

OBITUARY

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

Mrs. Elizabeth McNeill

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth McNeill, widow of James McNeill, occurred suddenly at the home of her niece, Miss Jennie McKeever, 204 Archibald Street, March the 14th. Although Mrs. McNeill, who was 82 years of age, had been in ill health for some time yet she was able to be about the house and on Sunday was as active as usual. Her death came with startling suddenness and as a great shock to her relatives and wide circle of friends in Moncton and elsewhere.

Possessed of splendid womanly qualities of heart and mind, she was beloved by all who knew her and will long be remembered for her many kindly deeds. She was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church and took an active interest in the affairs of that congregation until ill-health prevented.

Mrs. McNeill is survived by several nieces and nephews.

The funeral was held Wednesday at 3 o'clock at Tuttle's Funeral Parlors. Rev. H. S. Dow, of the Reformed Baptist Church, conducted the service. The body was placed in the receiving vault until spring when interment will be made in Fernhill cemetery, Saint John.

L. A. Wilmot Taylor

L. A. W. Taylor died at the Melrose Hospital, Melrose, Mass., on March 10th, from pneumonia. He was born at Lower Brighton, July 21st, 1864, and was the last surviving member of the family of the late William and Elizabeth Taylor. His sister, Mrs. George Tedlie, passed away only six weeks before, and his brother, Charles Taylor, just two weeks before him.

When a young man Mr. Taylor went to Lowell, Mass., where he lived for several years. Later he moved with his family to Melrose, and for many years worked in the office of the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, Boston, until failing health forced him to retire.

Mr. Taylor was twice married. His first wife was Miss Eugenie Gray, daughter of the late George Gray, of Hartland. She passed away 47 years ago. His second wife was Miss Kathryn M. Hamilton, of Bloomfield, Carleton Co. She predeceased him ten years. He is survived by one daughter from his first marriage, Miss Eugenie Gray Taylor, R. N., 1408 California St., San Francisco, Calif., and by one son, Gerald A. Taylor, and one daughter, Mrs. Chester Darling, from his second marriage; two grand-daughters, Kathryn and Lillian Taylor, and one grandson, Chester Darling, jr., all of Melrose, Mass.

Mr. Taylor was a follower of the Lord Jesus for years and just a few hours before he went spoke of his firm faith in the Sure Foundation. His funeral was held Friday p. m. at Melrose, with interment in the family lot there.

Fletcher H. Elliott

Port Maitland, March 13—The many relatives and friends of Fletcher H. Elliott were shocked to learn of his death which occurred at his home here on Wednesday evening, March 9th, at the age of 65 years. On Sunday Mr. Elliott was stricken with pneumonia to which he quickly succumbed.

Besides his sorrowing wife, he is survived by four daughters, Bernice and Alma, New York,

and Phyllis and June at home; four sons, Edwin, New York; Wilfred, Waltham, Mass.; Kenneth, Newton, Mass., and Elroy at home. He is also survived by three brothers and three sisters, Edward, Portland, Maine; Austin, Tiverton, N. S.; Mrs. John Walsh, Syracuse, New York; Mrs. Warren Powell, Dorchester, Mass., and Mrs. Leslie Powell, Tiverton, N. S.

Funeral services were held this afternoon, with Rev. G. A. Rogers officiating. Interment was made at Island cemetery.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

G. A. R.

Mrs. Alveretta Mullen

The community of Havelock was saddened by the passing of Mrs. Alveretta Mullen on Sunday, March the 20th, following an illness of several months.

The deceased was the widow of the late Kinsman Mullen, who predeceased her some six years ago. She had lived to see her eighty-first birthday. For more than twenty years, she was a faithful member of the Reformed Baptist Church of this place. Her life has been lived in the fear of the Lord; a truly blessed life.

It has been the writer's privilege to call on our departed sister for the past two years, during which time, though often in poor health there was no complaint. It has been our experience that upon calling we were enriched and more blessed than we were a blessing.

