

see Paulina healed, if it could please the Lord to do so. She is never really well, and at present is away for a rest. Remember this dear child of God in prayer.

Yesterday I was at the chief's kraal and found that the Zionists are coming in among the nearby kraals to get hold of the people who attend meeting there. About twenty came to service yesterday including two Zionists whose presence made quite a difference in the spirit of the meeting although they restrained their noisy demonstrations. When I reached Manddu's kraal I found a Zionist meeting in full swing. "They had been shown from heaven" that they should come there and have a meeting. All this takes the natives' fancy as it is similar to their ideas concerning witchcraft. Only the Spirit of God can show them the difference between truth and error and for this we earnestly pray among these poor black people.

May the Lord bless you all in the dear homeland. Many of you are already at Beulah, and we are praying for the Alliance and Camp Meeting. May it be a gracious time.

Yours in Christian love,
ALICE F. STERRITT.

THE PERSONALIZED BIBLE.

Of the various Bibles I have, my favorite is an inexpensive edition of the American Standard Revision. For years I have owned and used it. I am by no means ashamed of its battered appearance. As a spiritual warrior, I would not have my sword as new-looking as on the day I first received it.

In looking today on the blank front leaves of this Bible I was surprised to note that I had never written my name there. Though the book came to me while we were at war with Germany, all the years since, I had forgotten to put my signature on this weapon of the soul. At once, after recognizing this omission, I wrote my name on the inside of the front cover.

Of course this was not a serious forgetfulness. But in a spiritual sense are there not many owners of Bibles who fail to write their names in them? That is they fail to claim by definite faith the message of the Heavenly Book as their personal possession.

In the morning of my Christian life I came across some written advice that meant much to my progress in grace. This was it, "Whenever you come across a promise in the Bible, mark it and make it your own." This simple practice will work wonders in increasing the preciousness of the Divine Volume.

Peter preaching at Pentecost said, "The promise is to you." The Bible is full of drafts upon the Bank of the New Jerusalem, payable to bearer and of so great amounts that they will make him a millionaire in the unsearchable riches of Christ. But as drafts upon the banks of this world have to be indorsed before we realize anything from them, so we must, spiritually, affix our names to the celestial drafts.

One morning, years ago I was at college, I heard the leader of the Chapel devotional exercises read the twenty-third Psalm, emphasizing the personal pronouns all through its six verses. It transformed them for me. I realized as never before the personalness of those beautiful words.

Do you fail to find the Bible the sweetest volume that you know? Personalize it, and see if you cannot then say, "Oh, how I love thy law!"

E. WAYNE STAHL.

OBITUARY

Mary Ella Hicks

At the hospital in Blasdell, N. Y., Mary Ella, wife of Manford Hicks, took her departure from this life Monday, Aug. 1st, 1927, after a few hours illness, a ruptured tumor resulting in peritonitis. She was 30 years of age. The body was brought to Moncton for burial, arriving Thursday morning at 10.10. The funeral was held from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Alcorn, 218 Dominion street, Friday at 2 p. m., Rev. P. J. Trafton officiating, assisted by Rev. S. Perry. She leaves to mourn beside her husband, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McCallum, four brothers, one sister and four half brothers. The floral tributes were many and beautiful and the large attendance attested to the high esteem in which she was held. The remains were laid to rest in Elmwood cemetery at Sunny Brae. She was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church at Moncton and was a woman of sterling worth. To the bereaved ones we extend our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Henry Britton

In the death of Sister Mrs. Henry Britton, of Woodstock, we are called upon to record the passing of one of our oldest church members, who departed this life June 12th, 1927, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Bragdon, Woodstock, N. B., with whom she had resided for the last few years, and who tenderly cared for her until the end. Sister Britton was 82 years of age. Besides the daughter above mentioned she is survived by three sons, Allison, of Houlton, Me.; George, of Portland, Me., and Charles, of Woodstock, N. B.; twelve grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

She was converted when quite young and when the Reformed Baptist Church was organized, united with her husband, who was one of the charter members. The funeral was held in the R. B. Church on the 14th conducted by the pastor, Rev. E. W. Lester, interment in the Wakefield cemetery. The flowers were many and beautiful. We extend to her loved ones our heartfelt sympathy.

