

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE  
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A MAN'S GIFT  
BY: Ellen Brown

The house next door was like a king's house to Burt. He could hear the noise of fun-making. The boys were playing in Byron's game room. Byron brought his friends from the other side of town over to play. Byron had everything it seemed to Burt. He had a beautiful collie dog, that wasn't just a dog. It was a registered dog, not just a plain dog like most of Burt's friends had. The beautiful white breast and orange-yellow fur were thick with health and cleanliness.

He sat at his piano and looked out. Suddenly he jumped up and raised the window so he could hear. His mother came to the door.

"Burt, it's time to practice."

"I wish I could go next door and make friends with the new boy," Burt said. "I don't want to practice."

"God has given you a great gift," said mother. "If you want to make friends with Byron, why don't you come straight from school?" she asked, and went back to her dinner-cooking.

That did give Burt something to think about. He supposed he had to stay for baseball. He was captain of the team. But when he did that first, he only had time to practice before dinner.

Slowly, his fingers began to strum the keys. He became interested and they flew. It was good to be able to play. He could play every tune in the hymn book. He played and forgot about the boy next door for a moment. He opened his book to the new piece his teacher said he was to learn. "Waves Upon The Sea," he said aloud, reading the title. But that made him feel worse. Byron had a boat with a real motor.

He began to play "Waves Upon The Sea". It was supposed to be a harder piece, but it wasn't hard for him. He could see the waves in his mind's eye. He was in a boat--Byron's boat, and the waves were underneath, rolling and rolling. He heard a slight knocking. He looked around his feet for Skippy. Had Skippy slipped in the house again? But no, he heard Skippy's happy woof outside. He ran to the window to wave at Skippy. He jumped with surprise. Byron and his friends were standing outside the window. That was what the knocking had been.

"W-What?" Burt stammered.

"Could we come in and listen?" Byron asked. "Better still, come over and play for us!" the boys begged. Burt hurried from the room. They had been listening to him play! They liked the way he played. He would practice in Byron's game room! He would play the piano in the house that was like a king's house.

The boys gathered around him, talking about his music. "Play that last one," said Byron as they went into the big game room. It was like a dream from a book. It was big and clean. Baseballs and bats, tables with little squares, tennis racquets, basketballs--Burt had never seen so many things. "Even a piano!" Burt thought. A hymn book was on the piano so Burt turned through it.

"Everyone sing!" Byron said. "I've never heard anyone play as well as you for your age. You have a great gift."

"Thank you," Burt said. He felt very lucky about his gift. "And thank you, God," he thought as he played.

After awhile he stopped, and everyone went home for dinner.

Byron raced across his lawn with Burt. "Do you think you could go boating with us Saturday?"

Burt was so happy he could hardly talk--boating in a boat with a real motor.

"Y-Yes," he told Byron. "And thank you for everything!"

Proverbs 18:16 A man's gift makes room for him and brings him before great men.

Read 1 Samuel 16:14-23

In this story what gift brought David before the King?

Can you name people from history whose great gifts, when trained, have brought them before great men?

Do you know people in your church who are gifted?

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#### MOTHS

BY: Gladys Cleone Carpenter

One of the strange things about most of the great night-flying moths is that they have no mouth pieces with which to eat; so only live about ten days.

We have a group called the American Silkworms. One of these is the beautiful pale green Luna with its gold eye spots.

Then there is the Cecropis, a great reddish brown moth.

A smaller one looks similar but its mate is black. These are the Promethea moths.

Another one we should know is the lovely Polyphemus. He is tan with a large blue-black and gold eye spot on each lower wing.

The smallest one of the group is the brownish yellow Io moth. His lower wing eye spots have given him also the name Bulls Eye.

We have a group of moths that have long whip-like tongues for feeding. These are the Sphinx moths. The caterpillar known as the "tomato worm" goes into the ground and turns into a black chrysalis. In the spring it moves to the surface and a lovely moth comes forth. It is the gray and yellow Tomato Sphinx. Toward evening one can see these moths among the flowers. It is quite easily mistaken for a humming bird.

Beautiful as they are moths can be devastating. They destroy untold millions of dollars worth of property each year. Their destructive power is so great that Jesus used them to picture the result of greed in the Sermon on the Mount. He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt" (Matt. 6:19).

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#### WHEN MOTHER READS

BY: Helen Howland Prommel

When Mother reads to us we go  
On journeys far and wide--  
We visit many cities and  
The warm green countryside.

We ride across the desert sands  
On camels big and brown  
And high upon an elephant  
We sit there looking down.

We sometimes take an ocean trip  
Or journey on a plane  
And when the story hour is through  
We're right back home again.

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