



The

# SABBATH SCHOOL ...MISSIONARY...



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## For Rent, Unfurnished

By Dorothy Dill Mason

Rod finished tacking the new birdhouse to the tree down by the pond. It was a neat little house, painted brown with a yellow roof. Rod had made most of it himself, but his father had helped him cut out the hole. They had marked around a silver quarter and cut a hole the size of the pencil mark.

"I think I should put up a sign, Dad, 'Reserved for small birds only,'" Rod laughed. "I'd like to have a wren live here."

The size of the hole will take care of that," his father told him. "That's why we cut it the size of a quarter. The sparrows won't be able to squeeze in, and the little birds can live there safely."

"I can hardly wait for them to raise a family," Rod said impatiently. "I hope they move in tomorrow."

But nobody did. Rod spent most of his free time hovering around the pond waiting for tenants. A lot of birds came and looked it over, but no one started to make a home.

"I guess the view doesn't suit them, or maybe there aren't enough closets," Father teased him one night. "Probably it's too far from the nearest shopping district. Maybe you'd better post a notice,

'On this house you can't go wrong;  
You can rent it for a song!'"

One day Rod told him, "I haven't seen any wrens, but two birds I didn't recognize tried to get in today. They had green and black backs and white fronts and throats. They couldn't quite squeeze in."

"They sound like tree swallows," Rod's father said. "They'd make nice tenants. Maybe you'd better enlarge that hole just a shade and let them move in."

After dinner Rod took his pocket knife and whitened the opening just a bit larger. The next day the tree swallows were back. By standing on the little front porch and pushing hard, they were just able to work themselves in. They perched

a moment and chirped loudly. Apparently they decided to stay. Rod saw them swoop off and come back in a moment with their bills filled with dried grass. He raced off to tell his folks.

"The house is rented!" he whooped. "They're moving their furniture in!"

For almost a week the little birds carried dry grass and tiny sticks. Often the material would drop to the ground while they were trying to work it into the small hole, but they never seemed to get discouraged. They simply darted off for another billful.

After the nest was built, trouble came. A sparrow had been watching the little swallows work, and now he decided to take the place over. He perched on the tiny front porch. Whenever the swallows tried to land, he would chase them away. The little birds chirped excitedly, but there was nothing they could do.

When Rod saw what was happening, he tried to scare the sparrow away. "You're just a dog in the manger—or, anyway, a bird in the manger," he shouted at the cocky sparrow. "You're too big to use the nest, but you won't let anybody else use it. You ought to be ashamed."

Sure enough, when the sparrow tried to get in the little door, only his head would go in. His body stuck fast. Rod spent the whole day keeping the big bird off the tiny front porch. The little ones seemed grateful. They let Rod get quite close to them without flying away.

The next morning the sparrow gave up. He flipped by quite near Rod, gave a saucy chirp as if to say, "You win!" and flew away. The little swallows hurried to make up for lost time.

It seemed weeks to Rod before he heard tiny chirpings in the small house. Each afternoon after school he would hurry down to the pond and stand under the tree to listen. One day he saw a little beak sticking out, and then another peeked out above it. Mother Swallow darted down over Rod's head, landed on the porch, poked a bug down a

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## The Sabbath School Missionary

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### Thoughts for You . . .

There are changes in everything we see. The weather changes from one day to another. One day we will have sunshine and the next day showers may be our lot.

The seasons change. Spring brings the green things peeping through the brown earth and melts the snow. Summer brings lazy hot days when we want to be outside enjoying the trees, flowers and water. Autumn is harvest time and we gather in the bounty which God has given and thrill at the beautiful colored leaves and tramp through the woods to gather nuts. Then winter arrives with cold and snow and we like to stay inside by the fire, reading and playing and waiting for the spring again.

God has a purpose for all these changes. Daylight is here for a short while, then darkness descends and we have the night for rest.

We live in a changing world. There is One who does not change. Jesus, our Saviour and Friend. He is the same, Yesterday, today and forever. Jesus said, "Follow me." That was the message to those who lived long ago and it is His message today.

God made this world we live in and He allows these changes but God does not change. His promises are sure. He is the one thing solid and sure.

What God has promised He will do

So live for Him your whole life through.

—M—

### GOD'S WIND

By Aleda Johnston

Mother was getting supper ready in the cozy, warm kitchen. Susie sat in her little chair by the window, thinking how nice everything was. The lamplight glowed softly through the room. In the stove the fire snapped cheerfully, and Mother hummed a little tune as she moved about. The table, which Susie herself had set, was gleaming with its pretty cloth, its dishes, and sparkling silver.

Susie did not care how the cold November wind

howled outside, when it was so warm and cheerful in here. She loved to hear the teakettle singing on the stove. Tonight it sang to her,

"We'll stay inside where it's warm and bright,  
For it's dark and cold outside, tonight."

