

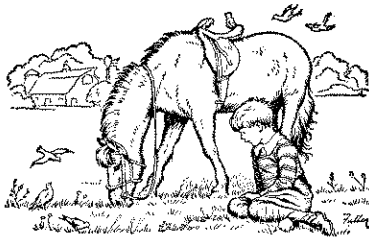
The SABBATH SCHOOL ...MISSIONARY...



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THE LOST HORSES

By Carrie Childs

Minnie was a girl a little past eleven years old who lived with her grandparents as her mother had died when Minnie was very small.

Grandmother had been sick for a long time and doctoring didn't seem to help her any.

It was decided that perhaps lots of sunshine and fresh air would help Grandmother get well so plans were made to spend the summer traveling in a covered wagon and sleeping in a tent.

The wagon was made ready, and Grandfather, Grandmother, and Minnie started out. This was fun for Minnie, as all there was to do was ride and ride day after day.

One nice sunny afternoon the travelers stopped in a town in western Nebraska to buy some grain to feed the horses and to get some supplies for the family. While Grandfather was in the feed store making his purchases two men went to the wagon where Grandmother and Minnie were and they were interested in one of the horses. The horse was a very pretty horse and they wanted to buy it, so they said.

"The horse isn't for sale," Grandmother told the men. "We need that horse to help pull our wagon."

About this time Grandfather came out of the store with the sack of feed.

"Do you want to sell this horse?" one of the men asked.

"No, he isn't for sale as we couldn't get along without him on this trip," was Grandfather's reply.

"We will give you a nice price for him, as he is just the horse we want," the second man said.

"I still say he is not for sale," Grandfather told them. The men walked away and Grandfather returned to the store for some more of his purchases.

"Were those men wanting to buy your horse?" inquired the merchant.

"Yes, they were, but he is not for sale," was the

answer.

"I am afraid that they weren't wanting to buy but just pretending. You see it is believed that they are horse-thieves and they were just looking him over to see if they wanted to steal him. You had better watch your horse when you are in camp tonight."

"Thank you for telling me. I will be watching," Grandfather said.

A few miles from town was a good place to camp as there was plenty of nice grass and water for the horses. After the camp was ready for the night and supper was over the weary travelers went to bed hoping for a good night's rest.

Sometime during the night the watch dog began to growl and bark and wakened Grandfather. He went outside the tent to see what was wrong and there two men in a buggy had stopped by the horse. When they saw Grandfather they hurriedly drove away.

"What is the matter with the dog?" Grandmother wanted to know. "There were some men out by the horses," answered Grandfather. "I guess the merchant was right and they wanted to steal our horse. Well I guess the dog helped scare them away. Perhaps they won't come back anymore." With this thought in mind Grandfather went back to bed and to sleep.

Early the next morning Grandfather found all the horses were gone.

"Now what are we going to do, away out here in the country and it is a long way to a house and we have no team to drive and can't get back home?" asked Minnie, for she was scared and was about ready to cry. "Didn't anyone ever tell them that it was breaking one of the Ten Commandments to steal?"

"Some people don't care about the Ten Commandments, and are selfish and want everything they think is good and will try to get it if they have to steal to get it," Grandmother told her.

"Well, we don't know for sure that the horses

Continued on page 2

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HAVING PATIENCE

Did you get cross with your playmates or parents today? So many times we are not too pleasant if we want someone to help us and we have to wait a few minutes.

The Bible teaches us to be patient with all men. Did you ever watch a boy fishing? He waits for the fish to bite his hook, and always hopes that after a while he will get a fish to take home. His waiting and hoping is patience.

Jesus selected some men who were fishermen to be His disciples. He knew that men who had the patience to catch fish would have the patience to do His work in winning souls to Him.

That is the way we should be. If we do not get what we want as soon as we want it we should not be cross but wait pleasantly and work and hope that we will get our wish if it is a wish that we should have. We should not wish for wrong things.

Let's try ever so hard not to get angry when we cannot have our own way but be pleasant and do the best we can.

—M—

THE LOST HORSES

(Continued from page one)

have been stolen so we will go looking for them. Grandmother, you go over that hill, Minnie, you go over the hill west but be careful that you don't go too far and get lost from the camp and I will go east. In a little while we may find where the horses have wandered away looking for better grass."

After a short search they all met at the camp again and no trace had been found of the lost horses.

"We will have to look farther this time, and here's hoping we find them, but I couldn't ever see any tracks. I don't know which way to go," said Grandfather.

Once more they started out in different directions and on a pretty hillside Minnie went down on her knees and prayed to God to help them find the

horses. When she returned to camp Grandmother was already there and was tired from her walking as she was not too strong yet but was much better than when they left home a few weeks before. She hadn't seen the horses either.

About noon Grandfather returned with the horses, for he had found them quite some distance from the camp.

"We will never know whether they were stolen and hidden over in those hills or whether they just got loose from their ropes and wandered away. You know old Walt was the horse they wanted but they didn't know that he had been hurt sometime and couldn't go any faster than a good walk. If he was stolen perhaps they tried to hurry him, and when they found out he couldn't hurry they just left them."

