

## OBITUARY

## Harris Chute Mullen

Harris Chute Mullen, of Weymouth, N. S., passed to his eternal reward on Friday night, Dec. 12th, in the 79th year of his life. A little over two months ago his wife passed away. He is survived by six children. He was cared for in the home of one of his daughters at the time of his death. The funeral was held from the residence on Sunday, Dec. 14th, and was conducted by the writer. Interment was made in the Southville cemetery.

H. C. MULLEN

P. S.—The deceased was an uncle of the writer.—H. C. M.

## Mildred Hoyt Conley

Mildred Hoyt Conley on Dec. 3, 1930, after a long illness, passed from this life of toil and pain to be forever with her Lord.

Mrs. Conley was born Oct. 5th, 1872, in Millville, N. B., where she made her home until about 20 years of age. From Millville she moved to Haverhill, Mass., when she was married to Edward Conley, and where she resided until two years ago. When in failing health she came to Prairie, Washington, to make her home with a sister, Mrs. Alex. Johnston.

During suffering and pain she remained steadfastly resigned to the will of God, and died faithfully trusting in the merits of Christ. She leaves to mourn her death three brothers, Charles, of Millville, N. B.; Joseph, of Prairie, Wash.; Willard, of Vancouver, B. C.; two sisters, Mrs. H. B. Lindsay, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Mrs. Alex. Johnston, of Prairie, Wash.

## Charles Hanson

The death of Charles Hanson took place at Perth, N. B., on Dec. 7th, after a lingering illness of over three years; he was over fifty years of age. Prayers were offered at the home of his sister, Mrs. Barry Nevers, from which the remains were taken to the Baptist Church where the sermon was given, interment being made in the Larlee cemetery. There were left to mourn their loss his father, Daniel Hanson; three brothers, Herbert, Archie and Frank, and one sister, Mrs. Barry Nevers. To these we extend our sympathy. F. T. Wright officiated.

## THE BLOTTED PAGE

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—  
The lesson was done.  
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,  
"I have spoiled this one."  
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted  
I gave him a new one all unspotted,  
And into his sad eyes smiled,  
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—  
The old year was done.  
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?  
I have spoiled this one."  
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,  
And gave me a new one all unspotted,  
And into my sad heart smiled,  
"Do better now, my child."

—Sunday School Times

Selfish people do not forgive. It takes an unselfish, loving soul to forget an injury to self and think only of the person who is to be forgiven and helped.

## THE WANDERER

Stranger can you tell me true  
Of a city I have heard—  
Of a kingdom where life's crosses,  
All its bitter pain and losses  
Are unknown, and never word  
Of discouragement is heard?

In my dreams far off and dim,  
Just beyond these mountains blue—  
I have glimpsed a wondrous dwelling,  
And have heard sweet music swelling,  
But, approved, it slowly drew  
Away and lost itself to view.

All life long mine eyes have seen  
These bright pictures fade and die,  
E'er enchanted by their glowing  
Colors fair, yet never knowing  
Closer view—I know not why  
This should on me lie.

I have heard there lies a city  
Vast and fair beyond this world,  
And there clothed with wondrous splendor,  
Dwells the Christ, so loving, tender,  
And I've longed to know His touch—  
I have needed it so much.

I have travelled all these years  
Wandering up and down this world—  
Surely you can tell me pray,  
How to go to find the way,  
For I'm wearying to know,  
This kind Friend who loves me so.

Friend, press on, 'tis very near.  
And the light still shines for thee;  
He'll allow no ill befall thee;  
Christ awaits thee, hear Him call thee!  
Come to Him just as thou art,  
Thee He wants, thee and thy heart.

—C. E. Bundy

## AT THE PORTAL

Standing at the portal  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort met us,  
Hushing every fear;  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong and faithful,  
Making us rejoice;

He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break;  
Resting on His promises  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year. —F. R. H.

## IN HIS WAY

An Irish Presbyterian chaplain, on being ordered down the line, said his adieu to a Roman Catholic priest who had shared his dug-out. "Good-bye, padre," he said. "I'm sorry we have to part. With all our differences we have been very good friends. We've got on together finely. But, then, we're both doing the Lord's work—you in your way and I in His."

"The Holy Spirit will not put His seal on a partial surrender."

## CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATER.

Stephen Grellet, a great mission preacher of his time, was directed by the Holy Spirit to take a long journey into the backwoods of America and preach to some wood cutters. He found only empty shanties, for the wood cutters had gone to another location. But he obeyed the Spirit and, going into a large, empty shanty, he got on his knees and prayed, and then got up and preached his message to what looked to him empty walls, and then left, feeling happy that he had obeyed the Lord.

The years passed and one day he was crossing London Bridge, when a man took hold of him and said, "Thank God I have found you at last."

"Friend," said Stephen Grellet, "I think you are mistaken."

"But I am not," said the man. "Did you not preach one time in an empty lumber shanty in America?"

"Yes," said the good man, "but there was no one there to listen to me."

"Yes, there was," answered the stranger, "I was there. I was there. I was one of the wood cutters and had come back to get a lever when I heard a voice and, creeping up, I saw you through a crack in the wall of the shanty. I heard you pray, and then read the scripture and preach your sermon, and it put me under conviction that I crept silently away into the forest and kneeling down gave my heart to God. I obtained a Bible and told the same blessed story to my men and several of them were converted. Three of them became missionaries. Since that time I have had a great desire to meet you. And, now that God has permitted us to meet, I want to tell you that your sermon preached in that empty shanty has been the means of conversion of at least one thousand souls."

## A LONG PRAYER MEETING

In Salem, Kentucky, a prayer meeting lasted 153 hours and those who took part in it could not adjourn for they could not move. They were entombed miners caught by falling rocks. They had nothing to eat, a little water dripping down they caught in a cup. Carbide lanterns furnished a little light by using one at a time, and finally utter darkness. One of the men could have saved himself had he not run back to warn the others. These men were from twenty-five to thirty-seven years of age, all married but one. When they found that they could not escape, they spent the time in prayer and song, and after they were rescued one of them testified as follows:

"We lay there all Friday morning. I guess all got the victory except James. He failed. We prayed on then till Sunday morning. Then I said I am going to do some writing, and turning to James I said, boy, are you right or wrong? I'm going to put down what you say. I don't know what to say. Then turning his face toward heaven he said, "Put it down, I'm saved!"

When the rescuers found the men they were still praying. One of the rescuing party bade them keep quiet, but they kept on praying until they were all taken out. The wives of the men had been gathered around the mine for a week, their eyes red with weeping. When the men appeared, on their caps was penciled this message: "If we are dead when you find us, we are saved."—Selected.