

OBITUARY

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

The death of Sewell Bridges Stanhope took place at his home in Milltown, Maine, on February 18th, 1934. Mr. Stanhope had reached the age of 81 years and six months. He had lived in Milltown for about 15 years, during which time he became known as Grandpa Stanhope by the members of the Reformed Baptist Church. He started late in life to serve Christ, and although he had some difficulty getting established in a Christian experience, his testimony at death was a manifestation of God's power to take the saints through victoriously. He is survived by his wife, Annie, and nine children, four boys and five girls; also several grandchildren and one brother, Lincoln, and one sister, Mrs. Ida Stewart.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 20th, in the Reformed Baptist Church with Rev. E. R. Bradley in charge of the services, and he was assisted by Rev. Walter Lyons, of the Baptist Church.

Prayers and sympathy are extended to the sorrowing.
E. R. B.

A long period of failing health ended with the death of William Barnard, of Miltown, Maine, on Friday morning, Dec. 22nd, 1933.

The deceased was seventy-one years of age. About twenty-seven years ago he and his family moved to Miltown from Lowell, Mass. At that time he transferred his membership from the Church of the Nazarene to the Reformed Baptist Church. He, before sickness prevented, was faithful in church work and attendance. Until the end of life he maintained a good interest in his church, and always had a ringing testimony of a clear title to a home in heaven. Among the last words uttered he said he was soon to cross the river and he could see Jesus waiting on the other shore.

He leaves to mourn, besides his wife, two sons: Wallace and Melvin, at home; two daughters: Mrs. Marion Christie, at home, and Mrs. A. Ayers, of Miltown, Maine; also four grandchildren, one brother, Samuel, and one sister, Mrs. Frank Conley.

The funeral service was in charge of Rev. E. R. Bradley.

To the sorrowing we extend our sincere sympathy and prayers.
E. R. B.

On the morning of Feb. 1st, 1934, the death angel called for little Edith Nixon, of Calais, Maine. She was nine months and eleven days old. Pneumonia, with which she was taken suddenly ill, was the cause of her death. Early in the morning she was rushed to the Calais Hospital, but despite the efforts of doctor and nurses, life had left the physical before noon.

The babe leaves her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Nixon, jr., and one brother, Francis.

The funeral was held on Friday afternoon, Feb. 2nd, 1934, with Rev. E. R. Bradley in charge of the services.

Prayers and sympathy are extended to the sorrowing young parents. May God's Holy Spirit comfort their hearts.
E. R. B.

Mr. Alexander MacCallum died at the home of his son Archie, Moncton, N. B., on Monday afternoon, March 5th, after a lingering illness of several months, in the 75th year of his age. He

leaves to mourn their loss, eight sons, Neil of Nixon, Albert Co.; Archie with whom he lived several months previous to his death, and David, George, James and Charles, of Moncton, and Wilfred of New York, and Milford of Albert Co., and one daughter, Mrs. Ernest Alcorn, of P. E. I. Also two sisters, Mrs. Crouse and Mrs. Furness, both of Boston.

The funeral took place on Wednesday. A short service was held at the home of his son, Archie, where Rev. A. K. Herman officiated, Rev. H. S. Dow being absent from the city, and the remains were then taken to the former home of the deceased at Nixon, Albert Co., where a service was held in the Baptist church of which Mr. MacCallum was a highly esteemed member. The Rev. Mr. Charters officiated and interment was made in the cemetery there.

Mr. MacCallum was a kindly dispositioned man which made many friends for him who will miss him much. He was a very patient sufferer and died trusting in Jesus.
H. S. DOW

WHY IT IS HARD TO PRAY

We think Christian people generally assent that it is difficult to get much real praying done. Sermons on prayer, as a rule, do much good, are appreciated, and cause a temporary improvement in the hearers, but the average congregation soon lurches back into its listlessness about prayer. Let us look for at least some of the reasons why it is hard to keep a full, free stream flowing in the prayer-life.

