

The

SABBATH SCHOOL

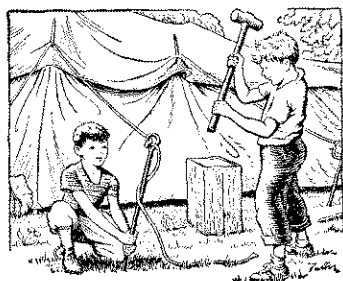
...MISSIONARY...



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... The Camping Party ...

The boys had often wished that they could go camping, but their parents thought that they were too young to go out in the woods. As the boys had never camped out they might waken in the night and become frightened and would be too far away to come home in the night.

One afternoon the neighbor boy, Billy, came over to play with Bobby and Joe.

"We wanted to go camping but Mother wouldn't let us," said Bobby. "She is afraid we would get scared or that something would hurt us," added Joe.

"A camping party would be nice. We have gone a few times and we always have lots of fun," replied Billy.

After the boys had played a few games of marbles, Billy said: "Let's go over to my house, I want to ask my mother something."

Away the boys ran and in a few minutes they were back again. They were so excited Mother knew that something important was being planned.

"Can we have a camping party in Billy's back yard tonight? His mother doesn't care if we do," asked Bobby.

"Well, I don't know. What would you do?" asked Mother.

"We would build a small camp fire and eat our supper by it. O, we would have the best time," was the answer.

"I am afraid the fire might get away and do some damage," Mother replied.

"We will be extra careful, and we won't build a very big fire and will be sure it is all out before we go to sleep. Besides Billy's folks will be there close to watch us. Please let us go," teased Joe.

"All right if you are careful," consented Mother at last.

The boys just flew around getting their blankets for their bed and getting some wood for their camp fire.

They used the little wagon to haul the things over to Billy's back yard. In a little while they were back for something for their supper. At last they were all settled in their camp, and did their supper ever taste good! They had fried some eggs and thought they were the best tasting eggs ever cooked.

At last they decided it was time to go to bed. They put out the fire and spread their blankets on the ground and laid down.

"Aren't the stars pretty tonight?" asked Billy.

"They sure are," replied Bobby. "You know, I would like to be an explorer and sleep and eat out this way all the time."

"I expect it would be nice, but this ground is getting awful hard and there is a big hump under me," chimed in Joe.

After more visiting they decided to go to sleep. In a little while something bit Bobby and he slapped at it. Then Joe said, "Something keeps biting me and I can't sleep."

"These mosquitoes are awful out here," decided Billy. "I don't believe I like them very well. I'm going to cover up my head then they can't get at me."

So all three of the boys disappeared under the blanket. Pretty soon, zip came the mosquitoes again and their bills went right through the blankets and found the boys.

"Well, this is enough of this," said Billy. "Bring your blankets and we will go in the house."

The other boys were willing to go along and into the house they went and spreading their blankets on the floor they finally went to sleep. And that was the way the camping party ended.

—M—

As a little girl was eating her dinner, she saw the bright sunbeams dancing on her silver spoon. She quickly put the spoon in her mouth, saying, "O Mother, I have swallowed a whole spoonful of sunshine."

The Sabbath School Missionary

Edith Lippincott, Editor Stanberry, Missouri
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**LET'S GO
 TO CHURCH**



Did you go to Sabbath School and church last Sabbath, and are you planning to go next Sabbath?

If it is possible we should all go to church every week. So many times church is rather dull for the little folks, but they should form the habit of attending church anyway.

The Sabbath School is more interesting for children, but lots of things the minister may say can be understood by them too.

The children can help with the songs and I like to see the little ones sing. And children can learn how to be nice and quiet during the services. Jesus loves the children and wants them to learn of Him and His Father. He wants them to learn how to serve Him while they are young.

Let's all go to church every Sabbath if at all possible.

—M—

Memory Verse for the Week

"For this is the love of God, that ye keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous." I John 5:3.

—M—

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and Mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will!"

And she sprang from the grass, where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolutions toward the room where Mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething young baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, Mother—it's such a nice morning?" she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking very tired."

The kind words and the kiss which accompanied them were almost too much for mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

Maggie resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."

—Unknown

God's Word says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath" (Prov. 15:1).

—M—



A QUEER WATCH DOG

By Mrs. Eva De Peri

Snookums was not a dog at all, but a big maltese cat. One year ago she was only a little bundle of blue, gray fur, running and playing all over the place. But in the spring she became the proud

mother of two beautiful kittens, and when a dog or another cat came inside the fence, oh, what a fuss and fight she would make! She was always on the watch and would drive them all away.

One day one kitty went to live in the big city of St. Paul, Minnesota, and Snookums had only one left to play with, but she did not seem to care.

It caused Snookum's little master quite a struggle to give away the kitten. But after his mamma told him how nice the people were who were to have it, he put it into a little box and nailed a piece of screen over one end of the box. Then he sent the kitten by express to its new home.

—Our Little Folks.

The Bible says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

—M—

PLACES I HAVE BEEN

The Redwood Forest

In the big geography book (you look and see) you'll find a picture of the giant redwood and sequoia trees of California. See that one there with the road cut through the tree! Isn't that amazing to see a picture of a car going right through a tree? In the Redwood Forest of the Coast Range in northern California you can actually drive your car through one of the trees.

