

OBITUARY.

Mrs. John Shea.

The many friends of Mrs. John Shea, of Grafton, N. B., were surprised to learn that she had suddenly passed away from her earthly to her heavenly home, on Sunday, April 24th, at 1.15 p. m., aged 84 years and 5 months.

Sister Shea's maiden name was Miss Aurilla Barrows. Her father was the Rev. Allen Barrows, a Baptist minister, and two of her brothers were Baptist ministers, one of which, Rev. Harris Barrows, resides at Marblehead, Mass. She also has another brother living in Wisconsin, Mr. George Barrows. She had a sister, Miss Sarah Barrows, who was a missionary for years in the Baptist Mission in Burmah, India.

Sister Shea was born at Leeds, Me., November, 1836, and was converted when a young girl. Her father coming to Woodstock and vicinity as a preacher of the gospel, learned of the need of a teacher in the Grafton school and suggested to his daughter that she should supply the need, which she accepted, and subsequently met Mr. John Shea, of this place, whom she married July 6th, 1862, her father performing the ceremony at his home in Litchfield, Me. Of this union, happily consummated, there were born seven children, five girls and two boys, three of whom, two girls and one boy, died when quite young of scarlet fever. The remainder grew to maturity, of which three are living, Mrs. C. I. Sunder, of Woodstock, N. B., and Greeley and Ethel, at home.

Before her marriage Sister Shea was a Baptist, and naturally united with the Baptist Church in Woodstock, of which she was organist for years. Her husband and daughters becoming converted in revival services in the F. C. Baptist Church in the same town, she united in church fellowship with them and became organist in that church, the late Rev. G. W. MacDonald being pastor. In the winter of 1882, during special services, in which Brother MacDonald was assisted by Brother Aaron Hartt, held in the Orange Hall, as the church was burned and a new one was being erected. Sister Shea accepted and experienced the blessing of full salvation, along with others, and ever after rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. How wondrously the grace of God sustained her during the loss of a beloved daughter, Lillian, the late Mrs. L. E. Young; as also during the loss of her husband, which occurred on April 16th, 1904, and especially during an illness of over a year and a half, in which she was severely afflicted, at times with various forms of rheumatism, which terminated her life, and during which she bore her sufferings with christian patience and resignation. When the Reformed Baptist denomination was organized in 1888, she, with others united with the newly formed church in the town and was a faithful and devoted member to the end. Our sister was truly pious, and the cause of God and Holiness was ever her delight. Like the Psalmist she could truly say, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the house of the Lord." And "Lord, I love the habitation of thine house and the place where thy honor dwelleth." She was a truly devoted

and loving wife and mother, and a most excellent neighbor. Possessing more than ordinary intelligence and literary talents, she encouraged and assisted in all that made for the uplifting and blessing of both young and old in her neighbourhood.

The funeral services were held at her home, April 26th, conducted by her pastor, the writer, assisted by Rev. L. E. Ackland, of the United Baptist Church, and Rev. A. H. Trafton, and attended by a large number of neighbors and friends, by whom she was highly esteemed and greatly respected. The interment took place in the cemetery near the scene of her early labours. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

W. B. W.

Miss Winniford McFadden.

Passed to her reward Miss Winniford McFadden, aged 38, of cancer, daughter of Mrs. Loren Wilson by John McFadden, who was drowned while river-driving in the west. She was handicapped by being a deaf mute but after a short term of 8 months at the Academy, she was able to both read and write. The same energy she put into fitting herself for life she used in preparing for death. Some three weeks ago she was baptized on the lawn in a bath tub. She died in triumph. Services at the home by the writer.

C. S. HILYARD.

SHALL WE PRAY FOR HEALTH FOR THE SICK.

By Dr. Lyman Abbott.

"I was once asked to call upon a sick lady whose physician had sent me word that she could not recover. Overwhelmed by a sudden and great sorrow she, was dying of a broken heart.

As I entered her room she met me with a submissive smile and said, "I hope I am resigned."

My reply to her was: "You have no right to be resigned. You have no right to die. It is wicked for you to die. It is your duty to get well; your duty to your husband and children. You have no right to leave them."

The shock startled her, gave her a new view of the situation, awoke in her a sense that it was worth while for her to live, and aroused in her a purpose to live.

Less than two weeks later I met her at the sea-shore in recovering health, and she lived for ten years or more thereafter.

I did not suspend the operation of any physical law, and yet I was the means of her recovery.

If a human spirit can do this for another human spirit, why shall I doubt that the Divine Spirit can do as much or more?

The notion that we cannot pray to God because He will not set aside His laws to grant our request, if carried to a logical conclusion, would prevent our calling in a doctor in case of sickness or asking a friend for counsel in case of perplexity.

"Sin has a great many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all."

ROOMS BEING ENGAGED.

The outlook at present indicates that accommodations will all be engaged at an early date. Riverview Dormitory when last heard from only had two rooms which were not engaged. Cedardale began to fill list of rooms early. 'Jones Cottage' is also engaged for the season, but we will have the use of rooms during the meetings. Several applications have been made for cottages but none available that we know of. More rooms is a pressing need at Beulah Camp Ground.

From present indications it will be scarcely needful to advertise Beulah Camp Meeting. People who have once been there want to come again, and they are coming.

THE OPEN SECRET.

Two pastor's wives, says the Western Christian Union, were visiting together. One said: "I don't know what we will do—my husband is so discouraged. Somehow his people do not care to hear him preach, and our salary is far behind. My husband feels so blue that he does not like to visit them, and so he sits around at home nearly all the time." The other sister said: "We are getting along finely. My husband spends much of his time visiting, and the people like to have him kneel and pray with them in their homes. Our congregations are always good, and our salary is paid up promptly." While the two sisters were talking they were mending trousers. One was mending her husband's trousers at the seat; the other was mending her husband's trousers at the knees.—Sel.

WINSOME CHRISTIANS.

Real Christians are winsome Christians, and surely soul-winners. One might think that the etymology of "winsome" could be traced to the face value of its two syllables. But the word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wynsum*, *wyn* meaning "joy." If we were to make the equivalent in our modern English of that old Anglo-Saxon world, it would be "joysome." Joy, Paul tells us, is part of the fruit of the Spirit. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, 'Rejoice,'" cried Paul when he was Nero's prisoner, winning some souls, no doubt, among the Roman soldiers to whom he was chained. It was the winsomeness beaming from the faces of Mrs. Howard Taylor and a band of Chinese Christian women at the point of massacre by an angry mob that won their rescuer, a Chinese official, to Christ, and to become a powerful Christian pastor. Are we winsome, win some Christians?—Sunday School Times.

The country is shocked at the crime charged against Charles Steeves, a pentecostal minister, of Albert County, N. B., for which he has begun a term of 14 years in the provincial penitentiary at Dorchester, N. B. Judge Barry, who sentenced him, remarked that he could have sentenced him for life, and a whipping, and have slept that night with a clear conscience.

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."