

Sabbath School Missionary

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OCTOBER

With the coming of October
New fun is on the way!
We hike to the woods for a merry time
Where the latest wild flowers stay.
The rocky bed of the little brook
Has banks with such display
On any kind of a day.

The little brook is nearly dry
With summer's drought and heat;
We step along the well-worn stones
Until at length we meet
The sandy river bed beyond;
This, too, is dry from heat.
We pick our way from stone to stone
And never wet our feet.

With the coming of October
New fun is on the way!
We hike through the woods for a merry
time
And we look for each display
Of flowers, berry, bird and brook
And of trees in rich array.
With the coming of October
New joys are on our way!

—M. Louise Hastings, *Selected.*

The Sabbath School Missionary

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October is the month of clear, blue, skies with white, fleecy, clouds floating lazily overhead. We also see the leaves on the trees beginning to turn beautiful colors of yellow and crimson. It is the month that we like to go out into the woods and walk among the trees. The leaves that have fallen crunch beneath our steps and the few remaining birds flit here and there. Up in the trees we see the squirrels jumping from limb to limb, gathering nuts for their store of food for the long winter months ahead.

I like to walk in the woods this time of year and hear the chatter of the squirrels as they scold a teasing jay bird who gets fun out of screaming at the top of its voice. Beside us a little rabbit jumped from the path and scurries off for safety into a hollow log. All of the creatures of the wood must like autumn, for it is such a nice time of the year. Some of the animals are preparing for the winter ahead and they know that they must have food and shelter. The Lord put it into the minds of His creatures to do this so they would not starve when the snow covers the ground. The animals do not have minds like we do but the Lord has implanted into them the thoughts to know how to take care of themselves:

God has given us good minds to know what is right and what is wrong. We are to trust in Him. The animals do not know

that the Lord takes care of them, but He does. The Bible tells us that a sparrow does not fall but the Lord knows it. We should be willing to put ourselves in the hands of God as the animals seem to, and trust Him to take care of us. God also wants us to prepare for the future as the creatures of the wood do. The animals lay up food for winter and we are told to lay up our treasures in heaven. The treasures of this world vanish away but the treasures we lay up in heaven will last forever.

—: M :—

GUESS THESE BIBLE WOMEN

1. She was quite old, but the Lord sent messages through her.
2. She was a cousin of the mother of Jesus.
3. She had a sister Mary and a brother who knew Jesus.
4. Her daughter-in-law lived with her in the land of Boaz.
5. She laughed when God told her that she would have a son in her old age.
6. She was converted by the riverside by Paul and his friends.
7. She killed the prophets of God and was a very wicked woman.
8. She had two sons and one of them became a governor in Egypt.
9. She was an idol goddess that Paul condemned.
10. She would not go with her mother-in-law when she left the land of Moab.

Answers to Bible Women

1. Anna, 2. Elizabeth, 3. Martha, 4. Naomi, 5. Sarah, 6. Lydia, 7. Jezebel, 8. Rachel, 9. Diana, 10. Orpah.

—: M :—

SWEARING

We will not curse, though many dare
Open their lips to curse and swear;
From unclean words we will abstain;
We will not take God's name in vain.

—: M :—

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.

—Jerrold.

Manufacturing Sunshine



Mary and Mae were little twins. They were sitting on low stools at Grandmother's knee. It was raining outside and they had to stay in the house. Mae said, "I hate rainy weather."

"So do I," said Mary.

"Oh, oh, children!" said Grandma softly. "You must not hate things that God provides. The rain is a blessing sent down to us from Him."

"Not when we want to play," cried Mary, and again that ugly word slipped out of the little mouth, "I hate staying in the house."

"My," said Grandma, "that is too bad! Suppose you help me for a little while. Maybe we can manufacture some sunshine."

"How can we do that?" asked Mary.

"Go get your doll cradles first, then I will show you."

The twins ran upstairs to get their cradles. When they came back Grandma had some pretty blue and yellow, and white and red pieces of silk laid out in her lap. "What are we going to do with those?" asked Mae.

"Make some sunshine quilts for your dolls. There are enough pieces for each of you. Isn't that blue lovely, Mae?" asked Grandma.

"Yes, it is almost as blue as the sky was yesterday."

"And see this yellow one," cried Mary, forgetting the weather. "It makes me think of sunshine."

"Give me some thread, Grandma," said Mae. "I know just how I want mine made."

"What about the red pieces?" asked Grandma, handing Mae the spool of thread. "There is only a little bit of that."

