

## RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT BEULAH, 1930

To the Honourable J. B. M. Baxter,  
Premier of New Brunswick,  
Saint John, N. B.

Whereas the Baxter Government has been returned to power in the recent N. B. Provincial election, and whereas they are engaged in the sale of liquor for beverage purposes, and whereas we do not entertain any hope of betterment of conditions;

Therefore be it resolved, that we the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada in session at Beulah Camp Ground, Brown's Flats, N. B., put ourselves again on record as being opposed to the present system of government sale, and that we will not rest until the prohibition of the liquor traffic is again the law on the statute books of our fair Province.

To the Honourable E. N. Rhodes,  
Premier of Nova Scotia,  
Halifax, N. S.

Whereas the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada has from its organization unequivocally stood for the prohibition of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and from time to time has reaffirmed its original stand in this regard, and whereas we still maintain this position;

Therefore, Resolved that we "The Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada" in session, do hereby express our disapproval and opposition to the policy of the N. S. Government in legalizing the sale of intoxicating liquor.

To the Editor of The Carleton Sentinel:

Whereas the policy of the Carleton Sentinel has been in keeping with the attitude of this body in respect to the prohibition question; be it therefore resolved that we the R. B. Alliance in session do express our sincere appreciation to the editor for his pronounced stand in favor of prohibition and against the sale of intoxicating liquor by government control.

Whereas, Rev. S. H. Clark has been a minister of this Alliance for a number of years, and has carried on successfully as pastor in several places, as also filled an important position on the Camp Ground Committee, therefore resolved that we the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada do assure him of our love and sympathy in his present illness and pray that God will see fit to restore and spare him to the work, his friends and family.

To Mrs. S. H. Clark and family:

Whereas our Heavenly Father has seen fit to call to his reward our brother and fellow-worker, Brother S. H. Clark, we do hereby express to you our love and sympathy, and pray that God may sustain and bless you in your time of sorrow.

Whereas the Editor of the Fort Fairfield Review has been very kind in advertising our camp meeting free of charge.

Therefore be it resolved that the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada in session, tender to him our appreciation of his attitude toward us.

To Mrs. C. B. Jennigan and family:

Having received the sad intelligence that Rev. E. B. Jennigan, who was to have been our evangelist for this year, had passed to his reward,

Therefore resolved that we, the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church, do express our deep sorrow at his passing, and do hereby extend to the bereaved widow and family our heartfelt sympathy.

## THE BIBLE READER'S PRAYER

(By Rev. E. Wayne Stahl)

("Open Thou mine eyes that I may understand wondrous things out of Thy Law")

Let our eyes be opened, Lord,  
That the vision we may gain  
Of the wonders of Thy word,  
And eternal life obtain.

Matchless are the marvels there:  
Joy and triumph shall we know,  
If Thou wilt accept our prayer,  
Us the Bible wonders show.

"Wonderful His name shall be!"

Of Thy sole begotten Son  
Uttered was this prophecy,  
Of Thy ever glorious One.  
Scriptures of Him testify:  
Serpent-bruiser, woman's seed;  
In Christ Jesus we descry  
Wonders of the Living Word indeed.

Grace and glory are for them  
Who Thy mandates sweet obey;  
They shall each a diadem  
Have from Heaven "in that day."  
When Thy gospel's glorious truth  
Shall be evident to all,  
And foul error's throne uncouth  
Into the abyss shall fall.

Father, may we never be  
Hearers only of Thy will—  
Doers of Thy law may we  
Ever prove, its ways fulfill.  
And the world will marvel then  
At the wonder which they see,  
When in lives of godly men  
Shall Thy Word incarnate be.

(Lowell, Mass.)

## GOING HOME

(Continued from Page 3)

"With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation."

"Yes," he said aloud, a far away look in his eyes, "He will be with me in time of trouble."

Then kneeling he prayed—he talked to his God, this simple, kindly old man, as though God was his friend. When his prayer was ended he arose and stooping over he picked the little old lady up in his arms as though she had been a child, and carried her to their bedroom.

In here, as in the living room, a grate fire burned brightly. The old people felt the cold keenly and so every evening "Pa" lit the fire in the bedroom to make it cozy and warm for "Mother."

When she was comfortably tucked into bed, the old man went back to his chair in the living room. As he sat there his head buried in his hands, his face assumed a look akin to pain.

"I just can't bear to tell mother we've got to leave our old home soon. It wil hurt her so." Tears were in his eyes as he sat there. He was thinking of mother. He had always shielded her as best he could from the buffetings of life. Now in their old age, he was still trying to shield her, trying to keep from her the secret which was breaking his old heart. The old home must go. His savings had all been spent and the old home mortgaged. He was to proud to appeal to his boy for help and he had kept the knowledge of

the mortgage from his wife. Where would they go? To a home for the aged?

"Oh, God," he prayed, "Not that—It's not right."

For an hour he sat there trying to think of a way out. "I can't tell mother yet. I'll wait 'till after Christmas—maybe Ted—"

"Oh, Father, we've been taught that in some way you would provide. I believe—I will have faith." It was both a prayer and a promise.

He arose unsteadily to his feet and turned out the fire. Then he went slowly to the bedroom.

As he prepared for bed he noticed that the fire in their bedroom was out. "I guess I must have turned it out before I went in the other room," he thought. "I'm gettin' forgetful."

As he lay by his wife he listened to her breathing. A sound like a sob escaped her. It was like a child who has been hurt and even in his sleep catches his breath in a sob.

"Mother's been cryin' over that letter I reckon. I wish Ted would come. He owes it to her. He's still her baby."

At two o'clock he was awakened by his wife's voice, "Pa, I feel so queer. I can't get my breath good. Get me my smelling salts, won't you? They're on the dresser."

The old man climbed out of bed. He fumbled for a match on the dresser—ah there it was—he'd light the lamp and find the salts now. He scratched the match. As it flared up there was a burst of flame—a report like a gun—an explosion—the whole room was a sheet of flames. Somehow the wind had blown out the fire and the old man had thought he turned it out—the room filled with gas had exploded when the match was lit.

There was a scream from the bed. "Oh, pa, save me."

The old man stumbled through the flames to the bedside. His clothing was afire—he lifted "Mother" in his arms and started for the door—the flames hurt cruelly—then all was blackness.

Five hours later the old man opened his eyes—he saw the doctor who lived across the street, bending over him.

"Lemmie," he whispered, "Did I get mother out?" The doctor nodded. He could not trust his voice.

"Is she hurt much, Lemmie?" every word was torture.

"She's gone home, Uncle Jack. She won't suffer any more. Ted's coming—I wired him. Try to sleep now, won't you?" It was the doctor who spoke.

The old man lay quietly, his body swathed in bandages. His mind wandered. He was young again and it was Christmas. Ted was again a baby—mother was smiling at him happily—he saw Ted grown to manhood, leaving the old nest. Mother was getting old now. He must take care of her—he must shield her. "I can't pay now Jim, don't turn us out. It will kill her," he muttered. Suddenly he aroused himself. Mother would never know that the old home was no longer theirs. He had saved her that agony. Thank God!

The pain wrung a groan from his lips. He felt the doctor bend over him.

"Lemmie," he said softly, "Tell Ted I've gone—with Mother. He's not—coming home—this Chris-mas. You—kn"—his voice trailed off.

The doctor sat by the bedside. Tears rolled down his cheeks as with a little sigh the old man went home with "Mother."—Selected.