



A REAL MISSIONARY

Ruth Moore, East Jordan, Mich.

Big boxes, little boxes, and middle-sized boxes were everywhere. Little Sammy stood in the midst of them, his eyes wide with wonder.

Everytime Mommie passed him she drew her son close and gave him a gentle squeeze and a little smile. Daddy tossed him up into the air as his blue eyes twinkled; but Sammy could sense a queer something that sent his heart skipping and left him feeling lonesome.

What was a missionary anyway, he wondered. He sat down on one of the boxes and cupped his chubby hands under his chin. A missionary was what the minister and the people had called Mommie and Daddy that day at church. Since then they had been so busy buying so many queer things that Sammy didn't see how they could use them all.

Then, too, he thought of the black boys and girls Mommie had told him about as she rocked him to sleep each night. They didn't know Jesus as he did, and they didn't have any bedtime prayer to say as no one had ever taught them to pray, and there was no Sunday School with pretty little papers to color. How he wished he could share his!

But the thought that kept coming to Sammy's mind was the tears that slid slowly down Mommie's and Daddy's cheeks when they told him he would have to stay at Grandpa's farm while they went to tell the little black boys and girls the story of Jesus.

He had often been to the farm, and how he did enjoy Shaggy, the big collie dog, and Spot, the kitty with the white patch over her eye. But Mommie had said something about three years over in—in—in Africa. That was it—Africa! It sounded a dreadful long distance away to Sammy.

He remembered asking Mommie one time if three years would be as long as from one of his birthdays to the next. As she had looked out the window, Mommie had replied softly:

"No, Sammy boy, it will be three birthdays before Daddy and I will be back. You will be a big boy by then. But remember that each birthday we will spend the day in prayer for you that you may be a little missionary out on Grandpa's farm, as Grandpa and Grandma don't know Jesus.

"Each evening in your bedtime prayer ask Jesus to make you a real witness for Him, so they will love Jesus as you do. Then you will be doing real missionary work like your father and me."

Sammy's thoughts were suddenly brought to an end as a big truck pulled up, and men began to carry out the boxes on their way to the big ship that was to take his Mommie and Daddy away.

Three months later we find Sammy stroking Shaggy's yellow coat under the apple tree. In his hand was a crumpled letter from Mommie and a snapshot of a little black boy.

Grandma read the letter to him, telling how they had found this little boy alone in the

jungle. His Mommie had died because no one had cared enough to take her to the Mission doctor. No one knew where his father was either, so he was alone and frightened with the noises of the jungle at night.

They took him into their tiny straw hut and told him about Jesus, and that big smile Sammy had been in the snapshot was because he had really found the Friend of little boys and girls. Sammy had been very lonesome but as he looked at the smiling picture he was very glad his Mommie and Daddy had gone as missionaries.

Missionary! That was what he was to be out at Grandpa's. Slowly he got up from the soft green grass, and tucked the snapshot into his pocket where it would be handy to look at now and then.

After supper, when the dishes were all done, Grandma spread a snowy towel over her homemade bread. She kissed Sammy's freckled nose as she led him to her favourite rocker and asked what story he would like to hear.

Sammy thought over the ones that Daddy used to tell him, and finally said, "Grandma, please tell me about Daniel and the lions 'cause maybe Mommie and Daddy are seeing some lions right now."

Grandma slowly shook her head and said, "Isn't there some other story, dear, as I don't know that one very well."

Sammy shook his head and said, "Do you want me to tell it to you, Grandma?"

"Oh yes—and Grandpa too," she added as the door opened and Grandpa came in. She settled back in her rocker and drew Sammy close to her as he began his story.

"Daniel was a poor boy. I think Daddy said he was stolen away from his home. He went to wait on a king; but the king didn't love Jesus, and he didn't want Daniel to pray.

"The king said anyone that prayed would be fed to the lions. But Daniel loved Jesus, so much that he still got down on his knees and talked to Him.