"You see, when people try to do wrong they always lose by it. If they don't lose in this life they will when Jesus comes unless they have repented and asked God to forgive them for the wrongs they have done," said Grandmother.

"I am glad that the horses were found now we can go on our trip and I hope no more thieves come to visit our camp, said Minnie, and she knew that God had heard her prayer and thanked Him for helping them when they needed help so much.

—M—

PLEASE EXCUSE BINKIE

By Julia Ann Peterson

Jeanie spooned up the very last of her breakfast oatmeal and finished her tall glass of sweet milk.

"Excuse me, Mother," she said, slipping out of her chair. "I want to play in the sand pile with Jim."

"All right, dear," Mother smiled as she looked up from checking the grocery list.

"What are you building, Jim?" Jeanie asked as she knelt at the edge of the sand pile and watched her brother.

"A railroad," Jim said without looking up. "Don't get too close. You'll spoil my tunnel."

"Oh!" Jeanie moved over to the other side of the sand pile. "I wasn't going to bother your old tunnel. I'll make a house for the Three Bears."

"Ah-h," Jim scoffed. "I'll bet you can't make a house for the Three Bears!"

Jeanie did not answer. She moved to the farthest end of the sand pile and started working. She reached across to where Jim was building his tunnel and picked up the little red shovel he had been using.

"Let me have the shovel a minute, Jeanie," Jim said. "I want to make a house for my engines."

"I'm using the shovel," Jeanie said, as she cleared a path up to the door of the house she was

building for the Three Bears. "I don't want to lend it."

"Bow-wow!" Jeanie and Jim looked up in surprise as a frisky cocker spaniel puppy hopped over the side of the sand pile. He dashed through the sand on his short little legs. The house for the Three Bears, the railroad with the tunnel, and the engine house came tumbling down in a hurry.

"Oh, Jeanie and Jim, I'm sorry your buildings are ruined," cried a gay new voice. There was Glenna, the pretty big girl next door. She was running across their lawn with a leash in her hand.

"Come, Binkie! Come here, sir!" She snapped the leash on the excited puppy. "Please excuse Binkie," she begged. "He's young and hasn't learned his manners."

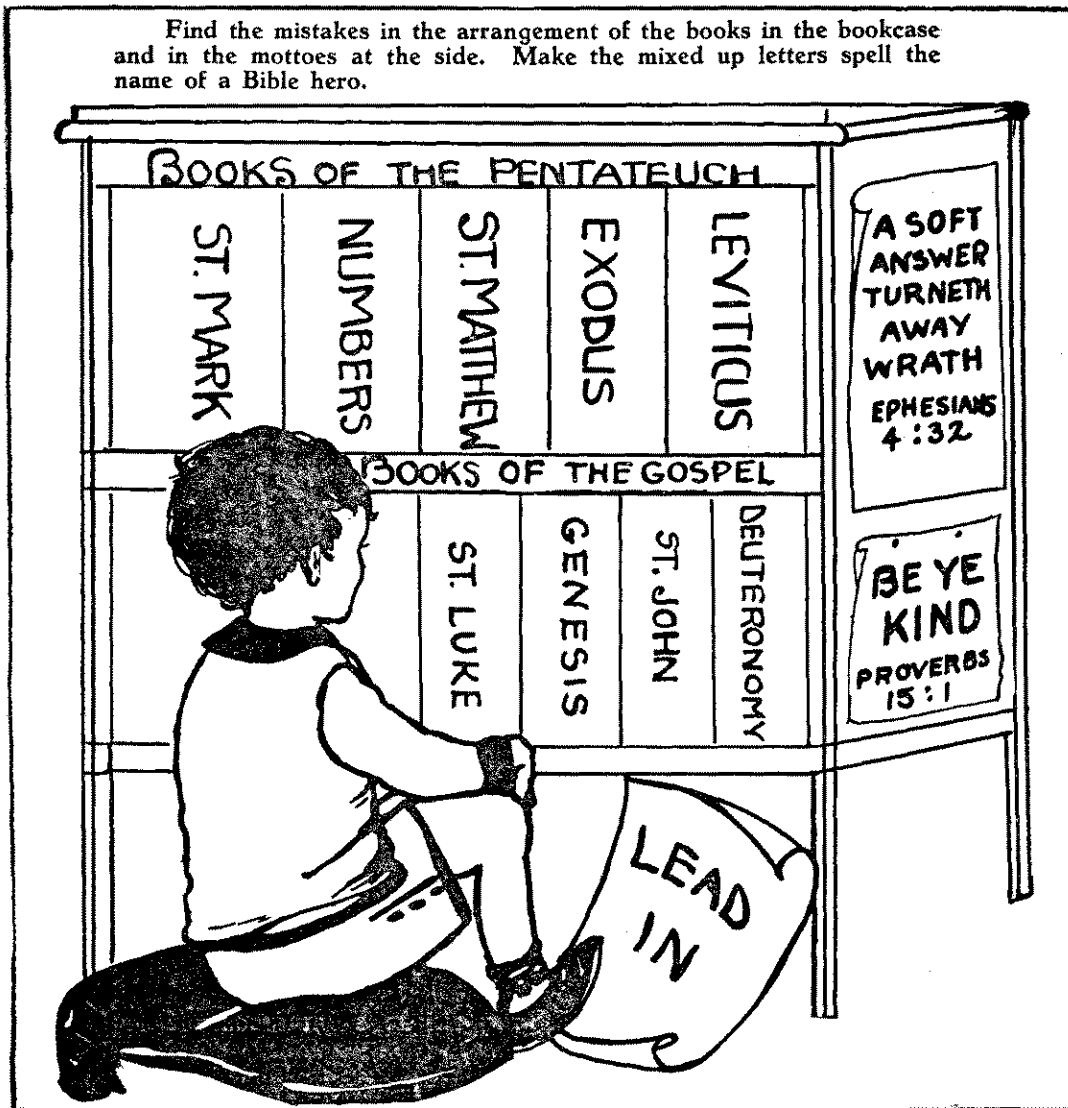
Jeanie and Jim watched Glenna lead the frisking Binkie home.

