

Sabbath School Missionary

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"We Thank Thee, Lord"

*We thank Thee, Lord, for grass and flowers,
For trees and plants and growing things,
For fruit that hangs 'mid leafy bowers,
For birds and bees on tireless wings;
For rippling fields of golden grain,
For babbling brooks and babbling springs
For sunshine bright, and snow and rain—
We thank Thee for the common things.*

*We thank Thee, Lord, for starlit skies,
For rosy dawns and sunsets grand,
For crimson tints as daylight dies
That speak the Master Artist's hand.
For sun-kissed mountains, purple-dyed,
Whose majesty glad rapture brings;
For tossing ocean's restless tide—
We thank Thee for the glorious things.*

*We thank Thee, Lord, for heaven's best.
The Manger Babe, God's priceless gift,
For love divine in mortal dressed,
That came a fallen world to lift.
For Calvary's cross and crimson tide,
And full redemption that it brings,
Thy Word and Spirit's power to guide—
We thank Thee for eternal things.*

—By Leona R. Edwards (Sel.)

The Sabbath School Missionary

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EDITORIAL

November is a month that most of us like to see come around. This is the time when we think about Thanksgiving. It not only gives us a vacation from school but also gives some of us a chance to go to Grandmother's house.

Most children like to go to Grandmother's house because then they know there will be lots of good things to eat. Most Grandmother's are good cooks because they have had so many years of experience. We like to go into the kitchen and smell the roast turkey or chicken and the spice from the brown pumpkin pies baking in the oven. Cooling out on the porch is some bright, red cranberry sauce to give us an appetite for the good things ahead.

After we have feasted ourselves on the good things the Lord has provided for us we all go to the living room and comfortably seat ourselves. There we hear stories about how the Pilgrim fathers first came to this country and of the hardships they had to build this great nation of ours. The Pilgrim fathers were very thankful that first year after they were here and the Lord had given them a good crop. They got together with the Indians that year and had the first Thanksgiving. They were thankful that the Lord had watched over them the past year and that they were able to worship God the way they wanted to.

When we get together on Thanksgiving are we thankful for all the Lord has done for us? Do we just sit and eat until we are in misery and then go off and sleep? Do we remember to thank the Lord for watching over us and keeping us from harm and danger? Are we thankful for our father and mothers and all our family? Are we thankful for the homes we have and the playmates?

Let us all remember to give God thanks on this Thanksgiving Day for all things. In giving our thanks to the Lord we show that we do appreciate His goodness to us. "In everything give thanks." 1 Thess. 5:18.

—: M :—

NAME THESE BIBLE CHILDREN

1. was a boy who learned much about the Bible from his grandmother.
2. was put into a little basket in the river.
3. went to tell the people that Peter was at the door.
4. liked to throw stones with a sling.
5. David was best friend.
6. offered a sacrifice pleasing to the Lord.
7. found a gold cup in his sack of grain.
8. lived in the temple with a priest.
9. was sold for twenty pieces of silver.
10. offered a sacrifice that did not please the Lord.

Answers to Bible Children

1. Timothy, 2. Moses, 3. Rhoda, 4. David, 5. Jonathan, 6. Abel, 7. Benjamin, 8. Samuel, 9. Joseph, 10. Cain.

—: M :—

Jesus said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" (See Matthew 18: 3). When Jesus said this He was showing a little child. Do you know what kind of a child it was? It was one who obeyed Him for Jesus had called him and he had obeyed by coming to Him. Jesus had set him in the midst of some of the disciples. This little child was one Jesus could use as an example to others.

Tommy Goes Thanksgiving



TOMMY was bubbling over with news as he came running home to the parsonage after Sabbath school. "Mommie," he called, "Thursday's Thanksgiving, and our teacher says it would be nice for all of us children to give something to poor children!"

Here Tommy stopped to get his breath while Mother drew him up beside her on the couch. "And, Mommie," he went on, "our teacher asked us what things poor people would like to have, and then she wrote them on the blackboard; pies, and turkeys, and bread, and sugar, lots of sugar, Mommie, and coal, and—and—"

"And clothes?" suggested Mother.

"Yes, clothes, 'cause poor children get awful cold and—" he stopped. His eyes got bright and shiny. He slid from the couch and away he went upstairs. Soon he was back carrying a box almost as large as his own wee self. Carefully he opened it.

