

ORPHAN DIES ON 9TH ANIVERSARY BALFOUR HOME.

An orphan child, a sweet, pretty child, with all the lovable traits of your own little one, Madam, but homeless save for the charity of strangers—is dead.

Around her simple casket are gathered wee, sobbing playmates listening to the solemn, simple words of a man of God and trying hard to understand the one great mystery of life.

To tell the whole story, Sunday last, you know, was the ninth anniversary of the founding of the Mountain Orphanage at Balfour.

And on that day the Master called the first of the Orphanage's inmates to its home in the great beyond.

Maud Pastell, nine years old, heard the call, and cheerfully as she had lived so did she die. Rev. Smith held the services over the tiny body and never was a service more solemn. The pathetic appeal of the forty and more children gathered around the bier of their companion tugged hard at the heart strings of the older folks present whose dear ones had been more fortunate in life than this small stranger now with her Father.

Many were present. Some from the city—some from the country—among them the children of the Balfour public school. Flowers were there in abundance—beautiful flowers, too. Rev. Temple, the Superintendent of the Orphanage, in a voice choked with emotion, offered prayer and told how the child would be missed. Rev. Smith's sermon, simply worded and suited well to the understanding of his small auditors, was really fine. With Miss Claudie Sample at the organ, and Mrs. Morey, Miss Sample, Dr. Brown and Mr. McPheeters in the choir, the age-old hymns, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," were sweetly rendered and never carried their balm to hearts more receptive than to the sobbing children clustered around that flower-strewn orphan's casket.

Little Maud was laid to rest in consecrated ground on the Orphanage property, Tuesday. Her's is the first grave and it will be lovingly cared for by the orphans whose needs she is doubtless ere now explaining to One of a very great understanding.

Maud Pastell is dead and in dying she has served the well-defined purpose of her Maker. For the little tragedy of her life and death will awaken a wider sympathy, a better understanding of the great work being done for the Master through the agency of the Balfour Mountain Orphanage and at the same time will compel a more generous recognition of its needs.