. If it so happened that a boy had neither a father nor a mother then a kind neighbor went with the boy to school. Joseph was proud of the boy Jesus. Joseph knew that he would never be ashamed of Jesus at school.

The rabbi, or teacher, in the school was a kind man. The new boys sat near him as he wrote with his finger on the sandy floor, and began to teach them the Jewish alphabet. The alphabet was long, but in time every boy must learn it. Jesus learned it too.

The alphabet learned, the kind rabbi unrolled a book of the Jewish law. He showed the boys how the letters of the alphabet were put together to make words. Soon Jesus was able to read aloud from the book. I think Joseph and Mary were happy when Jesus had learned to read from the scroll.

But now came the hardest tasks at the school. The boys must learn to repeat the books of the law from memory. Over and over the class recited the words aloud until not a single one was missed.

Some of these boys, when they grew old enough, might be called on to read to the people of the whole town when they gathered in the synagogue for their regular services. Their parents would be proud when they were called to the reading desk of the synagogue on a Sabbath morning to read aloud to all the people of Nazareth. Perhaps the boy Jesus read in the synagogue in Nazareth.—Junior Jewels

—M—

### WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

By Edgar Williams

Do you know about the Chinese children's names? Suppose we met a little boy walking along the sidewalk beside his grandfather. We would ask him his name. If he were big enough to answer us he might reply, "My name is Wang." That is like your saying, "My name is Jones."

Since we want to know his own personal name, we would ask, "But I mean what is your own name?" The little fellow might say, "Oh, I am called 'Mimi' or 'Titi.'" Mimi means "very little one." Titi means "little brother." We would not be satisfied, for we would think he ought to have a first name like Johnny or Henry or James.

In China they have what are called "the one hundred surnames." In fact, there are not many more than one hundred family names. When a child comes to live in the Chinese home he is not named at birth as in your home. He is called "little brother" or "very little one" until he starts to school. Then he must be given a "school name." Only the family name, Tao or Sang or Tang or Gee or Hu or Ku, is really important in China.

You wonder how they tell which child is meant

but that is easy. The elder son will be called "the elder son" or the "big" son; the second is called the "Er Hai tze" or second son; and the same is true for the daughters. We recently talked to a mother whose daughter had started to school this year. At home they had called the little girl "hsiao-hsiao" or "little, little." They had chosen a school name for the "little, little" but Mamma had forgotten what it was, so she had to fill the blank with "little, little."

Many boys and girls have school names like these: "Ming" (bright), "Ching" (clear), "Ying" (brave), "Mei" (beautiful), "Yi" (righteous), "Kuang" (light), "Ren" (responsible).

Every boy or girl born to a certain family will have a part of the same name as his brothers and sisters, besides his family surname, like this: Wang Ren Te and Wan Ren Yi and Wang Ren Ching and Wang Ren Fu. That would be like all my brothers and sisters having the same middle name as I. That seems a bit strange to you and me, but that is the way in China.—Selected

—M—

## Your Letters . . . .

### FROM MICHIGAN

Dear Friends:

We read the stories in the paper and we like them.

I am six years old. I am in the second grade. My Grandma is Mrs. Weir.

Patty Crandall

(We have another letter from Michigan. This is a busy time and perhaps you are kept busy helping Grandma, Patty. We are happy you found time to write to all the readers.)

—M—

### CHIPPY'S TRIAL

Little Jimmy had not lived near the woods very long, but he loved the squirrels and the chipmunks already, and he meant to be a good friend to them.

One day on his way to the post office he met Henry, a neighbor boy. Henry was carrying a trap and walking very fast.

"What are you going to do with that trap?" Jimmy asked.

"Set it for a chipmunk," answered Henry. "You ought to see all the nuts I found in a hollow stump. A chipmunk had stolen them, and I am going to set a trap for him, the little thief."

"Where did he steal the nuts from?" asked Jimmy.

"From that tree over by the creek," Henry said.

"To whom does the tree belong?" Jimmy asked.

"Belong? Why this is Government land. Don't you know that?"

"Then it belongs to Uncle Sam, doesn't it?" Jimmy said. "Sure!" said Henry. "Well", said Jimmy, "would Uncle Sam mind if Chippy took some of his nuts for winter?"

"What a silly idea," said Henry. "What do I care whether Uncle Sam would mind or not?"

"But how do you know that Uncle Sam would want you to take his nuts?" Jimmy said.

"Anyone can have the nuts from the Government land," Henry said.

"Then," said Jimmy, "what right have you to set a trap to kill Chippy for taking nuts from the Government land when Uncle Sam does not mind who takes them?"

Henry looked at Jimmy, "Say," he said, "you are certainly funny. What does it matter about one chipmunk, anyway? I want the rest of the nuts, and I am going to have them, and if I let that thief live, he will get them next year."

