

BEAUTIFUL BEULAH!

Famous Camp Ground on the St. John River—Faithfully Described by One Who Knows it Well.

(From the Fort Fairfield Review)

Fort Fairfield, Me., August 4, 1920.

MR. EDITOR:

As many of your readers know nothing of this delightful camp ground situated on the St. John River a few miles above St. John, perhaps I can give you an idea of its natural beauty and charm.

We take the noon express on the C. P. R., arriving at Woodstock at 5 p. m., where we stay over night. In the morning we take the Valley train for the camp ground, arriving there at 2.30.

The conductor on the Valley train, a very genial gentleman, informs us that his train has gone "dry," not even a drop of water to be had.

We pass through a naturally crowded country, never out of sight of the St. John river. Many ancient landmarks are still standing and some of the farm buildings are in a state of decay, being perhaps a century old. The brakeman calls out Swan Creek—why, we do not know, as no swans are to be seen. We also pass the Oromocto river. We remember hearing our grandfather say many of the old settlers originally came from there. Many also came to Aroostook. Then we pass Bear Island, a large island covered with fine grass; no potato fields to be seen. Many of the inhabitants, we are told, raise strawberries for the St. John market.

The conductor calls out Grandview, and we are at our journey's end. A short walk brings us to the camp ground. We engage our room, and after resting a while, go up to the tabernacle. The afternoon service has already begun. We notice on the platform Rev. S. A. Baker, editor of the King's Highway, and many others. Mr. John Bullock of St. John, a very godly man, a member of the Methodist church, plays the organ. Some visiting clergymen are there, among whom is the President of Taylor University, Indiana. We had the pleasure of hearing him preach. His college has sent out 60 missionaries, besides very many young preachers. Among the remarks he said, "What this world needs is not more scholars, but saints."

The evangelist in charge, Rev. G. W. Ridout, was a chaplain in France during the great war. What we have read about, he has seen. He has been through Dante's Inferno, not once, but many times. The tragedy of war has left its mark upon him; he is still suffering from the effects of shell shock.

"We are not through with Germany yet," he said. We still have her pernicious doctrines to deal with. Our colleges are feeling the awful effects of her pernicious teachings, her infidelity, her skepticism. A young man wrote to his father from college, saying: "Professor A has destroyed my faith in the new testament, Professor B in the old so what am I to do?"

The only remedy is to send your boy or girl to the college where they still believe in the old Book, and give us more Christian teachers, if you please. We are in grave danger. Our Sabbath day must be safe-

guarded for our young people. The peace treaty was a failure. Why? God was left out. He was not even consulted. But we must get back to the old paths, the religion of our fathers."

The attendance at the camp meeting was very large. They have built a large tabernacle. The hotel has two large dormitories, and is still crowded.

A very beautiful artificial lake has been made, spanned by a rustic bridge. The walks and groves are very beautiful. Steamboats run constantly from St. John to Fredericton. The great crowds on Sunday are very orderly. No policemen are needed. At ten o'clock the great camp is at rest for the night. Somewhere a little bird calls sleepily to his mate, the moon smiles serenely down, and great peace is over all.

Monday morning the camp is early astir. Some are going home by boat, some by train. We take the boat to Fredericton, thence home by the C. P. R. We have a most delightful trip by water. We meet some lady tourists from New York. They tell us they prefer to travel by water. We enjoy the natural scenery very much. Some people call the St. John river the "Rhine of America."

We soon get to Fredericton, called the "Queen City," and it certainly is very beautiful, with such magnificent trees and quaint old-fashioned homes, we find a quiet hotel, and after resting a bit saunter forth. We visit the old Normal School, where we graduated years ago. It looks much the same. An annex has been built, which is used for a gymnasium.

Next morning we take the early train for Woodstock, coming by the C. P. R. We arrive there by noon, change cars for Aroostook, and are soon at home.

Some very delightful cottages can be rented either before or after camp meeting by inquiring of Rev. Wm. Wiggins, B. A., of Woodstock, N. B. Fine boating and bathing facilities abound and fresh salmon is found in abundance.

The influence for good of this great camp meeting is far-reaching. Many earnest men and women go back to their homes refreshed.

"Brave to bear life's testing,

Strong the foe to meet."

MRS. FRANK T. KIMBALL.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The second district quarterly meeting will convene with the Church at Westchester, N. S., Sept. 16-19. This district includes Kings County, St. John and Moncton, and Lutes Mountain Churches. There should be delegates from all the churches. When taking into consideration the distance to travel and the cost, take also into consideration the other features of blessing, spiritual and temporal.

I believe a man may enter on the work of promoting a revival, with as reasonable an expectation of success, as he can enter on any other work with an expectation of success with; the same expectation as the farmer has of crop when he sows his grain. Finney.

Popular evangelists flay the churches for being worldly, then deny the remedy, holiness.—Rev. Will Huff.

OBITUARY.

T. Nelson Baker.

We were saddened on arrival home to find that my half-brother, Mr. T. Nelson Baker, of Halifax, N. S., had passed away on August 2nd, aged over 80 years. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, one brother, Elder F. A. Baker, of Oakland, Calif., and two half-brothers, the writer and H. D. Baker of Lowell, Mass. Rev. Thomas Baker, of Kennebunk, Me., and Rev. Hugh Baker, of Oakland, Calif., are nephews.

Constance Foster.

In Hartland, N. B., Friday morning, July 30th, Constance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton P. Foster, of Fort Fairfield, aged 3½ months.

Percy Vivian Wright.

Percy Vivian, youngest son of Wm. H. Wright, of Stevensville, Fort Fairfield, died of cerebro-spinal meningitis Tuesday, Aug. 17, at about 9 o'clock in the evening, after an illness of less than 48 hours.

Prayers were held Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the house, followed by a funeral at the Reformed Baptist Church at 2 o'clock, with the pastor, Rev. H. Smith Dow, officiating. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by the girls of Percy's graduating class of the Fort Fairfield High school, that of 1920, in which he graduated only last June. The pallbearers were some of his mates in that class. Interment was made by the side of his mother in Riverside cemetery.

A week or two ago Percy had a slight ill spell, but nothing was thought about it in particular. Only last Sunday he was down with his father to attend the camp meetings, and drove the automobile toward home as far as Fairmount, when he said he was not feeling very well and that his eyes felt queer, so he thought his father had better drive, as he did. On reaching home he did not feel very well, but went to bed as usual. In the night he was taken sick with terrible pains in the head, physicians being immediately summoned, who pronounced the trouble meningitis. Among the physicians called, in addition to those in Fort Fairfield, were Drs. H. L. Dobson and R. A. Graves, of Presque Isle. Hope was soon given up, as his temperature in the early stage of his sickness was nearly eight degrees above normal.

Percy was born in Four Falls, N. B., Nov. 22, 1900, youngest child of Wm. H. Wright and Phebe Orissa Orser, who died four years ago. When about five years of age he came to Fort Fairfield with his parents, where he has since lived, a quiet, pleasant and obliging boy, beloved by everyone.

The deceased was a brother of Rev. F. T. Wright. The father and all the family will have the sincere sympathy of the readers of The Highway.

If two angels were sent down from heaven, one to conduct an empire and the other to sweep the street, they would have no inclination to change employments.—John Newton.