



## Mrs. Turkey's Secret

By Bessie L. Putnam



Do you think I could borrow Tom and Tilly long enough to try to find the old turkey's nest?" was grandmother's greeting when the twins and their mother arrived for a week-end vacation.

"Find a turkey's nest?" asked both twins at the same time. "Of course we can."

"Remember when we found Old Speck's nest down by the milkhouse?" added Tilly. "We slipped down just as she commenced to cackle."

"But Mrs. Turkey never cackles," said grandmother. "And she covers her nest with leaves or straw so that it's hard to find."

"Does she scratch the leaves over it?" asked Tilly.

"No indeed; she is much too careful to risk breaking the eggs. She carefully places each straw or dead leaf with her bill until the eggs are hidden." "How can we ever find the nest?" Tom wondered.

"One way is to follow the turkey when she starts to it; although she probably will not go straight there but may lead one two or three times around the pasture." "How interesting," said Tilly. "This is like a hunt for buried treasure."

Right after breakfast they saw Mrs. Turkey going slowly toward the pasture fence. "There she goes, Tilly!" exclaimed Tom. "Come on, grandmother. Let's go!"

"Try to be quiet," cautioned grandmother. "If she sees you, she may not go." "Gobble, gobble," said Tom Turkey as he strutted across the yard.

At the first "gobble," Mrs. Turkey turned back to find something good to eat near the straw stack.

"Just her trick," laughed grandmother, "and we haven't the time to waste."

"There she goes again," said Tom. "I'll tell you. Suppose you follow her to the nest, and I climb the maple tree to watch from there."

So Tom climbed to the very top of the maple tree, where he could watch the pasture; and Tilly followed very carefully, hiding behind tall weeds when Mrs. Turkey started to look back.

Three times, the turkey sat down and stayed so long that Tilly was sure she was on her nest.

At last Tom saw Tilly turn back, and he ran to hear what his twin had to say about the nest.

"I've found it. It's beside the big elderberry bush. She's just been there ever so long."

"We'll go and tell grandmother and get a basket for the eggs as soon as Mrs. Turkey comes off." "Yes," said Tilly. "Grandmother wants to give them to the two Wyandotte pullets so that the turkey will lay another nestful."

But when they came near the elderberry bush who should meet them at the gate between the maple and the Norway spruce but Mrs. Turkey!

Grandmother gave them the basket; but when they left the house no turkey was in sight, and when they reached the elderberry bush, no nest was there. "I know this is the spot," said Tilly. "Here is one of her feathers."

But though the twins looked very carefully through the leaves and the fence rows, not a single egg could they find. Disappointed, they went back and told grandmother how they had been fooled. Grandmother laughed. "That turkey has tricked me more than once the same way," she said. "I thought something was wrong when you told me she came home before you did." The children agreed that they would try again the next day. But the next day was no better.

Sometimes Tilly would lose sight of Mrs. Turkey. Then next she would catch a glimpse of her several fence rows ahead. And finally the turkey beat her back to the yard when Tilly thought she had really settled on a nest. The twins stopped the hunt to have their lunch.

That afternoon Tom had just started helping grandfather with the chickens when he came rushing in to shout, "Grandmother, I've really found the turkey's nest!" "It's under the spruce tree," exclaimed Tom. "I kept hearing a 'Quit! Quit!' and then I saw her head among the low branches."

Grandmother and Tilly rushed out. The turkey had come off the nest and there were seven-

(Continued on page two)

## The Sabbath School Missionary

Mable J. Baker, Editor ..... Stanberry, Missouri  
Owned by the General Conference of the Church of God.

Published weekly (except one issue during the Annual Campmeeting in August and one during Christmas week) at the Church of God Publishing House, Stanberry, Missouri

**Subscription Rates:** Single copy one year 50 cents; Club of six or more to the same address 35 cents each per year. Foreign subscription rate \$1.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Stanberry, Missouri under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## Thoughts for You . . .

Perhaps you have never thought of yourself as a pitcher. We are like pitchers in several ways. We are not self-made. God made us. The pitcher is not self-made either, for a potter made it into the shape it now has. God is our potter. If we let Him have our lives He will make us into useful vessels.

A pitcher is not just an ornament. It is used to hold milk, water or fruit juice. It has a task to perform. God has a use for each of us. A pitcher must be filled if we are to pour anything from it. So we must be filled with good if we expect to do good.

It is true that some pitchers are small, others large, some plain and others very beautiful. People are not all alike, for some are tall, some short, some are stout, others are weak, but each one has a talent to be used for good.

A pitcher cannot do a thing, by itself. It must be guided by someone. And we can do nothing of ourselves. We need God to guide us and use us for His service.

Abraham's servant went into a far country to seek a wife for Isaac. He met Rebeckah at the well and she carried a pitcher upon her shoulder. This was a sign to the servant that this was the wife for Isaac.

Gideon took three hundred men to the enemy camp. Each man carried a lamp within a pitcher. At a signal from Gideon the pitchers were broken and all the lights shone forth, frightening the enemy away.

