

## FIERCE PERSECUTION

I am going to tell how some of our people suffer persecution when they become, or want to become, Christians. A young woman who was visiting her own people heard for the first time the Gospel message and gave her heart to Christ. Her husband and his people heard of it and sent for her to come back at once. One day, in the village where she lived, an old lady was having her Han Gap (sixty-first birthday) and all the folks went to the feast. As the others were going this young woman went out also, but not to the house of feasting, but to the house of prayer; for it was Sunday and she had heard there was a church there.

She enjoyed the service, but said to the preacher at its close that she did not know what she would meet on her return home. On reaching there, they enquired where she had been. When she told them, her husband beat her very severely.

A few days later, as she was sitting outside, her husband came up from behind and struck her such a blow on the head as to render her unconscious. The people all stood around, thinking she was dead, but she finally came to consciousness, and the first thing she said was, "Because today my blood has flowed for Jesus' sake, my soul shall live." She had bled at the nose two rice bowls, about two pints. The people that stood around heard what she said, and called her crazy, but nothing moved her. Every Sunday she fasted all day and took the rice she would have eaten and put it in a bag. This she did for thirty Sundays.

Her people finally grew anxious about her and asked why she would not eat. She replied she could not eat when she was not allowed to go to church and worship God. They asked if she were permitted to go to Church, would she eat. She replied, "If you give me the privilege of believing on Jesus, I will eat." Not knowing what to do, the mother-in-law took her and went to the preacher's house and said, "I don't know anything about believing on Jesus, but my daughter-in-law will not eat. Won't you help her to live?" The preacher asked if the daughter-in-law was all right. The mother replied, "She has only one fault, and that is, she believes on Jesus." The preacher then exhorted her to let the daughter believe and give her the privilege of attending church. He also exhorted the young woman to eat and do her work well, like a dutiful daughter.

After a time, as the young woman did not come to church, the preacher called at the house and exhorted the husband to believe. He not only would not listen to anything that was said, but told the preacher in plain language not to come again, to which he replied that he expected to come until the man became a Christian. The wife did not see the preacher while he was there, but after he had gone, her husband accused her of talking to young men and began to persecute her more than ever.

She said one day after she had stood a great deal of abuse: "How can I stand this longer; I shall die and go to be with God."

From that day she began to fast and kept it up for a week. Her mother-in-law, fearing she would die on their hands, asked if she would like to go home to her own people. She replied, "No, I will die here." They then asked if she were allowed to go to church, if she would get up and eat. She replied, "If you will let me believe on Jesus, I will eat." They told her it was impossible for them to let her believe, so the only thing left to do was to divorce her from her husband; then she could go where she wanted to. She made the few clothes she took into a small bundle and started out. As she was leaving, the old grandfather, who was very fond of his granddaughter, handed her a piece of paper on which were written these words: "If you believe on Jesus, I wonder if I shall ever see you again. Your righteousness will some day be revealed."

She went away and straight to the church, for where else could she go when her desire was to believe on Jesus? She told her troubles to the preacher. He after listening to them all, advised her to go back and live Christ before the family, and believe God would help and some day give her freedom to worship Him. After exhorting and comforting as best he could, he got some women to take her back home. The next day the old grandfather called on the preacher and said, "I have heard that Christians are good, but I did not know they were like that. When my granddaughter left home yesterday, my heart was very sore and I cried a great deal, for I wondered what would become of her. If you had been a non-Christian, you might have seduced or even sold her, as there was none to protect, but instead you guided her back home, and I can never thank you enough. Now cannot the child believe at home?" The preacher told him he had better let the young woman believe on Jesus and give her freedom to worship God. He finally said he would see that she was able to attend church once a month, and went home to tell his granddaughter what he had done.

You responded liberally last year when I asked you for help to make the Christmas of my children, teachers and Bible women a little more joyous. It is too much to ask you not to forget your sisters across the sea this year whose Christmas will have very little joy in it unless help comes from the kind friends in America? Some have said it was easier to send boxes. If you make the packages small and don't value them too high, so we will have duty, we shall be glad to have them, but sometimes there has been such heavy duty we could not receive them. I should like to suggest that you do not put too many kinds in one package, better all of one kind. I like as far as possible to give the same kind of present to one class. For instance, I always give the same thing to every Bible woman, and with the children, the same thing to all the girls of one grade. There are nineteen Bible women, and from four to twenty girls in a grade, the smaller the number, the larger the girls. Handkerchiefs, pencils, soap, wash cloths and small towels are always acceptable. The cards have already begun to come in and I am most grateful for them.

Thanking you for all you have done in the past and for what I believe you are going to do, I am

Yours in His service,  
ALICE H. SHARP.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. Thomas Wolverton

Perth, N. B., May 23—We report with sadness the passing away of Ella M., wife of Thos. Wolverton, on the 17th of May, at 7.30 p.m. Sister Wolverton had undergone a serious operation at the Fisher Memorial Hospital, Woodstock, N. B., the day previous to her death. She had revived from the operation, and strong hopes were held out for her recovery until a few minutes before her death, when she took a relapse and never recovered.

The funeral service was held at her late home at Four Falls, where a large number of relatives and friends gathered to pay their last tribute of respect. The service was conducted by the writer, assisted by Revs. H. S. Dow, H. S. Mullen, C. O. Howlett (Baptist), and G. A. MacNevin (United Church).

Sister Wolverton was a member of the R. B. Church, a beautiful Christian, a loyal wife, a kind mother, and a lover of the good. We know her reward is sure. Her testimony during the days of her illness was "The anchor holds." She leaves to mourn, a husband and two children, Ralph and Ruth; two sisters, Mrs. L. T. Sabine, of Millville, N. B., and Mrs. F. Blaney, of Marion, Mass.; also many other relatives and friends.

Two beautiful selections were sung by Bro. and Sister Mullen and Bro. Dow, also a solo by Sister Faith Sanders. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Interment was made in the Andover cemetery.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.  
—F. A. D.

## SOMEBODY ELSE

Who's Somebody Else? I should like to know.

Does he live at the North or the South?  
Or is it a lady fair to see,  
Whose name is in every mouth?  
For Meg says, "Somebody Else will sing,"  
Or "Somebody Else can play."  
And Jack says, "Please let Somebody Else  
Do some of the errands today."

If there's any hard or unpleasant task,  
Or difficult thing to do,  
'Tis always offered to Somebody Else—  
Now isn't this very true?  
But if some fruit or a pleasant trip  
Is offered to Dick or Jess.  
We hear not a word of Somebody Else.  
Why? I will leave you to guess.

The words of cheer for a stranger lad  
This Somebody Else will speak,  
And the poor and helpless who need a friend  
Good Somebody Else must seek.  
The cup of cold water in Jesus' name—  
Oh, Somebody Else will offer;  
And words of love for a broken heart  
Brave Somebody Else will proffer.

There are battles in life we only can fight,  
And victories, too, to win;  
And Somebody Else cannot take our place  
When we shall have "entered in."  
But if Somebody Else has done the work,  
While we for ease have striven,  
'Twill only be fair if the blessed reward  
To Somebody Else is given.

—Selected.