



A King for the Ice Festival

By Lois Wedel

Austin and Edward and Walter were on their way to school. "Boy!" cried Austin, scooping up a handful of fresh white snow and patting it into a ball, "This weather is great!"

"Great for the Ice Festival!" replied Edward gleefully. "The pond is surely frozen now."

"I'm going there to skate right after school," said Walter. "Why don't you fellows come, too? We all need practice."

The three boys were the best skaters in the fourth grade class and they were looking forward to great fun on the ice. Of course, there was school lessons, but this winter was going to be very jolly! Something exciting would be going on all the time. Right now, for instance, everybody in the fourth-grade class was thinking about the Ice Festival.

When Miss Collins, the fourth-grade teacher, had learned there were so many boys and girls in the class who liked to skate, she had suggested that they hold an Ice Festival on the shallow pond near the school. There would be costumes and fancy skating, and the whole of Elm School would be invited to attend. Best of all, there would be an Ice King and an Ice Queen to rule over all the festivities.

Everyone knew at once that Darlene Jones would be chosen Ice Queen. Darlene was the best girl skater in the class. She had been good enough to skate with her parents at an inside rink. No one knew, though, which of the boys would be chosen Ice King. Austin and Edward and Walter were all equally good.

"We'll be there to skate this afternoon, don't worry," Austin replied to Walter.

"Of course," added Edward. Then he stopped short and scooped up some snow, making it into a snowball as Austin had done. "Look!" he shouted, "Here are Darlene and Anne and Carol."

The girls were on their way to school too. They were laughing and talking, and every once in awhile one of them would slide happily on the fresh snow that covered the sidewalk.

An impish grin widened Austin's mouth. He

flung his snowball suddenly and hit Darlene on the arm.

"Oh," squealed Darlene, turning sharply.

Edward, seeing how comical Anne and Carol looked as they tried to run away, hurled his snowball too. Walter made a snowball and threw it at the girls. And meanwhile Edward and Austin were making more snowballs, packing them hard, and flinging them with force. Soon the air was full of snowballs and the boys were shrieking with glee.

The girls began to shriek too, at first good-naturedly, then in real pain. "Ow," cried Darlene, as a ball hit her on the head, "That hurt!"

"Ouch!" screamed Anne. "Go away!" begged Carol.

Walter remembered all of a sudden how one of those icy balls once had stung him behind the ear. "Those snowballs will really hurt somebody," he warned. "Let's not make them so icy." Darlene glanced at him gratefully, but very quickly looked away because she had to duck a snowball that Austin was getting ready to hurl.

Austin and Edward did not remember just then how much a snowball could hurt. The dismay of the girls seemed very funny indeed. "Oh, don't be a sissy!" Austin said to Walter.

"I thought you wanted to be Ice King," snorted Edward, making a face in Walter's direction, "You don't think a sissy would be chosen, do you?"

Walter felt his face getting very warm in spite of the chilly air that nipped his cheeks. He was about to retort that there wasn't anything "sissy" about being kind, but they had reached Elm School. He was still angry as he took his seat in the fourth-grade class.

Indeed, he was so busy thinking about how he would prove to Austin and Edward that he was not a sissy that he didn't hear Miss Collins tell the class that it was time more plans were made for the Ice Festival. "I'm going to choose Darlene Jones Ice Queen," Miss Collins said. Then she frowned. "I don't know which of the boys I ought to choose to be Ice King though," she pondered. "We all

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Thoughts for You . . .

Do you know the 23rd Psalm by heart? It is a lovely poem. David had the most wonderful shepherd in the world. His shepherd was Jesus. The Jesus way may not always be the easiest way, but by trusting in Him as our Shepherd, He will help us over the rough places.

He will not lead us in wicked paths and if we do slip and fall, He is there ready to lift us up and lead us on. All He asks of us is that we trust Him to lead and we be willing to follow.

When this wonderful shepherd is with us, we won't be afraid. For we know that He loves us and will care for us. He will see that we have enough food to keep us here and to those who have been faithful here in this world, He will give a home in His everlasting Kingdom.

Memorize this beautiful chapter and take Jesus as your shepherd.

He walks before me all the way
Leading me from day to day.
I am only one small sheep,
But Jesus cares, awake; asleep.
Food and shelter, clothing too
He furnishes for me and you.

—M—

A KING FOR THE ICE FESTIVAL

know what good skaters Austin and Edward and Walter are. An Ice King should appear manly as well as being a good skater, however."

At the sound of his name Walter looked up quickly.

