

## OBITUARY

Gladys Violet Sullivan

On Thursday evening, May 5th, Miss Gladys Violet Sullivan, of New Tuskett, Digby Co., N. S., passed to her eternal reward, after a lingering illness of over six months, about four months of which were spent in bed. The disease was the dreaded "white plague"—T.B. She was in her 17th year, her birthday being July 6th. All was done for her that loving hands could do, her mother being in constant attendance, and all that medical care could do was given, besides many prayers were made for her recovery, but it pleased the Heavenly Father best of all to call her to Himself. Another jewel was added to the heavenly cluster.

Gladys was altogether a lovely character, and was loved by all who knew her. She became a child of God early in life but came into more perfect light in September, 1929, when she sought and found the blessing of holiness. At that time she was baptized by the writer and received into the church. From this time forward she never wavered, but maintained a beautiful experience, and she proved it well through her long illness, during which she suffered intensely at times. Through it all she never murmured nor complained. She never referred to herself to complain about her lot, but was resigned to the will of God. She had ambitions to study and to prepare herself for useful service, but when she saw all her plans shattered and in ashes, she did not repine.

She was a willing worker in the church and Sunday School and ever ready to do whatever she could do to help along the work. As long as she was able she was always present at the services and never missed unless away from home, or a storm made it impossible, and it took more than an ordinary storm to keep her home.

She leaves to mourn, her sorrowing mother and step father, Judson Mullen, who was as her own father to her, her father, Stanley Sullivan, having died when Gladys was quite young. Two younger brothers, Kenneth and Roy, also survive. Besides the immediate family, friends and loved ones mourn her as a brother or sister.

The funeral was held on Sunday, May 8th, and was one of the largest seen in this place for a long time. Services were conducted by the writer, assisted at the church by L. J. Sears, a former pastor, and Rev. H. E. Mullen. Interment was made in the Havelock cemetery by the side of her father, where her mortal remains shall await the resurrection morning.

H. C. MULLEN

Mrs. Annie B. Grant

There departed this life at her home, Upper Southampton, N. B., on the morning of April 25th, 1932, Mrs. Annie B. Grant, wife of the late Henry A. Grant. She leaves to mourn, three sons, A. S., of Centreville, N. B., Frank of Hibbin, Minn., U. S. A., and Harry, on the homestead, with whom his mother lived, and one daughter, Mrs. Elvin Gerow, of Woodland, Maine; besides a large circle of relatives and friends. The services were held at the home on the 26th, conducted by Rev. E. W. Lester and Lic. Arthur Owens.

Sister Grant was in the 82nd year of her age and while not enjoying the best of health of late, was about until just a week before her death, when she took a stroke, from

which she never rallied. While not a charter member of the R. B. Church at Greenbush, she joined it soon after its organization, and was a faithful member, and a very devout Christian, and held in high esteem by all who knew her. While we extend to those who mourn our sincerest sympathy, yet we cannot help but rejoice at her translation.

A second very sad drowning accident within a few days occurred near Grand Manan May 6th, deepening the heartfelt concern of the whole Island.

The first was a double tragedy, when two young children of Budd Lyons, Castalia, failed to be rescued as were the father and elder brother.

The second drowning was that of Wm. A. Ingersoll, aged 35 years, son of the late Wm. A. Ingersoll and Mrs. Irvin Benson.

He went overseas with the 115th Battalion, and has been residing in Somerville, Mass., the last eight years.

Left to mourn are his wife, 12 Prescott St., Somerville, Mass., his mother, two sisters, Mrs. Ernest Stone and Mrs. Howard Joye; Also three brothers, Eugene Ingersoll, Frank Ingersoll and Arnold Ingersoll, all of Seal Cove.

Mrs. Mary E. Cogswell

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cogswell of Fort Fairfield died at her home at 2:20 p. m., Saturday, May 14, the cause of her death being a relapse of double pneumonia. Mrs. Cogswell had pneumonia several weeks ago while visiting with friends in Portsmouth, N. H., but recovered from that illness, arriving home a short time ago. She was so much improved that she was able to attend three church services the Sunday before her death, taking sick again only last Wednesday.

