

BAPTIST FEATURES

Released by BAPTIST PRESS
127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE
July 21, 1955

MR. WIGGLES
BY: Jan Watt

Johnny and Sandra were spending the summer on their grandfather's farm. Everything was new and different to them because they lived in the city.

What fun it was to feed the chickens and to help Grandfather shoo the cows into the barn from the pasture when it was milking time.

One day Johnny and Sandra were leaning over the water trough where the horses came to drink.

"Something green just wiggled by in the water!" said Johnny. "Look!"

"Oh! I see it," said Sandra, peering down into the water. "Hello, Mr. Wiggles!"

"Mr. Wiggles," laughed Johnny. "That's a good name!"

Every day Johnny and Sandra went down to the water trough to see Mr. Wiggles. One day they saw a funny little bump growing on him. "Mr. Wiggles is growing a leg," said Johnny. And so he was. Within a short time he had grown a leg. Then it wasn't many more days before he had grown another leg.

One other day when the children were watching Mr. Wiggles swimming around in the trough Sandra cried, "Look, Mr. Wiggles is growing an arm, too!" It wasn't long before Mr. Wiggles had grown an arm and soon after that he grew another arm.

As the days went by, Johnny and Sandra noticed that Mr. Wiggle's tail was getting shorter and shorter. Finally one day when they leaned over the trough to watch him, they saw that his tail had completely disappeared, just as if he had dropped it somewhere. Mr. Wiggles didn't seem to be wiggling any more. Instead he used his long arms and legs to move himself through the water.

The days went by and Mr. Wiggles grew bigger and bigger. Then at last one afternoon when Johnny and Sandra looked in the trough, they couldn't find him.

"Where could he have gone?" asked Johnny.

"I don't know," said Sandra. "Maybe one of the horses ate him!"

"Let's ask Grandfather!" said Johnny. They ran to the barn.

"Grandfather," they cried together, "Mr. Wiggles has disappeared!"

"Who is Mr. Wiggles?" asked Grandfather. So Johnny and Sandra had to tell him the whole story about how they had discovered Mr. Wiggles in the water trough and how they had watched him grow.

"Let's go see if we can't find him," said Grandfather. So the three of them walked to the trough.

Johnny and Sandra looked carefully in the trough, but there was no sign of Mr. Wiggles. All of a sudden they heard a funny CRO-A-K! Then KERPLUNK! Something jumped into the water.

"There's your Mr. Wiggles," laughed Grandfather. "When you go back to school this fall you can tell your city friends that this summer you learned how a tadpole grows into a frog!"

Copyright, 1955, all rights reserved

BAPTIST FEATURES

Released by BAPTIST PRESS
127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

July 21, 1955

THE THORN-TREE
BY: Edna Ewing Kelley

There is an old legend in Germany about a thorn-tree that once grew in a dense forest. It was a strong, sturdy tree and nobody troubled it. But one day it became discontented.

"Why should I have hard, ugly thorns instead of leaves?" the tree complained. "I wish I had leaves of gold on my branches."

The next morning the tree found itself covered with leaves of gold, shining splendidly in the sun. It laughed for joy.

But a robber passed that way and greedily plucked every leaf. "Oh, dear!" cried the tree, stripped and bare, "I wish I had asked for leaves of glass."

And the next morning when the sun shone the tree was covered with tinkling leaves of glass that made a dazzling sight. It clapped its hands for joy.

But a storm came up and crushed the glass leaves into fragments.

"Oh, dear!" cried the shattered tree, "I wish I had leaves of green like other trees."

The next morning the tree was covered with leaves so fresh and green that they made a tempting sight. It shouted for joy. Then a herd of goats strolled by and nibbled every green leaf.

"Oh, dear!" cried the naked tree, "if only I had my thorns back again! Robbers don't touch them. Storms can't break them. Goats won't eat them. They are better than leaves for me."

The next morning when the thorn-tree was again covered with thorns, it sighed happily. It was content at last with what God had given it.

"The Thorn-Tree," is from the book, Shining Armor, by Edna Ewing Kelley.

WAKING AT NIGHT
BY: Blossom Bennett

This morning very early and before the
light of dawn,
I heard two crickets chirping gaily some-
where on the lawn;
A mockingbird was singing clear; the stars
were very bright;
And I was glad to know God's care is with
me through the night.

Why should I fear the darkness as some
children seem to do?
For He who made the sunny hours has made
the nighttime, too.
And though I may be wakened by some
unknown sound I hear,
The night wind whispers tenderly, "God
loves you still, my dear."

Copyright, 1955, all rights reserved

DUCKS
BY: Grace Noll Crowell

Our ducks, when they walk, waddle and
quack,
They leave the funniest flat-footed track,
But swimming, they make up for what they
lack.

They are beautiful then--they float with
the breeze,
With less fuss and feathers than boats
on the seas,
A duck in the water is much at its ease.

Their colors are blue and speckled brown,
And there in the water--upside down,
Seems to be ducks that never do drown!

Copyright, 1955, all rights reserved