"Why can't we cut it into smaller squares and make a border for the top?" asked Mary.

"I think that will be lovely," answered Grandma.

The twins were soon so busy sewing the sunny yellow and blue and white and the deep red silk together, that they forgot all about the rain. They measured and cut, asking Grandma's advice once in a while, and first thing they knew they had two little patch-work quilts all done.

Mary was the first one to see the sun, and she squealed with joy, "See the sun, Mae."

"Oh, goody!" cried Mae, "It has stopped raining now. We can go out and play."

"Yes," said Grandma, "and think how much good that rain has done. See how green the lawns are. The flower faces are all smiling up at the sun. They seem to know who sent the rain."

"Who was it, Grandma?" asked the twins.

"It was the Lord. He sends us all our blessings." —Kate T. Curial in *Our Jewels*.

—: M :—

IN ANIMAL LAND

The coyote in several varieties is abundant almost everywhere from the plains of the Pacific, south to central British Columbia. He is famous for his monotonous yelping at night. This more resembles the barking of a dog than the howl of the ordinary wolf, and an early name was "barking wolf." One thinks that half a dozen are yelping in chorus as he listens to it. It most often travels in packs. Unlike wolves, however, it never attacks human beings. Coyotes live in hollows in the ground. They have become a great nuisance in the neighborhood of ranches, especially in winter, by attacking sheep, poultry, calves, etc. Their food consists mainly of gophers, ground squirrels, mice, and ground-nesting birds.

—*Junior Life*.

Patsy's Swing

By Shirley Baker

Quietly the rain fell against the window pane through which little Patsy was looking. She had wanted to play outside today in her new swing. Patsy's daddy had made a nice, big, swing for her the day before,



and now look at it rain. She could almost cry.

As she kept watching, she couldn't hold the tears back any longer; and they came tumbling down. Presently she felt her mother put her hands on her shoulders, "Don't cry, dear," she said.

"But, Mother, why does it have to rain today? Couldn't it have waited until another day?"

Her mother didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then she said, "You wouldn't want all the flowers and trees to die, would you, dear? God made the rain as well as He made all the beautiful flowers and trees. These things have to have water to live just as we do. You wouldn't want someone to keep your drinking water away from you would you?"

"Why, I never thought of it in that way; I was being selfish, wasn't I? I guess if God made all these things, He won't let it rain more than what will be needed."

The rest of the morning Patsy helped her mother make some cookies. She really had a lot of fun cutting them out.

After dinner the sun came through the clouds and Patsy got to play in her swing after all. She knew that God was making the sun shine now because she had forgotten about complaining anymore, but had had a good time anyway. She knew that God wanted His children to be content with

what they had instead of wanting something more.

Up and down went Patsy. Oh what fun it was to know that God had taken care of the plants and still made it possible for her to swing.

— :: M :: —

A BETTER WAY

There is no good in quarreling;
There is no use in it.
A quarrel only hurts my heart,
And doesn't help a bit.

A quarrel is a lot of words
And angry sounds that start
The very worst of feelings in
The middle of my heart.

Nobody quarrels if he wants
To wisely use his wits,
For quarrels muddle up our brains
In useless little bits.

Besides, a quarrel weakens us
By using power when
We ought to save it up to make
Us noble little men.

Whenever I feel quarrelsome,
I'll just stick out my chin
And put my hand upon my heart
And keep the quarrel in.

I'll keep a quarrel feeling in,
Because it really pays.
You see, it's power I can use
In lots of better ways.

—Selected.

— :: M :: —

HOW TO HAVE YOUR OWN WAY

I have a secret which I should like to whisper to the boys and girls if they will put their ears down close enough. I don't want Father and Mother to hear—for it's to be a surprise on them.

You have long wanted your own way. You have become tired of hearing Mother say, "Come right home after school." "Don't be late," "Be sure and tell the teacher." It is "Do this" and "Don't do that" all the time. You are sick of it, and would like to have your own way. Well,

put your ears down while I whisper one word, "Obey."

Oh, you think I am making fun. No, I am not. I know a boy who decided to do just what his father said. He never offered excuses, never tried to get out of work, until finally his father came to trust him perfectly. His father said, "I know that Harlie will do what is right." When he went out nights, or to school, or to play, his father never said a word, for he had come to have perfect confidence in his boy.

Honestly, obedience is the road to freedom. If you want to have your own way just begin to obey.—*Watchman.*

—:: M ::—

Home Missionaries

Four little girls were playing house on a vacant lot. Each had a certain place she called her house, and each had a doll or dollies.

