

Sabbath School Missionary

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Feeding the Birds

Its' time to put out food for birds
While snow is on the ground;
For seeds of grass and weeds lie deep,
And worms cannot be found.

Some bird friends flew away last fall
To warmer lands they know,
But others are quite brave and stay
With us throughout the snow.

For these we scatter crumbs and corn
And other things they eat.
A feeding tray or table helps
To keep things nice and neat.

They come so bravely—red and blue,
And little birds of gray;
Perhaps, sometimes, a squirrel or two,
To take the food away.

—Hazel Hartwell Simon, *Selected.*

The Sabbath School Missionary

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EDITORIAL

Most of the children who live in the northern part of the country are familiar with all the winter sports that come along when we get a good snow storm.

Many of you have played in the snow and made snowballs. Have you ever made a snowball and then put it down and rolled it around in the snow until it got bigger and bigger? When you do this it will get so large that it is almost difficult to roll it any more. When you have one big ball rolled up you can make another one and put it upon the first one and then you can put a still smaller one on the top of the first two and what do you have? You will have a snow man. It is fun to make a snow man. You can put an old hat on him and put some pieces of coal for eyes and a nose and mouth. Snow men are happy looking figures. The one thing about a snow man that is noticeable is that you can mold him and make him in any way you wish. He is very willing to be formed in the way you want him and you can make him to look anyway you wish.

Have you ever thought about how we should be like a snow man in some respects? We should be willing to let the Lord mold us and make us into what He wants us to be. We should not resist the Lord when He has a plan worked out for

us. Our desires should be His will in us. If we would let the Lord mold us as we do the snow man, He could make us into the kind of people that would be of service to Him. The snow man doesn't resist our attempts at making him into what he is meant to be, so neither should we resist God's work of making us into what we should be.

Remember that when you are making a snow man he has to be made just like you want him, so remember also to let the Lord make you just like He wants you to be. All boys and girls will be happier if they will let the Lord lead them.

— :: M :: —

AN INDIAN DEMONSTRATES

Men will never find salvation until they give up all efforts to solve themselves. Someone asked an Indian how he got converted. He built a fire in a circle around a worm. and then, after the worm had crawled around every way and then lay down to die, he reached over and took him out. That is the way in which God saves us.—*Sel.*

— :: M :: —

GOD WATCHES OVER YOU

Are you frightened to go into a dark room alone? Have you ever been very much afraid in the time of a severe storm—wind or electric? I heard the following story which will help you:

There were three children in the home. one of whom was much younger than the others. A terrific storm came up and the two older ones were greatly frightened and cried very hard. The little fellow paid no attention to the storm and finally said to them: "Oh, stop your bawlin'! Don't you s'pose God knows His business?"

The small boy realized that God can take care of you just as well in a storm as when the sun shines. He is with you in the dark as well as in the light. Trust Him.—*Sel.*

— :: M :: —

The Bible says to "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matthew 5:16.

“Thou Shalt Not Steal”

By Jeannette Reed

Everyone I'm sure has been tempted to take something that didn't belong to them sometime in their life. Would you like to hear about my experience and what it taught me?

My sister and I used to run errands for mother and also for grandmother. Our grandma always gave us a little reward of money but it had to be put in a bank at her house. Mother couldn't give us any money because times were hard and Dad made just enough for necessities.

One day I went to a little dry goods store for some stockings for grandma. While there I saw a little dog pin with sets in it. It sparkled so bright. I came home telling grandma all about it but she said it was much better to save my money. Besides, the pin was cheap and wouldn't last and then I wouldn't have either the money or the pin.

A few days later, mother sent us to the same store for some curtain dye. My sister and I looked and sure enough the pins were still there. When the clerk was putting our purchase in a bag, we slipped the pins in our pocket. We hurried out of the store and down the street. The store was about four blocks from home and we took all the alleys home. We realized we had done wrong but we didn't want to give those pins up.

However, when we got several houses from home we stopped dead still. What would mother say! We hadn't thought about that. How could we wear them and still not let her know we had stolen them? We finally had an idea. We took them off the little cards they were pinned on but they looked so shiny and new. So we rubbed them in the sand. They came up all dusty and, we thought, old looking. We ran into the house calling mother and showing her our treasure.

“Where did you get those?” she asked.

“We found them in the alley,” we both said at once.

Well, mother wiped away the dust and there was the shiny, new look. She said she knew we hadn't found them because they looked too new and the coincidence was too great to find two alike.

“Now, girls,” she said, “tell me the truth.”

So we told her how we had wanted them for so long and finally we took them. We were sure now she would let us have them but things didn't work like that. Mom said even if she would have had the money she wouldn't have paid for them. We had to be taught a lesson. Do you have any idea what we were told to do?

