

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

By W. Edmund Smith

The weather! Wonderful weather in New England! Some floods 'tis true in N. H., Vermont, Conn., and western Mass., with considerable damage and the loss of two lives. But on the whole this is the most remarkable winter I have seen in Boston thus far in thirty years of residence. This the 8th of January is like a beautiful Spring day. But we may be digging out of big drifts the middle of April.

But in the West it has been terrible. We shudder at that awful cyclone that completely annihilated the little town of Warren, Arizona; 49 killed and more than 400 injured. If God deals out His judgments through the weather, I cannot see why Boston, New York, Chicago, and other places of iniquity, are spared and a little country town wiped out. "Think ye that those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were worse sinners than these? Nay, but I say that unless ye repent ye shall all likewise perish".

Down from the north swept an awful storm upon western states. Thousands, travelling in autos, buses and upon the finest overland trains were marooned for days. Twelve fatalities are reported. The cold swept down upon southern California devastating the citrus fruit, rolling up losses into the many millions. Cold in Florida! Cold most everywhere but New England, and I presume the good weather has reached the Maritimes. We feel like praising God for the wonderful weather but cannot believe that it has been due to the peculiar piety of the people.

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What a delightful Christmas. Instead of my going to Syracuse, wife came over for ten days. We quietly celebrated the 50th anniversary of our marriage. Mrs. Smith shows more strength and energy in getting around than she has shown in several years.

In thinking of the past year, I feel like paying a little tribute to the memory of good old brother Ziba Orser, who died in Toronto some few months ago. He was a heroic soul and his optimism and his triumphant spirit were an inspiration to me for many years. Brother Ziba is seeing wonderful things now. And there was Brother William Carson, a great big-hearted soul whom I loved. His letters I shall miss, for he always had a shout of victory in his epistles. The going of these dear brethren makes a stronger pull upon our heart to run to the end.

Others are going over: Rev. Mattie Currie, known to some in the Maritimes, died on the 15th ult. She was an able preacher of holiness. She lived many years in Lowell, Mass., where she was once pastor of the Nazarene church.

Then like a bolt out of the blue, came the report of the death of Dr. Howard Miller, General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, which occurred at his home in Broctondale, N. Y., on the 28th of Dec. Brother Miller had been to Australia on official business, and had just come home for Christmas. For a little exercise, on the day of his death, he went out and began splitting some wood, but soon collapsed and died almost immediately.

A Nazarene brother told me that just a few days prior to this Dr. Miller and his colleagues had been talking of the sudden demise of three of the General Superintendents from hemorrhage or heart failure. Dr. Miller said, "I think my heart is perfectly sound, as for any un-

favorable symptoms, I would never know I had a heart."

But how uncertain is life! Those who least suspect heart trouble may fall suddenly, while those long battling with a weak heart live on. It pays to have our business all done up for eternity.

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There is some conjecture among our political leaders as to the future of our economic situation, but for the most part the predictions are hopeful. But it is sad to see the blindness of the great leaders to the true needs of our society. The president deplores the poor health of our people, and the inability of millions to provide adequate medical attention. He is advocating socialized medicine and the enlarging of hospital facilities. All very good. But think! we are legalizing the sale of about seven billion dollars worth of alcoholic beverages every year, and more than three billion is spent for narcotics. But the man who would stand up in Congress and advocate the elimination of these demoralizing and health-destroying things, would be called a crank and a fanatic. Yes! every first rate politician thinks not in terms of the highest good of the people but of what the people want.

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I was heartened by the reports from Brothers Trafton relative to his work in Truro, N. S., and of the report from Brother Kimball of the Bloomfield project. When I hear of a little band getting under a project, to sweat and sacrifice and pray for their new Church, I know that something will be done. Merely money can never establish a real holiness church. I pray every day for these different fields. May the good work go on.

