

The

SABBATH SCHOOL ...MISSIONARY...



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THE STORM

By Carrie Childs

Dale and Leon and their mother often spent the day in a boat on the lake. The lake was very large and there were many fish in the water and it was real enjoyment to try and catch them.

The bank of the lake was lined with tall trees and the reflection in the water on still days made a very pretty picture. In the center of the lake was an island on which was an old deserted cabin partly hidden by the trees and brush.

On a beautiful spring day the boys and Mother took their fish worms and poles with lines and hooks and went to the lake for the day. They rented a boat and getting in they shoved off from shore.

"I wonder where is the best place to fish today," said Dale.

"Just anywhere we can get our hooks in the water," said Leon, for he was in a hurry to try his luck and hoped that he would be able to catch the first fish.

"Let us go around to the cove where the pond lilies are, for the fish like to stay by the lilies and hide in the shade and catch insects that might fall in the water," was Mother's answer.

"I want to row the boat," said Dale picking up the oars.

"Let me row this time, please," begged Leon.

"Dale can row out and Leon can row back," was the way Mother decided.

As Dale rowed along Leon put a worm on his hook and putting the hook in the water let it trail behind the boat, hoping that he would be the one to catch the first fish. All at once the cork went under the water out of sight.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," Leon shouted, "I got a fish!"

Dale stopped rowing the boat and Leon was excitedly pulling on his line. At last the hook came to the edge of the boat and there was no fish to be seen, just an empty hook. The bait had been taken.

"I wonder what kind of a fish that could have

been, for it pulled like a large one," wondered Leon.

Just then Mother saw a turtle stick his head out of the water. "It wasn't a fish," she said, "it was a turtle."

After Mother and the boys had reached the place where they were going to fish, clouds began to float around in the sky.

"If it gets cloudy it won't be so hot," Mother told the boys.

Leon caught the first fish and then Dale caught one. Then more fish were caught and they lost count of who caught the most.

After lunch had been eaten and they had fished some more, Mother noticed a dark cloud in the west, but it seemed so far away that it wasn't worth worrying about. Fishing was good and everybody was busy watching their corks and forgot to watch for the cloud.

All at once Leon said, "Mother, I believe it is going to rain."

Looking up at the sky, Mother saw the cloud was very black and it would soon be raining. She was sure the wind would blow hard, too.

"What shall we do," asked Leon.

"It is too far back to the boathouse, so we will have to do the best we can," was Mother's answer.

"Let's go to the cabin on the island," said Dale. "We can tie the boat to a tree and get in out of the rain. Anyway, I have been wanting to see what was in that cabin."

As they started for the cabin the wind began to blow, not very hard at first, but pretty soon it was blowing harder and harder and the waves on the lake got higher and higher. The boat began to toss about like a cork on a fish line.

"Mother, will the waves upset the boat?" asked Dale.

"I am afraid we will upset and drown," Leon told Mother.

"Just pray to God, and He will take care of us,"

(Continued on page two)

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Thoughts for You . . .

Dear Children:

This is your new editor visiting with you. I hope we get as well acquainted as you and Sister Mable Baker have. She has been your editor for a long time, and I know you will miss hearing from her each week. She has been a good editor and I am afraid that I can not do as good as she.

I would like very much to have you write some for our little paper and in that way each one of you will have a part in making the Missionary an interesting paper. Your letters are of interest to others and we become acquainted in this way.

The days will soon be cool enough for us to spend more time indoors and part of that time could be spent in writing for our paper.

Did you know God had chosen men, and they were good men, to write letters from Him to us, to tell us of God's love for us? Through these letters we get better acquainted with God and know what He wants us to do. These letters are put in a Book and the Book is called the Bible.

Please send your letter to the Missionary to Mrs. Edith Lippincott, Stanberry, Mo.

—M—

THE STORM

was Mother's reply. "Remember how Jesus stilled the waves when He was in the boat with His disciples? He can take as good care of us now if we will only trust Him."

At last they reached the shore and ran to the cabin, and were thankful to God that they were safe. By the time Dale was through exploring the cabin the storm was past and they could go back to their boat, which had lots of water in it.

Leon looked at the sky to see where the cloud had gone and saw a very pretty rainbow.

"Look at that rainbow! Why are rainbows in

the clouds?" he wanted to know.

"Don't you know?" asked Dale. "I remember studying about the rainbow in our Sabbath School lesson a few Sabbaths back."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. It was after the flood had destroyed the earth that God put His bow in the sky to show us that He would never destroy the world by water again."

