

Sabbath School Missionary

Volume 66

Stanberry, Missouri,

August 13, 1951

Number 17



STARS

ALFIE W. HALLMANN

*Now the day is slowly ending;
Silver stars begin to peep;
Some sweet message they are sending
While the earth is fast asleep.
Gently beaming, brightly gleaming,
With a quaintly winking ray;
Are they hosts of playful angels
Who have hidden through the day?
Silver stars in mystic glory
Shining through the quiet night.
Though I cannot read your story,
Ah, I love to watch your light.*

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.

I want to thank you children for the many letters I am receiving for the Letter Department in the Missionary. I was very happy when the letters began coming in. I just felt sure that when you knew that we were needing letters that you would write some for the paper.

Each one of you like to read the letters from the other children, and other children like to read yours, so keep the letters coming. Just now I have more than can be used in this one issue of the paper but they will be in the paper as soon as I can use them. I would rather have some in the next issue of the paper than use all of them this time and then perhaps we would be without again.

It makes me feel happy when I know that you are interested enough to write for the paper when I ask you to. I feel sure that others will soon be sending their letters for the paper.

How many of you will soon be on your way to a camp meeting? I just hope that many of you get to go, and I am praying that you will have a safe trip. Some of us from Stanberry went to Joplin, Mo., for the last two days of the camp meeting there and we enjoyed the time we were there. The weather was awful warm, but we had a nice time anyway. God was good to us and watched over us and cared for us on the way. When we were coming

home we had some car trouble. Some of the wires burned out and the way things were we might have had the car afire, but that didn't happen. We thank God for His care for us.

—: M :—

NOT THE PIG PATH

A man was visiting with a friend of his who had a little boy. One morning the visitor started for a walk with the little son of the man whom he was visiting. They were about to go down a path that was lined with flowers, but the little boy drew back. He did not want to go that way. It would seem strange that a boy would not want to walk along a path strewn with flowers. There must have been something strange about the path.

There was something about that path which the visitor did not know. He asked the boy, when he drew back from the flowerstrewn path, "Why don't you want to go this way?"

The boy replied, "Why, that path was made for the pigs, and before you go far, you will get into the awfulest patch of weeds and mire you ever saw!"

No wonder the boy did not want to take the path that looked beautiful at its beginning. It did not end well. This path makes us think of how the devil tries to get us to walk in his paths. They seem, at first sight, like beautiful paths. They seem to be flower strewn, and lovely, because of the beautiful things the devil promises to those who follow him. He promises nice times, smooth living, happy friendships, and many other things to fool people.

But the path of the devil, which is the path of sin, leads to an awful end. It may seem flowery at first, but it leads to wickedness and such deep sin that only the Lord Jesus can get us out of. Then in the end we will be forever lost.

You and I do not want to follow the pig path, do we? We want to follow the path which the Lord Jesus trod—even the path of suffering, if it is for His sake.

—: M :—

The Bible tells us that if we love God we will keep His commandments. Let us remember to always show our love by doing the things that the Ten Commandments teach.

Thou Shalt Not Steal

By Mrs. Harri Cockrum

The hot July days had marched right on into the hotter August, but Pat's watermelon vines didn't mind the heat at all. Thanks to Pat's early spade work, their roots were deep in rich loam. Pat kept them well watered and the luxurious vines shaded the earth and kept the roots cool.

Pat often wondered how those vines could grow so rapidly. And the melons, sprinkled generously among the vines, promised many feasts for the days ahead. Though Mom had told him it was too soon to expect ripe melons, still he couldn't resist stepping cautiously among the vines to thump the larger melons.

He was so engaged, when his brother's laugh rang out teasingly, and Billy called out, "Give 'em time, Pat. Gotta give 'em time."

Pat grinned and worked the dirt up between his bare toes. His brown eyes met Billy's sheepishly and he worked his way out to the edge of his melon patch.

Billy slid an arm across his shoulder, "Won't be long, boy, won't be long, Yum! Yum!"

He looked admiringly over the melon patch.