"Then, if Uncle Sam wouldn't mind Chippy's taking them, what right have you to kill him for taking them? If you must have the nuts, you could bring Chippy some corn in place of them."

"Oh well," Henry said, "I suppose I could. You are certainly funny," and he turned about and started home for the corn.

Then Jimmy was happy.—The Sunbeam

—M—

### SMALL AMERICAN FARMERS

By Irene Powell

Teddie and I are farmers,  
We live far out from town;  
Our house is white with dormers,  
Our silo's painted brown.

We get up bright and early  
And have fun all the day,  
We feed the little chicks,  
We watch the lambs at play.

We love to hoe the garden;  
The peas are like small boats  
Filled full of bright green people  
Who decorate the floats.

Tomatoes red and juicy,  
And lettuce cool and green,  
Low parsley, frilled and spicy,  
And beans both fat and lean.

We say they are our children,  
We wash them with the hose;  
We pull the weeds around them  
For they, indeed, are foes.

And when everything is ready  
We'll pick it carefully,  
For food for us and others,—  
We share them happily.



FOR  
AUGUST 6, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 136:1-9.

Memory Verse: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." Psalm 92:1.

### Give Thanks and Sing

When we are happy we feel like singing. When we sing we thank God in song. We should be happy and we should lift our voices in songs of thanksgiving and praise. God gave us all these things which we enjoy.

God is good. He is the God of gods. He has put all of these wonders here for us. He made the heaven and the earth, the moon and stars for our nighttime sky and the sun which gives us warmth and light by day.

David wrote many songs of praise for God's goodness to him. These songs were called Psalms. Read some of these beautiful songs and see what David was thankful for. Can you sing songs of praise for the same reasons?

God is love. He sent His only Son into the world to die for us because He loved us so much. Wasn't this a wonderful gift? We should feel thankful enough to keep singing His praises all the time.

Remember, God even gave us our voices with which to sing.

### Do You Remember?

1. When we sing?
2. One way we can show our thanks to God?
3. Three things God made?
4. Who wrote many songs about God's goodness?
5. The greatest gift God gave us?
6. Our memory verse?

—M—

### THE LOST CAKES

Putting one cup down a bit carelessly, while she filled the other, the cup tipped over and rolled away under the rock ledge shelf, out of sight. Joyce had to stoop and reach far in to get it. As she stood up, suddenly she thought of something. Pushing aside the willow branches, she reached far back into a pocket. "I guess I more than hid it when I gave it that last push."

For a moment Marilyn stared in silence. Then her cheeks reddened. "Joyce, I am so sorry I said what I did about those boys. Anyway I'm glad they don't know what I said. You won't ever tell anyone, will you, Joyce?"

"Of course not, Marilyn."

"Then no one but you and I will know how horrid I was. I am glad of that."

"But someone else does know, dear."

For a second Marilyn looked fearful. Then she hung her head. "Do you mean God? But God will forgive me, won't He?"

"Of course, if you ask Him to. Remember what Miss Carr said—that when we are unkind to anyone it hurts Jesus more than the one we are mean to. She said we ought to think of that."

"Oh, Joyce, I am truly sorry. I hadn't thought of it that way before."

Joyce went down to the spring to wash her hands. When she came back Marilyn's eyes were shining. "I told Jesus about it," she said in a hushed voice. "I asked Him to forgive me. I know He did, and I will try hard not ever to have any mean thoughts about folks."

How good that lunch tasted! and how beautiful it was in the glen! A friendly gray squirrel peered around a tree trunk and watched the picnic. Joyce threw him some crumbs, which he pretended not to notice, but two sparrows fluttered down from an ash tree and cleared up the offering. A flock of blackbirds gave a noisy concert from the top of an old pine.

Suddenly Marilyn exclaimed, "Why, it's almost sundown! We must go." They gathered up their flowers and said good-by to the squirrel and the birds.

On the way home they met the returning Parker boys, who again gave them a shy "Hello." Marilyn was first to answer. "You boys are new to our town, aren't you? Is your name Parker?"

"Yes," grinned the tallest one. "I am Bob and these are my brothers, Don and Frankie."

"I am Marilyn Hall and this is my chum, Joyce Stevens. We want to invite you and all your family to come to our church service and our Sabbath school. "Will you?" added Joyce. "Please do." "Thank you, we surely will. Mom said the other day that little white church looked good to her. And Carol, my sister, is already getting lonely for some girl friends."

"Please tell her we are coming to see her very soon," Marilyn promised.—Boy's and Girl's Comrade

—M—

## Know Your Bible . . .

I at an open window prayed,  
What punishment was on me laid?

When a sinful woman had been found  
Who stooped and wrote upon the ground?

When Jonah wished that he was dead  
What grew close by to shade his head?

Out of the fire a viper came  
To strike my hand, what is my name?

Ans: Daniel was put in the lion's den; Jesus; a gourd; Paul.

M. J. B.