

The

# SABBATH SCHOOL

## ...MISSIONARY...



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## Lookout Window

By Helen Boyd

Susie puckered up her brows in a nasty frown.

"I don't see why Majorie doesn't come to play with me. It isn't as though I had anything catching."

Big brother Ted glanced up from his painting and drawing book. "I think maybe you have something catching. In fact I've been afraid to come near you in case I get it, too."

"What do you mean?" asked Susie opening her blue eyes very wide. "You can't catch sprained ankles."

"No, but you can catch the grumpies. You seem to have a bad case of that," teased Ted.

"The grumpies?" Susie couldn't understand what he meant.

"Yes, you've been just as cross as an old bear ever since you hurt your foot." Ted looked solemn. "I thought maybe you'd bite my head off if I came too close to you."

Susie burst out laughing because Ted had such a funny expression on his face.

"I suppose I have been cross," she admitted frankly. "But it's terrible lonesome sitting here with my foot propped on a chair all day."

"I tell you what we can do." Ted was really sorry for his younger sister. "I'll move you over by the window, and you can see the children playing."

"Lookout Window," as Susie called it, was her special delight. She was quite happy until she noticed Majorie running around the side of the house with her set of garden tools.

"Her garden will soon be growing, and I didn't even get a chance to plant mine." It became very evident that Susie was having another attack of the grumpies again. It was a good thing that she suddenly spied her sewing basket in the corner.

"Ted," she called briskly, "even if Majorie doesn't bother to come over, I'm going to do something nice for her. Please go and ask her to lend me Patsy Ann."

"Who is Patsy Ann, her baby sister?" grinned Ted.

"Of course not," Susie giggled. "It's her best doll. I'm going to make her a new dress and bonnet and coat. Grandma will help me. Don't tell Majorie what I want her for. That's to be a secret."

Every day Susie would see Majorie whisking around the corner of the house with either a rake or a hoe in her hand. Sometimes she would wave and smile at Susie as she hurried past. It was strange but the time seemed to pass so quickly. Susie would sing while she took neat, small stitches in Patsy Ann's dress.

The morning she had it all finished Doctor John announced that her foot was so much better she would be able to walk on it again.

The very first place Susie wanted to walk was to Majorie's. With Patsy Ann dressed in her new clothes Susie went slowly and carefully across the lawn to the next house.

Before she had time to even say, "Oo-hoo," Majorie bounced out the door.

"I saw you coming," she exclaimed joyfully, and then, "Oh, how lovely Patsy Ann looks!"

"Do you like the way she's dressed?" questioned Susie. "I chose pink because I know that's the color you like best."

"She's perfectly beautiful, and now it's my turn. I have a surprise for you," Majorie remarked mysteriously. She took hold of Susie's hand and led her back into her own yard again.

It was Susie this time who cried, "Oh!" and "Ah!" for there was her garden looking so nice. Some of the plants already had buds on them.

"That's why you've been so busy," Susie laughed aloud.

Majorie nodded her head. "I wanted to come over and help pass the time away, but I thought it would be nicer to plant your garden the same time as mine."

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## The Sabbath School Missionary

Mable J. Baker, Editor ..... Stanberry, Missouri  
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## Thoughts for You . . .

How strong are you? Have you ever heard people boast of their strength?

Bob boasted, "I'm the strongest boy in this crowd." But Bill said, "You will have to show me."

Bob went over to a large rock and after tugging for a few minutes lifted it a few inches from the ground. "Now let's see you do it." Bill tried but he couldn't lift it even one inch. But he did shove it and it started rolling down the hill. At the foot of the slope was a beautiful flower garden. Bill saw what he had done and he tried to check the rock, but it only rolled faster.

"Let's go," said Bob. All the boys started to run, but after going a few steps Bill turned back. He went across the street and told the owner of the garden what happened.

"We were trying to see who was the strongest fellow in the crowd."

"You won, of course."

"No, I couldn't lift the rock. Bob won. He went away."

"Then you are the winner and the strongest one. You were strong enough to come back and do the right thing."

So—how strong are you?

—M—

### SALLY'S REWARD

By Zelbert L. Keller

"What have you got, Daddy! What have you got, Daddy?" Sally asked, very much excited.

Her daddy sometimes brought her something when he came back from town. This time it seemed to be something special. He had one big package and several small ones. Besides these, he was carrying a paper bucket. Surely it was not ice cream. He would not be so careful. What could it be?

"Is it for me?" she was anxious to know.

"Yes, it is all for you," her daddy answered.

"It is something different from what I have ever brought you before."

"What is it?" she asked, trying to reach the packages. "Let me see it. We don't have to wait till we get in the house, do we?"