"A lot of melons there, boy. A lot of melons." Then in a lower voice, "And to think I coulda had just as many if I hadn't planted mine on rocky soil."

"These are half yours, Billy," Pat said eagerly. "You been helping me with mine ever since yours died."

"Sure," Billy tossed his red hair and laughed. "And you'll get a lot more fun eating 'em if I help you." His ready laugh rang out.

Pat's heart was with that melon patch. It was the first really truly garden he had had of his very own. He and Billy had made little gardens together every year with Mom telling them how. But he had made this one all alone and hadn't even followed Billy. He had planned it all. Of course, he had remembered that Christ had said that seed grows best on good ground, but he had

made up his own mind. Somehow this garden was 'specially his own.

Pat and Billy had chores as well as fun. Mom knew boys played hardest if they had done their chores first. And Pat had learned that ice cream never tasted quite so good as it did after he and Billy had turned the freezer crank.

While the boys worked and played the melons grew. And gradually, the thump seemed to have less "plink" and more "plunk." Pat was awaiting the day, with growing impatience, when he could set his knife into a crisp, ripe melon. He knew no melons ever tasted as sweet as these would.

Then one morning he hurried to look at his melon patch. He stopped and stared. His brown eyes kept getting larger and larger. A lump, which he couldn't swallow, seemed as big as a melon in his throat.

He reached over and lifted a piece of melon which was showing a deep pink about the seeds. A melon which had been broken but left because it was not quite ripe enough for eating. He tried again to swallow that lump and the tears stung his eyelids. He reached down and straightened a torn vine. He must not cry. He was too big a boy to cry.

The soft tread of bare feet in dirt approached from his back, but he did not notice. A tender arm was put across his shoulders and Billy said sadly, "A mess, boy." Then more brightly, "So it is a mess. But you an' me can fix it, Pat. We'll prune and thin it, all samee tree. Only we won't need a ladder nor hook, we'll just bend the little old backs. We can do."

Pat tightened his lips and tried to hold his chin still. He swallowed hard at that lump.

"Sure," he managed to gulp.

Then tenderly, he stooped and lifting a twisted vine, straightened it. He took out his knife and cut off bruised portions of vine. Billy was picking up broken and cut melons, putting them in a pile at the edge of the patch.

Suddenly Pat straightened to stand with clenched fists, "Why'd anybody want to do it?" he cried.

"Aw, any boy'll steal watermelons," Billy said. "It's just a joke, see? Only a watermelon."

"How can you say 'Only a watermelon'?" Pat demanded. "You know how I worked and you helped too after yours died. If it is just a watermelon, it's still stealin'. And look at how they broke 'em up."

"They don't call it stealin'."

"But it is so," Pat insisted. Then his chin quivering, in spite of himself, "and they broke all these that ain't ripe—" his voice broke.

"Oh well, the others will grow all the faster," Billy assured him. "Come on, let's get it cleaned up, then you'll feel better."

After their efforts, the melon patch seemed yet to hold some promise. But Pat couldn't forget its former beauty and turned sadly away.

"I'd 'a' give 'em melons when they got ripe," he told Billy. "Prob'ly all they could eat. I ain't stingy."

"Sure you would," Billy agreed, "but lots of boys say stolen fruit tastes better."

Pat looked at him thoughtfully. "I don't believe it!" he said firmly. "I know the ice cream you and I freeze tastes better than any other." He walked on a few steps, turning the matter over in his mind. Then he stopped and looked at Billy.

"Maybe that is what Adam and Eve thought when they ate the forbidden fruit."

Billy threw his head back and laughed. "Maybe you got somethin' there, boy. But as far as we know they might have eaten all the other fruit too. I'll race you to the house."

When Pat arrived at the house first he turned in surprise to see Billy rush up, seemingly out of breath. Pat poked him in the ribs and grinned, "You just let me beat, 'cause someone busted my melons, I know."

Then he turned soberly into the kitchen where his mother was preparing vegetables for lunch. "Mom," he asked, "can I have a watch dog?"

