

WHAT SHE COULD.

G. D. WEAVER.

To the Christian who thinks God to be infinitely just, his individual capacity is his measure of duty to Him. He who believes God's purposes in man to be wise and perfectly adapted to accomplish His ends, seeks to know the means by which they are to be perfected, and recognizes success in their completion.

He who acknowledges himself a part of the great universe of God, and the necessary working of every particular to perfect the great end, must say he has achieved success if he has performed the duties God has allotted to him.

Among the misconceptions of the mind, one of the chief is that the greatest results depend upon the magnitude of the antecedents. Could our eyes be opened as God opened the eyes of Elisha's servant, that he might see the chariots and horsemen of fire—the symbol of His protecting care—we could see the working out of the purposes of the All-Father; and that which would excite our greatest admiration would be that those things, considered by us the greatest, are performing their part in the great scheme, only by the smaller ones fulfilling theirs.

Indeed it is by no means necessary to ask for such aid; sufficient has been given. We need only to read the fact from the Bible, and note the little transpiring things of everyday life to be convinced of this grand truth. One incident most touching is linked with Jesus' last days in Bethany. A conspiracy is formed against Him; one of His own is bargaining Him away for silver; His trusted ones are faltering; some will forsake Him; others deny Him. Truth will not save, nor the strong arm deliver. Hearts are darkened by sin and eyes blinded by prejudice. Dark clouds are gathering around Him, sorrow is filling His heart. In this hour Mary would rescue Him if she could. She can not; but she will do what she can to give comfort. She breaks the box of precious ointment to anoint Him for His burying. The all-wise Father had made it possible to do some little deed in the great work of redemption. And, now looking upon it with human eyes, it fills a little gap; if left unfulfilled the drama of Christ's life is incomplete. Shall He tread the winepress alone? Yes; but in this hour there is a hand willing to come to His aid. It cannot bring back the fleeing friend, or ward off the stroke of the approaching foe, but it can anoint the throbbing brow of the blessed Redeemer. This was her share in the glorious plan of redemption. It would be incomplete without it, and the name "Mary" comes to us to-day in tenderness, because coupled with such a blessed deed of kindness and love. It shines more illustriously on the pages of the Sacred Book than most of those whom Christ chose to be His ambassadors.

"While the victories of many kings and generals," says Chrysostom, "are lost in

silence, and many who have founded states and reduced nations to subjection are not known by name, the pouring of ointment by this woman is celebrated throughout the whole world, the memory of the deed hath not waned away."

It reaches us to-day, after a journey of nineteen centuries, shedding a fragrance upon our hearts more sweet than the odors of the spikenard. All because she did "what she could."

And now many who read this simple story will say, with the poet:

"There's surely somewhere a lowly place, in earth's harvest-field so wide,
Where I may labor thro' life's short day for Jesus the crucified;

So trusting my all to Thy tender care, and knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be."

LOOK UP—LOOK UP!

Oh, doubting soul, tossed to and fro with fears and questionings, hast thou heard him thyself? To-day thou art casting about for a faith, or searching for anchorage. It may be thou did'st once believe because of another's testimony, and when the life contradicted the testimony thy faith perished. Or thou did'st believe because of another's saying, but when death stilled the voice of the witness whispers of earthly doubt entered into thy soul and thy faith failed thee. To-day thou cravest for faith, for rich assurance; thou would'st have the voice of doubt silenced, the unrest of years changed to peace; thou seekest a faith that is simple, sublime, immovable. Such a faith must be gained at Christ's feet; it is found where he abides; it is granted to those who hear Him themselves. "Arise! the Master is come, and calleth for thee."—*Churchman*.

Married.

BREHAUT-MCKINNON.—At Pictou, Sept. 27th, Alexander F. Brehaut, of Souris, P. E. I., to Mary C. McKinnon, of North River, P. E. I., R. E. Stevens officiating.

Died.

STUART.—At Lambertown, Deer Island, August 31st Alden Kinney Stuart, beloved son of Frank and Mabel Stuart. He was in his fifth year and died very suddenly of congestion of the brain. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

W. H. H.

SIMPSON.—At Lord's Cove, Deer Island, August 31st, in the 80th year of her life, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late James Simpson. She had been ill but a short time. Her end was peace. A large number of relatives and friends followed the remains to the last resting place.

W. H. H.

SMITH.—Drowned at Lo Tang, N. B., William, eldest son of John Smith. The remains were buried at Lambert's Cove. The funeral was an unusually large one and all deeply sympathized with the father and relatives of the deceased. He was in his 38th year and was buried on the 15th September.

W. H. H.

CLINE.—At Leonardville, September 7th, in the 52nd year of his life, Joseph Cline, leaving a wife, three children and a number of relatives and friends to mourn his loss. He was baptized by Bro. Howard Murray some years ago. He was a great sufferer from cancer before he died. Sorrow endureth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.

