

The common sense of everybody, and it is the divine plan in such a case, says: "Go in haste to the neighbors round about, and, if possible, induce one to furnish a horse, and others, such sums of money as the case requires, that the poor man may be conveyed to the inn, and be cared for." Now, suppose some grave, reliable, old brother should step up just as the man is about to be lifted upon the beast, and say, "Stop brethren, for God's sake, stop! You have no Scripture for your co-operation in this case; it is all a human invention. You, brethren, will cause strife and confusion in the body if you do not stop your plannings and schemings to save the life of that wounded man." What reply would intelligent, civilized men make to the exhorter in this case? If they did not deem him crazy, would they not hold his suggestion in utter contempt? It is, in the case supposed, the divine plan that all the neighbors for miles around should co-operate to save the life of the man. Now that plan, if it may be called a plan, that allows not those neighbors to unite in a general co-operation to save the life of this unfortunate man, is just heathenism gone to seed.—*L. B. Wilkes.*

"MAKE ME THEREOF A LITTLE CAKE FIRST."

Elijah was sent to a widow in Zarephath to be fed in the time of the famine. He found her gathering sticks, that she might dress the last handful of meal for her son and herself before they died. The prophet recognized her extremity, but said, "Make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it to me, and after make for thee and thy son." She did as she was bade. What was the result? The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail. She, and he, and her house did eat many days. Had she thought and acted for herself and her son, refusing to aid the prophet, she would have perished of hunger. Putting the command of God before her own appetite, and the need of the prophet before her own need, she and her son were saved alive. There is nothing so blind and foolish as selfishness; there is nothing so far-sighted as benevolence. If we seek the Kingdom of God first, all needed things will be added. God is able to make all things abound unto you; that ye, having all-sufficiency in everything, may abound unto every good work!

Is there not a lesson for us in these hard times? We may have less than in more prosperous years. We may be tempted to use what we have to supply our own needs, and push aside the claims of the work of God. Our circumstances are not straitened as were those of the widow of Zarephath. To us, as to her, the command comes to put the claims of the kingdom first. The Lord of Hosts expects us to supply the needs of his servants in India, Japan and China. If we do so, he will bless us with his wondrous grace. If we fail to do so, we shall sin against him and against them, and wrong our own souls.

Some of us spend more for tea than we do for the conversion of four hundred millions of souls in China.

"LOST LIVES."

Abraham is among them, Paul among them, and the heroes of our century of missions—Livingston is there, Krapf there, and William Carey; Allen Gardiner, starved to death on the desolate Fuegian shore; James Gilmour, tramping, with bleeding feet, frozen Mongolian uplands; Graham Brooke, dying alone on the upper Niger; John McKittrick, sleeping in the first white man's grave in distant Lolo land—they are all there, all part of the eternal. And Jesus' life is there. Look at it from the standpoint of earthly aim that ended at the cross: Yes, it was a lost life. He hung there, and it was finished; all the high teaching silent; all the kind actions gone. He had conquered no world; founded no empire. In bitter scorn of a despised race the Roman governor put the legend on his cross, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews;" but he had won no kingdom. They took his body down, and there it ended. I listen to that story, and then I lift up my eyes and look. I see that one poor peasant who verily had nothing, today, after 1900 years, inspiring the noblest, highest life of the mightiest nations. From California to New England, and all through the wide world of the west; from the north cape to the south pole, from Labrador away to Honolulu, across the old world of Europe and Asia, the new world of Africa and Australia, and the islands of the sea, wherever civilization and advance are found, wherever man is pure, woman free and childhood stainless, wherever goodness and love, innocence and holiness are found under the sun; there I see that lost life and once execrated name the source and spring and secret of all good.—*Lucy E. Guinness.*

Married.

RICE-LORD.—At Stewarttown, Deer Island, Jan. 12th; by T. H. Blenus, Mr. Willard Rice, of Lubec, Me., to Miss Fannie B. Lord, of Stewarttown.

CLINE-WELCH.—At Leonardville, Deer Island, Jan. 8th, by T. H. Blenus, Mr. Clarence Cline, of Richardsonville, to Miss Carrie Welch, of Leonardville.

Died.

BAILEY.—At Westport, February 12th, 1895, Mr. Braddish Bailey, the only brother of Bro. Charles Bailey and second son of Sister Jane Bailey, of Westport. The deceased was a respected citizen of Westport and leaves a large circle of friends and relations to mourn the loss of one much beloved. He died in the 40th year of his age, of the dread disease, diabetes. American papers please copy.—*H. E. C.*

PRINCE.—At Bridgewater, N. S., on the 2nd of January, 1895, Martha Gladys, the infant daughter of J. B. and Annie Prince, aged 8 months and 20 days.

