



The SABBATH SCHOOL ...MISSIONARY...



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IT'S ALL THE LITTLE BOOK

One day some time ago as the writer was sitting in a railroad coach, a pleasant voice sang out:

"Paper, Sir? Paper, Sir? Morning paper, lady?"

There was nothing new in the words, nothing new to see a small boy with a package of papers under his arm. But the voice, so low and musical—its clear, pure tones, mellow as a flute, tender as only love and sorrow could make—called up halloved memories. One look at the boy's large brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut-brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his history was known.

"What is your name, boy?" I asked, as half-blind with tears, I reached out my hand for a paper.

"Johnny"; the last name I did not catch.

"You can read?"

"Oh, yes; I've been to school a little," said Johnny, glancing out the window to see if there was need of haste.

I had a little brother whose name was Johnny. He had the same brown hair and tender, loving eyes, and perhaps it was on his account I felt very, very much disposed to throw my arms around Johnny's neck, and to kiss him on his thin cheek. There was something pure about the child, standing modestly there in his patched clothes and little half-worn shoes, his collar coarse but spotlessly white, his hands clean and beautifully molded. A long shrill whistle, however, with another short and peremptory, and Johnny must be off. There was nothing to choose; my little Testament, with its neat binding and pretty steel clasp, was in Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny?"

"I will, lady; I will."

There was a moment—we were off. I strained my eyes out the window after Johnny, but I did not see him; and shutting them, I dreamed what there was in store for him—not forgetting God's love and care for the destitute and tender-voiced boy.

A month later I made the same journey and

passed over the same railroad. Halting for a moment's respite at one of the many places on the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same eyes, and pure voice!

"I've thought of you, lady," he said; "I wanted to tell you it's all the little Book."

"What's all the little Book, Johnny?"

"The little Book has done it all. I carried it home and Father read it. He was out of work then, and Mother cried over it. They quite frightened uncle, who lived with us. At first I thought it was a wicked book to make them feel so bad, but the more they read the more they cried, and it's all been different since. It's the little Book; we live in a better house now and Father don't drink and Mother says 'twill all be right again."

Dear little Johnny—he had to talk so fast; but his eyes were bright and sparkling, and his brown face all aglow.

"I'm not selling papers now, and Father says maybe I can go to school this winter."

Never did I so crave a moment of time. But now the train was in motion. Johnny lingered as long as prudence would allow.

"It's all the little Book," sounded in my ear; the little Book that told of Jesus and His love for poor, perishable men. What a change! A comfortable home; the man no more a slave to strong drink. Hope was in the hearts of the parents; health mantled the cheeks of the children. No wonder Johnny's words came brokenly! From the gloom of despair to a world of light! The little Book had told them of One mighty to save, the very Friend they needed, the precious Saviour, with a heart of love and tenderness.

Oh, that all the Johnnys who sell papers, and, fathers that drink, and mothers that weep over the desolation of once happy homes, would take to their wretched dwellings the Book that tells of Jesus and His love! And not only these, but all

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The Sabbath School Missionary

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Thoughts for You . . .

"Please", and "Thank-you" are two words we should use over and over. At home and at school we are taught to be polite. But which of these two do you use the most? We say, "Please excuse me." "Please read me a story." And when we pray we say, "Please, God grant me this or that."

Please is used in asking a favor. It is a plea for someone to do something for you.

"Thank-you", could be used more often. When we say "Thank-you" we are expressing our thanks for a favor from someone. We should be sure we say "thank-you" to God for He has given us what we asked for and so many other blessings besides.

When mother or father does something for you don't forget to say, "thank-you". When God answers our prayers let us remember to thank Him. Don't overwork the please and forget the thank-you. Be sure to use them both—often.

—M—

IT'S ALL THE LITTLE BOOK

the Johnnys that have no parents, living in cellars, and sleeping in filth and wretchedness— would that they could learn from this little Book what a Friend they have in Jesus!—Jr. Challenge

—M—

A PET CANARY

By Charles H. Lampard

Peter ran to the door. When he opened it, he saw a delivery man, who said, "Is your mother home?"

Peter ran quickly into the other room and called her. He watched as she crossed the room to the door.

He heard the man say, "Here is the delivery from the pet shop."

Immediately Peter felt his heart pounding fast with excitement. He wondered what kind of a pet his mother had bought at the pet shop. Excitedly, he waited as she paid the bill. As soon

as the man had gone, he asked, "What kind of a pet do you have? May I see it?"

