

## OBITUARY

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

## Mrs. Deborah Jones

Mrs. Deborah Jones passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alex MacLean, MacLean's, Kent County, on March 29th, in her 89th year. She was the widow of P. S. Jones, who died many years ago.

Surviving are three daughters and two stepsons. They are Mrs. Alex. MacLean, Mrs. George McClintock, Moncton; Mrs. S. Ellison, Sussex; Charles, Saint John, and Willard, East Milton, Mass. Also surviving are three sisters and one brother, Mrs. Jane Geddes and Mrs. W. B. Jones, of East Milton, Mass.; Mrs. Robert McConnell, of Canaan, N. B.

Mrs. Jones had been in good health until recently and her passing was unexpected.

Sister Jones and her late husband were highly esteemed members of the Reformed Baptist Church at Moncton, N. B. We had the privilege of calling on Sister Jones when she was with her daughter in Moncton, Mrs. Geo. McClintock, where she had made her home for twenty years since Brother Jones died. We always found her very comfortable and contented and happy in the Lord. A short service was held on Tuesday afternoon at the home of her daughter in MacLean's Settlement and also at the church at Gladeside, where interment was made, Rev. H. S. Dow, her pastor, officiating. To those who survive we extend sincere sympathy.

H. S. D.

## Manzer Hartley

The death of Manzer Hartley occurred at his home in Tracey Mills during the night of Friday, March 27th, after an illness stretching over a period of four years. Mr. Hartley was born in Hartley Settlement a little over seventy years ago, and lived in this vicinity all his life, being a practicing veterinary until the time of his illness. Surviving are his widow, four daughters, Mrs. Van Perkins, of Presque Isle; Mrs. Fred Holmes, of Robinson's; Mrs. Alvin Reid, of Bangor; Mrs. Harold Shaw, of Royalton; and three sons, Guy at home; Harvey, of Tracey Mills, and Percy, of Royalton. Besides these are several half brothers and sisters, and sixteen grandchildren. The funeral service was held on Sunday afternoon, March 29th, with prayers at the home and preaching at the United Baptist Church at Tracey Mills by the writer, assisted by Rev. J. G. Duncan, pastor of the above mentioned church. Mr. Hartley held his membership with the Royalton Church, and although inactive in Church work for many years, he took advantage of his illness, called upon God, and left a testimony that all was well. May God bless the sorrowing ones.

H. J. S. BLANEY

## Robert William Smith

The death of Robert William Smith occurred at St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on March 11th in his 65th year. He suffered a brain hemorrhage on Friday afternoon, March 6th, and never rallied.

He was born in St. John, N. B., and was the son of the late John and Josephine Smith. Later they moved to Woodstock where his father helped with the building of the present Reformed Baptist Church. A few years after the family moved to Brookline, Mass., when Mr. R. W. Smith was only 15 years of age. There he attended High School, and then he

learned the carpentry trade. After receiving his education he moved to Marion. A year later he married the former Jennie A. Hathaway, in 1896; and they returned to Brookline for two years before returning to Marion permanently. He is survived by his widow, one son, Robert E., one grandson, of Marion; two cousins, Mrs. F. D. Blaney, of Marion; Mrs. L. T. Sabine, of Woodstock, N. B.; a niece, Mrs. Jack Mendenhall, of Kasca Hills, New York; and a nephew, Norman Grant, of New York City.

Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon at 2.00 in the Methodist Church, conducted by Rev. C. B. Small, of Marion.

## Mr. Ottawa McLaughlin

The village of Seal Cove was saddened on April 6th, by the passing of one of its most highly esteemed citizens, Mr. Ottawa McLaughlin. The deceased was sixty-nine years of age.

Surviving him are his widow, one son, Leslie, at home, and three daughters, Laura, of St. John, N. B., and Mrs. Victor Laffoley and Mrs. Stewart Benson both of Seal Cove.

Mr. McLaughlin was a member of the R. B. Church and died triumphant in the faith.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, April 8th, from the home and was conducted by Lic. Bennett Cochrane assisted by Rev. H. W. Carpenter.