Mother told us to take the pins back to the store and tell the lady we were sorry and would never do it again. So back to the store we went, but when we got to the front door we were so ashamed we didn't want to go in. We looked at the things in the window until we built up our courage enough to go in. We told the lady what we did and handed her the pins. We told her we were sorry and ran out of the store and home.

That incident happened almost twenty years ago, but it will stick by me all my life because my mother made me return what I took. Had she paid for it we might have stolen again and again. Also, had we been true little Christian girls we would have thought about what God says in His Holy Bible; “Thou shalt not steal.”

Some folks might say we were too young but if it left an imprint on our minds like it has, I'm sure we were not too young to understand God's law and His teachings.

That's why it is good for all children to go to Sabbath school and learn about God. If you're God's children and think about Him, you won't have time to get into mischief or trouble.

— :: M :: —

A cottage, if God be there, will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

—J. Hamilton.

Roseanne's Birthday Present

"What would you like for a birthday present, Roseanne?" asked her mother.

They were sitting on the shady veranda. It was half past four, just the very best time of the afternoon in India, for the sun was going down, and everything was getting fresh and cool.

"Well," replied Roseanne, after she had thought for a moment or two. "What I'd like very best of all would be a sister to play with—a sister of my own age or maybe a tiny, tiny bit smaller; but as I can't have one, Mother, I'll say I'd like a new doll, a little girl doll, please, not a baby."

Roseanne's mother sighed before she answered. She knew Roseanne was a lonely little girl and would be lonely until she went back to America to school. There were no children for Roseanne to play with in far-away India.

"Then—" began her mother and stopped. "Here's the mail," she cried, as an Indian postman cycled up to the house carrying a heavy bag.

"Salaam, Memsahib," said the postman to Roseanne's mother, and "Salaam, Missie Baba" to Roseanne. They both said, "Salaam, dak wallah,"—DAK WALLAH meaning postman, and Mother took the letters.

Most of them were for Roseanne's father who had not yet come back from his office, but there were one or two for Mother herself. She picked up one of those and said, "Here's a letter from Aunt Rose!"

"Oh, oh, that is nice!" Roseanne cried eagerly. She loved Aunt Rose best of all, next to her mother and father, and was glad to have half of her name. The other half of Roseanne's name belonged to Mother herself. "Open your letter quickly, please, Mother. Perhaps it is to tell us that Aunt Rose is coming to see us.

Aunt Rose was a missionary teacher in a school in another part of India. She was always very busy, but she did have little vacations from time to time, and she usually spent these at Roseanne's home.

"Why, that's just what she is going to

do," said Mother as she read the letter. "She hopes to arrive here next Thursday, the day before your birthday, Roseanne, and she writes that she's bringing a birthday present for you."

"Missie Baba, come walk. It cool now."

That was Moti, Roseanne's nurse. She stood on the veranda, looking fresh in her white muslin sari. Roseanne was so interested in the letter that she paid no heed to Moti.

"Mother, what else does Auntie say about my present?"

"Quite a bit, but that's a secret between us. Go with Moti, Roseanne."

Mother was smiling. Roseanne guessed there was some lovely secret all about that present of hers, but she got up and put on the big hat Moti had brought for her.

"I do wish tomorrow was Thursday," she said.

But there were five whole days before that, and Roseanne thought they were the longest days she had ever known. She did so want to see her dear Aunt Rose and to see the birthday present.

On Wednesday there came a telegram from Aunt Rose. She would arrive next evening, but rather late, quite too late for Roseanne to stay out of bed to see her.

"She'll be here Friday morning and the present, too," smiled Father, who was at home when the telegram came.

"It's so long to wait!" sighed Roseanne. She felt as if from Thursday evening to Friday morning would be almost as long as a week.

"I don't think it's any use going to bed, Mother," she said on Thursday evening. "I guess I shan't sleep the tiniest bit."

"Then you'll be sleepy and cross on Friday, and Aunt Rosie will be disappointed," replied her mother.

"I'll try hard to sleep," Roseanne promised.

"Good girl," said her mother.

Roseanne went to bed, and Moti tucked the white mosquito netting in close so that

no little singing, stinging mosquito could get inside. Roseanne shut her eyes tight. . .

In about two minutes—or so it seemed—she opened them again to find that it was morning.

Roseanne heard Sakir, the house boy, rattling china as he set the breakfast table on the veranda.

“Moti!” sang out Roseanne.

“Coming, Missie Baba,” called Moti. She came into the room and untucked the mosquito net so that Roseanne could climb out of bed.

“Bath ready, Missie Baba,” she said. “Missie Rose coming.”

Which was Moti’s way of saying that Aunt Rose had come.

Roseanne bathed and dressed as quickly as she could. Just as she was fastening the very last button she heard a voice at the door:

“Many happy returns of the day, Roseanne,” it said.

