

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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

February 10, 1950

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HAUNTED HOUSE  
By Ellen Brown

"Try to bring someone new next Sunday," the Sunday school department leader had said. Linda thought of those words as she ran to meet Mary.

"Who are you taking Sunday?" she asked Mary the first thing.

"I'm not sure yet," Mary said. "I've asked everyone I know. Everyone I know goes already."

"I can't think of but one person," Linda said, "and I don't want to ask her."

"I thought of her too," Mary said--"do you suppose we'd dare?"

"Well, we've been talking about asking Evelyn for a long time," Linda went on. "She has that big family--they're so unfriendly--she seems so big to be in our class!"

"But she can't help it if she's moved so much she's behind," Mary said--"and she has that big brother who's so--she might not even have anything to wear."

"Let's ask her this time. Oh, Mary--you know we must," Linda said. "We're just thinking up excuses cause we're scared of that old house!"

"Come on," Mary said, "let's go."

Up the hill trudged the two girls. There was something scary about Evelyn's old house. It used to be a haunted house. Then Evelyn and her family had moved in. It still seemed scary. All the boys and girls still felt scary about going near the old house.

"Remember the time we thought we heard something in the attic?" Linda said to Mary.

The steps were still crumbled on one side. But Linda could see Evelyn's family had begun straightening some of the old house.

Timidly, she knocked on the door. A woman in a big cook apron came to the door.

"Is Evelyn here?" Linda asked in a small voice.

"Yes, come in," said Evelyn's mother. "I'll call her."

In a few minutes Evelyn came to the living room.

"Why hello, Mary! Hello, Linda!" Evelyn said surprised.

"We came to invite you to Sunday school," both the girls said at once.

"You did!" Evelyn said, surprised again.

"We want you to come," Mary said.

"You do?" Evelyn said, staring at them as if she could not believe what they said. All at once Evelyn seemed to beam with warm friendliness. "I just made a pan of fudge--would you girls want some?" She jumped up and went into the kitchen. In a minute she was offering them candy. Then she started talking. She talked about all the places she'd been, her friends and the fun they'd had.

"Why, she's just like us," Mary whispered to Linda.

"She's fun," Linda whispered back.

Evelyn stopped talking.

"What took you two so long to be friends? No one comes near our house--no one at all. They seemed--well--funny--"

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"Your house used to be a haunted house," Linda explained. "Everyone is afraid of this house."

"We were today," Mary said--"we were scared to come. Once Linda and I heard something in the attic--all the boys and girls are scared of it!"

Evelyn laughed. "That's what they say but it isn't true. I learned something in the Bible that keeps you from being afraid." "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." (Psalms 56:3).

"We would have come sooner if we had remembered that verse," Mary said.

"Yes, we would," Linda agreed. "No more haunted house fears for me! I'll never be afraid to visit for Jesus again when I remember that verse!"

Are you afraid to visit for Jesus when you don't know the people very well?

There is no such thing as a real haunted house, except when God is not there.

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#### MIGRATION

By Gladys Cleone Carpenter

Migration is one of God's great plans. Not many large mammals migrate; travel is perhaps too slow for them. But in the far north wilderness caribou and reindeer migrate, traveling inland in summer and to the seacoast in the autumn.

Some bats, like birds, wing their way southward for the winter-time but others hibernate.

Monarch butterflies gather in swarms in the fall to go South.

Birds are, of course, the most famous travelers. And the greatest of all is the golden plover. This bird travels from the Arctic Circle to Brazil and Argentine, flying mostly over the ocean. The round trip is twenty thousand miles.

Not all song birds that migrate conduct themselves well when away from home. The robin is a great menace to the strawberry crop in Florida in the quite early spring.

The bobolink, well loved in the meadows in the North, is heartily disliked in the rice fields of Carolina where the flock stops in August on their way to South America.

Birds being greedy away from home, make us think of people we have seen who are very rude when visiting in strange places. Perhaps we could automatically have better manners if we just always practiced the Golden Rule. "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise" (Luke 6:31).

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I WONDER

By Ellen E. Morrison

I wonder why trees go to sleep  
When winter breezes blow?  
I wonder why the sparrow's brown  
And the rabbit white as snow?

I wonder how the lakes and ponds  
Can wear a coat of ice?  
And why a log in the fireplace  
Can burn so warm and nice?

I wonder why the winter days  
Are short and cold and gray?  
And how the squirrel in the oak tree knew  
How many nuts to hide away?

I wonder and I wonder,  
And then I think I know;  
The world is full of wondrous things  
Because God made it so.

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