

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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BEULAH CAMP MEETING

JULY 3 - 12, Inclusive

A Ten-day Spiritual Feast Amid Unsurpassed Scenic Beauty

BEULAH CAMPGROUND AS SEEN
BY DR. J. L. BRASHER

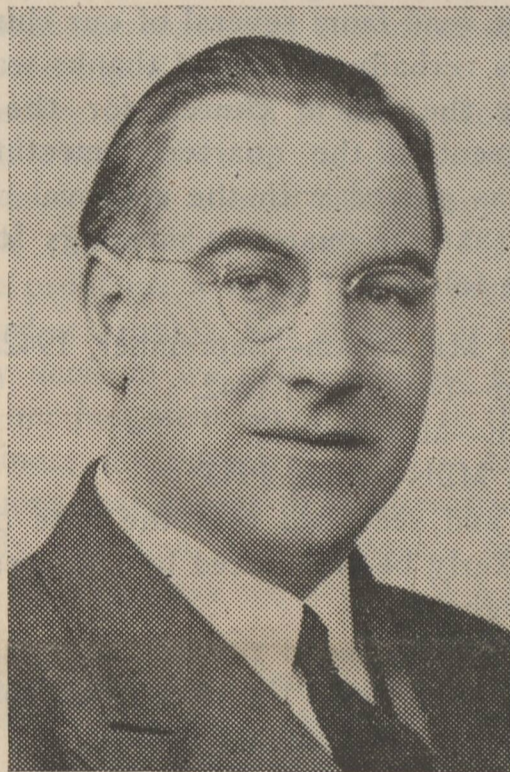
In all my travels, I have seen no Camp Ground so beautiful as Beulah Camp, Brown's Flats.

God must have held his hand over this spot until some of His dear saints became inquisitive, and peeped under His hand, and found and bought it. It sits in queenly fashion on the shore of the St. John river, which is the most beautiful river I have seen in all my travels. At the boats' landing here, it is over a mile wide, but at lower end of the grounds, is much wider.

The banks on either side slope up from pebbled and stone-flecked beaches—covered with verdure to the top of the hills. The camp-ground is thickly wooded with tall, slender white barked birch crowned with graceful green—a sprinkle of cedars hide coily among the balsam, fir and pines—with here and there a graceful poplar. Small ravines slip away toward the river, leading to a number of meandering paths that thread their way among the trees, with here and there a neat commodious cottage half hidden among the trees; and sylvan walks that wander lazily about. One could imagine that fairies and wood nymphs played "Hide-and-go-Seek" among the shadows at twilight before nature calls for quiet and sleep. And always, the mighty river, in ever-changing mood from the ebb and flow of the tide. Reflecting the clouds or sky the river changes from silver to azure at the caprice of the winds that drift the clouds about—while last night a full moon poured its splendor in a shining pathway across the river and the azure waves now quite high under the wind, were tipped with flame.

But why attempt it. Here have walked the luminous poetic Caradine, the eloquent Morrison, the Theologian Walker, the scriptural unique Ruth, the fiery descriptive Gouthey, Peter Wiseman and our own John Owen, and others I cannot name, and last of all—how blest am I to come to serve and offer my bit for God's glory, who built it all, and for the good of the cause of Holiness. But my pen must go to other tasks for too long it has now attempted to tell that for which there may not be space.

Grace is the breeze that fills my sails, my compass is faith, and my pilot is Christ.—Tholuck.



REV. E. W. TOKLEY

BEULAH

A thousand thousand memories
Awake at mention of that word.
Here burdened hearts have found release;
These grounds are sacred to the Lord.

The daylight fades from azure skies.
A red-brown dusk is on the hills.
Across the tide the risen moon,
A path of liquid silver spills.

A little lake, a rustic bridge,
A small ravine, and winding ways;
These grounds are sacred to the Lord:
The very stones spell out His praise.

Green are the sacred groves of prayer;
Here Zion's harmonies abound.
"Remove thy shoes from off thy feet,"
The place thou treadest is holy ground.

A Bethel to the pilgrim soul,
A feast of fat things all the day;
A tabernacle where the Word,
Is spoken in the old-time way.

Oh, house of prayer! Oh groves of song!
Oh place where heaven seems so near!
Our hearts begin to feel the pull,
For Beulah time will soon be here.

—Judson Sanders

TO GET TO BEULAH

If coming by auto, take provincial trunk Road No. 2, following Saint John River for pretty drive to Brown's Flats. If by boat from Saint John or Fredericton, buy ticket to Brown's Landing. If by train, the Saint John Valley branch of the C. N. R. runs from Centreville, N. B., via Woodstock and Fredericton to Grand View Station at Camp Ground, or from Saint John up to same station. Or come by C. P. R. to Woodstock or Saint John and change to C.N.R. Valley train to Camp Ground.

You will find everything at Beulah to make your visit pleasant and profitable. Christian courtesy, good fellowship, congenial friends, and spiritual help. Leave your dogs, cats, complaints, grievances and malice behind, and come "in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ" for a great camp-meeting and bring some one with you who needs spiritual help.

EDITOR

"HOLY MONEY"

Dr. William Mayo, world-famous surgeon, speaking for himself and his equally famous brother, Charles, said, "The 'Holy Money,' as we call it, must go back into the service of that humanity which paid it to us. If we can train five hundred pairs of hands, we have helped to hand on the torch. From the year 1894 onward we have never used more than half our incomes on ourselves or on our families; latterly, much less. My brother and I have both put ourselves on salaries. We live within them. My house is turned over to the Foundation for the service of others. I would not want my children deprived of the fun and benefit of wanting something and going out to fight for it." Such a spirit of generosity is most worthy of duplication by many others. "Holy Money" is holy indeed when put to the use of others in such a Christian manner.—New Century Leader.

The chief secretary of a Jewish mission in England says that, in all his thirty-six years' work among the Jews, he has never known anything like the opportunities for witnessing to the Jews that exist at the present time!—Pentecostal Evangel.

Mr Donald Tedlie, Feb 41