“Oh, Auntie Rose! I am so glad to see you,” Roseanne cried as she opened the door and jumped right into Aunt Rose’s open arms.

“Your birthday present is on the veranda. Come and see it right away,” said Aunt Rose.

Hand in hand they went out on the veranda.

Mother and Father were there, and also—looking just like a picture out of a story-book—the sweetest, little Indian girl!

She wore a pair of very wide bright silk trousers, a little white silk shirt, and a green gauze veil over her head and shoulders. Her little sandals were made of green leather. She smiled shyly at Roseanne.

“This is Hamida,” said Aunt Rose. “She has no father or mother or sisters or brothers, and she wants a playmate almost as much as you do. Should you like her to stay here and be your little sister, Roseanne?”

“Oh, yes, please, please!” cried Roseanne.

“Hamida knows some English,” said Aunt Rose, “But you’ll have to teach her more, and I guess she’ll teach you some of her language, if you like.”

“Roseanne,” said her father, “what do you think you ought to give your little,

new, sister to show her you’re pleased to have her come and live with you?”

“I know,” laughed Roseanne. She ran over and gave Hamida a hug and a kiss. Hamida threw her little, brown, arms around Roseanne’s neck and kissed her back. “I love you, Roseanne!” she said softly.

—*The Mayflower.*

—: M :—

ON THE OTHER END OF A SUNBEAM

“Is the big sun at the other end of this sunbeam, Father?” asked a little child who had been trying to catch a sunbeam. Her father assured her that it was.

“Then I have got hold of all the light and heat there is, haven’t I?”

“Yes, my dear,” replied her father. For a moment the child was silent and thoughtful, and then asked, “Is God on the other end just the same when I pray?”

“He surely is,” replied her father.

“Then, when I pray, I have hold of all the power there is, haven’t I?” she mused.

Would that we might always have the keen insight of that little child! God is on the other end of the sunbeam. God is the source of all spiritual power even as the sun is of physical power. When we come to Him in prayer we have hold of all the power there is.

What a tremendous thought! How it would transform our lives if we lived it!

—*A Call to Prayer.*

—: M :—

When home is ruled according to God’s word, angels might be asked to stay with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.—*Spurgeon.*

—: M :—

Jonah was swallowed by the whale because he did not obey the Lord when He told him to go and preach to the wicked city of Nineveh. Let us be careful lest we be swallowed up by the forces of evil, for not obeying the Lord.

—: M :—

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Bonaparte.*



LETTERS

FROM TRINIDAD

Dear Missionary Readers:

Greetings in Jesus' dear Name. This is the first time I am writing to you through the S.S.M. paper. My name is Magna Isaac. I am eleven years old. Tuesday, 14th of October, was my birthday.

I am now a member of Christ and God, because I am observing His commands. I go to Sabbath school at "Well Trace." It is about forty yards from our home. Brother Hamlet is our Superintendent, also my teacher (the juniors). We have Bible studies at our home on Tuesday nights. On Sabbath I memorized Matthew 13:1; Psalm 96:89 and Psalm 105:4.

I have my Daddy, Mammy, two grandmothers and two brothers. I am in the third grade at school. We are having a weekly test until December vacation. We walk two miles to school each day.

Gardening is our chief occupation—corn, peas, ochroes, casaba, etc., is grown. Right now the rainfall is heavy and the river is quite high, making it difficult for the planters.

I will now close with a puzzle: mermeber eth bashtba yad ot ekep ti yoh.

Magna Isaac

(We are happy to hear from you, Magna. Your letter is the first one we have received from the foreign fields for a long

time. We are also glad that you are a child of God and keep His commandments. Write to us again.)

* * * *

FROM VIRGINIA

Dear little Missionary Readers:

Here is a letter to all of you. I am a little girl nine years old. I am on my fourth year in school. I go to Sabbath School and I love to go. I attend at United Temple church.

I have a pet cat and his name is Blue Boy. He is real pretty.

I have a little sister twenty months old and her name is Fae. I'll be glad when she is old enough to go to Sabbath school too. I have a brother five and he goes with me to Sabbath school and I have to look after him. I love Bible stories. I have a little cousin that goes to Sabbath school and her name is Evelyn. She can sing so sweet to us and she knows a lot about the Bible too. She is only eight years old and her mother and father teach her a lot about Jesus all the time.

I'll close with these words: It's wonderful to let Jesus come into your heart. God is love.

Your friend,

Blanch Grammar

(We were glad to receive your letter, Blanch. We are pleased to know that you like Bible stories, and we hope you will treasure them in your heart. Write to us again.)

—:: M ::—

Your Lessons . . .

Lesson For December 27, 1952

"GIFTS OF THE WISE MEN."

