

## OBITUARY

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

Mrs. Lizzie M. Beal

Beals, May 11—Mrs. Lizzie M. Beal, 70, widow of Capt. Freeman W. Beal, died at her home here.

Mrs. Beal was the daughter of Eldad and Lucy Alley, born in Beals, which at that time, was a part of the town of Jonesport. Her late husband, Capt. Freeman Beal, was one of the town's foremost citizens.

Mrs. Beal was a member of the Beals Reformed Baptist church, an honorary member of the Christian Endeavor Society, and is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Annie Simmons, Mrs. Mildred Beal, both of Beals; Mrs. Gertrude Woodward, of West Jonesport; one son, Edmund W. Beal, of Beals; her sister, Mrs. C. H. Beal; a brother, Jerome P. Alley, both of Beals; five grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Funeral services were at the late home, with Rev. E. W. Lester, pastor of the Federated Church of Garland, officiating. He was assisted by Rev. F. A. Watson, pastor of the Beals Reformed Baptist Church.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Interment was in the family lot in the Beals cemetery.

Mungo Stewart

Mr. Mungo Stewart of Fort Fairfield, Maine, passed away at his home on May 9th at the age of 69. The deceased had been ill for the past few months. He is survived by his widow and four children, two daughters, Mrs. Otis Ames and Mrs. Frank Fitz Herbert, and two sons, Howells Stewart and Mungo P. Stewart, all of Fort Fairfield.

The funeral was held at the home on Sunday afternoon, May 9th, conducted by the writer, assisted by Mr. Maxwell (U.B.)

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sincere sympathy.

H. E. MULLEN.

Reuben H. Bower

Mr. Reuben H. Bower, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George B. Bower, died at his home in East Kemptville, N. S., on May 8th. Mr. Bower's illness had been for a period of a few months. He was in his 75th year. He was born at Sandford, N. S., and lived there during the early part of his life. He was friendly in disposition and made many lifelong friends. At the age of fourteen he was converted. He was a member of the old Free Baptist Church at Sandford.

Besides his beloved widow he leaves the following: One brother, Mr. Dorris Bower, Beloit, Wis.; one sister, Mrs. Alberta Sanders, Sandford, N. S.; three daughters, Jennie at home; Sarah, R.N., and Marion, R.N., Boston, Mass.

The funeral service was held from the home in East Kemptville on Monday, May 10th. Rev. G. A. Rogers had charge. Rev. H. A. Sipprell, (U.B.), of Kemptville, assisted. The funeral was largely attended. Interment was made in Kemptville cemetery.

Our loss is his gain. May God comfort the hearts of the bereaved relatives in this hour of sorrow.

REV. G. A. R.

Mrs. Moses Allen

The death occurred on May 3rd of Mrs. Moses Allen, of Penniac, at the age of 52 years. She is survived by her mother, Mrs. Abernathy; her husband, Moses, Allen; a son, Guy Allen of

Penniac; two daughters, Della May, and Mrs. Byron Moore, of Marysville; a brother and three sisters.

The funeral took place from her late home with service in the United Church of Canada, Penniac, and was conducted by Rev. F. A. Dunlop, assisted by Rev. M. D. Olliver.

To the bereaved ones we extend our sympathy.

## IN MEMORIAM

In memoriam of Mrs. J. P. Alley.

Her work on earth is finished,  
Her journey on earth is o'er,  
And we shall meet the dear one  
In the old home no more.  
The smile we loved no longer  
Will greet us at the door,  
And the voice so calm and gentle  
We shall hear on earth no more.  
We long to meet you, dear mother,  
In that bright home on high,  
Where angels sing forever,  
And none shall say good-bye.

## THE CREATOR

There is a God, all Nature cries,  
I see it painted on the skies,  
I see it in the flowering Spring,  
I hear it when the birdlings sing,  
I see it on the rolling main,  
I see it on the fruitful plain,  
I see it stamped on hail and snow,  
I see it in the clouds that soar,  
I hear it when the thunders roar,  
I see it when the morning shines,  
I see it when the day declines,  
I see it in the mountain's height,  
I see it in the smallest mite,  
I see it everywhere abroad,  
I feel, I know there is a God.

—Anon.

## CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, well known leader of the G-men at Washington, says: "The transitional period between boyhood and manhood is the crucial time of any youthful career. It is then that youth needs the spiritual guidance of the church through its Sunday-school. I am constantly distressed in my work by the statistics which come to my desk indicating the alarming participating of youth in crime. I can but think that had many of these young criminals received proper religious teaching, they would not have followed the sordid path to crime, but would have happily selected the road to honored useful citizenship."—Wesleyan Methodist.

## RETRIBUTION

The following items appeared in "Time": "In Los Angeles, when Samuel Whitaker was sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering his wife, he flung up his arms, crying: 'If I am guilty of this horrible crime, may God strike me dead before I get to my cell.' Before he reached his cell at San Quentin Prison, Samuel Whitaker suffered a heart attack and fell dead.

"In Birmingham, Ala., Walter George's mother assured police that her fugitive son was innocent of the hit-and-run killing of an old Negro. 'I hope to die if my son killed that Negro,' cried Mrs. George. Two days later she died. Caught, son Walter confessed his crime."—Wesleyan Methodist.

## WHAT THEN?

When the great plants of our cities  
Have turned out their last finished work;  
When our merchants have sold their last yard  
Of silk  
And dismissed the last tired clerk;  
When our banks have raked in their last dollar  
And paid the last dividend;  
When the Judge of the earth says,  
"Close for the night,"  
And ask for a balance—  
What then?

When the choir has sung its last anthem  
And the preacher has made his last prayer;  
When the people have heard their last sermon  
And the sound has died out on the air;  
When the Bible lies closed on the altar  
And the pews are all empty of men  
And each one stands facing his record  
And the great Book is opened—  
What then?

When the actors have played their last drama  
And the mimic has made his last fun  
When the film has flashed its last picture  
And the billboard displayed its last run;  
When the crowds seeking pleasure have vanished  
And gone out in the darkness again—  
When the trumpet of ages is sounded,  
And we stand up before Him—  
What then?

When the bugle's call sinks into silence  
And the long marching columns stand still,  
When the captain repeats his last orders  
And they've captured the last fort and hill,  
And the flag has been hauled from the mast  
head  
And the wounded afield checked in,  
And a world that rejected its Saviour,  
Is asked for a reason—  
What then?

—Selected by Mrs. James Rogers.

## A MOTHER'S PRAYERS

Madame Kai-Shek will be remembered by her heroic conduct in connection with the recent kidnapping and release of her husband, Marshal Ching Kai-Shek, China's "strong man." Madame Kai-Shek is a Christian and she explains why in the following words: "I knew that my mother lived very close to God. And I believe that my childhood training influenced me greatly even though I was more or less rebellious at the time. It must often have grieved my mother that I found family prayers tiresome and frequently found myself conveniently thirsty at the moment, so that I could slip out of the room. I always had to go to church, but hated the long sermons. But today I am grateful. That church-going habit established a stability for which I thank my parents.

"One of my strongest childhood impressions is of mother going to her third floor closet to pray. She spent hours in prayer, often beginning before dawn. When we asked her advice about anything, she would say, 'I must ask God first.' And asking God was not a matter of five minutes to ask Him to bless her child and grant the request. She waited upon God until she felt His leading. And I must say that whenever mother trusted God for her decision, the undertaking invariably turned out well."—Sel.