Two of Jesus' disciples were sent into the city to find a place in which Jesus and the others were to eat the passover feast. They were to follow a man with a pitcher of water. This they did and found the place where the supper was prepared.

Let us try to be as useful as these pitchers were.

—M—

### MRS. TURKEY'S SECRET

teen big turkey eggs. "I really didnt think you'd be able to find her," exclaimed grandmother.

"That means we'll have a big flock of turkeys on the farm next Thanksgiving."—Little Pilgrim

—:—

## Life's Plan . . .

By L. L. Wightman

Josie looked at the cloth for her apron. "Won't that make a beautiful apron, Mother?" she said as she held the cloth for her mother to see. "I think that the pattern in that cloth is as lovely as any I have seen. And I know I will have a splendid evening in making it."

"Did you get the pattern by which to make it?" her mother asked. "Jane loaned me her pattern," Josie replied. "Now for work!"

Josie had a vision in her mind of just what the apron would be when completed. Making clothing was new work for her, but a girl must always start somewhere on dressmaking, and her mother had taught her how to cut out her goods.

Laying her cloth on the table, she laid her pattern on it and began cutting. In just a moment she stopped, a puzzled look on her face.

"Yes, that is right," she declared, reading the directions which accompanied the pattern. Again she began work and then stopped. "No, it is not right. I guess I don't know too much about making aprons yet."

"Mother," she called, stepping to the door which led to the next room. "I suppose you will have to help me. I do not have enough cloth for this pattern."

Mother smiled as she stepped to the table. She remembered just such incidents in her own life years ago.

"Let me see your pattern," she said. "Oh, why you have the wrong pattern! You picked up the wrong one." "I did?" questioned Josie, fearful at what she had done.

"Yes," her mother continued. "This pattern is for a middy blouse."

"Well, such a blunder," declared Josie. "Have I spoiled the cloth so it is useless?"

"You won't be able to do anything with it," Mother said, "but I have a plan whereby I can make it useful. Just leave it for me to use."

"Oh, thanks, I don't have to throw it away as an entire loss," said Josie. "Next time I will make sure I am following the right pattern."

"Goods can be spoiled by following the wrong pattern, and so can lives," her mother stated emphatically. "Many lives are being spoiled and ruined today because they have chosen the wrong patterns. Young people make idols out of famous men and women without stopping to realize that their fame is of nothing uplifting. It is just the craze of popularity with them. It is better to

make sure you have chosen a good pattern before the life is ruined."

"And we may be the means of spoiling other lives when we set the wrong example," Josie added. "Folks choose us as the wrong pattern to follow. If we are wrong, they go wrong, also. We have a double duty, first to see that we follow the right pattern, and then that we set the right example for others."

There is only one pattern for each life. God has a plan for that life, and when we let God fashion that life after His plan, the finished product will be a thing of beauty and usefulness.

Man was created for a purpose and placed in the Garden of Eden. Instead of obeying God, he listened to Satan. He changed his life from what God desired, and fashioned it after Satan's pattern, throwing the entire race of mankind into sin. Did God find it necessary to throw them away? He could not use them in sin, but He did have power to recover man from the error of his way. It took Jesus Christ to Calvary's Cross to accomplish God's purpose. Man had nothing in himself whereby he could do one single thing toward his redemption. The matter must be left to God entirely.

Friends, that is true of you. If your life is in the hands of God through your acceptance of Jesus Christ as your personal Savior, that life which was ruined by sin is being made useful as God conforms it to the image of Jesus Christ. If patterned in sin, it is ruined for time and eternity, unless you yet permit God to come into it.—John Three-Sixteen. Selected

—M—

## THEY'RE STEALING OUR OATMEAL!

By Edith Elizabeth Feigel

Mary and Jack went to bed very tired. They had driven to the seashore with their mother and unpacked all the boxes of food for their stay at the cottage. All the things to eat were set on the table in the kitchen. Everything was ready for breakfast in the morning. The package of oatmeal was there, and cookies and milk and cream. There was fruit juice—and sugar and eggs, too.

When they woke up next morning, they heard birds singing outside their windows. They could hear the waves pounding on the white sand.

"How nice it will be to go wading after we have breakfast," said Mary. She would look for some pretty shells and red moss.

Mother was in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Mary and Jack finished dressing and hurried to the kitchen, too.

"Oh, look, children. See these ants on the floor!" Mother cried. And there, sure enough, was a long line of big black ants on the kitchen floor. They were moving very fast. It looked just like

a tiny stream of water flowing across the boards of the floor."

"Why, Mother, they are carrying things in their mouths!" Jack cried. He stooped down close to the floor and watched the ants.

Mary got down on the floor, too, to watch them. "Some of the pieces they are carrying are bigger than they are," she said.

Jack said, "See, they bump against each other, just like people in a crowd," and he laughed. It really was funny to see them.

"The ants carrying things are probably telling the other ants coming up about the good things they found," Mother explained.

"But where are they coming from, Mother? How did they know we were here?" Mary asked curiously.

Jack got up from the floor. "Let's follow the line and see where they go," he said.

