

OBITUARY

Mrs. Nehemiah Doane

Mrs. Nehemiah Doane of Chegoggin, N. S., passed to her reward on April 10th, after a short illness. Her only son came home and was with her till the last.

Sister Doane was a faithful child of God and enjoyed the experience of Holiness.

The funeral service was at Chegoggin on Sunday, April 13th, conducted by Rev. Mr. Schurmen. Interment was made in Chegoggin Cemetery.

H. E. MULLEN

Mrs. Norman Churchill

Mrs. Norman Churchill passed away at her home in Darling's Lake, N. S., April 11th. She had been a great sufferer and death came as a relief.

She leaves beside her husband, three daughters, one at home, one in U. S. A. and one in Western Canada; also five step-children.

The funeral service was on Tuesday, April 15th. Rev. Mr. Higgins of Ohio, had charge of the service. Interment was made at Ohio, N. S.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.

H. E. MULLEN

Mrs. William B. Johnston

The death of Mrs. Wm. B. Johnston, who passed away in her sleep Sunday morning, April 27th, at her home, 315 City Line, West Saint John, came as a severe shock to relatives and a large circle of friends in Saint John and other New Brunswick communities.

Although in poor health for weeks, under a physician's care, she apparently felt much better for the past week. Saturday she did a little work and enjoyed a pleasant evening with callers, while she played the piano.

Mrs. Johnston was greatly admired for her cheerful disposition and for her kind hospitality. Many of the neighbors offered their sympathy to the bereaved family.

She leaves to mourn besides her husband, a C. P. R. employee, two sons, Donald, of the C. P. R., McAdam station staff, and Keith, of Saint John, a commercial traveller; and one daughter, Mrs. E. L. Hargrove of Douglas Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Abner Sharpe, of Millville, N. B., who spent the last five winters with their daughter, and two grandchildren, Phillis and Kenneth Johnston, children of Keith Johnston.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. I. F. Keirstead, assisted by Rev. L. T. Sabine, of Millville. Members of the R. B. and U. B. choirs sang two selections, "Safe in The Arms of Jesus" and "When the Pearly Gates Unfold".

The service was largely attended and the beautiful floral tributes bore silent testimony of the love and high esteem in which Mrs. Johnston was held. Interment took place in the Greenwood cemetery.

We had the privilege of visiting Mrs. Johnston, our girlhood friend, during her mother's recent illness, and while she was in bed she assured us of her joy in the Lord. We believe she has gone to be with Jesus. The sorrowing family have our heartfelt sympathy and assurance of prayers.

I. M. K.

Jessie McLeod Mills

Jessie McLeod Mills, wife of Frederick A.

Mills, 3045 East Fifth Street, Long Beach, Calif., passed away April 3rd, aged 61 years. She leaves beside her husband, one daughter, Helen Mills Andrew; mother, Mrs. Simon McLeod; three sisters, Mrs. Clara Hon, of Long Beach; Dr. Katherine Scott, of Columbus, O.; Miss Anna McLeod, of Japan; one brother, William McLeod, of Los Angeles.

Funeral services were held Monday, 7th at 2 p. m., Rev. John Oliver, officiating. Entombment, Angeles Abbey Mausoleum.

TO THE MEMORY OF SISTER SHAW "BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH"

I. A. J. Ward.

Often, (when one has departed whose life we have well known and which left everything but a favourable impression upon us) have we gone away disgusted, after hearing the eulogy given that one by him who administered the last rites. Though they were dead, yet they spoke, but their deeds and words still lived, and spoke louder than the commendation given by man, but in the wrong direction.

I am sure that the life and character of our departed Sister Shaw has left an influence and impression for good that shall never die and shall ever outshine, outweigh and outspoke anything that man could say of her. She could have justly exclaimed of herself in the language of Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." and again, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

How blessed it is for one to live here surrounded by sin, and when having departed, the following words of commendation will follow them, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

I am sure that Sister Shaw, with us, would rather have a commendation such as this than all the good things man could say.

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater". Not he that commendeth himself is approved (nor whom man commendeth) but he whom the Lord Commendeth."

Being associated with Sister Shaw for more than twenty years in church work, her very presence even without a word was a blessing and benediction because at her age in life it bespoke courage, faithfulness and devotion to the cause so dear to her heart and "Perfect love" which characterized the experience she so long possessed.

In passing I would like to say that more than once has Sister Shaw been an immediate blessing to me, for often when I would be passing through some trial and she being prompted of the fact by the Spirit would enclose a text of Scripture in an envelope and send it to me and it proved to be the "Nick of Time blessing."

I have asked myself the question, and would like all those who read this to ask themselves the same. If Sister Shaw had to have an experience backed up by a life such as she lived in order to meet her Lord in peace, what

about those who live worldly and indifferent and with little or no preparation?

"Thou art gone from us, dear sister,

But we will not deplore thee,

For God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,

And death has no sting since the Saviour has died."

THE SMILING MOTHER'S SAD FAREWELL.

A few years ago I was in a town in our state, the guest of a family that had a little boy about thirteen years, who did not bear the family name, yet was treated like the rest. Every night when he retired, the lady of the house kissed him, and treated him in every respect like all the other children. I said to the lady of the house, "I don't understand it." I think he was the finest looking boy I have ever seen. She said, "I want to tell you about that boy. He is the son of a missionary. His father and mother were missionaries in India, but found they had to bring their children back to this country to educate them. So they gave up their mission field, and came back to educate their children, and to find some missionary work to do in this country. But they were not prospered here as they had been in India, and the father said, "I will go back to India;" and the mother said, "If God has called you, I am sure it will be my duty and privilege to go with you." The father said, "You have never been separated from the children; it will be hard for you to be separated from them; perhaps you had better stay and take care of them."

But after prayer they decided to leave the children to be educated, while they left for India. This lady heard of it and sent a letter to the parents, in which she stated that if they left one child at her house, she would treat it like one of her own children. She said the mother came and spent a few days at her house, and being satisfied that her boy would receive proper care, consented to leave him. The night before she was to leave, the missionary said to the western lady, "I want to leave my boy tomorrow morning without a tear; I may never see him again." But she didn't want him to think she was weeping for anything she was doing for the Master. The lady said to herself, "She won't leave that child without a tear." But next day when the carriage drove up to the door, the lady went up stairs, and she heard the mother crying in prayer, "O God, give me strength for this hour. Help me to go away from my boy without a tear." Then she came down with a smile upon her face. She hugged him and she kissed him, but she smiled as she did it. She gave up all of her five or six children without shedding a tear, went back to India, and in about a year she heard a voice, "Come up hither." Do you think she would be a stranger in the Lord's world? Don't you think she would be known there as a mother that loved her child?—Moody's Child Stories.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.—Milton.

"Beware when promises are too promising."