



## HOW AILSIE SAVED THE BIBLE

It was in the year of 1555 when Queen Mary sat upon the English throne with her Spanish husband at her side, and filled the land with trouble because of her terrible persecution of the Protestants.

In the west of England was a little village called Harrant. At one end of the hamlet, standing apart from the few dwellings scattered along either side of its single street, was the blacksmith's shop with his small house just back of it, and a tiny garden in the rear.

The smith's wife was dead, but his bonny, blue-eyed little daughter kept his house. When lonely, she pushed aside a small panel in the end of the shop, and crept in and stayed with him, unless the sound of voices or hoof beats on the road drove her away, for she was a shy child.

One day, when she had gone in, her father was standing behind the door.

He had a stick in his big hand, with which he touched the side of the great black beam in the corner. Suddenly a block of wood fell forward, disclosing a small opening. Into this he thrust a dark, leather-bound book, and quickly, but carefully fitted the block into its place, so that no sign of the hidden space remained.

Seeing his daughter, he started and said sternly: "Ailsie, child! How dare you spy upon your father?"

"Oh, father! I am not spying!" and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Of course you were not. I was wrong to say so, child!" said the smith, remorsefully. "But you saw what I did?"

"You put the Holy Bible into the beam, father. It is a fine hiding place, too, for surely neither priest nor soldier can find it there."

"I would you knew not its place of concealment, for the knowledge may bring you into danger, lass. You must never betray it. When Parson Stowe went away to foreign lands, he gave me the Sacred Word and told me to keep it as my life. For, by the queen's orders, all the Bibles have been gathered up and burned, and we are forbidden to read from its Holy pages. This is the only one between here and the sea; and it is more precious than the crown of jewels. You are ten, Ailsie, and old enough to understand, so I have told you all."

"You need not fear, father," said Ailsie, firmly; "I will not tell." But the rosy cheeks grew pale as she remembered all that her promise might mean.

Now, there was a certain priest that came sometimes to Harrant to preach to the villagers. But, being all Protestants, they would neither listen to him nor pay him tithes. He was very angry at their behaviour, and spied about until he became sure there was a Bible among them; and he knew that it was in the blacksmith's possession, because he was the only man in the village who could read.

After trying in vain to find the Holy Book, he went to the nearest town and lodged in-

formation against the blacksmith with the officers there; and one day, when the smith chanced to be away from home, an officer and six men marched into Harrant.

They resolved to burn the little building and thus destroy the Bible quickly and surely.

At the first sight of the strange men, Ailsie had fled through the garden, out upon the moor, and hidden among the bushes. She was terrified for she feared that they might find her and demand the hidden place of the precious Bible.

It was growing dark when she saw a bright light against the sky, and sprang to her feet. Her father's house was on fire. The sight made the shy child a heroine. Forgetting all about her danger, she only remembered that she must save the Bible at all cost.

Swift as an arrow she flew homeward.

The soldiers were intent upon piling straw round the burning buildings, and did not see the little figure that darted in between the house and the shop, whose thatched roofs were all ablaze. Breathless and determined, she pushed aside the panel and stumbled through the blinding smoke.

The hungry flames scorched her dress and her hair, and burned and blistered her hands and face before she secured what she sought. But at last she reached the Bible and fled out into the open air.

No one had noticed her in the darkness, and she crept safely into the little garden and sank down, choked and suffering, among the vines.

She slipped off her woolen petticoat and wrapped it around the volume; then, digging with her burned hands in the soft soil, she buried it under an immense cabbage. Then she crawled upon her hands and knees to the spring at the foot of the garden, where her father found her an hour later half unconscious with pain and fright. He never ceased while he lived to praise his little daughter for her brave deed of that day.

The Bible always remained in the family, and, years and years after, Ailsie's great-granddaughter carried it with her when she followed her Puritan husband across the seas to the coast of New England.—Selected.

