

## SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARY

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# Three Happy People

By Seth Harmon

Janice Reed stepped to the window of her dormitory room and pulled back the curtains. It was the month of May again. A soft breeze ruffled the petals of the row of tulip blooms that rimmed the gravel walk below.

Janice's classmates in Waverly Seminary were already preparing in their various ways to observe a special holiday. Some mothers had been invited to come to Waverly for a visit. Girls who didn't live too far away would spend the day at home.

Everybody except Janice seemed to have something special planned. When only a child she had lost her mother. Always on Mother's Day the old heartache returned.

Now Janice's roommate Diane, burst in. She was waving a letter. "Lucky you again!" she sighed. "You get twice the number of letters I do."

Janice smiled. "Maybe that's because I answer mine."

Most of Janice's letters, both girls knew, came from her father, who was chief engineer on a construction job halfway across the country. In his own clumsy, lovable way he tried to be both mother and dad to his motherless daughter.

Janice opened the letter. A crisp fifty dollar bill fell out. "Whew!" Diane whistled, pretending to swoon. The brief note enclosed read, "A belated birthday gift. I almost forgot. So busy, you know. Get something you couldn't otherwise afford, dear, and pretend I'm with you to celebrate. All my love. Dad."

Janice blinked hard. It was always like this. What she wanted now, more than all the money in the world, was to be near some one she loved.

"Hey, do I need my glasses changed," Diane exclaimed, "or do I see tears in your eyes? Don't tell me a girl in her right mind cries over \$50 she gets to spend as she likes!"

"It isn't the money," Janice managed to smile. "I appreciate that, of course. But it's—oh well, you wouldn't understand! How soon do you leave

for home?"

"On the 10:40. And I have to stop at the florist's yet, for Mother's bouquet. I'll have to hurry. So long, Janice!"

Like a brisk, carefree breeze, the happy girl whisked out of the dorms with her bundles and suitcase. Janice sat down at her desk and opened a chemistry notebook. Might as well get those experiments written up, she decided.

She didn't realize she was not alone until the haunting strains of the old Irish melody, "Danny Boy," penetrated her consciousness. Then she heard the vigorous scrub, scrub, scrub of a brush on the tiled floor of the corridor. It was Mrs. Riley, of course, the maid-of-all-work who kept the dorms spic and span.

Janice turned in her chair and watched the white-haired old lady on her hands and knees just outside the door. Janice was glad to have someone to talk to.

"I guess you're humming because tomorrow is your special day, Mrs. Riley, and your son, Danny, will be coming to see you."

The woman paused in her work and looked puzzled. "How is it my special day, dearie?" "Tomorrow's Mother's Day," Janice reminded her.

"Ah, so it is, so it is! And to think I had almost overlooked it!" The spry old lady sat back on her heels. "With a son as fine as mine, 'twould be a shame if I weren't proud to be his mother!"

It was Janice's turn to be puzzled. "But isn't your son coming to see you on your special day?"

Mrs. Riley chuckled as if this were a funny joke indeed. "Tell me, now, do you think a busy man like my Danny, with a big position in the city, has time to go galivantin' around payin' social calls on everybody? No, indeed, I don't get to see him often. Fact is, he hasn't been able to get away since the day he came home from the service. But he writes whenever he can. Look, isn't this a pretty card he sent me last Christmas?"

Janice watched the work-worn hand pull a bat-

(Continued on page two)

# The Sabbath School Missionary

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## EDITORIAL

Hello, Little Friends:

This month Mother has a special day all her own. Of course we love Mother and try to help her all we can every day, but on this special day do some little extra special kindness for her. We may not be able to give her an expensive gift, nor does she expect it of us.

A Christian mother is a great gift from God. Remember to thank God for your mother. No matter what happens to you, you can always rely on mother for comfort and love. She wipes away your tears, nurses your bumps and bruises and teaches you to choose the right way of life. Mother does something else too. She prays for you. She asks God to guide and direct your every step.

Mother makes life pleasant for you. She makes life worth while. Forgiving, loving, all year through, there's glory in her smile.

—M—

### THREE HAPPY PEOPLE

tered greeting card from the apron pocket, and a lump rose in her throat.

"You see, dearie, my Danny is on the way up. He was an expert airplane mechanic with officer's rating in the war. Look, he even has me write to him at the Officer's Club in Capitol City."

"Then Danny won't be coming to see you on Mother's day," Janice repeated, half to herself. She had to say it, because a wonderful idea had just lighted a tiny candle in the darkness of her own loneliness.

"Gracious no, child! And I'm just as well pleased he won't. You see, my Danny doesn't know exactly what kind of work I do. He thinks I'm more like a house mother or something around here. It would only worry him if he knew I do the scrubbing, so I—"

Janice didn't wait to hear more. She ran into the hall and knelt on the hard floor beside the kind faced old lady.

"Oh, Mrs. Riley, I wonder of you would do me a great big favor? I'm not lucky like your son, Danny. I haven't a wonderful mother like you.