Mother turned puzzled eyes toward him and waited.

"Aw, someone got into his watermelon

patch," Billy explained, for Pat was once more trying to swallow that lump.

"Oh Pat," his mother cried pityingly. Then as Pat made a greater effort to fight back the tears, she hastened to ask, "What good would a watch dog do? You wouldn't want to hurt them. That wouldn't be returning good for evil."

"It could bark and warn us like it says in the Bible. Then we could find out who it is and tell them we'd divide, if they'll leave them till they're ripe."

Mother turned hastily to her vegetables. Perhaps it was to hide the suspicious moisture in her own eyes.

However, Pat did get his dog. And one night the dog barked warningly. But when Billy and Pat rushed out, there was only the echo of running feet and subdued laughter.

After that the melon patch was not bothered. And it seemed, even to Pat, they couldn't have had more melons if it had not been robbed.

When Pat invited all the neighbor boys in for an evening of games to be topped with watermelon and ice cream, there were a few who seemed a little reluctant to accept. And when Pat observed that he didn't see how stolen melons could taste any better than those they were eating, more than one boy flushed guiltily, but all agreed.

But Billy challenged, "Aw, how do you know, Pat? You never stole any."

For once, Pat had the last word. "No," he said, "but you'll have to admit I grew them." Then more reverently, "By remembering what the Lord said."

—: M :—

THINK BEFORE YOU ANSWER

In which Testament, the Old or the New, do you find the story of these Bible people:

1. Sarah; 2. Martha; 3. Pilate; 4. Joseph;
5. Silas; 6. Judas; 7. Eli; 8. Barabbas;
9. Lazarus; 10. Titus.

Write your answers on a piece of paper, then get your Bible and look them up and see if you have answered correctly.

—: M :—

All good and perfect things come from God, so let us remember to thank Him each day for the good things we have to enjoy.



HOLLAND HOMES

We are now knocking at a quaint little Dutch door of a home in Holland. We have already seen the red-tiled roof and gazed in wonder at the queer-looking, long-legged bird perched on a nest of sticks on the chimney top. We ask about this bird and learn it is a stork.

It seems these storks eat the frogs and worms that make holes in the dikes, so the Dutch people are always kind to them.

Everything in a Dutch house shines and glistens. The heavy wooden chairs and tables are washed once a week. The tiled floor is mopped and scrubbed every day. Not a speck of dust is allowed to gather on the rows of blue plates on the mantel. Even the front of the house has its face washed every day. This is done by the good Dutch housewife with the aid of a mop at the end of a long pole.

There are no bedrooms in a Dutch home. On opening a door in the wall we can see a bed in a closet, looking very much like a berth in a steamer stateroom, the only difference being that the closet has brightly colored curtains.—Junior Life.

—:: M ::—

WONDERFUL WINGS

A humming bird has wonderful wings, with which it can do things that other birds can not do. One of the unusual things it does is to fly backward. If God gives a special gift to any child or creature, it is always part of His great plan for the world, and He wants that talent to be used. God gave the hummingbird power to fly backward, because this bird gets its food by putting its bill deeply into the cup of a flower. When a hummingbird goes far down into a blossom, it would never be able to back out again if it could not fly in reverse.

The humming bird is able to stay in the same place in the air. Most birds have to keep moving from one spot to another after they leave the ground or a landing perch. But because the hummingbird eats on the

wing, it would not get enough food if it could not hold itself in front of a bloom long enough to suck the nectar.

Though the hummingbird is tiny, it has a stronger wing movement than some of the large birds. The wings beat so rapidly in flying that a humming sound is produced. That is why this bird with its wonderful wings was named hummingbird.—Sel.

—:: M ::—

IF JESUS CAME TO OUR TOWN

Many years ago, a famous preacher named Charles M. Sheldon wrote an interesting book. In this book Mr. Sheldon tried to imagine what would happen if Jesus should come to earth now and visit in an average American community. Like Mr. Sheldon, let us try to imagine what Jesus would think if He were to come to our town tomorrow morning.

