



THE FIVE HOLY THINGS

By Opal Leonore Gibbs

Betty was skipping home from school. It had been raining but had stopped, and now a fine wind was blowing in the trees and knocking off their leaves. There were so many off that Betty could see the Donnell Mills at the end of the street and the church steeple in the next block. And church reminded her of Sunday School.

So Betty stopped skipping and began to count something on the four fingers and thumb of her left hand. It was something she had learned in class last Sunday. A man was walking along behind Betty, but she did not hear him. He walked faster than she, and, just as he was passing her, the funniest thing happened. The wind carried off the man's hat and Betty's cap at the same time.

Up in the air they sailed, the gray hat and the red cap, like two old friends glad to be together. Then on down the street they flew. Betty ran after her cap laughing. The man ran too, but he did not laugh; he scowled instead.

Then he did something else—he swore!

Betty stopped short. "Oh!" she cried, "I guess you forgot the five holy things."

At that moment the hat and the cap settled down together in a mud puddle, but the man grabbed both of them before they got very wet.

"Here," he said, still looking very cross, "here's your cap, little girl. And what were you saying?"

"Thank you." Betty took her cap and looked at him gravely. "I said you forgot the five holy things."

"The what?"

Betty held up her left hand and began counting on the fingers and thumb, "God's Book, God's Name, God's House, God's Day, God's People. You said a swear word, so you forgot about God's Name, I guess."

"Yes, I guess I did." The man's face was growing red, but he slowed his steps and walked on beside Betty. After a moment he asked her, "Where did you learn about the five holy things?"

"Right over there in our church," answered Betty, smiling again. "It's a very nice church, only its dress is old and hasn't got any lace on it."

"What!" exclaimed the man. "What do you mean? Churches don't wear dresses."

Betty nodded her head. "Oh, yes, they ought to. Dresses of paint with bushes planted all around the bottom. And if the bushes have little white flowers on, it looks like lace."

"Oh, I see," said the man. "And why doesn't your church have new paint and pretty bushes?"

"There isn't enough money yet." Betty shook her curls sadly. "I guess not enough people remember the five holy things. 'Cause if they did, they'd belong, and then we'd have lots of money, wouldn't we? I guess you don't belong, do you?"

"Belong to a church? Why, no, I don't," confessed the man.

"Well, our church is very nice even if it isn't dressed up," Betty offered. "And my daddy is the preacher. He and I would love to have you come next Sunday. You go in that door there when the bell rings the second time."

"Oh, you do! But suppose I don't want to go to church and remember the five holy things."

At first Betty could hardly answer this. Then her face lighted up. "If you come, God will put the want-to inside of you. I know, because He did it for me."

"But I don't know anyone to sit with." The man seemed full of excuses.

"Oh, you know me. I'm Betty Blair. And I'll wait for you on the top step, 'less it rains. Then I'll be just inside the door."

"Will you really?"

The man seemed actually interested. Betty did not know it, but he once had a dear Christian mother who, before she died, had made her son promise to love and serve the Lord Jesus.

"Yes, I really truly will," promised the little girl.

There was something else Betty did not know—that her new friend was Mr. J. B. Donnell, owner of the great mills. And many were the looks of surprise and astonishment when, the following Sunday, Betty and Mr. Donnell walked side by side down the aisle in the church.—Sunday School Times.

DeVERNE MULLEN'S SLATE

March 23 - April 3 — Nazarene Church, Plattsburg, N. Y.

April 5 - 17—Malone, N. Y.

April 24 - May 15—Home

Missions. (Tentative)

LINGERING INFLUENCE

In one of her temperance lectures, Frances Willard told the story of a young nobleman visiting in Cornwall the latter part of the nineteenth century. It was a hot day, and he became thirsty as he passed through a little village. His thirst increased as he traveled up and down the streets looking in vain for something stronger than water to drink. At last he stopped and made an impatient inquiry of an old peasant as to why it was that he could not find a glass of liquor in the whole village. The old man, recognizing his questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly. With a proud flash in his faded eyes he answered quietly, "My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came into these parts."—Merle Hill.

GEORGE MULLER DIED

"There was a day when I died, utterly died," and as he spoke he bent lower until he almost touched the floor, "died to George Muller, his opinions, preferences, tastes, and will; died to the world, its approval and censure; died to the approval or blame of my brethren and friends, and since then I have studied only to show myself approved unto God."

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. 2:20).

OBITUARY

On Sunday evening, Jan. 23rd, James Wallace, of Alley's Bay, passed away at the age of 73, after a long illness. He leaves to mourn, a son, Gilbert, a daughter, Mrs. Lovina Randall; two half-sisters, Mrs. Augusta Beal and Mrs. Julia Ray; and three half-brothers, Albert, Samuel and Lester Wallace. The funeral was held at Alley's Bay on Thursday, Jan. 27th, with H. C. Mullen officiating, assisted by Rev. E. W. Blackstone, of the Adventist Church, Beals.

H. C. Mullen, Beals, Me.

The death of Mr. Charles Henry Young Sr., 71, of Gilman Falls Ave., Old Town, occurred Monday morning, Feb. 28th, at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor.

Funeral service was conducted at Craig's Funeral Home, Old Town, by the Rev. H. O. McGeorge.

Surviving are his wife, three daughters, seven sons, four nephews, two nieces and over thirty grandchildren.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.

H. O. McGeorge

On Feb. 2nd, the funeral of Miss Hattie Smith was conducted in the Sweeney funeral home at Yarmouth, N. S. Miss Smith had been a patient for a number of years in the hospital at Waterville, Maine. The burial took place in the Port Maitland cemetery. Sympathy is extended to those who suffer the loss of their loved one.

S. W. Ingersoll

WEDDING

Bryant - Odiorne—On Saturday evening, Feb. 6th, in the Reformed Baptist Church, Beals, Me., Miss Beverly Maxine Odiorne, of Beals, was united in marriage to Edwin Robert Bryant, of Dorchester, Mass., by H. C. Mullen.

The groom was supported by his brother, Alton Bryant, of Brockton, Mass., while Mrs. Angelena Smith, cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. After a brief trip the young couple came back to Beals to reside; the groom being a member of the coast guard boat stationed here.

H. C. Mullen

The treasurer of The Foreign Mission Board acknowledges with thanks, the following contributions received to date, March 3rd 1955.

Yarmouth	\$ 25.00
St. John	25.00
Hartland	30.00
St. John	32.00
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St. John	23.00
Moses Hillman	20.00
Marysville	100.00
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Royalton	40.00
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A Friend (For New Mission Home)	500.00
Blacks Harbour	60.00
Victor Rushton	20.00
Deverne MacDonald	5.00
St. John	51.33
Woodwards Cove	20.00
Hartland	42.00

F. A. Watson
51 Carleton St.,
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It is no great thing to be humble when you are brought low; but to be humble when you are praised is a great and rare attainment.—St. Bernard.

The King's Highway