

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

W. Edmund Smith

Just a few notes from a tired old man back from a three-weeks trip to New Brunswick. I landed at the home of Brother H. C. Mullen in Meductic, N. B., on May 4th. Found them making ready for moving to Wood's Harbour, N. S., a new charge in their native province. I feel like paying a little tribute to a remarkable family. Already Brother and Sister Mullen have had three children graduate with high honors from college and university. Miss Helen had a distinguished course at U. N. B. and is now the wife of a holiness preacher in the Province of Quebec. Wilbur graduated from Eastern Nazarene College with honors, got his master's degree from Boston University, and is now dean of men at his alma mater. He is fast on his way to his Ph.D. Vernon, who served in the Canadian R. A. F., was shot down but came back to finish his university course at U. N. B., received his degree at the recent Commencement. The two remaining children will soon be ready for college.

Now I say that this is a wonderful record for parents who never received what would seem to be a respectable salary; it is also a tribute to the industry, ability and perseverance of the children. The best of all, all but one of the children are travelling in the way the parents have led. I say this record is wonderful, made in these awful days of juvenile delinquency, and during the rule of **Liberalism** in Canada. The parents are soon on their way to see another son graduate, who is on his way to the holiness ministry. We hope to welcome them to Boston.

The day I arrived Brother Mullen carried me and his two youngest over to Millville to attend the Youth Rally. I was well entertained in the home of Brother Wilbur Braun. The rally was a splendid success. The attendance was good, the weather most propitious, and best of all, the evangelist, Rev. Cooper, a Free Methodist from London, Ont., was a very instructive and helpful preacher. He rang true to doctrine and experience of second blessing holiness. I was glad to hear that the revival meetings that followed resulted in many seekers and finders at the altar. Brother Park is loved in this town.

We left Millville on Sunday p. m. and had the privilege of preaching for Rev. Hartley Mullen, in Fredericton, Sunday night to an appreciative audience. We were met by our brother, Warren, and his son, Merton, and carried out to our old home on the Nashwaak. It never looked better than it does now, but we missed the good woman who took our mother's place many years ago, and became a mother to us all. She died at the age of 94, loved and respected by all. For nearly two weeks I had an opportunity to rest. We kept going, alternately between Brother Watson's in Fredericton and the old home. I attended the Encaenia at U. N. B. and saw 380 graduated. I attended three services in the revival campaign in the Marysville Reformed Baptist Church, led by Messrs. Currie and Lane. The attendance was good all the way through, and many seekers were reported. The spirit seemed good but the permanent results will be registered in the prayer meetings that follow. Sorry to say the pastor, Rev. Frank Watson, in the midst of the revival, had a serious hemorrhage and was carried to the hospital.

But the last revival found him home but too weak to attend.

While in Fredericton I attended a Conservative rally, held in the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel auditorium. The speaker was the Hon. Mr. Drew, leader of the Progressive Conservative Party. I presume there were about 400 people present. Mr. Drew is a man of fine personality. He and his party are out to save Canada, in spite of the fact that Canada ranks today amongst the leading nations of the world and seems to be enjoying prosperity. With the small crowd in attendance, and the leader of a great national party the speaker, I judged the most of the people in Fredericton and vicinity feel that Canada is pretty safe yet.

While at home I took a couple of strolls out into the hinterland. I found Brother and Sister Bert Nixon fairly well. They soon will change their location. I greatly enjoyed taking a stroll out to Lower Durham, meeting old men with whom I had worked in the lumber woods or on the river drive.

I had a good time praying in some homes and magnifying the grace of God. I found the little church unlocked, went in, had a time of prayer, went out into the cemetery and read the inscriptions on the tombstones. There side by side lie three brothers with whom I worked, all of whom died young. But I jogged on and finally found myself more than ten miles from home. I had passed over a splendid road, much of it through the woods, which gave me an opportunity to meditate on the sermon I expected to preach.

