

OBITUARY

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

Max Beverley Owens

The passing of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Owens, of Royalton, late Saturday afternoon, Feb. 4th, was a great shock to the family and entire community. It was four weeks old that day. He leaves to mourn their loss, besides his parents, one sister and brother. Rev. J. A. Owens is an uncle.

The service was conducted by the pastor, Monday, Feb. 6th, at 2.30 p. m., at the house. The message was based on Matt. 19:14, and the choir sang: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and "Looking This Way," and a duet: "He's the One." Interment was made in the family lot in the Royalton cemetery. To the sorrowing ones we extend prayer and sympathy.

S. G. H.

Mrs. Wallace A. Mitchell

The death of Mrs. Nellie M. Mitchell, wife of Wallace Arthur Mitchell, 581 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N. B., took place at the Fraser Memorial Hospital, Sunday morning, March 5th, at 5.30 a. m., aged 38 years.

She had been ill for five weeks, being confined to her bed most of the time. On Saturday morning she underwent a major surgical operation, and her loved ones and friends were hopeful of her recovery, but in less than 24 hours she passed away.

She was retiring in her disposition, but had a great many friends. She was deeply interested in her home, her family, and in the Reformed Baptist Church, of which she was a valued and faithful member. She will be greatly missed.

She leaves to mourn besides her husband, Wallace Arthur Mitchell; one son, Harold Mitchell; her father, Gilbert W. Dryden, Moncton; two brothers, Vaughan Dryden, Calgary, Alta., and Clarence Dryden, of Saint John; and a sister, Mrs. Leroy Irving, of Brighton, Mass., and a large circle of other relatives and friends.

The funeral service took place on Tuesday at 2 o'clock p. m., with a short private service at the home, after which the body was taken to the Reformed Baptist Church, where service was conducted by Rev. P. J. Trafton, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. F. A. Dunlop, of Marysville, Ref. Bap. Church. There was a large congregation of relatives and friends present and all seemed to feel keenly the loss sustained. There were many beautiful floral tributes speaking in mute language of the love and esteem in which she was held. A choir rendered three appropriate selections. Interment was made in the United Baptist cemetery at Marsyville, the burial service being conducted by Rev. P. J. Trafton and Rev. F. A. Dunlop. Our sister was faithful and devout in her home and in the church. To the sorrowing ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

P. J. TRAFTON

Mrs. Mary L. Greenlaw

After an illness which continued for more than two and a half years, on Saturday evening, February 18th, Mrs. Mary L. Greenlaw, the beloved wife of James W. Greenlaw, of Lincoln, Me., passed on to her Eternal Home.

Mrs. Greenlaw was born in Upper Hainesville, N. B., the eldest daughter of Deacon Simeon and Mrs. Rebecca J. Clark, Dec. 8, 1853. She was united in marriage to James W. Green-

law, by Elder Wm. Kinghorn, July 9, 1878.

She was converted, baptized and united with the Free Baptist Church of Millville about 70 years ago.

When the Holiness Convention was held in the rink at Woodstock, fifty years ago, she with her husband journeyed thereto. Eagerly listening to the message of those brethren, a hunger came upon her heart for this experience of sanctification or the second blessing. Shortly after this she was led into the experience under the preaching of the late Rev. W. B. Wiggins, who was assisting the pastor, Rev. Alfred Trafton, at Millville. Consequently the Reformed Baptist Church was organized and she became a charter member, and was ever true to the faith.

Forty-three years ago the family came to Maine, settling first at Forest City, Maine, where she attended the M. E. Church, becoming active as a teacher in the Sunday School. From there they moved to Topsfield, Me., where they resided for 23 years. Here she and her daughter the late Adressia Houghton, organized and carried on a Sunday School, also Christian Endeavor Society. Seeing the need of a minister, Mrs. Greenlaw wrote to some of the R. B. ministers in New Brunswick, but not seeing their way clear to accept the invitation they did not come. The interest grew, and later a Congregationalist Church was organized and Mrs. Greenlaw was appointed Sunday School Superintendent. However, she never lost her love for her old church; her heart was there, her testimony true to her life's motto, "Holiness unto the Lord," when she became its pioneer.—V. J. G. B.

