

## OBITUARY.

Eli M. Allen.

The death of Eli M. Allen took place at North Head, Grand Manan, N. B., on the morning of the 13th, in the 39th year of his age. The deceased was a native of Spencer's Island, Cumberland Co., N. S. He came here several years ago and married and settled here. His wife was formerly Miss Pearl Whelpley, of North Head. Mr. Allen has been a patient sufferer for over a year, being confined to his bed for several months. Though not a professor before his sickness, he professed to have found peace with God before death came. He leaves besides his wife, a one year old daughter, also two brothers and two sisters. Interment was made here on Sunday, 15th inst., the writer officiating.

H. C. MULLEN.

Mrs. Margaret Brewer.

At the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Estabrooks, at Waterville, Me., on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, 1918, Mrs. Margaret Brewer, of Woodstock, N. B., aged 55 years.

Sister Brewer had been at times quite ill for about two years, but a strong will, a cheerful mind and the grace of God sustained her and she had no fear of the future. She kept her bed for about two months and at last fell asleep in Jesus. She was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church of Woodstock. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Estabrooks, and a grandson to mourn their loss, there are two brothers, Mr. Stephen Green, of Woodstock, and Mr. Harper Green, of Island Falls, Me. Her husband, Nubert Brewer, and a daughter, Nellie, died several years ago. Her remains were brought to her brother's home in Woodstock, Dec. 6th and interred in the cemetery here. Her pastor, Rev. W. B. Wiggins, with the aid of the choir, officiated.

Mrs. Thomas Bell.

Mrs. Thomas Bell, of Brewer, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Agnes Murray, of that city, on Sunday, Dec. 1. The body was brought to Fort Fairfield, which used to be the home of Mrs. Bell, early last week by her daughter, Mrs. Murray, who remained the guest of Mrs. J. B. Gray until Saturday. Mrs. Bell's maiden name was Elizabeth Giggey. Her first husband was James Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Gray being the parents of the late J. Braynard Gray, of Fort Fairfield. Other children of this union were: Nina, Sarah B., Agnes E., Arthur J., William, Theodore, Sidney H. and John R. Five of these children now survive. After Mr Gray's death his widow married Samuel Gilman, a veteran of the civil war. After Mr. Gilman's death his widow became the wife of Thomas Bell, who died last January. Mrs. Bell's body was placed in the tomb at Riverside cemetery.

The above notice of Mrs. Bell's death brings fresh to our minds the days when we first began our ministry. When making our consecration, God said to us, go to Dennysville, Maine, but we went to St.

John to visit my wife's friends, and God chastised us all the time we were there until we consented to go. We went to Pembroke, Maine, where Rev. T. W. Moses was holding meetings, and remained a few weeks. When one day we borrowed a team and went to Dennysville and engaged the school house for the next evening and came back. Brother Moses asked where we had been, and when we had told him, he wanted to know who would preach. We replied if he wouldn't, we would. When the time came we went alone and found the house full to hear the new boy preacher. We had never preached nor sang in public. We opened the "Good News in Song," and read the first verse of "I have anchored my soul," and broke down and cried like a baby, and did not even sing, pray nor preach. We gathered a little courage and told the people how God had thrashed us until we had come, and we could say we had what the hymn said, and if there was any present who wanted that kind of an experience, to stand up, and fourteen rose to their feet, and among them was Mrs. Bell (who was then Mrs. Gilman) and her husband. A big revival followed until the devil got stirred, and they turned us out of the school house, and we finished up in a cooper shop, with bbl for a pulpit. Mrs. Bell has been a very consistent Christian all these years, and in her passing over, we feel that another star will be added to our crown.

Yours,

C. S. HILYARD.

Mrs. H. H. Hatfield.

It is with deep sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. H. H. Hatfield, which took place at her home in Hartland, N. B., on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Dec. 12th, after a weeks illness of influenza and pneumonia. She had accompanied her husband to Boston on a two weeks' business trip. Mr. Hatfield was taken ill on their way home, and his wife a few hours after their arrival on Wednesday, Dec. 11th. Doctors and nurses were in attendance but to no avail as far as our sister was concerned, her frail barque put out to sea in the great eternity with Jesus. She had a large circle of friends for she was a friend to all in need. We will miss her much for her kindly disposition and benevolence. She was a true and devoted wife, and sympathetic with those in sorrow and trouble. She united with the Reformed Baptist Church in Hartland about a year ago and had a deep interest in our denominational enterprises. Besides her husband, who is president of Hatfield & Scott Co., Ltd., the deceased leaves her father, W. H. Sipprell, a brother, Arthur Sipprell, and two sisters, Miss Edna, who was on her way home from the west, and Miss Robina, at home. A large circle of other relatives and a host of friends mourn her sudden demise. The great profusion of beautiful flowers bore silent testimony to the esteem in which the deceased was held; these fade and wither but her kindly deeds will live on in the future. The funeral was held at the home on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 14th, at 2.30 o'clock, the writer officiating, assisted by Rev. H. W. True, Adventist, Rev. E. A. Trites,

United Baptist, and Rev. N. Franchette, Episcopal. The Scripture on which the remarks were based is found in James 4-14, "For what is your life." The choir of the R. B. Church sang the hymns, Some time we'll understand, Have you a friend like that, and The golden morning. The service was largely attended by relatives and friends. The remains were laid to rest in Greenwood cemetery to await the resurrection. She was born at Somerville, Car. Co., May 8th, 1887.

Friends of yore have flown to heaven,  
Springing from the house of clay,  
Glad to gain their joyful freedom,  
Born by angel bands away.

Brother, sister, faithful soldier,  
If our mingling here so sweet,  
What shall be our joyous rapture,  
When we at the landing meet.

Chor.—When on Pisgah's mount I'm  
standing,

Looking t'ward the vernal shore,  
There I seem to see them banding,  
Just beside the golden landing,  
Waiting to receive me o'er,  
Precious ones who went before.

Mrs. Robert Harper.

The death took place at noon on Thursday, 7th Nov., at the home of Mrs. John Harvey, Fredericton, of Mary Serena, widow of the late Robert Harper, of Jacksonville, Car. Co. Mrs. Harper was formerly Miss Kimball and was born at Oromocto, 90 years ago. Her husband was a brother of the late Mrs. John Fleming. She was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and endeared herself to all by her loving disposition and Christian character. Private service Friday evening at 7.45 at the home of Mrs. Harvey. The remains were taken to Jacksonville Saturday morning. Funeral from Upper Woodstock to Jacksonville cemetery.—Carleton Sentinel.

Margaret Nason.

At Upper Hainesville on Dec. 17th, Margaret, daughter of Allen and Mary Nason, in the 22nd year of her age. Deceased was taken ill about two months ago with lagrippe, which developed into pneumonia. That trouble cleared up, however, and left her with consumption, to which she succumbed.

Our young sister first gave her self to the Lord in the Salvation Army, but having lost in her experience, she again yielded herself to Christ in our quarterly meeting held last fall and has since enjoyed salvation. Some time before her departure she expressed herself as ready to go. She leaves to mourn their loss her father and mother, five sisters and three brothers; also a large number of relatives and friends. The funeral took place on the 19th inst. and was attended by the writer.

I. F. KIEIRSTEAD.

Aim to please God; and not men.

"Going to church does not make a man a Christian any more than going to a garage makes him an automobile."