

# The King's Highway.

## An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 35-8

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**O**N FRIDAY, April 19th, the heavenly chariot swept low and caught away the soul of our well beloved sister in the Lord, Mrs. Joseph Bullock, in the 90th year of her earthly pilgrimage. Her host of friends will be saddened to hear of her passing, but with her it was a coronation day. Her end came not as a result of any particular sickness, but through the natural process of age, her vitality having grown less and less till she passed peacefully away like one falling into a peaceful slumber. Her son John, who had been in constant attendance at the bedside of his mother, was present when the death angel came, as also were his wife and daughter Marguerite.

Sister Bullock was too well known by every member of the Reformed Baptist denomination to necessitate any dwelling at length on her noble and godly Christian character. Her ringing testimony to full salvation, and her fervent prayers about the altar at Old Beulah Camp will live in the memory of hundreds, when what I write will be long forgotten.

The influence of her life of holiness has been too indelibly stamped upon the lives of a multitude for anyone now to be able to add or detract. So far as the writer is aware, Sister Bullock never missed a single year at Beulah from its beginning. Her seat in the customary spot, at the right from the platform, at the front near one of the pillars of the tabernacle, will be vacant this year for the first time, but the spot will be sacred to her memory so long as Beulah tabernacle stands. Her physical presence will be no longer with us to inspire, but it seems that surely her spiritual presence will linger in benediction upon us as we shall gather at Beulah again and again to worship the Lord and engage in the battle for the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers. Sister Bullock loved to be in the thick of the fight. Others may grow faint and retire, but she, never, so long as one seeking soul still knelt at the altar of prayer. As long as health would permit, she was always present at the six o'clock prayer meeting, thus putting to shame many much younger in years who found it too irksome. It was her love for God and burning passion for souls that made every service a delight.

Her interest in our denominational work was unremitting, and she verified her interest in practical form by personal gifts of money, running into hundreds of dollars. The liberal gifts of her late husband were made largely through her influence.

Sister Bullock was an ardent adherent to the doctrine of entire sanctification as a second blessing, as taught by John Wesley, and though a Methodist in faith, for this reason she stood by all who were committed to the propagation of this glorious experience. The Sal-

vation Army also benefited largely by her benevolence and service. She truly enjoyed the blessing of full salvation, having entered in at the beginning of the holiness work in this province, and she ever testified to it in most explicit terms.

The funeral service was held April 22nd, at two o'clock, in the United Church, Queen Square Methodist, Saint John, N. B., conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Rice. Rev. H. C. Mullen represented the Reformed Baptist Church, and Ensign A. E. Ellis the Salvation Army. Rev. A. D. McLeod, of the United Church, and E. W. Lester and S. H. Clark of the Reformed Baptist Church, were also on the platform and took part in the service. After the addresses had been given, two Salvation Army lassies sang beautifully an invitation hymn, and an invitation was given by Mr. Rice for seekers to come forward to the

altar and seek the Lord. The entire service was planned with this purpose in view, it being Sister Bullock's wish that her funeral service be made a soul saving meeting. A short prayer by Mr. McLeod ended the beautiful and impressive service. The plain casket of humble gray, with a few flowers—a pillow marked "Mother," from the sons, John and Thomas, and a few sprays from near friends—blended well with the spirit of the service and the humble Christian life of the departed.

The funeral procession, headed by the Salvation Army band of No. 1 Corps, proceeded via Sydney to Waterloo street, where motor cars were awaiting to convey thither those attending the service at the graveside in Fernhill cemetery, where the body was laid to rest by the side of her husband to await the resurrection morning.

—H. C. M.

### A REMEMBRANCE

I wish to speak a word of affectionate remembrance of the late Mrs. Joseph Bullock. I have known her for many years, and thank God for her inspiring life. She has left us the heritage of a righteous life. We cannot incarnate in words what God expresses in such lives. Christ's "well done" is the eternal reward, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." When the late Rev. Charles S. Humbert wrote to me about the passing of his mother, he spoke of her as "my dear sacred mother." The children who mourn their mother's passing, yet rejoice in her preparedness, will feel that the term "my dear sacred mother" applies in this case. "Good night" to them meant Heaven's "Good morning" to her.

"The world recedes, it disappears, Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring;  
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
O Death, where is thy sting?"

—B. T. Gaskin.



MRS. JOSEPH BULLOCK

Mrs. Geo. Todaro, Aug 28