

Sabbath School Missionary

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We Go To Church

Because

Some folks don't go to church because
They do not like the preacher;
Some folks quit Bible school because
They do not like their teacher.

Some stay away from services,
Because an offering's taken;
If all good Christians were like them,
God's house would be forsaken.

We go to church each week because
Of blessings it can bring;
We join in prayer and hymns of praise,
To worship Christ, our King!

—Selected.

The Sabbath School Missionary

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Editorial

Do you remember what was in the last paper about resolutions? If you do, you will remember that I asked you to resolve to write more for the paper this year than you did last year.

Well, I want to say that the mail for the first few days of this new year looks like you had already made that resolution. I have received more letters for the Missionary this week, than in any one week last year. I want to say thank you for them.

The interest you have shown in the paper will be good training for your interest in writing to the papers when you are older. Much good can be done through writing to the papers. When we can't go to far away places to tell others of the precious truths we know, we can write our thoughts to the papers and others in those far away places can read them. In this way we become messengers with good tidings from Christ to others.

Keep the nice letters coming and for those who can we want you to send us some nice Bible stories, of your own writing, to be printed. If you don't see your letter in the paper right soon after you have sent it in, don't get discouraged for we will get it

in as soon as we can. We try to print them as they come in, the first received will be printed first.

—: M :—
SAFE HOMES

Hester was watching Mother peel and core the apples for apple sauce. Suddenly she asked, "Why do apples have cores, Mother?"

"The cores are little houses," answered Mother, "where in a room by itself each little apple-seed baby lives and grows and ripens. See, we will open the door into one of the rooms."

With her paring knife she carefully poked away some of the apple that was on the core and showed Hester the rooms made of two tough little walls, and inside an apple-seed baby.

"At first the baby seed is green," she said, "almost white. Then, as the apple grows and begins to ripen, too, until at last they are a shiny dark brown. That is how we know an apple is ripe. If we cut into the rooms and find the seed babies green we know the apple is not ripe."

"Now," she said, cutting another apple across with her paring knife, "you can see, if I cut the apple this way, that the house is in the form of a star, the walls that hold the babies making it. The apple blossom is always in the shape of a star."

"How pretty, Mother," said Hester. "I shall never eat another apple without thinking of the house with the little rooms and the seed babies in them."

"Better yet," said Mother, "take a toothpick and open the rooms and take the brown seed babies out carefully. Then when you have a lot we will go out-of-doors and plant them. Some of them will come up and grow."

"And perhaps," said Hester thoughtfully, "when I am a big girl I may have an apple tree of my own from the seeds I am planting today."

Then she ran to get her coat and go with Mother to decide where they would plant the baby apple seeds.

—Bethel Primary Paper

—: M :—

A new resolution: Be honest at all times.



Whiter Than Snow

By Opal Williams

Mary felt lonely and just a little bit homesick. It was all right living so far away from what she had always called home, for she had made new friends and liked school and her teachers. The little white house where they lived set back in a nice lawn and there were trees in the yard—oh, it was not that she did not like it here, it was only that she missed something—sometimes, and then she became lonely. Besides it had been a dreary, cloudy day. The bare brown trees in the vacant lot across the road were ugly in their scraggly nakedness. The high mountains all around looked bare and lonely too. Mary wondered as she gazed out into the dusk if the hills sometimes became lonely. Maybe they would like to go visit the plains and far away places. Then Mary laughed at her foolishness to think she even let herself imagine that the mountains could be lonely. Why, they were closer to God than she was, for they reached so far up in the sky. Mary closed her eyes and folded her hands on the window sill as she knelt in prayer and asked God to remember all the folk back home and all the new ones out here that she had learned to love and then she crawled into her cozy bed and mother kissed her goodnight. “How much more lonely it would be without mother and daddy” thought Mary as she fell asleep, still thinking of the scraggly bare trees and the brown hills, with all the pretty green and gold and bright colors long since faded into a monotone of dullness.

And suddenly it was morning and Mother was making noises in the kitchen that sounded like breakfast and Daddy was standing at the foot of Mary’s bed, saying softly, “Time to get up, kitten, or you will be late for school.” Mary turned over on her back and yawned and stretched and

then she looked toward her window. Like a flash she was on her feet. “Oh, Mother, Daddy,” she almost shrieked, “The snow, the snow, oh, just look at the beautiful snow.” Mary pulled on her robe and slid her feet into nice warm slippers as mother came into the room. Mother put an arm affectionately around Mary’s shoulder and pulled the curtains aside. Indeed it was a world of white. The snow was moist and heavy and it lay snuggled in the branches, so that the trees were white.

