

DIED.

At her residence, Brazil Lake, N. S., of blood-poisoning, Mrs. Lottie A. Winters, aged 33 years and 7 months. Funeral service was conducted by Rev. S. H. Clark.

GABRIEL TOMPKINS

Gabriel Tompkins, of Grafton, Carleton county, died at his home at that place on Thursday, Feb. 20th, aged 78 years. He left to mourn their loss a sorrowing widow, one daughter, Mrs. Wm. Bragdon, and three sons, Manzer, Jarvis and Joseph. The funeral was held the following Saturday, conducted by Rev. H. C. Archer.

CHARLES S. TRUE.

Charles S. True died at his home, Connell St., Woodstock, Friday night, after a lingering illness of nervous trouble, aged 62 years. Mr. True was the second son of the late Captain True. He was a stone cutter by trade. For several years he was employed on the B. & A. Railroad as a stone cutter and bridge builder. Mr. True was an active worker in the Reformed Baptist Church. Brother True had been in failing health for a number of months, but his case was not considered dangerous until about a month before he died. Although a great sufferer, yet he bore it all with Christian fortitude. Brother True was converted when about 17 years of age; later, when the doctrine of holiness was preached, he at once saw that was just what he wanted, and accepted the provision which God had made and received the cleansing of his heart from all unrighteousness. Since that time he has lived in the possession of the "blessing," and has been used of God much, and made a blessing to others. He will be missed much in the home and in the church, where he was so faithful in the discharge of his duty, although he never looked at it in this way—it was a privilege for him to serve the Lord. He leaves to mourn their loss an aged mother, a wife, five sons, Lewis, Hebert and Ellis, employed on the C. P. Railway, George of the firm of Burden & True, of this town, Ralph at home; two daughters, Mrs. Myron Reynolds, of Presque Isle, and Miss Pearl at home; three brothers, Edward, of this town, Melancthon, of Grafton, Adonirum, of Amesbury, Mass.; two sisters, Mrs. Gordon Grant, of Shogomoc, and Mrs. Charles Allan, of Roxbury, Mass. The funeral service was held on Sunday afternoon, conducted by the Rev. H. C. Archer. The burial service was at Upper Woodstock. The pall-bearers were Hebert Mooers, Charles Mutch, Bertram Colpitts and Cook Hall.

We are sorry to have to record the death of Bertha E., the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Tuck of Moncton, N. B., which took place after a lingering illness of nearly two years, on Saturday evening, March 8th, at 9.10 o'clock, aged 21 years and six months.

Bertha was a rosy-cheeked and healthy looking young woman when she went to Boston more than two years ago, but taking a very heavy cold she became seriously ill, and after a course of treatment near Boston she decided to come home. She never recovered her health, but gradually declined in spite of all the aid that physicians and kind friends could give her. She made a brave fight for her life but God had willed it otherwise.

During her illness she resolved to give her

heart to Jesus, and came to the church one evening and kneeling at the altar settled the question and received the joy of the Holy Spirit; and stood before the congregation and publicly confessed what the Lord had done for her. She was never able to come again but through the remainder of her life she manifested the spirit of Jesus. On Saturday evening she requested the presence of the writer and his wife and delivered to them her last message, saying that Jesus was precious, so very precious to her, and that she felt His loving arms were around and supporting her, and at last, holding the hand of her physician, she passed quietly away to be with Jesus.

She leaves to mourn their loss, besides her father and mother, one brother, Edwin of this city, and two sisters, Mrs. Cashman of Boston and Miss Minnie at home.

Much sympathy is felt for Brother and Sister Tuck and family in their sad bereavement, as this is the second time, within the short space of five months, that the death messenger entered their home, having lost a son in November last.

The funeral service took place on Tuesday afternoon, March 11th, and was largely attended, the beautiful floral offerings attesting to the esteem and affection with which she was regarded by her many friends.

The services were conducted by the writer. The following hymns—"Abide with Me," "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," were sung, having been selected by our sister several weeks before her death. —W. B. Wiggins.

OBITUARY.

After a brief illness at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Tompkins, Isaac Lint passed quietly away on the 5th inst. The deceased was within a few weeks of 82 years of age, and leaves to mourn their loss three brothers: Geo. E. Lint, Mauderville; Amos Lint, Pokiok, and Wesley Lint, Fort Fairfield; two sons, George W., of Dowville; Gillford, of Greenbush, and one daughter, with whom he resided, also of Greenbush. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. L. T. Sabine. Interment was made in the Grand View cemetery.

DEACON GEORGE M. MORSE.

Deacon George M. Morse has gone to be with Jesus. The funeral service took place at his residence at Putnam, Conn., February 17. He was over eighty years of age. Deacon Morse has been a leader in the holiness movement for many years. It is stated that he spent more than \$200,000 in the cause of God. Many of our older people will remember him, as he visited the Province several times in the early days of the holiness movement in New Brunswick. His memory is indeed blessed.

A friend is a fellow who knows all about you—but likes you.

Don't forget the Beulah Fund. "Beulah Camp Ground" belongs to our churches. Let every member of our churches and congregations, and friends cheerfully contribute, and do it now.

Brother D. F. Knight has taken up his residence in Fredericton, N. B.

THE BEGINNING OF METHODISM.

At the period of Lady Huntington's marriage, there was a little band of students in the bosom of Oxford University who, by prayer and fasting and a rigid self-denial, had laid hold upon the great doctrines of the gospel, and were wrestling with them, like one of old, for the heavenly benediction. Shocked by the scoffing tone and degraded aims of their fellows, and disgusted with the prevailing shallow piety of the pulpit and the church, they asked, "Is there not something holier and loftier than this in the Gospel of Jesus Christ?" Can it not redeem from sin and exalt by the power of an endless life?" Profoundly earnest, they accepted the Bible in its integrity, without abatement or addition, as the charter of their liberties and a missive charged with terrible meaning from God to a fallen world. They gave themselves to the service of the Lord with their whole hearts; nor is it strange, in that period of scepticism and levity, that their devout and steadfast adherence to religious convictions provoked the frowns of their masters, and the ridicule of their companions; but taunts and revilings could not daunt the spirit of such men as Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and their more immediate co-partners. Rich in that grace which the Father of our spirits vouchsafes to the waiting and believing followers of his Son, the time came when every corner of England thrilled with the fervid eloquence of their preaching. After leaving Oxford, Whitefield at Bristol, Ingham in Yorkshire, and Wesley in London, began those fearless awakening appeals which quickened the vitality of English Christianity, reasserting its demands upon the moral consciousness of the nation.—*Selected.*

LIFE.

Life is too brief
Between the budding and falling leaf,
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf,
For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed;
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed:
Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift
Between the blossom and the white snow's drift,
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,
For bitter words.
In kindness and in gentleness our speech
Must carry messages of hope, and reach
The sweetest chords.

Life is too great
Between the infant's and man's estate,
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate
For petty things.
Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet,
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,
Or soar on wings!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Look at, think of, do memorize something beautiful each day.

"He who makes a child happy now will make him happy twenty years hence by the memory of his kindness."

It is much easier to sit back and complain about difficult situations than it is to cheerfully help to pull through them.