



HER PASTOR



Four years ago, when I entered upon my ministry at Zion Tabernacle Methodist Church, I found the names of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith enrolled among its members. Pastoral duties and some business affairs frequently called me to their home. Here I always found Mrs. Smith an even-spirited, unassuming and patient Christian woman. When she returned to her home after her sad experiences in the wreck of the ill-fated Labrador, it was quite evident that her system had been almost shattered by the shock she had received. Yet with cheerful face and kindly words she always sought to hide from herself and her friends her personal sufferings by her untiring efforts to help and brighten other lives. She ever seemed to be thinking about what she could do to give comfort and good cheer to some life that had been darkened and sorrowed and burdened. It is not strange that she gathered about her a large circle of friends who have greatly missed her since her sudden death last October.