

the usual number of hospital patients, and the doctor still comes for clinic.

Many of you are at Beulah now. May God pour out rich blessing upon you all. We await news of the meetings eagerly.

We wish to thank each one for prayer, and gifts for Esther Susanna. She is well and growing nicely. Pam is, of course, delighted to have a sister, and would carry her off to play in the sand-box if she got the opportunity. I also received a gift of money from Mrs. Thompson, but unfortunately I do not know her address. Please accept our thanks through this letter.

I am happy to be in the service of the King, and praise Him for the privilege of serving Him here in Africa. "Jesus is precious to me, always His lover I'll be. Wherever He leads by His grace I am going; Jesus is precious to me."

May the Lord help us each to be faithful and to win souls for Him.

In Christian love,

MYRA SANDERS

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

W. Edmund Smith

Beulah Campmeeting: Many things combined to make this a most successful meeting: The weather was ideal, the attendance was good. Never have we seen the day services so well attended, which means many came to stay. The dormitories were crowded.

The preaching was straight and practical. Evangelist MacIntyre is a very quiet man, but his message is pungent and searching. The altar was filled time and again. Brother MacIntyre was indefatigable in his efforts to lead the seekers into definite experiences of pardon or holiness. He was kind and sympathetic but hewed to the line.

At the closing service he preached on Judgment and hit everything in sight and many things out of sight.

You might call his sermon a message on shortages: Short lobsters, and short fish, short tempers and patience. The fussers and the grouches and holders of old grudges got their portion. Short honesty: "You must pay that old store bill, the pledges you have made to the church, and not rob God of His tithe." You must not be short on attendance at prayer meeting and all the means of grace. You must not be short on reading the word and prayer. You must not be short on morality, in destroying pre-natal life and defeating God's plan for a good family. But that pungent message did not tie up the meeting; the altar was crowded, many professing to find the need of their souls met in Jesus in the power of the Holy Ghost. A double, and at places, a triple circle encompassed the tabernacle while the happy company sang songs of full salvation.

Yes, Beulah Camp at that service became history, but I believe not merely history of the past but prophetic history of victories to come. I can think of different pastors writing to The Highway something like this: "Thank God for Beulah Campmeeting of 1948! It is making new history in our church. All of our services are better attended and there is a shout of praise, especially in our prayer meeting. Some have confessed they had lost out and ought to have gone to the altar in their church, but sought to save face by waiting till Beulah. But when they got to the altar they could get no where till they promised

the Lord they would go back to their church and tell it all."

Yes, we see better things ahead: The pastor himself got moistened up and preaches with unction. "Thank God for Beulah."

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Well, with that more than two hundred singing, shouting saints going back to their respective churches we ought to expect it to register there. If it does not then it was only a little emotional upheaval and it will all have to be repeated next year.

The word at Beulah was EXPANSION. There are different denominational projects on the schedule that will tax the faith and sacrifice all. The new departure of an Alliance Superintendent can be made successful only by the enthusiastic co-operation of the churches.

We missed this year at Beulah the boats on the river. The coming in of the boats to the wharf was always an occasion of interest at the Camp. People were coming and going. On such occasions the shockingly nude nators showed their swimming ability and daring diving skill.

But the autos and the trucks have driven the boats off the river. The old Purdy, they say, has been turned into a show-boat at a wharf in St. John. The only interest at the wharf this year was a baptismal service in which, I think, seven were baptized, while a vast throng looked reverently on.

It was blessed to spend a week in a place where we need smell no cigarette smoke (or tobacco of any kind). We heard not an unkind word but everybody was cordial and happy while in the services. We heard the gospel preached in its purity and power, and saw so many responding to the truth. Truly a holiness camp-meeting is a little foretaste of heaven. If you could not be happy at such a place I am sure you would be miserable in heaven.

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We were blessed at Beulah by the presence of a missionary and his wife from China, where they had spent some fifteen years. I forget this brother's name but he and his wife gave us great messages that stirred our hearts to a larger appreciation of the power of the Gospel to meet the needs of all nationalities. The faith and sacrifice of those just out of heathenism puts to shame our selfishness and unbelief. I did not hear Brother Jones from Barbadoes, who, they said, brought a good message. His good wife was a Miss Emery from the Fort and so we feel a special interest in him and his work. This was shown by a love offering to him which I am sure did not leave us any the poorer.

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I did enjoy Beulah; attended every morning prayer service but one, and every preaching service except one. Got up at six and got on my cot at about eleven. A good brother of another denomination let me sleep in his kitchen. I got not a wink of extra sleep all through the meetings. I got back to Frederickton Monday; spent some hours at my Brother Watson's home; took the 8.20 train for Boston; ran into Brother Moses and his wife on their way to Waterville, Me. Also met Brother MacIntyre in Portland. He had gotten out of his Pullman for a stretch. I have felt the reaction the last week with extra physical affliction poured upon me. For two days the heat here was intense which made it much harder on coming from the cool shades of Beulah. But Hallelujah! My soul was kept on top, and yesterday, Sunday, through the kind-

ness of Brother Chester Sabean, I was able to attend the Evangelical Campmeeting at Silver Lake. If Brother MacIntyre had been there I think he would have said: "How dry you are; how dry you are; you are DRY!" This is now Blue Monday but there is glory, not blueness in my soul.

BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT

A. B. Simpson

This means that not only should we have all there is of Him but He should have all there is of us. Is every part of our being filled with the Spirit? Have we received Him into our spiritual nature to lift us up into the life of God? Have we received Him into our intellectual nature to cleanse, to quicken, and to use? Have we received Him into our physical being to purify every member, to consecrate every power, to heal and to employ our lips and hands and feet and all our ransomed powers for the service and glory of Christ? This is to be filled with the Spirit. It means also to be filled with Him in all the circumstances, seasons, moments, interests, and occupations of our life. It means the immanence of God in all our human relationships and activities. It means to have Him in our business, in our trials, in our joys, in our gain and loss, in our family affairs, in the whole circumference of life. It is the spiritual application of the miracle of the widow's oil poured out into all the vessels of our diversified human life.

There's no time too busy for His leisure;

There's no task too hard for Him to bear;

There's no soul too lowly for His notice;

There's no need too trifling for His care;

WHEN JESUS CAME ALONG

Once my heart was filled with sadness,

In my soul no happy song;

All was sinfulness;

Headstrong wilfulness,

Until Jesus came along;

Then my sinfulness,

And my wilfulness,

Went, for Jesus is so strong.

How He more than shared my burden,

Made my outlook bright as day;

With His pardon;

Like a garden,

Beautified my earthly way;

Gave me pardon,

Made a garden

Of my heart like lovely May.

All my sorrow He effaces,

Satisfies my soul alone;

He solaces;

Adds His graces,

Gives me access to His throne;

He upraises,

Doubting chases

Whispers sweetly, "I'm His own."

—Major H. C. Tuttle

THE SECRET OF BIBLE STUDY IN FIVE SENTENCES

1. Study it through. Never begin a day without mastering a verse.

2. Pray it in. Never leave your Bible until the passage you have studied is a part of your very being.

3. Put it down. The thought God gives you, put in the margin of your Bible or your notebook.

4. Work it out. Live the truth you get through all the hours of the day.

5. Pass it on. Seek to tell somebody what you have learned.—J. Wilbur Chapman.