The following is taken from the Calais Advertiser:

The deceased will be remembered by her many friends for her Christian fortitude of more than 70 years, as well as her unwavering faith in God.

Besides her husband and daughter, Rev. Violet Bagley, she leaves to mourn their loss, a sister, Mrs. C. B. Houghton, of Newport, Me., a grandson, Leslie J. Kneeland, of Boston, Mass., and wife, a son-in-law, Fred L. Houghton, of Topsfield, Me., several nephews and nieces, of Maine and New Brunswick, and a host of friends.

The deceased was held in high esteem in the community in which she has lived for the past 16 years, as was shown by many floral tributes.

Funeral services were held from the Congregational Church in Topsfield. Rev. Victor P. Musk, pastor of the M. E. Church in Lincoln, officiated and paid tribute to her memory as a strong Christian character of missionary zeal.

The choir sang two of her favorite hymns, "Rock of Ages" and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River." Interment was in the Topsfield cemetery.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord
. . . that they may rest from their labors:
And their works do follow them.

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL
REMINDE US"

Asbury's Resolve:

"I have nothing to seek but the glory of God, nothing to fear but His displeasure. I am determined that no man shall bias me with soft words, and fair speeches, nor will I ever fear the face of man, or know any man after the flesh, if I beg my bread from door to door; but, whomsoever I please or displease I will be faithful to God, to the people, and to my own soul.

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Whitfield's Words at Ordination:

"I call heaven and earth to witness that I gave

myself up to be a martyr for Him who died on the cross for me! I have thrown myself blindfold and I trust without reserve into His Almighty hands."

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St. Jerome's Love for Christ:

"If my father should stand before me, my mother should hang upon me, my brethren should press about me, I would break through my brethren, throw down my mother, tread under feet my father, that I might the faster cleave unto Christ Jesus my Saviour."

* * *

Last words of Hugh McKail, hero of the Scottish Covenanters, who was martyred for the cause at the early age of twenty-six years. He stood upon the ladder ready for the hanging to do his strange work. Lifting the handkerchief that covered his face, he added, with a heavenly glow upon his face:

"As there is a great solemnity here, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out of windows, so there is a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven of angels to carry my soul to God.

"Now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to Thee, O Lord. Now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations. Farewell, the world and all delights. Farewell! meat and drink. Farewell, sun, moon, and stars. Welcome, God and Father. Welcome sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant. Welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace, God of all consolation. Welcome, glory. Welcome, eternal life. Welcome death."

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A Reason for Charity, John Newton's words:

"For my own part, if my pocket were full of stones, I have no right to throw one at the greatest backslider upon earth. I have either done as bad or worse than he, or I certainly should if the Lord left me a little to myself; for I am made of just the same materials; if there be any difference, it is wholly of grace."

* * *

Saint Bernard:

"Do not say, Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die; but rather say, Let us watch and pray, for tomorrow we live."

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Bishop Hall on Covetousness:

"Covetousness is a vice that loves to dwell in an old and ruinous cottage, and yet in age can have an honest color for niggardliness and insatiable desire. A young man might plead the uncertainty of his estate, and doubt of his future need; but an old man has his set period before him.

Since this humour is so necessarily annexed to age, I will turn it in the right way and nourish it in myself.

The older I grow the more covetous will I be—but of the riches, not of the world I am leaving, but of the world I am entering upon. It is good to covet what I may have and cannot leave behind me."

* * *

A Freedman said:

"I have got safe by de go-back corner, and I will go all de journey home; and, if you don't see me at de first of dem twelve gates, look to de next one, for I shall be dere." Another says: "When I left de rebel ranks and crossed over to the Lord's army, I tore up de bridge behind me. Now I'm fightin' with de Captain dat never lost a battle." —Selected.

There is but one way to get out of hell, and that is to stay out.