

OBITUARY.

Oscar A. D. Haines.

On Jan. 18th, Oscar A. D. Haines, of Knoxville, son of Mrs. Ruth Haines, passed away. He became deaf and dumb as a result of a severe attack of croup when quite young but was intelligent and especially gifted in drawing.

He gave evidence of being a follower of Christ and we trust will receive the reward of the righteous when Jesus comes.

The funeral service was conducted by the writer in the Lower Knoxville United Baptist Church. He leaves to mourn, his mother, three brothers and two sisters.

I. F. KEIRSTEAD.

Irene Elnora Harris.

At Tracy's Mills, N. B., on Jan. 21st, 9.20 p. m., Irene Elnora, daughter of Isaac and Helena Harris, aged seven years, eight months and twenty-two days. Her death was the result of a burning accident which occurred Dec. 10th, 1920. She suffered untold agony from burns on her chest, abdomen, back arms and neck but bore all her suffering very patiently. Irene was a very loveable and active child and delighted in playing church. Her favorite hymn was "Blessed assurance Jesus is mine." She leaves to mourn, her parents and two brothers, also her grandparents, Mr. Fred and Lura Harris, her great-grandparents, Mr. Mark and Susan Tracy, besides a host of friends.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. I. F. Keirstead in the Tracy Mills United Baptist Church on Jan. 23rd. The large congregation on that occasion showed the great sympathy of the whole community for the parents and friends in their bereavement and a deep love for the dear little girl whose life so sadly came to an end.

I. F. KEIRSTEAD.

DAUGHTER GRADUATES.

Sister Mrs. S. McFarlane of Woodstock, N. B., has received word that her youngest daughter, Mabel Pearl, has successfully passed the State Board Examinations of the State of Connecticut and on Monday evening last graduated from the Waterbury Hospital, Waterbury, Conn., with honors. Miss McFarlane was formerly a Fredericton girl and a graduate of the Fredericton Business College. Her many friends join in wishing her every success.

Sister McFarlane says: God is blessing us here and souls are being saved. I am still holding firm to God, and my faith has never wavered. May his blessing be upon you both.

Some one asked Mrs. Wesley, the saintly mother of the great preachers, for the secret of her success in bringing up such a godly family of sons. This was her reply: "I did it by prayer and hickory." If Jesus, in His great anxiety for the salvation of the world, would have us to "go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in that my house may be filled," is it not reasonable to believe that He would have us exercise the same constraint over those whom He has given into our care and keeping?—Exchange.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway for another year. I cannot afford to let it run out.

We have a family of ten, including my husband and myself, so I cannot get to church very often. I think I have heard the gospel preached from the pulpit about four times during the past year. The religion of the Lord and Saviour is the greatest theme in the world to me. Therefore you can understand why I cannot afford to get along without the Highway.

I am glad you have for your partner in business the great owner of "the cattle on a thousand hills," and holds the keys which unlock the store-houses of heaven, so we are well assured that any paper, or business, or life, can never fail with such a partner. Bless his name! "Who is called wonderful," "The Mighty God," "The everlasting Father." The Prince of Peace.

Yours for the love of the truth.—Mrs. Geo. Nicholson, Woodstock, N. B., R. R. 1.

Rev. S. A. Baker:

Dear Brother: Following is a report of the Reformed Baptist monthly missionary meeting held on the evening of Feb. 4th. Mrs. H. S. Dow presided.

Opening hymn—Dear to the heart of the Shepherd.

Scripture Reading, Matt. 28:9-20.

Prayer by Brothers Cogswell and Ames and Rev. F. T. Wright.

Reading of minutes and collection of dues.

Reading, The kind of religion for me—Mrs. Slipp.

Recitation, A Change of Mind—Joe Pearce.

Recitation, Help Somebody—Jessie White.

Duet, In the Garden—Christian Hudson and Pearl Nightingale.

Reading, Sowing the first good seed in Korea—Catherine Hudson.

Recitation, Just suppose—Marion Eliott.

Recitation, The Children cry for bread—Frank Pearce.

Duet, In the harvest field there is work to do—Miss Slipp and Miss Hudson.

Reading, A treasure hidden in a pillow—Mrs. Dow.

Recitation, Just a little jewel—Ruth Kinney.

An offering of \$1.72 was taken.

Dues amounting to \$7.50, making a total of \$9.22.

Rev. H. S. Dow and Rev. F. T. Wright made some remarks after which the meeting closed with singing Doxology and benediction by the pastor, Rev. H. S. Dow.

MRS. OTIS W. AMES,

Corresponding Secy.

Dear Brother Baker

It is always a joyful thought to me to think of your labour of love. "The Highway" to me is as precious as my Bible. All believers in Jesus speak one language, you can find a man or woman from East, West, North or South and you are not long in their company until you find them to be true to God. It makes no difference to a Christian what company he is with during his daily employment, or eating his food, he

is soon or she is soon found out. God sets his people as lights to shine and if they are afraid to let their light shine, they never need look for any light to shine on them. God does not set any man or woman free unless they are willing to do his will. When I saw I was a sinner on my way to hell, I found out myself and when I found out I was saved from hell, I know all about it. I was there when it took place, over 30 years ago, and the one who made me sad, glory to his name, has ever since made me glad. And I cannot do without him. Glory to his ever blessed name. Many times he gives me a joy unspeakable and full of glory. And it is always a joyful thought to me to do any one an act of kindness, even if he is my greatest enemy. I feel like singing all the time and many many times during this past year it is a very pleasant time for me when always to meet a few of your Fort Fairfield brethren. I am glad there are a few who know they are right with God, having all his promises here as well as a home in glory. Bless his dear name for ever for a pure paper. I ever remain your brother in Christ,

JOHN HUDSON.

ALL HE HAS LEFT.

Christians are often tempted to shirk noble opportunities for real beautiful and useful service in the Lord's vineyard. Here is a thought which will prove helpful to save you in such an hour of temptation we clip from an exchange:

"When I was sixteen I joined the church," said an elderly lawyer. "Several months later, one blustery January day, Deacon Crandall stopped me on the road. There had been a number of fine catches of fish through the ice, and Joe and I were ready for an early start next morning. 'I've been over to Jake Streever's, the deacon said. 'The folks are all sick, and my wife and Miss Adams wanted to send over some things. There wa'n't no fire in the house to speak of, Robert, and there ain't a stick of wood in the shed; so I'm going to draw 'em a load of four-foot, and enough stove wood to last 'em over night. Why can't you play the Good Samaritan, and saw it up in the morning?' 'Joe and I plan to go fishing tomorrow,' I replied, 'I guess you'll have to look up somebody else.' 'I see,' the deacon said mildly. 'I didn't know that; I thought it would be a good chance for you. The way it comes to me is that you and I and the rest of us are all the Lord Jesus has left to tell what a good, self-denying Saviour He was. If there wa'n't no Christians living up to their high calling, Robert, there wouldn't be a whisper for the Lord—not a whisper—this side of heaven. I thought mebbe you'd prize the chance and be glad to take it.' I gave up my fishing trip and sawed the wood, and I learned that day what real service was, and since then whenever I've been tempted to shirk my Christian obligations Deacon Crandall's homely aphorism has rebuked me—"We're all the Lord Jesus has left."—Youth's Companion.

"Our Lord God doeth like a printer, who setteth the letters backward; we see and feel well His setting but we shall read the print yonder in the life to come."—Martin Luther.