

OBITUARY



MARY EVERETT PIERCE

Not only the North Pacific district, but the Church of the Nazarene at large, met with a serious loss in the death of Mary Everett Pierce, beloved wife of Rev. D. Rand Pierce, who passed to her reward on Sunday evening, August 14th, 1932, at her home in the City of Vancouver, British Columbia, watched over tenderly by her sorrowing husband, her two sisters, Miss Carol S. Everett and Mrs. W. W. Burpee, and her faithful nurse, Mrs. Edith E. Spaulding, all of Vancouver.

EARLY LIFE AND DIVINE CALL

She was born near Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, beside the beautiful St. John River, March 17th, 1869, the fifth in a family of ten children. She was converted and baptized at the age of fourteen in the Baptist Church, of which her parents were members, and was wonderfully sanctified two years later, while on a visit to friends in Carleton County, N. B., a section of the Province that had been recently visited with a revival of full salvation under the Spirit-filled ministry of Rev. Aaron Hartt, so well known in the earlier days of the Holiness Movement as the most gifted of all its singers. Returning to her home she bore testimony to her new-found experience, and, though the tests were many, she never afterwards faltered in the holy way.

Shortly after her sanctification the family moved to Fredericton, the capital city, her father becoming manager of Long's Hotel. Her desire for the things of God was insatiate. She now sought out the little band of holiness people, worshipping in a small, third-floor hall, attended their services regularly, going also to the First Baptist Church with the rest of the family. Soon she added the Salvation Army's seven o'clock knee drill and other gatherings till she was attending five services each Sunday. Moreover she devoured all the holiness literature she could buy or borrow, never forgetting her beloved Bible which she searched and marked daily.

It was in the summer of 1890 that she first attended the Beulah Camp Meeting on the St. John River, conducted by the Reformed Baptists, the holiness people of Eastern Canada. Here she met Miss Ella Kinney, daughter of Rev. Aaron Kinney, a prominent preacher of this denomination, and, before the camp came to a close, plans had been laid by them to enter upon some mission and evangelistic work together. They continued their joint labors till the preacher's daughter became the wife of Dr. Herbert Sanders, went with him to Africa, where together they founded

the Reformed Baptist's wonderful mission. "Sister Mary," as she was affectionately called in those early days, continued her beautiful ministry of soul saving under the same auspices till her marriage to Brother Pierce, then a Methodist Episcopal pastor in the State of Maine. The wedding took place in her father's hotel, April 14th, 1897, and thus began a union notable for its mutual tenderness and devotion.

SERAPHIC MINISTRY AND DEEP DEVOTION

The fame of "Mary Everett" had leaped the bounds of her native province and had crossed the international border before her marriage. Following this event she at once became co-pastor with her husband in all his pastorates, and rose to the Zenith of her powers in the pulpit during their ministry at Lynn and Fitchburg, Mass., and Providence, R. I. Though her health was even then somewhat impaired, yet she seldom failed to lift her audiences into such realms of exalted vision and blessing as are rarely experienced in these latter days. The sainted Deacon Morse of Connecticut, characterized her as "a woman of tears," for both her hearers and herself were melted under the seraphic ministry.

After going to the West Coast, on account of continued ill health, she did but little preaching, compared to former years, but became intensely interested in foreign missions. Her zeal and ability were recognized and she soon became a leading figure in the work of the Women's Missionary Society. Her yearly addresses at the Women's Annual Conventions became a special feature looked forward to by all.

But what can be said of her private devotional life? Here is the test where many a brilliant pulpiteer fails. Not so with the subject of our sketch. To those who knew her best hers was one of the sweetest and saintliest lives that has graced the modern holiness movement. Jesus was so real to her. She literally sat at his feet. In early life, while her young companions were at play, she would be seen under an orchard tree with the Bible in her lap. One of her girlhood schoolmates, writing of her since her death, says, "She was as one set apart."

Her husband testifies that during the thirty-five years of their wedded life she spent nearly the entire forenoon, daily, with her Lord in study and prayer, except when extreme ill health intervened. It was a rule of her life, seldom broken, to speak to no one in the morning, her husband excepted, before she had first enjoyed a "little talk with Jesus." For years she "travelled around the world on her knees," praying for certain mission fields each day, till all had been included in her wrestling. Jerusalem and Palestine always coming on Sunday. She had a special burden for the Jews. She was systematic to the last detail and a great organizer. Much of the fruit of her study has been left in tangible form, some of which may be used for publication.

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET

The dropsical trouble that had nearly cost her life at Tacoma, Wash, three years ago, returned seriously, and her husband was forced to relinquish his pastorate at Beaverton, Ore., and take her to Vancouver, B. C., where she could be near her loved ones. This was about New Year, 1932. In February she was taken to her own home, which afforded her great comfort and joy. By June her condition had become more serious, and Mrs.

Edith E. Spaulding, of our local Nazarene Church, was called, and shared in the sacred task of ministering to her to the end.

Hers was a beautiful sunset. The radiance of her smile, the gentleness and pathos of her voice; the meekness and humility that had lent their charm through the years—all these followed her to the journey's end. Always careful to give Jesus all the glory, now, when any word in her praise was spoken, with touching cadence she would repeat, softly:

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling!"

We can not record all the unforgettable things she said; a few must suffice. She repeated over and over: "I will still be praising Thee!" Ps. 84:4.

She requested her husband to sing, "In the rifted rock I'm resting," when sleep failed her, and a moment later her weary head sank on the pillow and she was in quiet slumber. To the last, the name of "Jesus" charmed and soothed her.

At 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, before that last fateful Sunday, and while her husband was supporting her, she began to extol her King. "My King! My King!" she exclaimed in an ecstasy of praise. He sang softly, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

"That's it," she exclaimed, and continued her praise with uplifted hands, while the light of another world shone in her face. This was the last time those consecrated lips, that had inspired thousands, would extol her King on the shores of time, for her gentle spirit took its flight on Sunday evening, following, at 11.45 o'clock. She passed as she had hoped and prayed she might, as a tired babe falls asleep on its mother's breast, breathing out a life as sweet and fragrant as that of another "Mary," who broke her alabaster box of ointment and sat at Jesus' feet.

She left behind to mourn their loss, besides her husband and sisters already mentioned, one brother, Dr. Ernest Everett, of Vancouver, B. C., and a sister, Mrs. John H. Leathem, of Boston, Mass., besides a host of other relatives and friends.

The funeral was in charge of her pastor, Rev. A. C. Metcalfe, of Vancouver, B. C. The sermon was delivered by Dr. J. E. Bates, Superintendent of the North Pacific District Church of the Nazarene. His strikingly appropriate text was Luke 10:42, "But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

She was laid at rest in the beautiful Ocean View cemetery, Vancouver, to await the glorious resurrection day. "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

PRAYER'S OMNIPOTENT GOD

"No praying man or woman accomplishes so much with so little expenditure of time as when he or she is praying. If there should arise, it has been said—and the words are surely true to the thought of our Lord Jesus Christ in all His teaching on prayer—if there should arise one utterly believing man, the history of the world might be changed. Will you not be that one in the providence and guidance of God our Father?"

(However, remember this: That it is not prayer that is omnipotent, but God operating omnipotently through impotent man in answer to prayer. The glory is all His).—A. E. McAdam.