



Mrs. Duck's Surprise

By Marieta F. Russell

Elizabeth and Peter sat side by side on a step outside their kitchen. They were twins and eight years old.

Two big tears rolled down Elizabeth's cheeks. Peter blinked hard to keep his tears back. Boys didn't cry over a lost duck.

"Why should Susan run away?" asked Elizabeth.

"It's queer, but Bob, her mate, doesn't look worried," said Peter.

"Peter, ducks don't worry."

"Yes, they do, Elizabeth. John told us ducks get thin and lonely if they lose their mates."

"He doesn't look thin. He looks happy," said Elizabeth.

"That means he knows where Susan is," said Peter.

"Let us follow him," said Elizabeth.

The two children followed the duck. They walked softly so that Bob wouldn't hear them. Bob didn't go anywhere. He kept in the yard. He went for a swim in the little pond.

Mother called them.

"If you want to collect your papers before lunch, it's time to start.

"Mother, do we have to go today? Susan has been gone for a whole month. We would like to hunt," said Elizabeth.

"If we don't find her soon, we can't put our ducks in the pet show," added Peter.

"The pet show does come tomorrow," said Mother, "but Mrs. Smith wants the papers taken out of her cellar today. After lunch, take them to the parish house. A man will weigh them and pay the church for each one hundred pounds."

"The few papers we get won't add much to the missionary fund," said Peter.

"Our class is fifth in the amount of pounds turned in," said Elizabeth.

"Every penny counts. Get started now," said Mother.

Peter took his little red cart. Elizabeth took her

little blue cart. Mrs. Smith had a great many papers. They filled both carts. She told them of two other persons who had papers for the missionary fund.

"Did you see a duck?" asked Peter.

"I saw a duck go by the house yesterday," said Mrs. Smith. "The telephone rang and so I didn't see where it went."

The big clock in the town hall struck eleven.

"Let us take the paper to the parish house now," said Elizabeth.

"All right," said Peter. "Then we can go to the other places after lunch."

They found their teacher ready to take the paper.

"Our class is coming up," he said.

"We'll have more this afternoon," said Peter.

"We lost our duck," said Elizabeth.

"I'm sorry. You have just till tomorrow to find it. I'll tell everyone to keep looking."

"John said we could enter his puppy if we don't find our duck," said Peter.

"No," said their teacher. "You enter pets you have cared for yourselves."

Elizabeth and Peter pulled their carts home sadly. They looked all the way home, but they didn't see a duck.

After lunch, they filled their carts three times. Once Elizabeth saw something white.

"Look, Peter."

Peter ran behind the bushes.

"It's only a piece of white cloth," said Peter.

"We have had those ducks for a year. Why should one get lost now?" asked Elizabeth.

The twins stopped at Mrs. Murphy's.

"Have you found your duck?" she asked.

"No, we haven't. We can't put any pet in the show if we don't find it," said Peter.

"You can take my cat, Rusty."

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Thoughts for You . . .

Every day there are some things we do over and over. These are called habits. But there are two kinds of habits, good and bad.

When a habit is just starting it can be broken quite easily. But a habit that has been with you for years is like a strong cord and is hard to break.

Of course we want to keep our good habits. But the bad ones should be cut from our lives as quickly and as clean as can be.

It is dangerous to nurse a bad habit along and try to get rid of it a little bit at a time. It is like a weed. You cut off the top but the root is still there and it is soon sending out new shoots. Taking it out roots and all is the surest way to be rid of it.

Good habits should be watched to, and given care to make them grow. If we fail to use a good habit, it may soon be forgotten and then it may die.

—M—

MRS. DUCK'S SURPRISE

"It must be a pet we took care of ourselves," said Elizabeth.

"Haven't you fed Rusty, given her fresh water, and made sure she was in the house nights? You have done that for two weeks every summer for five years."

"That's right. Can't we borrow Rusty, Elizabeth?"

"No, Peter we can't. It has to be our own pet. We must take all the care of it. Two weeks every summer isn't enough."

"Thanks for the papers, Mrs. Murphy."

As they started along, Peter said, "I think we could have borrowed Rusty. The pet show is tomorrow."

