

Sabbath School Missionary

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A Snowflake

A dear little snowflake
A tiny star,
sailed down to earth
From heaven afar.
Down from a fleecy cloud of white,
Down on a quiet Winter's night.
And brought with its presence
Of dainty lace,
A happy thought
Of a lovely place.

Alfie W. Hallmann

The Sabbath School Missionary

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

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In this issue of the *Missionary* you will have the first of the new Sabbath School Lessons. It is the lesson for January 5, 1952. Until this time your editor has been writing the lessons and they were on the same subject as the picture cards used by the Primary Classes.

These new lessons will not be about the picture cards, but they will be on the same subject as the older classes in the Sabbath School have in their quarterlies. In that way you children will be having the lesson on the same thing as the other classes have.

We hope that you will enjoy these lessons very much and will learn lots from them.

In the last letter we received from the man in prison who writes so many poems for us, he told how much the prisoners were enjoying our little paper, especially the lessons and your letters. He said that they had had two more added to their Sabbath School class. If we are not mistaken that makes eleven in the class. Aren't you glad that you can write letters that these men will enjoy and that will make them think of their own little ones? And thinking of the children that they love so much and studying the lessons will help them to be better men, and we hope that they will learn to serve God.



A TREASURE HUNT

Mrs. Dean was a very kind old lady, who lived in a large country house. She had two lovely granddaughters who loved her very much. Every summer Marie and Jean spent two weeks with Grandma Dean.

Marie had snappy dark eyes that shone and sparkled with fun. Jean had light blue eyes and golden curls which her cousin thought very beautiful.

"Jean, I am tired of playing with my doll. What can we do now?" said Marie.

"Let's ask Grandma what we can do." said Jean. "She will have a game, I'm sure."

Jean and Marie went to find Grandma. "She will be in the kitchen," said Marie, and off they ran to the kitchen. Grandma was at the sink rolling out some dough.

"Oh, Grandma," said Marie, "we're tired of our dolls and thought you would have a game for us to play."

"Would you girls like to have a treasure hunt?" asked Grandma.

"Oh yes!" said both girls.

"Go and get your Bibles," said Grandma. "Now," said she, "find as many promises as you can till I come again. When you find one, write it down on paper."

Grandma went back to the kitchen and the girls got to work; pencils scratched and fingers flew. Both girls were so busy that they did not hear Grandma return.

"Time's up," said Grandma.

"Oh," said Jean, "we have had so much fun, and I am sure these verses will be a help to us."

Grandma took the papers and said, "You girls have done fine. Now go to the kitchen and see what I have there for two very good girls."

"Oh!" cried Jean, "how lovely!"

"You, dear, dear Grandma," cried both girls. Grandma had put the little table in the kitchen and had set places for two. On the table were fresh gingerbread boys, dishes of pink jello, and cold cocoa. After Grandma went out of the room and left the girls alone, Marie bowed her head and asked Jean to say grace. —*Sunbeams*



When He's Watching...

"Here comes my dad now, fellows," Max yelled over his shoulder as he started off in a gallop. "See you tonight."

"Well, hello there," his dad waved his paper, "What brings you down to wait for me?"

Max had hoped that he wouldn't ask that. "Steep Avenue Hill," he answered without looking up.

He knew though, what his dad was about to say. "I've told you before, Son, that you cannot coast on that hill. It is much too steep, and it's too dangerous. There's too much traffic on the street crossing Steep Avenue."

"We were going to have someone stand at the crossing and tell us when everything was all clear," Max argued.

But his dad just shook his head. "That still doesn't make it safe."

"But I told the fellows I was sure you'd let me go," Max said. "And Skeeter is coming by for me at seven."

"Then you will just have to tell him you can't go," his dad said firmly as they walked up the front steps.

Max didn't say anything until they were inside. "When we asked Bud's dad, he said, 'Sure, you can go,'" he said as he walked in ahead of his dad.

"Would you rather have Mr. Ferris for a father?"

Max thought of the times he had seen Bud's dad staggering down the street after he had been drinking, and he slowly shook his head.

But he just couldn't forget the fun that the fellows would have coasting down Steep Avenue Hill. It was a long gradual slope for a while, and then all at once it went almost straight down. After you had gained a lot of speed, there were little bumps in it and then another small gradual

hill. Oh, it was lots of fun—just like riding a roller coaster almost. And the more Max thought about it, the more he wanted to go. Now, Max was a Christian, and he knew it was very, very wrong to disobey his parents. But as he ate supper he was planning—planning something very, very wrong.