She is survived by three sons and three daughters by her first marriage: William, of Havelock, N. S.; Harold, of Roxbury, Mass., and Rev. H. E. Mullen, of Fort Fairfield, Maine; Mrs. Oscar Jeffrey and Mrs. Peter Prime, both of Summerville, Mass., and Mrs. Willard Churchill, of Port Maitland, N. S. There are two stepsons, Mr. Robie and Mr. Harding Mullen, of Havelock, and one step-daughter, Mrs. Wilfred Roberts, of Kemp, N. S.

The funeral service was at the home, conducted by Rev. H. L. Robertson, assisted by Rev. G. A. Rogers, of Port Maitland, N. S.

Interment was made in the Baptist cemetery. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

H. L. ROBERTSON.

Judith Ann Emmet

At the hospital at Mars Hill, at three o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, March 20th, little Judith Ann, aged 2 years, 9 months and 19 days, daughter of Stora and Elva Emmet of Blaine, Me., was taken to be with Him, who called the little children unto Him and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Judith was a very lovable and attractive child, whom to know was to love. She will be greatly missed from the home circle. Beside her parents she leaves one brother, Stora William, who will greatly miss his little sister.

The funeral was a very sad one. It was held in the Reformed Baptist Church at Crystal, conducted by Rev. S. A. Mullen, who was assisted by Mr. Sloat of the United Baptist Church at Blaine, on Wednesday, March 23rd. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Brother and Sister Emmet are highly esteemed members of the Crystal R. B. Church, having just last autumn moved away from Crystal, as Bro. Emmet is engaged in teaching at Mars Hill. Much heartfelt sympathy is extended to them at this time.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30:5.

THOUGHTLESSNESS OR WHAT?

Rev. Miss Monna M. Rogers

Is it thoughtlessness, or irreverence, or a careless yielding to the spirit of the age that causes Christian workers to speak so frequently of the characters of the Bible as "old," e. g., "Old Peter," "Old Paul," "Old Samuel," "Old John," or "Old Samson?" This is done when referring to instances in their lives that occurred when they were young men. The other day we heard a radio speaker refer to "old Stephen." We may be in error but we feel that it does not come from an attitude of reverence for these fine Bible heroes of the faith, but rather from the same spirit that causes young people today to speak of their parents as "the old man" and "the old woman."

Again we hear from the pulpit, "Oh boy!" and like expressions, and we wonder if the users are ignorant of the fact that this expression is a contraction of "Old Boy," and hence an address to the devil. How grieved we are to hear so many of our young people, yes, and the older people, too, using such expressions as "Gee" and "Gosh," and such like! How easy it is to become like the world and speak as the world speaks. Would these young people and elders want to be told that they are swearing, yet that is what they are doing when they use these terms, for they are sometimes contractions of the name of God. Again we hear "ding it," and similar expressions which are but contractions of another swear word that we do not care to write.

Let us watch our speech obeying Paul's injunction to Titus (2:8). It would be profitable for us to watch our conversation and that of our close associates that we may be delivered from these wrong usages. We have been thanked many times by young Christians for quietly and privately calling their attention to the meaning of these expressions. Turn to a good concordance and see how much God has to say about "Sound Conversation."

THIS IS MY FRIEND

Let me tell you how I made His acquaintance.
I had heard much of Him, but took no heed.
He sent daily gifts and presents, but I never thanked Him.

He often seemed to want my friendship, but I remained cold.

I was homeless and wretched and starving and in peril every hour, and He offered me shelter and food and comfort and safety, but I was ungrateful still.

At last He crossed my path and with tears in His eyes He besought me, saying, "Come and abide with me."

Let me tell you how He treats me now:

He supplies all my wants.

He gives me more than I dare ask.

He anticipates my every need.

He begs me to ask for more.

He never reminds me of my past ingratitude.

He never rebukes me for my past follies.

Let me tell you further what I think of Him:

He is as good as He is great.

His love is as ardent as it is true.

He is as jealous of my love as He is deserving of it.

I am in all things His debtor, but He bids me call Him friend. This friend, the best friend to have, is Jesus.—From an old English manuscript.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.