

## OBITUARY

Henry Judson Brawn

Henry Judson Brawn was born in Maugerville, N. B., on Feb. 7, 1860, and died at Mesilla Park, New Mexico, aged 70 years and 11 months.

At the age of four years, he moved with his parents to Millyville, where he grew to manhood. On Sept. 6, 1887, he was married to Miss Carrie E. Burpee. At the age of 24 years he gave his heart to God and lived a consistent, useful, Christian life, always busy in the Master's service. He was especially interested in Sunday School work, and spent many years as Superintendent of the various Sunday Schools with which he was associated. At the time he became ill, he was teacher of the Adults' Bible Class.

While in New Brunswick he was a faithful and active member of the Reformed Baptist Church.

He leaves to mourn their loss the widow and three children: W. H. Brawn, of Mount Vernon, Washington; Mrs. J. O. Charles of Mesilla Park, New Mexico; and Mrs. L. V. Green, of Phoenix, Arizona. Also two brothers in Washington, one in Maine, and four in Millville, and one sister in Lower Caverhill, besides a host of friends.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

Mrs. Lydia Crawford

The many friends of Mrs. Lydia Crawford will be saddened to hear of her death which occurred May 4th at the home of her son Herbert C. Crawford, Braintree, Mass. at the age of 85 years.

Mrs. Crawford was born January 15th, 1846 at Upper Woodstock, the daughter of James and Merriem Hartley Brown, was married to Joshua Crawford November 1884. They resided at Upper Woodstock and Woodstock until 1903 when they moved to Houlton where they lived until 1907 when they moved to Massachusetts. After Mr. Crawford's death in 1908 she again returned to Houlton where she has since made her home.

She leaves to mourn her loss, H. B. Crawford of Houlton, and Herbert C. Crawford of Braintree, Mass., two grandsons and several nephews and nieces and a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Crawford was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church of Woodstock.

The funeral was held from the home of her son Harry B. Crawford, Military Street, Houlton, at 2 p. m. Thursday.—*Houlton Times*.

Perley Barnes

Fort Fairfield, May 9.—Perley Barnes aged 24 years, died in Presque Isle hospital Monday evening, April 27, after an operation for appendicitis. He leaves to mourn his wife and two small children; his father, five brothers and one sister, many other relatives and a host of friends. Funeral services were held at the Reformed Baptist Church at Fort Fairfield, burial being made in Riverside cemetery.

REV. P. W. BRIGGS

## THE NEWSBOY'S MOTHER

He was a ragged little newsboy who lived with his mother. They were all in all to each other. Tenderly he cared for her, bringing to her small earnings and doing his best to help her in the household tasks.

One day the tired mother, weary of her hard

struggle, closed her eyes to the scenes of earth. The lad was inconsolable. How could he live without her? After a few days of giving way to the bitterness of his grief he began to wonder what he could do to show his love for her.

The picture of the unmarked grave came before his eyes. Other graves were marked by stones; why not hers? Of course, stones cost a great deal, and his earnings were small.

But love found a way. At a cutter's yard he found that even the cheaper stones were far too expensive for him. He was turning sorrowfully away when he saw a broken shaft of marble, part of the debris from an accident in the yard. Eagerly he asked the price of the irregular piece. The low price named by the proprietor came within his means. But he knew he would be unable to pay for cutting the inscription. The brave little chap made up his mind to do his best to prepare the marble himself.

The next day he carried the stone away on a little, four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. One who was curious to know the last of the stone made a visit to the cemetery one afternoon. On his return he thus described in an article what he saw and learned:

"There was our monument at the head of one of the newer graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you, when I saw it there was something blurred my eyes so's I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought the capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is. But you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it:

"MY MOTHER  
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD.  
SHEE DIED LAST WEEK.  
SHEE SED SHEAD BE  
WAITING FUR—"

And here the lettering stopped. After a while I went back to the man in charge and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who bought the stone.

"Not much," he said, "not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, out from the church that buried his mother, and out from the church that buried his mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. The boy had sold all his papers one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just above the crossing, and—well, he was run over, and lived but a day or two. He had in his hand, when he was picked up, an old file sharpened down to a point that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying: "I didn't get it done: but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her first thing when I see her in heaven, where she's waitin' for me. I did my best to get it done, but I couldn't, but she'll know that I did my best."'"

—*The Free Methodist*.

## HE KNEW HIS GOATS

I passed by the goat pen as the herd boy was letting his charges out to pasture. The boy was so small and the herd so large that I was led to wonder how he managed not to lose some of them. To my question as to

how many goats he had he replied that he did not know, as he had never learned to count. I pushed the matter further by asking: "If you cannot count and do not know how many goats you have how then will you know if one is missing?"

Now hear the answer: "I cannot count, but I know all the goats and I know when they are all here."

From then on I let the boy alone and turned the talk on myself. It went something like this: "You son of a statistically minded nation, you missionary of a membership counting church, what does all your figuring amount to? Knock down from his perch your idol called Numbers! Out of the mouth of this ragged, sun-tanned, rain-pelted, unlettered goatherd you have heard wisdom. He knew his goats. Your professed Lord and Saviour said 'I know my sheep and my sheep know me.' You university-trained emissary, do you know your sheep? May the God of mercy help you not to look then with condescension on this five-cents-a-day goatherd, and may you never be over zealous to inoculate him with your American craze for counting. Make up your mind from this day on to know more of souls and let the statistics take care of themselves."—So. Africa Missionary Advocate.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Caribou, Maine.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Enclosed find Money Order for my renewal of the Highway. I do not want to be without it.

MRS. J. H. ROBERTS.

Black's Harbour, N. B.

Dear Bro. Trafton:

Just a few lines this morning to acknowledge a cheque for \$10.00 for our Building Fund, sent in by Brother and Sister Aaron Churchill, Sandford, N. S. May God richly bless them. We are praying that God will prompt others to help out in this undertaking. The church members will begin paying their pledges as soon as possible. There being no work here all winter has put many of them behind.

God is blessing our services. Seven have sought sanctification since I came here. Others have been reclaimed, and a large number have been requesting prayer in the services. Although we meet with some discouragements, yet our faith is good for a Revival. We plan to have special meetings in June. Will announce definitely in next paper.

Yours for Holiness,

HAZFL MULLEN

## TRY IT!

The man who begins to tithe will have at least six genuine surprises. He will be surprised:

1. At the amount of money he has for the Lord's work.
2. At the deepening of his spiritual life in paying the tithe.
3. At his ease in meeting his own obligations with the nine-tenths.
4. At the ease in going on from one-tenth to larger giving.
5. Over the preparation this gives to be a faithful wise steward over the nine-tenths that remain.
6. At himself in not adopting the plan sooner.—Selected.