When Skeeter stopped in front of the house and yelled. Max pushed back his chair and tried to act disappointed as he went to the door. "Can't go," he yelled back so his parents would hear him, but then he stuck his head out the door and whispered. "I'll have to sneak out. See you over on the hill."

"Guess I'll go to my room and study," he said as he went through the dining room and picked up his books.

Up in his room, though, Max unhooked the screen on the window and was about to climb through when he felt as though there was somebody watching him. He turned around real quick, but there was nobody in the room. Then something he had seen when he looked around made him look again. There on the wall was a picture of the head of Christ—a picture that looked straight at Max. And it seemed that it almost spoke to him.

Slowly he hooked the screen again. Then, even slower, he walked down the stairs. He had to try three different times to tell his mother and dad what he had planned to do. But the third time he opened his mouth and said it real quick before he could decide not to. Then he sat down and looked at the floor.

"What made you decided not to go?" his mother asked him.

Well, that called for some praying, and right then and there the family knelt down and asked the Lord to help Max remember

that no matter what he did, and where he was, that the Lord was seeing him always.

"Funny how you feel so washed clean inside when you've told the Lord all about it," Max thought as he climbed the stairs again.

And he was still feeling good the next morning as he came down for breakfast. But as he came in the kitchen door, he stopped. His mother looked down at her plate and his dad held the morning paper a little higher over his face. They looked as though they had been crying, and didn't want him to see their eyes. As Max walked around the table to his place, he looked over his dad's shoulder at the paper.

"LOCAL BOY KILLED INSTANTLY BY SPEEDING CAR ON STEEP AVENUE HILL LAST NIGHT," the headlines said. And underneath was a picture of Skeeter.
—*Junior Challenge.*

—:: M ::—
ANOTHER GAME

We need to know familiar and important Bible verses. This is another attempt to encourage memorizing such verses.

The group should be divided into two teams, one lined up on opposite sides of the room. Then slips should be given out to team members of both teams,—a part of each verse on a slip going to one team member, and the rest of the verse on a slip going to an opposite team-mate. At a given signal the teams intermingle, and the two who form complete verses remain together as winners, and also as refreshment pals.
—*Young Pilgrim.*

—:: M ::—

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon is smiling,
Outside my window tonight,
For there he's sailing, sailing,
Through the blue sky, soft and bright.
He's drifting on so very gently,
Like a sailboat on the sea,
I wonder if he's sad and lonely,
Without friends or company

The man in the moon is smiling,
To keep all the world a gleam,
When prayer is over and I go to bed,
I'll wander with him in my dream.

—*Little Pilgrim.*



LETTERS

FROM OHIO

Dear Reader,

This is the second time I have written. I have a little brother almost three years old. I like to come to Sabbath School. Our teacher is Sister Reed. She is a very nice teacher. There are ten of us when we are all here.

We had a African Village on the thirteenth Sabbath, and we took up an offering for foreign work. This letter is long enough so I will close for this time.

Your friend,

Judy Tedrow.

* * * *

FROM OHIO

Dear Readers,

I go to the Toledo church. We like Sister Reed for a teacher very much.

I have a sister named Judy and a brother named Junior. My sister is nine years old and my brother is almost three years old.

There are ten in our class when we are all here. Last thirteenth Sabbath we had an African village. We took up money for foreign work. My sister and I play specials in church. She plays the piano and I play a clarinet. We enjoy doing it very much.

We like to read the Sabbath School Missionary very much. I enjoy doing the puzzles and reading the letters. I also enjoy

reading the poems. We have a Bible study after church. I will close now.

Your friend in Jesus,
Marie Lavern Tedrow.

* * * *

FROM MICHIGAN

Dear, Reader,

I go to the Toledo Church of God. I like very much to go to Sabbath School.

I go to school in Monroe, Mich. I am in the tenth grade and I like it very well.

I have a sister named Betty Sue. She is five years old. She goes to school.

Every thirteenth Sabbath we color pictures about Jesus for people to see. Last thirteenth Sabbath we had an African village and we took up an offering for foreign work.

I will close with a puzzle: akme a yoflju eonis tuno hte dorl, ala ey adnsl. Psalm 100:1.

Your friend,
Frieda Friddle.

* * * *

FROM CANADA

Dear Missionary Readers,

I am seven years old. My birthday is February 23. I go to Sabbath School at home and I go to Wellington school. The name of the school is Mount Benson School. I am in the second grade. My teacher is Miss Gardner.

I like to study my memory verses. I will close and leave room for others.

Your friend,
Carol Joane Hansen.

—:: M ::—

WATCH YOUR WORDS ALSO

(*Publisher Unknown*)

Keep watch on your words, my darlings,

For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like bees' fresh honey,
Like bees they have terrible stings.