Lesson Material: Matthew 2:1-12.

Memory Verse: "I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart." Psa. 86:12a.

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, wise men came from the east to the city of Jerusalem to find out where Jesus was. They had seen His star in the east and had followed it trying to find the new King.

That troubled Herod, who was king at that time, and he planned to get rid of

Jesus who might some day take his place as king. So he called the wise men in to tell them that Jesus was in Bethlehem. He said, "When you have found him, come and tell me that I may worship him also." He was really planning to kill Jesus instead of worship Him. But God knew Herod's plan and He warned the wise men in a dream. They worshiped Jesus in Bethlehem and they brought Him many beautiful gifts. When they left Bethlehem, they remembered God's warning and they did not go home by way of Jerusalem. They took a different road to their home country.

Read verse 11 of Matthew 2 and find the names of the gifts the wise men brought.

How do you suppose the King, Herod, found out where Jesus was to be born? Read Matthew 2:4 and 5, and see if your reason is correct.

Read and explain verses 9 and 10 of Matthew 2.

How did the wise men travel? Find Jerusalem and Bethlehem on a Bible map of the Holy Land. How far do you suppose it is from Jerusalem to Bethlehem?

Quarterly Review

Tell in your own words:

1. About Jesus' baptism.
2. The kind of prayer God says is best. (Matthew 6:5-8).
3. The best way to treat others fairly.
4. The golden rule. (Matthew 7:12).
5. Two stories of miracles Jesus performed for sick folks.
6. What Jesus said about the Sabbath. (Matthew 12:11, 12).

Some things you should remember:

1. Five verses beginning with "blessed." (Matthew 5.)
2. The Lord's Prayer. (Matthew 6.)
3. Jesus was not born on "Christmas."
4. The golden rule.

* * *

Lesson For January 3, 1953

JESUS' LOVE FOR THOSE IN NEED

Lesson Material: Matthew 15:29-38.

Memory Verse: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." John 15:12.

One time when Jesus was traveling over the country preaching to the people, He came over unto the sea of Galilee and then went up into a mountain. When Jesus came up into the mountain He was not alone, for great multitudes had followed Him.

The people had followed Jesus up into the mountain because many of them were sick, lame, blind and dumb and they had heard about Jesus healing people. These people were anxious to be healed by Jesus, so they didn't care how far they had to go to get to Him.

After Jesus and all the people had been up into the mountain for three days, Jesus felt sorry for them. They probably did not have very much to eat after being there that long. Jesus felt so sorry for them that He said He would not send them away without food because He was afraid they would faint from hunger. When Jesus asked the disciples for some food they said that they did not know how they could get so much food for so many people.

Jesus asked how much food was among them and the disciples replied that there were seven loaves of bread and a few little fishes. He told them to bring them and He would give them to the people. No doubt the disciples wondered how He would be able to give such a little bit of food to so many.

Jesus took the loaves and fishes and broke them and blessed them and then gave them to the disciples to hand out to the people. All the people had some to eat and after they had finished, there were seven baskets full left. Jesus that day fed four thousand men, besides women and children.

Some Questions to Answer

1. Where was Jesus when so many people followed Him?
2. How many days were the people with Jesus up in the mountain?
3. Tell how many loaves of bread they had to start with.
4. How many baskets full of food was left after feeding the people?
5. How many people did Jesus feed that day?

- - - Tiny Tot's Page - - -



JERRY GOES SLIDING

Jerry Lee put on his snowsuit and boots and mittens and got out his big sled. The night before it had snowed and now the ground was all covered with snow. Jerry Lee's little dog, Blackie, wanted to go along with him when he went sliding on the big hill back of the house.

When Jerry Lee got to the top of the hill, he put his dog Blackie on the back of the sled and he got on the front and took hold of the rope with his hands. The rope at the front of the sled was to steer it with so he could guide it wherever he wanted it to go.

They started down the hill and went faster and faster, and oh what fun it was to slide. Blackie seemed to like to slide too, because he stayed right on the sled with Jerry Lee and had a fast ride too.

There were other boys and girls sliding on the hill with their sleds and they had a good time.

After Jerry Lee had been sliding for quite a while he decided it was time for him to go home because his mother had told him not to stay too late. Jerry Lee minded his mother and went home before it got dark. The Lord likes to have little boys and girls mind their mothers and fathers.

When you go sliding remember to have fun, but to come home when mother tells you to.

SLEEPY TIME

When the big orange sun
Sinks out of sight,
And darkness comes
And it is night,
It is time for sleep.
My prayers are said,
And I'm tucked quite safe
In my own small bed.

—Mary Holman Grimes (Sel.)

—:: M ::—

Draw lines from dot to dot and see if you know what is in the picture.

