



## A BLACK EYE AND A WHITE HEART

Little Alan had a black eye! Yes, his whole eye was black, and blue, and purple. Mother almost cried when she saw it. There had been a toy truck high on the shelf, and Alan had tried to reach it. The toy had fallen and struck Alan in the eye.

"Will the black go away, Mother?" Alan inquired, holding a mirror in front of him and looking at the ugly eye.

"Yes, Alan, the blackness will go away in about a week," said Mother. "I am so thankful that your eye was not hurt on the inside."

Alan's brother, Craig, was sitting on the floor, building with his mechanical toys. He looked up and said:

"I guess God was taking care of Alan, Mother, and kept his eye from being hurt."

He carefully put a screw into the bridge he was building, then looked at his brother.

"You know, Alan, the blackness will go away from your eye, but I know about some blackness that will not go away of itself."

Mother knew what he meant, but said: "Tell us what you mean, Craig."

She then sat down in the rocking-chair and took little Alan upon her lap.

"Well," said Craig, laying down his toy bridge arch, "in Sunday School Miss Ella told us that everybody's heart is just as black as can be until Jesus washes it clean and comes into it to live."

"Yes," said Mother, "Miss Ella is right. God tells us in His Holy Word that all hearts are full of sin, and sin is the very ugliest kind of black."

Little Alan sat up straight: "Is my heart black, Mother?"

Mother nodded her head. "Even my little boy's heart is black until Jesus makes it white. You know the Bible story, Alan, of how Jesus came down here to live, and then died on the Cross to save us; but He can't save us unless we ask Him to do it, and then He can make our hearts clean and white."

A big tear came from the poor black eye and ran down Alan's cheek. "I want Jesus to make my heart white, too!" he cried.

His mother hugged him tight. "We will just ask Him to do it, Alan."

"Let me ask Him, Mother" said Craig, eagerly, "because He made my heart white, too."

Alan and Mother closed their eyes, while Craig knelt beside his mother's chair and prayed: "Dear Jesus, I thank You for making my heart white and clean. Please save my little brother Alan, too. He wants to be Your little boy. Wash his heart clean and come to live in His heart. We ask it in Your name. Amen."

Alan squirmed around and looked into Mother's face. "Jesus did it, didn't He, Mother? I asked Him to, inside of me!"

His mother hugged him again. "Yes, Alan, He did wash your heart when you asked Him. Now you belong to Jesus, and that is even more important than belonging to Daddy and me."

## PRAISE CHANGES THINGS

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loosen a few stones so that we may have a sign that Thou art going to answer our prayer, and then we will praise Thee." Prudence might have said: "It is not safe to shout until the victory is actually won, lest the Lord be dishonored before the people, and we be greatly humiliated." This would not have been faith at all. They acted on the authority of God's Word, and shouted the shout of faith before there was a sign of encouragement, and the Lord accomplished the rest. It is after a full commitment that "He will bring it to pass."

How many walls of difficulty would fall flat were we to simply march around them with shouts of praise? As we compass "walls" with praise, the Lord has promised to "compass us about with songs of deliverance."

"Thou waitest for deliverance,  
O soul, thou waitest long!  
Believe that now deliverance  
Doth wait for thee in song!"

"Sigh not until deliverance  
Thy fettered soul doth free;  
With songs of glad deliverance  
God now doth compass thee."

A missionary in China was living a defeated life. Everything about him seemed to be touched with sadness. Although he prayed many months for victory over depression and discouragement, no answer came. His life remained quite the same. He determined to leave his post and spend long hours in prayer till victory was assured. Upon reaching the place he was entertained in the home of a fellow-missionary. On the wall of his bedroom hung this motto: **Try Thanksgiving.**

The two words gripped his heart, and he thought within himself, "Have I been praying all these months, and not been praising?" He stopped and began to praise God and was greatly uplifted. Instead of hiding away to agonize in prayer, he returned immediately to his waiting native converts to tell them that praise changes things. Wonderful blessing attended his simple testimony, and the bands that had bound others were loosed through praise.

I wish to add my humble testimony to that of my fellow-missionary. It was a dark, dark night in my life when the words "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion" (Psa. 65:1) were impressed upon my mind. I had been waiting in prayer for months. The months were now stretching into years—piled up, as it were, before God. Could not I now wait in praise before I saw the answer, or must I wait for signs and wonders ere I believed His Word? God was waiting for me to take this final step of faith, and when I began to praise Him for the answer, He began to answer in a manner that was "exceeding abundantly above all" that I could ask or think. The possession of the secret of victory has transformed my life and filled it with unutterable gladness.

Is your "praise note" missing from the heavenly choir? Are you waiting, waiting, yearning, for God to answer your prayer? He is waiting to answer. Try thanksgiving!

—Heart and Life.

The little boy was quiet for a while. Then he said happily, "I guess I still have a black eye, all right, but I have a clean, white heart now!"

—Velma B. McConnell, in Exchange

## OBITUARY

**Mrs. Sadie Woodard**—Our community was deeply shocked and saddened by the passing of Mrs. Sadie Woodard, at the Island Falls Hospital, on Friday morning, May 21, after an illness of only a week. She had seemed in her usual state of health when she was stricken with a shock the week previously.

Mrs. Woodard was born in Bailey, N. B., December 1, 1894, daughter of Hugh and Lelia (Milligen) Pinkerton. She was one of our oldest and most beloved members of the Reformed Baptist Church, Crystal, and has always been faithful in her attendance, and in her duties as a Christian.

She leaves to mourn the loss of a wonderful wife and mother, her husband, Vern Woodard, of Hersey; one son, George Woodard, of Crystal; two daughters, Lela, at home, and Mrs. Erma Rush, of Manson, Mass., besides other relatives and a host of friends.

Funeral service was held from the Crystal Church on Sunday afternoon, conducted by the pastor, Rev. James Blinn, and was one of the largest ever attended from this place. Floral tributes also were many and beautiful, showing the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sincere sympathy.

**Mrs. Samuel Minue** passed to her reward on May 24th at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Titus, of Fredericton, N. B. Sister Minue was a great soul, a devoted child of God, whom the Lord allowed to live a long and useful life. She had passed her ninety-second birthday. Those who knew her loved her and respected her for her beautiful Christian life. One could not be in her presence without feeling enriched in soul. Her funeral service was held from the Fredericton Reformed Baptist Church. Interment was at Penniac. The writer was assisted by Revs. B. C. Cochran, G. R. Symonds and H. R. Ingersoll.

She leaves besides her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Titus, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren. May the Lord comfort the mourning ones.

H. E. Mullen

## WEDDINGS

**Parlee-Voutour**—At the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Sussex, May 22nd, Shirley May Voutour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Voutour, of Sussex, N. B., and Milford Parlee, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Charles Parlee, of Sussex, N. B., were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. R. H. Nicholson.

The happy young couple will reside in Sussex.

**Hancox-Durette**—Miss Doris Durette and Ivan Hancox were united in marriage at the Fredericton Reformed Baptist parsonage, May 15th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

**Fox-Jewett**—Miss Shirley Jewett and Merlyn Fox were united in marriage at the Reformed Baptist Church, Fredericton, N. B., May 1st. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

An eighty-year-old man in Bolivia who experienced salvation said, "Seventy years I have been waiting for the gospel of Christ. In the eventime of life Christ came into my heart."

—The Bolivian Indian.