Just then Mother called, "Oh, Susie, Daddy wants you to bring another lantern out to the barn. The milking will soon be finished, so you can come back to the house with him."

Susie hesitated. It was so dark outdoors. Then the old wind shrieked as it tore past the house, calling to Susie,

"It's dark out here—whoo-oo, whoo-oo!

We'll trip you up, and we'll chase you, too.

Whoo-oo, whoo-oo, whoo-oo!"

"Mommie, do I have to go?" asked Susie, with a little shiver. "I'm afraid."

"But there's nothing to be afraid of, Honey," smiled Mother. "You love to play outdoors all day."

"It isn't dark then!" wailed Susie. "The wind will get me now, and maybe there'll be a—a bear, or something. I don't like the wind."

"Didn't I see you playing with someone this morning?" Mother laughed. "You chased him all the way up the lane, and then you turned with your arms outstretched, and he chased you all the way back again. Your cheeks were like poppies, your eyes like stars, and you laughed and shouted for joy."

"That was the wind, Mommie, that was the wind!" Susie laughed, too, just remembering what fun it was. "But it wasn't this wind, Mommie," she added soberly.

"The same wind, Susie," Mother said softly. "God sends His wind to help Mother Nature to do her fall house cleaning, and to put all His little growing things safely to sleep under a nice thick blanket of leaves. The wind loves to run and shout, just as you did today; but he is really kind and good. You run out now, Susie, and call to him. Say, 'Come on, Wind! I'll race you to the barn,' then see what fun you will have."

So Susie took the lantern which Mother had lighted, and away she went. The wind puffed at her and blew her about and the friendly dark wrapped her in a lovely soft cloak. As she reached the barn door she paused, laughing and breathless.

"Thank You, God," she whispered, looking up at the tossing apple tree boughs, "thank You for letting Your wind play with me."—Our Jewels

—M—

### WORKING

God gives to everything He loves,

Daily tasks to do.

If ants and bees and birds do theirs,

Should I not do mine today too?

Edythe Jerls Newcomb

## A GOOD SAMARITAN

By R. R. Rothman

If Jesus walked the earth today, as he did in Palestine, I wonder if He would not be thrilled with joy at meeting a little Jewish rabbi living in Galveston, Texas. Jesus appraised men and women not according to their profession of religion or their race, but for what they were themselves. He told the Parable of the Good Samaritan to rebuke the race prejudice of His own people. The Jews looked upon the Samaritans as an inferior people, but Jesus took one of these despised people and made him the hero of an immortal parable.

For more than fifty years Rabbi Henry Cohen has been playing Good Samaritan to the unfortunate in Galveston. The Golden Rule is his favorite motto. President Woodrow Wilson once called him the first citizen of Texas. One of his own great countrymen called him "the finest rabbi we've got." In these days of rabid race prejudice, it is refreshing to read of such a man as this.

The rabbi is described as a wiry, small, gnome-like man, who scurries through the streets on errands of mercy, and good will. Each morning he scribbles a list of names on his immaculate, long cuff, and does not count it a day until the last name is crossed off. Perhaps it is a boy who has been released from prison and who needs a job if he is to go straight, or a man in a hospital who is worrying about losing his job, or anyone of a thousand to whom a little help will mean much in their hour of need.

Years ago Mr. Cohen made a special trip to President Taft in Washington on behalf of a Russian revolutionist who had come to this country as a stowaway in a boat. He was to be deported or sent back to Russia. Over there, he would be shot by the Czar's officers. Since leaving Russia, he had learned that his family was starving.

President Taft felt sorry for the Russian, but our immigration laws demanded that he return to his native land. However, President Taft could not help admiring the zeal of the rabbi, whom he tried to soothe by saying, "You Jews are wonderful. I don't know of any people who will do so much for their own race and creed as you."

"What do you mean, Mr. President? My own creed! This man is not a Jew—he's a Greek Catholic!"

It is said that President Taft jumped. "A Greek Catholic! You came all the way from Texas to intercede for a Greek Catholic?"

"Certainly," said the rabbi. "He's a human being, isn't he?"

President Taft called for a secretary and had a telegram sent to the immigration office in Galveston to release the Russian in the custody of the Jewish rabbi. Back in Galveston, Cohen got a job for him at his trade of boilermaking. Eventually the Russian got his family together in America.

Perhaps you have read some of the marvelous stories of O. Henry. Years ago, the rabbi heard that a man in a Texas prison, Sidney Porter by name, had been wrongfully convicted. He investigated and appealed to the governor. Many months had passed when one morning a man knocked hesitatingly at Mr. Cohen's door.

"Are you Rabbi Cohen?"

Reassured, the man fell on his knees, tears streaming down his face. "I am Sidney Porter," he said. "I can't do anything now to repay you for what you've done for me. But I'm a writer. I'll write things to help your people."

Years later, O. Henry, whose real name was Sidney Porter, wrote a touching story about a southern rabbi who secured the release of a wrongfully convicted man.

