



TOMMIE'S PENNY

Leroy C. Brown

It was a brand new penny, and it was so bright it looked like gold. This penny was the first money little Tommie Bridges had ever earned. Grandma Smith had given it to him for running an errand.

"What shall I do with the penny?" thought Tommie. "Shall I put it in my bank, or shall I buy candy with it?" Tommie knew very well that a penny would not buy much of anything.

He knew that people at the church were getting ready to send a missionary box to India. There would be clothing in the box, tools to work with, perhaps, and other things that were scarce in India.

Tommie knew that his father and mother would be sending some things in that big box. But Tommie wanted to send something, too—not something that father or mother would give him to send, but something of his very own.

That penny was his! He had earned it, but what a little gift that would be to send to India! "People would laugh at me for sending such a small gift," thought Tommie.

But it was all the boy had that was his very own, and it might be a long time before Grandma Smith or someone else wanted him to do another errand.

"Can I buy something for a penny that will be worth sending?" thought Tommie. What could it be? Tommie tried and tried but he could think of nothing to buy for a penny. The Bible book store!—would they have something to sell for a penny? Tommie went down to the store to see.

"Something for a penny to send to India?" smiled the clerk. "Now let me see—here is a pencil with a Scripture verse on it, but that's a nickel."

"That won't do," said Tommie. "I don't have but a penny."

"I can't think of a thing," said the clerk. "Why don't you look around in the show cases over there and perhaps you can find something while I serve this other customer?"

Tommie looked in the big glass cases. There were Bibles, and gold crosses and other things which Tommie was sure would cost over a dollar!—and he had only a penny.

The boy was about to give up when he saw a little box of tracts. Right on top was one which had a picture of Jesus knocking at a door. Under the picture were these words, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."

The tract told how Jesus stands just outside everyone's heart and will come in whenever He is wanted. Tommie just knew he could buy that tract for a penny, and it was something he could send to India.

"I have found what I want," said Tommie, when the clerk came over to him.

"What is that?" asked the clerk.

"That tract."

"I never thought of that!" exclaimed the clerk. "You can have any tract you want for a penny."

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

Rev. D. E. Pike, pastor of the Primitive Baptist churches of Ledwick, Arthurette, and Plaster Rock, N. B., writes: "We have just closed a revival campaign at Arthurette with Lic. and Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie as evangelist and musicians. Their ministry was a real blessing to our hearts. Eleven souls were at the altar of prayer seeking salvation and many Christians came and received spiritual help. May God bless this couple as they continue to work for Him."

Rev. H. E. Mullen has returned to his home at Grand Harbour, N. B. and is gradually improving following his recent serious operation. Brother Mullen son, Verdie, has also been a patient at Victoria Public Hospital, Fredericton, N.B., suffering from heart weakness.

Rev. E. W. Tokley is a patient at Moncton City Hospital to undergo a major operation.

The work of our church at Woodstock, N. B. is enjoying splendid progress under the ministry of Rev. H. R. Ingersoll. A major remodelling and renovation job was done on the main auditorium of the church recently making a wonderful improvement in the appearance and acoustical properties of the building.

Rev. F. A. Watson, pastor of our church at Saint John, N. B., has been ill. We understand that he is improving and trust that he will fully recover.

We regret that so many of our ministers have been and are suffering from physical fatigue and weakness. Let us pray for help and healing.

"I want that one on top."

Tommie took the tract home and put it in the Bible so it would be in good shape to take to the church on the next Saturday when the box was to be filled for India.

There were so many fine things to go into the big box Tommie wondered if they would want to bother to send the tract which he had bought. So many big people crowded around the box that Tommie could hardly get near. In went shoes, clothing, pots, pans, soap, and so many things that cost more than a penny.

"The box is about full," smiled the pastor.

"Please, Sir, have you room for this?" asked Tommie. And he held up the tract.

"What is that, Tommie—a tract?" asked the pastor.

"Yes," answered Tommie, "and I would like to send that to India."

The minister smiled as he took the tract. "Why, Tommie," he said, "this tract tells about the Lord Jesus and He is what we want most for the people in India to have. Of course we will send your gift. It will be one of the most valuable gifts in the box!"

The pastor's kind words made Tommie feel good; he prayed that the tract would help someone.

A few weeks later at church one Sunday, the pastor said that he had got a letter from a missionary in India. The missionary thanked the pastor for sending the big box. The pastor read the letter aloud, and Tommie heard about how pleased the people in India were with the clothes and other things. But not one word had been written about the tract Tommie had sent.

Tommie thought that the little tract might not have been found among the large gifts. Or perhaps it had been thought to be part of the wrapping paper that had been used in the box. Tommie felt very sad about it as he walked home.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Eben Leavitt, 43, died suddenly April 25th. at her home in Chamcook, N. B. The funeral service was held from the home of her sister, Mrs. Dorothy Hunter, Woodstock, N. B. on Friday, April 27th, conducted by Rev. H. R. Ingersoll.

Mrs. Leavitt is survived by her husband, one daughter, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Clark of Grafton, N. B., three sisters and one brother.

To the sorrowing ones we express our sincere sympathy.

WEDDING

DeLong-Schrivier—At the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, Woodstock, N. B., April 28, 1956, Dolores Eleaine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Schriver of Upper Woodstock, N. B., and Aubrey Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Delong of Woodstock, N. B. were united in marriage by Rev. H. R. Ingersoll.

NEW EVERY MORNING

Annie Johnson Flint

Yea, "new every morning," though we may awake

Our hearts with old sorrow beginning to ache;
With old work unfinished when night stayed
our hand,

With new duties waiting, unknown and un-
planned;

With old care still pressing, to fret and to vex,
With new problems rising our minds to per-
plex,

In ways long familiar, in path yet untrod,
Oh, new every morning the mercies of God!

His faithfulness fails not, it meets each new
day

With guidance for every new step of the way.
New grace for new trials, new trust for old
fears,

New patience for bearing the wrongs of the
years;

New strength for new burdens, new courage
for old,

New faith for whatever the day may unfold;
As fresh for each need as the dew on the sod,
Oh, new every morning the mercies of God!

The higher a man is in grace, the lower he
will be in his own esteem.—Spurgeon.

Life takes on new interest when we forget
self and think of others.

Several weeks later, after Tommie had forgotten all about the tract, the pastor read another letter from India. It was about a tract that had been given to the chief of a tribe in India.

Because of this tract the chief had accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. The chief told his men about Jesus, and one hundred twenty-eight men took Jesus into their hearts!

"It was Tommie Bridges who sent this tract," said the pastor. "I know that he spent all the money he had for that tract. He gave his all for Jesus, and see what the returns were!"

Tommie felt good again as he walked home that day—not because of anything he had done, but because a hundred twenty-eight people had taken the Lord Jesus into their hearts away across the ocean.—Herald of Light.

The King's Highway