



HOW A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL GAVE HER HEART TO GOD

Wi-Yu's father and mother were pagans. She never heard a word about Jesus Christ till she came to the Mission Station. One day Wi-Yu walked up to me and said: "I want to give myself away to you." I was much surprised, and looked into the little girl's black eyes, and said: "Why does Wi-Yu wish to give yourself to me?" "Because," she said simply, "I love you." After this they called Wi-Yu my little girl.

One day while Wi-Yu sat by me learning how to hem a pocket handkerchief neatly, I asked her if she loved Jesus, of whom I had been talking to her about. "No," she said, "I do not, I want to be a Christian, but I am too little."

"But Jesus says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'"

"I don't know how to go to Him; I don't know what to do," said she.

"Wi-Yu," said I, "You must give yourself away to Him."

She looked at me in surprise.

"How did you give yourself to me?"

"I came and asked you to take me because I loved you."

"Why do you love me, dear?"

She hesitated a moment, and then answered: "I think it must be because you love me."

"Yes, Wi-Yu, that is just the reason. Now Jesus has been loving you all this time, while you have not been caring in the least for Him."

"Would Jesus be willing for me to give myself away to Him just as I did to you?"

"Certainly my dear child, that is exactly what He wants you to do. He wants all of you, too."

After some quiet thinking, Wi-Yu knelt by my side and said, "My Jesus, I give myself to you. I give my hands, my feet, my mouth, my tongue, and my heart. I give you all myself. Please take me, dear Jesus."

She arose and said, "Do you think He will take me?"

"I am sure of it," said I, "and you will find His promise in your little Testament."

Together we found these precious words in her Indian Testament: "Anyone that cometh unto Me I will not thrust aside." Believing that Jesus meant just what He said, she from that moment knew that she was His own dear child.—Selected.

DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know, Christian, that God expects you and me to take a very important—a most vital part—in national and international affairs?

"I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour." (I Tim. 2:1-3).

—Herald of His Coming

OBITUARY

Mr. S. H. Bradley—The funeral of the late S. H. Bradley was held at the Reformed Baptist Church at Gray's Mills, Friday, July 15th, at 3.00 p. m. following prayers at the home.

Brother Bradley was highly esteemed, not only in his home church and community, but throughout the entire Province. He was a man of sterling Christian character, and gave generously of his time and means in the spread of the Gospel. For many years he was associated with the British and Foreign Bible Society. Rev. E. M. B. Wheelock, Maritime Secretary of the Society, was present and spoke highly of Brother Bradley's work in placing the Word of God in thousands of New Brunswick homes. Brother Bradley was a familiar figure at Beulah Camp Meeting and The Alliance, and always gave definite testimony to God's saving and sanctifying grace. He leaves five daughters and four sons.

The service was conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. B. C. Cochrane, and Rev. Mr. Ramsey, of the United Church of Canada. He lived a long and useful life, and no doubt many have been won to Christ through his efforts. Our sincere sympathy to those who mourn his passing. F. A. Watson.

THE TEST

Adelina Patti, the great singer, on her marriage to Baron de Cederstrom, left an order at her home that her mail should be forwarded to the Cannes post office. On her arrival she went to the post office and asked if there were any letters for the Baroness Adelina de Cederstrom Patti. "Lots of them." "Then give them to me." "Have you an old letter by which I can identify you?" "No, I have nothing but my visiting card. Here it is." "Oh, that's not enough, Madam; anyone can get visiting cards of other people. If you want your mail, you will have to give me a better proof of your identity than that."

A brilliant idea then struck Mme. Patti. She began to sing. A touching song she chose, the one beginning, "A voice loving and tender"—and never did she put more heart into the melody. And marvelous was the change as the brilliant music broke through the intense silence. In a few minutes the quiet post office was filled with people, and hardly had the singer concluded the first few lines of the ballad when an old clerk came forward and said, trembling with excitement, "It's Patti, Patti! There's none but Adelina Patti who could sing like that."

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the singer of the official who had doubted her identity. The only reply which he made was to go to the drawer and hand her the pile of letters.

If we are to convince the world of the deity of Jesus Christ and His power to transform poor sinful human hearts and lives into His own likeness, then we must prove it by the living testimony of our lives. We must learn to sing the heavenly music.—Sel.

QUARTERLY MEETING NOTICE

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 2 will convene with the Killams Mills Church, September 16-19.

God's favors rest not upon genealogies or geographies but wholly upon grace.—O. G. Wilson, Editor of the Wesleyan Methodist.

OBITUARY

Mr. Harvey B. Brewster, of Hersey, Maine, passed away early Monday morning, July 5, after a long and painful illness, which he bore very cheerfully.

He was born in Kings Co., Nova Scotia, Sept. 15, 1870, son of Henry A. and Mary Jane (Wheaton) Brewster, and lived in this area most of his life.

Mr. Brewster is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emmiline Brewster, of Hersey, who has been blind and bedridden for several years, but she never ceases to praise the Lord for His marvellous love and goodness to her. He also leaves to mourn, two daughters, Mrs. Bell MacArthur, with whom he resided, and Mrs. Gertrude Campbell, of Crystal; two sons, Eugene, of Hersey, and Harvey B., of Clinton; a sister, Mrs. Ellen Weeks, of Canaan, besides several grand-children, great-grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

Following a short service at the home which was led by his grandson, Lic. James MacArthur, of Island Falls, funeral services were held at the Reformed Baptist Church, Crystal, of which our brother was one of the oldest members. Rev. James Blinn officiated. Two beautiful selections were rendered by our local church duet.

Floral tributes were many and beautiful, showing the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sincere sympathy.

James Blinn

Rosamond Joyce Dow—Our community was deeply shocked and saddened, and deep sympathy from a host of friends is being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dow for the loss of their only daughter, Rosamond Joyce, who died suddenly Tuesday, July 20th, after a short illness, at the age of nine years.

Rosamond was an active and lovable child. She will be sadly missed by all who knew her.

Services were held at the Reformed Baptist Church, Calais, Maine. The pastor was assisted by Rev. E. R. Watson, Rev. B. C. Cochrane and Rev. H. S. Wilson. Vocal selections were rendered by Stillman Cameron, Cedric Landers and Stewart Steeves.

Surviving are her parents, a maternal grandmother, Mrs. P. J. Trafton, and several aunts, uncles and cousins.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sincere sympathy.

R. H. Parks.

WEDDING

Ayott - Christy—Miss Ethel Christy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Christy, was united in Holy Matrimony, July 28, to Mr. Mack Ayott, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Ayott, Sr., at the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, Presque Isle, Maine. The double ring ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. M. W. Bagley. May God bless this happy couple.

POWER AND COMFORT IN PRAYER

The greatest and the best of comfort is in your own house, is every day in your own heart; and perhaps you do not move a hand or foot to take it. That blessing is prayer, and there is no mystery about it; no mystery, but its nearness, and its easiness, and its sureness and its fruitfulness, and its supreme immediate, and everlasting blessedness. Only begin to pray.—Dr. Alexander Whyte.