W. H. H.

ROGERSON.—At Leonardville, September 1st, Earle, aged 14 months, only child of Charles and Jennie Rogerson. Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

W. H. H.

KEAY.—At Leonardville, September 20th, Georgiana, wife of Wm. Keay, in the 45th year of her life. She was a great sufferer for weeks before she died. A large number of friends followed the remains to their last resting place.

W. H. H.

MURRAY.—The messenger of death has again visited the church in Summerside, P. E. Island, and removed from it Elder Richard Murray, of Linkletter Road. For some time he had been failing in health, and on the 22nd of August, he was called from the things of earth to the things above, at the age of 79. Elder Murray was born in Miramichi, N. B., August 6th, 1819. When he was six years of age, the great Miramichi fire occurred (Oct. 7th, 1825). His mother saved him, as well as her own, life by remaining all night in the Miramichi River while the fire was reducing the town to ashes. His boyhood days were spent in Miramichi. In 1840 he came to P. E. Island landing at New London, July 1st. In 1843, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the late George Jeffroy, of Linkletter Road, (who survives him) and settled down there where he lived till the close of his life. About the close of the year 1844, Rev. Alex. McDonald (Baptist) came to that section and held some meetings. Bro. Murray attended them and became interested. He signified his intentions of uniting with the people of God. On being asked to give "A Christian experience" he said he could not give such, for he was not a Christian in a Scriptural sense, not having obeyed the commands of the gospel. He was accepted without giving "an experience." In April 1845 he, with his wife was immersed at Schurman's Shore, Lot 17. From that time he became an earnest Christian, a careful student of God's word, rejecting all human creeds, finding no warranty for them in the inspired volume. A small church was organized at Schurman's Shore on the New Testament plan and he was appointed deacon. This little band soon found that Summerside was a more central place to meet for worship. A hall was rented for that purpose. The church was built and on Sept. 13th, 1858, it was set in order. Bro. Murray was again chosen deacon, which office he filled with acceptance, walking humbly before God, exemplifying the teachings of Christ by a blameless life. On Lord's day morning, May 21st, 1875, he was chosen as elder, which position he held to the end of his life. He was faithful in the discharge of his duties, "Apt to teach," an able expounder of God's word, "always ready to give an answer to every man that asked him a reason of his hope with meekness and fear." When the messenger of death came he was ready to depart to be with Christ. A short time before his decease, he said to the writer, "I am not afraid to die, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him.' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' I know that he will place a crown of righteousness upon my head." There were no doubts in his mind as regards the future. He loved to talk about the glorified state beyond this vale of tears.

Servant of God well done,
Thou hast lived the allotted span,
So thy Redeemer came, and called
His exile brother home.

Bro. H. Murray conducted the funeral exercises.

G. A. J.

BURNABY.—Our dear Bro. Edward Burnaby, of Milton, has gone home. He has passed out of pain and weariness into sweet rest; out of death's dark shadow into the unfading light and glory of an eternal day. "God's finger touched him and he slept." His sun set at noon, just when we were hopefully looking for many blessings from his active, promising life. His light was shining brightly in the church as an active Christian, and in the school room as a successful and respected teacher. But in the sacred precincts of his happy home were seen and felt his purest and brightest light. He fought the ravages of disease that were wasting his mortal body with manly and cheerful courage, and when all hope of recovery was lost, he faced death and the approach of the grave with the same courage, unflinching faith and unflinching trust in God, without a fear or a murmur, and with a cheerfulness as beautiful as one that "lies down to pleasant dreams." In his very last moments, when supported by his respected father, embraced by his affectionate and devoted mother, his loving sisters by his side, he sweetly and peacefully bid them good night with the blessed hope that in the brighter clime he would say good morning. What a blessed life was his to live, and a thrice blessed death to die. How sadly afflicted we feel! We have lost a true friend, the church has lost a faithful servant of God; and the home has lost a beloved, devoted son and brother. May the Lord help us to see that in this affliction his hand of love and mercy is "working out for us a far more exceeding eternal weight of glory." We know that God's appointed time is best, but it is so hard for us, in our weakness, to say that the present time was best. It seems like a failure of many blessed prophecies, and yet we cannot complain, but humbly resign our wills to him who doeth all things well. The church and all who knew the departed tender most heartily their sympathy and condolence to the family in the loss of him who was the light and joy of their home, with an earnest prayer that our Heavenly Father may give them sweet peace in the assurance that their loss is great gain to him who has gone only a little while before them to that beautiful home on high, beyond all care and sorrow and death.

H. M.

FORREST.—On September 11th, 1898, at New Grafton, after a short illness, Isabella Forrest, in her 73rd year. Sister Forrest was baptized by Bro. H. Murray years ago and has been a consistent Christian worker ever since. She leaves three sisters and a brother, besides a large number of friends to mourn her loss. Funeral services were conducted by E. C. Ford.