

OBITUARY



Mrs. A. B. Craig

At her home, 15 Penobscot Ave., Millinocket, Me., after an illness of 5 weeks, Sarah C., beloved wife of Aaron B. Craig, passed peacefully away from this life to be with Jesus, Monday, July 28th, 1930, in the 67th year of her age. She leaves to mourn their loss besides her husband, three sons, Carvell, Caswell and Shirley, all living in Millinocket Me.; two daughters, Mrs. Ercel Moore, Prince William, N. B.; Mrs. John Hampton, Millinocket, Me., who was with her mother during her entire illness; one brother, George Davis, of Millinocket, Me.; one sister, Mrs. Alice Sewell, Saint John, N. B.; ten grandchildren, besides other relatives and a host of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig were married over 43 years ago. She was converted when but a young girl and was wholly sanctified 25 years ago in a revival meeting held at Hartland, N. B. (where they were then living) by the late Rev. S. A. Baker, in the Reformed Baptist Church, with which church she united five years later, before leaving for Millinocket. Her experience kept her through the passing years and through the hardships and tests proved the power of Jesus Christ to save and keep from sin. She ever maintained a deep interest in the cause of holiness. She died in the triumph of the faith.

The funeral was held in the home on Wednesday at 2 p. m., where a large number of people gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed and extend sympathy to the bereaved ones. The writer had charge of the service and he was assisted by Rev. H. S. Dow, Hartland, N. B., Rev. E. M. McAllister, Epis., Millinocket, Me., Rev. H. G. McGibbon, U. B., Prince William, N. B. By her request the writer sang "The Pearly White City." Rev. Mr. Dow and the writer sang "The Homeland," and at the grave side, "When I Get to the End of the Way."

The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful and the large company attending testified to the high esteem in which she was held. She was a devoted and loving wife and mother and a friend to all. To the sorrowing ones we extend our deepest sympathy. May we live the life of the righteous that our last end may be peace.

P. J. TRAFTON

PROFITABLE READING

I have somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it; and those sweets she herself improves and concocts into honey.—Colton.

WHEN INGERSOLL ACKNOWLEDGED CHRIST

By Bruce Brown

On one occasion Mr. Ingersoll was announced to deliver a lecture in the city of Pittsburg, upon the subject, "The Foundations of the Christian Faith." There happened to be living in the city of Pittsburg at that time a lawyer who had been a schoolmate and friend of Mr. Ingersoll. When he had graduated he had started in his life's profession with bright promises, had married a lovely girl—two children had come into their home, and then there fastened upon him that awful habit of drink, which was dragging him down to the very lowest depths of hell. It broke up his home, it sent his children into the street, took the roses from the cheeks of his wife, took from him his good name, character and friends. It left him one night lying in an alley in New York city, poor, friendless and hungry, sick and alone.

There came to this man a slum worker. He was taken to a house where he was washed, put to bed, and in the morning he was fed. This slum worker pleaded with him that he would change his mode of living. The young man lifted his hand to heaven and said, "By the help of Almighty God I will make one more effort; this time it is heaven or hell, life or death for me. For God's sake, for my own sake, I will change." He never drank another drop, he brought his children in and he painted the roses again on the cheeks of his wife, and then went down again to the city of Pittsburg where he was practicing his profession. When he read in the newspapers that Mr. Ingersoll was to speak, he wrote him a little note something like this:

"My Dear Old Friend: I see that tonight you are to deliver a lecture against Christianity and the Bible. Perhaps you know some of my history since we parted; perhaps you know that I disgraced my home and family; perhaps you know I lost my character and all that a man can hold dear in this world almost. You may know that I went down and down until I was a poor, despised outcast and when I thought there was none to help and none to save, there came one in the name of Jesus, who told me of His power to help, of His loving kindness and His tender sympathy, and through the story of the Cross of Christ I turned to Him. I brought my wife back to my home and gathered my children together again and we are happy now and I am doing what good I can.

"And now, old friend, would you stand tonight before the people of Pittsburg and tell them what you have to say against the religion that will come down to the lowest depths of hell and find me and help me up and make my life happy and clothe my children and give me back my home and friends, will you tell them what you have to say against a religion like that?"

Mr. Ingersoll read that letter before his audience, and he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I have nothing to say against a religion that will do this for a man. I am here to talk about a religion which is being preached by the preachers." You can find fault with the church, but let me say that there stands one, supreme, and that is the character of the Son of God. His name shall be called Wonderful, because no man has ever dared to point his finger at the character of Christ and find any fault with Him.

Every time I see a rock I remember that He is the Rock of Ages. I walk out under the stars—I remember that He is the Morning Star of Eternal Day. I walk in the sunlight and I remember that He is the Light of the World.

When I sit down to my table I remember that He is the Bread of Life.

When I come into one of God's temples I remember that He is the Chief Cornerstone. When I walk the streets I remember that He is the Way, the Truth and the Life. When I see the birds of the air I remember that He said: "Not one sparrow will fall to the ground." The flowers tell me that He is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley. Wherever I go, and wherever I look, in every land and in every city, the name of Jesus is wonderful. No man ever spoke as He did. Best of all, His name shall be called "Wonderful."—*The Ram's Horn*.

THE RED LIGHT—AN ENGINE DRIVER'S CONVERSION

It was one stormy night, ten years ago, that we were coming along on the midnight express at the rate of fifty miles an hour. As we dashed round a curve I suddenly saw a red light flash right in front of us at no great distance, and my heart beat quickly within me. "Brakes, Bill!" I shouted to my stoker. "Quick! or we're gone!" With trembling hands Bill applied the brakes, while I shut off the steam; and the train was brought to a dead halt, not a moment too soon, either, for looming in the darkness ahead I could see the wreck of a goods train that had left the rails only a few yards before us. How thankful I was that the red light flashed that night!

But there was another night, not long after when I saw the red light flashing before me again. A comrade of mine had been converted, and after work he came to have a chat with our men by the fireside.

"Harry," said he, "do you ever think of where you will spend eternity? Do you ask yourself, as you speed along the line of life, what signal God is throwing out for you—whether it be a red light or a white one?"

I never thought of it in that way before, but when I began to consider I said to myself, "God can hold out no white light for me." I took a drink at times, and had no desire after the things of God, further than going to church on Sunday; and that I did only sometimes, and because it was considered "respectable." I saw that the red light was being held out by the words which my comrade read out of the Bible that night. He read: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. 9:17); and "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16). I saw where I was—in fact, could not help seeing it; for there, as plain as could be, flashed God's red light before me.

I pulled up that night—I don't mean reformed; I took my place as a lost sinner before God, and claimed Christ as my only Saviour. Now I know that He has saved me, and I see the white light yonder in front, and hear Him saying: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish" (John 10:28).

Reader, you are speeding along at express speed to the eternal world. If you have not been "born of God," the red light is yonder right before you—no doubt about that. If you have no Christ you can have no heaven. Accept Him now and you will be able to rejoice, knowing that "ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, a silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." (1 Peter 1:18, 19). Yes, you may now enjoy a full and free salvation through faith in His blood. Will you not accept Him, and have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins?—*Selected*.