

DEATH OF MR. S. D. MUNDAY

We regret to record the death of Mr. Samuel Deacon MUNDAY, the proprietor of this journal, this sad event took place with painful suddenness this Wednesday morning at his private residence in Cross Street. For a long time past the deceased had suffered from heart trouble and as late as Tuesday was medically advised to give up business for a time. Mr. MUNDAY who was 59 years of age had for a long period been associated with printing and newspaper work in the town, and he was also closely identified with the George Street Baptist Church, in connection with which he filled many important offices.

Much sympathy is felt for his widow and son and daughter in the bereavement which has so suddenly overtaken them.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. S. D. MUNDAY.

The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon of the late Mr. S. D. MUNDAY, whose sudden passing away last week was recorded in our previous issue. Following a private service at the residence in Cross Street, the remains were conveyed in an open funeral car to their resting place, followed by three carriages containing the mourners, and a number of the members of the George Street Baptist Church, of which deceased had been closely identified as a deacon and a former secretary, joined in the cortege on foot.

The mourners included the deceaseds only son, Mr UNDERHILL and Mr S PENNING, brothers-in-law, Mr A HOLMES, J.P., Mr W.G. DAISH, J.P., Mr W. R. PORTER, and Mr F. BARTON. The Baptist Church was represented by Messrs H. ALEXANDER, A. J. T. BLACKMORE, J. W. BRIGHTON, A. J. BURDEN, H. CASTLE, A.DALLIMORE, J. W. C. PAIN, F. HALSTEAD, S. GRIMSDICK, H. JAMES, H. E. HIBBARD, BALLARD, J. HARROLD, H. GREENING (Wootton), H. ROGERS, GRINDAR, E. SEARLE and T. GRIMSDICK. Among those assembling at the cemetery were Messrs W. R. TAYLOR, J.P., G. W. COLENUIT, H. G. JOLLIFFE, G. H. V. BONNER, F. W. SARGENT, J. YORK, F. LIGHTFOOT, J. TRENT, &c.

The service at the house and at the graveside was impressively conducted by the Rev, J. E. COMPTON, the pastor at the George Street Church. Among the beautiful floral tributes were the following:-“From the children with love for the dearest of Fathers ;” “ A token of sincere sympathy and respect from the Minister and Deacons of George Street Baptist Church”; “From the President, Committee and members of the Ryde G.F.M.”; “With loving sympathy from the Girl Guides”; “With sincere sympathy from Ryde Liberal Club”; “With loving sympathy from Mr and Mrs HOLMES and family”; With deepest sympathy from Mr E. JOLLIFFE”; “ From a little friend”; Mr J. W. BOOTH, Mr E. H. BOOTH, and Miss BOOTH (London),

The funeral arrangements were efficiently carried out by Mr WOODFORD.

SAMUEL DEACON MUNDAY

AN APPRECIATION

There are some people who, without noise, without parade, and without ostentation, seem to radiate cheerfulness as they go about. Such as one was SAMUEL DEACON MUNDAY, for many years the Editor and proprietor of this Journal, whose sudden home call was announced in these columns last

week. Earnestly and quietly---and taking care to keep as far as possible out of the limelight---he went about his business, and few men obeyed the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" so consistently as he. As a journalist he was always noted for zealous, painstaking work, he was efficient and reliable and was very popular with his colleagues of the Island Press. As a businessman he stood high in the estimation of all who associated with him: his sterling character and genial personality won him many friends, and all those having business relations with him knew that in very truth "his word was his bond." He was a man of quiet habits and simple tastes, and he found happiness in what some people are wont to regard as the small things of life: some one who knew him well once remarked to the writer, "It takes very little to make Mr MUNDAY happy!" Essentially a home loving man, he found his greatest happiness in his own family circle, and to him the love of his wife and children was everything. For the benefit of his wife, who is unfortunately deaf, he has for years been in the habit of writing out a very full resume of the sermons Sunday by Sunday as they were delivered, passing it to his wife sitting by his side, page by page, so that in spite of her hardships she was enabled to enjoy that of which she would otherwise have been deprived.

He was an enthusiast for his Church, and gave it time and thought and service ungrudgingly. But it was in connection with the Brotherhood Movement that I knew him best, and in that work he seemed to find his highest inspiration. He was an ideal secretary, and the Ryde G.F.M. will have the greatest difficulty in replacing him. No trouble was too great for him to take in connection with his duties as secretary to the organisation, and its success has been largely due to the untiring efforts of SAMUEL DEACON MUNDAY. While in no sense a mystic or a visionary, Mr MUNDAY lived very close to the unseen and death was to him but a transition: his life was in a very real sense "in tune with the infinite." While having a strong aversion to anything in the nature of cant, Mr MUNDAY was saturated through and through with a sense of the spiritual, but he believed in a religion that found its expression in action. His Christianity was a strong, practical Christianity, and he believed from his heart in the doctrine that the best way to serve God is to serve one's fellows. An artist himself, he had an artist's eye for the beautiful, and his love for the beautiful seemed to be mirrored in his own fragrant life, the simple beauty of which cast an influence which can never be effaced.

To the writer of this all too inadequate appreciation SAMUEL DEACON MUNDAY was a well loved and intimate friend, and his death has brought a keen sense of personal sorrow. As one's hair becomes whiter these partings become more and more frequent, and as one by one passes over the dark river to the other side, we can only stand a moment gazing after them, perchance with longing eyes, and then turn away and bravely face our duty ---with a new loneliness in the heart ---wait patiently for that summons which call us to join those beloved old comrades who have gone before.

J.C.B. DURRANT.