The rabbi has the care of a large congregation of his own people, whom he by no means neglects. He is an early riser and a hard worker. He is one of those wise men who get pleasure out of work. "Others play golf for recreation," he says with a smile. "My hobby is helping people."

—Selected

—M—

## Your Letters . . . .

## FROM IDAHO

Dear Missionary:

I am eleven years old. I am in the fifth grade. My Sabbath school teacher is Mrs. Luella Labusohr.

I have two dogs. One is Fluffy and the other is Tuffy.

I like to read the Missionary. Mother does too.

I have five sisters. One of them is a baby only five months old. I also have a brother.

From,

Willa Dean Sheffield

(What a wonderful time six sisters should have. Are Fluffy and Tuffy twin dogs, I wonder. Don't forget to write to us again, Willa Dean.)

\* \* \* \*

## FROM IDAHO

Dear Readers:

I am a boy of ten. I go to Sabbath school every Sabbath that I can. I live on a farm.

There are eight in my class at church and six in my grade at school.

Luella Labusohr is my teacher at church.

I have two brothers and seven sisters.

Your friend,

Carl Palmer

(How nice to have so many brothers and sisters. Living on a farm you probably have been kept busy this summer but we are glad you took time to write, Carl.)



FOR  
SEPTEMBER 17, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalms 15:1-3; 143:8, 10.

Memory Verse: "Remember his marvellous works that he hath done." Psalm 105:5.

### Living In God's Way

There is one God. He is loving and kind. God made all things. God is love. He loves us.

God is good. He wants us to be good. God gave us a way to follow. His way is the right way.

When we are living for God we are walking in the right way. God has given us His word. His word is true. In our Bibles we find the rules for living as God would have us live.

Speaking the truth is one of God's rules. God would have us think kind thoughts and then no evil thought can stay in our minds. We cannot speak without first thinking a thought. So we must be very careful to think about the good and keep the evil from our thoughts.

God has said we should love our neighbors. There are so many ways we can show our love to others. We need not do a great deed to let them know we love them. Even a small favor or a friendly visit helps you to love your neighbor more. And be sure your love will be returned for others like to be treated kindly, just as you do.

Surely when we think of the great things God has done for us we should try always to live in His way.

### Do You Remember?

1. Who loves us?
2. Who is good?
3. Who's way is right?
4. Where we find the rules for living?
5. One of God's rules?
6. What thoughts we should have?
7. Whom we should love?
8. How we can show our love to our neighbor?
9. What God has done for us?
10. Our memory verse?

—M—

### FOR RENT: UNFURNISHED

gaping little throat, and hurried off again.

A constant stream of "cheep-cheep, cheep-cheep" came from the house.

"They never seem to get their tummies full!" Rod announced at home. "I'll bet their folks will be glad when they grow up! They make lots more noise than my baby sister."

"Maybe there's a reason," Daddy laughed, then rhymed:

"Sis would yell and stamp her feet,  
If we gave her little bugs to eat!"

But one day when Rod went to visit at the pond,

no small heads peeked out to greet him. Rod's heart sank. His tenants were gone!

As he turned away, two swallows darted down and around, so close to him they almost brushed his hair. Off in the bushes a faint "cheep-cheep, cheep-cheep" as the babies waited for their mother to get back on the job again.

"It's almost as though they're saying good-by!" Rod told himself. From the bushes came a melodious little sound. "And now," he cried, "they're paying their rent with a song!"

And Rod made up a song of his own:

"Come visit us again next year;

Your little house will still be here."

—Stories for Children

—M—

## Know Your Bible . . .

Some are fat and some are lean,  
Pharaoh saw them in a dream.

We carried traders and many others  
Also the boy who was sold by his brothers.

We are the ones who made the spread  
That Samson found in bones of the dead.  
Ans. cows; camels; bees.

M. J. B.

—M—

### "SHORT ACCOUNTS WITH GOD"

When you buy goods at a store and have them charged, the storekeeper keeps an account of what you owe, and you keep one, too, if you are prudent. To keep short accounts at a store is to settle up and pay just as soon as the bill is rendered and you know how much you owe.

That is what William Taylor meant, then, by his curious saying, "I keep short accounts with God." Just as soon as he became conscious of having had a wrong thought, or done a wicked deed, or said a word of which he knew his Lord would not approve, he went straight to God in prayer. He confessed his sin and asked forgiveness. (You know we have nothing to pay these accounts with!)

Boys and girls can test the old bishop's method by their dealings with their own parents. "Keep short accounts with Father and Mother!" Just as soon as you feel that you have done anything of which they would disapprove, do not charge it up, and keep a long account of it, but go straight to them and make confession and ask pardon. It is the best way with earthly fathers, and it is the only way with the Heavenly Father.

—S. S. Advocate

—M—

I shall pass through this world but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or kindness that I can show, let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—William Penn