"We have to play fair, Peter. We must obey rules. We'll take the papers to the parish house and tell them we won't have a pet for the show."

Their teacher was pleased with Mrs. Murphy's papers.

"We are second place now. Our class has been

working hard. Have you found your duck?"

"No," said Elizabeth. "Now we can't come to the pet show."

"You can come and pay five cents if you haven't a pet. The money will go into the fund, too."

"We haven't five cents," said Peter as they pulled their carts home.

"Daddy gives us five cents for ice cream every week. We'll use that."

"All right," said Peter. "If we ate the ice cream it would be gone. It would last longer in the missionary fund."

At supper John had news.

"I saw your duck, Bob, walking along the road."

"Where, John?" asked Elizabeth.

"I saw Bob in the bushes in front of the empty farm on the hill. The bushes were so thick I couldn't reach him."

"That house was sold yesterday," said their father. "The new neighbors moved in today."

"Perhaps they have some paper," said Elizabeth.

"Maybe they used a great deal in packing," said Peter.

The next morning Elizabeth and Peter started with their carts to meet the new people.

"I'm afraid," said Peter.

"Peter, we'll tell them why we want the paper. I'm sure they will be nice."

Elizabeth and Peter pulled their carts up to the back door.

"You knock, Peter."

Peter gave a tiny knock. No one came to the door. They heard a woman singing.

"They sound friendly, Peter. Knock again."

A man came round the corner of the house. He smiled.

"Good morning, children. Are you selling something?"

"No, sir," answered Elizabeth. We are collecting old paper. The money goes to the foreign missionary fund. We thought you might have some paper."

"Our class is second so far," said Peter.

The man laughed. "We'll have to change that. We have more paper than you can take in your carts."

"We'll make several trips," said Elizabeth.

"You don't have to. I must go to town in my beach wagon. I'll fill it up and you can show me where to leave the paper."

"Thank you," said the twins.

"Do you know who lost a duck?" he asked.

"We did," said Peter.

"The pet show starts in one hour," said Elizabeth.

"Come. I'll show you something," he said.

He led them around the corner of the house. In a sunny corner, Susan sat on a pile of hay. Eight baby ducks were around her. She looked happy.

"They thought it would be quiet here," said their new friend.

"We haven't time to get them there before the pet show starts," said Elizabeth.

"Yes, we have," said the man. "My beach wagon will get us there in time."

He got a basket and put the baby ducks in it very gently. Elizabeth held Susan and Peter held Bob. They reached the parish house five minutes before the pet show started.

During the pet show the neighbor brought down his paper. That brought the twin's class up to first place.

Everyone who came to the show was allowed one vote for the best pet.

Elizabeth and Peter won first prize, a pretty blue ribbon.—Stories for Children

—M—

Your Letters

FROM OREGON

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am twelve years old and will be in the seventh grade next year.

I am in the Junior class at Scrael Hill Church of God. My Sabbath school teacher is Blanche Benight.

I have two brothers and one sister. My oldest brother is twenty, the next is nineteen and my sister is fifteen.

We have young people's meeting every Friday evening. We have a short program, some quizzes and choruses. Brother Stanley Kauer gave a talk to the young people three weeks ago. He also directed the chorus singing.

Your friend,

Calvin Cole

(Sounds as though you have interesting meetings and good times there, Calvin. School will soon be starting. We hope you had a grand time this vacation.)

—M—

FOR JESUS' SAKE

"Mother," said a five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should like so much to do something for Him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you do for the Savior?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said:

"Why, Mother, I could run all His errands for Him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old, sick Margaret by the servant:

but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour; for, when upon earth, He said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these. . . ye have done it unto Me.'"

"Whenever you do a kind act for somebody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Savior were now living on the earth, and you were doing it for Him."—The Illustrator

—M—

A PRETTY FLEET

Over in the park today
I saw the prettiest sight.
It was a fleet of little boats
And all so snowy white.

They sailed across the little lake
So gracefully and slow
It gave the keenest pleasure
To all who saw them go.

Ahead there sailed the flagship,
The largest of the fleet.
The others followed in a line
And all so smooth and neat.