"Yes," answered Mother, "we can always think of God's promise whenever we see the rainbow."

After some more fishing it was time to go home and Mother and the boys were happy to see Daddy coming in the car to get them.

—M—

Memory Verse For the Week

Don't you think it would be nice to learn a verse from the Bible each week? Here is a nice one for this week: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Psalm 34:11.

David wrote this verse for us. David was a man who loved God.

—M—

STARS

By Edith Lippincott

The day had ben bright and sunny and the children had been playing very hard, but now it was night and time for them to go to bed.

The children, Vesta and Vernon, were twins, and were asking for their Daddy to tell them a bed-time story. They always liked the stories he told for they were always good stories.

"Come here to the window and I will show you a beautiful picture of the night and tell you a story about the picture you shall see," Daddy told them.

The children hurried to Daddy's side near the window.

"Where is a picture?" they asked.

"Look out there, and see all those beautiful stars. Aren't they just lovely and they make the night so beautiful," was Daddy's answer. "Can either of you tell me how the stars came to be up there in the sky?"

"Didn't they just grow there?" asked Vernon.

"No, my son, they didn't just grow."

Vesta thought hard for a few minutes, then she said: "If they didn't grow up there then please tell us how they came to be there."

"Well, children, God made the stars when He made the world. He knew the nights would be very dark with no light at all, so He made the stars and placed them in the sky."

"Oh, we know when it is cloudy at night that it isn't pretty overhead like it is on nights when we can see the stars," said Vernon.

Then Daddy asked if they knew anything special

about stars. Both children said they did not, and when they couldn't think of anything about stars they thought the story was over, but Daddy had some more to tell them. The best part of the story was yet to be told.

"Do you want to hear about a star of long ago?" he asked.

"Oh yes, yes!" the children cried with glee.

Then Daddy began the story. "Many years ago when Baby Jesus was born, a very bright star appeared in the sky. Wise men saw this star and knew that it was Jesus' star. This star was different than the other stars because it led the men."

"How could a star lead the men?" Vernon wanted to know.

"This star moved and as the men followed it, it went ahead of them and led the men to the place where Jesus was," Daddy explained.

"How did the star know where the Baby Jesus was?" asked Vesta.

"The star didn't know but God was making the star move to lead the wise men to Jesus, for they wanted to worship Him. When the star was over the place where Baby Jesus was it stood still. When the men came to the house they saw Jesus and worshipped Him."

"That must have been a wonderful star," exclaimed the children.

"I would like to see that star," wished Vesta. "I wonder if it was brighter than that one up there," she said, pointing to a very bright star twinkling up in the sky.

After a few minutes Vernon asked if a star could lead him to Jesus.

"Of course not," said his sister.

"But the stars can make us think of God and Jesus every night when we see them shining," said Daddy. "Now run along to bed for that is enough story for tonight. But always remember that God was the one who made the stars and caused them to shine at night."

After the children had said their prayers and were in bed, they looked out of the window and each tried to select a star that they thought might look the most like the one the Wise Men had seen and followed, and wished they could follow a star to see Jesus and worship Him.

—M—

PLACES I HAVE BEEN

How many of you like to go places? Most of us have had a vacation and have taken a trip. Why don't each one of you write and tell us about some place you have been and we will try and print your story in this department. Tell about the things you saw that interested you.

I will tell you about some places I have been and what I liked about those places. In this paper I will tell you about going to the seashore.

One morning while we were living in Florida we decided to spend the day at the beach, so we took our lunch and went on our way. After a very pleasant ride in the car we arrived at the beach. The breeze was nice and cool, and we could hear the waves roaring before we could see the water. As we drove down to the water's edge we enjoyed what we saw. As far out as we could see there was nothing to be seen but water, and it was never still but the waves were continually rolling.

It made me think of the Bible using waves to represent people. When a very large crowd of people get together they are always moving around, never still, and that was the way with the ocean waves, they were busy all the time.

On a nice clear day the ocean is a beautiful color. The blue of the sky is reflected in the water and the waves have caps of white. How beautiful are the colors that God put there!

The beach was very sandy, but the sand is white and very clean. As one walks along the beach there are nearly always some shells to be picked up. Some of these shells may have the little animals that they house still in them, and others are empty.

While looking at the ocean I wondered about the time Jesus walked on the water. It didn't look possible for any person to walk on the water, but we know that Jesus was able to do things that seem impossible.

