



### STRANGERS AT SCHOOL . . .

Margie had just come home from school, and was in the kitchen eating an apple.

"There is a new little girl in our room," she said to her mother. "Her name is Sigrid. She does not talk like us. Some of her words are funny, and her clothes are funny, too."

"Is anyone friendly to her?" asked Mother.

"Mostly, she stays by herself—no one talks or plays with her," replied Margie.

"Would you like to be treated that way if you went to a strange school?" asked Mother. "God wants us to be kind to each other. How do you think you would act to Sigrid if you were doing as God wants?"

Margie wriggled in her chair. "Well, I suppose I would talk to her," she replied. "I would show her my new paper dolls, and I would ask her to play with me."

"Are you brave enough to act that way toward her, even though none of the other girls do?" asked Mother.

Margie finished her apple, and then replied. "I'll do it!"

—Author Unknown.

### ANDY'S PROMISE . . .

"Goin' to play ball?" asked one of the boys as they walked home from school. Andy hesitated. He wanted to play ball, but he remembered he had promised his mother to come home right after school.

"I told Mother I would hurry right home," said Andy.

"Your mother isn't home," replied one of the boys. "I was just up there a few minutes ago, and no one came to the door."

Andy wondered where she could be. She had not said anything about going anywhere; but, of course, if she were not at home, there was no use of his going home at once.

"Come on!" called the boys. "You don't need to go home now."

Andy wanted to play ball, all right, but he hesitated, and finally said:

"No, I'll go home first; and then if Mother doesn't need me, I will come back."

"All right baby," laughed one of the boys, "go on home."

Arriving at his home, Andy went in and called to his mother. Her voice came faintly from her room. Hurrying in, he found her very ill. She told him to call for his father at once, and call the doctor. He rushed to the telephone and called immediately.

Andy knew, then, why no one had come to the door a few minutes before, when the boys had called.

"Suppose," he thought with horror, "that I had yielded to the temptation to break my promise, and not go home right after school!"

—Selected.

"Sin's smiles are more dangerous than her frowns."

### HOW MUCH DOES A PRAYER WEIGH?

Joseph Sadony

How much does a prayer weigh? The only man I ever heard of who tried to weigh one does not know.

Once upon a time he thought he did. That was when he owned a little grocery store on the West Side. It was the week before Christmas, after the World War. A tired looking woman came into the store and asked him for enough food to make up a Christmas dinner for her children. He asked her how much she could afford to spend.

She answered: "My husband was killed in the war. I have nothing to offer but a little prayer."

This man confesses that he was not very sentimental in those days. A grocery store could not be run like a bread line.

So he said, "Write it on paper," and turned about his business.

To his surprise, the woman plucked a piece of paper out of her bosom and handed it to him over the counter. She said, "I did that during the night watching over my sick baby."

The grocer took the paper before he could recover from his surprise, and then regretted having done so! for what would he do with it, what could he say?

Then an idea suddenly came to him. He placed the paper, without even reading the prayer, on the weight side of his old-fashioned scales. He said, "We shall see how much food this is worth."

To his astonishment the scale would not go down when he put a loaf of bread on the other side. To his confusion and embarrassment, it would not go down though he kept on adding food, anything he could lay his hands on quickly, because people were watching him.

He tried to be gruff and he was making a bad job of it. His face got red and it made him angry to be flustered.

So finally he said, "Well, that's all the scales will hold anyway. Here's a bag. You'll have to put it in yourself. I'm busy."

With what sounded like a gasp or a little sob, she took the bag and started packing in the food, wiping her eyes on her sleeve every time her arm was free to do so. He tried not to look, but he could not help seeing that he had given her a pretty big bag and that it was not quite full. So he tossed a large cheese down the counter, but he did not say anything; nor did he see the timid smile of grateful understanding which glistened in her moist eyes at this final betrayal of the grocer's crusty exterior.

When the woman had gone, he went to look at the scales, scratching his head and shaking it in puzzlement. Then he found the solution. The scales were broken.

But as the years passed he often thought of it and wondered if that really was the solution. Why did the woman have the prayer already written to satisfy his unpremeditated demand? Why did she come at exactly the right time when the scale was broken? What confused him so that he did not notice it and kept piling on the food, with only a scrap of paper in the weight pan? He had felt like a fool and hardly knew what he was doing.

Well, faith is a funny thing, anyway. And prayer is a funny thing. And miracles may not be mysteries after all—not if faith's intuition picks the right time, when the scales are broken.

### OBITUARY

Miss Hilda Cummings, 57, passed away June 18, 1954, at the home of her friend, Mrs. Eber Ingraham, Green street, Woodstock, N. B. She is survived by two brothers, Peter, of Dow Settlement, and Willard, of Fredericton, and two sisters, Mrs. Harry Shaw, of Carlisle, and Mrs. Allen Bull, of Northampton.

She was born at Dow Settlement. She trained for a nurse at the Fisher Memorial Hospital in Woodstock and continued her profession there till forced by illness to stop. For some years she and her friends, Mrs. Ingraham and Miss Edna Shaw resided on Groyner St. After the marriage of Mrs. Ingraham she and Miss Shaw continued to reside there. She was a very cheerful, friendly person, and always ready to help anyone in need.

Her passing is also being mourned by her seven nieces and two nephews and a large circle of close friends.

Funeral services were conducted June 20, 1954, by Rev. B. M. Hicks, assisted by Rev. H. S. Dow. Prayers were held at the home of Mrs. Eber Ingraham followed by service in the Reformed Baptist Church, of which she was a member.

Interment was in the Dowville Cemetery.

### WEDDING

**Churchill - Williams**—Miss Glenice Miriam Williams, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, of Fort Fairfield, and Alfred Clayton Churchill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard P. Churchill, of Port Maitland, N. S., were married at the Reformed Baptist Church, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.

The double-ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Hallett S. Mullen, of Havelock, N. S., assisted by Rev. Hartley E. Mullen, of Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill will live in Londonderry.

**His Store His Idol**.—An idol is anything that takes the supreme place in our thoughts and lives, the place which should be sacred to God alone. "Mother," asked a little boy, "do you think father will ever go to heaven?" "I hope so," his mother replied; "but why do you ask the question?" "Because," said he, "I am afraid he couldn't leave the store." The store was everything to that man—God a negligible quantity.—Scriptural Anecdotes.

I have ever judged of the religion of others by their lives . . . For it is in our lives and not from our words that our religion must be read.

—Jefferson

The grocer is an old man now. His head is white. But he still scratches it in the same place, and shakes it slowly back and forth with the same puzzled expression. He never saw the woman again. And, come to think of it, he had never seen her before either. Yet for the rest of his life he remembered her better than any other woman in the world and thought of her more often.

He knew it had not been just his imagination, for he still had the slip of paper upon which the woman's prayer had been written: "Please, Lord, give us this day our daily bread."—The Lifeline.