“Why, Mother, the whole world is white,” exclaimed Mary in wonder as she gazed at the mountains and the white trees that had been so bare and brown when last she had seen them. “There aren’t any sidewalks and no grass and the hills are all dressed up in a robe of white. Why, Mother the whole world is changed, there isn’t any ugliness left anywhere. It’s beautiful,” she added, as the sun broke from under a cloud and the brightness made her close her eyes for a second. “It’s too beautiful to even look at, it’s so bright. But Mother, where did the ugliness and the brownness go?” she asked thoughtfully as she opened her eyes again.

“It is all hidden underneath, Mary,” said Mother thoughtfully. “It’s covered with the snow. It makes me think of the verse in Isaiah that says, ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land!’ (Isa. 1:18, 19) And again in Psalms, David said, ‘Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.’ (Psa. 51: 7). It is hard for us to imagine anything can be whiter than snow when the sun is shining on it, but God has promised us we shall be after we are washed in His blood. The Bible speaks of the Wedding garment

being white. The earth has been washed in snow flakes and it is all white and beautiful. But that snow will melt and the ugliness will show again. But when we are made whiter than snow, all the ugliness is made to disappear, and we will be ready to enter into God's Kingdom, because we are pure and white—whiter than snow."

Mary's fingers tightened around Mother's and she gave a gentle squeeze. "I'm so glad for such a beautiful promise, Mother," she said softly, "and for such a wonderful Jesus, and I like the way God tells us about things in a way that makes them so easy for us to understand, even when we are children. I'm going to tell my friends about being washed in the blood and being whiter than the snow. Being that close to Jesus, I should never be lonely again!"

—:: M ::—



DOGS And CATS

By Clayton L. Faubion

"Jimmy Hudson, you just go right back home!" As Millie screamed at Jimmy she felt hot tears stinging her eyes, and she wanted to throw a stone at this boy who had made her so angry. Jimmy turned away, and slowly walked out to the gate, and even Millie could see that she had made him feel badly by sending him home, but she didn't care. She didn't like him anyhow.

Three weeks before, Jimmy had come to live in the house next door. The first time he saw Millie, his freckled face broke into a big smile which showed that he had a tooth missing, and he came over to the fence that was between his house and Millie's. He called, "Hi, I'm Jimmy, who are you?"

Millie had replied, "I'm Millie," and then Jimmie had said, "I'll bet we can have lots of fun playing."

But it hadn't worked out that way. Millie had not liked Jimmy from the start. Jimmy wanted to be so friendly, but Millie would play with him for a little while, and then would become angry and send him home. At first, Jimmy came two or three times a day. Then he got to coming only once each day. Then he stopped coming to knock on the door and ask her to come out, but would come over if he saw her out in the yard. Now Jimmy would play by himself most of the time, but once in a while would call to Millie. If she would tell him he could come over, he was real happy, and seemed to like to play with her, but then she would scream at him to go home, and he would sadly go back over to his own yard.

On this day, Jimmy had gone home, and had no more than closed his own front door when a car came up the street and stopped in front of Millie's house. It was Uncle Dick, and as Millie ran to the gate to meet him, he stopped to get something that was on the floor of the car, behind the front seat. When he turned back toward Millie, who was standing at the gate, he held something in his arms that made Millie let out a little squeal of joy.

"A puppy! A puppy! Oh, Uncle Dick, it's a puppy!" Millie was jumping around, and clasping her hands, and completely forgot about how angry she was with Jimmy.

You can guess how happy Millie was when Uncle Dick placed the fluffy black and white puppy in her arms and told her it was her very own. She could hardly wait until they could take it into the house and show it to Mother. Right away she decided to call it Bruno.

But then something happened. Bruno, running around the house, came face to face with Ginger, Millie's big yellow cat. Now Ginger wasn't a little kitty any more, but Millie liked to stroke her long yellow fur, and had as much fun with her as if she were still a playful kitten. Bruno was so glad to see Ginger that he went right up to her with his funny little curly tail wagging so hard he wobbled when he walked. But was Ginger glad to see Bruno? She raised up her back, and spit at him, and when he

got too close she reached out a paw and scratched him on the nose. Bruno let out a yelp, and ran to Millie, with his tail tucked between his legs. It made Millie feel awfully sorry for Bruno, and she was quite angry with Ginger. It made her think of something else, too, but she tried to make herself not think of this other thing.

The next two days were very happy ones for Millie, but whenever the new pet would come close to Ginger, she would spit at him and swat him with her paw, so that it made him awfully sad. Bruno wanted to make friends with Ginger, but she wouldn't be friendly. And every time it would happen, Millie would think of that one thing that she didn't like to think about. So she tried awfully hard to make Ginger like Bruno.

One day she had Bruno and Ginger together, and Ginger seemed to be a little more friendly, so she ran to her mother and told her, "Mother, I think Ginger is going to like Bruno after all." Then she tried harder than ever to make Ginger be nice to Bruno, and it took a long time, but she finally was able to make peace between them, so that when Bruno wanted to play with Ginger, she would just sit and tease him.

In all this time she had not see Jimmy but a few times, and when he would call to her, she wouldn't answer. But it made her feel awfully mean. You see, the thing that she didn't like to think about, when Ginger was mean to Bruno, was that Ginger was treating Bruno like Millie was treating Jimmy.

Millie thought that if she could make Ginger and Bruno be friends, then she wouldn't be bothered with that thought any more. But now that they were friends, it bothered her more than ever. It made her feel like she was being cruel to Jimmy.

One day Millie was out in her front yard playing with Bruno who was running with her ball, and she was trying to get it when Bruno stopped at the fence. There, watching, was Jimmy. When Millie looked up at him, he smiled that same funny smile, and she could see that a new tooth was growing into the gap.

At first she was going to frown, and then she thought of how sad Bruno looked when

Ginger had scratched him. So instead she smiled back at him. "Hi, Jimmy, do you want to come over and play with my puppy too?"

That was the first time she had ever invited him over. Jimmy fairly flew around to her gate, but when he came into her yard, he asked, "You mean that you are not mad at me any more, Millie?"

"No, that's all over now, and I'm not going to be mad at you any more," she said.

"I know we can have lots of fun playing now," Jimmy said with a big grin all over his freckled face.

LETTERS

FROM OREGON

Dear Missionary Readers:

I thought that I would try to write another letter to the Missionary as I have not written a letter for about a year.

I have three pets: a dog and two cats, and they are very nice pets. My dog's name is Babbitt. I have not named the cats yet. I can throw a rock and Babbitt will bring it back to me. The cats like to drink milk.

I go to Jefferson Grade School. I am in the fourth grade and my teacher's name is Mrs. Looney. She is a good teacher. We have a lot of fun. I go to school at 8:45 and school is out at 3:30. I ride a school bus to school and back home as it is about one and a half miles from Jefferson to my home.

I have three sisters and three brothers, and we go to the Scraelvhill church which is about three miles from Jefferson. My Sabbath School teacher is Mrs. Mitchell.

Your friend,
Willard Sheffield.

* * * *

FROM VIRGINIA

Dear Editor:

I teach the little class at our church in Carrollton, Virginia, and there are sixteen of them. We have been after our pastor, Mr. Brown, for some time to build us a room on the church for our class, so we used the room last Sabbath for the first time.

We enjoy your paper very much. I am asking you to please print some letters from

some of the class. Thank you.

June Woodfin.

* * * *

FROM VIRGINIA

Dear Missionary Readers:

Just a few lines to let you know I enjoy your Sabbath School paper. I am twelve years old and go to Sabbath School every Sabbath that I can. My name is Esther Virginia Crowby. This is all that I can think of.

Your friend,
Esther Crowby.

* * * *

FROM VIRGINIA

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my first time to write to the Missionary. I enjoy the paper very much. I go to Sabbath School every Sabbath that I am here. We have a new Sabbath School class room on our church. Our teacher is Miss June Woodfin.

Your friend,
Bessie Brown.

* * * *

FROM COLORADO

Dear Missionary Readers:

I thought it was my turn to write. How do you like the weather? I guess it is getting winter.

We drew names for Christmas at school. I got Barbara Young's name. I will be glad when Christmas vacation comes. We haven't been going to church very much, but we are having a revival at Lindon store. Bro. Grant is our minister. I am sending a puzzle: kame a foujyl esion otnu eht orld, lal ey ansld. (Psalm 100:1).

In Christian love,
Marlene Hicks.

—: M :—
A BIBLE QUIZZ

1. What king saw the hand writing on the wall?
2. Who was the man from Uz?
3. The walls of what city fell down?
4. What are the wages of sin?
5. What is the gift of God?
6. What was Abraham's wife's name?
7. What was the name of Herodia's daughter?
8. What was Esther's uncle's name?

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Your Lessons

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JANUARY 27, 1951

JESUS TEACHES THROUGH STORIES
Lesson Material: Mark 4:1-8, 26-32.

Memory Verse: "Take heed what ye hear."
Mark 4:24.

Jesus liked to teach the people with parables. Parables are stories about something in real life which teach a truth that we should know. He used these stories as examples from the things in life that the people would understand.

One time Jesus was by the seaside and a great multitude had gathered to hear Jesus as He taught them in parables.

One of the parables was about a sower who went out to sow. A sower is one who plants seed, and in this story a man went out to plant some seed. As he scattered the seed some of it fell where birds of the air came and ate it. Some seed fell on stony ground where there was not enough earth for the seed to grow, so that work was lost.

