

## THE DAY SHE DIED—A REMINISCENCE

BY T. TROTTER.

It was eleven years ago the ninth of this month. For years the story of that day was a memory too sacred to be written down for other eyes to read. Perhaps it may be written now.

She was my own sister. For five long years she had lain in her bed, or reclined on her chair, a confirmed invalid, wasting slowly through all that time. She was a beautiful character when sickness first seized upon her, but years of chastening had made her like finest gold. Her sickness, at first a shadow darkening prematurely her own young life, and darkening the life of the household, had long since been touched with a glory which had transformed it into the shekinah of our home. Day by day we had seen the wakening of flesh and the waning of strength, and yet so gradual had been the decline, and so long had she lingered with us, that it seemed as if she must always stay, and when the end came it startled us almost as much as if we had had no premonition of its coming.

It was on a Monday. Sunday had brought great feebleness, but it had not been suggested that the vital spark was so nearly extinguished. We were breakfasting on the Monday morning when the one, who through the years had nursed the sufferer, came in with tearful face and expressed her fears that death was at hand. How her words smote us! With what swelling hearts we went into the chamber where our loved one lay! The physician, coming in put the matter beyond uncertainty. "Well J—" said he, after feeling the pulse and looking on the face for a moment, "you'll soon be home." "Shall I go today, doctor?" she whispered. "Yes, today," he replied. She was ready. Not a tear, not a tremor, not a sigh of regret. It was welcome news. Closing her eyes, she retired within herself for a little while, doubtless that she might steady her thoughts, and assure her heart, in the presence of the great change. Soon she came back to us, her soul fortified, her face radiant. And then ensued five or six hours, to have shared which must ever be counted our supremest privilege, till we see the King in His beauty.

Hovering near, with many tears anxious to minister, yet fearful that any ministries of ours would be too coarse and blundering for a time like this, we were glad when she said "Sing." And so we sang:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
In a believer's ear,  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear."

Pausing a few moments, that we might not weary the sufferer, and might master our own feelings, again we sang:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labors have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?"

Another pause, and then came the request, "sing 'The sands of time are sinking.'" This was too plainly descriptive of what was just taking place, to be an easy task for the singers, but with choking utterance we sang:

"The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of Heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes,  
Dark, dark has been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land."

On we sang, as best we could, through several stanzas; the next one would not come. And then followed a supreme moment, which cannot be described. Opening her eyes, and rising superior to her feebleness, the dying one, with shining face and exultant spirit, gave us the stanza we could not recall:

"The King there in His beauty  
Without a veil between,  
It were a well-spent journey  
Though seven deaths lay between."

It was a glimpse of glory, such as Peter saw upon the Mount. It was good to be there.

And so the hours of the morning sped. Not much was left to be set in order by our dear one, but so disciplined was she in thought and habit, that she could not be content to leave anything undone. Many were the little notes her feeble hands had written during her illness, full of tender encouragement for sufferers like herself, or admonition for those who she thought were still Christless. Many were the little booklets she had sent hither and thither, in hope that they might be messengers of light and happiness. A few of these were still not sent. This must be attended to. And a few more must be bought, that no friend or acquaintance or even stranger, who had been embraced in her thoughts and purposes, might be missed. It must all be done by proxy, for only the faintest power of speech was now left. But with what self-forgetfulness and precision her part was done!

Then came, with over-flowing tenderness, her dying bequests to those about her bed. With what feelings I have looked at my own to-day! "My King," a little book by Frances Ridley Havergal, which had been her daily companion during her long illness, and bearing the inscription "For dear T—, the dying bequest of his loving sister J—."

But her thoughtfulness for others was not yet ended. Drawing me closely to her, she reminded me how limited had been her opportunities of testifying to others of the love of Jesus, and requested that, when laid in the casket, a card should be placed between her fingers on her breast, inscribed with the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," that in death she might testify to the many who would come to look upon her face.

