

OBITUARY.

Dear Highway:—

It is with feelings of deep sympathy we record the death of Mrs. Luther Hartt, whose maiden name was Salome Dunlap, of Hartfield, York County, who died on the 5th inst. at their home at this place, after an illness of seven months, which she bore with resignation to the Divine will of her Heavenly Father, leaving her husband, known to many of your readers, a grandson of old Father Samuel Hartt, and five children, three of whom are at home, one son and one daughter away.

Brother and Sister Hartt were married when very young, and she has fulfilled her obligations faithfully as wife and mother, and will be missed in the home circle. The friends and neighbours were very kind to the family, for which Brother Hartt and the family wish to express their appreciation. The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon at the Primitive Baptist church, and interment in the Larlee cemetery. The services were conducted by Pastor A. H. Trafton, Perth, N. B., April 8th.

At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Doras Ackerson, Bridgewater, Me., Nov. 21, Mrs. Angelina Williams, wife of James S. Williams, in the eighty third year of her age. Also while visiting at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Harding, Mougerville, Sunbury County, N. B., February 24th, Mr. Jas. S. Williams in the ninety-fifth year of his age. This aged man was a former resident of Douglas, York County, and removed to Bridgewater, Me., in 1871. He was one of the pioneers of the Free Baptist denomination, being a Christian from his youth, a firm believer in the word of God and a careful reader and student of it until the close of his long life. He could remember all he had read and could quote the Scripture readily. In 1846 he married Miss Angelina Baxter of Norton, Kings County, who professed religion in her youth and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Colpitt. She lived a consistent life and died trusting in Jesus. When her mind had failed on every other subject she had not forgotten Christ. The family was composed of ten children, four boys, and six girls; George, of Bridgewater, and the others are abroad. Six daughters, Mrs. Doras Ackerson, Mrs. John Harding, Mrs. J. H. Coy, Mrs. W. H. Hina, Mrs. H. D. Perkins, of Woonsocket, R. I., and one dead. Of this aged couple it can truly be said in the language of a hymn he often sang:

E'en down to old age, all people shall prove
My constant, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be
borne.

—J. H. C.

Mrs. Deborah Jones, relict of the late Eliphalet Jones, died at her home in Avondale, Carleton County, March 22, 1913, after an illness of three weeks, during which time she suffered very much but bore it all with marked Christian fortitude. The deceased was born in Queens county Nov. 27, 1827; married and came to this country 44 years ago, settling as one of the pioneers with her late husband, who had predeceased her 14 years. Six children survive her. Thomas L., Monticello, Me.; G. Calvin, Avondale; Abner, Stockholm, Me.; Mrs. W. B.

Jones, Brookville; Mrs. Leonia Shain, Seattle, Wash., and Mrs. H. C. Eifrig, Burlington, Wash. From the time she settled in Carleton county until a few years previous to her death, her home was in Brookville, from whence she removed with her son Calvin to Avondale and there spent the remaining days of a long Christian life. Interment was made at the Baptist cemetery at Lakeville, services at the house, the church and grave being conducted by Rev. E. Jenkins.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF MRS. DEBORAH JONES, WHO DIED MARCH 22ND, 1913, AGED 86 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS.

(Written by a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Abner Jones, Stockholm, Me.)

Oh! Mother, thy gentle voice is hushed,
Thy warm, true heart is still,
And on thy pale and peaceful face
Is resting death's cold chill.

Thy hands are clasped upon thy breast;
We've kissed thy marble brow,
And in our hearts we realize
We have no mother now.

Through all pain at times she'd smile,
A smile of heavenly birth,
And when the angels called her home
She smiled farewell to earth.

Dear Mother, we dare not wish you back
To suffer here below;
But oh! it seems so lonely
No matter where we go.

Though your face be missed forever,
And your voice forever gone,
Some day we hope to meet you
On that happy shore beyond.

Yes, our home seems sad without you—
You to all our hearts were dear;
But we hope to meet you, Mother,
When our life is ended here.

Dear children, do not mourn for mother,
For her life was boldly run;
Meekly bow your heads and murmur,
"Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."

The golden gates were open wide,
A gentle voice said come;
And angels on the other side,
Welcomed dear Mother home.

Darling Mother, we will leave thee
In the blessed Saviour's care,
Where some day we all may meet thee,
In that home so bright and fair.

PRIDE.

"Everyone that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord; though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished."—Prov. 16, 5.

This scripture is unmistakable in its meaning. God hates pride and denounces it frequently in his word as one of the greatest evils in the human race. Nothing is more ridiculous than for a weak and failible descendant of Adam to be puffed up and exalted over some imaginary greatness or brilliant quality, so that his self-esteem is evident to those who associate with him. How foolish it would be for a pauper to boast in his riches when everyone knows that all he has is what is given to

him from the treasury of the town or city which supports him. It is equally as absurd for a man or woman to become inflated with the appreciation of their own worth, for no one possesses any good qualities of their own making. It is God who bestows every good gift, so that man has nothing of which he can boast, unless as the Psalmist he makes his boast in the Lord. A strange thing about pride is that it usually manifests itself most where there is the least cause for self-esteem. We have heard a man who was small of stature contend that it was better to be small, as a small man could do more work than a large man. We have also heard of a young man aspiring to the ministry who told how much he had learned by reading the Greek and Hebrew bible, who, when asked how much he knew of these languages confessed that he did not know a word of either. What he called the Greek and Hebrew bible was probably a literal translation.

Those who are truly wise do not boast of their own greatness, but they recognize the fact that God made them and therefore it is He who is worthy of praise for the blessings he gives us.

Pride always brings loss and final destruction. King Saul became jealous over the praise David was receiving and began to wax smaller and smaller, while David in his humility waxed greater and greater. In the same way the humble Mordecai was lifted up to take the place of Haman, whose end came on the gallows because he could not stand a little exaltation without being so proud as to want everyone to bow down and do him reverence. King Nebuchadnezzar could not restrain his lips when he looked over the chief city of his kingdom, but exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" Doubtless the great king had not placed a single brick or had a trowel in his hand once in all the building of the city. He was punished by eating grass with the oxen which probably had at least hauled some of the brick and mortar to help in building the great city.

Pride destroys consideration for others, and is extremely cruel. Look at the rich of the land. They often rob the hungry to procure the vast sums of money which they spend recklessly upon themselves. Behold the foolish and cruel pride of a rich lady(?) who appears in the city childless because children hinder social progress, she thinks. She leads a little dog by a chain because this is stylish, and will not hinder her from displaying her rich clothing and jewels at the various social functions. Upon her head we see displayed the wings of birds, cruelly slain to supply the heartless demand of the fair sex, whose proverbial tenderheartedness becomes mockery in the eyes of God. The poor birds are invariably killed in the most cruel manner. U. S. inspectors report that birds have been starved to death by hundreds at a time to prepare their wings in the best of condition for trade. In many cases the wings are cut from the living birds. To such an extent is this traffic carried on that according to government reports the damage to agriculture is many millions each year.

Pride cannot exist in heaven, neither in the heart of a Christian. We are told of a lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels, where all the abominable shall go. This, according to our text, includes the proud in heart. Hence we see the need of being free from this great sin. M. S. Blaisdell.