

at Fort Fairfield and Woodstock who did so much of kind ministry during the funeral days. The funeral service at the Fort was conducted by Brother Hilyard, assisted by the pastors and others of our brethren, and was one of great power and tenderness. At Woodstock the service was conducted by song and prayer at the home of her brother, Dr. J. E. Jewett, and then to the church. Brother Archer conducted the service, assisted by Brothers Coy, Colpitts and Lester. The music was beautiful and the service was indeed beautiful and owned of God. She was organist in the Woodstock church from the time she was converted, about the age of 14, until the time of our marriage. She was rare in her accomplishments of music, and was made a blessing in that sphere. We can but say she was lovely in life and beautiful in death, and while we mourn we can look up through our tears and rejoice in her victory. She has gained heaven and eternal beauty, and may we patiently wait and labor ready for our crowning. In the language of the old hymn, we feel we can as a family speak our thoughts:

Mother, thou wast mild and lively,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Peaceful as the air of evening
As it floats among the trees.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the tide of life is sped,
And in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no parting tear is shed.

The life of holiness which she lived spoke truly of the mighty victory of the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost. I earnestly covet the prayers of God's people for myself and children and Dr. J. E. Jewett and wife, and her mother, Mrs. E. M. Smith, and sister, Mrs. H. E. Storey, of Los Angeles, and indeed all of our own family, who truly mourn for her as daughter and sister.

REV. M. S. TRAFTON.

Personals.

The Editor spent a very pleasant half-hour with Brother and Sister Joseph Bullock at their residence in St. John on the 24th; also made a call on Brother J. F. Bullock at his office; and glad to report them in the enjoyment of their usual good health and fully alive to the cause of holiness.

Brother George B. Storey and Sister Storey and their daughters, Mrs. Walter Saunders and Miss Etta Storey, are on their way home from an extended visit in California, and will spend two months in Moncton before returning to St. John. We are glad to welcome them back again.

Brother Roy Morrell, of St. John, has gone to the hospital for treatment.

Deacon J. C. Maxon, of Fredericton, has been confined to his home for two weeks with sickness.

Brother H. F. Nevers reports a grand victory in the church at Perth under the labors of Brother Hilyard. He says: "I rejoice in the God of my salvation. I expect to be true to God and holiness as long as I live. I enjoy the Highway very much."

Deacon J. E. Drysdale, of Woodstock, is in very poor health, but cheerful and peaceful and firm in his faith in God.

We are glad to learn that Sister F. H. Hale, of Vancouver, B. C., is regaining her health again after a short but severe illness.

Deacon George P. Brewer, of Sandford, N. S., is again seriously ill. God bless these dear brethren in their closing struggles on earth.

Ministers and Churches.

Rev. G. B. Trafton, pastor of the church in St. John, expects to conduct a series of special revival services in the near future, assisted by Rev. C. S. Hilyard.

Rev. S. H. Clark is holding special services at Port Maitland, N. S., assisted by Rev. C. S. Hilyard.

Rev. H. S. Dow is assisting Rev. H. H. Cosman in special services at Beals, Me.

Rev. A. P. Gouthey closed his services at Fredericton on the 18th inst., and opened with Rev. H. C. Archer at Woodstock on the 19th. The services at Fredericton were a grand success, but on account of the engagement at Woodstock the services were closed when greater victories were in sight.

Rev. I. F. and Sister Kierstead and family will probably start for home the first or the middle of March. We will need more money for them. Please send in your subscriptions. Part of the amount has already been forwarded.

Rev. C. J. Fowler, D. D., began the continental line of holiness conventions at Omaha, Neb., on the 27th and will spend a few weeks in Oklahoma. Dr. H. C. Morrison's wife is very ill, and he will not be able to join in the services at present.

There were large gatherings at the meetings at Woodstock on Sunday, February 22nd. It was estimated that five hundred men attended the "meeting for men" held in the afternoon. Extra seats had to be put in to accommodate the evening audience.