I was especially interested in the Bloomfield church, for it was in the Methodist Church in Bloomfield, Carleton Co., N. B., in which I preached my first message, as assistant pastor on the Jacksonville charge almost 55 years ago. We had a big territory which extended from five miles below Woodstock to Bloomfield, a distance of some twenty-five miles. And the circuit branched out in other directions. It included eight preaching places as follows: Ferryville, Hartford, Jacksonville, Rosedale, Waterville, Lindsay, Oakville, and Bloomfield. I preached, as did the superintendent of the circuit, three times every Sunday, and drove at times twenty-five miles. For salary, I received \$275.00 for the entire year. I at first boarded at Bloomfield, but after three months moved to Northampton, where I boarded with Brother Aaron Dow, a blessed man of God. I paid my board, bought my books, and kept up horse, carriage and cutter and came out free of debt. That was nearly 55 years ago. In the first revival meeting that we held with Evangelist Humbert (The superintendent left us to ourselves) Brother H. Smith Dow who lived across the St. John river, came to the meeting. I think he was about fifteen years old. So you see I can figure brother Dow quite closely. At Christmas-time the Ferryville people made me a present of a lovely coon-skin coat, with black stripes down the back. They also gave me a nice lap robe. I had a good goatskin robe and a fine cap. It was quite a nice outfit for a boy just from the lumber woods. But my good fortune caused the Superintendent, (who had taken me into the church while pastor on the Nashwaak circuit) a great deal of anguish, and made his wife feel even worse.

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Forgive an old man's reminiscences. I re-

member so well all the leading members all over that great circuit. They were kind to the boy preacher and did not hesitate to speak words of encouragement which helped me overcome an inferiority complex. When Brother Kimball writes about his church in Bloomfield, I thought how I should like to visit that place and preach in that church. We once got a fine congregation in the Methodist Church there. I remember Ed. London with a large family, Mr. Carpenter with a considerable family, and the Stokoes, and the Blacks, the Flemings and the Alvertons, and the Strongs. It was from Bloomfield about this time that Fred Foster went forth I believe, to preach as a layman.

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Yes, I do like to get back to former fields' labor and shout the victory. I preached the other Sunday in a church which had a cross and lighted candles and a place where you read the scriptures and a little box like place, where you preach. I went into the box and found it too close and excused myself and got down inside the altar. God gave me a free time. Praise the Lord. The pastor of this church told his people, by way of introduction, that he had been converted in my meetings some twenty-five years ago. I had just finished writing the New Year's message which appeared in the last Highway, when he came for me. I gave them that and about twice as much more.

I was sorry to find that the compositor had taken a sentence in which I was describing Paul's experience, and transferred half of it to John Fletcher. It made both sentences almost incoherent. I have made one or two mistakes in life but that mistake was not mine.

God bless you all.

OBITUARY

Miss Mabel Lillian Brooks, R. N., of Philadelphia, passed away in that city on Jan. 2nd, after a lingering illness. She had been in ill health for two years, and death followed a heart attack. The deceased was a graduate of Central Maine General Hospital, Lewiston, Maine, and was devoted to her profession, and was well known for her fine Christian character, generosity and self-sacrificing spirit.

She was a daughter of the late Leonard and Elizabeth (Tedlie) Brooks and was born at Lower Brighton, N. B. At the age of thirteen she was converted and became a member of the Lower Brighton R. B. Church.

The deceased is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Orison Estey, of Fredericton, and Miss Helen E. Brooks, Social Medical Worker, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, and a niece, Mrs. Clarence Harris, of Houlton, Maine.

The funeral took place on Jan. 7th from Dewitt's Funeral Parlor, Woodstock, and was conducted by Rev. H. C. Mullen, assisted by Rev. P. J. Trafton, of Fredericton, and Rev. B. M. Hicks, of Woodstock. Interment was made in the family lot at Lower Brighton.

At Maple Ridge, N. B., on January 11th, the death of **Ethel G. Dunlap**, wife of Frank Dunlap, occurred at her home in her 65th year. Mrs. Dunlap is survived by her husband, one son and one daughter, one sister and two brothers. She was born at Maple Ridge and was a faithful member of the Reformed Baptist Church.

The funeral was held January 13th. The service was conducted by Rev. G. A. DeLong, and interment was made in the Ridge cemetery.