We reached the Redwood Forest just as the sun was setting. We drove the car through one of the "big" trees. Even though I was grown up, I couldn't resist a shout of glee. It was a dream realized to see a road cut through a tree. We also came to a tree house. A Novelty Shop was inside one of these huge trees. It had little windows cut in the side of the tree and a door cut out at the front facing the highway.

We walked in and looked at the many souvenirs. Now, it was really getting dark. The big trees cast tall weird shadows everywhere. The road wound in and out among the Big Trees. The "cat eyes," that you see so often on the highways, were embedded in the trees to show a curve in the road. It was a thrilling ride and just a wee bit frightening too.

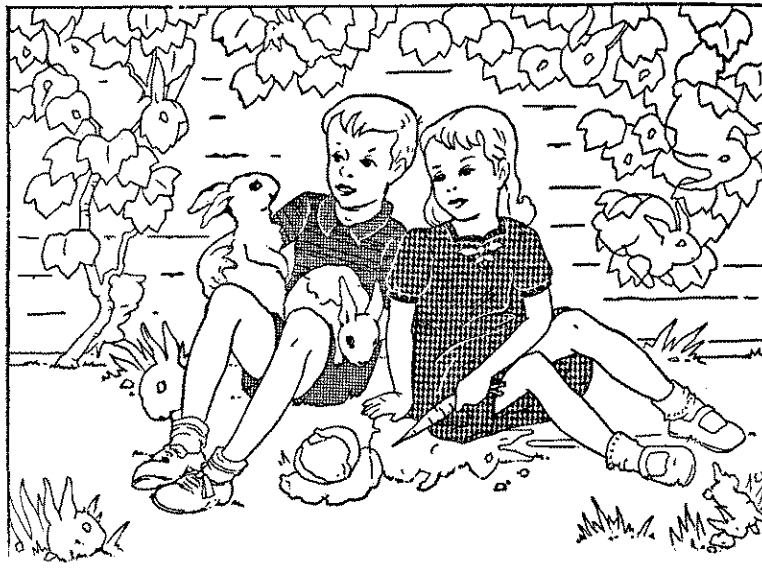
These redwood trees are big but their cousins, the Sequoias, are even larger. They are located on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains. These giants average 275 feet in height and 20 feet in diameter; some are 320 feet high and 25 feet to 35 feet in diameter.

To give you an idea of the size, here is a lumber fact for you. The trunk of the giant General Sherman tree alone will furnish enough board feet of lumber to build 100 five-room houses. These sequoia trees are protected by our government and are in national parks. Wouldn't it be grand to see the giant Sequoias? The redwoods are "big" trees, but the Sequoia trees are "bigger trees." Maybe someday you and I may get to see these "bigger trees."

—Mary Holbert

PUZZLE CORNER

In this picture the children are feeding their pet rabbits, but some of the rabbits have hidden around the children. Can you find as many as ten rabbits in the picture?





FOR
DECEMBER 3, 1949

Lesson Material: Jeremiah 23:1-4; 28.

Memory Verse: "I will rejoice over them to do them good." Jeremiah 32:41, first part.

A Good Prophet

Many, many years ago the people didn't have the Bible as we do now. The only way they knew what God wanted them to do was by being told by certain men. These certain men were called prophets. God would let them know what His will was and they were to tell the people.

God gave these prophets visions of what would happen to them. If the people were good and obeyed God's will then God would take care of them and nothing would harm them. But if they didn't obey then they would not have God's protection.

The prophets were to tell the people just what was right to do and warn the people if they were not doing right.

Some prophets, or people who called themselves prophets when really they weren't, would tell the people wrong things to do and lead them away into sin. These were bad prophets. Others who would tell the people right and try to get them to do as they should were good prophets.

God called the people sheep, His sheep. He said the wicked prophets destroyed and scattered His sheep. He said He would gather the sheep together after they had been scattered and would set good shepherds over them to teach them, so the people should learn to serve the true God.

Jeremiah was one of the good prophets. He told the people what God told him to. As the people were in sin they did not like what Jeremiah had to tell them, and sometimes Jeremiah would be put in prison for telling them the things of God, but God would take care of him. He would do what God wanted him to do even though it might cause him some trouble, he was determined to serve God at all times. That made him a good prophet. He would try to lead the people back to God.

There were many false prophets, or bad prophets, and many good prophets.

Question

1. In olden time how did the people learn of God?
2. How did the prophets know what to tell the people?
3. Did all the prophets teach the people the right way?
4. What did God call His people?
5. What scattered the sheep?

6. Did God want His people scattered?
7. What were the good shepherds to do?
8. Who was a good prophet?
9. Was Jeremiah ever punished for being a good prophet?
10. Did his punishment make him quit serving God?

—M—



YOUR LETTERS

FROM OREGON

Dear Missionary Readers:

I like to read the Missionary paper. I am eight years old and in the third grade.

I go to the Scrael Hill Church of God. I have three brothers: Jerry, 12; Bobby, 4; and Lonnie 3.

My daddy is a carpenter.

I will close now,

Steve Sheffield.

(Thanks for your letter, Steve. Tell the rest of your brothers to write next time. It is nice to be able to go to church.)

—M—

THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm's trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—Charles Kingsley.