

# Sabbath School Missionary

Volume 66

Stanberry, Missouri,

July 30, 1951

Number 16



## The Rain

ALFIE W. HALLMANN

*Last night I heard the patter  
Then the down-pour of the rain,  
Heard the rumbling of the thunder,  
Saw the lightning flash on window pane.*

*Spring rain, how sweet the cadence,  
Music on the window pane,  
All the flowers will now awaken,  
All the birds will sing again.*

*And my heart, it sang within me,  
Listening to the fall of the rain,  
And I dreamed of pristine glory,  
Woke, and slept to dream again.*

# The Sabbath School Missionary

Edith Lippincott, *Editor*..... Stanberry, Mo.

Owned by the General Conference of the Church of God.

*Subscription Rates:* Single copy one year 65 cents; Club of six or more to the same address 50 cents each per year. Foreign subscription rate \$1.00 per year.

Published bi-weekly at the Church of God Publishing House Stanberry, Missouri. Entered as Second class matter at the post office at Stanberry, Missouri under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Here is another issue of our little paper without any letters from you children for the Letter Department. Your editor is not very happy about this and wishes that she could receive several letters soon. I know that you are all very busy during the summer vacation. There are many things to do and many places to go, and by this time many plans are made for attending a camp meeting. Are you all ready for your part in the young people's meetings? I just hope so.

Let us all pray that everyone will have a safe journey to and from the meetings. You know God is able to care for us where ever we are, and He is willing to care for those who put their trust in Him.

When you get back home won't you write and tell us some of the things you saw along the road and tell us what part of the meeting you liked best?

Your editor returned this week from a short visit at Bassett, Nebr. We went to Sabbath School there and was sorry to see only two in the primary class there. But we hope that they were blessed by being there.

Now come on with your letters for we need them.

—: M :—

Have you written that letter you have been planning on writing to the Missionary? If so, we are glad for we are needing it.



## THE BEST DAY

"Mother, why can't I go out to play? They're having such a good time," mourned Dixie as she looked out the window wistfully.

"But mother didn't say that you couldn't," answered Mother. "As far as Mother is concerned, you are free to go and play."

Dixie thought that remark over. She turned from the window, put on her coat and hat, her boots, and gloves. All dressed up for play, yet where was that enthusiasm which seemed to belong alone to Dixie? Dixie's face was a study as she opened the door and walked down the steps and out to the vacant lot where the children were playing.

"Dixie, you're it," shouted Jane as she tagged Dixie.

Dixie ran trying to tag someone, but her legs felt like wooden pegs. Finally she tagged Ann, then she walked to one side and stood watching. Slowly she walked to the house. As soon as she was inside she took off her wraps, went over and sat down on the footstool in front of her mother.

Putting her head in her mother's lap, Dixie said, "Mother, Jesus wouldn't have played tag on the Sabbath, so I couldn't either. I remember how we are not to do our own pleasures on the Sabbath. I'd much rather study the lessons and read the Bible with you."

Mother hugged Dixie tight. She was so glad her little girl had won this battle. Mother knew that some children played hilariously in gangs on Sabbath, but she had always tried to make the Sabbath set apart as different from other days. It had required some thought and effort to plan Bible stories to read, supply Bible games and generally plan the day as a Sabbath Day. She felt glad that she had made the Sabbath Day one set apart for today showed that Dixie knew the real meaning of the Sabbath Day.—M. H.

—: M :—

What is a net?

Holes tied together with string.—Sel.

# Good



# Soil

By Mrs. Harry Cockrum

Pat looked earnestly at the black seeds in his moist palm. Seeds, plump from the water in which Mom had left them over night. Then he raised his serious brown eyes to meet the tenderness in those above.

"All mine, Mom? For my very own?" he asked.

Mom smiled. "For your very own, Pat."

Pat remembered the juicy sweetness of the watermelon from which Mom had saved this seed. He licked his lips and his warm eyes glowed.

