

OBITUARY.

William Good.

William Good, of Killam's Mills, Westmorland Co., died suddenly on Sunday evening of heart disease while taking supper with his family. He was about seventy years of age and leaves his wife, who was formerly Miss Killam, and two sons, Arthur of Boston, and Allen, at home, and one daughter, Mrs. H. Parlee, of St. John. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Allan Coughlan, of Watertown, Mass., and Mrs. A. L. Bubar, of St. John, and three brothers, Seth, of Boston, Cyrus, of St. Stephen, and Alfred of Moncton.

Mr. Good was a well known farmer of Killam's Mills, where he was highly respected as a Christian citizen, and where he had lived for more than twenty years. He was a son of the late John Good, of Moncton, who was well known throughout the lower provinces.

Rev. Thomas Baker.

Rev. Thomas Baker, who has been the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Kennebunk, Port Maine, died at that place on the 9th inst. He is survived by his wife and several children. Rev. Hugh Baker of Oakland, Calif., and Mr. Fred Baker are brothers, and Mrs. Smith and Miss Amy Baker of Richfield, Calif., are sisters. Elder F. A. Baker, of Oakland, Calif., Rev. S. A. Baker, of Moncton, N. B., and Hugh D. Baker, of Lowell, Mass., are uncles of the deceased.

Miss Alice K. Goodspeed.

Died at Victoria Hospital, Fredericton, N. B., in the early morning of Nov. 27th, Alice K., aged 20 years, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Goodspeed, of Penniac, N. B.

She had been operated on about two months before and hopes were held out for her recovery and everything was done for her that means and loved ones could do, but to no avail, for she gradually sank to the end.

Sister Alice was a good girl, being converted at Beulah Camp Ground four years ago last summer and was later baptized by the writer and united with the R. B. Church at Penniac, later she sought and obtained the experience of entire sanctification and maintained that experience to the end.

She was always a blessing in the meetings, not only as organist, but in prayer and testimony. She was always at her place and will be greatly missed.

She leaves to mourn besides her father and mother, two sisters, Louise and Helen, and two brothers, Edward and Herbert. The funeral services were conducted from her late home to the Penniac Church, where service was held by the writer, assisted by Rev. P. J. Trafton, of Fredericton, and Rev. Mr. Pinkerton, of Marysville Methodist Church, interment being made in the family lot beside the church of the same place.

We extend to the sorrowing family and friends our sincere sympathy, knowing what is their loss is her eternal gain.

E. W. LESTER.

CHRISTIAN EMOTION.

I was glad in reading your account of the Convention recently held at Yarmouth, to see that the outstanding note struck was that of the present need of evangelism in our churches. And yet I regretted to note the apparent fear that was expressed lest any efforts made along these lines should not be well guarded against anything bordering on so-called emotionalism. I wonder if we are not inclined to be too conservative a people in this respect. Why do we fear a—so to speak—wholesale confession of sins? Why do we fear lest any efforts made should not be along "sane" lines?

And as I read my mind went back to the greatest evangelist the world has ever known. I see him before Agrippa defending his case, and his whole soul and being are on fire for his Lord. I hear Agrippa accuse that master evangelist too of being insane. "Much learning doth make thee mad," says Agrippa. But I see Paul continue to drive home his message with such power and earnestness that when he puts the question, "Believest thou?" what reply do we hear from Agrippa? "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And this not in tones of sarcasm, as some tell us, but from the lips of one whose whole soul has been stirred to its depths by truths that he could not gainsay nor resist.

We are inclined to fear sudden conversions and confessions. But I see that tax collector called down from the sycamore tree by our Lord. And he is somehow converted between the time he hears, "Zaccheus, come down," and the time he reaches the ground, because he no sooner strikes earth than there is an outburst of confessions and promises. Does Christ upbraid him for this? Does He tell him not to become unduly excited? By no means; rather Christ becomes his guest that day.

Are we not disposed to think that what we term emotion and weakness go hand in hand? And in this connection I think of her who was a sinner weeping at the feet of her Lord, anointing those feet, so soon to be pierced because of her sins, with that precious ointment, and washing them with her tears. Talk about emotion! Is this it? If it is, in God's name let us not condemn it; because Christ commended it and gave his disciples to understand that such worship was well pleasing in His sight.

I see Him, the strongest character the world has ever known, weeping over a wicked city, and hear the cry, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem," while he weeps. I see Him, too, with that scourge of knotted cords, wielding it when His Father's house was being defiled. Are not these pictures of emotion and strength combined in one character.

Recall also the greatest achievement we have on record in the way of revivals, in that day when three thousand souls were added unto the church. See the demonstrations pictured in the account, but the "wise" ones attributed it all to drunkenness. I wonder, if the like occurred in our day, if we would call it "insane evangelism." And would we be commenting on how weak the church would be after all the "excitement" would be over?

Let a sinner see the enormity and black-

ness of his sins, as only the Holy Spirit can reveal it. And then don't wonder if the cry goes up, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And when that prayer is answered and the sinner has the assurance in his heart of sins forgiven, don't wonder if the joy bells start ringing in his soul. The return of that sinner sets the bells of heaven ringing.

—A. Donaldson in Maritime Baptist.

A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR OTHERS.

Rev. S. A. Baker:

Find enclosed \$3.00 for the Highway for this year and next. I find on looking at the label on my paper I am nearly a year behind. It has only been through my neglect and forgetfulness so am sending two years subscription so I won't be behind next year.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. WM. C. CLARK,
Lower Hainesville, York Co., N. B.

CIRCUITOUS LOGIC.

"No, sah, Ah doan't neber ide on dem things," said an old colored lady, looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why, de other day Ah sen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth, an' git off at the very same place he got on at, an' Ah sez to him, 'Rastus,' Ah sez, 'yo' spent yo money, but whar yo been?'"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Note—Not exactly religious, but quite applicable to some folks in their religious life; they go round and round, but make no progress. Been going but where you been?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused 'more bright than morn?'"

And voices chanted clear and sweet,

"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,

"That brightens through the rocky glen?"

And angels answering overhead,

Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more

Since those sweet oracles were dumb;

We wait for Him, like them of yore;

Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,

No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,

That little children might be bold

In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine

A light like that the wise men saw,

If we our loving wills incline

To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand

The simple faith of shepherds then,

And, clasping kindly hand in hand,

Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

But they who do their souls no wrong,

But keep at eve the faith of morn,

Shall daily hear the angel-song,

Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

—James Russell Lowell.

"Behold, how great a matter a little (wood) fire kindleth."—James.