May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth;
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—:: M ::—

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold. —Proverbs 22:1.

The Pink Party

The four little Petersons were so happy that the giggles kept bursting out every minute. For they were to have a party all by themselves outdoors in the back yard.

Eight-year-old Billy felt very important, for he was to sit at the head of the table and say grace. Billy had red hair and freckles, and he was in the second grade. Sammie and Sandra, the blue-eyed twins, were six. Barbie was only four.

The table had been spread with a pink tablecloth. There were pink paper napkins, and a bowl of pink sweet peas in the center of the table.

When Annie, who worked for their family, brought out the sandwiches and orangeade, the pear salad, and the cherry ice cream and cookies, she said: "Now you children can take over. Mind your party manners." Then they gathered around the table, and Billy said, "Thank you, God, for our nice food. Amen."

A few minutes later, the garden gate clicked and the four little Petersons looked up to see Millie Matthews with her basket of eggs. Millie always took the short cut through the Petersons garden on her way to the big brick house next door.

"Hi, Millie!" said all the pink-party people, and Millie replied, "Hi!" She walked slowly by, looking longingly at the table.

When she was out of sight, Sandra said, "Maybe we should give her some."

"But it's nearly gone," cried Sammie. "There wouldn't be enough."

"Yes," agreed Billy. "The sandwiches and salad are all gone, and there is just enough ice cream and cookies for us."

"But—but—maybe we might divide our ice cream and cookies," Sallay said.

"I woudn't know how to divide four by five," grumbled Billy.

Billy quickly passed around the four little plates each with it slice of pink ice cream and two cookies.

But Sandra didn't eat hers. She smiled to herself as she cut her ice cream into two parts and laid one-half on another plate with one of her cookies. Now Millie was coming through again.

"Come to our party," called Sandra.

Millie shook her head. "Mother said I was to hurry back.

"Then take this along," Sandra jumped up from the table and put the plate into Millie's hand.

"Oh, thank you—thanks a lot!" she cried. "I'll run so it won't melt."

Billy's face was a little red as Sandra came back to her place. He looked hard at her plate, then reached over and put a big spoonful of his own ice cream on it and then added half a cookie.

"Have some of mine, too," said Sammie doing just what Billy did.

"Some of mine, too," echoed Barbie, dividing her share.

Sandra looked at her own plate and burst out laughing. "Why," she cried, "I have just as much as I had before!" Then they all laughed and laughed.

"And we have enough, too," Lilly said. "It's funny, isn't it, that you can divide four by five and it comes out right for us all? I guess sharers don't lose anything."

—Primary Bible Story

—:: M ::—

THE RACE

I found a wooden washtub,
To play with, as a boat;
I set it on the water
To see if it would float.

I put a sail upon it,
And paddles, just in case;
Then John and I decided
That we would have a race.

We climbed into our vessels
And started for the ride;
But I was most unhappy
'Cause mine was wet inside.

The race stopped very quickly,
We scrambled from the creek;
I lost the race, John had won,
'Cause my boat had a leak.

—Selected.

—:: M ::—

There is more cheerfulness in the tiniest smile than in a dozen frowns. —Sel.

—:: M ::—

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,"



Your Lessons

For December 29, 1951

JESUS, THE FRIEND OF ALL

Lesson Material: Acts 8:4, 5, 26-29, 35-38;

Romans 15:14-16, 22-29.

Memory Verse: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." John 3:16.

Our lesson this Sabbath is about the very best friend we can have, Jesus the Son of God. When Jesus was here on earth He spent the most of His time helping the people who needed help and He was a friend to all who would let Him be their friend.

He is such a good friend that He wants everybody to live so that they will be good enough to have eternal life and live with Him and His Father in the new earth. He is such a good friend to everyone that He was willing to die that the people of the world might be saved, if they would only believe and obey His will and the will of the Father.

One of the last things He told His apostles to do was to go and teach all nations about Him, and when the people had learned of Him and wanted to serve Him they were to repent, or be sorry, for their sins and be baptized.

Because of this the disciples were scattered and went everywhere preaching the word. Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ to them. The people in this city listened to the words he preached and saw the miracles that he performed and some were healed of their sickness. And there was great joy in that city.

Then the angel of the Lord sent Philip to a place called Gaza, where he met a man who was reading the book of Isaiah. Philip asked him if he understood what he was reading and he answered that he needed some one to explain it to him. Phil-

ip saw that the man was reading about Christ and he explained the reading to the man and told him about Jesus and the man believed and was baptized. He was a man from the country of Ethiopia, and he could go back to his country and tell the people there what he had learned.