Just then the door slammed and rushing feet told them that Billy was here. Pat turned eagerly, held out the seeds and exclaimed, "I'm to raise 'em all by myself, Billy."

Billy's blue eyes swung questioningly to his mother and held a mischievous gleam as he asked pertly, "None for your handsome Willie?"

Pat giggled. He knew Billy didn't really mean that he was handsome, but to Pat, Billy with his red hair and blue eyes was truly tops, freckles and all.

Mother gave Billy his seeds. "There are forty-eight for each of you," she told them. "That will make twelve hills. How many seeds in a hill, Pat?"

Pat studied a second or two then said, "Four," and was no end pleased when Mom agreed.

The two boys hurried outside.

"Where you gonna plant yours, Billy?"

Billy glanced carelessly around. "Oh, somewhere close, so I won't have to go so far when I water them. Right here, I guess," indicating a spot.

Pat walked over and looked critically at the ground. "Kinda rocky, ain't it?"

"Aw, that makes no diff. Give 'em water and they'll grow."

Pat stood trying to remember why he thought the seeds shouldn't be planted in

rocky soil. Then his face lit up. "But don't you 'member last Sabbath where the seed was planted in rocky soil and died?"

"Aw, Pat, you're a goon," Billy exclaimed. He walked a few steps away and returned with a hoe. He continued, "Don't you know that was the Word? It said the seed was the Word." Soon there was the ring of steel on stone as Pat busily dug a shallow hole for the seed, whistling blithely as he worked.

Pat walked slowly away. He knew Billy must be right because he was older and so much smarter, but still he had a feeling that God wouldn't have said seed needed good soil unless all kinds of seed did.

He stopped where the soil was mellow and deep. As he stood working his bare toes in the loose dirt, he remembered how Dad had put in some manure from that old pile back of the barn when he had set out some trees. If it was good for trees it ought to be good for watermelons.

He trudged after a shovel and dug a hole, not nearly as big as the one Dad had dug. He wouldn't need as big a hole for his melon seeds. Twelve holes he dug, four one way and three the other. Remembering the long vines he put the holes far apart.

Then he went to that old manure pile. He was just putting the manure in the last hole when he heard running feet. He looked up to see Billy clear that old stump by a good two inches. Then make a sliding stop in the soft dirt, showering dust about Pat.

Pat grinned. "You sure jumped way over that stump."

"Sure. That's what I meant to do," Billy boasted. "Say ain't you got your seeds planted yet? What you been doin'?"

Pat showed him, proudly. "Now I got to put dirt on it and carry some water for the holes, then I'm ready for the seeds."

Billy shrugged his shoulders and tossed

his red hair. "What you think you're gonna grow? Melon vines to reach the sky like Jack's bean stalk? You coulda saved all that work. Melons are mostly juice. Just give 'em lots of water and they'll grow on a rock." He flung his hands out, palms up, expressively.

Pat looked at him a second then went doggedly after his water. Sure Billie was keen, but he just had to plant that seed in good deep soil. While Pat spread dirt, poured water, then solemnly placed the seeds on the damp dirt and covered them, Billy danced about the square, kicking up dust and laughing.

Pat put a stick by each hill then yelling, "Can't catch me!" sped away toward the house while Billy gained on him rapidly.

The warm, spring sun coaxed the gray old earth to new life, smiling more warmly as the earth proffered her choicest May flowers. One day, Billy came triumphantly into the kitchen, shouting, "I got two watermelons up!"

Eagerly Pat rushed out to admire the four brave leaves. Then remembering his own, he cried, "Maybe mine's up, too. Let's go see."

The boys looked long and hard, but there were no leaves showing. Wonderingly Pat turned away.

Billy took his hand reassuring. "S all right, Pat. Maybe all them rocks was so hard in my patch that they had to go up 'cause they couldn't go down." He threw his head back and laughed at his own joke.

"Let's race to the house," he cried, and somehow Pat beat him. Pat looked round in wonder, then said, "Aw, you just let me beat you," and gave Billy a playful shove.

