

OBITUARY

Dorothy Curless.

Miss Dorothy Curless, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Curless, of Fort Fairfield, came peacefully to her end in this life on Aug. 3rd, after a lingering illness of nearly a year. Dorothy was a quiet and amiable dispositioned girl of not quite twenty years of age. She was converted under the labors of myself and L. C. Good, and was baptized by the writer. When exhorted to keep her trust in God some little time before her death, she replied, "It is all we can do."

The funeral service was held at the Church on Wednesday at 2.30 o'clock. Mrs. Hallett Mullen and Miss Hazel Mullen did the singing while Revs. Hilyard and Wright had charge of the service. Many were the floral tributes. Interment was made at Riverside cemetery.

F. T. WRIGHT.

Mrs. C. N. Scott

On Monday morning, Aug. 3rd, Fannie, the wife of C. N. Scott, of Woodstock, departed from this life at the ripe age of 78 years. Sister Scott was the daughter of the late Israel Churchill, and the last one of a large family. Brother and Sister Scott had been married 57 years. Her husband, two daughters, Miss Clara, at home, Mrs. A. W. Clark, of Woodstock, two granddaughters, Miss Grace Clark and Mrs. Bertha Henderson, survive. Sister Scott was a charter member of the Reformed Baptist Church at Woodstock and was regular in her attendance until her health failed several years ago.

The funeral was held from her home on Wednesday afternoon and was conducted by Rev. L. J. Alley. The music was furnished by the church choir. The flowers were numerous and beautiful.

Medora Peabody.

Medora Peabody, relict of the late Thomas Peabody, passed away from this life on Aug. 11th, at Jonesport, Me., aged sixty-seven years. She is survived by a daughter, one brother and one sister. The funeral was held from her residence on the 13th, the writer officiating. Deceased was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church at Beals, Me.

YOU NEVER ASKED ME.

"On a village platform I was speaking in a good-humored way of the difference between the villagers and the towns of this land. In all our cities there are some who have never been invited to the house of prayer, who have never seriously been offered the Gospel of salvation. One of the things that has staggered me has been the great crowd of people living under the very shadow of churches and chapels whose minds are dark and desolate, knowing nothing of the things of God. "Of course," I said, "these things do not happen in the villages. In the villages everybody is known and sought and cared for, and if any man is lost, surely it must be because he will not be saved."

Before I could finish, a friend on the platform put his hand on my shoulder and said: "I cannot let you talk like that."

Then he told us how every time he went up a narrow lane in which, at a corner standing all by itself, was a little cottage. In that house lived a member of a family, known through all the North of England as the founders of a sect of unbelievers. The man had died, and there lived through many years in that same cottage his widow. The churches respected her convictions, as they thought, and did not talk to her about religion. Every time he went to his house my friend passed this cottage. He often saw the woman, and spoke to her of such subjects as the weather, but never thought of saying anything to her of spiritual things. He told us how, some days before there had come a knock at his door between two and three in the morning. The message was that this woman was very ill and wanted to see him. Hurriedly he dressed, all the time wondering what he could say.

When he went in he found her very ill, her hands playing nervously with the coverlet. With his heart overflowing he put his hand on her thin wasted hand and said: "am sorry to see you so poorly."

"Yes," she said: "am very poorly. I am not far from the end; but it is not too late, is it?"

"Too late for what?" he asked.

"It is not too late for me to come to Jesus?"

"No," he said; "it is never too late."

Then she looked at him and said: "You never asked me to come to chapel, and you never talked to me about Jesus. You thought I was an infidel. You didn't know my father was a local preacher, and my mother a class leader, and that I was a Sunday-school teacher. It broke their hearts because I would wed an infidel; but I was no infidel. Oh, you don't know how I have wished I could come to chapel, and many a time I have stood at my door and said: 'He will ask me today; I am sure he will ask me today.' But you never did. And I was too proud to come without. Then I used to come in and sit me down in my rocking-chair, and fold my arms and bury my face, and say: 'Nobody cares.' But it is not too late, is it? It is not too late?"

He led her to Jesus. "But," he said, "I can never forgive myself that God put that woman in my way, and her heart was longing and yearning for a word that would bring her into the kingdom and I never spoke it to her."

But there is another side. What about the Holy Spirit? He wanted some one to speak to that woman. He looked for a man and could find none. It fills me with something like agony when I think of the Spirit's longing and the church's denseness; when I think of the Spirit's anguish and the church's worldliness."—Ex,

"I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know that He has given His Word,
Which tells me prayer is always heard,
And will be answered soon or late;
And so I pray and calmly wait.

Our sins are debts that none can pay but Christ. It is not our tears, but His blood; it is not our sighs but His sufferings that can testify for our sins. Christ must pay all, or we are prisoners forever.—Sel.

EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHY.

Never forget:
That the fairest flowers fade the soonest.

That knowledge leaves no room for chances.

That pride is never so offensive as when in chains.

That when men are lonely they stoop to any companionship.

That the darkest cloud often contains the most fruitful showers.

That the pure worship of a pure heart does not always keep the feet in the right path, unless the heart is inspired and made pure by the spirit of prayer.

That there may be loyalty without love, but never love without loyalty.

That a golden key will often find the way to open many a secret drawer.

That death is a sleepless messenger, and life a wakeful handmaid of creation.

That the sensitive, velvety paws of the kitten often cover the sharpest claws.

That "doing as well as you know how" well.

is all right, if you know how to do well.

That it is often more difficult to obliterate drops of spilled ink than drops of spilled blood.

That those who are honest, and earnest in their honesty, have no need to proclaim the fact.

That it may be well to test the condition of the cat's claws before stroking its fur the wrong way.

Finally, that the truest help we can

render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength that he may be able to bear the burden.—Selected.

IMPLICIT FAITH

Our religion alone puts the very heart of religion in an act of trust. We trust because ours is a God worthy of our absolute trust, as the God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. Unless we trust the Son, how can we trust the Father that sent Him? "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father; he that confesseth the Son hath the Father also." Faith in God does not long survive faith in the Son of God. Unless we see the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ, we cease to see it at all. Unless God has spoken in His Son, no man has ever heard the Voice Divine. Take the story of the incarnate Son from our sacred books, and what is left? To believe in God we must believe in Christ. It is not two God's that we worship, but it is "God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." We can worship the Father only through the Son.

"The homage we render Thee
Is still the Father's own;
Nor jealous claim, nor rivalry,
Divides the Cross and Throne."
"Believe also in He,"

—Bishop Hendrix.

"Take the sword of the Spirit." Grip it! Learn to handle it! Don't spend your time in criticising it. You will never fight well if you have doubts of your weapon.