Paul went to many places teaching the people about Jesus. Many people heard Paul's teaching and were glad to serve the Lord, and many did not like the things that Paul taught them. Because many did not like his preaching Paul was arrested and taken to prison.

But all this did not keep him from telling about Jesus and His love for the people. Paul wrote many letters while he was yet in prison and these letters were sent to different places and so he preached by these letters. Some of these letters are some of the books of the New Testament of our Bible.

Questions

1. What did Jesus spend most of His time doing?
2. How good a friend did He want to be to everyone?
3. What was one of the last things He told His disciples to do?
4. In what city was there great joy because Philip preached to them?
5. Where did the angel of the Lord send Philip?
6. What did Philip do there?
7. What did Paul do?
8. Why did Paul write letters to the people?
9. Where can we find some of these letters?

* * * *

For January 5, 1952

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS

Many of you with Bibles of your own are anxious to use them and you should be. Find Matthew (the first New Testament book)—Matthew 2, and try to follow your teacher as she reads verses 16 to 23 of that chapter. If you can't read well, you can listen well.

You will find many things to talk about as you read, such as Herod, the wicked king of Judea. He was very jealous of his place as king and he was afraid that the

wonderful King Jesus who had been born in Bethlehem might take over his throne. He would do almost anything to keep that from happening so he sent men forth through the country killing all the boys under two years of age, hoping to kill the Baby Jesus. Joseph and Mary took Jesus to Egypt, as God told them to do, and He was saved. Later, as you read in verse 23, He was taken to Nazareth where He spent some of His boyhood.

When He was twelve years old, He went to Jerusalem with His parents to the feast of the Passover. When it was time to go home, Jesus stayed at the temple to talk to the wise men. They were astonished at the questions He asked and the way He answered what they asked Him. When His worried parents found Him, He said, "Why did you look for me—did you not know I would be taking care of God's business?" Read Luke 2:49.

Jesus' mother did not understand that God was preparing Jesus to teach the gospel but the Bible says she, "kept all those sayings in her heart." Jesus went back to Nazareth with them and became wiser in God's word and was loved by both God and man.

Think It Over and Talk It Over:

1. Are eight-year-olds too young to help take care of God's business? What part can they do? It is a part of God's business to have all children in Sabbath School. Could you get someone to come? At least you can be there every week. What do you suppose God has for lazy workers?

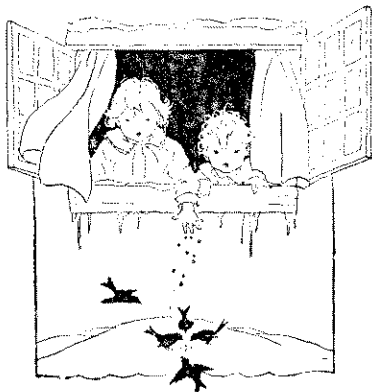
2. What happened to Herod? Was he a helper of God's? What words tell the kind of king he was?

3. Do you think Jesus' childhood was much like yours? Tell your idea of His home, friends, toys, work, play, His church, and why He was so wise.

A Verse to Remember:

"I don't have to wait until I'm grown up
To be loving and true;
There are many little deeds of kindness
That each day I can do.
I can read my Bible and pray
Be a loving helper always;
I don't have to wait until I'm grown up
To be what Jesus wants me to be."

- - - Tiny Tot's Page - - -



FEEDING THE BIRDS

The children are feeding the birds some of the crumbs left from their breakfast. They love the little birds.

God loves the little birds too. He tells us in the Bible that not even a little sparrow shall fall to the ground without Him knowing it.

In the winter it is hard for the birds to find enough to eat, for sometimes the snow covers all the grass seed that they live on and they cannot find the seed.

These children are being kind to God's little birds.

—:: M ::—

Tiny Tot Letters

Dear Missionary Readers,

I am five years old. I go to Sabbath School every Sabbath.

Your friend
Vera Lee Ross

—:: M ::—

Ashland, Okla.

Dea. Missionary Readers,

I am a little boy three years old, I go to Sabbath School every Sabbath. My Mother is my teacher. I like to sing and color. I say a memory verse every

Sabbath. I will close now. My mother is writing this for me.

Your Friend
Joe Lane

—:: M ::—

We hail the merry autumn days,
When leaves are turning red;
Because they're far more beautiful
Than any one has said.

We hail the merry harvest time,
The gayest of the year;
The time of rich and bounteous crops,
Rejoicing and good cheer.

—Charles Dickens.

—:: M ::—

TINY TOT PUZZLE

A cake of ice
is cold
But he is warm
and bold
Who is it
?