"Jim," Jeanie smiled as she handed her brother the little red shovel, "we were acting just like Binkie, weren't we?"

"We certainly were and we do know better." Jim admitted, as he took the little red shovel and started helping Jeanie rebuild a house for the Three Bears.—Stories for Children

PUZZLE CORNER

We are trying a new puzzle this week and hope you like it. Read along the side of the puzzle and it will tell you what to do. The first five are in the Old Testament and the second row in the New Testament.





For
OCTOBER 22, 1949

Lesson Material: Isaiah 7:1-7; 12:2; 26:3, 4.

Memory Verse: "I will trust, and not be afraid."
Isaiah 12:2, first part of verse.

Trusting In God

Isaiah trusted in God, and in Isaiah 12:2 he tells us that he would trust God and not be afraid, for he received strength from the Lord and would sing praises unto Him.

In Isaiah 26:3 and 4, we are told that God will keep those in peace who trust in Him. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

We must trust God all the time and not just part of the time. Many men are mentioned in the Bible who trusted in their God. Moses trusted God when he led the children of Israel out of Egypt. Noah trusted or had faith while he was in the ark and God took care of him and all of his family.

Daniel had faith enough to serve God and was put in the lion's den, but God sent an angel to protect him.

When we are in trouble we must trust God enough to believe He will help us and care for us. When we are well and happy we must believe that it is because God has taken care of us.

There is a song that says "Trust and Obey, for there is no other way to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey." When we trust our Heavenly Father we are happy to obey Him and live the kind of life Jesus taught us to live.

When we plant our gardens we trust God to make them grow, even though we may not realize that we are trusting Him. He is glad to have us trust Him in all things at all times.

Questions

1. What is our lesson about?
2. Why was Isaiah going to sing praises to God?
3. Who have peace in their hearts?
4. When should we trust God?
5. Can you name five people mentioned in the Bible who trusted God?
6. Do you trust God to take care of you at all times?
7. Should we thank God for caring for us?
8. Can you name some times when God took care of you and you trusted Him?
9. Do you know any songs about trusting God?

Memory Verse For The Week

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children." Ephesians 5:1. When we do God's will and keep His commandments we are following

God, then we are His children and He will take care of us in every way. This also reminds us of the song, "Where He Leads Me, I Will Follow."

—M—

LETTER BOX

FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Dear Friends:

What a lovely paper you have. I love every bit of it and read it all. I love the story "The Ninety and Nine." The song is so pretty, too.

I am so glad some of the nice people I write to sent the paper to me. I cannot go to school or to church as I have been ill. I had a bad infection back of my eyes and throat and the doctor has been treating them.

I have a nice home teacher and I do fifth and sixth grade work in some lessons. My lessons start Monday.

I write to a lot of shut-ins who are very ill, some of them are in bed all the time. I save all kinds of pretty pictures, short stories, view cards and poems for scrap books that I send to hospitals for these ill children and older people. A lovely Christian man 94 years old sent me some pictures for them this week.

I write to about 200 each month, birthday cards and view cards to shut-ins. I think it pleases God when we think of His poor shut-ins, don't you? I am writing to Alice Cory of Idaho. I don't have a pen-pal in that state. I have all states but one or two now and seven other countries. A minister in Iowa sent me a lovely Bible with my name on it in gold on my birthday on May 11th. I was nine years old. May God bless and keep you all.

Love,

Donna Williams

(We are sorry that you are a shut-in, and hope that you will soon be better. We are glad that you like our paper. It is nice of you to write to so many shut-ins. Donna, write again.)

* * * *

FROM MICHIGAN

Dear Golden Gems:

This is the first time we have written to you. We use Golden Gems in our Sabbath School. Sometimes we don't receive it until too late.

We are ages 4, 6, 7, and 8. We live near Lake Huron. Will close for this time. Jonaane Cole, Charles Cole, George Horker, Judy Cole.

(What a nice Sabbath School class. We are glad to hear from the whole class and hope that you can still use the papers in your Sabbath School. Write again.)

—M—

Angry words are quickly said but are hard to forget. If we get angry it is best not to say anything, just keep quiet.