Would you—could I borrow you just for Mother's Day? It would make me so happy! Please say that you will let me!"

Mrs. Riley's mother heart swelled with pride and affection. She wiped her eyes and slipped an arm around the girl's waist. "Sure, and I'll be glad to do anything I can for a lonely child on Mother's day. Only—well, look at me, dearie. I'm a nobody, really, Are you sure you aren't makin' a terrible mistake in this borrowing plan?"

"Then you'll do it. You will!" Janice rejoiced, seizing her new friend's hands. "You won't be sorry—Mother Riley! We'll have a wonderful time!"

Hesitantly, the old lady wrung out her mop. "My goodness, child, I really don't know what to say!" Janice pulled on her spring coat. She whipped out a pad and pencil from her shoulder-strap purse. "Just give me your address, Mother Riley. I'll stop to see you late this afternoon."

For the first time in weeks, Janice Reed was bubbling over with happy anticipation. As she hurried into town, the fifty-dollar bill crackled reassuringly in her purse. She budgeted her money carefully.

First, she stopped at a dress shop to buy an inexpensive, dark-print dress and a trim black straw hat. She remembered a pair of white gloves, too. It was ever so much more fun picking out things for Mrs. Riley than it would have been for herself.

Next, she stopped at the telephone office. She called the Capitol City Hotel long distance and reserved a table for three for the following day. She gave instructions that a corsage of lavender sweet peas should be delivered to the table promptly at one o'clock with a card inclosed.

Then Janice sent a carefully worded telegram to the Officer's Club. It was designed to bring the most neglectful son to the hotel next day as her guest for dinner. Finally, on her way home, she stopped at the railroad station and bought two round-trip tickets to Capitol City.

Mrs. Riley had finished her day's work and returned to her little flat when Janice stopped by with an armful of bundles. It was a cheery place, with just the homey touches Janice expected of a motherly lady.

Mrs. Riley fumbled the soft print dress with work-roughened fingers. The hat and gloves added a dressy touch. "I just don't feel right acceptin' such finery," was her final verdict.

"I can't tell you how much it is going to do for me if you will," Janice replied huskily. "Just think—I'll be like all the others. I'll have a mother of my own to honor!"

Two happy people boarded the early morning train at Waverly Junction next day. In her new outfit, Mrs. Riley looked as eager and excited as a child. Proudly, Janice showed her to a seat.

They both enjoyed the thoughtful message in the Capitol City church. The early morning train allowed plenty of time to attend the services.

Mrs. Riley was duly impressed with the luxury of the hotel dining-room and the head waiter's nod when Janice asked to be shown to the reserved table. When seated, Mrs. Riley noticed with surprise that places were laid for three.

"A—a young man will join us later," the girl explained. Mrs. Riley smiled, drawing the obvious conclusion. Now she thought she understood it all clearly. This happy faced young lady wanted to dine with a gentleman friend. Even a scrub woman can serve as a suitable chaperone on such an occasion.

Then Danny came in. He was tall and straight and handsome, with a puzzled, boyish expression on his fine face. Janice saw the waiter direct him to their table. Mrs. Riley's back was turned. Janice looked up, smiled, and said, "Mother Riley, may I present—" The introduction was never finished. When Mrs. Riley turned to greet the stranger, she suddenly came face to face with her own boy. "Danny! My Danny!" she murmured over and over, like someone in a dream. "Danny, is it really you?"

Janice suddenly found it necessary to use her handkerchief. Danny bent over and kissed his mother, tenderly. For a moment neither of them realized that a third person was even there. Then Mrs. Riley remembered. "You did this for me, dearie," she beamed at Janice. "You planned it all. Was ever a mother blessed with two such thoughtful children?" Obviously, Danny felt confused and guilty. It was embarrassing to let a stranger do a kindness which was his own responsibility. Then a messenger brought in a dainty florist's box. With trembling fingers, Mrs. Riley untied the loops of satin ribbon. She read the inclosed card aloud: "With love to Mother, from Danny." "My son!" Mrs. Riley murmured as she pressed the fragrant flowers to her tear-stained face. "You're still the same kind, loving son!"

Janice was watching closely the effect of all this on Danny. He pushed his fingers through his hair in a gesture of bewilderment. He opened his mouth to protest, but Janice gave him a beseeching look. He waited to speak to her until after his mother, quite dizzy with excitement and happiness, asked to lie down for a few moment's rest in the ladies' lounge.

"Why did you do it?" he blurted out. "I mean, why did you let Mother think I planned to be here, and sent those flowers? I—I don't deserve it!"

"But your mother does," Janice reminded him, gently. "The least we can do is make her happy on her special day." Something in Jancie's earnest manner startled Danny. "Isn't Mother happy in her work?" he asked. "In her letters she seems

so comfortable and contented assisting in that girl's school." (Continued on page four)

—M—

### NEVER ALONE

By Howard H. Walrath

Little Jack had just moved to a new house. For quite a while he was very busy helping his mother. The moving men brought in all the things and carefully put the heavy pieces where his mother wanted them. But there were many little pieces to move about and straighten out. And Jack saved his mother many extra steps.

