

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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## GOD'S WONDROUS WORLD By Thelma C. Carter

Only a divine creator could have planned nature so carefully that there is a balance in all things. There's a right place, climate, season, food, water, sunlight, and soil for everything!

Have you ever thought about the fact that animals and plants are not distributed hit or miss over the surface of the earth? There's a natural home for everything!

If you were to transplant a tropical plant, whose natural home is very warm, to the frozen north, it would die! And, if you were to transport a polar bear, whose natural home is very cold, to a warm tropical climate (without substituting some kind of cold habitation), it could not live!

Nature wisely selected Africa and India as the home of the elephant, for there's plenty of "foot-room", and abundance of rivers and rainfall, food and sunshine, sturdy palm trees, and dense jungle growth for shelter and protection.

In comparison, on isolated islands and coral reefs, where plant life is scarce, and animals are limited in kind, we find thousands of rats living upon the debris and dead fish washed upon the reefs and sands.

Our Bible tells us how carefully God planned our natural world. In Genesis, we read: "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb, . . . every tree, . . . every beast, . . . every fowl. . . and God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

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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.)

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## PARENTS ARE STRANGE By Kay Cammer

I think about how it would be,  
If I were Mother, and she were me.  
I know she doesn't like to scold--  
Perhaps I would, if I were old  
Enough to have a little child--  
Who shouts too loud, and acts too wild.  
Yet here's a problem keeps me guessing;  
When I've been ill and convalescing  
Mother loves to hear my noise,  
And doesn't scold, but buys me toys.

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SCHOOL BUS  
By Enola Chamberlin  
(with illustration #3)

Noisy old school bus  
What will you do  
All the long summer  
When your work is through?

All during the winter,  
The spring and the fall,  
You took us to classes  
And home to play ball.

So now you can rest, bus,  
Since your work is all done,  
Since you can't run and holler  
And have summer fun.

You can rest so that you  
Can take us once more  
When vacation is over  
To the school house door.

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