His mother said, "Peter, this is something you have wanted for a long time."

She lifted the paper that was over it, and Peter let out a yell, "Oh! Look! A canary!"

She said, "You will have to feed him."

Peter replied, "I will, Mother. I am going to name him Willie."

"You will have to clean out his cage," she said, as she hung it on a long hook that was on the wall.

"I do not want anything to happen to my Willie, said Peter; "so I will take good care of him."

"You must be careful when you clean the cage not to let him out," warned his mother.

The next morning, Peter came down the stairs to feed Willie. When he went into the room, he found the cage door open and no Willie. He looked all around but he could not see his canary. He was sure that he had shut the door tight the night before, but it was wide open.

"Where is Willie?" thought Peter. He ran into the dining room and looked, but Willie was not there. He ran into the kitchen, but he could not find Willie. He came back into the living room and stared at the empty cage.

Peter thought, "Now, if I were a canary, where would I go if I got out of my cage? I would fly out the door when someone opened it." He hurried outside, but realized that he could not find Willie outside. He felt very sad as he walked slowly back into the house. Again he tried to think where his pet canary might have gone.

"Maybe Willie flew into the pantry," Peter said to himself. Cautiously, he opened the door, hoping that Willie was there. He searched from the bottom to the top, but he did not find his canary. Next, he went to the closet in the hall, thinking that, maybe, Willie might have flown in there when the door was opened and had been locked inside. He opened the door and looked in, but all he could see were some coats hanging there. Slowly, he closed the door, wondering where to look next.

Up the stairs he ran. He searched in the bedrooms. He even looked under the beds, but he could not find Willie. Peter came slowly down the stairs dragging his feet heavily along.

He saw the cat sitting down and licking her paws and he wondered if he had eaten the canary. Peter pointed to the cat and said, "Did you eat my Willie?"

The only answer was, "Meow, Meow, Meow."

Once more Peter looked at the empty cage. "I wish I could find Willie," he sighed. Just then he thought of something and went running into the dining room. Breathless, he reached the French windows, and there he found Willie between the window and the screen. Peter jumped up and down with joy, because he had found his

own little canary. He put Willie back into the cage, and he was very careful to see that the door was closed tightly.—Young Pilgrim

—M—

Your Letters

FROM WISCONSIN

Dear Friends,

I always read your little paper and like it very much. The stories I like best I cut out and read them when we have sabbath school. We have sabbath school at home because Mother isn't well enough to ride so far to church. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade.

I heard this and am passing it along. I thought it was so cute:

"A Little Boy's Prayer"

The Lord is my shepherd, and that is all I want. I hope someone will write to me. My address is Allen Joyner, R. R., Bruce, Wisconsin.

(We are pleased to get your nice letter, Allen. We hope your mother improves each day. The little boy's prayer would be a good one for each of us, wouldn't it?)

FROM CALIFORNIA

Dear Readers:

I am eleven years old and will be twelve in August. I will be in the sixth grade next year at school. The name of my school teacher is Lillian J. Rice.

For pets I have a dog and one fish. My other fish died. The dog's name is Duffy and the fish is named Goldie for he is a goldfish.

I live at Chula Vista, California. Every Sabbath in the evening before the sun goes down we take a walk. Once we walked real far and then went back home. It was fun.

I have been making up poems and I copy them down in a little note book called "Memoranda."

Well I must close for now.

A friend,
Anita Crabtree

Here is one of my poems:

Lambs

The frisky lambs at play,
Are happy all the day.
At night they're safely put in their fold.
Their master is the shepherd bold.

(You have a nice hobby, Anita. Perhaps you will be a great poet some day. We all wish you a very happy birthday. Write again.)

FROM MICHIGAN

Dear Little Friends,

This is my first letter to the little paper. I am only 6 years old so my Grandma is writing for me.

I have a little brother 3 years old. We live in Mackinaw City, near the ferry docks. From our back yard we can watch the large ferry boats load and unload cars.

We also have fun playing on the beach in the water and sand.

My daddy and Grandpa have a gas station, and we live back of it. My Grandma and Mother read the Missionary to me and I and my little brother enjoy them so much. My letter is getting long so will say good bye. God bless you all.

Your little friend,

Mary Lou Taylor

(How interesting to watch the ferry boats without leaving your own yard.

Do have Grandma write for you again, Mary Lou. And for little brother too.)

—M—

THE TIME FOR DECISION

One can either stand for something in this world, or he can just stand. The world is made up of people who just stand, but it is led by those who stand for something—good or bad. Make sure you stand for that which is good.