"Put aside the little dresses
That our darling used to wear,
She will need them on earth never.
She has climbed the golden stair.
She is with the happy angels,
And I long for one sweet kiss,
Where those little feet are waiting
In the realms of perfect bliss.
For the angels whisper that our darling
Is in the land of love so fair,
That her little feet are waiting
Close beside the golden stair."

MOAR.—The death of Henrietta Jane Norton, widow of the late George Moar, Esq., of Brudenell River, in Kings County, removes one of the most respected and intelligent of the early pioneers of Three Rivers. Mrs. Moar was born at Carnarvon, in Wales, in the year 1806, and emigrated to this island in the year 1819 with her father, the late John Norton, Esq. The eldest of a large family, she was the last of them to close her eyes in this world; and during her long, useful life was ever found a wise counsellor and faithful friend, a comforter to those in trouble and a good neighbor to all who were in her vicinity. With a taste for literature, rarely found in former days among those who live outside of the immediate influences of city life, she steadily improved her mind with the writings of the best authors, and was well informed on current topics, even up to her last days.

The mother of a large family, her industry and carefulness still found time for many kindly deeds; and all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance could not but admire the wealth of her information and the beauty of her character.

Married at an early age, for nearly seventy years she lived at her pleasant home beside the Brudenell river, which from being a small clearance in the wilderness, became a large and well-tilled homestead. Shortly after entering her 90th year a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs carried her off on the 28th of January, and the funeral, which was followed by nearly one hundred sleighs, took place on the 31st ultimo. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Emery, of Charlottetown, who, in his address, spoke highly of the Christian virtues of the deceased, with whom he was intimately acquainted during his pastorate of the Baptist Church at Montague.

Among the surviving members of Mrs. Moar's family may be mentioned John H. Moar, of Boone Bay, Newfoundland; Wm. H. Fred. G. and Herbert S. Moar, of Brudenell; Thomas Moar, of California; Mrs. James H. Fletcher (wife of ex-Governor Fletcher, of Dakota); and Miss Emma Moar, who resided with her mother.

The sorrow that is felt by the friends of the departed is, in this case, tempered by the assurance that a good and faithful servant of the Lord has gone to her reward; and in extending the sympathy of *The Examiner* to those bereft, we do so on account of the grievous loss they have sustained in the death of a most faithful adviser.

I clip the foregoing from the *Weekly Examiner*, Charlottetown, and, as it is as far as it goes so much in harmony with the lovely character of the deceased sister and her relations in life, I send it entire for publication in *THE CHRISTIAN*. It is often supposed that when persons pass away it is well to write of the good in their lives and permit the evil to rest; but the only thing which might be written against Sister Moar, with whom the writer had an acquaintance of nine years standing, was: "All spoke well of her." There was one mistake in the *Examiner's* obituary notice, viz., "Baptist Church, Montague." Sister Moar was a member of the CHURCH OF CHRIST at Montague; but church lines did not limit her love for humanity. She loved the Lord, and as she partook of his Spirit, she loved all for whom he shed his precious blood (gave his life). Now she rests from her labors, and we feel assured that the example which her life gave will not be lost, but that many others, and especially those who were bound to her by kindred ties, will, remembering her godly walk and conversation, as through faith and patience she sought to inherit the promises, follow her to the home prepared in the Father's house, where there will be fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore.

Charlottetown, Feb. 20th, 1895. O. B. E.

GIBSON.—In St. John, on the morning of February 18th, Sister Correlia Ann Gibson, widow of Andrew Gibson, passed away, aged 74 years. Truly a good woman has been taken, but she leaves behind her a noble example and many precious memories. Hers was a character that the young might well study and seek to reproduce. "Faithful unto death" may be written on her tombstone. When she was but a girl she confessed her faith in the Lord Jesus and for fifty-seven years it was her ambition to follow him and her delight to honor him. It was her meat and her drink to do her Master's will. She found an abiding source of happiness and strength in attending on the services of the Lord's house and in praising the name of him who was her Refuge and the Rock of her salvation. The path she trod, although it had many a rough place and many a steep incline, was brightened all the way by the faith that saw before her the footprints of her Redeemer. During the closing two years of her life, she was in the grasp of an unrelenting unmerciful disease, but she was also in the arms of her Saviour, and throughout the weeks and months of her suffering no words of repining fell from her lips. She did not cease to praise God for his goodness. Her hope as an anchor of the soul was cast within the veil. For her the storms of life are over; she has entered the harbor of peace. The battles of life are ended; she rests from her labors. The battles of life are fought; she sings a song of victory. The sorrows of life are passed; she rejoices with unspeakable joy. Many shall miss her here; but those that called her mother, and the lad that called her grandma, shall miss her most of all. May they all follow her example of faithfulness to Christ that they may meet her in the Heavenly Land. *H. W. S.*