"I think we had better wait this time, Sally," he told her. "This is really going to be a surprise. Be careful about that bucket. If you mash it, you might kill them."

Her daddy was trying to tease her a little. He had as much fun as she did when he brought her things.

"But, Daddy, I just can't wait," Sally coaxed, running around to the other side.

"This time you must," he told her.

Sally held the door open for him.

"We will put them here on the kitchen table," he told her.

He put them down very carefully. He was trying to make it as mysterious as he could. Sally was dancing up and down, she was so excited.

"I guess we will open the bucket first," he said. Sally had pulled out a chair and was standing on it. She wanted to be sure she could see well.

"There is what I brought you, honey," her daddy said when he had opened the bucket and pushed it toward her.

"Goldfish!" Sally cried, "It's goldfish! I didn't think I would ever have any goldfish." For the moment she had forgotten the other packages.

"Now, I have a nice fish bowl too. And here are some things to fix it up real pretty."

He put some white sand in the bowl and ran water in to wash the sand. When the water stayed clear, he put a big castle in the center of the bowl. Then there were other pretty things to go in. At last he was ready for the fish. He poured most of the water out of the bucket. Then he held it up so that the fish slid into the bowl.

"Isn't it pretty, Daddy?" cried Sally.

"It does look very pretty," he answered. "Where shall we put it?"

"In the living room somewhere." She followed as he carried the bowl to the living room.

"Move that vase of flowers, honey. We will put it on that table by the window," he told her.

"I think it looks nice there, don't you?"

"I just love it," Sally said. "I will give you a big kiss for it." She held up her arms and he caught her up and kissed her.

"I felt that you deserved something special this time," he said, patting her on the head.

"Why, Daddy?" Sally asked him.

"Well, Mother hasn't been feeling very well. You have been a big help to her. She told me how you washed the dishes and how you dusted. Then there are many other things she said you did to help her. I think my little girl deserves something special."

"But I wasn't expecting anything for doing those things for her," Sally said.

"That's what I know. That is why I got them for you," Daddy said as he gave her another kiss and let her slide down to the floor.—Stories for Children.

—M—

### A SPECIAL DELIVERY SURPRISE

By Ted V. Wanielista

Jimmy and Jerry, twin brothers, looked everywhere on the front porch very carefully. There was no morning paper to be found. This morning when they opened the front door of the house, they had stopped in surprise.

For many months now the daily paper had been delivered to their door. But this morning there was no paper!

"What do you suppose is wrong?" asked Jimmy.

"Wish I knew," answered Jerry. "Let's go to Tim's house and find out." Tim was the boy who brought the paper. He was a good friend of theirs.

They walked down the street a short way to a house at the end of the block. Jimmy knocked on the door. It was opened by Tim's mother.

"Tim didn't deliver our paper today," said Jimmy. "Is something wrong?"

"Tim is in bed with a bad cold," answered Tim's mother. "The papers are on the wagon, but there is no one to deliver them. You can take your paper of you like."

"Thank you, we will," nodded Jimmy. "Hope Tim gets better."

The boys started to walk away when Jerry stopped as he thought of something.

"Jimmy, suppose we deliver the papers for Tim. He can't do it. Let's surprise him by doing it for him." "All right," nodded Jimmy. "It will be a special delivery because he is our friend."

Jerry turned to Tim's mother.

"You don't mind if we do this, do you?"

"I—I guess not." She didn't know what to say. She gave them a large wire ring with some tags on it. "Each of the names on these tags gets a newspaper. But you don't have to bother."

"It's no bother at all," smiled Jimmy. "We will be back as soon as we finish."

Jimmy pulled the wagon and delivered the papers. Jerry folded them and checked off the names as each was delivered. In a short while, they had reached the last tag and were on their way back. Tim's mother was at the door, and she had a big smile on her face.

"Thank you both so very much," he said, her eyes bright.

"How is Tim?" asked Jimmy. "I hope he is better."

"Oh, he is doing fine," smiled Tim's mother. "I know you wanted to surprise him, but I just had to tell him what nice, helpful friends he has.

When he heard what you two were doing, he wanted to be up and around again."

"Tell him to get well quick," said Jimmy.

They waved good-by to Tim's mother and started for home. Father met them at the door.

"Has either of you seen the morning paper?" he asked.

"The morning paper?" answered Jimmy and Jerry together.

They looked at each other and laughed. "We delivered the paper to everyone else and forgot our own house!" laughed Jerry.

They told Father the whole story and he joined in the laughter. "Oh, well, one morning without a paper won't hurt," he said.—From Little Pilgrim

—M—

## Your Letters . . . .

### FROM IDAHO

Dear Missionary:

This is just the second or third time for me to write.

For pets I have seven rabbits and one cat.

