

The

# SABBATH SCHOOL

## ...MISSIONARY...



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## Tumbleweeds

By Stella Harriman

Bobby came bouncing up the steps just like a little rabbit, Grandma thought. "And a very cold little rabbit, too," she laughed when he hugged her tightly. "What have you been doing?" she asked.

"I was playing in the gold and brown leaves, making big towers and things, but they always fall over," Bobby answered. "And when I kick them the wind picks them up and carries them away. Do you know, Grandma, I can almost hear the wind laugh. It's like playing with another little boy," Bobby said, his bright eyes sparkling.

"I used to play in the wind too, Bobby. We had lovely winds on our prairie. How would you like me to tell you about it?"

"Oh, please tell me about it." Bobby settled himself on the footstool near his grandmother's chair.

"There were not many trees or bushes in that country, and so there was nothing to stop the winds as they swept over the grass-covered hills. It blew especially hard in the early spring and in the fall. My sister Betty and I loved it, and we ran and laughed while the wind blew us along just as if we were little tumbleweeds."

"What are tumbleweeds, Grandma?" Bobby wanted to know.

"They are big round weeds, and they grew all over our farms. In the fall they become dry, and the wind picks them up and blows them along until they stick in a fence corner or against a large rock. We used to like to watch them go tumbling over and over—dozens and dozens of them. Sometimes Betty and I would play that we were tumbleweeds, and it was great fun.

"One time in early March, we asked Mother if we might go out and play in the wind. Oh, it was a wonderful wind that day. We put on our warm coats and little red woolen hoods and mittens and went running out to the field, where the wind was blowing hardest.

"Let's play we are tumbleweeds, Betty," I

shouted, and away we ran with the wind pushing us along.

"We ran and stumbled and ran on again, until finally we tumbled in a heap on the ground. We were laughing and making such a noise that we frightened the little flock of sheep that was grazing on the hillside. They scattered and ran; and as we watched them, we noticed that the old mother sheep, the one with the bell, was not there. Where could she be?"

"At once, Betty and I stopped being tumbleweeds and became little farm girls. We looked all around the pasture, this way and that, but we could see nothing of the missing sheep.

"I wonder if coyotes got her," Betty worried, as we walked along.

"We will hunt everywhere," I said, feeling very grown-up as I led the way to the old rail fence. In the fence corners were great piles of dry tumbleweeds, and I thought she might be hiding among them. Sure enough, that was just what she was doing. But we had a real surprise, and you never could guess what it was," Grandma said, smiling at what she remembered.

Bobby, who lived in the city, did not know much about sheep; so he only shook his head and begged with his eyes for Grandma to go on.

"When we spied her lying there among the weeds, Betty squealed, "Oh maybe she has a little lamb!" When we got near enough, we could see she had not only one lamb—but two! And one of them was black. We were so excited we almost tumbled over, but the mother sheep stood up and stamped her foot at us—hard."

"Could she hurt you, Grandma?" Bobby wondered. "Oh, no, she couldn't hurt us, but sheep always stamp their feet when they are angry or frightened. Perhaps she thought she could frighten us away. We were not afraid, and soon we were driving her slowly toward home. The little lambs were not strong on their wobbly little legs,

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### Thoughts for You . . .

God has a definite work to be done. We are His workers. Sometimes we may not understand why we must do things just this certain way, but we do know that if we follow His plan exactly everything will come out as it should.

When they made one of the great railroads in Colorado, they had to tunnel through a large mountain. The engineer had planned the whole tunnel. He had figured out the size and direction and every detail before the tunnel was started.

The workmen set to work and many times they could not see why they must do things just exactly as the engineer had planned. But one group of men started on one side of the mountain and the other group started on the opposite side. They were to meet in the middle. After months of hard work by both groups, they met in the middle of the tunnel inside the mountain and because they had followed the plan so closely, there was not an inch difference in the sides of the tunnel where the two crews met.

How close are we following God's plan? He has given us rules and if we live as He would have us live, we will be worthy of a place in His kingdom.

—M—

### TUMBLEWEEDS

so we carried them in our arms. We took turns carrying the black one because he was so very special.

"The old sheep was a little hard to drive. She kept bleating and running around us, but we finally got her in her shed and put her precious babies down beside her. We were very happy when Daddy said, 'Good girls! Those little lambs would have chilled to death in that cold wind. I am proud of you.'"

"Betty said, 'It was all because we were tumbleweeds, Daddy. If we hadn't been tumbling, we never would have known that the mamma sheep was missing.'"

