

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

JOHN'S GIFT

What an African Boy Gave

Several years ago in one of the mission schools in Africa the pastor asked the children to bring in their various gifts for the Sunday School work, and the work of the church. The gifts might be rice, vegetables; in fact, anything that could be used that was worth using. The children had held such services before, so they knew just what to do. Besides they had been planning for the event months in advance. Among the boys there was a new pupil, a little colored boy, who had been in the school only a short time. He was an orphan, and had no one to help him or show him what to do. On the following Sunday the children began to bring in their gifts and place them on the platform in the church. In the meantime our little friend's heart grew heavier and heavier. The tears started to his eyes; he could not keep them back. Bowing his head in prayer, he said, "Oh Jesus! Dear Jesus! I love Thee with all my heart! I too want to take up a gift, but my hands are empty! What is there for me to give?" Then God put a wonderful, beautiful thought into his mind. "My boy," whispered Jesus, "Just give YOURSELF—YOURSELF! That's the gift I want from you today." As his name was called he went forward, stepped up to the Communion Table, took from it the silver plate lying there, placed it on the floor, stepped into it in his bare feet, looked up very earnestly into the face of his pastor, put the plate back, and went to his seat. "Well," said the missionary to himself, "that was a queer thing for John to do; I think I shall ask him why he did that." When the service was over he called John aside, and said, "That was a queer thing you did this morning. What did you mean by it?" "Well," was the answer, "a short time ago I gave myself to Jesus, and I love Him with all my heart, because He has done so much for me. Now when I stood on that plate and looked up at you my heart was filled with a great gladness. It meant just this: 'Dear Jesus, I love You with all my heart: my hands are empty, but if You will take me, just me, I will be Your boy. Go where You want me to go; do what You want me to do, and be what You want me to be. I give myself to Thee forever! It is the only gift I have to bring.' O, pastor! I am so happy! O, so happy! Will you take me and train me so I can go forth and tell the glad news of Jesus and His love, and be used of God to win others? I want to be a missionary like you."

Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure, and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

—Young Overcomer

CONTINUANCE IN PRAYER

There is nothing in the Christian's life that does not depend on prayer. We must kneel to conquer. From the case of the young convert just beginning the Christian life, to the preacher greeted by overflowing congregations wherever he travels, there will be tragic failure unless prayer is the dominant experience of life.

—Lionel B. Fletcher.

IF I SHOULD DIE

Little Donnie's Prayer

Somewhere I read of a little lad, who was kneeling at his grandmother's knee in prayer. "If I should die before I wake," said Donnie—"I pray"—prompted the gentle voice. "Go on, Donnie. Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying down stairs. In a few moments he was back again, and dropping down in his place took up the petition where he had left it. But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke the interruption.

"But I did not think what I was saying, grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd set up Ted's menagerie and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads, just to see how he would tear around in the morning. But, if I should die before I wake, why—I didn't want him to find them that way, so I had to go down and fix them up. There are lots of things that seem funny if you are going to keep on living, but you don't want them that way if you should die before you wake."

"That was right, dear, it was right," commended the grandmother's voice, with a tender quiver. "I imagine there are a good many prayers that would not be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."—The Challenger.

Prayer and pains through Jesus Christ will do anything.—John Eliot.

The prospects are as bright as the promises of God.—Adoniram Judson.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BETHANY BROADCAST

Mr. Winston Churchill	\$ 5.00
Miss Jennie Bradley	2.00
Mr. Percy Lynds	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson	10.00
Mrs. Gordon Prime	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fernley	1.00
Mr. Aaron Churchill	2.00
Mr. Robert Landers	10.00
Mrs. Percy Briggs	2.00
Mrs. Dan Hankinson	5.00
Mrs. Della Moore	2.00
Thank you.	

LAURENCE K. MULLEN

HOME MISSION MONEY

Truro Church	\$ 25.00
Port Maitland Church	100.00
Black's Harbour Church	18.45
Hartland Church	34.00
Havelock Church	25.00
St. John Church	25.10
Sandford Church	65.00
Beals Church	75.00
Port Maitland Church	50.00
Mrs. Byron Hand in memory of her Mother,	
Mrs. Melvin Hovey, and her Aunt, Miss	
Mamie Tedlie	7.50
Sussex Youth Group	10.00

Thanks and God bless you each one.

G. R. SYMONDS, Treas.

WEDDINGS

On April 8th, in the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Frances Elaine Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Cook, and James Wilfred Benson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Benson, both of Seal Cove, were united in marriage by Rev. A. D. Cann.