First, what would Jesus think of our places of business? I'm sure He would approve of the fine stores, where good food and warm clothing are sold, for Jesus wanted everybody to be comfortable and happy. But do you think He would like the smelly saloons which sell harmful liquor? Or the stores where unwholesome books and magazines are sold?

If Jesus visited some of our churches today, would He find rows of bare seats which should be filled with people hungry for His Word? Or Bible-school classrooms almost empty, because boys and girls are too tired to come to Bible school? I'm sure a church like this would not please Jesus. And what about our homes? Would Jesus find the Bible proudly displayed there, and well worn from much use? Would He hear us say grace before meals, and prayers before we go to bed each night? Christians try to please their Savior in all these ways. Do you?—Junior Life.

—:: M ::—

A LETTER FROM A PRISONER

This was taken from a couple of letters written to the editor by a prisoner who seems to be getting much good from the Missionary. He writes:

"I have just received the copies of the July 30 Missionary, and as two more pupils were added to our Sabbath School class, the three copies of the paper come in handy. That makes three pupils to a paper.

After each one has read the complete paper, we cut the lesson part out and paste it on card board, which makes the lesson copies last longer."

These pupils in the Sabbath School are men and we are glad that they like to study the lessons. And they have a good way of saving the lessons. In another letter he wrote:

"Several of us here, ask for your special prayers during the camp meeting days. We believe men everywhere should always pray and we feel that during camp meeting time, men, women, boys and girls are following the Master more closely, and their prayers are more earnest and pure, and the blessings poured out by God richer and more abundant. We will pray with you that each one may allow the Spirit which leads into all truth, to guide in the study of God's Word."

These letters came from Alfie W. Hallmann, and we are glad to get such a letter. Let us all remember to pray for these men.

—: M :—

LETTERS

FROM ARKANSAS

Dear Little Readers,

I am writing to the paper again. This makes the third time I have written. I enjoy reading the other little letters.

I am eight years old now, and I am in the third grade at school. I go to Sabbath School when I can.

I have three sisters, one brother and two little cousins. We all live with our grandmother and grandfather and my aunt. We all had the measles in May when the berries were ripe, and my aunt had to care for all of us while grandma and grandpa worked in the berries.

I will close for this time.

Sue Bodine.

* * * *

FROM COLORADO

Dear Readers,

This is about my third time to write to the Missionary. I enjoy Sabbath School. I attend at Lindon, Colorado. My teacher is my aunt, Icil Scott. There are four of us

in our class. They are: Hazel Hicks, Rodger Norris, Maryln Whaley and myself.

I am a girl thirteen years old. I have brown eyes and brown hair. I am about five feet, two and one-half inches tall. I would like pen pals of the ages of 12, 13, or 14. I will answer all letters.

I will close with a puzzle: ofr dgo os veodl eht olwrd, hatt eh avge ish lyno tenogebt ons ahtt osoevhewr elivebeth no hmi dlhous tno hperis utb ahve velerasingt ifle. John 3: 16. Your little friend in Christ,

Marlene Hicks.

—: M :—



Your Lessons

For August 25, 1951

RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING

Lesson Material: Luke 20:19-26.

Memory Verse: "He that keepeth the law happy is he." Proverbs 29:18.

There are two ways to live, but only one way is the right way. The other way is wrong and we must not live in the wrong way if we want to please God and Jesus. There is only one way that they would have us live and that is the right way.

God gave us rules to keep so that we would know what to do to live right. If someone were to tell you they wanted you to do as they wished they would have to tell you what they wanted you to do, or you could not please them. It is the same with God. If He had not told us in His Word, the Bible, what was right and wrong we would not know how to live to please Him.

David wrote, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Would you know what to do that is good unless someone told you what is right to do? God knew what was right for His children to do, and so He made some rules for us to live by, just the same as your teacher makes rules for you at school.

These rules are the Ten Commandments and the teachings of Jesus. The Ten Commandments tell us what is right for us to do, and in Psalm 37:27 we are told to depart, or go away, from evil, and do good. David also said the law of God is in the heart of the righteous.