Sin hinders prayer; whether it may be in the heart of the pray-er, in the moral atmosphere about him, in the subjects of his prayers, or deeply entrenched in the world-state of his age, sin is everywhere and at all times a great foe to this channel of spiritual power.

Human laziness hinders prayer. If regrets may be allowed in heaven we think there will be many regrets that we have so quickly given over in this battle to rest, sleep, walk about, engage in trifling conversation, or do a thousand other things when we might have been waging a hard but successful battle in the realm of prevailing prayer. Dr. Fitchett says of John Wesley: "An unrelenting thoroughness marked at every stage his temper in religion. He would have no uncertainties, no easy and soft illusions." This is the spirit with which he began his days, with an hour of the morning—usually from four to five—set apart for his personal devotional reading of the Bible and prayer, and of this hour he wrote on the first page of each volume of his diary: "I am resolved to keep it, no excuse whatsoever (allowed)"

Satan hinders prayer. He recognizes real prayer as a vital force working for his overthrow and acts accordingly in trying to hinder it. A remarkable story on this matter has a record in the tenth chapter of Daniel. The prophet was engaged in a battle of prevailing prayer that extended into a period of three whole weeks, and when the heavenly messenger finally appeared he explained: "From the first day that thou did set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words." The messenger explained to Daniel that the prince of Persia had withstood him twenty-one days, thus the delay, but Daniel held on until the messenger arrived. May God grant to us a like courage and perseverance!

A lack of vision makes it hard to pray.

The world would not get on without men and women of vision, nor will God's work prosper without this seeing by the eyes of the soul. "Where there is no vision the people perish," the Proverbs declare (29:18). The Lord Jesus tried to get His disciples to see the world as He saw it, filled with "sheep having no shepherd," or, changing the figure, like a grain field white to harvest. No one will get far in the life of prayer without a very real appreciation of the deadly character of sin, and the calamities hanging over the lost, apparently ready to fall at any time. Missionaries are likely to be effective in prevailing prayer because of the heart-burning visions of sin that surround them.

Failing to command our time makes it hard to pray. Time should serve us, not drive us like a galley slave to the oars, but if we make it serve thus we must learn the value of organizing time, hanging its hours upon the hooks of a well-arranged program, and not casting the duties of life into a heap to pull them out in a hurry like the garment we need at the last moment hunted in a poorly kept wardrobe. A good packer can put in twice as much as a bungler, we are told, which serves in packing hours into a day as well as garments into a trunk.

Failing to make good use of the means of grace makes it hard to pray. One of the helpful things a spiritually-minded Christian gleans from attending camp meetings, and such gatherings where the saints meet in numbers is the helping of his prayer life. To me this is one of the most important personal gains and attractions of these great summer meetings. I want to see how the saints pray; I want to help them pray; I want to be taught to pray by others whose practice and faith and liberty are better than mine. If the prayer life of the camp is meager, formal, trifling, I am disappointed. But if God's people are deep in prayer one feels like one is walking on holy ground, and one may linger there with profit.—The Wesleyan Methodist.

THE WEE WHITE LAMB IN THE FOLD.

There is many a weary footsore lamb
That no tender arms enfold;
But forever at rest on the Shepherd's breast
Are our wee white lambs in the fold.

There are storms for those on the mountain
side,
There is snow and bitter cold;
But safe and warm and sheltered from storm
Are our wee white lambs in the fold.

There are many evils lurking without,
There are dangers of which we are told;
But safe from all harm, and free from alarm,
Are our wee white lambs in the fold.

There is many a lamb that has gone astray,
There are wanderers young and old;
But pure and sweet at the Shepherd's feet,
Lie our wee white lambs in the fold.

Oh! Hearts that are mourning a little one,
gone,
That are longing its face to behold,
Thank God for the care that protects them,
there,
The wee white lambs in the fold.

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