Miss Collins suddenly stopped frowning. She smiled. "Suppose, since Darlene is to be Queen, we let her choose her King," suggested Miss Collins. Everybody agreed eagerly with nods of the head.

"Well," asked Miss Collins, "whom do you choose, Darlene?"

Darlene scrambled to her feet. "I think Walter would make a very good Ice King," she said. "I'll choose Walter."

"Yes," approved Miss Collins, "Walter is a

splendid choice. I'm sure everyone in the class will agree that he will make a fine Ice King."

Walter could hardly believe his ears. Somebody began to clap and soon everyone in the classroom was clapping. Walter glanced hastily at Austin and Edward and they were clapping harder than any of the rest. "I guess," said Walter to himself, happily, "I'll not have to prove I'm no sissy after all."—Little Pilgrim

—M—

MISSING BABIES

By Lelia H. Jakes

Anne counted the mushrooms in her little basket. There they were—ten of the big brown ones common in the woods of northern Michigan.

"I'm so glad we thought of coming up this old logging road," she said happily. "I found six along here."

Gary was a few steps ahead of her, his eyes on the ground. Suddenly he started to run. "I see two almost together over on the ridge," he called.

But Gary never reached the mushrooms. There was a loud whirring noise right at his feet and the air seemed to be full of a big brown bird. He stood still, too startled to move. His eyes grew large and larger with surprise.

"Did you see it?" asked Anne excitedly. "What is it?"

Gary began to feel less disturbed, for now he remembered where he had heard that noise before. He and Grandfather had been looking for winter-green berries over on the hill and the same thing had happened. "It's a partridge, Anne," he called, trying to laugh. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

"I don't see why it had to make such a big noise right at our feet," scolded Anne. "Maybe that helps to protect him," said Gary. "I'm sure no hunter could ever shoot straight after such a scare."

Then Gary found something made of brown sticks and grass right on the ground next to a tree trunk. "Look," he called. "Here's its nest, and there are more than a dozen eggs in it."

Anne leaned over and looked. "Aren't you glad that we found it before the eggs hatched?" she asked. "Now we can watch and see the baby birds."

At dinner Gary and Anne told their grandparents of their plans to see the partridges soon after they hatched. Grandfather smiled. "You tell me when it happens," he said. "I'd like to see them too."

Then began the little journeys. Right after breakfast every morning the children hurried down the old logging road. Now that they knew where to find the nest they came up to it very quietly and slowly. Mother Partridge no longer flew up with a frightening whirr of wings. Instead she sat still on her eggs, her brown feathers blending into the brown of the nest and the tree trunk.

Her sharp dark eyes followed the children.

Quietly Gary and Anne would watch her and listen for small tattletale sounds from under her feathers. Then they would slip away down the road. Every evening they made a similar trip.

Nothing has happened yet, they would tell Grandfather when they arrived home.

He was with them one evening toward sun-down almost a week later. How they hoped the baby birds would be waiting for them! They chattered gaily as they hurried along.

"Here's the stump that marks the place to turn off, Grandfather," explained Gary. "It's just a little way now."

"Right over here behind this little maple," added Anne. Then she stopped short in disappointment. No brown Mother Partridge was waiting for them. She stepped closer. There were no round eggs either. "Mother Partridge has gone away," she gasped. Gary's eyes were wide. "Do you suppose some animal carried off the eggs, Grandfather?" he asked.

Grandfather bent over the nest. "No," he answered. "The eggs have all hatched. See, here are the empty shells."

"But where are the little birds?" Anne wanted to know. "Something must have taken them. We thought everything was all right this morning. What took our babies?" "Your babies weren't carried off," Grandfather explained. "They walked away." "They weren't old enough to walk," Gary said. "But they were," Grandfather insisted. "All baby birds born in nests on the ground leave almost as soon as they are hatched. They're lively little fellows."

"Was that why you smiled when you told us you wanted to see the baby partridges?" Grandfather nodded. "They leave so soon after they are born that very few people ever see them in their nests." "Then our babies are safe?" asked Anne. "Safe with their mother," Grandfather said. "But it is too bad that you missed them." Gary wasn't sad. "We learned a lot about partridges," he said. "And I'm going to look up some pictures of them in the library when I get home."

Anne nodded. "I'm so glad our missing babies aren't really missing," she added.—Stories for Children.

—M—

JERRY'S BUSY DAY

A Read—Aloud Story

Jerry opened his eyes in the morning, and saw the light of day. 'Twas bright, and the birds were singing and they all seemed to say, "Good morning, Jerry, boy. Wake up." "There's dew on every buttercup."

Jerry felt like a sleepy head and wanted to lay back down in bed, but he heard a light little

tap, tap, tap, so he jumped up, dressed; and looked for his cap.

