

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—Psa. 126-6.

A letter from Rev. W. E. Smith dated Boston, April 17, states that he had just called on Rev. C. R. Hagerman, who is back in the hospital again with a bronchial cold, but hopes to soon be out again.

Rev. F. A. Dunlop assisted Lic. B. C. Cochran in a week's meetings preceding Easter, and including Easter Sunday on which day Brother Dunlop baptized four candidates, who were received into church membership the same night. Brother Cochran reports a great time of spiritual refreshing.

Rev. L. J. Sears is still suffering with his eyes. He has been advised recently to go to Saint John to consult a specialist.

Rev. Mr. Hallows, of the Nazarene Church, visited Brother Sears at North Head recently and held one weeks meetings. Brother Sears reports a good interest during the week.

Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Owens have accepted a call to remain on Hartland Circuit another year. One member was added to the Hartland church recently.

Rev. H. E. Mullen has accepted an unanimous call to remain pastor of the Millstream group of churches for another year.

We hear that Rev. H. S. Mullen is having success in his special meetings at Saint John. He is being assisted by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

BEULAH CAMP MEETING TIME

It will soon be here. Two months will soon pass, and the people will be gathering to attend the great annual spiritual feast. It is time to begin to plan to go. You need the spiritual refreshing and physical and mental rest which you will receive at Beulah. It may add years to your lifetime. Go while you can; some will soon be thinking they are too old to go. Go and renew friendships of former years, and make new friends. I am sure you will enjoy the evangelist, Rev. John F. Owen. He is an excellent preacher. We will be looking for you.

Remember the dates: June 28 to July 7 inclusive. The Alliance meets two days earlier, June 26th. Come in time to attend the Alliance.

I trust we are all praying that the Lord will make it a great time of salvation and blessing to souls.

TRUE GLADNESS

Be glad when the flowers have faded?
Be glad when the trees are bare?
When the fog lies thick on the field and moors,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light,
When there are no songs for the darkest days,
No stars for the longest night?
Ah, yes, for the truest gladness
Is not in ease or mirth;
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the loves of the earth.
God's love is the same forever,
If the skies are bright or dim,
And the joy of the morning lasts all day
When the heart is glad in Him.—Selected.

Love is better than spectacles to make everything look great—Sir P. Sydney.

AN APPEAL

Let me stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.

Please remember that we cannot publish our paper, The King's Highway, without money, and the only source of income we have is from our subscriptions, and friends who contribute to the Supplementary fund. We are thankful to all those who have already responded to our appeals; but we are not getting nearly enough to pay our expenses at present. Many subscribers are in arrears, some several years, which makes it very difficult for the editor and business manager to meet his financial obligations. Beloved, will you please look at the label on your paper now and respond at once by sending your renewal. We are praying that the Lord will bless you and help you to help yourself and us by paying up. Sincerely, your co-worker in His great cause.

H. S. DOW

237 Weldon St., Moncton, N. B.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

A number of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked how the command to "pray without ceasing" could be complied with.

Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it to read at the next monthly meetings; which decision was overheard by the servant who exclaimed:

"What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible."

"Well, well, Mary," said an old minister, "what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?"

"Oh, yes, Sir!"

"What! when you have so many things to do?"

"Why, sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray."

"Indeed! well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise."

"Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and while I am washing, I ask for the washing of regeneration. As I begin work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; and when I kindle the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the Word. As I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the spirit of adoption, that I may be His child—and so on all day; everything I do furnish me with a thought for prayer."

"Enough, enough!" cried the minister, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent. Go on, Mary," said he, "pray without ceasing. And as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that He has said, 'The meek will He guide in judgment.'"—Selected. The Holiness Era.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—R. Southey.

OBITUARY

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Revelation 14-13.

Clare E. Robinson

The Moncton R. B. Church has sustained another serious loss in the passing of our brother, Mr. Clare E. Robinson, who went to be with Jesus from the Moncton City Hospital on Wednesday, April 17th, after an illness of about six weeks. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Jennie Edgett, three sons, Arnold, Clark and Orland, and two daughters, Mrs. Merrill Wilbur and Dora, all of Moncton. One sister, Mrs. Caroline Russell, of Hopewell Hill, and four brothers, Vinton, of Vancouver, James, Bradbury and Stephen, of Hopewell Hill, besides a number of other relatives and many friends, who mourn their sad loss. Brother Robinson was a devout Christian and will be much missed in his home, where he was greatly loved by all the members of his family, because of his kindly disposition. He will be much missed by the church, where he and Sister Robinson were faithful attendants and also strong supporters. He will be much missed by the many friends that he had made through the past years, not only because of his honorable, upright life, and dealings with them, but because of the brotherly, helpful attitude that he always took toward those who were in need. Their loss is his gain.

A brief funeral service, which was largely attended, was held on Friday morning at Tuttle Brothers' Funeral Chapel, where his pastor officiated, assisted by Lic. A. Deadman, after which the body was taken by motor hearse to Hopewell Hill, his former home, where a service was held in the Baptist Church edifice, which was filled to capacity by his sorrowing friends and relatives who came to pay their final tribute of respect to the deceased's memory. His pastor, Rev. H. S. Dow, was assisted at that service by the Rev. Mr. McGibbon, pastor of the church there. Brother Robinson's three sons and son-in-law were the pall-bearers. The Hopewell Hill choir very kindly furnished the music. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, and the family received many cards and letters of sympathy. May the peace of God abide with the bereaved family and comfort their hearts and minds. Interment was made in the family lot at Hopewell Hill cemetery.—H. S. D.

THE NEW-FASHIONED WAY,

When a young man starts out to get ahead of a man double his age he sometimes finds he has met his match.

An old farmer was once invited to a dinner, and, before sitting down, he reverently said grace, as was his invariable habit.

One of the young men at the table noticed this, and said, sneeringly:

"That's not the new fashion; but I see you cling to the old-fashioned ways. I suppose, in your place, every one says grace?"

"No," said the old farmer, gravely; "not every one."

"How is that?" inquired the young man. "If are master, you ought to be able to have things as you order them."

"Well," exclaimed the farmer, "I have some pigs in my sties. They never say grace because you are master, you ought to be able to have things as you order them."