

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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GOD'S WONDROUS WORLD  
By Mrs. Tom Carter  
(with illustration #5)

Centuries ago, sailors and adventurers accepted the myth that the world rested on the back of a turtle. That is, until the question was asked: "But what does the turtle rest on?"

People believed that the world was flat. Sailors dared not sail far out on open seas for fear that their ships might drop off the edge. Little truth was known of the seas except the Mediterranean Sea, on which seamen sailed without being out of sight of land.

Maps of the known world were crude and charted by imagination, with blank spaces and little pictures of strange beasts and headless people which map-makers thought inhabited far-off places.

Galileo, scientist and astronomer, and Copernicus, the astronomer, not only rejected the turtle-back myth but tried to present the truth that the earth was a sphere, like other planets, spinning around the sun as the stars revolved around the planets.

It sounds unbelievable that so little was known of the seas until Columbus began his sea voyages -- about 500 years ago!

Few in number were those who sailed perilous unknown waters in search of the truth about our wonderful world!

The truth of the power of Christianity to change men's hearts and lives was not easily accepted at first. Few in number were the first disciples who accepted the gospel of salvation by faith in Christ. Wonderful! Isn't it -- to know the truth? "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

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(Is there something about God's Wondrous World you would like to see described in this column? If so please send your suggestions to Baptist Press Syndicate, 127 N. Ninth Ave., Nashville 3, Tenn.)

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THE MARBLE SLIDE  
By Paul Tulien

Eight-year-old Bobby was visiting his cousins, seven-year-old Jack and five-year-old Davey, but not one of them was having a happy time. Bobby had many toys at home but Jack and Davey's father had been sick a long time, so there was no money for toys. All they had was a small bag of marbles.

"I wish I was home," Bobby said.

"I wish so too," Jack said. "We have more fun alone."

Jack and Davey's mother was hanging out washing and overheard them.

"Can't you boys find something to play?" she asked.

"He won't play marbles," Jack said, "because we beat him -- even Davey can."

"I like to build," Bobby said. "At home I have a set to build with. I can build bridges and towers and a lot of things."

"There are some boards in the kindling pile," Mother said. "Can't you build something with that?"

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"What could you build with that?" Bobby said.

Davey was rolling the marbles through a short piece of old drain-pipe.

"What are you doing that for?" Bobby asked. "What fun is that?"

Davey did not answer but kept on rolling the marbles.

"If I was home," Bobby said, "I could make a big slide to roll them on."

"Maybe we could use the boards to make a slide," Jack said.

No one said anything for a few minutes. Davey kept on rolling the marbles.

"Maybe we could," Bobby said, "if we had some nails and a hammer."

"We have a can of old nails and a hammer," Jack said and ran to get them.

Bobby and Jack nailed two boards together to make a V-shaped trough while Davey watched them.

"Can't you use this pipe too?" Davey asked.

"I don't think so," Bobby said. They made a few more troughs and then they propped them up one after the other making a long sloping trough. When the marbles were dropped in the higher end they rolled swiftly down.

Then Davey happened to push against the troughs and they fell down.

"Can't you be careful?" Jack cried.

"Never mind," Bobby said. We'll build it again but this time we'll do it better. We'll make it longer and we'll have some turns in it and we'll use Davey's pipe. That will be a tunnel."

They had hours of fun building the slide and rolling the marbles, and when it was time for Bobby to go he did not want to.

"Let me roll them just once more," he said. "This is fun."

"Anything can be fun if you work together to make it fun," Jack and Davey's mother said.

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