

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

Special services commemorating the 60th anniversary of our church are to be held at Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 3rd-7th. Every minister of the denomination should be in attendance and every church should be represented by at least two delegates. A committee appointed by the Alliance is now working on plans for this special event. Let every pastor and church co-operate to make this diamond jubilee a memorable occasion.

Rev. G. A. Rogers has been in the New England Baptist Hospital, at Roxbury, Mass., for a physical check-up. Brother Rogers has been advised by his physicians to take a few weeks of complete rest. Will members of The Highway family join in prayer for our brother. Those who wish to send a card or letter, write Brother Rogers: Address 50 Clapp St., Dorchester, Mass.

Lic. Wilfred Greene is supplying at Beulah Camp for the rest of the season.

Special services at Doaktown, N. B., closed Sunday, Aug. 8th. Interest and attendance was splendid throughout the campaign and many were blessed. Brother Conard Stairs is supplying at Doaktown for the month of August.

Bethany Bible College will open its doors to the student body of 1948-49 on Sept. 7th. A record enrollment is expected.

## THE PREACHER AND PRAYER

The very first sermon I preached as pastor of Moody Church, Chicago, was on "Prayer." As I drew my address to a close I said something like this: "Beloved brethren, how glad it would make your new pastor if he knew that some of you people sat up late every Saturday night and rose early every Sunday morning to pray for their minister." Those honest souls took me at my word. They sat up late on Saturday nights and they rose early Sunday mornings to pray for their minister. What was the result? When I took the pastorate the church—which seats about 2,200 in comfort—was never filled above the floor of the building; the galleries were never opened. But God heard prayer, and in a few weeks the place was packed.

But that was not the best of it. The power of God fell. And from that day till I left America there was never a single Sabbath without conversions. I don't believe that there has been a single day in the whole of the ten years that have since passed without somebody being converted in or about that building. You say: "That must have been remarkable preaching." Not at all. I was away five months in almost every year, but the work went on. And what God did for that church He can do for yours.—R. A. Torrey.

## A FAREWELL PARTY

The members of our church and congregation and many of the citizens of the town of Fort Fairfield, gave Rev. H. S. Dow, the retiring pastor of the Reformed Baptist Church, a great farewell party on Friday evening, July 2nd. It was held at the beautiful home of the Slipp sisters, where the people gathered until the house was full to overflowing, with a number sitting out on the front lawn. Most of the time was spent in singing old hymns. A delicious lunch was served, after which B. F. Kimball, in behalf of those present spoke

appropriate words and presented Mr. Dow with a very generous gift of money, as an expression of the people's appreciation of his work in the church and town. Many of the town's people expressed their regrets that Mr. Dow was leaving, and several said his place would be hard to fill. Mr. Dow tried to thank the kind-hearted people for these tangible tokens of their love and friendship.

After prayer by Mr. Dow the party broke up and the people left for their homes, wishing Mr. Dow farewell and God-speed.

## THE PREACHER'S SON

Edgar Guest

The preacher's son! Eyes off him, please!  
Away with all your dignities!  
A boy's a boy, despite the coat  
And collar round his father's throat.  
Drape not his childhood days in black,  
Nor whispering things behind his back,  
Don't write for him a sterner code  
Than other children down the road;  
Steal not from him one hour of fun  
Because he is a preacher's son.

Why do you watch the preacher's boy  
And censor his brief time of joy?  
Why shake your heads and gravely say  
His child should walk a narrower way  
Than yours or mine? When mischief breaks  
We smile at other boys' mistakes;  
Others from grim perfection fall  
And no one mentions it at all,  
Yet at some petty wrong he's done,  
The world exclaims, "The Preacher's son!"

So for the preacher's boy I plead—  
Grant him a normal life to lead.  
Young, full of life, is he, and vim,  
Do not expect too much from him;  
Let him be free to romp and play  
And be a boy with boys today.  
Do not with a curious eye  
His petty failing magnify;  
The days of youth are swiftly done,  
Don't spoil them for the preacher's son.

## ANOTHER TAVERN TALE

A nineteen-year-old boy, twice torpedoed and rescued at sea, a merchant marine veteran, was sentenced to forty years in prison by a Chicago judge on January 18, 1946, for having beaten a girl to death with his fists and having left her nude body in an alley. The evidence brought out in the trial showed that the youth, visiting relatives in the city, had spent a considerable part of a night at a tavern, had been served six whiskies and four bottles of beer inside of one hour, and was never asked for his age or identification papers. In commenting, the judge said: "If he had not been served with intoxicating liquor at the age of nineteen he would not have been standing before me today. If there had been no tavern open at four a. m., the girl would have been alive." The tavern-keeper was not brought into court, and his place is still open, with his bartenders still behind the bar selling more liquor to other men.—Editorial, Christian Advocate.

## QUARTERLY MEETING

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 4 will convene at Sandford, N. S., Sept. 16-19. The Superintendent will be in attendance.

## A DEEPER WORK

By G. W. Ridout

I find a great need of a deeper work among God's people. In many places things are very superficial, there is no depth of devotion or piety. There is not sufficient humility of soul, that clinging to God, that fervency of spirit, that glowing love, that urgency of prayer, that deepness of piety which ought to characterize the people of God.

We stand in need of going deeper yet! Many forget that the holy life is a progressive life, and that if we do not progress in holiness we shall retrograde and drop back into formality, into a dry profession and into a stale experience.

We are in a time and age when the tendency is towards the unreal and transitory, and we are alarmed at the growing superficiality of the religious and so-called spiritual people. Many are resting on past experiences. They seldom (if ever) testify to some new experiences and developments in the spiritual realm. There is no depth of spiritual life and power, and their prayer life is very deficient. I feel what we want all along the line is a breaking up before the Lord—an humbling of ourselves.

Charles G. Finney used to say that he needed frequent breaking up in his soul. If he went very long without it he would go dry. He said: "Unless I had the spirit of prayer, I could do nothing. If even for a day I lost the spirit of grace and supplication, I found myself unable to preach with power and efficiency, or to win souls by personal conversation. I found myself so borne down by the weight of immortal souls that I was constrained to pray without ceasing. I cannot tell you how absurd unbelief seemed to me and how certain it was in my mind that God would answer prayer, those prayers that from day to day and hour to hour I found myself offering in such agony and faith. My impression was that the answer was near, even at the door."

An eminent writer of long ago asks, "What is the remedy for this fitful, periodic piety, this disgraceful alternation of revival and de-cension, of foaming fulness, and fitful dribble of August drought? Did God decree that His people should run low like summer brooks, and is this the normal condition of the Church redeemed unto Himself? Is there not a divine fulness which can keep a believer always full to the brim and can make the Church steady in its flow?"

We need to be on the stretch for the "deeper yet" blessing; deeper in love, power, unction, and the deeper things of God.

The holy Bramwell of early Methodism, who seemed always going farther up into the delectable mountains of God, wrote once these words: "Justification is great, to be cleansed is great but what is justified or being cleansed when compared with this being taken into Himself? The world, the noise of self, all is gone; and the mind bears the full stamp of God's image. Here you talk and walk and live, doing all in Him and to Him. Continual prayer and burning all into Christ, in every house, in every company, all things by Him, from Him, and to Him. If things grow slack, Satan suggests 'Nothing can be done,' I answer, 'Much may be done!' Plowing, sowing, weeding, pruning, may be done; and these will give me hope of a blessed harvest. Go on, do all in love: but go on, never grow weary in well doing."