Mrs. Cogswell was born in Wakefield, N. B., May 20, 1853, the oldest of the five children of the late Rev. and Mrs. Elijah Orser of Wakefield. She was married in Lynn, Mass., May 26, 1881, to William F. Cogswell, who died nine years ago last August. Three children were born of this union, as follows: Leon, who died January 7, 1890, at the age of five years, and Ola R. and George W. Cogswell, who live in this town. Mrs. Cogswell leaves two brothers and two sisters: Whitefield Orser and Mrs. C. A. Hooper, Fort Fairfield; Mrs. Lois Clark, Medford, Mass., and David Orser, Ozona, Fla. Four grandchildren also survive, Vaughn, Ruth and Mary Jane, children of Mr. and Mrs. Ola Cogswell, and Janice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cogswell.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock at the Reformed Baptist church. Rev. Hedley V. Bragdon of Upper Woodstock, pastor of the Primitive Baptist church, preached the funeral sermon, and spoke very appreciatively of the life of the deceased, whom he had known for a long time and who had often visited in his home. He also spoke of the inspiration and help he had received from her testimony and prayers. Rev. Perley W. Briggs read the scriptures, Evangelist Fred W. Foster offered prayer, and remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Mr. Foster and Rev. Fred T. Wright. Three selections, "Some Time We'll Understand," "When We Get to the End of the Way," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," were beautifully rendered by Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Ames and Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Ames, accompanied on the organ by Mrs. Annie Higgins. The flowers were exceedingly beautiful and abundant.

The pall-bearers were: Perham W. Deane, Joseph Emery, William T. Andrews and Otis W.

Ames. Burial was made in the family lot in Union Cemetery.

Mrs. Cogswell was a member of a prominent family in New Brunswick, her grandfather, Rev. George E. Orser, being the founder of the Primitive Baptist church in that province. She was a member of the Primitive Baptist church in Hartland, N. B. She came to Fort Fairfield, with her husband, about 50 years ago, this being her home ever since. Mrs. Cogswell was a sincere Christian woman, and her testimony will be missed by a large circle of friends. Sympathy is extended to the family in their bereavement.—F. F. Review.

## "HE GOETH BEFORE"

"He knoweth the way that I take." Jesus never sends a man ahead alone. He blazes a clear way through every thicket and woods, and then softly calls, "Follow me: Let's go on together,— you and I." He has been everywhere that we are called to go. His feet have trodden down smooth a path through every experience that comes to us. He knows each road, and knows it well,—the valley road of disappointment with its dark shadows; the steep path of temptation down through the rocky ravines and slippery gullies; the narrow path of pain, with the brambly thorn bushes, so close on each side, with their slash and sting; the dizzy road along the heights of victory, and the old beaten road of commonplace routine. Every dry path He has trodden and glorified, and will walk anew with each of us. The only safe way to travel is with Him alongside and in control. This was the original Eden plan. God was the host in Eden. Man was His house-guest. That is still the plan. God plans thoughtfully for everything that concerns us. And we need to exercise the guest's thoughtful care that no shadow of misunderstanding be allowed to come in to disturb the rare intimacy between host and guest."—S. D. Gordon, in *Exchange*.

## HE NEVER FAILETH

Around me the enemy rages,  
His great cloven foot I can see,  
But glory to God for the promise,  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."  
Though darkness may gather around me;  
At times not a ray do I see;  
I can hear Jesus whisper so sweetly,  
"My grace is sufficient for thee."  
The friends of this life may forsake me,  
At times I'm discouraged and blue;  
Then I hear Jesus say to my spirit,  
"Fear not! Lo, I am with you."  
The sin-waves may roll up the mountains,  
My poor heart with fear they may fill,  
My Lord will rebuke the rough billows,  
With his gentle command, "Peace be still."  
I may have to tread a lone pathway,  
In the crowd I may be alone,  
But I'll keep close to him while he leads me,  
And some day I'll hear his "Well Done!"  
The cross that he gave may seem heavy,  
The hill I must climb rough and steep,  
He travelled the pathway before me,  
The sorrows of earth made him weep.  
No better am I than my master,  
He has trodden the wine-press alone,  
And with no one to care what he suffered,  
He knows how to succor his own.  
With Christ as my constant companion,  
No evil can harm or dismay;  
He who keeps his eye on the sparrows,  
Will keep me while I trust and obey!

ALICE M. LEWIS