

AN APPRECIATION OF BEULAH CAMP GROUNDS.

H. S. Cosman, St. John, N. B.

One of the most beautiful spots on the St. John River—the Rhine of America—is Beulah Camp Grounds, situated about 20 miles from the City of St. John, and easily accessible by steamboat and rail.

As one enters upon his or her mid-summer vacation they are impressed with the sacred atmosphere of the place. The initial gaze that meets the eyes are texts of scripture upon the rocks, printed in jet black with a flat white ground work and the several avenues with Biblical names, unconsciously create a reverence in saint and sinner that is unknown in any other place along the river.

There is nothing more delightful to the writer, who has had several years the happy privilege with his family of occupying a cottage at the sublime summer resort than to enjoy the religious advantages of this unique place. Every Lord's Day at 11 and 7 o'clock the Tabernacle bell rings out its inviting message to throw aside for the day the domestic duties that would unlawfully intrude, and the pleasure-seeking that through the week was engaged in, and unite in spirit with the true worshipper in adoration and praise to God, the giver of every perfect gift, to Jesus Christ, the dispenser of matchless grace, and to the Holy Spirit in His sanctifying power over the fully surrendered life.

Rev. A. H. Trafton will long be remembered for the helpful gospel messages to the unsaved and stirring spiritual appeals to the heart of the Christian for a life of full consecration and service to the Lord.

The Sunday School at 2.30 in the afternoon under the superintendency of Brother John F. Bullock proved a blessing to both teachers and scholars. The Wednesday evening prayer meeting became a season of power and refreshing, while the preparation of the Sunday School lesson by the teachers on Thursday evening created an incentive to all who participated to more faithfully sow the good seed of the Word into the young heart.

Rob a summer outing of its religious atmosphere, I care not how beautiful nature has adorned the surroundings, and you let in a flood tide of evils that would never seek a license to trail in the dust the sacred morals of well thinking people, but for the fact of the wholesome restraints of christianity, and the faithful keeping of the Lord's Day have for holding things in check. This to my mind gives to Beulah Camp Grounds its preference above other river resting places, and one is enabled to look back with satisfaction that it is possible to enjoy the holiday season upon the lovely St. John River, with its quiet cool groves, affording shelter from the scorching sun, and the bustle of the crowded city life.

The experience is not only healthful physically, but far in advance of all, spiritually upbuilding, because one is enabled to launch out into the boundless ocean of God's love.

"The sin of the world" is inborn depravity.

DIVINE HEALING.

Dear Highway:

We want to testify through the King's Highway to what God has done for us. We are very thankful to Him, and feel we can never praise Him enough. We find Him to be a physician with unlimited power. Our only daughter, four years old, was very poorly in health. We doctored her with earthly physicians for over a month and she was worse it seemed. She had nearly no appetite, could not sleep much nights because of pain in her stomach and bowels. The doctor said it was ulcerating of the bowels and a bad case of purpura. We felt we should take God as our physician and remembered what the Bible says in James 5:14-15, which we obeyed. Now she has a good appetite, sleeps well nights and feels fine. She is a living testimony of God's healing power, for she has not had a drop of medicine since the day she was anointed, about two months ago. To God be all the praise.

We are enjoying a full and free salvation. It pays to serve Jesus.

Yours saved and kept,
MR. AND MRS. ESTEN L. BEAL.
Beals, Me., Aug. 28, 1920.

THE GREAT ZULU CHOIR AT DURBAN.

"From Lure of Africa," by Cornelius H. Patton.

By way of contrast let us shift now to a scene about as different from the last as can be imagined. We may the more appropriately speak of it as a scene, since it was staged on the platform of the city hall in Durban, the leading city of Natal. In connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of the starting of mission work among the Zulus, held in 1911, the various mission boards united in a great public meeting of felicitation and thanksgiving. The city hall was offered for the purpose, a superb auditorium, not unlike Carnegie Hall, New York, with a seating capacity of 3,000. It was a daring enterprise, as only white people were to be admitted, except for 250 natives in the top-most gallery; and the whites of Durban had not shown much sympathy with what the missionaries were doing. But Lord Herbert Gladstone, the governor-general of South Africa, was to preside; Lady Gladstone, the mayor, and other persons of prominence were to attend; and good speaking was promised. The leading attraction, however, proved to be the Zulu choir, 345 strong, drawn from the nearby mission schools and led by Lutuli, a native teacher. The choir was banked in front of the great organ and made a brave sight, the young men in dark suits relieved by red ribbon rosettes, the young women in white dresses, set off by large Quaker collars of pink and blue in alternate rows.

Every seat in the hall was occupied, and not less than one thousand persons stood throughout the evening. When Lord Gladstone entered, the chorus rose and gave him in mighty shout the royal salute of a Zulu king, "Bayete!" Lord Gladstone was visibly moved by this mark of respect and loyalty. The speeches were good, but when the chorus rendered

several of the great anthems of the church, enthusiasm swept over the audience, wave upon wave, until it was well-nigh impossible to stop the applause. Some of the numbers sung were Grieg's "The Ransomed Hosts," Stainer's "Who are These?" Palmer's "Trust Ye in the Mighty God." The African is a born singer, as everyone knows; but the possibilities of a drilled chorus of Africans just out of the jungle, rendering the noblest Christian compositions, had seemingly never been suspected. The volume which came from those sable breasts, the richness of tone, the velvety effects of the quiet passages, the swelling crescendos, the vigor of attack, the significance they put into the words—here was a unique and thrilling combination. The soul of Africa was speaking in the music of that hour. A particularly strong impression was produced by the rendering of "Diamata:"

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne!
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Here was Africa giving back to the white man in beautiful harmonies the gospel she had received. Here was Africa pledging herself to join the white man in sending that gospel to the continent's remotest bound. One missionary who was present writes that he has since heard those very songs of the Zulu choir sung in distant places, out in the wilds of Natal and in remotest parts of the Transvaal.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

Our Sterritt Sisters have been with us for some days, whom we enjoyed very much, and as they called among the people and prayed with them, I am sure the people were blessed. They have the burden for souls in their hearts here in the home land and am sure they will make successful workers among those who have never heard the story of the Christ who died to save. Our prayers are for them these days. Let us each remember them at the throne of grace that their labours may result in the salvation of many souls.

Sunday morning they assisted in a social service and in the evening we had a good congregation, who were delighted to hear these dear sisters tell of their call to the foreign work. They sang a duet; we also had special music.

I was glad to tell the people something of our work and make an appeal for a table offering, which they quickly responded to and gladly I believe and were blessed in their giving. This offering amounted to \$37.00. This we appreciate very much.

I. M. K.

Royalton, N. B.

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—George MacDonald.