At noon we spread a blanket on the sand and had a picnic lunch. The children could hardly take time to eat for they wanted to wade in the ocean, dig in the sand and look for shells.

When the time came to go home we were never quite ready to go, but at last we would leave the ocean and return to our home, thankful for the nice trip that we had taken.

Now who will be the next to write about some place that they have been? I will be looking for several letters.—Your Editor

—M—

The world is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face.—Thackeray.

—M—

THE PUZZLE CORNER

1. Was Jesus born in Jerusalem?
2. Was Noah the son of Adam?
3. Was Abel one of Christ's disciples?
4. Was John the Baptist put in prison?
5. Did Moses write the Ten Commandments?
6. Was Mary the mother of Jesus?

Write your answers to these questions and then look in the Bible and see if you were right. This would be nice to do on Sabbath when you are through with your Sabbath School lesson and are wondering what to do.



FOR
OCTOBER 1, 1949

Lesson Material: Isaiah 6.

Memory Verse: "Here am I; send me." Isaiah 6:8, last part of verse.

God's Helper

Isaiah was one of God's prophets. A prophet was one who told the people what God wanted them to know. God would give a vision to the prophet and tell him what the vision meant and then the prophet would tell the people what God had told him in the vision.

Isaiah had many visions. In one of his visions he saw God sitting on a throne and angels were standing above the throne. One angel called out to another angel and said: "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory."

When Isaiah heard the angel singing God's praise, he realized he was not as free from sin as he should be, and he was very sad about it, for he said "Woe is me!" He knew that he was living in a time when the people had nearly forgotten their God and were very sinful.

Isaiah said: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips." Then an angel flew down and purified Isaiah and took away his sin.

God had a message that He wanted taken to the people and He said: "Whom shall I send?"

Isaiah heard God asking for someone to help Him and he answered and said: "Here am I; send me."

God wants every one of us to be pure and free from sin. When we are sad because we have done wrong and ask God to forgive us then we are so that God can use us. We are to tell others of God's will and help them to live better each day.

Questions

1. What is a prophet?
2. Tell the name of the prophet in this lesson.
3. What did the prophet see?
4. What did the angel say?
5. How did Isaiah feel?
6. Was Isaiah forgiven for his sins?
7. What did God want?
8. What was Isaiah's answer?
9. How should we feel about our sins?

—M—

A FAVORITE SONG

Do you have a favorite song? If so please write and tell us what it is.

One of my favorite songs is, "Trust and Obey". I like this song because it tells us what we should do. We are to trust God and believe that He

will take care of us at all times if we will obey Him and do what He wants us to do.

Now write and tell why you like your song.

—M—

LETTER BOX

FROM TRINIDAD

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am eleven years old and will be in sixth standard next term ending. I always go to school by bus as it is four miles from Diego Marten to Arapita Avenue Wood Brook. In sewing class my work was a handbag, doilies, a bodice and a dress.

Owing to heavy rainfalls causing high floods and heavy winds, I haven't been regular at school this month (August). The 1948-1949 vacation I spent with my aunt and uncle-in-law, Brother and Sister Austin John, at Camuto, where he pastors a church. This was dedicated for the Lord's service along with baptism of three. The work is progressing nicely. I would like some interesting books to read sent me, also to hear from the various writers along with their pictures.

For pets we have four dogs and two cats; one sucks eggs.

I have two sisters, Urla and Lida, and my brother, Wilton.

I wish all Missionary Readers would write to the little papers to make it a big paper.

A Missionary friend,
Janice Maynard

(How glad we are that you have written this nice letter. It is nice that you have a sewing class in school. We are glad to hear about the church being dedicated. Write us again before long, Janice.)

* * * *

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am ten years old and in second standard. There are fifty-two pupils in my class. I am nearly always fourth.

My cousin, Janice Maynard, is writing, so I think I will too. I don't attend Sabbath School.

At school I made for sewing lesson a laundry bag.

I have three sisters, June, Angelas, Jacklyene, and two brothers, Selwyn, and Mervyn.

Trinidad is quite a pretty island and is called the land of the humming bird. I wish that more readers would write to the little papers and to me.

Your friend,

Majorie Cumberbatch

(Glad to hear from you, Majorie, but am sorry to know that you don't attend Sabbath School. You and your brothers and sisters must have many nice times. Perhaps you could have your Sabbath School in your own home if you can't attend services at a church.)