So they followed the little trail across the floor toward the table. It stopped at a table leg. They looked closely and, sure enough, there was a line of big black ants crawling up the table leg. Some ants were going up and some were crawling down. The ones going down were carrying little pieces of something white in their mouths. Mary and Jack followed them to the top of the table and across the top to the package of oatmeal! There they disappeared. Where were they?

Mother opened the top of the package. And right inside of the top were ants. Lots of big, black ants!

"Why, Mother, they are stealing our oatmeal!" Mary cried.

"Now what will we do?" Jack asked. He was hungry and ready for some hot oatmeal.

"Well, we can't let this go on," Mother said. She took the package of oatmeal outside and threw it into the trash can. "It is a shame to waste it, but the ants got into it before we did."

"Will they take anything else, Mother?" Jack was worried now.

"They might get into the sugar and the cookies, if we don't protect them," Mother said. "They like sweet things, just as you children do."

"How can we keep them away?" Jack asked.

"We can take some tin cans and put water in them. Then if you will help me lift the table we can put the table legs into the cans of water," Mother explained. "What will that do?" Jack asked?

"It will keep the ants from crawling up the table legs. If they get into the water in the cans they will drown," Mother explained.

So Jack and Mary got some cans and put water in them. When they were ready, Mother and Jack lifted the table while Mary put the cans under each table leg. Then they lowered the table so each leg set in a can. They were not bothered anymore with big black ants.—Stories for Children



FOR  
JUNE 4, 1949

Lesson Material: Mark 14:53, 54, 66-72.

Memory Verse: "A friend loveth at all times."  
Proverbs 17:17.

### When Peter Was Afraid

Jesus had gone to the garden of Gethsemane to pray. He knew that He must die on the cross and the hour was near at hand. As He and the disciples came from the garden, they were met by a group of men who carried weapons. Jesus knew they had come for Him. A man stepped out from among them and going to Jesus, kissed Him. This was Judas one of the twelve disciples.

Judas kissed Jesus as a sign that He was the one they were to take. They took Him prisoner and led Him away to the high priest. The disciples were frightened for they feared these cruel men. Peter followed the men, but he stayed a long distance away so they would not turn on him and perhaps take him to prison also.

Peter stood in the court and warmed his hands at a low fire. Someone said, "You were with Jesus." But Peter denied it and said he didn't know what she was talking about. A little while later another maid said, "This man was among His followers." Again Peter denied having any knowledge of Jesus. Even a third time they accused Peter of being with Jesus and a third time he denied it.

Peter heard a cock crow and he remembered what Jesus had told him. Jesus had said, "Before the cock crows twice thou shalt deny me thrice. Then Peter went out and wept bitterly for he knew he had denied his Lord and Master.

### Do You Remember?

1. Where Jesus went to pray?
2. Who met Jesus and the disciples?
3. Who kissed Jesus? Why?
4. Where they took Jesus?
5. Who followed afar off?
6. Why Peter was afraid?
7. How many times Peter denied Jesus?
8. When Peter remembered Jesus' words?
9. What Peter did?
10. Our memory verse?

—M—

### GET AN EDUCATION

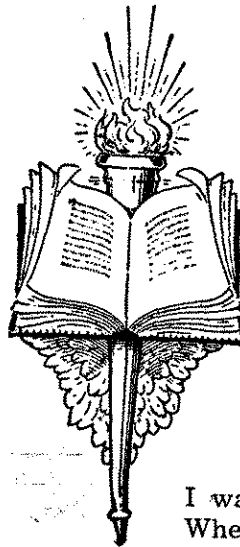
When school is finished, I'm afraid that many of you will be inclined to say: "Guess I have education enough. I'll stop school and get me a good job. In a few years, if it seems best then, I'll

study more. Plenty of time to get my education later if I find I need it."

Don't do it! The time to get your education is while you are young. Then you can use it all the rest of your life. Don't leave graded school after the eighth grade. Go on to high school next fall. Don't forsake studies after you finish high school. Go on to college, to technical school, to specialized training. Become expert in something.

If you defer study until you grow up, you will not care to go back to school with a lot of youngsters more used to study than you. Besides, you may not be able to go to school later, for it may turn out that you have family responsibilities that will necessitate your working. Get an education—a good one, and get it now.—Selected

—:—



# KNOW YOUR BIBLE

### Fathers of the Bible

I was willing to give my son  
When God demanded it be done.....

My dearest son as a slave was sold  
By his brothers who were jealous and bold.....

My three sons were spared with me  
When the earth was covered with the sea.....

I threw a spear at my son's best friend  
And tried my best his life to end.....

M. J. B.

—M—

Boys and girls are doers and thinkers. They want to be doing something exciting, going to new places and learning to do different things. First they want tricycles, then bicycles, then they want to drive cars and fly planes. We never seem to be satisfied. There is still one kind of experience of which we will never tire. Learning to know God and accepting Him as our leader. Abraham followed in this way and he was led into a new land which he had never seen. David Livingston found glorious adventure for God in Africa. Saul met Christ on the road to Damascus and became a famous apostle to the Gentiles.

Make God the Lord of your life and who knows where He may send you and what He will give you to do?