"One day the naughty king threw him into the lions' den, and what DO you think happened, Grandma and Grandpa? The lions couldn't open their mouths; they just walked round and round Daniel but never hurt him. God helped him 'cause he prayed."

Sammy yawned and sat up. He looked at Grandma and said, "Now I would like to have you tuck me in bed, but would you and Grandpa first pray with me that I might be like Daniel and always pray, 'cause some day when I'm a missionary like Mommie and Daddy maybe I'll meet a lion, and I'll want Jesus real bad."

Sammy slipped to his knees by the little footstool and waited. Finally he heard Grandma's rocker squeak as she knelt. Then as he turned to look at Grandpa, he saw a tear in his eye as he dropped to one knee beside the old sofa.

Sammy said his prayer asking Jesus to help Mommie and Daddy and the little black boy. He closed by asking that Grandma and Grandpa would always kneel with him for his bedtime prayer.

Sammy was so sleepy, and Grandma and Grandpa seemed so slow in getting up. He laid his head on the footstool and went to sleep.

Sometime later he was gently awakened and tucked into bed. But before his sleepy blue eyes closed, he caught sight of Grandpa and Grandma bending over his bed with a happy smile and heard them whisper, "Sammy is a real little missionary."

—Missionary Herald

OBITUARY

On Dec. 18th, 1954, Mr. Edwin Jennings passed away at his residence in Newburg, Car. Co., in his 80th year, after several months' illness.

The funeral service was held on Monday the 20th, with prayers at the late home by Rev. H. L. Nutter, then proceeded to Brighton, R. B. Church. The service there was in charge of Rev. F. A. Anderson, the pastor, assisted by Rev. J. A. Owens, who brought the message, basing his remarks on the 23rd Psalm.

Mrs. Owens and Alice sang "Sometimes"; Alice sang as a solo "The Lord's My Shepherd", and "The Owens Trio" sang "Where We Never Grow Old".

Mr. Jennings was a man of sterling Christian character and will be missed by his many friends and neighbors. Besides his devoted wife he leaves to mourn, one daughter, Mrs. Thelma Boyer of Woodstock; one son, Robert of Toronto; and several grandchildren.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Interment was in the rural cemetery at Lr. Brighton.

J. A. Owens.

Ruric D. Hamilton, age 61, died suddenly at his home, 73 Wilson Street, Old Town, Dec. 28th.

Besides his mother he is survived by his widow, Alice Mushrall Hamilton, two nieces and one cousin.

The funeral service was conducted by the writer. May God bless the sorrowing hearts.

H. O. McGeorge

Captain Judson Foster, of Grand Harbour, Grand Manan, passed away at his home on Jan. 4th. He was over eighty years old and was well and widely known, and was highly respected both in the business and social world.

Though a great sufferer he bore it with patience. It was a great joy to his family and friends when he sought and found his Lord, and he left a clear, definite testimony.

He leaves to mourn their loss, five daughters, Mrs. Lester Wilson, Mrs. Preston Harvey, Mrs. Bertha Titus, Mrs. Duncan Foss and Mrs. Edna Cossaboom; two brothers, Arthur and Seward; and one sister, Mrs. Florence Maybe.

The funeral service was conducted by the writer on January 6th, assisted by Rev. McMahon and Rev. A. D. Cann.

H. E. Mullen

WEDDINGS

Miss Wenda Louise White, of Bangor, became the bride of Carl C. Madden, Jr., of Milford, on Christmas Eve, at 6 o'clock at the parsonage. Double-ring ceremony was used. Rev. H. O. McGeorge performed the ceremony.

On Jan. 13th at the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, Old Town, Maybelle Esther Trott and Ashford Fred Carr, both of Old Town, were united in marriage. The couple will reside in Old Town. Ceremony was performed by Rev. H. O. McGeorge.

FREDERICTON CHURCH TO BROADCAST

The Sunday morning service of Feb. 6th will be broadcast from our church at Fredericton over radio station CFNB. The service begins at 11.00 a.m.

The King's Highway