

Religion for Today

The Grace of Forgiveness

A Weekly Talk By Rev. R. R. Nicholson



Forgiveness is a virtue that most of us admire but find it hard to practise. When someone has wronged us our hearts are filled with resentment...

against me, and I forgive him? As many as seven times? Jesus said to him, "I do not say to you seven times, but seventy times seven..."



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be adopted and carried. Members of all offices remain in the same exception of Mrs. Lloyd Marvin appointed as assistant to the regular organist, Mrs. Helen McHolm in place of Mrs. E. Wilson who resigned recently.

Mr. George Harness, Superintendent of Sunday assisted by Mrs. Harry Beckett until such time when Mrs. Fred McConnell can take over as usual, all teachers remain as before.

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Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

BURKETON

The social evening held at the home of Mrs. E. Carnochan was filled to capacity. A pie social also took place which brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

The Burketon W.A. will meet on Thursday, February 11th. Don't forget the Crokinole Party to be held on Friday evening, February 12th at 8:15 p.m. in the church hall, sponsored by the Women's Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Taylor and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Trick, Lindsay.

Mr. Allen Larmer, Toronto, spent the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Larmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Hubbard and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibbons and Gregg, Toronto.

Mr. Alden Hubbard spent Tuesday in Peterborough. Mr. Joseph Avery is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Larmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shannon and family, Bloomfield; Mrs. Gene Harten and family, Bloomfield, were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Lowrey and family, Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Parker and family, Toronto, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gatchell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Abbott and family, Bowmanville, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Greer and family were Sunday guests of Mrs. Ethel Bryan.

Miss Georgina Gatchell celebrated her thirteenth birthday on Saturday evening with fifteen guests present.

Mr. Morris Mitchell and Miss Gloria Willis, Pontypool, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Argue and family.

Mrs. E. M. Adam's shoulder is under x-ray treatment, we hope this condition will soon be improved.

TYRONE The 4-H Club meeting was held at Esther Anne Rosevear, Jan. 26. The two leaders and the Home Economist, Miss June Lillcrop were present.

Meeting opened with the 4-H pledge followed by the minutes, read by Esther Anne Rosevear. The roll call was answered by eight girls. What we would do on Achievement Day, also the supper on February 6, in the Community Hall. The tea biscuits that were made were judged by Miss Lillcrop and she also talked about Achievement Day and a trip. We talked on table manners and service.

The home assignment was taken and lunch was served. Mrs. A. Knowlton spent Tuesday with Mr. K. Sidler, Belleville.

A meeting of the Tyrone C.G.I.T. was held in Tyrone United Church on January 21. The recreation was first and two word games were played. The business followed, the minutes were read and the roll call. We decided to go bowling on Tuesday night. The call to worship, then Miss Jean Robertson explained that for the next weeks we would be studying Africa. We learned a little about Africa and closed the meeting with "Taps".

The Tyro's met in the Sunday School room, Monday night with Rev. F. Jackson in charge.

Club 49 held a quilting bee Monday and Tuesday in the Kitchen of the Church. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hooper who quietly celebrated their 53rd wedding anniversary, January 30.

Mr. and Mrs. George Young, Bowmanville, were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. L. Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kapteyn and family, Bowmanville, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Reyenga.

Mrs. Roy Spry visited the Red Cross headquarters in Toronto, on Friday.

Welcome back to Tyrone, Greenville and Carleton Place, they moved on Saturday to Harvey Partner's house and are planning on building a new home in Tyrone early in the spring. Mr. and Mrs. H. Partner and family moved recently to Orono. The best of luck Harvey in your plumbing business.

John Virtue spent the weekend with Ross Wonnacott, Toronto, on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Virtue visited Mr. and Mrs. H. Wonnacott, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Moore, Mrs. Russell Virtue visited Mrs. Theo Down on Sunday at the Civic Hospital, Peterborough, glad to learn Mrs. Down is doing nicely, after her recent operation.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Cameron, Haydon; Mr. and Mrs. W. Pascoe, Enfield, were super guests of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Davey and Elaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Murphy visited Mr. and Mrs. W. Malley, Orono, Sunday.

I hadn't been half an hour early to catch my train recently, I would not have missed it. This is how it happened and it is the tale of a frightened little teenager who helped me discover I have an over-powering good deed to recognize before now.

I had just checked my cruise case and was about to pick up my train bag and head for the comfort of a parlor car seat, when a timid hand clutched my elbow and the most frightened pair of brown eyes I have ever seen looked into mine. She finally got up enough courage to tell me she was in great trouble and needed help.

Foolish child, she said that for safety's sake she had given her ticket to a friend who was a regular commuter, because she was a little over-come with all the things there were to learn on her first day in the business world.

The friend, who worked in another office, had told her when the day was done to meet her by the big clock in the centre of the station.

A seasoned commuter can be forgiven for forgetting a new responsibility and from what I was able to piece together, after I conferred with the attendant at the gate as the train was pulling out, my stranded young girl's friend was aboard, complete with extra ticket.

This young person, who had so suddenly appeared on my horizon, had been intimidated by an overly anxious mother with all sorts of possible hazards with which the big city 'fairly teems'. She had advised her offspring "never speak to a strange man, never get into a taxi by yourself and never take money from anyone you don't know."

All good sense, but terrifying for a youngster to cope with in the middle of a huge union station and not even blessed with a dime for a telephone call.

After inquiring about when her next train left, and finding it was hours away and just before midnight, I tried to contact the Traveller's Aid

lady only to find the door to her office locked. She was probably powdering her nose but with time running out before I was to leave, I couldn't gamble on when she would return.

I grabbed the young girl somewhere in the region of her pony tail, hurried for the checking counter to deposit my train case, ran to the front door of the station, hailed a taxi and told the driver to "heed the speed limit but drive like mad to the bus station."

When we arrived I bought her a one way ticket to her destination, stuffed a dollar bill into her hand and admonished her never to be without some money in her purse again. Then I started my return journey to the station by taxi.

My train had left minutes before I arrived and circumstances were reversed. It was the seasoned traveller who now found herself stranded. I tried to make reservations for the next train, but was told it was all booked up and my only chance of catching a bit of shut eye en route would be if a reservation were cancelled.

How to spend the next few hours also posed a problem. I could contact friends, but I have found my city acquaintances are usually booked up for the evening by 5 p.m., so I discarded that possibility.

I finally settled for a sandwich and Ben-Hur. I had an emotional jag when I emerged from the theatre to wend my way back to the station again. I was all mixed up with the brutality of early Biblical times registered in the film I had just witnessed, the fix my own softheartedness had gotten me into and the foolishness of mothers who don't realize the phobias with which they infect their youngsters, without providing any sensible preparation for an unexpected situation. How little they condition them

As I totaled up the sum my Samaritan act had cost me, while sitting in a coach on my way to Montreal, I wondered what her name was. I felt sure any young girl who owned a pair of such honest brown eyes was worth the price of two taxis, bus fare, theatre ticket and eight sleepless hours. With a glow of having done something worthwhile, I wasn't able to work up much regret that all my plans and reservations to the Maritimes and train connections in Montreal were completely balled up. That could easily be straightened out, but what might have happened to that miss, if she hadn't gotten up enough nerve to speak to me will have to remain merely a conjecture.

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