My soul was blessed in witnessing to many on the way. Next morning I was ready to resume. I took a bus trip to Chatham which today is a sort of a ghost city. Coming back I had the privilege of preaching twice for Brother Nicholson, being entertained in his home. That church building was beyond my faith and expectation. We had a nice group of people in the morning and about the same at night. Brother Nicholson is optimistic. He sees great possibilities not only in the beautiful village of Doaktown, but also in several places outside.

On Saturday, the 21st, I had a wonderful ride from Fredericton to Hartland with Brother Cann and his wife. Nashwaak, my old home, is beautiful, but the Saint John River is magnificent. We made a few calls in Hartland. Was glad to look into the lovely missionary home established by our church and to find the Sterritt Sisters well and happy. As I looked over the door on entering it seemed that they had taken up with "tongues," but they gave me the translation and so no action will be taken.

Brother Kimball met me at Hartland and carried me in a most meandering way over to the home of Brother Stanley Pryor, where we were delightfully entertained over Sunday. Brother Pryor has a beautiful place and he and his good wife love to entertain God's servants. He teaches a Bible Class in the morning in the Baptist Church nearby, and in the afternoon he teaches another class in the holiness church at Bloomfield.

We now come to the day of the dedication of the Bloomfield new Reformed Baptist Church. The day was most propitious and the crowd was great for a rural community.

This has been a remarkable movement led by Rev. Hollis Kimball, whom they all respect and love. God led him to hold the tent meeting that has ultimated in the building of this beautiful church. He has back of him a band of the

most substantial people in the community. The surrounding country has been stirred by it and the work will extend.

I never preached before to such a crowded house and many were outside, but heard the message by an amplifier. I had considerable liberty and God seemed to lift us above all tired feeling. We had to begin at four o'clock and so were rushed in delivery.

It did us good to meet so many old friends and to make new ones. We are so thankful that God is raising up a band of clean young men who are willing to pay the price and go the way of holiness.

On Monday morning Brother Pryor and his wife brought me to Monticello, where I caught the bus to Bangor. There we got a train which landed me in Boston about ten o'clock. Soon after I was back to my humble apartment, where the first thing I fell on my knees and gave thanks to God for all his mercy and care that had been mine all the way.

I was indeed tired next morning but was able to preach last night in a mission at South End Boston, perhaps one of the lowest and most degraded sections in Boston or any other city. But the same gospel that is good for rural Canada is good for the most depraved in a large city.

Let me say that I am a sort of pastor-at-large. If anyone who reads these lines has a friend or relative in a hospital or at home, who might like to have a visit from a preacher, I am at your service. I keep my soul alive by visiting the sick and the afflicted. We can't dry up if we give out what God wants to fill in. Amen.

One thousand trained missionaries for Asia and the Orient in the next ten years was the challenge issued to the Protestant churches by John H. Reisner, executive secretary of Agricultural Missions, Inc. Mr. Reisner has just returned to the States from a seven-month tour of the Orient in behalf of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.—Sel.

OBITUARY

The sudden death of **George A. Sommers** occurred at his home at Victoria Friday afternoon, May 13th, on his 82nd birthday. He had been in failing health for some time. He was born at Victoria and lived most of his life here. He was senior deacon of the Reformed Baptist Church and a devoted Christian. He leaves to mourn, the widow; four children, one son, Willie, of Chicago, Mrs. William Haywood, Mrs. Henry Elliott, of Victoria, and Mrs. Jasper Harris, of Chicago; 16 grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren. Rev. A. D. Cann preached the funeral sermon assisted by Rev. H. C. Mullen and Rev. Mark Bredin. Brother Sommers is missed by all who knew him.

Merid Francis Harvey, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Glendon Harvey, of Wood Island, Grand Manan, N. B., passed away at the Grand Manan Hospital May 9th.

The deceased is survived by his parents and four brothers.

The committal service at Wood Island was conducted by Lic. Walter Wilcox.

"Budded on earth to bloom in heaven."