

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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Thursday's meeting back to the farm where Sunday's services were held. The last two meetings held on the last Sunday, a large gathering, seventy (70) present. Three were added to the church by experience, four new class members and six children presented to the Lord. Several others wished to enter the class (these are seekers) but were away to work for their farm owners.

All were very grateful for our coming, all were strengthened and helped and we felt our visit was very profitable.

The climate in winter is much colder than ours at Balmoral. It is more like our late October and November at home weather, especially when snow covers the mountains, as it does in winter, sometimes lasting for several days. This season none has fallen as yet but may still. Heavy frosts at night and cold winds at times. We planned to visit this little band during last summer but the abnormal rains prevented us as all the rivers were in such a swollen state and much land under water in places, so travelling by trap at times was impossible, at others very dangerous.

It has been a year since we visited them last but we hope we can see them again in a few months. Don't forget to make these black brothers and sisters a very special subject of prayer as they need all the help they can get.

We are anxiously awaiting the report from Beulah. We were much in prayer for you all during the time and expect God blessed you all more than ever. We never needed his blessing upon us as a people as at this very trying and terrible time.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

We never roamed one garden world together,
 Nor shared the glory of fields lost and won,
 Nor comrades tramped the stubble or the heather,
 Nor saw the dawn arise on great tasks done—
 Yet we are friends, for each has lost a son.

We never walked with arms 'round one another,
 Nor played in secret some dear endless game,
 Unknown to each, each loved, was wife and mother,
 Prayed far apart, shared neither praise or blame—
 We knew not we were friends, until this came.

This sword that severed past days from tomorrow,
 We almost thought the cruel message lied,
 This pang that left us only God and sorrow—
 You and I here, they on the other side—
 We knew not we were friends, until they died.

—Westminster Gazette.

RE-DEDICATION AT HEAD OF MILL-STREAM.

I was rather surprised on receiving an invitation from Brother John J. Hayes on August 14th, inviting me to be present at the re-dedication of the little church at the eHad of Millstream. I had never been at this place and had a strong desire to attend. I started from Woodstock on Thursday evening, Aug. 22nd, with Brother E. W. Lester in his auto. We took supper with Brother Dow at Meductic, who proceeded with us to Middle Southampton, where he with Brother and Sister H. S. Mullen are engaged in special meetings. I was invited to preach and did so. A good congregation was present, mostly young people. The Lord added his blessing and we had a good meeting. Several stood for prayers. We were invited to stay with Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Brown over night, but decided to continue our journey as the night was so beautiful; we did not decline to partake of a nice lunch, however. We arrived without mishap at Marysville about 3.30 a. m. We spent the day with Brother and Sister Lester, who took us over to Fredericton in the evening, where we spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barr. Took the Saturday morning train for St. John and on to Apohaqui, where I was met by Brother Leslie Hayes, who conveyed me to his home by auto. I had a surprise awaiting me on my arrival, for who should I meet but my precious mother. She and Miss Mary McAllister had arrived a few hours previous. Sunday was a beautiful day and there was a good attendance at all the services. The singing by the choir was good and in the matter of finances the people responded nobly, giving during the day \$158.00. To the writer was accorded the privilege of preaching at the morning service at the close of which Rev. A. H. Trafton offered the prayer in dedication. M. S. Trafton spoke in the afternoon and Rev. A. H. Trafton gave the message at the evening service, M. S. Trafton going to Salem to fill the appointment of his father in the evening, being conveyed by Brother Martin in his auto, who had come over, bringing father with him, for the morning and afternoon services. It was a grand day. The blessing of the Lord was on the preachers and people. The friends at Head of Millstream have shown their interest in the cause there by the way in which they have improved the church building. A concrete foundation, new sheathing on the inside, painting outside, painting and varnishing the inside, new carpet for the platform and new lamps. Surely this building is now a credit to the community. It would be impossible for me to remember all those who came from other places: Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Salem; Noah E. Hicks, wife and daughter, Lower Millstream; Springer Cosman, wife and daughter, St. John; W. Carson, wife and daughter and son-in-law, Norton; Beatrice Trites and brother, Lutz Mountain; A. Taylor and wife, Apohaqui; Miss Mary MacAllister, Mount Middleton. We were royally entertained at the home of Brother and Sister Leslie Hayes and received many pressing invitations to visit others, but our time was limited. We spent

Monday night in the home of Brother and Sister J. D. Patton at Mt. Middleton. We left mother with these saints and proceeded by train to St. John, found Brother Howe feeling encouraged in the work, went to Fredericton on the night train, called to see Brother and Sister Archer, spent the night in the home of Brother and Sister R. Barr, arrived home Wednesday afternoon, some weary but rejoicing in the Lord. We did enjoy the trip and hope at some future time to visit the saints at Head of Millstream. There are great opportunities before us, we need more labourers. Let us pray earnestly the Lord of the harvest to send forth workers. Keep on praying.

Yours in Jesus,

P. J. TRAFTON.

GOD WANTS BUSY PEOPLE.

Some unknown writer has said that God never goes to the lazy or the idle when He needs some great thing done; when God needs workers, He calls workers; and he cites the following cases. When God called them—

"Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb.

"Gideon was busy threshing wheat by the wine-press.

"Saul was busy searching for his father's sheep.

"Elisha was busy ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen.

"Nehemiah was busy bearing the king's wine-cup.

"Amos was busy following the flock.

"Peter and Andrew were busy casting a net into the sea.

"James and John were busy mending their nets.

"Matthew was busy collecting customs.

"Saul was busy persecuting the friends of Jesus.

"William Carey was busy mending and making shoes."—Sel.

WHAT GROWING IN GRACE IS NOT.

Growing out of sin is not a part of true Christian growth. Yet to many of us, it is to be feared, the seeking to lay aside one sin after another seems to be of chief importance in our growth. But sin is a foreign element, which has no true place in the growth of a Christian; for the Christian ought to be one who has "died to sin." No man can grow out of sin; there is but one thing to do with it; let the omnipotent power of the blood of Christ blot it out, and then let true growth commence and go on, unhindered by the disease. Our example in Christian growth, as in all else, we find in the Lord Jesus. Sin had no part in His life. He was the one child that received all teaching perfectly, taking the real truth out of each experience, and turning the truth into life. While we cannot here be like Him in His sinlessness, we can nevertheless be freed completely by Him from the power of sin; and the growth that is free from the power of sin. Shall we let Him purge out the disease, and give up trying to grow out of it? Only thus shall we be ready to use aright our privilege of growing in grace.—Sunday School Times.