

## OBITUARY

Arthur C. Baird

With mingled feelings of sorrow and yet with a sense of joy at his translation, we record the death of our friend and brother, Arthur L. Baird, of Hartland, N. B., who departed this life, April the 13th, 1926.

He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife, one brother, Thomas, who lives near Lowell, Mass., and one sister, Mrs. W. E. Anglin, of Buckeye, Arizona, besides a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his departing.

Brother Baird was born at Lower Brighton, N. B., over 54 years ago, coming to Hartland when a young man, he has spent the greater part of his life here, and being of an honest and upright disposition, won the respect of the whole town, and all who knew him, both as a Christian and business man. He was not only a member of the Reformed Baptist Church, but was superintendent of the Sunday School, deacon and treasurer of the Church which offices he has filled faithfully for a number of years. He surely will be missed to say the least, but our loss is his eternal gain.

The funeral service was held in the Reformed Baptist Church, which was filled to its utmost capacity, on the 15th, conducted by his pastor, who spoke from Rev. 2-10, assisted by Rev. G. F. Bolster, U. B., who also paid a high tribute to his memory.

The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Marshal, of Fredericton, uncle and aunt of the deceased, and with whom Mr. Baird spent the greater part of his boyhood days.

We extend to our sister and sorrowing friends our sincere sympathy in this time of their sad bereavement.

E. W. LESTER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Seal Cove, N. B.

Dear Brother Trafton:

I thought I had better send in a little report of the meeting we had at Wood Island before the next Highway comes out.

After the Quarterly Meeting Brother Stillman Mullen remained with me for over two Sundays, April 4th and 11th, and till Wednesday 14th. We had a good meeting with quite gratifying results. There were a number of hungry and willing souls who were ready to respond, and these found victory by stepping out and believing God. If I mistake not, there were 12 at the altar for reclamation and pardon. One sister after being reclaimed one night was back in a night or so seeking the blessing, which she claimed to receive. The work seemed deep and thorough. God enabled Brother Mullen to preach in the power of the Spirit. I never listened to a better and more applicable series of sermons taking it night for night in any revival meeting I have ever had. Brother Mullen has evangelistic gifts of a high order and he is only a mere boy in years. The church was edified and blessed under his ministry. The people of Wood Island stood by the meetings and attendance was good. There were no off

nights, even stormy nights. Several nights good crowds came off from Seal Cove, and helped us out. There was a good spirit manifested in the services throughout. For nine successive nights, counting from the first Tuesday, there was not a barren altar, there being at least one seeker. Several nights during this time it looked very doubtful but before the benediction was pronounced one would come forward. There were a good many deeply concerned, and God was moving upon them, but like Ephraim, they were joined to their idols. People on Wood Island can be just as much enslaved to the world and pride and foolishness and sin as in Boston or Saint John or in some center of worldliness and fashion.

Since the meetings closed two young men who came out have claimed the blessing of holiness, one praying through at home alone and the other Sunday evening in the church.

After Brother Mullen was through on Wood Island I persuaded him to remain with me till over last Sunday, so beginning Thursday evening he preached here each night including Sunday night. He being here to supply for me I stayed on W. Island for the evening as well as the afternoon. At both places the services were good. For two Sunday nights here we have had a crowded house, the Baptist Church undergoing repairs, the Baptist people came and fellowshiped with us.

Yours in Jesus,

H. C. MULLEN

## Coronation

Dear Brother Trafton:

Please find enclosed a postal note to the King's Highway. I did appreciate it so much this winter. I was sick and could not get out to church; I don't know how I could do without it. I read it and give it to my neighbors.

Yours truly,

MRS. GEORGE BISHOP

In a striking chapter entitled "Spiritual Dry Rot," Mrs. Bramwell Booth powerfully deals with this insidious foe to holiness of heart. She says:

"I was reading only yesterday that the oak work of one of our most historic buildings—Westminster Hallis suffering damage caused by the woodworm. Experts say that the mischief has probably been going on for more than four hundred years. A spray has been prepared and used which has in it a threefold object. It contains ingredients which are destructive, killing the worm which does the harm. The spray has in it an oil which is preventive against attacks in the future; and it includes a preparation which tends to the preservation of the timber. Should this spray fail, the oak work in Westminster is doomed.

"As I read of this effort of science to arrest the ravages of the wood-worm, I saw in it a parable, and realized that God in His wisdom and love has prepared a no less effective remedy for the evils which the terrible sin of mistrust brings in its train. He has provided for the destruction of mistrust by the power of Christ; by His Spirit He can guard the soul against future onslaughts of the Evil One; and He is able, by grace, to give to us each that glorious confidence which Paul experienced when he declared, 'The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom!'

"Oh, that today you, as you read these lines, would seek out the hidden source of the sin which has wrought such havoc in your soul. Bring it into the light, let God deal with it, and He will destroy the wrong and give you a glorious assurance and joy which will enable you to venture out and do great things for Him!"

## GUESTS OF HONOR

Between sixty and seventy friends met at the Reformed Baptist parsonage on the 19th inst. at Fredericton to honor Deacon and Mrs. Clowes Patterson, who will leave shortly for New Jersey, where they will make their home for a time. There were many expressions of appreciation for the worthy place they have filled in the church and community, and regrets in having them leave.

Brother Patterson was presented with a beautiful Bible and a fountain pen, and Sister Patterson with a handsome silk scarf and book as tokens of love and best wishes for a speedy return.

## RAILWAY WILL BE BUILT TO SUMMIT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

The following item will be read with much interest:

Mount Ararat, on the summit of which, according to Biblical tradition, Noah's ark rested after the flood, will be turned into a modern resort for tourists from all parts of the world. A railway is planned to the summit which is 17,000 feet above the sea level. Ararat, located in Eastern Armenia, lying between the Lakes Van and Urmia and the River Araxes, now forms the frontier between Turkey, Persia and Armenia.

Superstitious fear and natural obstacles have prevented the natives from attempting the ascent of the mountain. However, its summits have been reached by Europeans and its geological peculiarities have been noted. Its cone is the crater of an extinct volcano, and because of its height it is snow-capped a throughout the year.

—Ray L. Kimbrough.

## THE LOST SHEEP.

Dost hear the bleating of My sheep?  
So far astraying from the fold,  
They're lost tonight upon the wold;  
No shepherd's voice sounds his recall,  
No rod nor staff controls their fall;  
The road is rough, the mountain steep;  
Dost hear the bleating of my sheep?

Awandering through the mountain steep,  
Now here, now there, o'er each high hill,  
From pastures green, by waters still,  
Yea, scattered, driven all about,  
With none to seek or search them out;  
A prey to foes that lurk and creep,  
Dost hear the bleating of My sheep?

Seek straightway for our straying sheep,  
On every hill and mountain wold;  
Nor rest till thou dost all enfold,  
If more than all thou lovest Me;  
Aye, feed them if thou fed wouldst be;  
The sick are dying while ye sleep;  
Dost hear the bleating of My sheep?

—Margaret A. Karr.

A fence post is always a fence post. It is stuck in the ground, but it has no roots and doesn't grow. Are you like the fence post or like a tree in your Christian experience? Heart and Life.