

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

Rev. H. C. Mullen has accepted a call from our church at Woods Harbour, N. S.

Lic. Bruce Bridgeo has accepted a call from our church at Jonesport, Maine.

The annual Missionary Convention of our Moncton Church will be held April 26th-May 1st. Special workers are Revs. Earl Newton and John Moe, of the National Holiness Missionary Society.

Dates for Beulah Camp of this year are: July 8th-17th. Youth Camp dates are: July 19th-31st, and Riverside Camp, August 12th-21st.

Special services are to be conducted by Rev. F. A. Watson and our church at Marysville, May 8th-20th, with Rev. Paul Currie and Mr. Albert Lane as evangelistic team.

A special campaign will also be held by Rev. N. E. Trafton and our new church at Truro, N. S., during the month of May with Rev. E. W. Tokley, of Ottawa, as evangelist.

The ground has been broken and work is going ahead towards the construction of a new parsonage at Black's Harbour, N. B. Rev. H. S. Wilson completes a very successful ministry in this community this year and he will be followed by Lic. Walter Fernley. It is expected that the parsonage will be completed by the time the new pastor arrives.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Mered Grant, wife of Rev. Mered Grant, pastor of our church at Havelock, N. S., underwent a major operation at the Digby Hospital, Digby, N. S., on Monday, April 18th.

HOME MISSION FUND

Saint John Missionary Society.....\$ 25.00
Gordonsville Church 10.00
Sandford Church 100.00
G. R. SYMONDS, Treasurer

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness will be held April 26th-May 1, 1949, in the First Church of the Nazarene, Kansas City, Missouri.

RIVERSIDE CAMP

Previously acknowledged\$395.00
Don Tompkins 10.00
Total.....\$405.00
OTIS W. AMES

HE ROSE AGAIN

A man was looking in a show window at a beautiful picture of the crucifixion. Standing next to him was a ragged little street urchin who was rapt in contemplation of the picture. Wondering if the boy really understood it, the man asked: "Sonny, what does it mean?" "Don'cha know?" he answered, "That there man is Jesus, and them others is Roman soldiers, and the woman what's cryin' is his mother—and, they killed him." The man turned away, and in a moment heard footsteps behind him. The little street arab said breathlessly: "Say, mister, I forgot to tell yer, but He rose again!"

—The Christian-Evangelist.

A MISSIONARY PLEA

"You have never stood in the darkness,"

And reached out a trembling hand,

If, haply, someone might find it

In the awe of a lovely land,

Where the shadows shift so strangely,

And the quick heartbeat is stirred,

If only the leaf be rustled

By the wing of a passing bird.

"You have never stood in the darkness,"

When soul after soul went by

In the mighty rush of a battle,

Where kinsman and comrade die;

And something says they are living,

Although we hold them prone

With eyes that stare out blindly,

As yet shall do our own.

"You have never stood in the darkness,"

And said good-bye to the wife,

The little child, or the mother,

Who have sat in your house of life,

And knew not where they were going,

As birds that cross our sight,

Flitting within from the darkness,

Flitting without to the night.

"You have never stood in the darkness,"

You do not know its awe,

On your land a great light shineth,

Which long ago you saw;

For the Light of the world we ask you,

We plead for the Book which shows

The way to win to His footstool,

Which only the white man knows.

O voice from out of the darkness!

O cry of a soul in pain!

May it ring as the blast of clarion,

Nor call God's host in vain!

By the pierced hand which saved us

Let ours do their work today.

Till from those who tremble in darkness

The shadows are swept away.

—Selected

FAITH

By Lulu Keen

I saw a boy in an open field

When I was passing by;

He was standing perfectly still

Gazing into the sky.

I said, "What are you doing lad,

What is it you see;

That you stand out here all alone

And watch so earnestly."

He said, "Lady, I am flying a kite

I am having a lot of fun;

I've got her up awfully high,

She is almost to the Sun."

So I stood and watched awhile,

Looking into space;

But though I looked and looked and looked

Of a kite I saw no trace.

I said, "Lad, there is no kite

I cannot see a thing."

He said, "Oh yes, Lady, the kite is there

I feel the pull of the string."

Sometimes we grown-ups lose sight of God,

Sometimes our faith grows dim,

Sometimes we are beset by doubts and fears

Because we can't see Him.

The scoffer says there is no God.

He cannot hear your prayer;

Then there is a gentle pull on the heart strings

And we know that God is there.

GREAT THE HARVEST—FEW THE WORKERS!

Fanny Crosby

Lo! the golden fields are smiling—

Wherefore idle shouldst thou be?

Great the harvest, few the workers,

And the Lord hath need of thee.

Go and work—the time is waning;

Let thy earnest heart reply

To the call so oft repeated,

"Blessed Master, here am I."

Go, and gather souls for Jesus—

Precious souls thy love may win;

Lead them to the door of mercy,

Tell them how to enter in.

Work while strength and breath remain;

Go, and gather souls for Jesus,

What are years of constant labor,

To the joy thou yet shalt gain

Go, then, work—the Master calleth!

Go, no longer idle be;

Waste no more thy precious moments,

For the Lord hath need of thee.

Once He gave His life a ransom,

That thy soul with Him might live;

Now, the service He demandeth

Can thy heart refuse to give?

LETTERS FROM OUR PASTORS

Port Maitland, N. S.

Dear Highway:

Just another note from this corner of God's vineyard.

Our pews are all installed and other improvements made on interior of church. You would hardly know it was the same church. We thank God for this forward step taken by these good people.

We had a wonderful day here yesterday, the 27th inst. We had the privilege of having our College faculty with us. Brother F. A. Dunlop preached for us three times. Rev. H. E. Enty was our song leader and he also sang three solos. There was a number of other selections, ladies and mixed trios, male quartette and a duet.

The dedication service held in the afternoon was as follows:

Opening Song—"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

Invocation, by Pastor.

Singing, Crown Him Lord of All.

Scripture reading—Rev. F. A. Dunlop.

Singing—Smith Ladies' Trio.

Table offering to which the people responded well.

Singing—The Mullen trio.

Announcements.

Singing: Solo by Rev. H. E. Enty.

Dedicatory prayer, Rev. H. R. Ingersoll.

Closing hymn and benediction.

Thus we feel another milestone has been reached by the R. B. Church at Port Maitland.

Rev. F. A. Dunlop preached three very forceful sermons which we feel will surely bring forth fruit sooner or later. We won't be here much longer to enjoy these pews but am so glad to see this done for the benefit of the next pastor. We are now looking forward to our revival campaign at Brazil Lake, April 17th over May 8th. Rev. H. E. Enty, B. A. B. D., as our evangelist. Please pray that we may have a gracious revival.

H. S. & MRS. MULLEN