"Grandma, when I get big I am going to have

a farm and some sheep and everything," Bobby announced, when his grandmother had finished the story. "And I hope there'll be a lot of tumbleweeds!"—Stories for Children

—M—

### MR. AND MRS. CHIRPO

By M. Lou Ross

"The shower is over," said Libby, running to the window. "See, Mrs. Chirpo is out on the lawn."

Paul went to stand beside his sister. With their father's help the children had built a birdhouse out in the orchard during the first balmy days of spring. Mr. and Mrs. Robin Chirpo were the first tenants, and anything that happened to the robin family interested the children.

"Look how quietly Mrs. Chirpo is standing," said Paul. "She is listening for something."

Father put down his book and joined the children at the window. "That's right, Paul," he said. "Our fine feathered friend is listening for something. Now watch carefully, and you'll find out what it is."

Mrs. Chirpo stood on one foot turning her little head now right, now left. Suddenly she hopped straight ahead and began to peck at a mound of earth. In no time at all a red earthworm was pulled from the ground.

"She was listening for a worm!" exclaimed Paul.

"Yes," agreed Libby, "but she has snipped the worm in two. Is that because it is too heavy for her to carry back to her babies?"

"No Libby," said Father. "Mrs. Chirpo is making hay while the sun shines." He smiled, then explained: "While the ground is soft from the shower she will pull out a number of worms. She cut the first one in half so that it could not wriggle back into the earth while she hunts for others."

Sure enough, Mrs. Chirpo pulled six worms from the earth and snipped them all into halves. Then she took a half in her bill and flew toward the orchard.

"Here comes Mr. Chirpo," said Paul.

Mr. Chirpo went straight to the worms and took a half in his bill and flew back to the nest. "I guess his wife sent him," said Libby.

"Let's go down to the orchard and watch the feast," suggested Father.

The children bounced out of the door.

At the turn in the path by the big apple tree they stopped. From that point they had watched the nest building without bothering the tenants. There they had jumped for joy the morning they ran out and found baby robins in the nest.

Now they watched the naked little birds which seemed to be all mouth.

"Look," said Paul. "Every little beak is spread, begging for food."

"My, but they're greedy!" said Libby with disgust. "You'd think Mrs. Chirpo hadn't fed them in a week, and she works from dawn to sunset gathering food."

Father chuckled. "Don't forget Mr. Chirpo. A growing robin eats his weight in food and the parents must make hundreds of trips to the nest every day."

"I wonder how they know which baby to feed?" said Paul.

"Just watch," said Father.

Mrs. Chirpo returned to the nest with another worm. All the young ones squawked for it. She put it into one of the open mouths and waited a moment. Suddenly she reached into the baby robin's mouth and took the worm away and gave it to another waiting mouth. Satisfied that it was the baby most in need of food, Mrs. Chirpo flew away on another mission.

"But how did she know?" Paul and Libby wanted to know.

"God has helped Mr. and Mrs. Chirpo in their task," said Father, "by making the throat of a young bird so that it slows down its swallowing as the stomach becomes full. If the food does not go down at once the parent knows the wrong baby has been fed."

"Well," said Libby frowning, "I wouldn't want Mother snatching food out of my mouth and giving it to Paul!"

"Neither would I!" exclaimed Paul.

They all laughed and began making plans for the robin family when the fledglings would begin to try their wings.—Stories for Children

—M—

### HIGH COST OF PETTY DISLIKES

By Valrie M. Geier

Vivian and Alice were talking and laughing as they walked down the street after school. Suddenly, at sight of Edna Brown coming toward them, Alice grabbed her friend's arm and pulled her inside the drug store.

At Vivian's surprised glance, she said, "Let's look at magazines until Edna passes by. I just can't stand her. She wears such crazy color combinations that she positively makes me seasick."

"Why, Alice Seaburg!" Vivian exclaimed angrily. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Perhaps my clothes hurt your tender sensibilities, too. Good-by," and Vivian dashed out the door just in time to meet Edna.

Too late, Alice remembered Edna was Vivian's cousin. "Just my luck," she moaned. "Now I've lost my best friend."

How absurd to dislike a person because she is homely, or a foreigner! How foolish to base your likes and dislikes of a person on the clothes they wear, or on some foolish mannerism that annoys

you, when the chances are you have just as many annoying faults of your own!

Do not let yourself concentrate on people's undesirable traits. Rather look for something to like in every new acquaintance you meet. Of course, there are some qualities in people that are very disagreeable, and downright unlikeable. You can't like these qualities; you aren't supposed to.

But you can ignore them and concentrate on the traits you do admire. If you do, you will find that in time even your reasonable dislikes will seem of minor importance. There isn't any substitute for friends. So how foolish to keep from making friends when making friends is so easy to do!