—M—

A GOOD GUESSER

"Have you talked to our new neighbors?" Phil asked his sister Doris.

"No, I haven't," replied Doris.

"I wish you had," replied Phil. "I'm anxious to find out what kind of folks they are."

"You can find that out all right without speaking to them," added Doris. "I'll tell you something about them, and you can guess whether we want them for our friends. The girl's name is Grace, and her brother is called Bob. This morning I saw Bob start for school. Then he laid down his book and took time to pick up from the street two old tin cans that had fallen off a wagon. These would have cut an auto tire. Bob put these into his own trash barrel, and then had to run so he wouldn't be late."

"Why, he ought to belong to our Loyal Neighbors Club," cried Phil.

Doris went on. "And Grace took a little kitten off her back fence, and I saw her making a cozy bed for it on her back porch. So I'm going over after I'm through wiping dishes and get acquainted with Grace and her new pet."

"I guess they're all right," laughed Phil.

Doris laughed, too, as she said, "I knew you were a good guesser."—Dew Drops

—M—

If someone were to pay you ten cents for every kind word you spoke about people, and collect five cents for every unkind word, would you be rich or poor?



FOR
AUGUST 20, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 104:10-14.

Memory Verse: "O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among his people."—Psalm 105:1.

Songs Of The Out-of-Doors

David was a shepherd boy. He spent many hours in the fields, watching his father's sheep. Sometimes he became lonely, but he was quite happy. He was glad to be of help to his father. He was happy because he loved God and trusted in Him.

David sang as he cared for the sheep. Do you know what he sang? He sang songs from his heart about the good things God gave to him and to all the people. David sang about the springs God made in the valleys. He was thankful for these because they furnished water for the animals to drink. He sang his thank-you to God for the green grass on which the sheep fed.

David also sang about the stars which God put in the heaven to shine like twinkling jewels in the night. He had a harp. On his harp he could make sweet music to go with the words of thankfulness.

Many of David's songs were songs of the out-of-doors. Do you notice all the good things God has placed here for you to use? When you are out-of-doors at night, do you look at the stars, clouds and moon, and send up a prayer of thankfulness to God for His love to you? He keeps all these things in their place for us. We cannot do that. We must depend upon God.

Do You Remember?

1. The name of a shepherd boy?
2. What David did when he was lonely?
3. Why David was happy?
4. What David sang about?
5. What instrument David played?
6. Three things you could thank God for?
7. Who made the stars?
8. Who keeps the moon and sun in their place?
9. Our memory verse?

FOR AUGUST 27, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 119

Memory Verse: "Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works." Psalm 105:2.

Thanking God For The Bible

Do you have a Bible to call your very own? There are enough Bibles for many many people, but long ago very few owned Bibles.

In ancient days the Holy Word was written on long sheets of paper. These sheets were rolled on a pair of sticks. They were not called books. They were scrolls. To read a scroll, the sticks would have to be pulled in opposite directions so the sheet would unroll. This was not very easy to handle. We have many more things written in a Bible than they could write on several scrolls.

Small boys learned the Scriptures by repeating the words of the schoolmaster in Bible days. They spent long hours memorizing Bible verses, so they would be able to teach others when they were older.

Let us remember to thank God for our Bibles and let us read them every day.

Do You Remember?

1. How many had Bibles long ago?
2. On what the scriptures were written long ago?
3. What a scroll is?
4. How small boys learned the scriptures?
5. Why should we be thankful?
6. Our memory verse?

—M—

Know Your Bible . . .

I found a tiny baby in a basket in the water,
You may not know my name, but I am
daughter.

I was very rich, for I was
queen.
I doubted tales of Solomon, until his wealth I'd
seen.

When God called Jonah, he rose to flee.
He was tossed into what sea?

When the waters of was bitter as could be,
Moses sweetened them by throwing in a tree.

Ans. Pharaoh's; Sheba's; Great sea or Mediter-
ranean; Marah. M. J. B.

—M—

NOTICE

Next week is camp meeting week, so no Missionary will be printed. Two lessons are in this issue.

—M—

Don't be like Blunder. He sat atop the wishing gate and then came home because he couldn't find it. There is a wishing gate, and the best part of life is not in finding it, but the happy seeking of the trail which leads you there.

Light is real. Darkness and shadows are the absence of light. Turn on the light and darkness disappears. Darkness cannot be turned on.

Sow seeds of kindness. Each one must account for the kind of seed he sows. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."