At that moment in came Father and big sister Betty. "Why, Tommy, what are you doing with those things down here?" asked Father in surprise as Tommy took from the box a warm, wooly bathrobe and a pair of soft, squeaky, bunny slippers. These his Aunt Bess had sent him the week before for his birthday, and he called them his "very bestest birthday presents."

"Oh, I'm just showing Mommie what I'm going to give some poor little boy when I go 'thanksgiving' on Thursday," he explained.

"Tommy! you're not going to give away your new birthday gifts? Old things that you don't want are good enough to give away." It was Betty who said that.

Tommy looked at her reproachfully. "These presents are for *Jesus*," he answered. "And Daddy told us in his sermon this morning that if we love Jesus we'll give Him our bestest. Didn't you, Daddy?"

"Yes, I did, Tommy boy," replied Father. "And, as these things belong to you—" He thought a moment; then turned to Mother. "What do you say, dear?"

Mother did not say anything. She just leaned over and pressed a warm, round kiss on each of Tommy's pink, chubby cheeks. Then Father patted him on the head, and said something about big people becoming as little children. And Betty murmured, "I'm sorry, Tommy." And when she made up her Thanksgiving parcel she put in it her very newest and prettiest kerchief and socks.

The next few days the parsonage telephone was kept busy answering questions about the number of persons in the different poor families, and what would be best to send to each. So by Wednesday morning there was not one thing on the pastor's long list of necessities but had been promised.

Thanksgiving morning Tommy was almost too excited to eat breakfast, and got his Bible memory work, the last part of Acts 20:35, all mixed up.

By eight o'clock the teachers and young folks had begun to arrive, and they loaded the bags and baskets, bundles and boxes in a truck owned by the superintendent.

Finally, when everything was ready, and the folks were about to start, out trudged Tommy behind that big box of his. Then someone shouted, "Hey, Big Box, where are you going with that little boy?"

Tommy laughed. "I'm going 'thanksgiving,' " he answered.

At that everyone laughed, and the superintendent swung Tommy up next to him on the driver's seat, and off they went.

What a blessed, blessed time they had taking those gifts to families who needed them so very much! All this time Tommy and his mother were looking for a little boy of the right size to fit into that warm, wooly bathrobe, and those soft, squeaky, bunny slippers. And by-and-by they found exactly the right one—a poor, motherless, sick boy, named Bobby. And when Tommy's mother got him all dressed up in those gifts, Tommy and he both squealed with delight.

That evening at bedtime as Tommy

slipped out of his old bathrobe and slippers, and snuggled close within warm blankets, he gave Mother an extra hug, and whispered happily, "It is more blessed to give things than it is to get them, Mommie dear, an' I wish I could go 'thanksgiving' every day."

And Mother answered softly, "You can, darling, and so can everyone—who wants to."—*Sarah Loucks in Sunday School Times.*

—: M :—

Charles Dickens' Cat

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of his pets. Williamina, a



little white cat, was a favorite with the entire household, but showed an especial devotion to her master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina only brought them quietly back. Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and, taking her stand beside him, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question. Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming on the curtains, playing about the writing table, and scampering behind the book shelves.

Most of the family were given away; only one remained, entirely deaf, and known from her devotion to Dickens, as "the

master's cat." The little creature followed him about like a dog and sat beside him while he wrote.

One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereupon stood a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat as he did so. Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason for her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him. Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome, she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end, and I am sure she did.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

—: M :—

Ken's Lesson

By Jeanette Reed

I remember a story my mother used to read to my sister and I when we were little girls. It went something like this:

Carol and Ken were brother and sister. There were several years difference in their ages; Ken being the older. They were loved very much by their parents and had a lot of nice things to play with. All in all, they should have been two happy children. However, they were not and do you know why? That's right; they were always quarreling.

If mother would ask Ken to do something, he would say, "Aw, that's a girl's job. Why can't Carol do it?"

Then Carol would speak up, "You never want to do anything." Then the quarrel was on and would usually end up with Mom or Dad stepping in.

One day Carol and her girl friends were playing house on the front lawn. They had their dolls and doll carriages and everything that little girls usually play house with.

