

BAPTIST FEATURES

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A SONG SAVES
By Gladys Cleone Carpenter

Wo Wang was on his way to visit his Christian cousin. But not a Christian himself, he stopped at the fortune-teller's booth. Then disliking the prophesy on a bamboo stick, he decided to go to a temple where he could pray.

Wo Wang hired a rickshaw and was soon jogging toward the hills. Later the rickshaw boy passed through an arched gateway and stopped in front of a door in a mud wall.

"This is my humble home, Honorable One," the boy said. "Please enter and drink a cup of tea."

While they were drinking, two scowling men stepped into the room. Suddenly Wo Wang was frightened. He jumped to his feet.

"Thank you for the tea, Da-ga, but it is time to go on."

"Honorable One, this is as far as we go," the rickshaw boy stated.

Now the three men pushed Wo Wang into an inner room. There he was forced to write a note demanding a large sum of money from his family. His father was not at home. It would be days before they could get an answer.

Wo Wang was kept a prisoner with only bowls of thin soup for his meals. On the third morning, he suddenly heard singing. The words though in Chinese were: NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

Listening carefully he discovered which wall was nearest the music. He smashed his broth bowl and choosing the sharpest piece started to dig in the mud floor near the wall.

The music had stopped. But Wo Wang continued to dig. It was nearly evening when he got a hole dug big enough to wiggle through.

Now he saw a boy's feet.

"Help! Please help!" Wo Wang begged wearily.

This boy and another reached down and pulled Wo Wang through the opening.

"Wo Wang!" exclaimed one of the boys. It was his cousin.

Mission services would be held this evening in this room into which Wo Wang had come. It was music for the morning service that he had heard.

Wo Wang's cousin had brought a lunch and stayed in the hills between services. He hurried to get its remains, a persimmon and millet cake, for Wo Wang.

That night his cousin took Wo Wang home with him and taught him to pray to God thanking Him for his escape.

Wo Wang attended mission meetings with his cousin and soon became a devout Christian.

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GOD'S WONDROUS WORLD
By Thelma C. Carter
(with illustration #1)

Do you have a lead pencil handy? Pick it up and look it over! Did you know that a lead pencil contains wax from Brazil, clay from Germany, and graphite from Mexico, Bavaria, and other places?

Today's pencil is made from a cylindrical piece of soft wood, about 7 inches long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Pencil lead is a mixture of graphite, clay and water, which in soft plastic form is ground very fine, molded into tiny strips and baked at an intense heat. When dry, the lead is put into the wooden case.

An open metal tube is pushed part way down over one end to hold a piece of rubber, an eraser. The other end tapers to a point. The final part in pencil-making is the color enameling.

Most of us take the simple things of life -- like pencils -- for granted, never realizing how much debt we have to the many people and nations that contribute ordinary things.

In the same way, we are apt to take our Christian way of life for granted, never thinking how very special and extraordinary are salvation, prayer and Bible study! Our Bible reminds us of God's greatness in Psalm 86:10, "For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone."

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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.)