

Albert Dyer

On April the 6th the little town of Bangor and surrounding community was shocked and deeply grieved when the sad news flashed over the wires that Albert Dyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dyer, was dead in a naval training station, in Newport, Rhode Island, his death was from pneumonia following an operation for appendicitis.

Albert was 25 years old, just entering into young manhood. He was handsome in appearance, polite and courteous in manner, always enjoying a great popularity wherever he went.

He will be greatly missed in the church, in Sunday School and especially in the home, where his place can never be filled, for Albert was so thoughtful of father, so affectionate to mother, so kind to brothers and sisters.

Loved ones I will not say "Weep not" for Albert, for truly you have lost something to weep for, your loss is great. Albert's gain is much greater. But try to be as the song he often sang, "O: be ye reconciled to God." He was a sweet singer, always ready and willing to lead the choir in singing the sweet songs of Zion.

Through our tears we can almost see the saviour as he becons a convoy of angels, points them to the Camps in Rhode Island and says, "Go: bring to me the spirit of Albert Dyer, his work—on earth is finished, we need one more member in the great choir of heaven, go bring his spirit home."

Parents, do not think of Albert as dying so far from home with no one near who knew and loved him, for 'twas not so, the Saviour knows and loves his children wherever they are, and lo: he is with them always, "even unto the end."

He was a good christian boy, converted and joined the M. E. church in August, 1916.

His conversion was bright. Only those who witnessed the radiance of his face as he rose from the altar, embraced his mother, and said, "The Lord has blessed me," can best imagine the beauty and holiness that now shines from his face as he shouts and sings around the great white throne.

He has done much for his country, he volunteered, went and gave his life, who could do more. We should feel consoled that Albert did not have to enter out on the high seas in cruel warfare, but only had to cross the still waters of death and enter into his home.

His remains were laid to rest in Bangor cemetery with a large crowd of weeping friends and relatives following it to its last resting place.

Grieved ones, strive to meet Albert where there will be no more sad departures for war and no more "good-bys."

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