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IS THE HEAVEN OF THE SOUL

"Many have just enough faith to make them miserable, but not enough to make them hopeful."

I hear people talk a great deal about going to heaven. Well, let them go, and talk and sing of it as they go; but I wish to say this—that, if you are a Christian, there is more heaven "in" you than you will ever find "out" of you. Explore the past, search the universe through, and the first and last essential heaven you will ever find will be the heaven in you; and if you fail here at home, you will eternally fail abroad.—B. P.

"Melancholy" is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned, and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts". That is because "you are lazy". Go actively to work in Christ's cause, and your doubts will vanish. You say, "I have lost my property"; but I reply, "You have infinite treasures laid up in heaven." You say, "I am weak and sickly, and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness. Catch a few morning larks for your soul, and stone this owl off your premises.—T.

"Do not live as I ought—often neglect my duty, but God is merciful to me and I am enabled to look forward to that day when I shall meet my dear friends, where troubles never come. No brethren, I would not give up my hope of heaven for ten thousand worlds like this. Unfaithful as I am, I have some of that love which I felt years ago, when the Lord converted me."

Brethren, has it come to this, that, while religion has a bright beginning and a hopeful ending—while a light glimmers in the past and hope is pointing to a better future—that the present is all a blank? Is this the religion of God within us, so much celebrated in the Bible?

A tolerable yesterday for the past, with a better tomorrow for the future, but a dark void today! A present, cheerless and empty, with outstretched hands to past and future for relief! Two flickering, distant lights, meeting in one great dark! Is this the best that Christianity can do for poor souls on earth? If so, it's a fraud on my confidence.—B. P.

HOPE

There never was a night so long,
 But that the morning came
 To set the leaden skies aglow
 With finger-tips of flame.

There never was a wood so dark
 But song-birds nestled there
 Until the morning bade them wake
 To sing God's love and care.

And never was a burdened soul
 Of comfort so bereft,
 But, looking up with steadfast faith,
 Would find true comfort left.

—Selected.

OBITUARY

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

MRS. W. B. WIGGINS

The Reformed Baptist Church of Canada has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. W. B. Wiggins, which took place at the home of her brother, Sheriff C. N. Goodspeed, 745 George St., Fredericton, N. B., Tuesday morning, July 21st, 1936, in the 70th year of her age. She had been in failing health for over two years, but was only confined to her bed for ten or eleven days.

Our sister was a charter member of the denomination and had been actively engaged in the work from the first, having attended every annual meeting of the denomination with one exception, and that was this year.

She was converted early in life and professed the blessing of entire sanctification in the early days of the holiness movement in this country, and has been a worthy advocate of this grace ever since. She has been closely associated with the Sunday School and Missionary Society, filling the office of corresponding secretary of the General Missionary Society for many years and has always been on the Board of Managers. Her council was highly valued.

She was a strong advocate of temperance, and was a valued member of the W. C. T. U., beginning her tenth year as President of the Fredericton Branch, where she will be greatly missed.

She became the wife of Rev. W. B. Wiggins in the year 1900 and was closely associated with him in the work until his death nearly twelve years ago.

She leaves to mourn her loss, Sheriff C. N. Goodspeed, an only brother, two nieces, Miss Lois Goodspeed of Fredericton, N. B., Miss Helen Goodspeed, of Ottawa; two nephews, Edward Goodspeed, of Ottawa, and Herbert Goodspeed, of Toronto, Ont.; many brothers and sisters in Christ and friends everywhere she was known.

