



A number of ministers have taken up work in new pastoral relations, and a number of churches have already welcomed new ministers:

Rev. G. A. DeLong, at Beals, Maine.

Rev. N. J. Rice, at Houlton, Maine.

Rev. H. O. McGeorge, at Presque Isle, Maine.

Rev. R. T. Benson, at Old Town, Maine.

Rev. L. K. Mullen, at Woodstock, N. B.

Lic. Ole Kent, at Doaktown, N. B.

Rev. Willim Burbury, at Ingomar and Sandy Point, N. S.

Rev. M. W. Bagley, at Amherst, N. S.

Let us pray that these, and all other of our pastors and churches, may have a wonderful year in the service of God.

Rev. Ralph Ingersoll begins his work as General Secretary of the New Brunswick Temperance Federation August 1st.

At the time of this writing, Rev. and Mrs. Glendon Kierstead are scheduled to sail for South Africa from Saint John, Monday, July 29th.

A Home Mission campaign is scheduled for Havelock, N. B., beginning August 4th. Rev. R. H. Nicholson will be in charge of this meeting. Please pray for this meeting.

I ATTENDED THE BILLY GRAHAM NEW YORK CRUSADE

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strips from hearts their indifference and ignorance, and brings them face to face with the sin question. Every gesture, every phrase has just the one supreme goal,—even the odd ripple of laughter the influencing of the will to immediate decision for Christ. He has a splendid speaking voice, and he knows how to use it. Now he is using conversational tones; now he is sounding forth with force and vehemence. I have heard preachers use finer oratory, and present messages prepared with greater skill, but never with as great a sense of the presence of God, and of the awful responsibility on the shoulders of the speaker. He was carried away with his message, vibrating in every fibre of his being. There was strong feeling, but no froth of emotion, just the quiet, methodical forging of link upon link of argument, reason, and illustration. Concluding his message with a few words of earnest invitation for people to come forward and accept salvation, he then stood silent, with folded arms, and that deep penetrating look, searching, probing the audience, his face filled with warm color, and his lovely wavy hair, reddish dark blond, reflecting the lights from above. And the people came, quietly soberly, deeply moved, streaming down from the balconies, the choir, the great audience on the ground floor, came by hundreds, here and there a tear, many many young people, Five or six hundred, they stood at the front, silent, expectant, waiting. They were then directed to the counselling rooms where Billy addressed them briefly, and where they were individually dealt with by the chosen and trained councillors for fifteen minutes or so.

The rest of the audience streamed away through the exits, out into the bright lights of a New York that is deeply stirred, and has become God conscious. Police were directing the pedestrians, who marched across intersections twenty abreast to the busses that waited silently, parked the length of many blocks.

I walked with Mr. Marks to a waiting bus, and am soon back in my room, musing on that lone man, who

OBITUARY

The community of Port Maitland, N. S., was saddened by the passing of Mrs. Myrtle Hersey, wife of George Hersey, June 14, after a lingering illness. She leaves to mourn their loss, besides her husband, a daughter, Evelyn (Mrs. Clarence Macash), of La Pas, Manitoba; three grandchildren and two sisters. The funeral was held from Sweeney's Funeral Home on Monday, June 17, conducted by Rev. H. C. Mullen assisted by Rev. S. W. Ingersoll. Interment was made in the Port Maitland Cemetery.

Having failed to send in an obituary of Mr. Wallace Pierce, of Brazil Lake, N. S., when I should have sent it, I will do it now, with the hope of pardon for the failure.

Mr. Pierce passed away on March 19, 1957, while out repairing a fence and was found dead. He was a bachelor and lived alone and had reached his early eighties. When a young man he had been baptized and belonged to the Cedar Lake Reformed Baptist Church. There was a strange coincidence in my being called to conduct his funeral. Away back before I was married, when S. H. Clark was pastor on this field, I assisted him in a revival meeting at Cedar Lake. At a baptism one Sunday, I was asked to pray. A peculiar sense of God's Spirit fell upon me and I was enabled to pray, like perhaps I never prayed before or since.

After the lapse of eight or ten years, I was on the Digby boat on my way to Nova Scotia. A very large and tall officer of the boat, clad in uniform, came to speak to me, saying, "You do not know me but I know you." I could not recall ever having seen him. Then he told me about his standing back in the crowd at the baptism, and mentioned my prayer, and how it had affected him. The sea was very rough and he saw that I was not enjoying it, so made me follow him. He took me to his nice stateroom and fixed me up in his fine bed where I lay comfortably the rest of the trip. I never saw him again. About a month before he died, he told his brother that when he died to get me to attend his funeral, and also told the brother about the prayer and our meeting on the boat. He had said that I probably would not recall the instance but I remembered it well. As I said, I never met the man again and did not know that he had been living, till asked to attend his funeral. I know nothing about his relationship to God but the influence of that baptismal service had stayed with him through the many years. This will show how lasting impressions are, and how we may sometimes exert an influence when we are not aware of it.

By odd coincidence, the last funeral before this, a bit over a month, was of a man, Mr. F. Reeves, who had passed away alone while out cutting fire wood.

H. C. Mullen

strides up to his pulpit with far more naturalness and humility than the chosen Ministers who stand there to offer prayer or to read scripture. I muse on the man who at 3:00 in the afternoon, retires to his room to read, meditate, and pray over his message, and is alone until a taxi pulls up to take him to his service. Alone with God, there is imparted to him the life and fervour which gives his sermons the impact and power they manifest. Uncounted thousands are praying for him. Many are against him, criticism and condemnation surge around him. But God is using him and his wonderful organisation to touch and stir New York, and throngs from elsewhere that come in to the city to hear him.

"Revival is like a tide", he said, "It comes and it goes. Only once in a generation is a place like New York stirred like this. Now is the time for you to do what you can to help."

The King's Highway