But mother said, "Eat your breakfast, dear." "I've placed it all on the table here."

Jerry wanted to go right out, but he didn't scold, or fuss or pout. He ate his breakfast, for well he knew he would be hungry before lunch was due. He even took a minute to pray and thank God for the lovely day, and for his food, and Mom, and Dad; in fact for everything he had.

Jerry soon went out to play with Tag. He had a lot of fun. They ran and skipped about the yard, and greeted everyone. Jack and Jill, the twins came by and stopped awhile to play. He had a lot of playmates and a very busy day. Jerry always shared his toys with all the other girls and boys.

When the day came to a close, Jerry was tired from head to toes. At night when mother tucked him in, he told her how busy he had been, and all day long he'd tried to do the things that God would want him to. Mother kissed her boy good-night, and as she left, turned out the light. But Jerry boy was not afraid. He knew that God all things had made; the day for play and work and fun; the night for rest for everyone. He said his prayers and went to sleep, knowing God a watch would keep.

M. J. B.

—M—

THE FAMILY ON COURTESY STREET

There's a family I know on Courtesy Street,

They're so nice and polite, it's a pleasure to meet.

Their names I am sure you'll remember with ease—

The mother is "Thank you" and the father is "Please."

The children are happy and busy as bees—

"I'm sorry," "You're welcome," and "Pardon me please."

So I hope you'll remember when someone you meet

This gay little family on Courtesy Street.

—Our Little Friend

—M—

Who purchased grain from their brother and found money in the sacks? Read Genesis 42:25.

If you wish to grow, spend your time with those who see above the clouds.

Rats are very destructive and when they get on a ship they can do a great deal of harm. When a ship docks in a harbor, rats can go aboard by climbing the mooring ropes. To keep them off, large round discs are passed through the rope, one near the land and the other quite close to the ship.



FOR
MAY 14, 1949

Lesson Material: Mark 14:12-17

Memory Verse: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." John 13:17

Jesus' Friends Help Him

It was near the time for the passover. Two of the disciples said to Jesus, "Where shall we go to prepare the passover for you?"

Jesus answered, "Go over into the city. There you will meet a man with a pitcher of water. Follow him and he will show you an upper room."

The disciples did as Jesus told them. They made ready for the passover here in the upper room. When evening was near, Jesus and the other disciples came to the upper room.

It was here that Jesus and His disciples ate the last supper. Jesus set an example for us to follow. Long ago the children of Israel kept the passover feast in memory of their deliverance from Egypt. Now we remember our Lord's death and take the Lord's supper as He gave us the command.

Jesus wants us to remember that He gave His life for us. In taking the Lord's supper each year we remember His death on the cross, until He shall return to the earth again.

Do You Remember?

1. What time of year it was?
2. What the disciples asked Jesus?
3. Where Jesus told them to go?
4. Who ate the last supper with Jesus?
5. Why the children of Israel kept the passover feast?
6. Why we take the Lord's supper?
7. Our memory verse?

—M—

HE TRUSTED HER

One time a boy went to a lady's house to sell some berries which he had picked. The lady said, "Yes, I will buy some from you." She took the pail and went inside the house, while the boy stayed at the door outside and whistled to some canaries that were hanging in a cage.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" asked the lady of the boy. "How do you know that I may cheat you?"

The boy answered, "I'm not afraid, for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it," said the lady, "what do you mean by that?"

The boy replied, "I would only lose the berries; you would make yourself a thief."—Selected

—M—

Forgiveness cannot be divided. It is either whole or nothing. You forgive all, or you forgive not at all.

As early as the 13th century, sandpaper was known to the Chinese. They used natural gum to make bits of seashell stick to parchment.

Christian boys and girls try to get a better understanding of their neighbors. They are friendly to all.



KNOW YOUR BIBLE

Fill in blanks with the right words.

Once there was a man named S.....
He had great f..... in God. He
did great w..... among the peo-
ple. Cruel men got false witnesses and brought
him into court. The men on the council looked
on him, and saw his face as the face of an a.....

Because he preached Christ to them, they took
him out and s..... him. S..... of Tarshish was
there when they killed him.

Words to use; angel; Saul; faith; Stephen, won-
ders; stoned. M. J. B.

—M—

Spell a number backwards and get a coarsely
woven cloth.....

Spell a weight backwards and get a negative
word.....

Spell a boy's name backwards and get a movement
of the head.....

The gentlest spur to use is a whisper.

What is the Golden Rule? Can you quote it?
Do you know where it is found? Do you know
who gave it?