There was much visiting, marketing and house-keeping going on. Time always passes fast when one is so busy, and all too soon the big red sun began to draw pink and rose and purple blankets about him, and all at once he snuggled down out of sight in the west.

Long gray shadows warned the little housekeepers that playtime outdoors must soon come to a close; then each began to make believe putting their children to bed.

"There," said Ann, a moment later, "I have all my children in bed and some of them are asleep already." And she skipped off to Mary's house to see how Mary managed.

"What makes you so slow," she asked, "and why do you bend your dolly down by her bed like that?"

Mary turned big questioning eyes on Ann, as she replied, "Dolly is saying her prayers."

"Saying her prayers," repeated Ann, with a little laugh. "What do you mean by saying her prayers?"

"Don't you pray?" asked Mary, much surprised. "Don't you pray before you go to bed at night?"

"No," said Ann, "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Jennie, Lou, come here," called Mary to the other little girls, "here is a girl that does not say her prayers, says she doesn't know what it means."

"Is it true?" asked Jennie, almost as much surprised as Mary. "Don't you ever pray, Ann?"

"No," answered Ann softly, "I don't, I don't know what you are talking about," and her face began to grow red with embarrassment.

"Don't you know any prayers at all?" asked Lou, laying her arm gently on Ann's shoulder. "Don't they pray at your house or read the Bible?"

Ann shook her head.

"Would you pray if you knew a little prayer?"

"Yes," answered Ann.

"Come, girls," said Lou, "let's teach her a prayer."

And there in the deepening twilight, on a vacant lot, in a little town of Iowa, a little girl was taught to say —

"Our Father which art in Heaven."

—*Sel.*

—:: M ::—

BE A LITTLE LIGHT

Be a little light for Jesus,

Shine on brightly day by day,
Some one wandering in the darkness

May be guided by its ray.
Think not that it does not matter

If your little light grows dim,
Let it brightly shine for Jesus,
It may lead some soul to Him.

Be a little light for Jesus,

Shine on brightly like a star.
Oh, you may not know how many
Catch its radiance from afar.

Some one groping in the shadows,
Some one strayed in sin's dark night,
May behold its ceaseless shining
And be led to Christ, the Light.

—*Unknown.*

—:: M ::—

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing, when they, who are so fresh from God, love us. —*Dickens,*

THE NEW WAY

I went to school by a street today
That I was never on before,
But now I'll always go that way,
And not the old any more.

For there's a great, big house of brick
I passed upon the way I went,
Where little children who are sick
And have to lie abed are sent.

And while I went a-skipping by,
Afraid that I might tardy be,
I looked up and I chanced to spy
A child about the age of me.

She day upon a little bed,
And, oh, her face was thin and white;
I thought how mine was round and red;
It made my throat feel queer and tight.

I almost think I should have cried
A tear or two, had not that child
Caught sight of me; and so I tried
To look quite cheerful when she smiled.

And I smiled back, and waved my hand,
And she waved hers—and, all this day.
I've thought of her. That's why I've planned
To always go to school that way!

—Marion Warner Wildman in *Our Little Friend*.

—:: M ::—

A CLEVER BOY

"I was much amused the other day," said a hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws, and had given up the idea of getting them out.

"When the youngster turned up, we thought we would try him by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way the clerk had begun—picking out the tacks with his fingers and getting the point of about every third tack in the ball of his thumb. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job.

"Instead of that, what did he do? He went over to the showcase and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out, and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet

would attract iron and not the brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what he had been trying to do all the morning.

"We didn't really need a boy; but this little fellow's smartness appealed to us, and we engaged him at once." —Sel.

—:: M ::—

LETTER

FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Missionary Readers:

Here I am again writing to the *Missionary*. I like to read the little letters. They are very interesting to read.

I go to Sabbath school every Sabbath. I am in the Junior class. There are seven in our class.

I am in the fifth grade at school. I like to go to school, and I like to go to Sabbath school too. My teacher's name is Miss Florine Lane. I will close for now.

Your friend in Jesus,
Helen Cato

—:: M ::—

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

—Longfellow.

—:: M ::—

Your Lessons . . .

Lesson For October 18, 1952

WHEN WE PRAY

Lesson Material: Matthew 6:1-8.

Memory Verse: "The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him." Psalm 145:18a.

There is a story about a man named Ezra Ben Eli that we will study for a part of our lesson today. It may not be a true story but we can learn a great deal from it if we try.

