



THE LATE MR. AND MRS. ELIPHALET JONES

Sketch of the life of the late Brother Eliphalet Jones, of Knoxville, N.B., written a few days before his death:

I was born in the Parish of Douglas, York County, Nov. 19th, 1828; am the grandson and namesake of an United Empire Loyalist of Welsh extraction. I very well remember my grandsire, who lived past the century mark, and the tales he told me of earlier days. While my parents were persons of strict integrity, they were not professing Christians, so I had little religious instruction or influence, and yet my heart yearned for God. I saw myself a great sinner in His sight, although my life was moral.

At the age of 28 I came to Carleton County, and the same year found the Saviour during a revival at Wakefield under the labours of Rev. Charles McMullen.

Shortly afterward I was sanctified after a hard day's work on the farm for Bro. McGee, when we suggested going to bed without worship, but decided to read the Word, and knelt in prayer. On opening the Bible our eyes fell upon the words, "And Jesus being weary with the journey." He came near, and as we prayed the fire fell and I came to my feet, and clapping my hands, exclaimed, "I am made whole," and I felt whole in body as well as soul, all weariness gone. I walked in the light for many months. On coming to the upper part of the county, I met and married Jane Fulton, of Centreville, who bade us good-

bye October 12th, 1911. Directly after our marriage, in September, 1858, we moved into the woodland, four miles north of Centreville, into a little log cabin, being the first to settle in the place since known as Knoxville.

Kneeling beside the first maple I was about to fell, I sought the guidance and blessing of God on my life and labours, and the community that should be. To-day a house of worship stands upon the spot. Gladly I gave the land for church, churchyard and shed.

When the F. C. B. church was organized I became a charter member, and was chosen clerk a little later, in which capacity I served until disfellowshipped.

In the early days of the holiness movement I cast in my lot with the "despised company" and am glad to say "I am one of them to-day." And now I am old and stricken in years, and shall soon depart to be with my Saviour and Sanctifier, Who has kept and comforted me all the way. Praise, oh praise Him Who restored unto me the joy of His salvation and "light streaming down makes the pathway all clear."

With faith in His Name, I am, yours, dear brothers and sisters,

ELIPHALET JONES.

Note:—This was written about a week before Brother Jones passed to his great reward, and received by us when we were at Beulah Camp Meeting.—Ed.

A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DAY.

Calling one day upon a business man in his office I found him, as usual, up to his eyes in work.

"Sit down and wait a moment," he said, handing me a chair.

"You are always working," I exclaimed; "how many hours do you put in each day?"

"Twenty-four," he replied, with a smile.

My face expressed my astonishment.

"Yes," he said, "I work ten or twelve hours here; the rest of the time I am working at the other side of the world—by proxy, of course."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Let me explain," he returned, more seriously than before, "When I was at school I became deeply interested in the mission cause. I determined to go out to China and to work in the field. But my

father died, and his business was in such a state that no outsider could successfully carry it on.

"There was a mother, sisters and younger brothers dependent upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here. But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field, and I took up the support of a native preacher in China.

Here my friend took down a much-thumbed map of Southern China and pointed out a certain town.

"That is where my man is at work," he said. "We have a representative of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our missionary branch. My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute.

"In that way I work twenty-four hours a day—for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there."—Exchange.

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS

To Sister Beatrice Trites and Miss Clara Dunstan, by the S. S. Class at Berrys Mills.

During the evening the following address was read and Miss Trites, teacher of the class, was presented with a beautiful gold sunburst brooch, set with pearls, and Miss Dunstan, member of the class, was presented with a beautiful umbrella.

The Misses Beatrice Trites and Clara Dunstan, Berry's Mills:

Dear Friends:—We have gathered here tonight to do honor to two of our members who have passed another milestone on life's road.

We felt that we could not let this opportunity pass without, in some way showing our appreciation of the work done by our Sunday School teacher. You have at all times shown your willingness to help in all good works, and especially do the members of your Sunday School feel that they owe you a debt of gratitude for the interest you have taken in their behalf. Not only this, but you have always set before us an example of Christian living and teaching worthy to be followed by each one of us.

We would now ask you, Miss Trites, to accept this slight token, not for its intrinsic value but as a token of the esteem and regard in which you are held by us, and trust you will receive it in the spirit in which it is given. May each gem remind you of the crown that is laid up in store for you.

There is also one of our number whom we would like to remind of the pleasant hours spent together studying the Word of God, and we would ask you, Miss Dunstan, to accept this small gift as a token of our friendship. As it shelters from the rain, may you be sheltered by God from the storms of life.

And now our most earnest wishes for you both are that you may continue to enjoy good health and live to see many happy returns of this day.

Signed on behalf of the Sunday School,
Annie O. Miller,
Mrs. Irwin O. Trites.

Although taken by surprise, both made suitable replies, thanking their friends and associates for the evidence shown of their appreciation and love for them.

THE EXTRA PLATE.

A guest sat at the table in the home of a Florida judge. She noticed an extra plate was laid.

The next day a missionary visitor came and was given that plate.

When the visitor went away the extra plate was laid again.

Then the hostess explained that ever since she had had a home she had always laid an extra plate which she called the Lord's plate, because she so longed to have in her home the messengers of the Cross, who were doing the Lord's work.

Gradually it became known that she was always ready to entertain the missionary workers who came, and she testified that rich blessing had come to her home through their conversations, their example and their prayers.—Ex.