In time everything looked nice and Jack's mother said, "You run out and play for an hour. By then I'll have supper all ready."

So Jack ran out to play. But everything was strange. The new house was different. The street was different. The whole neighborhood was different. He no longer had his old playmates close by. There was no one with whom to play. He just wandered around feeling lost and lonesome.

Helping with the moving had made Jack tired. So right after supper he went up to bed without even thinking of asking to stay up a while longer. When he raised the window before sleeping, he stood for a while staring outside. The yard was different, the trees were different, the other houses were different. The lonesome feeling came back to him. And then he looked at the sky. The stars twinkled high in that velvety blackness. The moon peeped out from behind a cloud. They weren't different. They were the same stars and moon he had watched from the window of his other house.

As he looked at the sky the feeling of lonesomeness left him. For he knew the moon and the stars were the handiwork of God. God was there just as He had been at the other house.

Jack said his prayers and crawled into bed chanting a little thought that had suddenly come into his head.

"God is here,  
God was there.  
Now I know,  
God's everywhere."

As he snuggled beneath the covers he was happy. Wherever God was, things would be all right. Jack just knew he would soon find some friends to play with. And he did, the very next day.

—Young Crusader

—M—

### THE BEST GIFT

What shall I give her on Mother's day?  
I'll come with a smile when she calls me from play.  
I won't sass back at Ned, the tease,  
I'll be polite and say, "Yes, please."  
I'll run her errands without delay  
All this I'll do on Mothers day,  
Then each day the whole year through  
I'll try all of these things to do.

# Our Lesson Study..

FOR MAY 7, 1949

Lesson Material: Mark 12:41-44.

Memory Verse: "God loveth a cheerful giver."  
2 Cor. 9:7.

## Jesus Teaching About Giving

Jesus sat by the temple door. Many people passed by. They were going into the temple to pray and worship. They each brought an offering for the Lord. As they passed by the offering box they placed their money in it.

Jesus loved all of these people. He knew they wanted to help in God's work. Rich men came and gave of their riches. Others came to drop in what they could. Soon a poor widow came near. She put all her money into the offering box. It wasn't a large sum of money. It was only two mites. Now a mite is only worth one fifth of one of our pennies. So mites was just a very small amount. But it was all the poor widow had, and she had given all of it.

Jesus called His disciples to Him and said, "This poor widow has cast in more than all the others, for they had plenty and to spare but she put in all she had."

God has given us all the things we now have and He wants us to be willing to give freely of our gifts. The rich may put in much money that they can spare from their daily needs. But those who must sacrifice to give are indeed blessed of God.

Jesus would have us give willingly of our money, our time and of ourselves. He wants us to give Him our lives.

## Do You Remember?

1. Where Jesus sat?
2. Who went into the temple?
3. Where they placed their offerings?
4. What the rich men gave?
5. What the poor widow gave?
6. What Jesus said to His disciples?
7. Who gave us all things?
8. How we should give?
9. Our memory verse?

—M—

## THREE HAPPY PEOPLE

"Your mother is a brave, proud little lady," Janice went on evenly. "Yes, she's assisting—with a scrub brush and mop on her knees. I think you should know." Danny hid his face in his hands. "Oh, what a fool I've been, Janice. A blind, thoughtless, selfish fool! You know it, too, Janice. I can tell that you do. You know I haven't the big job I've let Mother believe. I haven't—I'm—"

Janice refused to listen to more. "You are everything your wonderful mother thinks you are,

Danny, if you really want to be."

Three happy people got off the train at Waverly Junction late that evening. Janice and Mrs. Riley, without too much difficulty, had persuaded Dan Riley that a vacation away from the city would do him worlds of good. He could find temporary work in Waverly Junction and live with his mother for the summer. Both could make more ambitious plans in the fall.

Three happy people said good night and exchanged warm handshakes at the entrance to the dorms. As Janice waved good-by to her new friends, something in her heart told her she would never feel lonely again.

Upstairs, Diane was unpacking her suitcase. "Well, did you spend your \$50 already?" she asked Janice. The latter jingled a few coins in her purse.

"Almost! But I got my money's worth," Janice replied with a far-away look in her eyes. "I bought a brand new future for three happy people."

—Girlhood Days

—M—



Study  
Your  
Bible

## Mothers in the Bible

1. I am the mother of Jack and Jim,  
Tom, Dick, Harry, and Steve,  
Joe, Ned, and you as well,  
for I am Mother .....
2. I prayed for a son; God answered my  
prayer,  
In the temple he stayed, to help Eli  
there.....
3. Offered as a sacrifice,  
my son was saved by God's great voice,  
God sent a ram to take his place  
and made our hearts rejoice.....
4. I was chosen to be the mother  
of One who is to all a brother,  
All your burdens He will carry  
now you know my name is .....

M. J. B.