The funeral was held from the home of her brother, Wednesday, July 22nd, at one o'clock and was largely attended. The Fredericton branch of the W. C. T. U. attended in a body, and had part in the service which was conducted by Rev. P. J. Trafton, assisted by Rev. H. S. Dow, of Moncton, Rev. L. T. Sabine of Woodstock, Revs. J. S. Gregg and D. R. Chowen, (U.C.), of Fredericton. Misses Emma and Marguerite Trafton sang two selections; Rev. P. J. Trafton a solo. Mrs. Chas. MacLean and Mrs. Frank May from the W. C. T. U. sang a selection. The body was conveyed by motor hearse to Moncton, where arrangements had been made by Mr. Harold Freeze, for her interment by the side of her late husband. A short service was held at the graveside, where many Moncton and other friends had gathered. Assisting at this service were Rev. H. S. Dow, Rev. F. A. Watson, of Beals, Me., her former pastor, and Rev. E. R. Bradley of Jonesport, Me. Rev. P. J. Trafton spoke a few words. While the body was being lowered two verses of "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder" were sung. There were a number of beautiful floral tributes.

Her suffering was great but was borne with patience and fortitude. Her message to friends was, "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ." To the sorrowing ones we extend our deepest sympathy.

NEWTON A. STERRITT

The death of Newton A. Sterritt occurred on July 2nd inst. at his home, East Saint John, after several weeks' illness. Mr. Sterritt was born at Sterritts' Landing on the Saint John River,

near Grey's Mills, where he resided for the greater part of his life. Mr. Sterritt was 68 years old.

In 1924 he moved to Saint John where he has resided since. He leaves to mourn his wife, one son and four daughters, fourteen grandchildren, one brother and four sisters. The son is William R. Sterritt; the daughters, Mrs. Lloyd Patterson, Mrs. J. E. Howard, Mrs. R. H. Rand, and Mrs. J. R. Tibbett; the brother, William W. Sterritt, of Belmont, Mass.; the sisters, Mrs. J. W. Cosman of Kingston, N. B., Mrs. Elizabeth Cobb of Boston, and the Misses Helen and Alice Sterritt, missionaries at Paulpeitsburg, South Africa.

Mr. Sterritt was a charter member and also one of the Deacons of the Reformed Baptist Church at Greys Mills, also superintendent of the Sunday School until his moving to Saint John.

Interment was at Greys Mills Cemetery. The funeral service was held at the Greys Mills Church, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Cochrane. The very large attendance and many flowers including a spray of roses from the Greys Mills Sunday School, spoke of the high esteem in which Mr. Sterritt was held by his friends. Sympathy is extended to the sorrowing family and relatives.

GOD CALLS THE CHURCH TO HOLINESS

You have seen a ship out on the bay, swinging with the tide, and seeming as if it would follow it; and yet it cannot, for down beneath the water it is anchored. So many a soul sways towards heaven, but cannot ascend thither, because it is anchored to some secret sin.—B.

Philosophy teaches us that all the primary colors in nature coalesce to make pure white; so does religion teach us that all the Christian graces combine to make that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Objects that are purely white perfectly reflect all the prismatic colors of the rainbow; so does a holy heart, all those prime Christian graces which conspire to make perfect Christian character.—Foster's Cy.

Feeling is of just as much use in religion as steam is in an engine—if it drives the engine it is good; but if it does not it is not good for anything but to fizz and hiss and buzz. There are some people that seem to be like yard-engines, that never go anywhere, but keep puffing, and blowing, and hissing, and running up and down side-tracks, doing nothing, going nowhere. Feeling in religion is of no value at all if it does not propel us along the track of duty toward our final destination—God. Fine feelings, glorious feelings—we all have them after our measure, but fine feelings, quick-responsive sensibilities, do you not know that they have been the occasion of the ruin of some of the greatest geniuses that God ever gave to the human race? Feeling is a miserably cheap substitute for duty. It takes more than being happy on Sunday in church to be religious.

My friends, religion never stops short of holiness. It means that, first and last. Religion does not stop at feeling; religion does not stop at tradition, or at respectability, or at ecclesiasticism, or at painted windows, or at spacious cathedral aisles, or eloquent preaching, or delicious music; religion means, always has meant, always must mean, the actual communion of the human soul with God in righteousness and holiness. And that kind of religion costs; it takes the best there is in a man to be religious in that way.—Rev. J. R. Thompson.