



GEORGE F. CASE.

## OBITUARY

Bro. George F. Case died at his home 100 1/2 Elliott Row on February 18th, at 6 a. m., 1915. Brother Case had been poorly for several months, but it was not thought he was so near the end until the last three weeks of his life, when he became seriously ill of heart trouble, and was a great sufferer until the end came. His faith in God was unwavering, "For he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." He was kindly cared for in his home by his devoted wife and daughter Susie and son James, who did all they could to make him comfortable. Sister Phoebe Morrell came to their assistance the last week of his illness, as did many of their neighbors and friends.

Bro. Case commanded the respect of those who knew him best, as a man of integrity and deep piety. He will be much missed in the home and church of which he was an esteemed and honored member.

His son, Fred, from Elmira, N. Y., arrived home in time for the funeral, which was held on Saturday from his late home and was largely attended. The service was conducted by the pastor, assisted by Revs. G. B. McDonald and W. W. Howe.

We copy the following from the King's Highway, December 15th, 1914:

## A QUEENS COUNTY BOY.

Mr. Case was born on April 5th, 1836, in Long Island, Wickham, Queens County, where his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Case, were prosperous residents. There were five other children in the family, and with them and the other young people in the vicinity, he attended the district school, and took advantage of every opportunity to become proficient in the study of the three "R's."

On the ninth day of March fifty-one years ago Mr. Case was united in marriage to Miss Louise E. Baird, and the union was blessed by five children, of whom there are now living two sons—Frederick A., bridge contractor, in Albany, N. Y., and James B., of the Times-Star mechanical staff, and one daughter, Miss Susie E. Case, living at home. Mrs. Case is also alive and well.

In the organization of the Reformed Baptist church at St. John, which took place in December, 1888, there was a charter membership of about forty, among them being Brother Geo. F. Case and Sister Case. Brother Case, while now in poor health, is one of the comparatively few who remain of the original membership. Translations and removals have steadily reduced the company who joyfully banded together on that memorable occasion. But in a recent visit to the St. John church we had the pleasure

of listening to several testimonies from those who were charter members of this church 26 years ago, as bright, and clear and definite as at the beginning, differing only by the increased assurance of 26 years experience and unnumbered blessings.

Brother Case was not able to be at the service, but at his home while we visited him, he expressed the same unwavering assurance of the cleansing power and the indwelling Holy Spirit.

Brother Case was converted in the Waterloo Street (then F. C. B.) church, under the labors of the late Rev. Joseph Parsons, 40 years ago last May.

In the early days of the holiness movement in New Brunswick he definitely sought and found the blessing of entire sanctification and has lived in the victorious life thus obtained ever since. He is now over 78 years of age, and has a remarkable record of 45 or 46 years as an express messenger on the Intercolonial and other R. R's.

## HE LEADETH ME.

Am sending these lines entitled "He Leadeth Me" for the Highway, hoping they will be as helpful to some others as they have been to me.—A. F. Sterritt.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,  
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.  
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright  
Only for this—I know He holds my hand.  
So, whether in a green or desert land,  
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;  
Oft-times the heavy tempests round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go;  
But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo! it is I."  
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say:  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hilltop high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valley where  
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.  
And more than this, where'er the pathway lead,  
He gives to me no helpless broken reed,  
But His own hand sufficient for my need.  
Lo, where he leadeth I can safely go;  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

## AFRICA—THE TASK AND THE TOILERS.

On the whole continent there are 3,244 missionaries, each with a parish of 3,614 square miles and 46,239 people. In the heart of Africa there are 50,000,000 people—almost one-third of the continent—not only unreached but without any existing agency having their evangelization in contemplation so far as any actual projected plans and hopes are concerned. There are unoccupied areas, the smallest of which is four times the size of the State of New York.—*Missionary Review.*

"If God never allowed our worldly interests to conflict with our religious duties, we might never know which we loved most, Christ or the world."

If the Lord would give me wings, I would fly—*Charles Wesley.*

## Correspondence.

Dear Highway,—I have become a worker for Christ. I found him to be a wonderful Saviour, sanctifier and keeper day by day, and I am striving to be always ready for his coming to judge the quick and dead. I mean to live for him for the remainder of my life, He being my helper and my guide. I want to keep all of his commandments. The determination of my heart is to see sinners partake of this wonderful salvation, so full and free. I want to let my light shine before men, Christians and sinners, that they may see my good works and glorify my father, which is in heaven.

I have made my choice forever,  
I will walk with Christ my Lord.

I am so glad that when temptations and trials come there is one who hears and answers prayer.

Can we afford to miss that home,

Far, far beyond the sky,  
And not a pilgrim there shall roam  
Where Jesus is on high.

Yours in Christ,  
Beals, Maine. Hattie M. Beal.

Seal Cove, Grand Manan,  
February 24th, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

I wish to report through your pages and say that God is good and His mercy endureth forever. God is blessing us on this part of the field. We began special services on the 15th, Nothing definite has been accomplished as yet, although God's presence has been with us.

Personally, I want to praise God for saving my soul and for victory. The precious blood sanctifies me now.

Yours in Him,  
F. T. WRIGHT.

Dear Highway,—

Today I am happy in the love of Christ my Saviour, and the consciousness of His presence is exceedingly precious to my soul.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

"And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." I John, 3:2, 3.

In this last verse is found the test that will show us whether we really be in Christ.

Everyone who is born into the Kingdom of God finds within his or her heart sooner or later the elements of the carnal mind. In some people it manifests itself in one form and in another people in another form, according to their natural disposition and inherited tendencies. In some the subtle element of carnality—the existence of which in the regenerated heart many deny—manifests itself in the form of sudden or sullen anger; in some it is a feeling of revenge, a desire to retaliate when injured; in some, pride and a love of dress, a desire to conform to the fashions of the world; in some it is in the form of courteousness, holding out money and earthly possessions as belonging to ourselves and to be used for our own pleasure, luxury and earthly gain, rather than as belonging wholly to God, to be completely at his disposal, remembering that we are simply stewards; in some it lifts up its head in the form of that horrible creature, jealousy; while in another it is envy. But in whatever form it may manifest itself, each of these qualities has its source in the carnal mind, which still lives in