



HOW PIERRE WAS PROMOTED

Pierre was a little shepherd boy who lived a long time ago in southern France. One day, when he was watching his sheep as they fed in the meadow not far from a great woods, a hunter came out of the forest and asked, "How far is it to the nearest town, my boy?"

"It is six miles, sir," he answered. "But the road is only a sheep track, and it is easy to miss it."

The hunter looked about him and said, "My lad, I am very hungry and tired, for I have been lost in this wood. If you will leave your sheep here and show me the way, I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," said the boy. "They would wander into the woods and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" answered the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I will give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"Sir, I cannot go," answered Pierre. "My time does not belong to me, for my master pays me for it. Besides, if any of the sheep should be lost I would be to blame as much as if I had stolen them."

"Well, then," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take care of them for you." But the boy shook his head.

"The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" he stopped speaking. "And what?" asked the hunter. "Cannot you trust me? Do I look like a thief?"

"You are not so bad as that," said Pierre, "but you tried to make me break my word to my master, and how do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad was right. Then he said: "I see, my boy, that you can be trusted. I will not forget you. Show me where to find the sheep path that you spoke about, and I will try to follow it without a guide."

Pierre then offered the hunter the food which he had brought for lunch that day; and, coarse as it was, the hungry man ate it gladly. While he was eating there was a shout in the forest and several hunters came up.

Then, to his great surprise, Pierre learned that the man to whom he had talked so plainly was the prince, who owned all the country around.

The prince was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he soon afterwards sent for him to come to the city.

And so Pierre, dressed in his best suit, and

carrying his shoes under his arm, went to visit the great man in his fine palace.

"I believe that you are an honest boy who can be trusted," said the prince, "and so I want you to live with me. You shall be as one of my family, and shall have books and teachers, and everything else that is needed to help you along the true road to manhood."

—Wesleyan Methodist.

REV. A. MARKS AND JUDSON SANDERS

After a five weeks' tour with the blind Jewish evangelist, Rev. Alexander Marks, Judson Sanders arrived home in Amherst. Oct. 18th Mr. Marks conducted meetings in the following places: Bear River, Yarmouth, Truro, Lockport, Windsor, Kingston, Halifax, St. John. Here Bro. Marks received the sad news of the home call of Dr. Joseph Hoffman Cohn, head of the American Board of Missions to the Jews. He cancelled meetings at Maces Bay and Hartland, went to New York for a week and attended the funeral. Then returned for meetings at Sydney, N. S.

In the November issue of the "Chosen People" we read,

"With aching hearts we announce the home-going at the age of sixty-seven, of Dr. Joseph Hoffman Cohn. He passed on to be with the Lord, Whom he served so faithfully and heroically for over fifty years, on October 5, 1953. We need, more than words can tell, the sustaining prayers of our friends."

—Judson Sanders.

A PRAYER

By Amy Carmichael

Make me Thy laborer,
Let me not dream of ever looking back,
Let not my knees be feeble, hands be slack.
O make me strong to labor, strong to bear,
From the rising of the morning till the stars appear.

Make my Thy warrior,
On whom Thou canst depend to stand the brunt
Of any perilous charge on any front.
Give me skill to handle sword and spear,
From the rising of the morning till the stars appear.

Not far from us, those stars—
Unseen as angels and yet looking through
The quiet air, the day's transparent blue.
What shall we know, and feel, and see, and hear
When the sunset colors kindle and the stars appear?

HOME MISSION FUND

Moncton Church	\$100.00
Marysville Church	350.00
Sandford Church	75.00
Beals Church	75.00
Millville Church	60.00
Head of Millstream Church	40.00
St. John Church	19.25
Lower Southampton Church	20.00
North Head S. S.	5.50
Old Town Church	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Alton Urquhart	11.64
Thank you!	

G. R. Symonds, Treas.

OBITUARY

The people of Brenton and surrounding communities were saddened to hear of the drowning accident which took place October 15th, causing the death of our respected neighbor, Clyde Ray Cann. He was a son of the late Horace and Rebecca Jane Crosby Cann. Born at Brenton 56 years ago, he lived his lifetime there, except a few years when working on construction work at different places. He was a Christian man, known and respected by many. He leaves to mourn, his widow, the former Laurena Hatfield, of Kemptville; two sons, Emory, of Albion Lake, Halifax Co.; Enos, pastor of a Church in Anson, Maine; two daughters, Ina and Annie, at home; also three grandchildren and one sister, Mrs. Jennie Lovett, of Brenton.

The funeral service was held at the Deerfield Church, conducted by Rev. Angus MacDougall, assisted by Rev. H. S. Wilson, Rev. J. T. Gordon, Pastor Withers and Rev. Watson. The Sandford Male Trio sang several beautiful hymns, favorites of the deceased. Interment was at the Hatfield Memorial cemetery at Kemptville. The large crowd who gathered, and the beautiful flowers showed the respect held for the deceased. The touching sermon by Rev. MacDougall, the wonderful prayers of different ministers, and many expressions of sympathy were very comforting to the bereaved family.

Sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

H. S. Wilson

The funeral service for Mrs. Melinda Russel was held in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hamilton Gordon, of Seal Cove, on Sunday, October 25th, at 1.45 p.m. Known as "Aunt Lindy," by her many friends far and near, Mrs. Russel would have been 100 years of age next February 21st. Aunt Lindy has been loved and highly respected for her high Christian ideals, love and understanding which she has maintained for so many years. Mrs. Russel is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Albert Cook and one son, Mabury Russel, all of Seal Cove; besides many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. May God richly bless and comfort those who mourn.

WEDDINGS

Murray-Allen—Miss Melissa Allen and Mr. Keith Murray were united in marriage at the Reformed Baptist Church, Fredericton, N. B., on October 10th. Rev. H. E. Mullen performed the ceremony.

Brown-Palmer—Miss Jean Palmer and Rev. Norwood Brown were united in marriage at the Fredericton Reformed Baptist Church, October 21st. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

Give your life to God. He can do more with it than you can!—Dwight L. Moody.

All the world is but an orphanage so long as its children know not God as their Father. —Martin Luther.

NOVEMBER IS HIGHWAY SUBSCRIPTION MONTH

LET EVERY CHURCH HELP US GET NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS