

BAPTIST FEATURES

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

People enjoy nature indoors! Look about your home! In the den -- over the fireplace. You'll probably find a landscape picture. You'll see the sky, trees, fields of grain, maybe snow on mountain peaks.

Today, beautiful landscape pictures not only hang in famous art galleries, but also adorn the walls of our homes, schools, libraries and churches.

Examine a landscape picture carefully. You'll find an artist's clever brush has captured the green meadows, blue clouds, blue-green waters. Perhaps the white of desert sands and purple mountain ranges.

You'll always find the earth's own colors in nature pictures. Red soil, black soil, yellow grain, brown-tan stubble. Delicate blue, pink and yellow wild flowers. Yellow-gold sunlight, glistening dew and snow.

Did you know there was a time when nature painting was considered a lesser form of art? It was an Englishman, who, believing that nature revealed God, made nature painting famous.

John Constable, born in 1776, painted for 14 years the everyday fields and woods, trees and streams, before he finally sold one of his masterpieces. Now, his famous pictures hang in the National Gallery, London, England.

Looking at a beautiful landscape reminds us of God's word: "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time:--", Ecclesiastes 3:11.

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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.

-30-

GRANDPA HUNTER'S CHOICE By Alice Whitson Norton

It had been rumored about after Grandpa Hunter of Pinewood Avenue returned home from the hospital that he would never walk again. But the fact was not accepted until a sign appeared in the window of the Hunter residence reading:

"WANTED: a careful boy to push a rolling chair two hours per day. Good wages to the right party."

"Looks like work to me," Tom Lawrence declared, when the boys of Pinewood Avenue got together to discuss the job.

"And he's the kind who will make his outing hours the very time we want to play ball," Jamie Johnson said.

"That may be true," Sam Arnold chimed in, "But I think that Mr. Hunter will probably want to go to his office every day. I think I'll go see him."

"Okay," Bobby Jones spoke up, "suppose all of us offer our services and see who gets the job."

The seven boys appeared at his door the next afternoon, and Grandpa Hunter raised

more

his hands in amazement.

"My!" he exclaimed in surprise, "I can't use all of you."

"We know that, Mr. Hunter," Sam answered, "but we all of us want the job, so we've decided to let you choose the one you like the best."

"Fine," chuckled Grandpa Hunter. "I'll try you out one at the time beginning at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. One thing more," he added, "there'll be a five dollar bill for the fellow I choose."

This statement thrilled the boys.

"Won't it be something special to be chosen?" Jamie asked slowly when they had left. "I hope he chooses me."

Secretly every boy present hoped to get the job. The next morning found all seven boys at the big house. Mr. Hunter was waiting in a shiny rolling chair.

Sam Arnold was chosen to take the first turn. He took Mr. Hunter through the small park near the Hunter home. Grandpa Hunter loved the lake and enjoyed crossing the bridge where he could look down into the water.

He had each boy wheel him through the park and told them how much he liked to look into the water. This suggestion caused each boy to push the chair very close to the edge of the bridge -- so close in fact that Grandpa Hunter was scared more than once. Finally the seven trips had been made and the boys lined up eagerly to see who would be picked.

"Bobby Jones is my first choice," Grandpa Hunter said. All the way home the other boys kept asking each other the question: "Why did he choose Bobby?"

One day the boys found Grandpa Hunter and Bobby in the park.

"Mr. Hunter," Sam asked suddenly, "Why did you ask Bobby to push your chair?"

Grandpa Hunter threw back his head and laughed.

"I knew you'd ask me that question sometime. If you remember I advertised for a careful boy to push my chair."

"Weren't we careful?" a chorus of voices asked.

"Not as careful as Bobby," Mr. Hunter answered, "for when we rolled over the bridge I told you I liked to see the water. You all tried to push me as close to the edge as you could."

The boys looked at each other still puzzled.

"And -- and Bobby?" Sam asked.

"When I made that same remark to Bobby," Grandpa Hunter laughed, "He said that he liked water too but that I had asked for a careful boy and it wasn't exactly being careful to roll a wheel chair too close to the edge of an open bridge."

"Well, what do you think of that!" exclaimed the other six boys.

"I think I won myself a mighty good job," Bobby chimed in, "but I'll admit I never understood until now why Mr. Hunter chose me."

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