Ken had been riding his bike but he grew tired of that. Most of the boys in the neighborhood seemed busy that day so he tried

playing ball alone. Well, that wasn't much fun either. In fact, playing alone wasn't much fun. He heard the girls laughing and talking, so over he went. It wasn't long before he and Carol were quarreling over some little thing. Carol pushed Ken and Ken pushed back and then crash! over went the doll carriage and Carol's beautiful, big, doll lay on the ground with its head all broken. Carol went crying to her room. Of course, Ken thought crying was girl stuff but when he went upstairs some-time later he heard his sister still sobbing in her room. He went downstairs and into the kitchen.

"Mother," called Ken.

"Yes, dear," she replied.

"Why is Carol still crying? After all it was only an old doll and she has lots of dolls," asked Ken.

"That was her favorite doll, dear, and she was always very careful with it. Don't you have a favorite toy that you wouldn't like to see broken?"

"Yes," admitted Ken.

"How did all this happen, dear," asked Mother? Ken went on and told her everything; even the fact that he had actually teased a little. As mother and Ken went on talking, Ken began to feel ashamed of his actions and also felt sorry for his sister.

When he left the kitchen he quietly went to his room. He emptied his bank and went quietly downstairs again. A little while later he crept back upstairs and knocked on Carol's door. She was still crying and didn't hear him, so he opened the door and went in.

"Carol," he spoke softly. "I didn't mean to break your doll."

"You did," she snapped.

"Didn't," he snapped.

Oh, oh, it looks like another quarrel. But then Ken felt the bundle of newspaper under his arm and he remembered how the last quarrel ended. He handed Carol the bundle.

"What's that?" she asked less sharply.

"It's your doll. I wrapped it up so the boys wouldn't see it and call me a sissy if they saw me on main street. I took it to the doll hospital and had a new head put on," said Ken.

Carol unwrapped the doll and gasped with joy.

"Oh, she's as pretty as ever," she exclaimed. She leaned over and gave Ken a little kiss.

Do you see why I always remembered that story? There was a lesson in it. Christian boys and girls don't quarrel, do they? Or should we say they shouldn't? God does not want us to quarrel. When we get angry we say things that hurt others feelings or we may do something we'll be sorry for later, just as Ken was.

The Bible tells us to love one another and forgive if any one does something. Don't you think if we forgive, others will forgive us more readily when we do or say something?

Another thing; have you ever looked in a mirror while you were angry? If you have (I have, so I know) you won't readily recognize the face, will you? It's so full of frown wrinkles and upside down curves that it isn't a pretty sight at all.

So let's each and everyone of us remember that anger and quarreling only gets us more trouble, less friends, spoils our natural looks and gets us absolutely nowhere.

— :: M :: —



IT NEVER WEARS OUT

When you are lonely,
Discouraged or blue,
Just think some one else
May be feeling so, too.

So put on a smile
That is full of good cheer—
Just try it and see
How well it will wear.

A smile is a thing,
I can state without doubt,
You may wear without fear,
For it never wears out!

—Exchange.



LETTERS

FROM VIRGINIA

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is my first time to write to the *Missionary* readers. I am eight years old.

I enjoy going to Sabbath school. I won a Bible in young people's meeting learning Scriptures.

I go to Sabbath school at Carrollton. I go to school at Smithfield. Am in the third grade and like school. My teacher's name is Miss Wingo. I like her very much.

I will have to close now.

Evelyn Walden

(We were glad to hear from you Evelyn. It is good that you received a Bible, now you can learn more Scriptures. Write again sometime.)

* * * *

FROM ALABAMA

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am a little girl seven years old. My name is Carol Joan Millican. I have two brothers. One is six years old and the other is 14 months old.

I have a big black dog. His name is Jack. I have a cat too.

I go to Sabbath school at Mount Pisgah church. Our preacher's name is W. W. McMicken.

This is my first time to write to the little paper. My mother is writing this for me.

I can print very well. My brothers' names are David and Larry. I will close.

Carol J. Millican

(Glad to hear from you Carol. It is nice to have dogs and cats for pets. We hope you will write again.)

— :: M :: —

We should show our appreciation to the Lord for all that He has given to us by beginning each day with a prayer on our lips and love in our hearts.

— :: M :: —

Your Lessons . . .

Lesson For November 29, 1952

TWO GOOD HANDS

Lesson Material: Matthew 12:1, 6-13.

Memory Verse: "All of you are children of the most High." Psalm 82:6b.

God gave us a commandment to keep the Sabbath day holy. (Read Exodus 20:8). Jesus taught us how to keep the Sabbath holy by keeping it Himself.