On Thursday, April 2nd, 1953, at 3.00 p. m., at the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Port Maitland, Miss Patricia Harris, R. N., of Sandford, N. S., became the bride of Lic. Milton Bagley, of Seal Cove, N. B. The double ring service was performed by Rev. H. S. Wilson.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Winnie Lewis, at the age of 75, passed away at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred Sollows, Port Maitland, N. S.

She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tedford. She leaves to mourn, her sisters, Mrs. Sollows and Mrs. Joseph Southern, both of Port Maitland. The funeral service was conducted from the Yarmouth Memorial Chapel by Rev. H. S. Wilson, assisted by Rev. W. G. Davis, of the United Church, Yarmouth. Interment was at Mountain Cemetery, Yarmouth, N. S.

MRS. C. WATKINS

We record the passing from this world of James W. Benson, of Saint John, who died at the Saint John General Hospital on April 19th, leaving to mourn, his wife, one daughter and two sons, besides many other relatives. Funeral services were conducted by the writer at Brennan's Funeral Home on April 21st, and interment was at St. Stephen the following day.

We extend our sympathy to the sorrowing hearts.

P. H. GREEN

The death of Mr. G. Springer Cosman, age 80, occurred in the Saint John General Hospital on Sunday, April 12th, after six months of failing health, and several weeks of serious illness. He was a devout Christian and widely known, and will be greatly missed by his family and many friends. It was in the home of Mr. Cosman that the Sterritt Sisters had their farewell to Africa, March 5th, 1921. He leaves to mourn, his wife, three daughters, Mrs. A. Clinton Regan and Mrs. C. Eldon Gibbon, Saint John, and one son, Emery S. Cosman, Toronto; one sister, Mrs. A. E. Henderson, Natick, Mass.; and one brother, J. E. Cosman, Rockford, Wash. The funeral was held at Brennan's Funeral Home, Saint John, and was largely attended. Rev. Earle Jacques, Fredericton, conducted the service and was assisted by Rev. P. H. Green.

Mr. Robert Forman, age 80 years, passed peacefully away at his home in Lr. Hainsville, April 22nd, after several months illness. Mr. Forman was a life-long resident of that community, and will be remembered as a quiet Christian gentleman, and highly respected by all who knew him. The funeral service was held Friday, the 24th (following prayers at the home), in the Reformed Baptist Church, and was conducted by the Rev. J. A. Owens, assisted by Rev. H. S. Dow, who brought the message. A mixed quartette sang two favourite selections. Two sons and three daughters mourn the passing, besides many other relatives and friends. The remains were laid to rest in the nearby cemetery, to await the general resurrection. God bless the family.

J. A. Owens

Mr. Scovil Grant passed away on April 11th, after a year of failing health. The funeral service was held the 13th from his late home in Cullerton, to the Reformed Baptist Church in Lr. Southamptton. Rev. J. A. Owens conducted the service, assisted by Rev. H. S. Dow. A choir of ladies sang two selections. Interment was made in the nearby cemetery. Besides his widow he leaves two sons and three daughters, one brother and one sister.

J. A. Owens

Mrs. Tressa Edwards, widow of the late Wilmot Edwards, passed away at Woodstock, N. B., after a lingering illness, on Thursday, April 16th. She leaves to mourn their loss, two sisters, Mrs. Hulda Fitzgerald, of St. John; Mrs. Judson Hillman, Hartland, N. B.; one brother, Rev. H. S. Dow; one son, Russell, of Perth, N. B.; five daughters, Mrs. Donald Marsten, with whom she lived; Mrs. Taft, of Fredericton; Misses Bessie, Helen and Arlene. The funeral service was held at the home in Woodstock, in charge of Rev. J. A. Owens, of Millville, assisted by Rev. B. Hicks, of Woodstock, and Rev. Mr. Smith, of Canterbury. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, which were a silent testimony to the high esteem in which the deceased sister was justly held. We extend sincere Christian sympathy to the bereaved family.

J. A. Owens

Mr. Earl Brown, of Lower Brighton, passed away at St. Joseph's Sanatorium, St. Basil, N. B., on April 10th, after a few months illness. The funeral service was held the 13th from his late home, to the Reformed Baptist Church, and was conducted by his pastor, Rev. F. A. Anderson, assisted by Rev. J. A. Owens, who brought the message. Other clergymen taking part in the service were: Rev. H. S. Dow, Stewart Murray, Bertram Hicks, and Leslie Hicks. A male quartette sang two selections, and Mrs. Owens and Alice sang a duet. Mr. Brown was a life-long resident of Lower Brighton, and was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church. He leaves, besides his widow, two sons, three daughters and one sister. Interment was made in the Community Cemetery. God bless the bereaved ones.

J. A. Owens