Some seed fell among thorns and weeds, and soon the weeds grew until they choked the good plants out, and here again there was nothing growing from the good seed sown.

But some of the seed fell on good ground and it grew and brought forth abundantly.

After telling this parable, Jesus was asked what was the meaning of the things He had told them. Then He explained to them that the sower was one who went out to tell the word of truth to people. The seeds were the truths that people should know. The different kinds of places where the seed fell is like the people who hear the messages of truth. Some pay no attention to them, others decide to do the things that they are taught and after doing and keeping the truths for a short time they let the cares of this life in and they forget about the truth.

But the seed that fell on good ground and brought forth abundantly is the seeds of truth that fall on willing hearts and grow

stronger day by day. As the hearers of the truth learn more they are glad to keep them and study to know more and they will try to get others to do right. In this way they bear fruit for Christ.

Questions

1. How did Jesus teach the people?
2. What is a parable?
3. Where was Jesus teaching the people in this lesson?
4. Who was the sower?
5. What was the seed he was sowing?
6. What became of the seed that fell by the wayside?
7. What would you think the thorns were?
8. What was the seed that fell on good ground?
9. How could that seed bring forth abundantly?

* * * *

FOR FEBRUARY 3, 1951

JESUS HELPS A WORRIED FATHER

Lesson Material: Mark 4:35 to 6:6.

Memory Verse: "Jesus said . . . Be not afraid, only believe."

Jesus had been healing the sick and after casting a devil out of a man, the people became frightened and asked Him to depart from them. Entering into a ship Jesus crossed over to the other side of the sea. When He came to shore there was a great multitude gathered to meet Him.

One of the rulers of the synagogue fell at Jesus' feet. This ruler's name was Jarius. His little daughter was very ill and Jarius felt that Jesus could heal her. He said: "I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live."

Jesus was sorry for the man and went with him and many people followed them. As they walked along a servant met them and told Jarius: "Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any further?"

As soon as Jesus heard the message the servant brought, He said to the father, "Be not afraid, only believe." From there on Jesus would not let the crowd follow Him. Peter, James and John were all who were allowed to go with them.

When they came to the house of the ruler, there they found much weeping. Jesus asked why they were making such an ado,

and why they were weeping. Jesus said the girl was not dead, but was sleeping. The people laughed at Him, but when He had put them all out, He took the father and mother and went into the room where the girl was lying.

Taking her by the hand, Jesus said: "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." And immediately the girl arose and walked. How happy this father and mother must have been.

Jesus went out from there and returned to His own country. On the Sabbath day He went into a synagogue and began to teach. Many who heard Him were astonished at His teachings and the miracles that He performed.

Questions

1. What did the frightened people want Jesus to do?
2. Who met Jesus on the other side of the sea?
3. Who was Jarius?
4. What did he ask of Jesus?
5. As they walked along, who met them and what did he tell them?
6. What did Jesus tell Jarius?
7. Who did Jesus permit to go with them?
8. What did Jesus say of the girl?
9. Tell how the girl was healed.

—:: M ::—

KEY TO QUIZZ

1. Belshazzar 2. Job 3. Jericho 4. death 5. eternal life 6. Sarah 7. Salome 8. Mor-decai.

—M. H.

—:: M ::—

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT

It always pays for boys and girls to know they are right before they do things. Be sure to ask God to help you to know.

Do you know what a dog does before he lies down? Watch him next time. He will smell the place, and then he will circle it several times to make sure that everything is all right. You seldom see a dog lie down outside the house without doing this.

We should be that careful, too, about the things we do. We must not do things without first knowing we are right and safe in doing them. This saves trouble and disappointments and means more happiness for us.

—Our Little Friend

- - - Tiny Tot's Page - - -



BABY BROTHER

The baby in our home is new.
 He is not very tall.
 There is no work his hands can do,
 Because they are so small.

But mother says that he will grow
 To be as large as I.
 He'll learn the lessons that I know,
 And what I do, he'll try.

To Sabbath school I like to go,
 To learn of Jesus' way.
 My brother will go, too, I know,
 When he grows big someday.

—Our Little Friend

TINY TOT LETTER

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my first time to write to the paper. I am six years old, and I am in the first grade at school. My teacher's name at school is Mrs. Wright and I like her very much.

I go to the Scrael Hill Sabbath school almost every Sabbath and my teacher's name is Mrs. Mitchell. I have two sisters and four brothers. I will close for this time. Your little friend,

Helen Sheffield.

—:: M ::—

SNOWFLAKES

Millions of tiny snowflakes
 Floating softly down,
 United to form a blanket
 Over the weary town.

Each little tiny snowflake
 Has its task to perform
 Joining with its brother
 To keep the whole town warm.

—Young Pilgrim

TINY TOT PUZZLE