One day Ezra Ben Eli was walking along a street when he came upon a beggar sitting by the way. He gave the poor man some money and said to him, "My name is Ezra Ben Eli — and don't forget to say what I told you. Say it good and loud so people can hear you." "As he went on down

the street he could hear the poor beggar saying, "Ezra Ben Eli is a holy man! Praise God for Ezra Ben Eli. He gave me three silver coins."

Ezra made his way to the temple where the Hebrews prayed three times a day. But Ezra prayed longer and louder than anyone else. People who watched him may have thought, "Ezra must be a holy man."

But what would Jesus think? Let us read some of the Bible texts that tell what He thinks of such people. In Matthew 6:1 He said that if we do our good deeds "to be seen of men" or to get praise from men, as Ezra did, we will have no reward from God. We should go to prayer often and talk to God while we are alone. When people do as Ezra Ben Eli did they are "showing off" and trying to make people think they are good.

God knows they are not really praying. He knows everything. The help that Ezra gave the beggar was only to gain praise for himself. What do you think of such a person? Read and explain verse 4 of Matthew 6. What did Jesus mean in verse 6 of that chapter.

If you do not know verses 9-13, learn them. When you say them remember Ezra Ben Eli.

Find the Partners

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Jacob | 1. Joseph |
| 2. David | 2. Naomi |
| 3. Eve | 3. Delilah |
| 4. Mary | 4. Jonathan |
| 5. Moses | 5. Mary |
| 6. Ruth | 6. Aaron |
| 7. Samson | 7. Abel |
| 8. James | 8. Esau |
| 9. Cain | 9. John |
| 10. Martha | 10. Adam |

* * * * *

Lesson For October 25, 1952

TREATING OTHERS FAIRLY

Lesson Material: Matthew 7:1-12.

Memory Verse: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Matthew 7:12a.

Jesus taught us a great many things in His sermon on the mount. It is told in three chapters of the book of Matthew. Let us

study a few of those things today. You will need your Bibles.

If you have already learned how to use your Bible, that is fine and we are sure God is pleased. This lesson will give you some good practice. If you can read but haven't used your Bible, now is a good time to begin. I hope your teacher will help you to learn how to find things.

The chapters we will use for this lesson are all in Matthew — chapters 5, 6, and 7. We will not use all of them, but will find a few of the lessons Jesus gave the people who listened on the mountain that day. They are for us just as much as they were for them.

In chapter 5 we have already studied the verses beginning with *Blessed*. What are they called? Choose one. Read it and tell what lesson there is in it. Tell in your own words the lesson Jesus gave in verses 14, 15 and 16 of Matthew 5. With a little help from your teacher, you should be able to understand it. Do the same with verses 19, 20 and 21 of chapter 6. How are you laying up treasures in heaven?

In chapter 7, verse 12, we find today's memory verse. Sometimes it is called *the golden rule* and is quoted: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. "If everyone practiced that rule, how would our world be different? In your everyday life have you noticed anyone treating others fairly? Have you noticed anyone who did not? What kind of playmates do you like best? What kind of playmate are you? Will God help us to be better?"

In verse 7 of chapter 7 Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given you." God is more willing to give all of us what we need than anyone else, even our parents.

Don't forget to ask His help and thank Him often.

Can You —

(1) Say four Beatitudes? (2) Repeat the prayer in Matthew 6? (3) Name six books of the Bible in their proper order? (4) Say three Bible verse correctly? (5) Name two mountains in the Bible land? (6) Tell the story of Jonah? (7) Sing "This Little Light of Mine"? (8) Tell two things about Daniel? (9) Find John 3:16 before any other member of your class?

- - - Tiny Tot's Page - - -

TINY TOT LETTER

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am a little girl not quite three years old. My birthday will be soon. Mamma says I'm a big girl already because I help her take care of my two little sisters; one is just four weeks old.

My sister, Ruth, and I attend the Beginners' Sabbath school class and like it very much. I like to hear all the Bible stories, but my favorite is the story of little Samuel in the temple.

I like the songs and choruses that we sing, too.

Your little friend,
Martha Jane Heavilin

— :: M :: —

MEMORY VERSE

“The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth . . .” Psalm 12:6.



THANKS FOR RAIN

I thank you, God.
For drops of rain
That trickle down
My windowpane,
Great silvery drops
That splash the hills,
The thirsty fields,
And daffodils.

—Sel.

— :: M :: —

Do you know the name of the tiny tot
the lady found in a basket in a river?

— :: M :: —

*Save this paper; your Sabbath School
lesson for next week is in it.*

TINY TOT PUZZLE

Draw lines from dot number one (1) and on until you finish with number 69

