

OBITUARY

NATHAN S. LOCKWOOD.

The funeral of Nathan S. Lockwood who died on March 6th, took place Monday afternoon at the residence. The services were conducted by Rev. G. L. Wilson, pastor of the Shiloh Presbyterian church, and Rev. W. W. Ward. Solos were rendered by Miss Gladys Race and Mrs. Martin, accompanied by Miss Hazel Smith. Interment was made at Lockwood cemetery. The deceased is survived by a son, Dr. S. O. Lockwood; a daughter, Mrs. E. O. Cosman, and by three grandchildren and three great grandchildren. Mr. Lockwood was 79 years of age and had been failing in health since the death of his wife two years ago.

Mr. Lockwood came to Minneapolis about 43 years ago and for many years was identified with the lumber industry of this city. He resided at his late home, 958 Twenty-fourth avenue, for twenty-four years.

Mr. Lockwood went from Woodstock, N. B., 40 years ago, and has a number of relatives among our readers. A son-in-law, Dr. E. O. Cosman is the only son of Deacon Elisha and Sister Cosman of St. John.

MRS. ASA McNINTCH.

Mrs. Asa McNinch died at the home of her son, Rev. A. M. McNinch, Paradise, N. S., on March 7th, at the age of 79. She lived nearly her whole life up to the last fall at Somerville and Victoria. Her maiden name was Kelley and Simonds was her birthplace. Her husband survives and besides her son there is one daughter, Mrs. Armanella Sherwood of Seattle.

Mrs. McNinch leaves in this vicinity a host of friends. She was a true wife and mother and a friend to everyone.

Not long since we made a note from a letter from Sister McNinch in which she expressed herself as expecting soon to pass to join the hosts above, but we were taken by surprise to hear of her death.

Sister McNinch was among those who first accepted the doctrine of entire sanctification, and sought and professed the experience. She was a charter member of the Victoria Reformed Baptist church. Her home was always open to the ministers, and she always did what she could to sustain the work.

She was a constant reader of the Highway for 26 years, and her heart was truly in the work. Her memory is indeed blessed.

At Littleton, Me., March 2nd, Mrs. Arthur Ingraham. Two sons and eight grandchildren mourn their loss. A large number of friends attended the funeral. Sermon by the writer, text 2 Tim. 4-7. Sister Ingraham was a member of the Episcopal church. Her sickness was long and she suffered much, yet she bore it with Christian fortitude. It was my privilege to visit her often during her sickness. She always expressed her hope in Christ.

H. H. COSMAN.

PASTORS MUST PRAY FOR THE PEOPLE; TEACH AND WARN THEM.

Moreover, as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way; only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things he hath done for you. But if ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both ye and your king. 1 Sam., 12-23 to 25.

"When the fight begins within himself, a man is worth something."

Personals.

The following persons attended the quarterly meeting at Fort Fairfield, Me.:

From Hartland, N. B.—Deacon S. Hayden Shaw and Sister Shaw, Mrs. D. H. Nixon, Henry Seeley and Wife.

Victoria — Dolph Nixon, Miss Cora Tilley. Royalton — Frank Weade, Harry Cronkite.

Perth — George Bishop, H. F. Nevers and Daughter, Mrs. Enoch Lovely.

Lower Brighton — C. B. Bryant.

Gordonsville—Mrs. F. Pelkie.

Clearview—Mrs. R. Clare.

Rosedale — Gordon York and Chester Culberson.

Peel—John Golding and Wife.

Woodstock — Rev. J. H. Coy and Wife.

Caribou — T. W. Whitten and Wife and Mrs. Munn.

Kilburn—Mrs. J. W. Grant.

Four Falls — T. Wolverton and Wife.

Sister Eva Pierce, in sending her subscription to the "Riverside Fund," says: "I praise God this morning for full and free salvation that saves to the uttermost. He saves and keeps me each day. Praise His name."

Sister Esther Lovely says: "Enclosed find my renewal for the Highway. I am still praising God for full salvation. The Holy Spirit is our comforter in times of trouble, and a very present help in time of need."

Personals

Miss Anna McLeod, youngest daughter of Brother and Sister Simon McLeod, now missionary in Japan, will be home on furlow in July.

Sister Louisa B. Everett, who is drawing near 90 years of age, is still quite active and for many years has lived in the enjoyment of the "fullness of the blessing." Sister Everett recently knit a good pair of driving gloves and presented them to the editor of the Highway.

Mr. Fred Nevers of Woodstock is visiting his son Oscar, in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Jeremiah Hillman, of Temple, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. B. M. Colpitts.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Reformed Baptist Church, Woodstock, met Friday evening, March 5th. The President, Mrs. B. M. Colpitts, being absent, Mr. Dow occupied the chair.

After a discussion of business matters the following programme was carried out:

Reading by Mabel Colpitts.

Solo by Dorothy Greer.

Reading by Kathleen Griffith.

Duett by Miss Watson and Miss Colpitts.

Reading by Laura Blaney.

Receipts of evening, \$6.65.

LUELLA COLPITTS,

Cor. Secretary.

RIVERSIDE FUND.

Miss Eva Pierce \$5.00

Perhaps the servant who hid his talent in a napkin had grand ideas of what he could have done with ten talents, of the success he could have made even with five. His condemnation lay in neglecting to use the little he really had. The Master, who judges each day at nightfall, is not a counter of dreams, but "the God of things as they are."—*Selected.*

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.—*Sir Phillip Sidney.*

AMEN CORNER.

Anon.

I see the dear old corner yet;
'Twas close beside the altar.
The good old souls whose seats were there,
Had faith that wouldn't falter.
Their hearts were all aglow with love,
Their shouts would awe the scorner;
Like thunderclaps, their loud "Amen"
Would shake the "Amen Corner."

Indeed, it seemed sometimes we sat
By cool Siloam's fountain;
And then, again, we seemed to stand
On Sinai's awful mountain.
No matter what the text might be,
For sinner, saint or mourner,
There always flamed the Spirit's fire
Around the "Amen Corner."

That dear old spot was holy ground,
The very gate of Heaven;
The glory cloud seemed restin' there,
By mercy's shower riven;
The manna and the smitten rock,
Our hungry souls sustainin'
Along the road beset with foes,
From Egypt up to Canaan.

Sometimes, I will remember yet,
Things seemed a little dreary;
The meetin's 'peared a little slow,
The people dull and weary.
The victory would seem to be
With Satan and the scorner,
Until a Hallelujah broke
From out the "Amen Corner."

Then quick as lightnin', things would change,
The foe would flee before us,
And shouts of "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!"
Would blend in mighty chorus;
I tell you Becky, 'tis a truth,
It cheered the weakest mourner;
Old Satan never could prevail
Against that "Amen Corner."

They've got a bran' new meetin' house,
With cushions for the people,
And windows made of painted glass,
And on the top a steeple;
An organ does the praisin' now,
They've no bench for the mourner;
They've Brussels carpet on the floor,
But where's the "Amen Corner?"

I tell you, Becky, I believe
That's why we keep retreating;
The world and Satan have combined
To give the church a beatin';
They say they've found a better way—
"Religion has no mourner";
And so they've smashed the mourner's bench,
And killed the "Amen Corner."

But, wife, there's one thing comforts me,
The church will be a standin',
When Satan and his scoffin' crew
Have made a final landin';
The church is built on solid rock,
And proof against the scorner;
We'll find the new Jerusalem
Much like the "Amen Corner."

Christ is not valued at all, unless He is valued above all.—*Augustine.*