

BAPTIST FEATURES

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MARCH WIND

By Ila Lewis Funderburgh

March wind hustles the children about,
Playing mad pranks with a gamin shout;
He snatched a cap and tosses it high,
Flings a scarf to the far, pale sky.

The children whirl and spin and reel,
Cling to their whipping wraps and squeal;
Then at the call of a bell they run,
March wind clutching at every one.

As the last child goes through the closing doors,
Alone in the schoolyard March wind roars;
Then he readies his tricks and laughs in glee;
Children come out of school at three!

-30-

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GOD'S WONDROUS WORLD

By Mrs. Loraine Burdick

(illustration #2)

At Barrow, on the northern coast of Alaska, the snow gets into deep drifts in the winter. It is solid snow, frozen by the below zero temperatures. Throughout the winter, there is much new snow that falls and blows about before it freezes. Across the snow go the many people and animals as they tend to business.

One winter day when it was about dusk...which comes at noon...I was walking along in the snow. Ahead of me, I saw tracks in the snow. They were made by a sled dog but it seemed so strange that I should see them when the snow was soft and blowing. To my surprise, I saw that I was making tracks, too.

Suddenly I tripped and almost fell. I had tripped on the track of a dog. There was nothing else at my feet. Yet it seemed so ridiculous. I bent over to touch the track and found out the truth. The track stuck up in the snow instead of being imprinted. I had really tripped over a track.

Later I found out how it happened. I found that the soft snow was so cold that the heat from a dog's foot would freeze it as he walked. His warm paw would melt a paw-track of the soft snow into quickly-frozen ice while the untouched snow continued to blow away. It made me wonder if my tracks had ever tripped anyone.

Any tracks trip people if they lead to the wrong places. We must let our walk in life leave tracks that will guide others to God and a goodly life. We want for ourselves and others what the psalmist says: "...Deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God." (Psalm 56:13)

-30-

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GOD'S THINGS
By Bertha R. Hudelson

I never would have thought, would you,
To color flowers like bluebells blue,
Or ever thought that I could make
The aspen trees with leaves which shake?

I never would have thought, would you,
To sprinkle spider webs with dew,
Or ever would have tried, I know,
To make a thing as soft as snow?

I never would have thought, would you,
To make winds whistle, pigeons coo?
Yet all the things you hear and see
God thought to make for you and me!