As the days grew warmer, the two melon patches seemed also to race. But gradually, Pat's plants gained on Billy's and then it seemed to Pat that he could almost see his vines grow.

However, Billy's showed the first blooms and while Pat's were just beginning to bloom Billy's had those wonderful little round, velvety, green balls where the blooms had been.

"See, I told you water would do the trick," Billy triumphed.

Pat smiled, but his eyes were puzzled.

Surely God wouldn't have said seed wouldn't grow in rocky soil unless He meant it, even if He was talkin' about the Word.

So both melon patches grew amazingly. And though Billy's vines had the first melons to show, soon Pat's vines had more and larger melons than Billy's had.

Then the hot July weather came. Billy went past his melon patch one day on the way to lunch. He stopped and stared. The once crisp leaves were curling and the tiny melons were not so firm as before. He stood a moment, then hurried to give them some water. He waited until the leaves perked up slightly, as though to say "Thank you."

Billy came on to the house, whistling his merriest tune.

After lunch he strolled out toward Pat's watermelon patch. The hot sun was beating down, but Pat's vines were crisp and cool. He reached down and touched a small dark green melon. It was smooth and as cool as a cucumber. He turned thoughtfully back toward his own patch. Even after the recent watering he had given them, they were droopy and pale and the little melons had a withered look. It was only a few days until his vines were dead and drying up.

He took his problem to his mother. "They started right off, Mom, bloomed ahead of Pat's and had melons on first, right in that rocky soil. I kept 'em watered good."

"Mother looked up from her darning to smile understandingly.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, son."

"Self-preser—what?"

"Self preservation means to fight to keep alive. You know the Bible tells us that a man will give everything he has for his life. That means the same as self preservation. You say you planted your seed on rocky soil. When it couldn't find food for its roots it hurried to send up leaves to help feed itself. That is why it leafed out sooner than Pat's which had good soil. And it hurried to bloom because to reproduce comes next to living."

"Repro— what?" again Billy needed help.

"That means to raise a family. Your heifer had a calf, a hen lays eggs and sits on them so she can hatch out baby chicks. Your melon vine didn't have good soil so it

hurried to produce melons for the next year's seeds. For awhile your watering it kept it alive. Then it needed more than the water could give and died because there was no food in the soil."

"Don't mind, Billy," Pat comforted him. "I'll have plenty for both of us. Anyway we learned that seeds must have good soil to grow."

"I sure thought those melons'd grow with all the water I gave them." Billy thought awhile, then, "Oh well," he gave Pat a quick hug, "I'll be my brother's keeper. I'll help you eat yours and then you won't eat too much and get sick. Besides you're such a goon, you couldn't enjoy them alone."



### FIELDS

Some fields grow wild and shaggy  
And the grass is shoulder-high;  
And some are hilled and craggy  
Where gray stones and gravel lie.

The farmer's fields are very neat  
With rows of corn and grain,  
With vegetables and fruit and wheat  
That waves in wind and rain.

Some fields are scented sweetly  
With the perfume of bright flowers,  
And some are quite completely  
Tangled up in vines and bowers.

But fields are lovely everywhere,  
No matter what they're like,  
For all are gay, and all are fair  
To romp or roam or hike.

—Junior Life.



—: M :—

"FOR THE HOUR IS COMING"

By Edith Lippincott

Danny and Aaron lived in the same town, in fact they lived side by side in the same block. They had become good friends and spent many happy hours playing together.

"I'm going to the country to see my grandpa and grandma," Danny told his lit-

tle friend one day. "I always like to go there for there are so many things to do and see out there."

"I wish I could go and see my grandpa," Aaron answered sadly.

"Why don't you go there on your vacation?" Danny wanted to know.

"I can't, for my grandpa is dead and is in heaven," Aaron replied.

"In heaven? I never heard of people going to heaven," Danny said. "When my daddy told me about people dying he said that they were put in the grave and there they stayed until Jesus comes to call them out and give them their reward."

