

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The seventh session of the Reformed Baptist Sunday School Convention was held on Friday afternoon, June 6th, at Royalton, N. B. President F. K. Brown was in the chair. William Rideout had charge of the devotions. G. A. Rogers was elected secretary pro tem. The address of welcome was given by Mrs. Silas Burt. This was responded to by Rev. H. S. Dow. There were delegates from the following schools:

Royalton, Victoria, Lower Brighton, Hartland and Millville.

The following schools reported by letter: Royalton, Greenbush, Lower Brighton, Woodstock, Hartland, Fredericton, Gordonsville, Belvidere and Fort Fairfield.

All reports were encouraging. Some had been converted during the quarter in the different schools. Some of the Sunday Schools manifested an excellent spirit along Missionary lines. There was also an increased interest in the cause of Temperance. Fredericton, Marysville and Lower Brighton had pupils in their schools who wrote the Provincial Temperance Examinations.

President F. K. Brown gave a very timely address. Brother Brown assured us that the Sunday School work was nearest and dearest to his heart.

Brother Dow gave us an interesting talk on the missionary phase of the work in connection with our Sunday schools.

The convention proved to be very helpful.  
G. A. ROGERS, Secy. Pro Tem

## CORRESPONDENCE

Fredericton, N. B.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Enclosed find the renewal for the King's Highway. It has been a blessing to my heart, and my prayer to God is that he will ever keep it true to the great outstanding truths of the word of God. I can truthfully say I am happy in the service of our blessed Lord. Praise His blessed name forever.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. FREDERICK LYONS

E. N. College,

Wollaston, Mass.

Dear Highway Friends:

We are thankful for another opportunity to send a note of appreciation to those who have been supporting the student fund.

We at this time are glad to report victory through the precious blood, and also we want to thank the Lord for this school year and what it has been to us.

We boys are planning to be at Beulah this year, and are praying for a mighty outpouring of His spirit on the meetings.

Again we want to thank the Lord for the Student Fund this year and our prayer is that the Lord will bless each giver.

Yours for Holiness,

GEO. D. DELONG

HARVEY J. S. BLANEY

SEWELL HILYARD

ERNEST R. BRADLEY

Westchester, N. S.

Dear Highway:

Just a few lines from this corner of God's Vineyard.

Another year has closed for us and we are now preparing for the Alliance and camp-meeting.

God has been very gracious to us during

the year. Given us a good year in our souls and also in our work with these dear people. Our meetings have been good. We've been blessed in preaching the whole truth of God without fear or favor. We've had two revival services during the year and both the evangelists preached great. Our last series was held this spring with Lic. E. S. Cosman as evangelist. We were here at Westchester three Sunday and then went out to Atkinson Siding for over the next Sunday. A few found their way to the altar for which we praise the Lord. We baptized one and gave five the right hand of fellowship at the close of these meetings.

We believe many saw their privilege but would not pay the price. Holiness is not a popular theme in Nova Scotia any more than it is in New Brunswick where I've been the most of the time in my ministry, but we thank God for the few who love the truth and are standing so faithfully by the same.

Yours for full salvation

H. S. AND MRS. MULLEN

P. S. I almost forgot to mention that on the evening of the 12th inst., a number of the church people gathered at the Parsonage where a very pleasant evening was spent in social chat and singing, the ladies serving ice cream and cake which was much enjoyed, especially this hot weather. They left their tokens of love behind them in a very tangible way and we have since been enjoying the goodies. May God richly bless them for their kindness.

H. S. M.

Maple Ridge, N. B.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

Dear Sir: I enclose my renewal to the Highway in the reading of which I find excellent food for the soul. Praise the Lord for all His goodness and the way in which He leads each day.

Yours for Holiness,

MRS. SANDY BLANEY

## A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER

## "AFTER MANY DAYS"

When I was about seven or eight years old, there fell into my hands a little book containing, among other similar ones, an account of "Dr. Doddridge's 'Dream of Heaven'." I was fascinated with it and read it over and over. Night after night when I said my prayers I prayed that I might dream of heaven "tonight." Strange, for I was a little girl,—one perhaps wouldn't think that thoughts of heaven ever found place in my mind. As years went on I ceased to pray that prayer and the story of the dream of heaven went out of my mind. Something else took its place. Whenever thoughts of death came a most terrifying fear possessed me. And even after salvation came to me that fear tormented and tempted me whenever I allowed myself to think about it. But God always gave me peace at last in believing His promise that He will go with me through the dark waters when He calls me to go through them.

Well, not long after my marriage, I was called upon to sing at a funeral and when I at last reached home I lay down on the couch to rest. I don't know whether it was a dream or a vision, whether I was awake or asleep but something came, beyond all words to express. I thought death had come; Jesus was near, dimly seen, but He was surely there; something seemed to enfold me, wonderful, indescribable,—I called it glory. I said, "If this is death, how wonderful! how wonderful!" I think I must have said it aloud.

I have never felt one tremor of the fear of

death since that time. And—the prayer of the little girl who wanted so earnestly to dream of heaven was answered.

So many lines in the poem, "The Kiss of God" describes as I never could, that which came to me that I felt just like telling my precious experience, even if it were only a dream, to someone who I know will not deem me childish in doing so.

And to think that after all that and thousands of other tokens of His tender love I could—but I cannot go on. (E. T.)

## THE KISS OF GOD

It was not death to me,  
Nor aught the least like falling into sleep,  
It was nothing to joy upon  
Nor yet to weep.  
It was an infinitely perfect peace  
Wherein the world entranced  
Stood quite still  
Outside of time and space:  
And like a changeless, ever-changing face  
Looked kindly on me  
As I lay  
And waited on his will.  
It was not night  
Nor day—  
But bright with rainbow colours  
Of an everlasting dawn  
Down from the golden glory light  
That shone in His great eyes.  
The mysteries of earth  
Lay open like a book,  
And I could read  
But slowly, as a small child reads  
With an often upward look  
That pleads  
For help—still doubtful of the truth  
Until he sees it mirrored  
In the answering eyes of Love.  
So I looked up to God  
And while I held my breath,  
I saw Him slowly nod,  
And knew—as I had never known aught else,  
With certainty sublime and passionate,  
Shot through and through  
With sheer unutterable bliss.  
I knew  
There was no death but this  
God's kiss.  
And then the waking to an everlasting Love.  
—Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

## INDIFFERENCE

When Jesus came to Golgotha, they hanged Him  
on a tree,  
They drove great nails through hands and feet,  
and made a Calvary.  
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red  
were His wounds and deep,  
For those were crude and cruel days and human  
flesh was cheap.  
When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply  
passed Him by,  
They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let  
Him die.  
For men had grown more tender, and they would  
not give Him pain.  
They only just passed down the streets, and left  
Him in the rain.  
Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them, for they know  
not what they do,"  
And still it rained the Winter rain that drenched  
Him through and through;  
The crowds went home and left the streets with-  
out a soul to see,  
And Jesus crouched against a wall, and cried for  
Calvary.

—G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.