One Sabbath day He and His disciples were walking through the corn. His disciples were hungry and so they picked some corn and ate it. It seems that there is usually some one to find fault with good people.

When the Pharisees saw what the disciples were doing they said to Jesus, "Thy disciples do that which is not lawful on the sabbath day." Jesus showed them that they were wrong and that the disciples were not.

Then Jesus went into the synagogue (place of worship) just as we do on the Sabbath. And there came to Him a man who had his hand crippled. They asked Him, "Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day?" They were trying again to find fault with Jesus.

Here is what He said in answering them: "What man shall be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the sabbath days."

What do you understand by those words

of Jesus? Name a few things that might be "doing well" on the Sabbath day.

Then Jesus said to the man, "Stretch forth thine hand." And he stretched forth his hand and it was made well just like the other one. How happy he must have been! Can you imagine how he must have felt?

Review:

1. Can you define these Bible words?

Synagogue, disciples, pit, leper, baptize, nigh, righteous, merciful, peacemaker, multitudes.

2. Tell in your own words the story which each word or group of words make you think of:

1. a crippled hand
2. a basket boat
3. many colors
4. a rainbow
5. fishermen
6. five loaves
7. a boat
8. lions

* * *

STORIES JESUS TOLD

Lesson For December 6, 1952

Lesson Material: Matthew 13.

Memory Verse: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." James 1:22a.

People loved to hear Jesus preach when He was here on earth. One day He went down to the sea side and had no sooner sat down than great multitudes were gathered together unto Him. So He went out into a ship and sat and the people stood on the shore. He told many lesson-stories to them. The stories were called parables because each one taught a very important lesson in living a Christian life.

One story He told was about a sower who went out to plant or sow his seed. While he planted, some seed fell by the wayside and the birds ate them. Some other seeds fell on stony places where there was not much earth. These seeds quickly began to grow, but since there was no room for deep roots, the plants soon withered and died. Then some seeds fell among the thorns and the thorns choked them. Others fell upon good ground and grew up to produce many, many good plants.

After He told them this story He gave this explanation: The seed represents or means the people who hear the Word of God. Some do not understand it and the fowls (satan) come and destroy them. The seed that fell on stony places is like the people who joyfully hear God's Word and start to serve Him but soon become discouraged and weak. The thorns that discourage some people are the care and pleasures of this world, and desire for wealth or riches. The good seed that grows in good ground means the sincere Christians. They are strong in faith and courage, and bring many others to God.

Some Things to Think About:

1. Tell in your own words about the seed and the different places where it fell.
2. How does God expect us to keep the Sabbath? Discuss the things that might be called "necessary" to do.
3. Make up a riddle about some Bible character. Tell it to the class and see if they can guess who you are.

—:: M ::—



PUMPKINS

The sudden sight of pumpkins in a field
Piled golden where the autumn sun is warm
Is yellow glory of the harvest time,
A gleaming treasure yielded by the farm.
To come upon this autumn goodness here
Beneath the open sweep of cobalt sky
Is bright assurance of all fruitfulness,
Abundance for the hearts of men to try,
A golden field of pumpkins is a thing
To contemplate and be remembered long,
A common, yearly, harvest miracle,
The measure of a lasting autumn song.

—Louise Darcy (Sel.)

- - - Tiny Tot's Page - - -

LET'S MAKE CANDY

Do you know what Patsy is doing? It looks as if she is making some candy. She seems to be happy about making candy from the looks of the smile that



is on her face. Do you like to make candy?

Patsy is probably getting ready to make some candy because she knows that people like to eat candy on Thanksgiving. Her mother must have been too busy to make it so she let Patsy do it.

Sometime when you see your mother is too busy and the candy dish is empty, why not ask her if you can make some candy?

When Patsy eats the candy on Thanksgiving she will probably remember to thank the Lord for it and for all the blessings that He has given to her. All boys and girls should remember to thank the Lord for all things. The Lord knows that we love Him when we remember to be thankful.

— :: M :: —

MEMORY VERSE

“Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.” Psalm 95:2.

— :: M :: —

SAVE THIS PAPER, YOUR SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON FOR NEXT WEEK IS IN IT.

TINY TOT PUZZLE

There is something in this picture that we all like on Thanksgiving. Draw lines from one to fifty-nine and see if you know what is in the picture.

