

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE  
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## A SURPRISE FOR HER TEACHER By Louise Jean Walker

Muney was an Indian American girl with big, dark eyes and black hair. She had gone to school only a short time.

One day while Muney's mother was combing her daughter's hair, Muney said, "I wish I could take a present to my teacher."

"Why don't you make her a sewing basket?" asked her mother. "I will help you." Muney was pleased. She danced about. "When can we make it, Mother?" she asked eagerly.

"Tomorrow we will go to the swamp. We will look for a black ash tree," answered her mother. "Black ash makes good baskets because the wood splits easily."

The next day Muney and her mother walked to the swamp. They took axes with them. Soon they saw a black ash. They cut the tree down. Then Muney's mother cut off a piece of the tree. She laid it on the ground. With the back of their axes, Muney and her mother began pounding the wood. They pounded the whole length of the piece of wood. They did this over and over again, until the fiber of the wood was loosened. Then the wood was in loose layers. Muney's mother pulled the pieces apart with a sharp knife. Then they took the pieces of wood home.

The next day Muney's mother soaked the wood in warm water. When the wood was wet, more layers loosened. Then Muney's mother showed her daughter how to cut the layers. She cut them with her scissors. They fell in long strips at her feet. Muney chose pink, purple, green, and yellow dyes, like children use to color Easter eggs. Mother dipped the strips in the dyes.

Soon the strips were dry. Then Muney started to weave the basket. She put in strips of purple at the bottom. Then she made a band around the basket. She chose pink, green, yellow, and purple strips for it. Above the colored band, she wove more purple.

Often Muney stopped to look at her work. "Oh, Mother isn't it beautiful!" she cried. "Yes, my little girl is doing her work well," her mother answered. "I'm sure your teacher will like it."

For the handle, Muney used strips of white ash. This wood is strong and tough. She made a plaid design. She fastened the handle with sweet grass. She wove the grass throughout the basket. This gave it a sweet smell.

Muney's mother wove a small box out of sweet grass to put inside the sewing basket. The small box would hold the spools of thread. When the small box was finished, Muney put pieces of maple sugar in it. Then she filled the rest of the sewing basket with trailing arbutus.

The next day, Muney took the basket to her teacher. The children hurried to see what Muney had brought. They crowded around their teacher's desk. "Oh Muney, it is beautiful! Did you make it? Please tell us how you did it!"

Muney only smiled. She looked at her teacher.

"Muney," said the teacher, "This is one of the prettiest presents I have ever had."

Muney was pleased. The children liked her present, but best of all the teacher liked it. Muney was glad Mother had taught her how to make a basket.

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EXTRA PAPERS  
By Gladys Cleone Carpenter

"I'll be in Sunday school tomorrow, but not in this town," Florence told Jack. "I have to go to my grandmother's. Maybe I won't get the same Sunday school papers we have here; so I'd like you to save mine for me."

"You can have one now," Jack answered. "Sister has them all ready to take tomorrow when she teaches the class."

Florence paid Jack and picked up a paper. Then she started home.

"I'm going to read my paper today." Florence decided when she reached home. She read the story on the front page, then turned the leaf. "Why!" she exclaimed. "There's more than one paper here. I thought it felt thick. There are two extra ones."

What would she do? She didn't want to walk way back to Jack's home. Maybe it wouldn't matter. Quite often there were some extra papers left over at Sunday school.

She tried to read the story on the next page. It didn't seem so interesting. Maybe it was because she kept thinking of those two papers. Perhaps the teacher wouldn't miss them. Anyway she would never guess that Florence had got them by mistake.

Florence turned to the Bible quotations. And there she read: BY LOVE SERVE ONE ANOTHER.

It certainly wouldn't be having love for Jack's sister if she kept those papers," Florence decided. She snatched up the papers and away she went.

When she arrived at Jack's home, he was very glad to get the papers.

"We have two new members for tomorrow," he said. "If you hadn't brought those papers back, we wouldn't have had enough."

How many small loving ways there are to SERVE ONE ANOTHER!

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GOD'S LIGHT  
By Gladys Cleone Carpenter

A sea gull, in the dashing spray  
Of ocean, struggles on its way  
Through wet and wind without a fear,  
Upward to a brighter atmosphere

Though troubled seems to be each life,  
Cannot we find our way through strife?  
Cannot we rise where the day is bright  
Because we sense God's Eternal Light?

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