

AUGUST 15TH, 1934

## OBITUARY

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—  
Rev. 13-14.

Mrs. Mary Lowe

Death came and released Sister Lowe from her suffering early Monday morning, Aug. 6th. She had been in failing health for some years, and although she was able to be about the house part of the time, she endured much pain. She was well known at our camp meetings, and while able, was a faithful attendant of the little church at Fredericton, which she loved so well. She was a woman of deep piety, a blessing and inspiration to all who knew her. She was born in Manchester, England, and had spent many years in mission work in that country before coming to Canada twenty-five years ago.

The funeral was held from the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Young, Woodstock Road. The service was conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. P. J. Trafton, and Rev. G. W. Guion, United Baptist.

May some one rise up to take her place as a mother in Israel.

We extend our sympathy to those who mourn.

F. A. Watson

Percy T. Minue

We extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of the late Percy T. Minue, who passed away at his home on Wright street, Saint John, Friday, July 20.

He had been in failing health for some months. His friends had hoped for his recovery, but the Lord took him to be with Him. He bore his suffering with Christian fortitude and faced eternity without fear. He is survived by His wife, formerly Miss Harriet Grant, of Penniac. His mother, Mrs. Ida Minue, of Fredericton, two sisters, Mrs. Thomas Mitchell, of Marysville, Miss Mary at home; also one brother, Marvin Minue, of Marysville.

Brother Minue was thirty-eight years of age. He had been in business in Saint John for six years and life seemed to hold bright prospects for him. He was converted about two years ago and left a bright testimony. A short service was conducted at his home by Brother H. S. Mullen. The remains were brought to Fredericton and service was held from his mother's home in George St.

Funeral was conducted by the writer, assisted by Brother F. A. Dunlop, and interment made at Penniac.

F. A. WATSON

Charles Hayden Tracy

On Monday, July 30th, 1934, at his residence in Schenectady, N. Y., Charles Hayden Tracy passed away suddenly from a heart attack, after being in his usual health and attending to business that morning. Mr. Tracy, who was 52 years of age, was born in Hartland, N. B., the second son of the late Gideon and Annetta A. Tracy. In his early boyhood he was converted and joined the Reformed Baptist Church in Hartland and was all his life a consistent Christian. In his young manhood he went to the United States, where he has lived ever since.

While in business in Willet, N. Y. he was superintendent of the Sunday School for several years and in Schenectady for the past 18 years he was an active and devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church there.

Rev. Dr. Hamilton, who had been his pastor for years, conducted the funeral services, and from his close and long friendship with him spoke words of deep appreciation and highest regard for the high standards and Christian spirit of his life in the Home, in the Church, in busi-

ness and in the City. He was known in business circles as a man of honor and integrity.

He is survived by his faithful wife (formerly Hattie McKallor, of New York), one daughter, Lois Bennett, 17, and one son Charles Hayden jr. aged 9. Other survivors are, his aged mother, Annetta A. Tracy and sister, Mrs. W. E. Smith, of Boston, Mass. Two brothers, Dr. William L. Tracy, of Pittsfield, Mass., and G. Wendall Tracy, of Schenectady, with whom he was associated in business in the firm of "Tracy Brothers", beside many other relatives.

The floral tributes were beautiful and brought their message of love and esteem from a wide circle of friends.

Interment was made in Woodlawn Cemetery in Schenectady.

## NOTICE

We wish to express our appreciation to the societies who so generously contributed to the General Fund during the past year. So far we have been able to pay our debts and still have a small surplus. But we want to urge upon you the necessity of continuing your contributions on even a larger scale. If your society can give more than the suggested twenty cents a week, please do the best you can to make up for some societies which may have to fall below the amount. In this way we will be able to extend our work and help out in some needy situations.

GERTRUDE WATSON,  
Assistant Treas.

## SNOW-BOUND

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zig-zag, wavering to and fro,  
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;  
And ere the early bedtime came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below—  
A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and  
towers

Rose up where sty or codn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

Don't say Thank You too quickly when  
you pray.

## A MOTHER' FAITH

Dr. Thomas N. Carter, the ex-convict, tells a thrilling story of the faith of his mother who followed him with her prayers for many years until she listened to him preach the Gospel in answer to her prayer.

On one occasion, while he was in prison, his mother received a telegram from the prison stating that her son was dead, and asked what she wanted done with his body.

His mother was stunned at the receipt of the telegram for a few minutes, but she retired to her prayer closet after instructing others in the house not to disturb her. She got her Bible and opening it, spread it before her, with the telegram beside it.

"Oh, God," she began, "I have believed the promise you gave me in your Word that I would live to see Tom saved and preach the Gospel, and now a telegram comes, saying that he is dead. Lord, which is true, this telegram, or Thy Word?"

When she rose from her knees, having won the victory, she wired the prison:

"There must be some mistake. My boy is not dead."

And there was a mistake. Tom Carter lived, and was recently in our church preaching, with his mother seated on the platform.—Selected.

## AARON BURR'S "ALMOST"

"All these things have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?"—Matt. 19:20.

Have you ever noticed the danger of standing on the borderland? Some of the men who became the greatest enemies of Christ were so near to becoming Christians that it is a wonder they evaded it. Take that man, Aaron Burr, who was the traitor of America, who bartered his own country. He was in a Yale University revival meeting. The invitation was given for those who wished to give themselves to Christ, to leave their seats and go into another room. He was moved, deeply moved by the Spirit to become a Christian, and went with the other young fellows. As he passed, someone said, "Look at Aaron Burr going into the inquiry room!" Burr turned and came back, and said: "I was only fooling." But we can't fool God!—Selected.

## HOW TO BE UNHAPPY

Be suspicious; look for slights; feel keenly any seeming thrusts.

Be sensitive; take the best care of "No. 1;" be sure to protect yourself and take your own part; feel sorry for yourself.

Be revengeful; give tit for tat; return evil for evil; be slow to forgive.—Selected.

## THE BAT'S MISTAKE

"No man can serve two masters." Aesop speaks in one of his fables about a time when the beasts and fowls were engaged in war. The bat tried to belong to both parties. When the birds were victorious, he would wing around telling that he was a bird; when the beasts won a fight, he would walk around them, assuring them that he was a beast. But soon his hypocrisy was discovered and he was rejected by both the beasts and the birds. He had to hide himself, and now only by night can he appear openly. "One is our Master, even Christ." Serve Him!—S. S. Times.  
"Hold fast that which is good."—Bible.