There's nothing very strange, you say
Such boats we often see,
But these were very different,
I'm sure that you'll agree.

For these, you see were living boats,
The kind that never fail,
For 'twas Mother Swan and her children
All going for a sail.

—Gertrude Mae Schulmeister

—M—

A PRAYER

By Margaret Ruthreford

For this one day alone, dear God, I pray;
Help me to walk the strait and narrow way
With cheerful mind;
Help me to think, to act, the Golden Rule
To do my best with book, or beast, or tool,
To serve mankind.

Help me to think before I speak a word
That might, by chance, hurt one who over
heard,

And make him sad;
Help me to laugh with clean and whole
some mirth,

To scorn the thought that evil minds gave
birth,

Or actions bad.
Help me to see in sunshine and in rain,
In daylight and in dark, Thine hand again,

Thy love alone,
And then at even, when work is put away,
Help me, dear Lord to lift my eyes and

say,
"Thy will be done."

—The Christian Guardian



FOR
AUGUST 13, 1949

Lesson Material: Psalm 105:1-5.

Memory Verse: "O give thanks unto the Lord;
call upon his name." Psalm 105:1.

Songs For Happy Days

Everyone likes to see happy children. Children should be happy at their work and play. There are so many things to be thankful for.

The Lord is strong and He wants us to lean on Him. He is our guide and He wants us to follow in His ways.

Small boys and girls who have been taught to love God are happy and they sing to thank God for His goodness.

But there are still many children who do not know about God and His goodness. They do not live in Christian homes. There is work for you to do. You can tell others about God and His wonderful gift, Jesus. When we are happy, we want to make others happy too. Then they can sing praises to God with us.

God is pleased to have us sing of His great love. He is pleased to have little children tell their play-mates of His goodness.

We should not be satisfied just to know and love Jesus. We should let our light shine out so others will be able to share the riches which God gives to all His children.

Let each day be filled with happy songs of praise.

Do You Remember?

1. What kind of children everyone loves?
2. Who is our guide?
3. Why God's children sing?
4. What work Christian children can do?
5. How we can please God?
6. How we can let our light shine?
7. Our memory verse?
8. Where our memory verse is found?
9. One thing God has done to make you happy?

—M—

SOMETHING QUEER

All along the garden walk
In stateliness they grow,
Golden bells and hollyhocks
And daisies in a row.
But what I cannot understand,
Unless it's just for fun,
The hollyhock turns clear around,
'Twixt rise and set of sun!

—Etta Mai Scott

A QUARREL

Susie says, "I want my way!"
Mattie says, "Then I won't play!"
So from out this "tit for tat"
Comes a foolish little spat.
So they have their quarrel out,
After which they sit and pout;
Each is sure the other's wrong;
Where then can the blame belong?
Then they sit and think awhile,
And at last begin to smile;
Susie rises to her feet;
Mattie cannot keep her seat.
Next a hug, and then a kiss
By each peevish little miss;
Susie says, "What shall we play?"
Mattie smiles, "Just what you say."
Never would you want to meet
Children kinder, or more sweet.
Each unselfish as can be—
Susie Mae and Mattie Bea.

—Selected

—M—

Know Your Bible . . .

Bartimaeus was leprous, blind or lame.
Which one is right? Please mark the same.

Lot's wife was turned to a pillar of salt.
Do you remember? What was her fault?

We are called the "sons of thunder"
Can you name us now we wonder?

Ans: Blind; She disobeyed by looking back;
James and John. M. J. B.

—M—

"COME IN"

What do you say when someone knocks at your door? "Come in," of course. Do you know that the Lord Jesus is knocking at the door of your heart? He wants to come in and live there. He wants to wash it clean in His Blood. He wants to take away the mean, naughty things, and help you to be sweet and good. What are you going to say to Him? Will you say, "Come into my heart, Lord Jesus. Come in to-day, come in to stay?"

—Selected

—M—

No one will know what you mean by saying,
"God is Love," unless you act it as well.

L. P. Jacks

If you were named for your chief characteristic, did you ever think what it would be? Would it be Smiling Morning, or Tired of Things, or Ready to Help?—Selected.