

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Sarah Sprague

Death visited us again on Sunday November 16th, and claimed Mrs. Sarah Sprague aged 79 years. Mrs. Sprague was a member of the R. B. Church of Calais, but moved away two years ago. She suffered an attack of pneumonia that left her in failing health which later developed into a complication of diseases that caused her death. She leaves to mourn her loss three children, Mrs. Edwin Hatt of Calais Charles Sprague, of Michigan, and Samuel Sprague of Baileyville Maine.

The service was conducted by the writer at the house. The remains were laid to rest in Calais cemetery. To the sorrowing, we extend our sympathy.

L. J. Sears.

Mrs. Robert Johnston.

At her home near Millville, on Oct. 27th, Mrs. Robert Johnston, passed from this life to be with her Lord. She was a daughter of the late Timothy W. Smith. She leaves to mourn their loss, besides her husband, three sisters; Mrs. John Liston, Mrs. Nettie Burden, of Houlton Me., Mrs. John W. E. Grant, of E. Hodgdon, Me. one brother William P. Smith, of Alliance, Alta, and other relatives. The funeral was held at Hawkins Corner, in the Union Church, on Thursday the 30th, Rev. A. H. Trafton officiating, the one who had baptised her some 38 years previous. The service was largely attended and the floral tributes numerous, which testified to her genial disposition and the esteem in which she was held.

Leslie Estabrooks.

At Fielding on November 7, the death occurred of Leslie Estabrooks at the age of 44 years. Wherever he was known, he was respected as a man of God, and one who never failed to declare the truth since his conversion about 20 years ago. The funeral was held at Gordonville, on Sunday, 9th, inst., being conducted by several of his Christian brethren. He leaves to mourn an aged father, one brother, Albert, and one sister, Mrs. James Campbell and a large circle of relatives and friends. Relatives from a distance who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. John Estabrooks and family of Mars Hill; and a nephew, Levis Estabrooks of Boston.

HE BUILDED BETTER THAN HE KNEW.

The air was unusually sultry on that August morning. The dust was thickly strewn along the village streets, and every footfall of man or beast sent it flying upward to fall in showers on the faces and garments of the unlucky ones who were within its reach.

Carleton was a pretty village, nestling between two hills and divided by a river, whose banks were green and inviting, but on this particular morning even the riverbanks seemed parched by the hot rays of the sun. It was the Sabbath, and the little church by the river usually so attractive, had very few worshippers within its walls, and the most of those were drowsy and inattentive. No cool breeze came in through the open windows, and the uneasy movements of the people, the vibration of the fans, and the occasional

cry of a child, had a depressing effect on the nerves of the pastor.

Mr. Hartley was a young man who felt he had been called into the ministry not by a man but by God. He felt like God's servant of old—"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel"—and yet there were times when he feared that he was of no particular fitness for the field in which he labored. Beloved by his people generally, yet there were those in every community who openly censured his ways, and he felt that God was not honoring his labors as he thought he had a right to expect. There had been no particular move in the church, and this young brother had not fully learned to do his best and leave the rest with the Lord.

On this sultry morning he had risen with a severe headache which had become almost unbearable. He had carefully and prayerfully prepared his sermon, and as the bell pealed forth its last call, he knelt and asked God to bless it and let it reach some heart that would respond to the call. But as he stood before his congregation, feeling such utter bodily inability to sustain his part, and as he noted the restlessness and indifference of his people, his heart almost failed him. But as he read the opening psalm, "Lord thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," the shadows lifted somewhat, and when he bowed in prayer, at the close of the service, God filled his soul and lifted him above the cares of life, "to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

His sermon was from the words of Elijah to the people of Israel, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, then follow them." He had spoken earnestly of the dangers of procrastination, and the fearful results of indecision but all through the sermon it seemed to him that his words fell on unheeding ears. But when the closing prayer that brought him so near God was ended, he dismissed his congregation and his doubts feeling that his Elder Brother had charge of all these things, and, as he had committed his ways unto the Lord, his efforts would be rewarded in good time. Such perfect trust had never filled his heart before.

The next evening Mr. Hartley sat in his study, resting after the labors of the day, the door-bell rang, and in a few moments Charles Foster, one of the leading men of the town and a member of his congregation, entered the room. Mr. Foster was a merchant, a kind-hearted, liberal man, who had done much for the interests of the community. He was not a Christian, but had always prided himself on his morality. Usually he was calm and polished in manner, but now he was violently agitated, and stepping to the young clergyman's side and looking earnestly in his face, he said abruptly, "I have come to ask you to pray for me."

With a glad light in his face the servant of God grasped the seeker's hand, and they sank upon their knees. It was no formal prayer that fell across the pastor's lips, for it came from the heart and as he prayed, a wonderful peace and promise of better things strengthened him. Mr. Foster was completely broken down, and tears streamed forth from his eyes. From

his full heart he prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," forgive me for my long halting between two opinions, and help me to follow thee, for thou art God." His prayer was answered, for he rose from his knees a new man. The friends clasped hands again, while their faces shone with the light of the redeemed. They talked long and earnestly of the future, and, Mr. Foster, whose heart was full of enthusiasm, said:

"Bless God for that sermon of yesterday! I attended church because my pride would not have it said that I remained at home on account of a little discomfort, but I felt as indifferent as usual. As you talked, God spoke, too. I began to see how weak and mean I had been—living on my morality, really serving Baal.—when God wanted me, and Christ had died to redeem my soul. With his grace assisting me, I will follow him the remainder of my days."

"God bless you, my friend," said Mr. Hartley solemnly. "Our prayer meeting comes on Tuesday evening, as you know. Will you be present tomorrow evening and speak for your Master?"

"With his help and yours," was the reply,

Tuesday night came and the faithful few gathered in the prayer room. Young people came in to pass away an hour, and others came to criticize. The minister's face shone with joy unspeakable and his voice rang with holy triumph. His people looked at him wonderingly, but their wonder and joy reached its height when Mr. Foster rose and in glad tones of thanksgiving told of his changed purpose and of God's goodness to him. His testimony banished the apathy and dullness of the people. One after another they rose and spoke their gladness. Voices long silent in God's service were heard renewing their vows. This was only the beginning. A revival swept over the community, and Mr. Hartley felt that his cup of joy was full to overflowing. So from that Sabbath morning when the pastor's heart had been so filled with sadness, and from the sermon delivered in weakness of faith, had sprung this blessing, sent directly from God. Surely this servant had builded better than he knew.—Sel.

If a person were so foolish as to throw away a piece of money into a pit, or in the sea, he would not literally throw away anything but the metal; but virtually he would throw away whatever best thing it would have purchased as bread, clothing, refreshments, medicine for the sick, instructive books, etc. Even so, a person wasting time throws away, not the time itself only, but the opportunities and the privileges which that time presents.—John Foster.

Sanctification is not only a double cure, but a perfect cure for the malady of sin. "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace."—Sel.

Pleasure is all very well to wade in, but it is too shallow to swim in and many a one who has attempted to dive into its waters has crashed to his death on its rocky bottom.