Deacon Abram J. Marston

With mingled feelings of sadness and yet with rejoicing at his translation, we wish to record the death of our beloved brother, A. J. Marston, of Woodstock, N. B., who departed this life to be with Jesus, July 6th, 1927. Deacon Marston had been in failing health since last fall, but was only confined to his bed about one week, when the end came suddenly. Of the family three brothers, Willard, of Seattle, Wash., Everard, of Alberta, Can., Edgar of Wash., and two sisters, Mrs. Clara Brown, of Vancouver, B. C., Mrs. Ready, of Los Angeles; his adopted daughter, Mrs. Ethel Everett, who was with him and tenderly cared for him the last few months of his life, also two others that he had brought up, Alice and Kathlene, remain, and a host of other relatives and friends, who mourn his departure.

Brother Marston was born at Meductic, N. B., Sept. 25, 1841. He and his brother, Isaac, for a number of years carried on a large general store and did a flourishing business. This partnership was dissolved in 1887 when he removed to Woodstock, his

brother, Isaac, carrying on the business at Meductic. He conducted a grocery business for a few years in Woodstock.

He was converted in revival services held at Meductic by Revs. G. B. Trafton and W. B. Wiggins in 1883 or 4. When the Reformed Baptist Church was organized in Woodstock, Nov. 3, 1888, he became one of its charter members, and has been a faithful and consistent member ever since. He was always deeply interested in the work of the Church, and has held many offices at different times, faithfully discharging his duties always. He held the offices of deacon and trustee at the time of his death and many years previous. The funeral service was held in the Reformed Baptist Church on the 8th at 2.30 p. m., the pastor, Rev. E. W. Lester officiating, assisted by Rev. E. B. McLatchy, U. B., and evangelist F. W. Foster. The burial took place in the Methodist cemetery at Woodstock. The scripture used by the pastor was 2nd Timothy 4-6, 7, 8. We extend to all the bereaved ones our sincere sympathy.

THE SIN OF THE JOY-KILLER

A short editorial under the title given above which appeared in the Herald of Holiness is so much to the point as to deserve a careful reading by all Christian people. We give it in part as follows:

"We have been thinking of people—good people—whom we have known who seemed to think it wise to say sharp, cutting things about their acquaintances and, under a thin guise of pleasantry, of their friends and associates. We have even thought of instances when we ourselves descended somewhat to this contemptible practice. But we thought only of the outstanding instances, and we are left to wonder how much joy we may have killed and how much grief we may have fostered merely by 'not thinking.'

"Yesterday we read an indictment against the drivers of automobiles who were accused of 'Sacrificing 15,000 innocent people upon the altar of carelessness.' It was startling and effective. But today we fall back into our musing, and are forced to remember that people grow old in their hearts, and that no heart is young any more after joy has gone out. There is the preacher who is discouraged and on the shelf because those whom he served forgot to feel grateful or to express their gratitude when they did feel it. There is the mother who languishes on the borderland of despair because the children for whom she gave all she had to give have failed to fill her heart with sunshine. There is the old, broken father whose numbered days yet seem too many because those for whom he toiled overlook the kind words and kind looks for which his old heart longs. How many people remember to say words of appreciation to the doctor who saved their lives? To the teacher who inspired them with the ideals which led them to success? Or to the neighbor who shared with them in their distress?

"Oh, the sin, the crime of the 'joy-killer!' Its turpitude is multiplied by its uselessness and barrenness. Its perpetrators make their sacrifices upon altars erected to hideous monsters, and they receive their returns only in ashes and tears and deep drawn sighs. Let us not join their ranks, but let us live among the joy givers and the joy builders. Then we shall also dwell among the joy keepers."—Wesleyan Methodist.