

**OBITUARY**

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

**Mrs. George Porter**

The funeral service of Mrs. George Porter was held at the United Baptist Church, Meductic, on Sept. 22nd, and was conducted by the writer. Interment was in the United Baptist cemetery.

Mrs. Porter was a resident of Michigan, and the remains were brought from there by train. She leaves to mourn, besides her husband, one sister, Mrs. Reta Gardiner, of Providence, R. I.; seven nephews, four in the U. S., two at Meductic; Kendell and Holly Marsten, and Rev. D. W. Marsten, of Amherst; one niece, Miss Beatrice Marsten, Meductic, besides many distant relatives and friends.

We extend our sympathy to the bereaved.  
F. A. ANDERSON

**Thomas D. Sears**

The death of Thomas D. Sears, age 60 years, occurred at the Yarmouth, N. S., Hospital, where he had undergone an operation.

Brother Sears had been our Deacon of the Woods Harbor R. B. Church ever since the church was organized, and was beloved by all who knew him.

The funeral service was held on Sunday, Oct. 11th, from his home and the church, and was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Budd D. Price.

He leaves to mourn, his wife, Clarissa Sears, three sons: Fred, Freeman, of Woods Harbour; William, of Mass.; and three daughters: Mrs. Henry Nickerson, of Woods Harbour; Mrs. Kenneth Stoddard, of Shag Harbor; and Jeanette, at home.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

**William Post**

Death of Mr. William Post occurred at his home, Plaster Rock, N. B., on October 1st, after an illness of nearly four months. Mr. Post was in his ninetieth year.

Deceased was a man of sterling character and will be long remembered by those who knew him.

Surviving are two sons: W. H. Post, of Pasadena, Cal.; Hollie G. Post, of Houlton, Me., and two daughters, Mrs. Allie Henry and Mrs. Daniel Giberson, of Plaster Rock.

A very large funeral service was conducted by Rev. A. Hatfield, assisted by Rev. R. W. Demmings, of Aroostook Jct., from his late home and Primitive Baptist Church.

**Mrs. Flora Dickinson**

On Sunday evening, Aug. 30th, Mrs. Flora Dickinson, wife of the late Tart Dickinson, passed away from this life at the age of 79 years. Her health had been failing her for several months. She was tenderly cared for by her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickinson, with whom she made her home since her husband's death. Mrs. Dickinson is survived by three sons, Walter, Meductic, N. B.; Arnold, Hartford, Conn., and Clayton, Detroit, Mich.; five brothers: Barent Rogers, Olympic, Wash.; Almon Rogers, Bangor, Me.; Alexander Rogers, Benton, N. B.; Wellington Rogers, Meductic, N. B., and Samuel Rogers, Centreville, N. B. One sister, Mrs. David Watson, Houlton, Me.; several grandchildren; a large circle of other relatives and a host of friends. Rev. G. A. Rogers is a

nephew. He and six other nephews were pall-bearers at the funeral.

Mrs. Dickinson and her late husband lived for years in the village of Meductic. Their home was always open to ministers of any denomination and especially to the ministers of the Reformed Baptist church. They with a few others were largely responsible for the erection of the beautiful little concrete church just opposite their home in the little village of Meductic.

The community lost a highly respected citizen, the church lost a valued member, the family lost a very dear loved one, and many lost a kindly friend in the passing of Mrs. Dickinson.

On Sept. 1st the funeral services were conducted from the home and the Reformed Baptist Church, Meductic, N. B. Rev. E. R. Watson, a former pastor, spoke very fittingly on the text: "She hath done what she could." He was assisted by Rev. F. A. Anderson. Beautiful selections were rendered by Rev. E. R. and Mrs. Watson.

During her long sickness His grace proved all-sufficient and she had the sweet assurance that all was clear ahead. Our loss is her gain. May some young person arise and be as faithful to the cause of holiness as this Christian pilgrim has been.

Interment was made in the family lot at Temple.

To the sorrowing hearts we offer our sincere sympathy.

G. A. R.

**BY FAITH**

Recalling his surprise when the last clause of Galatians 3:14 was brought specially home to him, Dr. F. B. Meyer wrote: "Through faith! I said to myself, 'But that is the way in which we receive salvation; and if that be all, it is possible to claim my share in the fullness of the Holy Spirit as I claimed my share in the salvation wrought out by Jesus.'"

"It seemed as though a voice spoke in my soul, 'As you claimed forgiveness from the hands of the dying Christ, so claim the fullness of blessing from those of the living Christ.' With all humility I took that position and preferred my claim, and—it seemed as though grace were given to appropriate the promise."—Selected.

**THE TWO PARDONED MEN**

A shamefaced employee was summoned to the office of the senior partner to hear his doom. The least that he could expect was a blistering dismissal; he might be sent to prison for years. The old man called his name and asked him if he were guilty. The clerk stammered out that he had no defense. "I shall not send you to prison," said the old man. "If I take you back, can I trust you?" When the surprised and broken clerk had given assurance, and was about to leave, the senior partner continued:

"You are the second man who has fallen and been pardoned in this business. I was the first. What you have done, I did. The mercy you have received, I received. God help us all."—Christian Endeavor World.

Before one can trust God even partially, he must doubt Satan entirely.

**PREVAILING PRAYER**

I have learned some great lessons concerning prayer. At one of our missions in England the audiences were exceedingly small. But I received a note saying that an American missionary was now going to pray God's blessing down upon our work. He was known as Praying Hyde. Almost instantly the tide turned. The hall became packed, and at my first invitation fifty men accepted Christ as their Saviour. As we were leaving I said, "Mr. Hyde, I want you to pray for me." He came to my room, turned the key in the door, and dropped on his knees and waited five minutes without a single syllable coming from his lips. I could hear my own heart thumping and his beating. I felt the hot tears running down my face. I knew I was with God. Then, with upturned face, down which the tears were streaming, he said, "O God!" Then for five minutes at least he was still again; and then, when he knew that he was still talking with God, there came up from the depths of his heart such petitions for men as I had never heard before. I rose from my knees to know what real prayer was. We believe that prayer is mighty and we believe it as we never did before.—Wilbur Chapman.

**I BELIEVE IN STANDING BY MY CONVICTIONS**

In my youth creed there is no place for compromising with my personal standards.

I will not take on the color of the crowd to be popular.

I will not lower my conduct-standards to please the group.

Rather than helping those I associate with whose conduct is below mine, I find they draw me to their level.

I believe in the Bible, in clean living, in standing out against current low morals.

I count no price too high to maintain these convictions.

I refuse to sell my convictions concerning right and wrong for any job or the favor of any social group.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL BEATITUDES**

Blessed is the school that never places the intellectual above the spiritual.

Blessed is the officer or teacher who does not place literature above life.

Blessed is the school that is able to put the picture appeal in teaching.

Blessed is the superintendent and officers who build a material appeal in the school, through well-lighted and equipped classrooms and auditoriums.

Blessed is the school whose leaders are able to create an evangelistic atmosphere.

Blessed is the school whose superintendent permits his officers and teachers the privilege of having a few thoughts of their own.

Blessed is the school where the clock is forgotten in an attempt to mold Christian personality among the immature scholars, whose leaders work not by the clock's tick but by the heart's beat.

Blessed is the school whose teachers' bag is always full of tricks, chalk talks, illustrations, chemical lessons.

Blessed is the school wherein the value of suspense is played up, and whose program is not so stale that next month's will be the duplicate of last month's.—S. S. Digest.

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