"It seems funny that if people don't go to heaven when they die that my folks don't know about it, for they always told me that is where the good people go," and Aaron seemed puzzled about this matter.

"Let's go to the house and have Daddy explain it to us, so we will understand it better," Danny said.

With this decision the two boys went to find Danny's father who was on the front porch reading his Bible.

"Daddy, we want you to tell us something. Aaron says his grandpa went to heaven when he died. What about it? Do you think that is where he is?" asked Danny.

"We will have to find what the Bible says, for it won't make any difference what we believe or think. It is what God says about a thing that really counts. Just sit down there in the swing while I try to find a few verses," Daddy told them.

Turning a few pages soon Daddy read, "So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

"Where did you find that verse," asked Aaron.

"That is found in Job 14:12. Chapter 17:13 reads, "If I wait, the grave is mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness."

"Can't you find a verse somewhere that says that some good people have gone to heaven?" asked Aaron.

"No, I don't know of such a verse, but in John 3:13 Jesus said, 'And no man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven.' So we can see that at

the time Jesus was here on earth no person had gone to heaven. Many righteous people had lived and died before that time so it must be that they didn't go to heaven when they died," Daddy explained.

"Didn't you read something about the people coming out of their graves?" asked Danny.

"That is found in John 5:28 and 29. It reads, 'For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life.' This will be at the second coming of Jesus," Daddy told the boys.

"If the people are in the graves when they hear His voice they certainly can't be in heaven can they?" asked Aaron.

"No, they surely won't be up there for it says that they will come out of their graves when He calls. If they had gone to heaven how did they get back in the graves and why were they there?" Daddy asked the boys.

"I will have to go home and tell this to my mother and have her find those verses and read them, so she will know what the Bible teaches," said Aaron as he started for home.

"Tell your folks that I will be glad to have a Bible study with them about this any time they want to come over. Studying is the only way for us to learn more about the Bible," Daddy said as Aaron crossed the yard.

—: M :—  
A JAPANESE HOME

Let us take a trip and visit different kinds of homes of boys and girls in foreign lands. We will visit a Japanese home this week.

Our first stop is at the home a Japanese family. Among the interesting things that catch our eyes are the heavy outside shutters which slide wide open and make it possible to see what is going on in the different parts of the house.

The friendly Japanese people invited us inside. And now what do we see? Paper partitions instead of walls. By sliding these paper walls back and forth, the family can have as many rooms as it likes.

Something else strikes us as very odd. The house is very bare. Where is all the furniture? Japanese people use cushions in-

stead of chairs, so when we are asked to sit down, we, too, use cushions.

At dinner time we sit at a long, low table, right on the floor. Of course, we don't intend to spend the night, but if we did, when it was time to retire, we would see one of the maids slide a screen door and remove from a cupboard some pads and comforters which are spread out on the matting floor. The only pillows are small wooden blocks. As the Japanese people are very clean, each home has its bathroom.

Japan is a land of earthquakes, and for this reason there are no pretty vases and statues on display and the walls are made of paper. Of course, these paper partitions catch fire very easily, so that the household treasures are stored away for protection in a "go-down," a sort of little house in the garden.—Junior Life.

—: M :—

Give this paper to a friend to read when you are through with it.

—: M :—



## Your Lessons . . . . .

For August 11, 1951

DOING OUR WORK WELL

Lesson Material: Luke 12:42-48.

Memory Verse: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." Colossians 3:23.

God intended that people should have work of some kind to do. He planted a garden in Eden and in this garden He placed the man and woman that He had made. In this Garden of Eden all kinds of plants and trees were growing.

God told Adam, the man, that he was to care for this garden and keep it. God expected Adam to do good work in this garden, and we are sure that as long as Adam was working in God's garden that he would do his work well.

