

OBITUARY

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

The week old son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Britton of Hilltown, died at their home Friday December 28th. Burial was in the Baptist Cemetery at Havelock. A brief service was held at the graveside, conducted by the writer.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy, and may the Lord comfort their hearts.
F. A. ANDERSON

The many friends of Rev. H. H. Cosman will regret to learn of his death which occurred at his residence, Drexel Hill, Penn., on Christmas Day in the 84th year of his age.

Brother Cosman was born at Midland Kings Co., N. B. and was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cosman of that place. He entered the ministry of the Free Christian Baptist denomination when a young man, and was ordained by them. At the time of the organization of the Reformed Baptist Alliance in 1888, Mr. Cosman was pastor of the F. C. B. church at North Head, N. B. In 1889 he severed his connection with that body and united with the R. B. Alliance. In 1892 he became pastor of Port Maitland-Sandford circuit. He later served the churches at Marysville and Grand Manan, and then back to Nova Scotia for the second time as pastor of the Port Maitland-Sandford Churches.

In 1906 he was called to the Beals, Me., church where he spent nine years. Then feeling that his work was done there, he resigned, but as there seemed to be no opening for him in our work, he accepted a call to the Free Will Baptist church at Littleton, Me. Following that he held other pastorates in that district. Brother Cosman will be remembered as one of those deeply interested in the establishment of Beulah Camp Ground, being among the first ones to build a cottage there. In fact he was the last surviving member of a committee of six appointed in 1893 to select a suitable place to hold the annual Alliance and Camp Meeting; the others on the committee being, Revs. G. W. MacDonald, Aaron Kinney, G. B. Trafton, with James L. Belyea and John Kimball. He also was chairman of the Grounds Committee for a number of years, as well as serving on the Hotel and Rooms Committee. Brother Cosman will be remembered as a man of very genial and pleasant disposition, one who could not fail to make friends with all who came in contact with him. He was a good preacher, a successful pastor, an ardent advocate of Full Salvation, and one who will always hold a very large place in the memory and esteem of those who knew him and had been associated with him in Christian work.

He was a kind and loving father, one who was especially fond of his home. It was our privilege to spend the winter of 1892 in his home at Sandford, N. S., which we enjoyed very much. We also shall not soon forget his fatherly advice and kindness to us as a young preacher, as well as the kindness and motherly care of Sister Cosman. They both had a special way of making all who visited them feel at home. Brother Cosman was twice married, his first wife Miss Annie Watson of Johnston, Queens Co., N. B., who died some years ago and he married later in the United States. He leaves to mourn their loss, one son, Rev. P. T. Cosman, of New Bedford, Mass., a daughter, Mrs. George Lamfear, of Oakland, Cal., five grand-children, one adopted son, William Cosman, of Seal Cove, N. B. Two sisters, Mrs. R. Scribner of Hatfield Point, N. B., and Mrs. Celia Sherwood, of Washburn, Me. Mrs. Sydney Gibbs of St. John, N. B., and Mrs.

E. W. Lester, of Beals, Me., are nieces of the deceased.

The remains were brought to Houlton, Me., on December 29th, accompanied by his son, where service was held in the United Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. Mr. Chase, pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Jenkins of Littleton, the Littleton choir assisted in the singing. Interment was made in the Evergreen Cemetery, where his former wife and daughter were buried.

H. C. ARCHER

Mrs. Lottie McMann

Mrs. Lottie McMann died Saturday afternoon, December 29th, aged 63 years. She is survived by her husband, a son and two daughters. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the Dorsey Undertaking Rooms, Fort Fairfield, Maine, Rev. G. A. Rogers officiated. The body was placed in the vault at Riverside Cemetery

God bless the sorrowing hearts.

G. A. ROGERS

Mrs. Charles Armstrong

Mrs. Charles Armstrong, wife of Charles H. Armstrong, died on Tuesday morning, January 1, 1935, at the age of 69 years. Mrs. Armstrong had been troubled with her heart for the past few months. When the writer called on Mrs. Armstrong the last time she testified that she was saved. Mrs. Armstrong was very highly spoken of by the people of this town. She shall be greatly missed by her beloved husband (who is in failing health), her only daughter, Lela, at home, and her only sister, Mrs. Louis Duff, Caribou, Me.

The funeral was held at the home on Friday morning, January 4, 1935. Rev. G. A. Rogers preached from Phil. 1:21. "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Where The Gates Swing Outward Never" were sung by Elwood Cogswell, Kenneth Cogswell and Olie Hilman, accompanied by Mrs. Ruby Stone.

Interment was made at Caribou, Maine, Rev. Mr. Goram, N. B., officiated at the grave.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy and lift them up in our prayers.

G. A. ROGERS

CORRESPONDENCE

Fredericton, Jan. 11, 1935.

Dear Friends of The Highway:

Greetings from this part of the field.

We wish to report victory in our own souls and at least a measure of blessing on the the work here. The Lord has been good to us, has honored his word and has given us a good year. Praise His name.

We take this opportunity of thanking all our friends who remembered us with gifts and greeting cards at the Christmas season.

During the usual Christmas programme which was an excellent one, the pastor was presented with a generous gift of money.

We were also remembered in other practical ways.

We wish also to acknowledge in this way the letters of appreciation which have come to us regarding our recent broadcasts over CFNB. It was our privilege to speak again Christmas morning and we are very glad to learn that the service was a means of blessing to some.

Trusting that the year may be one of rich blessing to the Highway and all its readers.

Yours in His glad service.

REV. F. A. AND MRS. WATSON

Be not dazzled by beauty, but look for those inward qualities which are lasting.—Seneca.

THE SOUL'S REFUGE

Dear Lord our shelter Thou hast been,
Our Comfort and our Guide;
Into the sanctuary of Thy love,
Oh Lord let us abide.

Protect us now this day we pray,
And shield our hearts from sin,
May we be freed from fret and care,
And all Thy laws obey.

Grant us we pray, sweet peace and joy,
And grace when sad opprest,
Oh! May we ever look to Thee,
And in Thy presence rest.

In life or death dear Lord protect,
And when the storms rage high,
Under the safety of Thy wings,
Oh, let me ever fly.

And when our journey here is done,
Our Savior we shall meet,
And in that land so bright and fair,
Our loved ones we shall greet.

MATILDA WALKER HUNTER,

Linden, N. S.

SWEET SERVICE

Since Mary laid her kingly Babe
Where stalled the humble beast,
On mothers rests the high behest
To keep His birthday Feast.

They scarce have time to kneel and gaze
Or hear the angels sing,
But careful hospitality
Os such a gracious thing.

Too full of homely things their hands
To bear rich myrrh and gold,
Yet incense of sweet service wraps
The simple toys they hold.

And shining joy in children's eyes—
The holly and the tree—
Are lovely candles lit to God
For that Nativity.

Oh, Christ Child, teach with tenderness
The willing, weary feet,
The giving hands of Motherhood
That make Thy birthday sweet."
—Margaret Campbell Barnes, in the Windsor Magazine.

DIRECTION

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SINCERE WORDS

True emotions and sincere words never perish. The great heart of humanity gladly receives and embalms every true utterance of the humblest of its offspring.—E. L. Magoon.

WISDOM

Be rather wise than witty; for much wit bath commonly much froth, and 'tis hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer, too; which many times sink deeper than was intended or expected; and what was designed for mirth ends in sadness.—C. Trenchard.