

December 15, 1913.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

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church, I presume, as they desired to separate, and were planning to that end. In this hope, however, they were disappointed, as we used them with kindness and asked them to remain with us. During the prayers that morning, the noises began in concert. All make the same set of indescribable noises, and go through these again and again. They call it speaking with tongues, but do not seem to think that they are really saying nothing, simply expressing emotions, probably joy. Generally one begins with a sound like the growling of a large dog, or the deep guttural bellowing of a bull. Or they groan as if in great pain, following which will be a scream made by interrupting the indrawn breath. The next in order will be a repetition of articulations, which are spoken or screamed or sung. Or one may repeat a sound of two syllables at the top of their voice for perhaps five minutes or more. After prayer these noises continued, interspersed by various jumpings, poundings and dancing.

As may well be imagined, very little of the testimonies are heard. In the afternoon, for want of room, the meeting was held out of doors. I read 1 Cor. 14, 23-33, and tried to explain that they, if they had the gift of tongues, should speak one at a time. And even then there should be one to interpret, so that the church might be edified. They understood, but replied that they were unable to control themselves. This was just what I had expected from all except their leader, Peter, who has some little knowledge of scripture teaching. I had foreseen this and had taken great pains to teach Peter. He had visited the Zionist church once before and upon his return had given some slight demonstrations. At that time I had taken him alone and given him all the Bible says on the conduct of such meetings. He then had professed to see the whole matter exactly as I did. And even now he admits that but one should speak at a time, according to the instruction of St. Paul—yet he loves to have it the other way.

Thus about ten of our earnest members have withdrawn, and now constitute a self-made church, with Peter as the pastor. In the open air that afternoon the demonstrations were much freer than indoors. There was tremendous shouting, pounding of the grass with the hands, jumping and rolling about—one fellow even standing on his head and turning a somersault while your humble servant was trying to preach. When I could no longer make myself heard, the order of the meeting was changed and communion taken.

A few days later five of their number came to "class" and stated their intention to worship by themselves. We are greatly weakened by this loss, and my heart is sad, though not discouraged. I consider them good, earnest and honest, and have a hope that they will return to us, as they have received only kindness at our hands. Their doings are very strange, but I will not say more at this time.

Lydia is just now back from a three weeks' visit across the Pongolo. Lizabeta, a very promising girl, was with her. They did good work, but there is nothing of great importance in their report.

Samuel is plodding along as usual. Solomon is apparently doing his best, but does not succeed in building up the work on his field. Aaron is now at work on the wagon road between here and P.P. Burg, but preaches for us Sundays. Brother Kierstead went across the Pongolo for a service yesterday on Samuel's field. He will probably return by the way of Balmoral. We are sure that God is with us,

leading onward, but we need your prayers.

Yours in His service,
H. C. SANDERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

REV. H. C. SANDERS, M. D.
ORDAINED.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit."

The necessary examinations were passed and the time appointed for the service. This was one of the great days of my life—great because God came so near. Of the ordination service I recall but little. But I do distinctly remember a season with the Lord in a small grove near the old home. I had prayed there often and studied in the past years, and now the good-bye time was approaching. Soon I was to leave all these associations of my boyhood days and face the unknown.

As I knelt in that schoolboy sanctuary, the great untried future seemed to unfold before me like a panorama—not in detail, but outline. I saw the testing school life—three years I supposed, but it was destined to lengthen into seven. Then the life of toil amid the heathen—sickness, dangers, enemies—all this and more seemed to loom up before me in the misty future, dark and forboding, like a coming storm. I was greatly depressed and burdened by this realization—for the future now was vividly real—of what had hitherto been only a vague idea. I cried to God in agony of soul for help as the task, as now shown me, was far too great for my strength.

And then came a sweet surprise—a wonderful consciousness that Jesus was with me and would be with me all the way; not only when among the heathen, trying to make Him known, but even through the arduous years of preparation. True, the Mission Board had voted to aid me while at school, and to send me to the field when prepared; but God now showed me that He would not fail me, though man might.

