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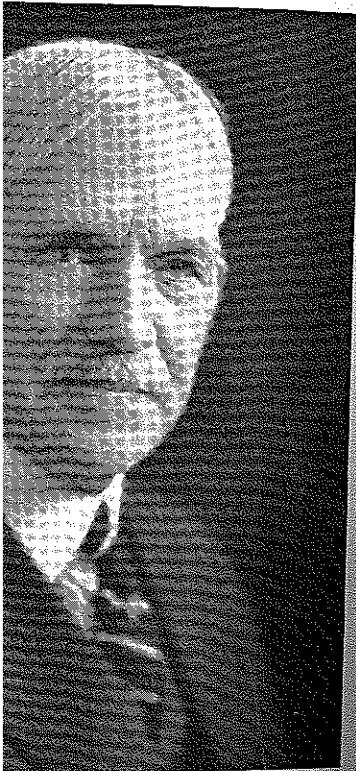
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WILLIAM F. ANDERSON

many friends in the charges where he served as a "good minister of Jesus Christ."

His health had been somewhat impaired for nearly a year, and on Friday afternoon, March 22, he passed suddenly to his heavenly home. After prayer at the parsonage the funeral was held at the Weirs church, on Monday, March 25, in charge of Rev. James Nelson Seaver, superintendent of the Northern District, assisted by the Revs. William Warren, Joseph Simpson, Edward J. Canfield, Lester E. Alexander, Carroll L. Carter and the writer. The Masonic service was also conducted by members of the Laconia Lodge. The body was placed in the tomb in Bayside Cemetery, Laconia, to await interment in the spring.

Besides his wife, he is survived by a brother, William Mellor; a sister, Mrs. Eliza Mellor Pitt; two nephews and two nieces, all of Warrington; also by a cousin, Rev. Mr. Mellor, who was at one time President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in Australia.

The following poem by Tennyson was one of his favorites:

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of fare-well,
 When I embark,
 For, though from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

ARTHUR M. SHATTUCK.

GERTRUDE LAMPREY SMITH

Gertrude Lamprey Smith was born in Laconia, N. H., Dec. 26, 1878, and died in Woodsville, March 4, 1929. She was married to Rev. Albert L. Smith of this Conference May 15, 1901.

Mrs. Smith served as pastor's wife in the following charges: Penacook, Suncook, Lancaster and Grange, Plymouth and Ashland, Claremont, and Woodsville.

She was active both in church and community activities; influential in Woman's clubs, in the D. A. R., in the Woman's branch of the Rotary club in Claremont, where she also served as trustee of the public library.

Systematic, thorough, efficient in home and every field of activity she threw herself whole heartedly and unsparingly, yet intelligently, into all life's work.

The floral and other tributes from Concord, Claremont, Plymouth, Lancaster, Woodsville, and other places evinced the warm place she had made for herself in the hearts of her many, many friends in these churches and communities.

Stricken with a severe nervous attack five years ago, and this followed by four other distinct attacks, the last one occurring Nov. 1st, 1928, all of them accompanied by great and increasing mental distress which the best medical skill was powerless to cure, made life utterly unsupportable. And despite the love that watched and protected, the tragic end came March the 4th. Truly life has its glooms as well as its gleams, its sorrows as well as its joys.

She leaves her husband; a son, Addison, a senior in New Hampshire State University; a daughter, Alberta F., a student in Keene Normal School; a brother, Howard Lamprey, a lawyer in Warren, Pa.; and a sister, Mrs. Christie Merrill of Laconia.

Funeral service was held in the Woodsville church in charge of District Superintendent James N. Seaver, assisted by Revs. G. J. Buckley, R. H. Cowen, Nelson E. Canfield, H. C. Sawyer, F. J. Andrews, Walter R. Pierce, George Thomas, C. L. Carter, and the local clergy, Revs. Eldred May and George B. Marsh. The body rests in the tomb in Laconia, her happy girlhood home.

"Within the maddening maze of things and tossed by storm and flood"—What then? Is there nought that the soul can hold to? Nothing for the breaking heart to rest upon? Listen! "To one fixed trust my spirit clings I know that God is good." What said Job crushed by his sorrows and sufferings? "Though Thou slay me yet will I trust in Thee."

Ancient patriarch and modern poet sustained, upheld by the same invincible and all conquering faith in the God who is good and can be nothing but good. And this, too, is our brother, faith. May it be his children, faith, the faith of the bereaved family. May it be our faith amid the mysteries that still confound us until the day dawn and the shadows flee away forever. Then we shall no longer see as in a mirror darkly but face to face, no longer know only in part but shall know even as also we are known.

WILLIAM WARREN.