WHAT MATTERS

My mother says she doth not care
About the color of my hair,
Nor if my nose turns up or down—
It really doesn't matter.

And mother says she does not care
If I am dark or if I'm fair,
Or if I'm thin or if I'm fat;
She doesn't fret o'er things like that—
It really doesn't matter.

But if I cheat or tell a lie,
Or say mean things to make folks cry,
Or if I'm rude and impolite,
And do not try to do the right—
Then that does really matter.

—Selected

WHEN CARY WAS NOT AT CHURCH

Mother, hasn't old Miss Joynes a fnnny kind of voice when she sings? I 'most laughed out loud when I heard that squeaky sound."

Little Cary Marsh was tripping home from church between her father and mother. She felt like a very good little girl, for she had sat quietly through the long sermon (at least it seemed long to Cary), had sung out of mother's hymn-book, and had bowed her head at prayer time. Another reason that Cary was satisfied with herself was that she had on her new hat and her Sabbath dress. She had looked at all the little girls sitting near her in church, and had decided that none of them had on as nice clothes as she had.

"I like to come to church," Cary said to herself," when I have a new dress to wear."

And then she had found old Miss Joynes' squeaky singing very funny.

But instead of answering her question and saying, "Oh, yes, Miss Joynes' singing was very funny, to be sure," Cary's mother asked the little girl a question.

"What were you thinking about while you were singing so nicely off my hymnbook?"

"Ma'am?" Cary exclaimed in surprise.

"I noticed how well you carried the tune," said Mrs. Walsh, "and how well you read the words while we were singing 'O Jesus, Thou art standing outside the fast-closed door." Were you thinking about the dear Lord as you sang, and how He wants to come into our hearts by His Spirit, and make us love what is pure and right?"

Cary did not answer for a minute; she was thinking back. Then, as she was a truthful little person, she said with a queer half-smile: "No, Mamma; I was thinking that if I couldn't sing any better than old Miss Joynes I wouldn't sing at all."

"And how about the prayer time, were you trying to lift up your heart and ask God to make you his little child?"

"No, Mamma," said Cary, her face getting red; "I opened my eyes and counted the tacks in the carpet. Do you think God was mad with me?"

"Oh, no," answered Mother, smiling. "He knows what a little girl you are, but I think He was sorry that you were not at church."

"Not at church!" cried Cary. "Why, Mother, I was sitting right beside you all the time."

"Yes; but I do not think God counts where our bodies are. He is always seeking our spirits; and when we go to church and do not lift up our hearts to God the place where we sit looks empty to Him."

Cary walked along very soberly for a while, and then, brightening suddenly, she said: "I expect God saw Miss Joynes at church today."

"Surely," Cary's father said, thinking it was time for him to have a part in the talking; "and I have an idea that her old sqeaky voice made beautiful sound by the time it got to God's ear."

They had reached home, and nothing more was said about church then. But Cary made up her mind that God was going to see a whole girl, body and spirit, too, sitting beside her mother next Sabbath.—Heart and Life.

THE LISTENING POST CFNB, FREDERICTON

	March	April	May
Rev. G. R. Symonds.....		10	10
Rev. H. R. Ingersoll.....	19	19	19
Rev. H. E. Mullen.....	22	22	22
Rev. J. A. Owens.....	24	24	24

THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY TREASURER

We have received a few enquiries of late, in Box 277, asking to whom foreign missionary money should be sent.

Since all our churches claim to have missionary societies, we expect that each church has its missionary treasurer. However for the information of those who wish to know, we are giving here the name and address of our denominational Foreign Missionary Treasurer:

Rev. F. A. Watson, Yarmouth, N. S.

BETHANY BROADCASTING FROM CFBC ST. JOHN

The Bethany Hour is broadcast every Sunday from CFBC St. John, at 3.45 p. m.

HOME MISSION MONEY RECEIVED

Crawford Church	$20.00
Wood Island Church	10.00
St. John Church	24.50
Alley's Bay Church	20.69
St. John Missionary Society	25.00

Thank you!

G. R. Symonds, Treas.

ADVANCE NOTICE of 1954 ALLIANCE AND BEULAH CAMP MEETING

Long before Spring weather arrives, inquiries come concerning dates of Alliance Sessions and Beulah Camp Meeting.

This year's Alliance meetings will be held on June 30th., July 1st. and 2nd. Beulah Camp dates for this year are July 2nd. — 11th. Evangelist for this year is Rev. Gordon Wishart, of Kitchener, Ontario.

This year's Camp will be a special event as we celebrate the 60th. anniversary of the founding of this great Camp Meeting.

OBITUARY

Samuel Albert Mutch, age 85, died at his home in Bradley, Maine, Feb. 25th. A native of Newcastle, New Brunswick, he lived in Bradley for many years. He came to the United States in 1920. Brother Mutch was very faithful to the church, and to the cause, and tried to influence men for God.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon from the Reformed Baptist Church in Old Town, the writer officiating. Vocal selections were rendered by Merle Mitchell, Jr., and a duet by Mrs. Stora Emmett and son, Storer Wm. Emmett.

We request prayer for the family.

H. O. McGeorge.

COMING MEETINGS

Prayer is requested for Revival Meetings at Perth, N. B. Rev. and Mrs. Wilfred Moutoux, evangelist and singers. March 31—April 18.

HIS FATHER'S PRAYERS

(Continued from Page 5)

wise thing to pray over and about everything, but many a time prayer is not enough; planning, patience and effort are needed to bring those prayers to fruition and to reap our reward.

The pastor of a little church in a country village met with severe trouble one winter. His wife and two children fell ill, and, being practically penniless—his modest salary having been unpaid for months—he was naturally in great distress. The leaders of the church decided they would meet at the pastor's home and hold a prayer meeting. While a good brother was engaged in pious and fervent supplication, punctuated by equally pious and fervent "Amens" from the other members, a knocking was heard at the door. When the door was opened, a cheerful, ruddy-faced farm lad stood before them. He was not one of their congregation. "What do you want?" he was asked. "I've brought father's prayers," answered the youth, grinning good-naturedly. "This is no time or place for levity," admonished the keeper of the door, severely, "What do you mean?" "Well, you see," explained the boy, "Father heard as how the preacher's been having a spell of bad luck, what with sickness in the family, and one thing and another; and that you folks were all praying for him to-night, so he sent me over here with his prayers." "His prayers?" repeated the puzzled elder, "I don't understand." "Yes, I've got them—father's prayers—out here in the wagon, and if a couple of you men will help me, we'll get them in." In a few minutes it was discovered that "father's prayers" consisted of a load of potatoes, flour, bacon, turnips, apples, warm comforters, jellies and other delicacies for the sick ones.

How much better and holier this world would be if everybody who prayed, "Thy Kingdom Come," tried in some way or other to implement their prayers with some practical effort; and what a difference it would make to our missionary societies, and how it would hasten the coming of the Kingdom, and the time when "God's will is done on earth as it is in Heaven."

—The Way.