

Hyde County Messenger

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"They first gave themselves to the Lord."

Hyde County Messenger

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These will act as associate editors.

PREACHING SERVICES.

First Sunday—North Mattamuskeet at 11 a. m. Fairfield at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

Second Sunday—Fairfield at 11 a. m., Engelhard at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

Third Sunday—North Mattamuskeet at 11 a. m. Rose Bay at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

Fourth Sunday—Swanquarter at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., Rose Bay 3 p. m.

Each Wednesday night, services are conducted at New Lands at 8 p. m.

B. Y. P. U. each Tuesday night at 8 p. m. at parsonage.—Welcome.

Services at New Holland on Thursday night after the third Sunday, 8 p. m.

B. Y. P. U. each Sunday night at Rose Bay Baptist Church.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of W. S. Bonner. It is with a sad heart that I attempt to pay this last tribute of love and affection, to my dear grandfather, Billie Bonner, who died July 3, 1928 in his 73rd year. Those of us who knew and loved him will carry with us the blessed memory of his friendship—cheerful, happy, unselfish, considering the happiness of others. God has seen, heard and watched him in his work and has called him to that beautiful land, beyond, where he will be fittingly rewarded for his beautiful life here on earth.

There is a vacant chair in the corner,
Once filled by him so dear,
There is a vacant chair at the table,
Which to us doth seem so near.
His familiar face is missed at Soule's Church,
Where he so loved to go,
And a kindly greeting he gave to all
His friends—and strangers too.
His loved's one's are lonely,
Our homes are wrapped in gloom
The many kind words he would give us
Are forever hushed in the tomb.
Yet God is our mighty helper,
At all times while we live,
And if we ask Him—truly believing,
He will surely us, comfort give.
We must try to live for the living,
(Though the dead we can ne'er forget)
It is a duty we owe to our loved ones,
Whom God has spared us yet.
A dear one from us is gone,
A place in Heaven is filled,
And tho' we suffer by the loss,
God has claimed what is His.

A granddaughter, LONA BONNER.

ONE OF FAIRFIELD'S OLDEST CITIZENS PASSES AWAY

Mr. Jesse Cuthrell died at the home of his nephew, Carl Cuthrell on the twenty-first day of July.

He was born November, 1852. He was left an orphan in his young manhood and supported his widowed mother until she died about thirty-six years ago. Since that time he made his home with his relatives, where he found a welcome. He never married because of the death of his boyhood sweetheart. The wound that her death caused never healed.

He was a hard working honest man. Had many friends in this community where he was born, lived and died.

The large attendance at the burial told truly that he had many friends. His remains were laid to rest on Sunday morning in the Bethlehem Baptist church yard where all of his near kin sleep. He will be missed for he had a cheery greeting for everyone.

Go weary one to thy home
On yon blissful shore,
We miss thee here
But soon will come
Where thou hast gone before.
His Niece, CARRIE CUTHRELL.

We can well afford to be cheerful in apparent defeat, for we have not lost irreparably while we still have the spirit of cheer.