

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Warren Hillman.

Mrs. Warren Hillman died at her home in Benton, N. B., after several weeks illness of heart trouble and cancer on Sept. 5th, 1921. She was the daughter of the late Charles and Mrs. Hartley, and was born in Canterbury, N. B., in the year 1853. She leaves to mourn their loss beside her sorrowing husband two daughters, Mrs. Wm. Collicut, of Canterbury, and Miss Nellie who is at present at home, where she so faithfully cared for her mother during her last illness; and two sons, Beverly, who lives at Temple, N. B., and Fred, who has been in California for ten years past, but is at home at present, besides these a large number of other relatives and many friends. The funeral service was held from the home at Benton on Sept. 6th attended by Rev. H. S. Dow. Interment was made at Canterbury front. Sister Hillman was converted when a girl and became a member of the Baptist Church at Canterbury, but has always been in sympathy with the doctrine of entire sanctification since she first heard the preaching of full salvation. She was a devoted wife and faithful mother, always "looking well to the ways of her household." Prov. 31:27. She will be much missed in the community where she lived and proved herself to be a good neighbor. She was a great sufferer, but bore her afflictions with Christian courage and patience. May the dear Lord bless and comfort the sorrowing family in their sad bereavement.

Stephen D. Jones

At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Daniel McDonald, North Devon, Stephen D. Jones passed out from this life Tuesday morning, Sept. 6th, after an illness of several months which he bore patiently. He was born at Cardigan, York Co., 76 years ago. The funeral was held at the home of his daughter Thursday afternoon, the writer officiating. He leaves beside his widow, three sons, Daniel of Nashwaakiss; Benjamin and Arthur, of Houlton, Me.; five daughters, Mrs. Charles Haines and Mrs. S. D. Bennett, of New York, Mrs. Daniel McDonald, of South Devon, Mrs. B. D. Porter and Mrs. George Laws, of Portland, Me. He died trusting in Jesus. The burial took place in Sunny Bank cemetery.

P. J. TRAFTON.

Ernest C. Brooks.

It is with sincere sorrow and regret that we must report the death of Brother Ernest C. Brooks, which took place at Waterville, N. B., on Sept. 3rd after an illness of about three weeks, the fatal disease being typhoid. Brother Brooks was only 42 years of age and his death came as a severe shock to us all. Only last March he was made deacon of our new church at Waterville and was a faithful supporter and attendant upon all the services there. We shall miss him very much. He was a man of sterling character and held the confidence and respect of all the country around. He leaves to mourn, his wife and aged mother, and four sisters, besides a

large circle of friends.

The funeral took place on Monday, Sept. 4th, and was largely attended. Rev. H. C. Mullen officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr. Harrison, Methodist. The remains were taken to Lower Brighton, where interment was made in the family lot, and his body of clay now rests beside the dust of his late father, Leonard Brooks, to await the summons from on high.

H. C. MULLEN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CONSECRATION OF PRESIDENT FINNEY

(Continued from page one)

for it does seem to me infinitely important that there should be a higher standard of holiness in Boston." They seemed exceedingly anxious to have these truths laid before the people in general. They were good men, as the Boston people well know; but what pains they really took, to get their ministers and people to attend, I cannot say.

I labored that winter mostly for a revival of religion among Christians. The Lord prepared me to do so, by the great work he wrought in my own soul. Although I had had much of the divine life working within me; yet, as I said, so far did what I experienced that winter, exceed all that I had before experienced, that at times I could not realize that I had ever before been truly in communion with God.

To be sure I had been, often and for a long time; and this I knew when I reflected upon it, and remembered through what I had so often passed. It appeared to me, that winter, that probably when we get to heaven, our views and joys, and holy exercises, will so far surpass anything that we have ever experienced in this life, that we shall be hardly able to recognize the fact that we had any religion, while in this world. I had in fact oftentimes experienced inexpressible joys, and very deep communion with God; but all this had fallen so into the shade, under my enlarged experience, that frequently I would tell the Lord that I had never before had any **conception of the wonderful things** revealed in his blessed Gospel, and the wonderful grace there is in Christ Jesus. This language, I knew when I reflected upon it, was comparative; but still all my former experiences, for the time, seemed to be sealed up, and almost lost sight of.

As the great excitement of that season subsided, and my mind became more calm, I saw more clearly the different steps of my Christian experience, and came to recognize the connection of things, as all wrought by God from beginning to end. But since then I have never had those great struggles, and long protracted seasons of agonizing prayer, that I had often experienced. It is quite another thing to prevail with God, in my own experience, from what it was before. I can come to God with more calmness, because with more perfect confidence. He enables me now to rest in him, and let everything sink into his perfect will, with much more readiness, than ever before the experience of that winter.

I have felt since then a religious freedom, a religious buoyancy and delight in God, and in his word (a steadiness of faith, a Christian liberty and overflowing love,

that I had only experienced, I may say, occasionally before. I do not mean that such exercises had been rare to me before; for they had been frequent and often repeated, but never abiding as they have been since. My bondage seemed to be, at that time, entirely broken; and since then, I have had the freedom of a child with a loving parent. It seems to me that I can find God within me, in such a sense, that I can rest upon him and be quiet, lay my heart in his hand, and nestle down in his perfect will, and have no carefulness or anxiety.

TRIUMPHS, OR FAILURES.

"Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world," says Emerson, "is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mahomet, who in a few years, from a small and mean beginning, established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. They did they knew not what. The naked Derar, horsed on an idea was found an overmatch for a troop of cavalry. The women fought like men and conquered the Roman men. They were miserably equipped, miserably fed. They were temperance troops. There was neither brandy nor flesh needed to feed them. They conquered Asia and Africa and Spain, on barley. The Caliph Omar's walking stick struck more terror into those who saw it than another man's sword.

God has no place for lukewarm religion. He wants men whose souls have responded to His call. On every hand there are professors who wonder why their lives amount to so little for God. They need not wonder. Our lives will count for God if He really controls them, but He still says: "Because thou art lukewarm I will spue thee out of my mouth." The farmer or the business man who is half hearted will fail, and the religious leader who is most deeply interested in the things that are not eternal, is doomed to disappointment. "Heaven never helps the man who will not act."

Man wants success, but often fails to realize how it may be attained. Scott's maxim was "Never be doing nothing." Jesus still says—"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

"Why, my lord," said a flippant English clergyman to the Bishop of Litchfield, "it is the easiest thing in the world to preach. Why very often I choose my text after I go into the pulpit and then go on and preach a sermon and think nothing of it." "Ah, yet," said the Bishop, that agrees exactly with what I hear your people say, for they hear the sermon and they too think nothing of it."

"The world is full of what may be called subjunctive heroes who might, could, would or should be something eminent, but for certain obstacles or discouragements. We have them in religious circles, too, but may the God of all grace keep them out of our holiness churches. Amen!

R. C. POTTER,
Norton, N. B.

"Complicity with error will take from the best of men the power to enter any successful protest against it."