## NO REGRETS

for doing good to all,  
for speaking evil of none,  
for hearing before judging,  
for thinking before speaking,  
for holding an angry tongue,  
for being kind to the distressed,  
for asking pardon for all errors,  
for being patient toward everybody,  
for disbelieving most of the ill reports.

—Clipped

## HOME MISSION FUNDS RECEIPTS

St. John Church	\$ 28.80
Moncton Church	125.15
Westchester Church	40.00
North Head Church	20.00
Lower Hainsville Church	16.65
Middle Southampton Church	20.00
Havelock Church	50.00
Grey's Mills Church	10.00
Old Town Church	5.00
Millville Church	50.00
Perth Church	30.00
Tent Meetings	50.50
Mrs. Percy Harris	25.00
Young People's Soc.	120.00
Beulah Camp Offering	164.00
Mr. Moss Hellman	100.00

Rev. W. L. Fernley (treas.)

## OBITUARY

The funeral of the late Mrs. Murray Smith (nee Annie Denton) was held from the Beaver River Baptist Church on Saturday afternoon, September 3. Mrs. Smith was born in Westport, N. S., in 1878. At a very young age she became a member of the Christian Church of that community. For the past 53 years she has been a resident of Beaver River, N. S.

The late Mrs. Smith is survived by one son, Leonard, three daughters, Mrs. Ashton Churchill, Mrs. Rodney Smith, and Miss Ada (Smith) Wyman, and seven grandchildren. Interment was at the Port Maitland-Beaver River cemetery. Sincere sympathy is extended to the sorrowing ones. The funeral was conducted by Rev. L. K. Mullen.

## GIFTS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

(July 6 - Sept. 15)

Beulah Missionary Offering	\$172.75
Young People's Association	300.00
Sandford Church	5.00
District No. 3	10.00
St. John Church	22.00
Old Town Church	10.00
District No. 3	38.95
Barker's Point, Sunshine Class	25.00
Mrs. Joseph Sabine	5.00
Old Town Y. P. A.	5.00
Mrs. Bessie Mitchell	3.00
Grey's Mills	30.00
Mrs. Eola McCaleb in memory of Mrs. C. Look	10.00
Millville Church	100.00
Mrs. Allen Nason	10.00
Maple Ridge Church	19.25
Mr. and Mrs. W. McDavid	5.00
Truro Church	65.00
Beulah Youth Camp	12.80
Mrs. Claude Black	5.00
A friend	22.00
Marysville Church	100.00
Miss Helen White	4.00
Seal Cove Church	298.58
Presque Isle Church	37.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Beal	75.00
Mrs. Manning Mullen	20.00
Killam's Mills	4.10
Moncton Church	500.00
Seal Cove Church	250.00
Seal Cove Miss. Society	55.00

Note: Gifts to the Rosamond Dow Fund are listed separately in this issue and will be listed thus in the future. Contributions to this fund are to be sent direct to the Treasurer.

Please notify the Treasurer of any errors or omissions.

Thank you for your gifts.

C. E. Stairs, Treas.

## ROSAMOND DOW MEMORIAL FUND

(July 6-Sept. 15)

Brought forward	\$250.87
Seal Cove	25.00
Marysville	10.00
Presque Isle	12.47
Woods Harbour S.S.	8.00
Marysville Crusaders	4.00
Fredericton Crusaders	7.33
DVBS GIFTS	
Beulah Offering	43.63
Ann Hilton's Class	9.65
Hartland	8.01
Fredericton	6.32
Perth	7.74
Seal Cove	5.00
Woodwards Cove	11.00
Barker's Point	6.00
Millville	4.85
Marysville	15.00
Beals	5.00
Woods Harbour	6.00
Doaktown	6.81
	\$452.68

Watch The Highway and see the Fund grow.

Send gifts to Rev. C. E. Stairs, 38 Pleasant St., Truro, N. S.

## Fruit and Testimony

With golden bells, the priestly vest  
And rich pomegranites bordered round—  
The need of holiness expressed,  
And called for fruits as well as sound.

—Cowper.

The King's Highway