When Jesus was here on earth a young man went to Him and asked what good thing he could do that he might have eternal life. Jesus told him that he must keep the commandments. The young man must have wanted to be sure that he knew which commandments Jesus wanted him to keep, so he asked Jesus which commandments He meant. Jesus answered by repeating some of the Ten Commandments.

Jesus gave a rule for living right with those around us. He said that what we would like for men to do unto us, we should do unto them. He taught that we should love our enemies and do good to them.

If all people would keep these rules for right living, the world would be free from sin and it would be a very happy place to live in. Let each one of us try to remember and keep these rules.

Questions

1. Is there a wrong way to live and should we live that way?
2. Who gave the rules for right living?
3. Why were the rules given?
4. What did David write?
5. What do the Ten Commandments teach us?
6. What should be in our hearts?
7. What did the young man ask Jesus?
8. What did Jesus tell him?
9. What did Jesus say we should do?

* * * *

For September 1, 1951

LIVING HELPFULLY WITH OTHERS

Lesson Material: Luke 19:1-10.

Memory Verse: "Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God." Psalm 143:10.

Jesus was a very busy man when He lived on this earth, for He was always helping others to live right. He taught them how to live at peace with each other and to help one another. He also helped others by the healing of sick.

One day as He passed through a town by the name of Jericho a large crowd gathered around Him. A very short man wished to see Jesus but he was too short to see over the other people so he ran and climbed a tree.

As Jesus passed by the tree He looked up and seeing Zacchaeus in the tree told him to come down. Jesus told him that He was going to stay at his house that day. And Zacchaeus hurried and came down. Jesus wanted to be a friend to this man, and the man was not thought well of, for he was called a sinner by the people. Jesus knew that the man was interested in Him and wanted to be of help to the man.

The man told Jesus that if he had wronged any man that he wanted to make it right. He was wanting to do as the memory verse says, "Teach me to do thy will."

All through the Bible we are taught to help one another. Many of the great men of the Bible had others to help them. Moses had a helper by the name of Aaron to help him teach the people.

David had a friend by the name of Jonathan who helped him. And Jesus selected twelve men to help Him. These twelve men were the apostles, and Jesus taught them so that they might go out into the world and teach all nations the right way to live.

If we are followers of Christ we will want to work for Him. One person couldn't do the work of teaching all people about Jesus, but if all the children of the heavenly Father will work together they can get a great deal of work done.

We should be glad to work with others who are doing God's will, and we are to be willing workers. God wants us to be willing to work for Him because we love Him, and not just because we think we have to.

Questions

1. What did Jesus do when on this earth?
2. Why did a short man climb a tree?
3. What did Jesus tell Zacchaeus?
4. Did the people think Zacchaeus was a good man?
5. Did the man want to do what was right?
6. Name some men of the Bible who had helpers?
7. Should we be helpers, and why?
8. Are you glad you can be a helper?

--- Tiny Tot's Page ---



SMART DOG

My dog is a smart one,
 He does lots of tricks;
 He speaks for his dinner
 And runs after sticks.
 When he would go walking,
 He sits up and begs,
 And sometimes he dances
 Upon his hind legs.
 When I hold a hoop up,
 He'll run and jump through
 Just as the trained dogs
 In circuses do.

—Helen Prommel in Junior Life.

TINY TOT LETTER

Dear Little Readers.

We are two little boys, age two and a half and three and a half. Our mother is writing for us. This is our first letter to the paper. We enjoy listening to Mother read the little letters from other little boys and girls.

We just have a mother to care for us and she does the best she can. We are poor and our mother is not able to work. We want you to pray for her so she will get stronger. We will close now. We love Jesus.

Your friends,
 Johnny Ray and Robert Taylor.

A VERSE TO MOTHER

I strolled through my garden this morning,
 There the roses were glistening with dew,
 And somehow they spoke of your sweetness,
 So I gathered this cluster for you.

—Alfie Hallmann.

—:: M ::—

Tiny Tot Puzzle