As I retraced my steps towards the house, I felt like one who has been face to face with God, and thus prepared to meet, in His strength, any trial His providence might permit. Just before reaching the door, father met me and placed a five-dollar gold piece in my hand, saying, "This will help in your schooling." It occurred to me, like a flash, "This, from the hand of your earthly father, is a pledge in gold from your heavenly Father, to the promise He has just now given you. I felt He had confirmed His word, and I was not afraid to stand upon His promise.

Since that memorable meeting with God in the grove twenty years have passed, but not one word of all His good promises has failed. For the first year the Mission Board sent the help mentioned. During the next seven, however, God led in a more sacred walk of faith in Himself alone. No one was asked for help, nor even informed concerning needs—except the Heavenly Father. True, I did what I could to earn the required money; but being in school nine months each year—and there were two of us, as you shall see—the income from my efforts was far from sufficient. It is with deep gratitude I now review these years when thus led to rely upon God alone. Would I rather it had been otherwise? A thousand times no. With each test of faith was given the needed grace, so that faith did not fail, but was constantly strengthened. Every trial became a stepping stone to a better knowledge of His faithfulness. In fact, the experiences then most testing are now the most valued. To-day they are my

riches in glory—the priceless pictures that hang upon the gallery walls of memory.

Ask Abraham, Joseph, David or Daniel if they now regret the roughness of the way they were led. When we meet these worthies, and all the great cloud of witnesses, who overcame through faith, we shall listen to their testimonies to what God did for them during their brief lives down here. They will then, likely, ask us what especially trying experience we have been overcomers in, since we know Jesus and the Holy Ghost as they did not. Ah, reader, it will be well for us if we lean upon the everlasting Arm as they, in obedience and faith, confident that He is leading, and that all things that reach our lives are from Him and for our good. Even Daniel will listen to the mother of the humble home, where, amid the constant friction, poverty and cares, she walked with God. He will congratulate her on having overcome, and explain that to face lions was not harder than to patiently endure where the lot of many an obscure but faithful one is cast.

I take it that we all have abundant opportunity to prove the keeping power of God. Fiery trials in plenty will come our way—and grace to meet them—so we may stand unblushing beside even Moses and Job—provided we were overcomers. But Christ hath loved us, is able to keep us, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

BRUNSWICK STREET CHURCH,
FREDERICTON.

(Maritime Baptist.)

Rev. A. F. Newcomb, M. A., B. D., pastor. After having been without a regular pastor the greater part of a year we are delighted to have a permanent leader again. On Friday evening, the 5th instant, Brother Newcomb was present and a most enjoyable conference meeting was held; and on Sunday, the 7th instant, he preached very acceptably to large congregations at both services; in the morning from John 1, 23; in the evening from 1 Tim. 1, 11. On Thursday evening an induction service was held, followed by a reception to Bro. and Mrs. Newcomb. The induction service was in the church auditorium and was largely attended by members of the church and congregation, as well as a number of visitors from other churches. On the platform were the pastors from other city churches, Brother Newcomb, and Chancellor Jones, of the U. N. B. Rev. W. H. Smith, Ph. D., pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, welcomed Pastor Newcomb to Christian citizenship; Rev. S. A. Baker, pastor of the Reformed Baptist Church, welcomed him back to the active work of the pastorate; the Very Rev. Dean Schofield to the brotherhood of ministers; Rev. Neil Mc-Lauchlan spoke of the duties of the church and congregation to the pastor, and Chancellor Jones extended the welcome of the church to Pastor Newcomb. In responding he expressed his deep gratification at the warm welcome given him and Mrs. Newcomb, his joy at re-entering the work of the pastorate, and his anticipation and hope for success in promoting the work of the kingdom. At the close of the induction service the people repaired to the school room of the church to meet and shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb, after which the ladies served refreshments.

CLERK.

"The further a saved man gets away from sin and the sinfulness of the past, the more loathsome it seems to him. This is a good test as to the possession of a clean heart."

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