

THOU KUOWEST THE COMMANDMENTS.

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It would be no more murder to use the razor and slit my throat than to kill myself with tobacco; as well use carbolic acid as use rye whisky. It would be no more criminal to blow out my brains with a gun than to dethrone reason by secret yet deadly sins of self-abuse.

A gentleman (?) told his family doctor, that although a birth was anticipated, no more children were desired and requested the physician's assistance. He was told to call a certain hour the following day, and to bring his only child, a boy of a few years, with him.

At the appointed hour, the man appeared. Pointing to an ax lying on the table, the surgeon said, "If your family is large enough, knock that boy on the head." The man drew back horror-stricken.

"What do you think I am?" he gasped, "a murderer?"

"What do you think I am?" replied the doctor, "you wanted me to be the murderer."

There are two children in that family now. That doctor opened their eyes to this fact—that a Chinese native who throws that infant to the dogs shortly after it is born is no worse than the parents who take the life of their unborn child. Either is murder.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

And if murder is breaking the sixth command, what about those of whom Jesus said, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer?" Are not the folks who hate, in the eyes of God guilty of this breach of the law.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." Adultery, that foul, wretched crime, reeking with the rottenness of hell. It lays its thousands low. It walks on the street, reigns in the brothel, skulks in the corner of the hovel, and makes its bed in the mansion. Lust reigns in so many men and unchastity is found in so many women. Modern fashion feeds it.

We do not blame the young folks half as much as we do their elders, and some day, God Almighty will put blame where blame belongs.

Adultery, this vile, vile sin, fed in the parlor dance and all-too-social evening at the hand of fashion is doing more to damn the nation than the lowest Hun could do.

"Thou shalt not steal." No room here for moving to avoid paying the rent, or evade settling up with the grocer. No room here for ruining and filching character. No room here for refusing to make restitution. God says, "Defraud not."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." Think of the people this one command shall condemn. Do you say, "Pleased to meet you," while hatred lurks in your heart? Didn't you promise God to seek His face, if only He would spare? Have you kept your word? Didn't you promise that sainted mother to meet her in heaven? Have you started that way? Did not you lie to make that gain, and then again lest you should be caught? Didn't you lie to prove up your claim, and then to

avoid the taxes? Didn't you bear false witness to get damages, to get that insurance? Didn't you bear false witness about the ages of the children when you went away on the train? Ah, repent! Repent! For "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie" never gets into heaven.

"Thou shalt not be covetous." Oh, what need of further investigation?

That young man will rise in the judgment and say, "Observe all these commandments as I did, I did not dare profess to Jesus that I was all right. Yet you have vilely and wickedly broken nearly every command, have tried to cover it all up, and over the top of everything covered and unconfessed, have even dared to profess religion."

"If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments" (Matt. 19:17).

OBITUARY

Mrs. Martha V. Brooks

At the Fisher Memorial Hospital, Woodstock, N. B., Monday, Oct. 25th, the death occurred of Mrs. Martha V. Brooks, of Bristol, N. B., at the age of 23 years and 6 months. She leaves a baby girl, Kathleen, 3 months old, her husband, Gideon Brooks, her mother, Mrs. A. W. Smith, of Auburn, Me., who was with her two weeks previous to her death; two sisters and four brothers. The funeral was held at Gordonsville, Car. Co., Wednesday, the 27th. Rev. H. S. Dow, of Hartland, N. B., officiating. Interment was made in the cemetery adjoining the United Baptist Church.

Richard Ryder

After an illness of a few days, there passed away at his late residence, Magazine street, St. John, N. B., Sunday night, Oct. 24th, Richard Ryder, a well known and respected resident of the North End, where he had resided for the past 45 years. He was twice married and seven children were born of each union and three of each union survive. There remain besides his widow, four sons: James E., of Philadelphia; Alfred, of Vancouver; Richard and William, of Hartford, Conn.; two daughters, Mrs. J. R. Williams, of Malden, Mass., Mrs. Samuel Rock, of Hartford, Conn., and two sisters, Mrs. Hugh Spicer, of South Boston, and Mrs. William Jones, of Saint John. Mr. Ryder had been a follower of the Lord for many years and died in the triumph of faith. The funeral was held on Thursday, the 28th, at 2 p. m., from his late residence, Mr. Crabtree officiating. A large number of friends and neighbors were in attendance. Interment was in the old Church of England burying ground.

Charles O. Mutch

After an illness of two months of heart trouble, Charles O. Mutch passed from this life at his home in Woodstock, N. B., on Oct. 11th, 1926, leaving to mourn their loss, besides his wife, one son, Edward, and two daughters, Ardis and Louise, all at home, one brother in Cape Breton, and one sister in Lowell, Mass., besides a large circle of other relatives and friends. The funeral was held on the 13th in the Reformed Baptist Church of which he was

not only a member, but had filled the office of deacon for a number of years very faithfully. The writer conducted the service and was assisted by Revs. B. Colpitts, H. S. Dow, P. W. Briggs and Rev. E. B. McLatchy, U. B. The large number of floral tributes as well as the large number in attendance, bespoke of the high esteem in which he was held by all. His remains were laid to rest in the Woodstock cemetery to await the resurrection of the just. He loved his church and the cause of holiness and proved it by his devotion and sacrifice for both. His home, the church and community will miss him to say the least, but what is our loss, we are sure it is his eternal gain. We extend to the sorrowing ones our deepest sympathy.

E. W. LESTER.

Mrs. Alace MacLoud

Mrs. Alace MacLoud passed away at her home on North street, Calais, Oct. 21st. Mrs. MacLoud was taken sick last spring; she recovered from her sickness, and for a time seemed to be gaining; but as fall set in, she began to fail and took her bed about a week before she passed away. She was not a member of the R. B. Church here, although she was a faithful attendant, and worker in the church for the past few years. She was sixty years old. She leaves to mourn, two sisters: Mrs. Victor Marchand, of Lawrence, Mass., and Mrs. Charles Fishe, of Rolling Dam, N. B., Canada. The service was conducted by the writer. The funeral sermon was preached in the Baptist Church at Rolling Dam, and the remains were laid to rest in the Baptist cemetery at that place. We extend to those that mourn our deepest sympathy.

C. R. HAGERMAN.

Mr. James Sprague

Mr. James Sprague passed away at the Calais Hospital, Oct. 20th. Mr. Sprague was taken sick in the early summer, and kept failing until he parted this life. Mr. Sprague was born at Back Bay, N. B., Can., but lived in Calais since he was a boy. He was not a member of the R. B. Church, but I had the privilege of calling on him a number of times while he was sick. He was sixty-eight years old. He leaves to mourn, besides a widow, three sons, Kenneth, Bazel and Clarence; two daughters, Diana, and Mrs. R. Chanler, of Bangor; and two brothers: John Sprague, of Milltown, N. B., and Allen Sprague, of Back Bay, N. B. The funeral service was conducted by the writer in the home of the deceased. The remains were laid to rest in the Calais cemetery.

Our prayers and sympathy are extended to those that mourn.

C. R. HAGERMAN.

WHEN WE CAN AFFORD TO DIE

However dark and unprofitable, however painful and weary existence may have become; however any man, like Elijah, may be tempted to cast himself down beneath the juniper tree, and say, "It is enough, O Lord!"—life is not done, and our Christian character is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer, or anything left for us to do.—F. W. Robertson.