

## OBITUARY

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

## Mrs. William Grant

The death of Mrs. William Grant occurred on May 18th at the home of her grandson, Allan M. Grant, 584 Charlotte St., Fredericton, N. B., at the age of 88 years. Mrs. Grant suffered a paralytic stroke and lived just a week. The deceased had lived her entire life in Penniac, having moved to Fredericton last October with her son, the late Willis A. Grant, whose death occurred in December of last year.

A loving mother and grandmother, she leaves to mourn her loss, one son, Jeremiah Grant, of Bristol, N. B., a sister, Mrs. David Arbo, Mobile, Alabama, six grandchildren, Allan, with whom she resided; Helen, Harriet and Ruth, of Saint John; Ralph and Fred Grant, of Bristol.

The service was conducted by Rev. M. V. Oliver, of United Church of Canada, assisted by Rev. G. J. Guiou, of Brunswick Street Baptist, with prayers at the home, followed by a service in the United Church at Penniac, and interment was made in the family lot at Penniac.

The late Mrs. Grant was converted at the age of twelve, and lived a true Christian life to the end. Although not a member of the Reformed Baptist Church, she attended their services whenever possible, and many of the Reformed Baptist clergymen have been entertained in her home. She was a subscriber to the King's Highway from the time it was first published, and enjoyed reading it up to the time of her death.

One by one our dear ones are gathering Home. We look forward to meeting them in that "land that is fairer than day," where there will be no more sorrow or pain.

To meet in Heaven! How sweet the thought  
When life's short years are past,  
No more to weep, no more to part,  
To meet in Heaven at last.

To meet in Heaven! O blessed thought!  
All care, all suffering o'er,  
Meet in the mansions of the Bles't  
And love forevermore.

To meet in Heaven around the throne  
Of Him who died to save,  
Be this our hope, our anxious care,  
To meet beyond the grave.

HELEN M. GRANT

## MRS. J. P. ALLEY

Our sister Mrs. J. P. Alley passed peacefully away Sunday, May 31. She was one of our best members of the Church at Beals. She was sixty-five years of age and had been a faithful Christian since her childhood.

She is survived by her husband, two sons, Lester, of Beals, Maine; Rev. L. J. Alley of Melrose, Mass., and two daughters, Mrs. Oscar Alley and Mrs. Harry Crowley, both of Beals, Maine, also several grandchildren and great grandchildren.

The funeral service was held from the church which she loved so well, and was conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. E. R. Bradley of Jonesport and Rev. Blackstone (Adventist) of Beals.

We extend our deep sympathy to those who mourn.

REV. F. A. WATSON

## MARRIED

## Cook-Benson

Marysville, N. B., June 10—At four o'clock yesterday afternoon the Reformed Baptist parsonage was the scene of a pretty wedding ceremony when Rev. F. A. Dunlap united in marriage Miss Lydia Meredith Benson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson, and Lawrence Cleveland Cook, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cook of Seal Cove, Grand Manan. They were unattended, and the ceremony was witnessed only by immediate friends. They will reside at Seal Cove, Grand Manan, where the groom is a business man. The young couple who are popular with a large circle of friends both here and in Grand Manan have the good wishes of their many friends.

## Duran-Barr

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Havelock, when Hazel Barr, of Weavers Settlement, was united in marriage to Elmer Duran, also of Weavers Settlement.

F. A. ANDERSON.

REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
CONVENTION OF DIST. NO. 3

Convention met at Wood Island Church on Sunday afternoon, May 24th, 1936. Meeting called to order by President, Rev. H. S. Wilson. Singing, scripture reading, Is. 53. Prayer by Bro. A. Cook. Officers elected as follows:

President—Rev. H. S. Wilson.  
Vice-President—Bro. Frank Small.  
Secretary—Lic. Percy Green.  
Treasurer—Rev. H. M. Kimball.

Reports from the various Sunday Schools were read. All were encouraging and were adopted. Special song was beautifully rendered by four girls from Seal Cove S. S.

A paper on "Means and Methods for Development of S. S. Work" was read by Mrs. M. Russell. Mrs. Russell was given a vote of thanks and the Convention also by vote recommended its publication in the Highway.

The secretary was called upon to give a talk on the "Relation of the S. S. to the Church". The secretary was asked to write this subject as spoken, for Highway.

Motion to adjourn, dismissal by Bro. E. Wilcox.

PERCY GREEN, Secy.

AND WE SOMETIMES THINK WE ARE  
GETTING OLD OURSELVES

Between the ages of 70 and 83 Commodore Vanderbilt added about 100 millions to his fortune.

Kant at 74 wrote his Anthropology, Metaphysics of Ethics and Strife of the Faculties.

Tintoretto at 74 painted the vast Paradise, a canvas 74 by 80 feet.

Verdi at 74 produced his masterpiece, Otello; at 80, Falstaff, and at 85 the famous Ave Maria, Stabat Mater and Te Deum.

Lamarck at 78 completed his great zoological work, The Natural History of the Invertebrates.

Oliver Wendell Holmes at 79 wrote Over the Teacups.

Cato at 80 began the study of Greek.

Goethe at 80 completed Faust.

Tennyson at 83 wrote Crossing the Bar.

Titian at 98 painted his historic picture of the Battle of Lepanto.—Religious Telescope.

Opening the door and letting God in is faith.—Lyman Abbott.

## A TRUE STORY

At a Michigan normal college, a certain young lady was taking an English course along with some other subjects. One day Professor H— came into the room where the English class was waiting, and wrote on the board: "Write for the hour on 'My Opinion of the Talkies.'"

The young lady mentioned above had never been to a "talkie." She had been saved before they became popular, and had no occasion or desire to attend one. She went to Mr. H— and told him so.

In a puzzled tone he said, "You've never been to a talkie? Not one?"

She answered "No, and the last time I attended a movie was when I was thirteen years old."

"Well", he said, "write on why you don't attend." On a second thought he added, "Or any other subject."

The girl took her seat. Delighted and somewhat excited she hurriedly wrote the following:

## "Why I Do Not Attend the Talkies"

"There are at least two reasons why I do not attend the talkies. One is more important than the other. First, I never had much spending money when a child, hence never established the habit of attending movies. Second, at the age of fifteen I attended a revival meeting. One night I felt strangely wrought upon, and when the invitation hymn was sung I went to the altar of prayer. That evening a heavy burden of sin rolled off my heart. With its departure the world had a different appearance to me. My attitude toward life was changed. My desires seemed to automatically change. I desired different things than previously enjoyed. With this change went the love for worldly amusements. The movies had not the slightest attraction. Instead, they seemed repulsive, cheap, degrading and even vulgar. The new rapture which I experienced that evening has stayed with me. I still enjoy things of a spiritual rather than worldly nature.

"My readers may think me other-worldly-minded, puritanical, narrow, fanatical, and perhaps insane, but that does not worry me in the least. I have found a satisfaction in living this way that I never knew before. I live with peace in my heart and mind. My conscience is clear before God and man. Jesus has become my satisfying portion, and I recommend this experience to every one."

When the paper was returned to its author, at the top were found these words, "Very well stated."—Selected.

## LIVE NEAR TO GOD

There is but a step between distance from God and the nearness of temptation and sin. If God thinks much of you He will have you near Him, or else He will make you miserable. He will not permit you to rejoice except in Himself. If your love is not worth His having, you may love whom you will; but when He loves you much He will be jealous over you, and if He finds you are content to be without His company He will make you suffer for such wantonness and ingratitude.—Spurgeon.

"A candle that will not burn in the house would make a poor street light; and a Christian whose light does not enlighten the home does little to enlighten the world."