I am ten years old. I have two brothers. One is nineteen and the other is twenty-two.

I close with a riddle.

Eth agecr fo rou orld susje stchir eb twhi oyu lal.

Janet Kay Kling

(It must keep you busy taking care of your pets, Janet Kay. I'm wondering if the cat tries to catch your rabbits.)

\* \* \* \*

### FROM IDAHO

Dear friends:

I live far away from school. I have to go four miles. Daddy takes us two and a half and we walk one and a half.

I take music lessons every Tuesday. I took them after school but now school is out so I take them in the afternoon.

We had our picnic on Friday the 20th. We went over to see the bears and monkeys and birds and watch the people in the boats.

Next we went to swing and to slide on the slides. We had our dinner and ate some more ice cream and went home.

I try to go to Sabbath School every Sabbath.

I have five sisters and one brother.

Your friend,

Gladys Sheffield

(You really had a grand time on that picnic, Gladys. It will soon be time to start to school again.)

—M—

The man who tries to do something and fails is much better than the one who tries to do nothing and succeeds.



FOR  
SEPTEMBER 3, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 72:1, 2 11, 14.

Memory Verse: "Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord." Psalm 105:3.

### God's Way For All

God is love. He loves everyone and He wants us to love one another. He is the God of the poor people and the God of the rich. He is the ruler of heaven and earth.

God has given us a certain way to live. All the rules are in His precious book, the Bible. These rules are not for only one kind of people. God has given His word to be taught to all people everywhere before Jesus shall return to set up His kingdom.

Even kings fall down before the God of heaven to worship Him. If people become disobedient, they are punished.

God blesses those who do His will and love His law. God made the heaven and the earth and all that in them is and He should receive all the glory and praise due His name.

Little children can praise the Lord by joyful songs, smiles and kind words. God is pleased to have children love Him.

When we find the way that God has given, we should tell others so they can obey Him and be happy, too.

### Do You Remember?

1. A four letter word for God?
2. Why we should love one another?
3. Who rules heaven and earth?
4. What rules God gave to us?
5. Where we can find God's rules?
6. What happens when people are disobedient?
7. One way to please God?
8. How we can help others?
9. Our memory verse?

—M—

## Know Your Bible . . .

### True or False

Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss.  
 Jesus' boyhood home was in Nazareth.  
 Jacob was Esau's brother.  
 Gethsemane was the home of Adam and Eve.  
 Nineveh was a wicked city.  
 The ark was built by Abraham.  
 Ans: T; T; T; F. T. F.

M. J. B.

### LOOKOUT WINDOW

"It was lot's nicer," Susie threw her arms around her. "Anyway I never really minded because dressing Patsy Ann and using the Lookout Window were lots of fun."—L. and L. Primary

—M—

### HOW MARY BELLE LEARNED

By Mildred Ann Hartman

Mary Belle was a very likeable little girl at all times except when it was time for her kitchen chores. She dreaded them so much that she would sit and pout or run away to play—anything to get out of her tasks.

"I'm afraid you're turning into a lazy girl," said Mother, truly worried. Mary Belle felt simply awful that her mother should have to say such a thing, but nevertheless she still hated dish-washing and sweeping and dusting.

One morning Mary Belle came downstairs and her mother was still in bed. There was no breakfast for her in the kitchen, and the books and toys were still lying about the living room from the night before. The house had never been so untidy before.

"Mother, why are you lying down? Are you sick? I want my breakfast," said Mary Belle.

"Do you suppose you could get along by yourself today, dear?" Mother asked with a tired smile. She looked quite pale.

"Make my own breakfast? But I don't know how," objected Mary Belle.

"Then it might be fun to learn," said Mother, trying to be cheerful although she did not feel well. "Now I'll tell you what to do, and we'll see what kind of cook our big girl can be."

So, because she was very hungry, Mary Belle made her own breakfast, just as Mother told her. And when it was all prepared, it tasted so delicious that she made up a surprise tray for Mother. She even ran out to the garden for a fresh pink rose to put on the tray, and then she carried it proudly into her mother's room.

"My isn't that beautiful!" exclaimed Mother. "And oh, how good it smells! Why, I think I feel better already." And she smiled brightly.

Mary Belle was so happy that she wanted to cry. This was ever so much nicer than being scolded and having that awful guilty feeling down inside her. It was wonderful to see Mother smile like that; it made her look much younger and prettier.

"I'm playing house and you're my little girl," laughed Mary Belle. "Now, I'll be back in a little while to get your tray, and if you eat everything all up, Mary Belle will give you a nice big kiss."

When Mother laughed, there were tears in her eyes. She watched from her bed as her little girl set about tidying up the living room.

And do you know? From that day on, Mary Belle was never lazy again!—Selected