

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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## GOD'S WONDERFUL WORLD (with Mat #2)

"Letting the cat out of the bag" is an old saying that has been handed down from generation to generation. When we say "we've let the cat out of the bag", we mean we've told something that was a secret.

"Letting the cat out of the bag" started in the early days when farmers carried their pigs to market in a sack. The sacks (with pigs inside) were auctioned off to town folks.

If the buyer was wise, he'd look in the sack before he made a purchase. If not, many times he'd find upon opening the sack--he'd purchased a cat!

Today, we would say it was a gyp if someone pulled such a trick. We can take pride in the many laws that protect us from such costly tricks. We can also be proud of the many organizations, such as the Better Business Bureau, that search out and reveal schemes to defraud and deceive the public.

Our Bible not only contains many warnings against falsehood, deceit, and trickery, but it gives us much wise advice: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, think on these things!" (Phil. 4:8)

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## OUR FLAG By Enola Chamberlin

God bless our flag that flies between  
The sky of blue, the earth of green.  
God keep its red and blue and white  
Through every day, through every night.  
God keep its stars, help them to shine,  
And make its stripes in love entwine  
Around our hearts so always we  
Will have a land of liberty.

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WHY JUDY'S HEART BEGAN TO SING  
By Grayce Krogh Boller

Judy felt cross with the whole world that sunny afternoon. Mother had scolded when she tore her second best dress on the fence. She had dropped half her ice cream cone when she stumbled on the curbstone. Nothing seemed to go right.

"Hi!" Marcy, the new little girl from down the street came running up. "Want to play? I have a new story book to look at."

"Okay," Judy made room on the step, and Marcy sat down.

Together they looked at the picture book from first page to last. Then Judy scrambled up.

"I'll get my new ones, too," she offered, and came out a minute later with several of her books.

"On, I never saw these," Marcy smiled. "I like new story books, don't you?"

"I guess so," Judy was not sure she liked anything today.

Just then, Marcy's mother called her. Marcy got up. She looked wistfully at the books Judy was holding.

"Could I take one of your books home to look at tonight?" Marcy asked. "You could take mine to look at again, Judy."

"No, you can't!" Judy grabbed the books and hid them behind her, as she frowned up at Marcy. "They are mine! You should stay and look at them now if you want to see them."

"My mother called me," Marcy looked as if she could cry, Judy's tone was so mean.

Marcy ran off toward home. Judy sat and frowned. She liked Marcy. She was glad when Marcy came to play. But she had to go right back home again. It was like losing her ice cream.

Even on Sunday morning, Judy still felt cross. She got dressed and had breakfast. She hurried to Sunday school. Marcy was there. Many boys and girls were there. Judy sat on a little chair by herself. She did not speak to anybody. She did not even speak to Miss Ruth, who told them such nice Bible stories.

"We are all so happy to come to Sunday school this beautiful day," Miss Ruth smiled. "Let us sing a happy song to begin our worship. Let us sing, 'In My Heart There Rings A Melody.'"

Miss Ruth played the tune on the piano. Then the boys and girls all sang. Judy sang out good and loud. She liked that song. Then she stopped singing. She knew there wasn't any melody ringing in her heart. Her heart felt all flat and dull. It was not skipping with any happy melody of love. It was not singing at all. It was only Judy's lips singing the words.

Across from her, Marcy was singing happily. She smiled at Judy. Judy just blinked. She did not smile back. She felt just terrible.

"I was mean to Marcy," she thought. "I could have been nice to her. Then I would have a singing heart."

As soon as Sunday school was over, Judy hurried to catch up with Marcy.

"I'm sorry I was so mean yesterday," she told her new playmate. "You may take all three of my books home to look at if you like, Marcy."

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I want to share and be friends. Will you forgive me for being so mean?"

"Of course," Marcy smiled gladly. "I hope you weren't mad at me, Judy."

"No!" Judy skipped happily. "I was just cross with myself, but now I have a singing heart."

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