

OBITUARY

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

HERMAN EDGAR BEAL, JR.

The people of Beals Island were saddened on Wednesday, April 29th, when Herman Edgar Beal, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Beal, died suddenly from the effects of an accident.

Edgar was 5 years, 9 months old. He was riding on an ox-cart loaded with wood and went to get off while the cart was still in motion. He fell face down in front of the wheel and before the teamster knew it the wheel had gone over his body. He was badly crushed and died shortly after reaching the hospital.

The funeral was held in the Reformed Baptist Church, Beals, Me., on Saturday, May 2nd, with Rev. E. R. Bradley in charge, being assisted by Rev. E. W. Blackstone. A large congregation and many floral contributions gave a silent testimony of the sympathy extended the young bereaved couple. May God bless them in their sorrow and loss.

Interment was made in the Sewall Field Cemetery, Beals, Maine.

ARTHUR R. ALLEY

On April 22, 1936, Mr. Arthur R. Alley died at his home in Jonesport, Maine, at the age of 69 years and 11 months.

Mr. Alley was a fisherman but for about 13 years because of failing health and three operations had not been able to do any hard work. He leaves his wife, three sons, George, Warren, and Joshua, and one daughter, Mrs. L. Faulkingham, also nine grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren.

The funeral was held at his late home on Friday afternoon, April 24th, with Rev. E. R. Bradley in charge of the service. Interment at the Greenwood Cemetery, Jonesport, Me.

Sympathy and prayers are extended the bereaved.

JOHN EDWARD BEAL

On April 15, 1935, John Edward Beal died at the home of his brother, Daniel C. Beal, after having been sick all winter from the effects of a shock.

Mr. Beal was 75 years old last October. He was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church at Beals, Me. He leaves four brothers, Daniel C., Joshua, Herman, Obed, and one half brother, Alvah L. Beal; also a step-mother, Mrs. Etta Alley; five sisters-in-law and a host of nephews and nieces.

The funeral was held on April 17th, at the Reformed Baptist Mission at Alley's Bay with Rev. E. R. Bradley in charge. Interment was made at the Sewall Field Cemetery, Beals, Me.

To the sorrowing ones we extend prayers and sympathy.

MRS. JANE ALRIDE

Mrs. Jane Alride, widow of the late Henry Alride, of Weymouth, N. S., passed peacefully away at her home, April 8, after many months of suffering from cancer. She was 69 years of age and had spent her entire life in Weymouth, where she will be greatly missed and remembered as a kind friend and neighbor. She was a great lover of God's word, having been a follower of the Lord for a great many years. Although not a member of the Reformed Baptist Church, she was a supporter of the cause, and the several pastors who served the New Tusket Church always found a warm welcome in her home and enjoyed her fellowship.

She leaves to mourn two daughters, Mrs. Clara Barr of Nashua, N. H., and Mrs. Douglas Mullen, who lived with her for the past six years, and who tenderly cared for her during her last illness. Thirteen grandchildren, twenty-one great grand children survive her, also a host of other relatives and friends.

The funeral service was held from her late home, April 10, at 1.30 o'clock. Rev. S. A. Mullen, a grandson, had charge of the service, speaking from St. John 17:3. He was assisted by Rev. F. A. Anderson, R.B., Rev. Mr. MacNevin, United Church, and Lic. Ernest Churchill, U. B. Mrs. J. A. Owens and Mrs. R. C. Smith, granddaughters, sang by her request, "The Eastern Gate", two other selections, "Rock of Ages" and "Not Made With Hands", were sung by a mixed Choir.

She requested that the family spend no money for flowers, but rather that the money be given to Missions. Interment was made in River Side Cemetery, Weymouth North.

Grandma dear, we're going to miss you,
'Twas so hard to say farewell
But we have this consolation,
With your soul we know 'tis well.
Let us each who mourn your passing
Serve your Christ as best we know,
Then one day be re-united
In that land where comes no woe.

HAZEL B. OWENS.

GARFIELD RIDER

Mr. Garfield Rider passed away at his home in Salem, N. B., on April 27 after a long illness. The deceased was 49 years of age. He leaves a sorrowing wife and ten children, also his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Hanford Rider, of Salem. Before his departure he left his testimony that he was going to a better home than he had here. He was ready and willing to go.

The funeral was on Wednesday afternoon, April 29, a short service at the house and then at the R. B. Church. The body was laid to rest in Salem Cemetery.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy and trust that God will comfort and sustain them in their great loss. Service was conducted by the writer.

H. E. MULEN

INFLUENCE OF A SERMON

Sometimes when preachers have small congregations and the people give little heed they are tempted to think, "What is the use of wasting time here?" The incident is related that one time John Newton preached in an English village. Such was the indifference that only a few came out to hear him. But among that small company was Scott, the commentator. The sermon turned his thoughts toward the truth, and all the Christian influence of "Scott's Commentary" may be traced to that sermon. That restricted service, which seemed almost like wasting time, may have done more for the world than any other service in Newton's life. The world is listening yet to that sermon. God many times veils from our eyes for a season the good accomplished by our efforts, but He has said, "My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—Herald of Light.

A "fool is known by the company he keeps", but oftentimes it is difficult to know which is the company and which the fool.—Selected.

THE PERFECT PREACHER

He is never too long, either in his sermons or prayers. He never forgets anything he ought to remember, and he never remembers anything he ought to forget. He knows just when to speak, and when to be silent. His laughter is always well-timed, and his tears are always shed at the precise moment of psychological correctness. His sermons are always well prepared, well delivered, and appropriate. He is educated enough to be a college president, and unassuming enough for an humble beginner. He never has any financial embarrassments, as he always manages to live comfortably on the smallest salary. He never quarrels, and yet he is always outspoken and courageous. He is at once an ideal visitor and an ideal student. He is a real leader of Israel's hosts and yet even his enemies speak well of him. His wife is absolutely without fault, and his children are all just like her. His theology is old-fashioned enough to please the most conservative, and new-fangled enough to satisfy the most radical. There is never any difficulty in stationing him, as any appointment is glad to get him, and he is always willing to sacrifice himself for the good of his brethren.

Unfortunately for us, we have never met this brother. We have heard of him; we have listened wonderingly to the tales of his perfection, and we have hoped to meet him; but, always he has happened to move away or die just before we could meet him. But we are still looking for him, and when we find him we shall have no hesitation in letting our people know just where he lives.

But, meanwhile, we have some thousands of good men in our ministry who are carrying on the work. They are not perfect; they know it, and we know it. And yet, it is surprising how great a work these men are doing. They have lots of faults, but more virtues; and they are honestly trying to build up the kingdom of God. And it may be that of them we shall say by and by with great depth of sincerity, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." If your congregation is looking for a perfect preacher, we don't want to discourage them—keep on looking, but take our advice, and don't wait till you find him, but pick on some brother nearby who has a score of faults, but who, after all, is loyal to his Master and who will be loyal to you.

—Christian Guardian.

NOTHING BETTER

An infidel publisher once sent a young man a package of agnostic literature. Returning the package, the young man wrote as follows: "If you have anything better than the Sermon on the Mount, and the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, or if you have any code of morals better than the Ten Commandments, or anything more consoling and beautiful than the Twenty-third Psalm, or, on the whole, anything that will throw more light on the future and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament—send it along." It is recorded in connection with the incident that the young man has not received any more literature from the infidel.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Someone has said: "Blessed is the felicity of the inner man. It is the mind at rest, the soul at peace, the spirit in rapture. That was the life of Him who had nowhere to lay His head, yet who walked through all His days in radiant joy, heeding little what happiness He had."