

OBITUARY

Mrs. Harold F. Sabine

The death of Mrs. Harold F. Sabine, of Riverdale, N. S., took place on Tuesday morning, March 3rd; of pleuro pneumonia, at the age of 42. She had been in her usual health until the preceding Wednesday when she was suddenly taken ill. At first her condition did not seem alarming, but she gradually grew worse and her suffering increased until the end came.

She leaves a very sad home, indeed, to mourn their loss. Besides her sorrowing husband, she leaves two sons, Leigh, a young man, and Burgess, a little lad of seven who was greatly attached to his mother; and two daughters, Eva and Dorothy, also a step-daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Fulton, whom she brought up. Her maiden name was Nina Mullen, and she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sears Mullen of New Tusket, N. S., and is survived by four sisters, Mrs. Addie Krothen of Cliftdale, Mass.; Mrs. Frank Mullen and Mrs. Alfred Hobbs of New Tusket, and Mrs. Chipman Marshall of Marshalltown, N. S.; and three brothers, Allie of Southville; Hubert, of New Tusket, and Brenton, of Kentville, N. S.

The deceased was a charter member of the New Tusket Reformed Baptist Church, to which she was ever loyal and faithful, and she died in the triumph of a Christian faith. She lived a regular and consistent Christian life from the time of her conversion when but a young girl. Her hospitality and friendliness were widely known and she held the love and esteem of a large circle of friends.

The funeral was held from the residence on Thursday, having been deferred from Wednesday on account of the great storm, and although the roads and weather were far from favorable on Thursday, the funeral was largely attended. The writer conducted the funeral, using as a text, 1 Cor. 13:12. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face". Interment was made at Southville.

H. C. MULLEN

Mrs. Martha Britton

Mrs. Martha Britton, relict of the late George I. Britton, passed away from this life very suddenly, Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, February 26th, 1930, at the home of her son, Bliss, 7333 Harvard Ave., Chicago, Ill. She was 72 years old Dec. 4th, 1930. She was taken ill on Sunday morning Feb. 22nd, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Somers, 1414 E. 70th St. Chicago, where she had been spending the weekend. Her son called for her in the afternoon and took her home, she went for a drive Monday afternoon but on Tuesday was not feeling so well. The doctor thought a few days in bed might be beneficial. Wednesday she was bright and cheerful and did not even want to be waited upon. At six o'clock in the evening she felt sick to her stomach and immediately expired in the arms of her daughter-in-law. The funeral was held from the home to Mount Hope cemetery, where interment took place, Rev. C. R. Haige conducting the service at the home and grave. The floral tributes were both many and beautiful, mute testimony to the high esteem in which she was held.

Sister Britton had spent the last several years with her only son and his wife in Chicago, but had been an annual visitor to her old home town, Woodstock, N. B., and Beulah Camp Ground. Her friends were expecting to see her

again this year but she has gone to the great Camp Meeting that never breaks up, where the redeemed praise God eternally in His temple. She leaves to mourn besides her only son and his wife, a large circle of relatives, and a host of friends who sympathize with the bereaved ones.

THE TWO WAYS

There are two ways over which humanity travel in life, that lead to eternity, and we choose the one on which we travel. One is an uphill grade and there is a light to reveal to us the dangerous places where the enemy would have us slip and fall; we have also a guide to travel before us, and if we follow in His footsteps and keep our eyes upon Him, we will never fall. It will take the best that is in the human family, to make the journey safely to that beautiful city on the hill, that "home of the soul", which the Heavenly Father has promised to them that love and obey Him, where there will be no sin or sorrow, pain and death, and no partings ever come; where we will enjoy the company of the best of earth's multitudes, and the heavenly hosts. We must strive to enter into this path and it is worth striving for, the end is glorious.

The other road is a down hill grade, that gets steeper as it nears the end. The travellers on this way start slow at first, but gain speed as they go farther on. There are great crowds on this road, because it is wide; these are jolted and bruised many times and are filled with heartaches and remorse, but keep going on because Satan has blinded them with artificial flowers, cheap and shoddy allurements and chaffy things. He has blinded their eyes to that which is real and made them to love vanity. They reach the end only to find that Satan has deceived them and awake to the awful reality that eternity with them will be a dark and dismal swamp, inhabited by murderers, robbers, drunkards, harlots, rumsellers, thieves, all kinds of liars and all sinners. What an awful doom. We make our own choice which way we will travel.

S. H. HAVENS.

ARE THESE PROPHEPIC DAYS

We are living in stirring days. Things happen so rapidly one can hardly keep up with the events. Possibly no period of the world's history has seen so much accomplished as the past fifty years. Gigantic transportation schemes, rapid and almost miraculous communication systems, huge financial transactions, vast educational developments, together with a multiplicity of inventions for labor saving have changed our world almost over-night. The people of a couple of generations back would open their eyes with wonder could they drop into being for a day. With it all we have had some most appalling calamities during the last two decades. The human family has so adjusted itself to these conditions that the effect of them soon passes off. We have had the greatest war of all history carrying away 12,000,000 of the most physically-fit men. Then we have had the worst pestilence known as the Spanish Influenza, which carried off 30,000,000 more of our fellow-beings. Then we have had the most shocking earthquakes disasters, wiping out St. Pierre, Messina, Yokohama, Napier and many other cities. They are continuing at the rate of about one per week in various parts of the world. The famine situation has been hanging low since the terrible ravages in Russia and China, which carried away millions of unfortunate victims. Starvation is fac-

ing thousands in our fair land, and America and our governments are voting millions to keep the people from suffering. Communism feeds on present conditions and is having a thriving revival. Fascism is forging to the front. We doubt not that the days immediately upon us will prove that we are leading up to if not already entering the great tribulation.

These are important days for the church. Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved. Let us remember we are in testing times. Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch, WATCH. Let us be aroused to the necessity of seeing our loved ones flee from the wrath to come. As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married, wives were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all."—*The Can. F. M. Herald.*

THINGS I WISH I HAD KNOWN

BEFORE I WAS TWENTY-ONE

1. What I was going to do for a living, and what my life work would be.
2. That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put in my stomach before I was twenty-one.
3. How to take care of money.
4. The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.
5. That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after he is twenty-one.
6. That a harvest depends upon the seeds sown.
7. That things worth while require time, patience and work.
8. That you can't get something for nothing.
9. That the world would give me just about what I deserved.
10. That by the sweat of my brow would I earn my bread.
11. That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but it brings the best of everything else.
12. That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors, but also in dealing with myself and God.
13. The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.
14. The folly of not taking older people's advice.
15. That everything my mother wanted me to do was right.
16. That "dad" wasn't an old fogey after all.
17. What it really meant to father and mother to rear their son.
18. More of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible, particularly the four books dealing with the life of Christ.
19. The greatness of the opportunity and joy of serving a fellow man.

—*The Canadian F. M. Herald.*

Cloth with the pattern stamped upon it is never as good as where it is woven through. Surface virtues are cheap things. The patterns of goodness must be woven through our characters before we are really valuable to the world.

Baptized pocketbooks are veritable treasures of the Lord; because out of them he satisfies the wants of his representatives; for "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."