But by this time the light was low in the socket. Only the last tender farewells remained, and then came the slumber deep and sweet as an infant's, in which the spirit passed to its everlasting rest.

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## Young Maritime Baptists as Teachers in U. S. A.

Much is said concerning young men from the Provinces taking their young manhood, hopes, education, and bestowing them upon the United States, with the excuse that they are seeking higher education or enlarged opportunities. This exodus to the United States is, however, a recognized fact. Nor is it an unmitigated evil, since the Provinces give forth but still regain and retain the best and purest manhood in the world; while, in the United States, even the famed New England blood, undeniably tainted by European immigration, is vivified by the new life from her rugged northern neighbor. The people of the United States are not slow to recognize the superiority of this northern immigration above that from other countries, as the thousands of positions of trust held by Canadians in the United States testify. There are Canadian business men, lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, artisans, laborers, inferior to none in their several employments.

The greatness of the Provinces may well consist, not only in the nobility of its own citizenship, but also in the nobility it may infuse into the citizenship of another country. The Provinces, like a kind parent, send their sons where the best and most honorable success may be secured, whether at home or abroad.

Of the many different professions represented by Maritime Province young men, the most is known about the young ministers, whose interests, because of their own great mission and the central aim of "Acadia," are deservedly near our peoples' hearts. A. C. Kempton, in Wisconsin, and W. Wallace, in New York are destined to shed the light of fame upon their home land.

Less is known concerning another class, our Baptist teachers in the United States. Such men as Pres. Schurman, Pres. Whitman and Prof. McVane certainly need no introduction, but the people at home should be reminded of the youngest class of teachers in the United States. Among college professors, Vernon F. Marsters of Indiana University, M. S. Read of Colgate University, G. E. Chipman, under Dr. DeBlois of Illinois, deserve special mention for their rapid rise to important positions through sheer force of merit. Among secondary school teachers, Edmund Barsa of Connecticut, H. S. Freeman, Acadia, '86, Superintendent and High School Principal in Fairhaven, Mass., deserve mention.

Last of all the public schools of the United States are also being invaded by our Baptist young men and honorable positions have been secured. H. P. Shaw of Berwick, N. S., matriculate of H. C. A., graduate of Bridgewater, Mass. State Normal School, holds the professorship of chemistry and geology in his alma mater, well known as the leading normal school in Mass. F. M. Shaw, Acadia, '90, is principal of a large elementary school in Paterson, N. J. Claude West of Berwick, N. S., night school and four years' graduate of Bridgewater State Normal School, has recently been appointed to the \$1200.00 principalship of primary school in Paterson, N. J.

Other Baptist young men of the Provinces are turning their thoughts thitherward, and success awaits them if they be alive and progressive, and above all, workers. Soon the vigorous provincial intellect will be as well represented in the teaching profession as in the ministry of the United States. The public schools are more stubborn than the churches, and even than the colleges, in opening their doors to stranger talent; but once entered, what a magnificent field for doing good lies open to the worker. Especially is this true of the elementary schools, 90 per cent of whose pupils never go higher than the grammar school. In the elementary school, is the only chance of the teacher to reach the bulk of the school population of the United States. One elementary school may contain from 600 pupils, in smaller cities, to 5,000 or more in such a city as New York. What a glorious opportunity for the God-fearing, live, principal to mold human character! Surely this work deserves honorable mention even as does the ministry of Christ. Surely able men

may well devote their lives to such a work of character training.