We extend sincere sympathy to those who mourn.

## SPURGEON TALKS TO THE PREACHER

By way of precaution, however, let me remark that we ought to be always in training for text-getting and sermon-making. We should constantly preserve the holy activity of our minds. Woe unto the minister who dares to waste an hour. Read John Foster's "Essay on the Improvement of Time" and resolve never to lose a second of it. A man that goes up and down from Monday morn till Saturday night and indolently dreams that he is to have his text sent down by an angelic messenger in the last hour or two of the week tempts God, and deserves to stand speechless on the Sabbath. We have no leisure as ministers; we are never off duty, but are on our watch-towers day and night. I tell you solemnly, nothing will excuse you from the most rigid economy of time: it is at your peril you trifle with it. The leaf of your **ministry will soon wither unless**, like the blessed man in the First Psalm, you meditate in the law of the Lord both day and night.

I am most anxious that you should not throw away time in religious dissipation, or in gossiping and frivolous talk. Beware of running about from this meeting to that, listening to mere twaddle, and contributing your share to the general blowing-up of windbags. A man great and big at tea-drinkings and evening parties is generally very little everywhere else. Your pulpit preparations are your first business, and if you neglect these you will bring no credit upon yourself or your office. Bees are making honey from morning till night; and we should always be gathering stores for our people. I have no faith in that ministry which ignores laborious preparation. When traveling in northern Italy our driver at night slept in the carriage, and when I called him up in the morning he leaped out, cracked his whip three times, and said he was quite ready. Such a toilet I hardly appreciated, and wished that he had slept elsewhere, or that I had to occupy another seat. You who are ready to preach in a hop, skip and

jump will pardon me if I take a pew somewhere else. Watch for sermons as you go about the city or the country. Always keep your eyes and ears open and you will hear and see angels. The world is full of sermons—catch them on the wing. Keep your ears open to hear the voices from the skies, and translate them into the language of men. Always a preacher be thou, O man of God, foraging for the pulpit, in all the provinces of nature and art, storing and preparing at all hours and seasons. —Selected.

## IN A MOMENT

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."—I. Cor. 15:52.

Yes, it will one day really happen, that thousands of people walking about on this earth, struggling with all the difficulties of this life, and suffering from all the sorrows of this world, some mourning, some rejoicing, some in the best of health and strength, some in beds of languishing, some filled with forebodings of the coming morrow, some looking for a special pleasure, some young and joyous, just commencing life; some old and grave, only just waiting to pass off the scene; some gathered together around our blessed Lord, exalting and praising His Name with one heart and one voice, and some preaching His glorious worth and finished work—yes, doubtless all this will be true of thousands of people at one moment, and the next they shall be gazing at Christ in Glory, fully conformed to His image, and surrounded by all the felicities of heaven. Oh, what a change! Should not such a hope inspire us with holy joy and enthusiasm, and to whole-hearted devotedness in the cause of Christ, and with more real loyalty of heart to our coming Redeemer?

A moment more and I may be  
Caught up in glory, Lord, with Thee:  
And, raptured sight, Thy beauty see  
For evermore!

A moment more, Thy chariot cloud,  
Thy voice of power, Thy summons loud:  
Ah! then the vault of heaven shall crowd  
With myriad saints

A moment more—earth left behind,  
Our bodies their redemption find,  
Our souls the prize for which they pined  
With great desire!

A moment more—what joy to wear  
Thy likeness, Saviour, and to share  
With Thee the place prepared there,  
Where Thou art gone

A moment more—upon Thy throne,  
Thy place by right then made our own;  
Thou wilt not fill that seat alone,  
But with Thy saints

A moment more—Thy faultless bride  
In Thy own beauty glorified;  
Thenceforth forever at Thy side,  
To crown Thy joy!

A moment more—Ah! can it be—  
One moment brings such joys to me,  
Yea, joy of joys, yield them to Thee!  
Our Saviour, Lord!  
—Selected.

Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart and brain but will lift sooner for a person of determined cheerfulness.