If you don't believe it, just start out with the attitude that everyone you meet is just as hungry for appreciation and anxious to be friendly as you are. Don't be afraid to take the initiative. The secret of making a friend is first to be one. —Sel.

—M—

If you don't think a mean thing you can't say it.

When you seem to have lost contact with God, read Psalm 139.

When you forget the many blessings that are yours, read Psalm 103.

When your faith needs reviving, read Hebrews 11.

—M—

### A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER

Among the nicest things that the missionaries are doing is taking poor, homeless, sad little children into their homes and helping them to grow up to be strong, happy, good men and women. In one of these homes in India was a little girl, six years old. One day two new little girls were brought into the home. They had been whipped and hurt and treated unkindly, and never had known what it was to have anyone love them and take care of them. So they were as dirty and unlovely and cross as they could be.

The six-year-old girl who lived there wanted to be kind and loving to them, but it was just as hard for her as it would be for you if two dirty, unpleasant little children suddenly came to live in your home. But she was a very wise girl and she knew about a dear Friend who could help her, and her teacher heard her praying aloud, off in a corner all by herself. This was her prayer, "Help me, Jesus, to love the two new girls just as if they were nice."

Perhaps the next time you have to be with some one who is unlovely, you can think about that prayer, and I'm sure that it will help you just as it helped the little girl in India.—Unknown



FOR  
SEPTEMBER 24, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 148.

Memory Verse: "Remember his marvellous works that he has done: his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth."—Psalm 105:5.

**Singing Praises To God**

God is the Creator of heaven and earth and all things. He made it possible for us to have so many things to enjoy. How thankful we should be. We should sing His praises every day.

Even the angels in heaven sing praises to God. Little children everywhere sing songs of praise, for they are thankful. They have much to sing about. God gave them kind parents to care for them. He gave them a home and friends. God makes it possible for their parents to get food to feed them.

David wrote about God's goodness in many Psalms. He said, "Let everyone everywhere sing God's praises, for He is the one who sends sunshine and rain, and every kind of weather; He created the stars and moon in the beautiful night sky, the sun to give warmth and light all through the day; and He keeps the waters of the seas and oceans from covering the land."

Try to tell all the good things God has done for you. How many do you have? There are really too many to count. Everything good comes from God, our loving heavenly Father. Praise Him evermore.

**Do You Remember?**

1. Who created the heaven and the earth?
2. How we can thank God?
3. Who wrote about the goodness of God?
4. What book of the Bible contains David's songs?
5. Three things God gives us?
6. What you have to sing about?
7. Our memory verse?

—M—

**BESSIE'S MISTAKE**

By Maude M. Haller

Nearly every day Bessie went to the store for her mother. Some of Bessie's friends went to the same store, too, but they had to have the articles they wanted written down. Bessie liked to have her mother give her a long list and see if she could remember them all. Sometimes she had to come home and ask her mother, but not very often.

One day Bessie came home and said, "Such a funny thing happened at the store. A little boy asked for a pint of butter. We all laughed and the little boy cried."

"That wasn't kind," said her mother. "You wouldn't like to have people laugh if you made a mistake, would you?"

"But," said Bessie, "I would not make a mistake like that."

Her mother smiled. "You might some time."

That afternoon Bessie's grandma, who lived across the street called to her and asked if she would go down to the dentist's office and get her plate of teeth. The waiting room was full of people when Bessie arrived, and Doctor Parker was very busy. After a few moments he asked her what he could do for her. Bessie's face grew red for she could not remember just what it was that Grandma told her to get. She thought hard for a moment and then her face brightened. "I came for Grandma's platter," she said smilingly.

Everyone laughed and poor Bessie had all she could do to keep back the tears. She did cry a little on her way home, and she promised herself that never again would she laugh at other people's mistakes.

When she handed Grandma the package her face was as sunny as usual. "Grandma," she said, "that's a very funny name for teeth. I came very near forgetting it." —Apples of Gold

—M—

**Know Your Bible . . .**

We were given to rule all men,  
We are God's ..... ten.

No graven image shalt thou make  
Or the ..... commandment you will break.

In what commandment are we told  
To put God first; not love of gold? .....

Which says six days to work with zest,  
But on the seventh thou shalt rest? .....

My name thou shalt not speak amiss.  
Which command tells us of this? .....

We should all obey God's will  
The ..... command says, "Do not kill."

Honor to your parents give  
And long upon the land you'll live. ....

Adultery thou shalt not commit  
If you would in God's kingdom fit. ....

To bear false witness is a sign  
You broke commandment number .....

Thou shalt not covet things of others  
Keep the ..... command as brothers.

Other's things thou shalt not take  
Or the ..... commandment you will break.

M. J. B.