In all this, the Provinces are not losers. There is a giving which impoverisheth not, and sending forth their young men to be trained in tried and approved schools to enter teaching where it is a distinct profession, has a reflex influence upon the giving provinces. Giving their young ministers to United States churches, the provinces have filled, not emptied, their own pulpits with the cream of these same young men. May not the same thing happen in regard to the young teachers sent to be trained in older and better established schools? The public schools of the provinces are now undergoing rapid transformation and are starting upon an era of growth that will carry them to highest educational standing. Now is needed, to assist this growth, all the stimulus that may be gained from older students. Let our teachers be touched with the spirit of education in other lands. Better men and the spirit of better teaching will unfailingly return to the home land. A wise farmer will not keep his boys ignorant in order to keep them on the farm. The wise provinces, beloved homeland of hundreds of dwellers in strange countries, say with utmost love to their sons and daughters: "Go where success will be brightest, where the good to be done will be greatest; go, for your glory shall ever be our glory."

## A BAPTIST AND TEACHER IN U. S.

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## Dedication and Church Organization.

The Hazelbrook section of the Alexandria Baptist church opened their new house of worship Dec. 27. It is an exceedingly creditable building alike to builder and committee, and does honor to the Baptist body of the province. The house is 28x40, with a fifteen foot school room connected with the main auditorium by folding doors. The pews are of ash and of circular design. The ceiling is of paneled spruce. An ash wainscot, with the whole trimmed in walnut, gives a very attractive appearance. The heating is by wood furnace. An excellent contrivance supplies prompt and effective ventilation to the whole house. Library room, choir room and stand at the rear of the pulpit, and a very convenient baptistry at the left of platform, make attractive and serviceable features. The seating capacity is 200, which can be enlarged by 100 with the opening of folding doors. The workmanship and skill of the builder, Mr. A. T. McCabe, of Middle Musquodoboit, N. S., was much admired. He brings the very best taste to his work, and combines with it a rare economy.

The services of dedication were held on Sunday, 27th ult. Rev. D. Price preached in the morning on "The Famous Church," as drawn from Ps. 87. Rev. E. C. Turner, (Methodist) in the afternoon, on "The amen," and Rev. C. W. Corey in the evening on "Adorn the doctrine of God." The day was stormy, but yet the attendance was good, and liberal offerings were made to the building fund.

On Tuesday an ecclesiastical council convened at 2.30 p. m. The council was organized by appointment of Pastor Warren, moderator, and Pastor Corey, secretary. In response to an invitation to every island church to send delegates, there were present: Pastor Price and Sister Price of Tryon, Pastor Higgins and Sister Higgins of North River, Pastor Corey of Charlottetown, Deacon Thos. Wood and Wm. Dunkendorf and Pastor Spurr of Alexandria, Pastor Whitman of Dundas, Pastor McShee of East Point, Brethren Malcolm, McLeod and Norman McLeod of Uigg, and Pastor Warren of Bedouque.

The facts leading to the call of the council were fully stated by Pastor Spurr, Leighton McCabe, Robert Jenkins and Wm. Dunkendorf. A division of opinion as to location of a house of worship for the Alexandria church had occasioned long delay in securing a much needed edifice. An informal council of representative men of the Baptist body had two years ago advised the erection of two houses of worship. This advice had been followed, and such strength having been developed by each section, it was deemed advisable to have two organizations.

The following resolution, moved by Pastor Higgins and seconded by Pastor Price, was unanimously passed:

"We, the Council convened at the call of the brethren wishing to organize themselves into a separate church at Hazelbrook, having heard the statement of reasons for the proposed action, therefore be it resolved that this council deem it advisable for the brethren to proceed with the organization."

Thereupon the brethren withdrew, and after deliberation returned as an organized body of 35 members, with the following officers: Pastor, Rev. J. C. Spurr; Deacons, J. B. Jones, Leighton McCabe, Robert Jenkins, and Robert Jones Honorary Deacon; Clerk, Samuel Seeley; Treasurer, Miss Susan Jones; Finance Committee, Henry Jones, Wm. Jones and Daniel Jenkins. The articles of faith and covenant generally accepted by the maritime churches was adopted.

The public service of recognition was conducted in the evening, Pastors Whitman, Price, McPhee and Warren speaking respectively on the following

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