Paul wrote letters to people that he wanted to help be the kind of people that God would have them to be. In one of

these letters he told them that some of them were not doing the things that they should do, that they were not working at all. He told them that when he was with them he had told them that if they would not work they should not expect to have anything to eat. They were spending their time in idleness and making trouble, and were not earning anything to eat.

In Ephesians 2:28 we are told to work with our hands and do the things that are right and good for us to do, and then we will have enough for ourselves and will be able to divide with those who are in need.

Another place in the Bible tells us that whatever we do, we are to do heartily, or willingly and the best we can, as though we were doing it for God instead of men. If we think that we are working for God we will be very careful that our work will be done well for we would not want to do poor work for God.

Jesus told a parable of a man who had some servants and he had given each servant work to do. He said that the Master would make the faithful and wise servant ruler over his house, but the unfaithful servant whom the master found had failed to do his work well would be cast out with the unbelievers.

Let us take a lesson from this parable that Jesus taught and let us learn to do our work just the very best that we can. And remember that God is always watching over us and sees us at all times.

### Questions

1. What was Adam to do in the Garden of Eden?
2. Did God plan that people should work?
3. What had Paul told the people they should do?
4. Why should we work with our hands?
5. How are we to do our work?
6. Can you tell the parable of the master and his servants?
7. How should we do our work?
8. What should we always remember?
9. Do you like to work?

\* \* \* \*

For August 18, 1951

### SHARING WITH OTHERS

Lesson Material: Matthew 25:14-29.

Memory Verse: "All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee."  
1 Chronicles 29:14.

Sharing with others means that we are willing to divide or give some of the things that we have with others who are in need.

The Bible teaches that we are to divide with the poor and with the fatherless.

One of the best examples of dividing with those in need was Joseph. He also had a forgiving heart, for his brothers had not been good to him and had sold him as a slave and he was taken into Egypt. During a time when there was a famine in the country where his brothers lived, the brothers went to Egypt to buy food for they had heard that there was more than enough food there. They had to get the food from Joseph. He was good enough to share with them and had them bring their father and all their families into Egypt to live during the time of the famine.

We are to share our money to help send people out to preach the Word of God to people who have never known about God and His laws. When we divide our money with God for His work we will be able to help send missionaries to other countries to teach the people there the right way to live. This sharing is called giving an offering.

We can share what we know about God and His truth by telling those around us, our playmates and others, that God has love for them and He wants them to serve and worship Him.

We find that there are many ways to share, and they are good ways.

God gives us all we have. He has divided with us and we should be very glad to divide or share what we have with Him and with others.

### Questions

1. What does sharing mean?
2. With whom are we to divide?
3. Who was a good example of sharing?
4. With whom did he share?
5. When should we share our money, and why?
6. How can we send missionaries to other countries?
7. What can we share with our playmates?
8. Can you repeat the memory verse?

# - - - Tiny Tot's Page - - -

## YOUR MEMORY VERSE

How about that memory verse for next Sabbath? Is it about time to begin to learn it? Well, here is a good one to learn: "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." Psalm 34:15.

—: M :—

The church is God's house. Let us remember to be quiet in God's house.

## MY WISH

Each day the mailman  
Comes walking down the street—  
He doesn't mind the weather,  
Though it rains and snows and sleet.  
I'd like to be a mailman,  
Walking down the street,  
And smile and say, "Good morning,"  
To every one I'd meet.

—Sel.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27

## HOW TO WORK THE PUZZLE

When the squares are filled with the letters spelling the words described, Joan's peace verse will be spelled out.

## THE LETTERS FOR THE SQUARES

- 9, 10, 5,  
23, 25, 24,
- 11, 1, 15,
- 27, 21, 22,  
7, 13, 12,  
18, 3, 26,  
2, 19, 20,  
4, 6, 8, 17,  
22, 16, 1, 14,

- water makes things.
- we hope our country will never again have.
- you did when you heard the school bell ring.
- horses eat in winter.
- squirrels' favorite food.
- fire is
- a carpenter's tool.
- not slow.
- twelve months.