Pastor S. A. Baker baptized eight persons on the evening of the 18th at Fredericton, and received four into the membership of the church on Sunday evening. There will be another baptism on Sunday, March 1st.

Rev. C. S. Hilyard will assist Rev. W. W. Howe in revival services at Gray's Mills, Kings county, N. B., after his return from Nova Scotia.

Pastor H. C. Archer has resigned as pastor of the Woodstock church, to take effect June 21st. He is not settled yet as to the future, but we presume that he is open to receive a call from any other church.

"BE MUCH IN PRAYER."

(Eph. 6, 18-20.)

Be much in prayer in this dark hour,
For great are Satan's wiles;
Far worse than persecuting power
Are his seductive smiles.

And error comes in such disguise—
Smooth tongued and circumspect—
That none but truth-enlightened eyes
The monster can detect.

And fair profession, hand in hand
With evil, stalks about
But to deceive. Oh, who can stand,
Save those who trust in God?

Be much in prayer 'mid all thy joys;
So shall their depths increase;
For lack of watchfulness alloys
The very sweetest peace.

What power to stand is gained by saints,
Who love to "watch and pray;"
And who escape the desert taints
In this defiling day!

Be much in prayer for laboring ones,
Who in their Master's name,
And with the Master's message, run
His mercy to proclaim.

The harvest's great, true workmen few,
And naught of time to spare;
Iniquity increases too—
Remember this in prayer.

—Selected.

"The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest joy in life is to have as many of them as possible."

A DREAM.

There was once an English preacher on his way to a little country church to fulfil his engagement to preach, and as he stopped and tied his pony at a little country inn on the way, he went in and lay down to rest. He was much discouraged. He was a target for abuse and misrepresentation. He was unpopular and the gospel that he preached was despised.

As he lay down he felt so weary that he wished his work was ended. He fell asleep and dreamed that he had been going to a little village church to preach and had stopped at a little inn to rest, and had lain down upon a couch in his chamber, wishing that he might die, and that he did die.

In his dream he was borne up by the angels in the air to the land of glory, and as they lifted him up he was ushered in and seated in a waiting room resplendent like a palace, where he was told to wait a few moments until the Master Himself should come to meet him.

As he waited there for his Lord to appear, he began to look around the temple upon the tapestries that so richly hung upon the walls, and as he gazed upon them, he thought he recognized in the beautiful surroundings a picture of his own life.

He could see his birth, his infancy, his childhood, his early manhood, his conversion, his falling and restorations, his toils and services for Christ, the souls he had won, the sermons he had preached, all the places he had visited, and all the wonderful outcomings of these things reaching away into issues that he had never dreamed of. And as the meaning of his life opened out in all this glorious blessing, his heart was thrilled with wonder, until at last he came to the close, and he saw the chamber and the little pony by the door, and the dead man lying on the couch, and the congregation waiting in the little village church for the preacher; and then the great unfinished work, and the wonderful possibilities that might have been.

Then his heart filled with sorrow, and he wished that he had not died, and he longed to be back again on the little pony on the way to the little country church, and as he wept he suddenly awoke. And lo! he was lying on the little sofa and the pony was standing at the door. He got down on his knees and thanked God that he was still alive. He went on to labor and to wait, with new courage and hope, until the work was all finished, and the hour at last came, when he, the blessed Richard Baxter, entered into "the saints' everlasting rest," of which he had so often spoken.

Beloved, the pages are going up every day, for the record of our life. We are setting the type ourselves by every moment's action. Hands unseen are stereotyping the plates, and soon the record will be registered and read before the audience of the universe, and amid the issues of eternity.—*Editor Alliance Weekly.*

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT ON MISSIONS.

"Until I went to the Orient I did not realize the immense importance of foreign missions. No man can study the movement of modern civilization from an impartial standpoint and not realize that Christianity and the spread of Christianity are the only bases for hope of modern civilization in the growth of popular self-government. In the progress of civilization you cannot over-estimate the immense importance of Christian missions."

"A religion that does not manifest itself in the life is not a religion to which we need to pay much attention."