

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE"

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His sovereignty. Isaiah saw God sitting on a throne, high and lifted up. He that rules on high, is willing to dwell in a lowly heart, if it is a holy heart. But he must have his way. He must rule.

His Grace. He is glorified in his grace. He is so compassionate that he gives double for all our sins. Gracious art thou, Oh thou grace-giver.

THE GENTLENESS OF GOD

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people . . . Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." Jerusalem was six hundred miles away and in ruins at the time. He knew it, but loved her still. Comfort is never addressed to the intellect, but to the heart. Comfort fits the heart better than the head. God has two thrones, one in heaven and the other in the lowly, holy heart. The gentleness of Jesus is exquisite. The Psalmist said, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." The greatness and gentleness of God are found side by side.

A bank of snow will stop a bullet almost as quickly as a plate of steel. Have you never felt the blast of a chilling wind blowing from a snow bank?

The sun is ninety-five millions of miles away. It blazes four hundred thousand miles high. It is most powerful heat and yet so gentle as to redden a rose. One has said, "God is so great, and I am so small, how can God care for me?" Value is not always in proportion to size. Put the Rocky Mountains in one end of the scale, and your baby in the other. Which is the greater? Pig-iron of equal size would outweigh the brains of a Webster or a Browning, but the brains were worth many times more. We crossed the Atlantic on the "Leviathan." She is 972 feet long, or three hundred and seventy two feet longer than the "Great Eastern." She develops 100,000 horse power. In the pilot room there was a needle. You could put a dozen of them in your pocket. Yet that little needle was the master of the great ship. When I was in school the lowest form of material existence was the atom. No one ever saw it. And no one knew what it was. But now they have broken the atom up and find that it is a great system, a universe of stars called electrons, and they travel as do the stars above us. So we have worlds under our feet, as well as over our heads.

When Willie's little sister laid aside her largest apple for a sick girl, Willie said, "Do you suppose that God cares about such little folks as us? Is he not too busy caring for the big folks to notice us much?"

Mary shook her head and pointed to her mother who was holding the baby. "Do you think mother would forget the baby," she asked. "She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he is the littlest."

God thinks of the feeble. Jesus said, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones." "Like as a father pitieth." "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." "He telleth the number of the stars." He does not count them; he does not need to, "He calleth them all by their names." The New Theology says, "He is not bothered about my sins." As false as hell. When the ninety and nine were safe, the shepherd went after the one. The woman went after one piece of silver. "There is joy . . . over one sinner that repenteth." If it had said, "There is joy in heaven over a nation converted," it would be very different. But joy over one—that is startling! "Ring the bells of heaven, Ring them loud and long!" Many are repenting this hour.

Pilgrim Holiness

DEATHS

Mrs. Nellie Henderson, of Old Town, Maine, died at her home July 10th. at the age of 81 years. She is survived by four sons, Lloyd, Norman, and Morris Goodwin, and Wilfred Henderson; five daughters, Mrs. Winnifred Fowler, Mrs. Althea Wyman, Mrs. Gertrude Proctor, Mrs. Doris Holt, and Evelyn Clark; and three brothers, Walter, George, and Charles Dyer. The funeral service was conducted at the Baillargeon Funeral Home, Old Town, by Rev. H. O. McGeorge.

Mrs. Charles Mitchell, of Old Town, Maine, died July 16th. at Hampden, Maine, at the age of 82 years. She was the widow of Mr. Charles Mitchell. Surviving relatives include four sons, John, of Old Town, Donald, of Milford, Conn., Norman and Quinton of Maine; two daughters, Mrs. Milford Kennedy and Mrs. Barbara Cross, of Milford, Conn.; one brother, Theodore Taylor, of Braintree, Mass.; and one sister, Mrs. Enid Hollege, of Quincy Mass. The funeral service was conducted at the Baillargeon Funeral Home, Old Town Maine, by Rev. H. O. McGeorge.

John W. Peterson, of Woodstock, N. B., died suddenly July 14, following a heart seizure. Mr. Peterson was well known in music circles of New Brunswick having taught in Marysville, St. Stephen, and Woodstock, and other communities. He was a native of Marysville, N. B., and was 64 years of age. The funeral service was held at the United Baptist Church, Marysville, N. B., July 16th., conducted by Rev. Watson Close, assisted by Rev. B. C. Cochrane.

Mrs. Alvin Hodgson, 72, of Presque Isle, Maine, died Saturday, July 26th. Surviving are her husband, a son, Edward, of Presque Isle; five daughters, Mrs. Elmira MacLaren of St. John, N. B., Mrs. Dorothy Moran, Mrs. Helen St. Thomas, Mrs. Pauline Dyer, and Mrs. Ruth Young, all of Presque Isle.

Funeral services were held at the Grenes Funeral Home, with Rev. H. O. McGeorge officiating.

Our thoughts and prayers are with the family at this time of bereavment.

DEAR JUNIOR CRUSADERS AND FRIENDS

At Beulah Camp this year we felt the need of a children's tabernacle very keenly. Over one hundred boys and girls were at the camp and when the main tabernacle was in use, there was no building large enough to accommodate this number for a worship service.

Therefore the alliance gave us a lot and we want to build a children's tabernacle and hope to have it ready for use next summer for our devotional service each morning, also it will furnish classrooms for individual classes during Vacation Bible School.

Rev. Randolph Nicholson is designing the building for us and Rev. Jack Stevens is in charge of construction and is treasurer of the building fund.

You boys and girls know that it will cost quite a bit to construct our own tabernacle at Beulah Camp, but it will be easy to reach our objective of \$1500 if each of us will do something. Start today to save for this great project so you will have something special to give during the month of October. Get your friends and relatives to help too and together we can build the tabernacle.

Start now to plan to be present when we dedicate this temple to the Lord.

God bless each of you as we work together.

Sincerely,

Ruth Black.

HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED?

The King's Highway