

CORRESPONDENCE

Moncton, N. B.

Dear Highway:

If it is not too late I would like to report the work at Beulah during the summer. There were not as many taking rooms in the Dormitory as usual, but nearly all the cottages were occupied.

The services held in the Tabernacle were well attended and all united to make them a success.

The weekly prayer services held each Wednesday evening were well attended and proved a means of blessing to all who came. Several persons spoke of the help received at these mid-week services.

The services on Sunday were also well attended, especially in the morning, as more people were on the ground at that time. There was a different speaker at nearly every service. Rev. F. A. Watson, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. Mr. Fitch, Rev. Mr. Gibson, Rev. Mr. Payne and Capt and Mrs. Mercer. These very willingly responded when asked to preach.

It was suggested by some one that the bell on the Tabernacle be rung at 1 p. m., which was to be a call for special prayer for the empire.

This was carried out and several spoke of it to us as being a great blessing to them.

We were pleased to have with us again this year many who had been coming there for many years.

We missed some who generally were there, but who this year were unable to come.

The people were very kind and so willing to assist in the services.

The spirit of the Camp Meeting this year continued through the summer and was enjoyed by those who attended the services.

Several told us the services were the best they had attended there for years. It was quite a task for us to look after the many things there, but we enjoyed it very much and were pleased to be able to thus help out in this good work. While feeling the infirmities of the flesh, yet we wish to say that we are enjoying the blessing of God in our souls. Our address for the winter is—45 Williams St., Moncton, N. B.

Sincerely yours,

H. C. ARCHER

Dear Friends:

A letter from Charley is so good I am sharing it with you.

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"Praise God for salvation! I am glad I am saved by the blood of the Lamb! The Holy Ghost abiding in me, is what makes by life worthwhile.

He guides me so carefully, in so detailed a manner. The minor affairs of my life are guided so that by custom I actually do not realize how wonderful this is. My life is made smooth, and friction reduced to a minimum. Like the fitting of cogs in a well made machine. As I advance I find that my ability to choose my course, or rather to discover and carry out God's choice, is increased.

The covenant God made with me, back there in Amherst, before we left for this harvest field, is yet being fulfilled. I am so deeply grateful to God for His becoming my God, in the covenants relation. He never changes. The covenant is everlasting, and it is for each of us today. All we have to do is to love and obey Him. Then He supplies all our needs, for

all time and eternity. He makes all things work together for our good. So long as we keep our half of the contract then we need never worry. We are secure, come what may or go what may. We may lose all earthly property, relations and friends, but if we have God in us we can defy the hand of fate and misfortune; we can "Laugh at impossibilities and cry it shall be done."

My life is, not yet, very long, but since the Holy Ghost came in I have been given certain promises by God and I have had these fulfilled. Some are yet in the process of fulfillment. God has given me certain instructions; I have acted. Some cases are still pending completion; others have proven the infallibility of God. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Of my self I can do nothing; I am a weak piece of humanity, prone to failure.

One point about the covenant: You are blessed and made a blessing. God gives you the three walls, which Job had, about you, your house and about all you have. Then provided you keep your part of the contract, nothing can touch anything inside these enclosures unless God has allowed it, and if God has allowed it then it is O. K. and we have no right to worry."

Per MRS. H. C. SANDERS

FLETCHER MISSED HIS BOAT

God's plan in human experience is difficult to read. Great careers often hang by the thinnest of golden threads. Many a life that seems marred by accident is only in the process of being made by providence.

Up to a certain point tragedy rules when with a lightning-like stroke God steps in and controls human experience.

This is the case of John Fletcher. A pot of hot tea proved his undoing but it was the divine instrument through which God came into his experience to shape it.

Young Fletcher was a well-to-do youth with a streak of the bizarre running through his make-up. The age in which he lived, the city where he dwelt sniffed strange odors from unexplored lands. Adventure was on everybody's tongue. Ship captains organized themselves into roving adventurers and lured young men on deck with promises of fabulous gold.

John Fletcher met such a captain, and listened to the strange tales he told of far-away Brazil where gold hung in pots from the ceilings of caves. Fletcher joined up and made ready to sail with the ship, which was outfitting at Lisbon, Spain.

While waiting for the ship to be made ready, Fletcher engaged a room at a local tavern for himself and his servant, who was to sail with him. Being English he could not get away from his tea-drinking habit, so he ordered his servant to bring him a pot of hot tea. The servant promptly obeyed and prepared the water. It was heated to the nth degree, and as he brought the boiling water to his master, an unexplained accident happened.

The kettle tipped!

Fletcher berated the bungling servant for his carelessness, but in the servant's consternation he could not give an account for the strange occurrence.

Who tipped that kettle?

John Wesley answers that question when

he speaks Fletcher's funeral oration, as we shall see.

The captain sent for his adventurer and said, "The ship is ready to weigh anchor."

Fletcher said, cursing the fates that confined him to his room with a scalded leg, "Wait and I will soon be ready to sail with you."

It became a waiting game and a questioning game. Each day the captain came with his question, "When will you be ready?"

Each day Fletcher could only say, "Tomorrow."

Those tomorrows ran into weeks and the weeks strung into a month, still the leg would not heal sufficiently for Fletcher to join the ship.

Finally the irate captain delivered his parting message of curses upon bungling men-servants and careless masters, and with an "I'll have no more of you" attitude he strode out of the room and down to his ship.

Fletcher bewailed fate's terrible turn and like a burned bear stooped in a tiny cage he gave vent to his disappointment.

As the ship's sails hove out of sight, Fletcher watched them with a feeling of having been cheated of a voyage to Brazil which rightly was his.

Up to this point it was tragedy, but from here on the story becomes a providence.

That ship was never heard of again!

Fletcher in the course of events was converted, and made the impact of his life upon the Methodist Church, then in its infancy. He turned from sin to a life of nobility in God's realm.

He became a soul-adventurer going into far stranger lands of spiritual conquest than Brazil could ever have been. He devoted his attention to teaching and preaching. He trained many men who gave their lives for the Methodist Church. He wrote extensively—books which became classics in his denomination and which today are still on preacher's shelves.—Sel.

AN INFIDEL'S DISCIPLE

Voltaire believed that he had dealt a death-blow to Christianity. He had a young disciple named La Harpe, whose genius and gifted pen he expected would complete whatever needed still to be done in the way of demolition. He regarded the young aristocrat and literateur as his successor in the terrible work. The time came when France reaped the harvest which Voltaire had sown. The French Revolution broke out and La Harpe was cast with a host of others into prison. He and the rest awaiting death did what they could "to drive dull care away." But time hung heavy on the young man's hands.

No literature found its way into the prison, but one old gentleman had a book which was his constant companion and of which he never seemed to tire. It was a Bible. La Harpe begged a loan of it. Its perusal startled him. "Here," he said, "is everything to excite curiosity; and here is also everything to satisfy it!" His life was saved and he himself was converted to God. He came out of prison to build the faith which his master had hoped he would utterly destroy.—Selected.

In Kentucky, the nation's greatest whiskey-producing state, forty-nine out of its 120 counties are dry. Seven voted dry last year.—United Presbyterian.