

Ministers and Churches

Quarterly Meeting on the Central N. B. District convened at Marysville, September 20-23. Those preaching included: Revs. L. H. Hicks, B. D. Price, M. W. Bagley, L. K. Mullen. Brother Chester Cochrane led the Sunday Morning Love Feast. A District Youth Rally was held on Saturday evening under the direction of Mr. Buddy Pond. A number of seekers were at the altar during the meetings. Those who found it possible to attend the Quarterly received spiritual blessing and inspiration. The pastor of the entertaining church, Rev. G. R. Symonds, reports that the Church was helped and encouraged.

Improvements are being made on the Meductic Church, including a new furnace, added classroom space, and redecorating in the main auditorium. At the close of a Roll Call service, held on Friday evening, Sept. 28, an amount of \$700. had been either received in cash or pledged. Rev. H. R. Ingersoll was the special speaker. Special singers at the service included Barbara Durling (Mrs. Wendall Landers at this date), a trio composed of Wendall Landers, Rev. Marvin Durling, and Lic. Gary Durling, and a duet by Mrs. Edward Mutch and Mrs. Robert Corey. This was a blessed service, as testimonies were given by members in the service and letters were read from those serving the Lord in other places. May God bless the pastor, Lic. Wendall Shepherd, and the members of the Meductic Church.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Mullen have returned to Port Maitland, Nova Scotia, following a two-months trip that took them across Canada by train to Vancouver, south to Los Angeles by plane, where they visited their daughter Ethel (Mrs. Harold Young) and from where they visited many points of interest, including Mexico. From Los Angeles they flew by Jet to Boston where they visited their daughter, Helen (Mrs. Kenneth Sullivan), and their son, Wilbur. They flew from Boston to Yarmouth on October 13.

A FRUITFUL PRAYER

I AM WILLING,
TO RECEIVE WHAT THOU GIVEST,
TO LACK WHAT THOU WITHHOLDEST,
TO RELINQUISH WHAT THOU TAKEST,
TO SUFFER WHAT THOU INFLICTEST,
TO BE WHAT THOU REQUIREST,
TO DO WHAT THOU COMMANDEST.

Amen.

SECOND WORK OF GRACE

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service for Christ as the time went on. The early joys of conversion had subsided. . . . What I needed, and what God wanted me to possess was the blessing of sanctification, or as others termed it, the baptism of the Spirit."

Every earnest seeker after God's fulness finds, eventually! God has promised this! "I dared to believe," Brother James said, "that at the moment of my faith and consecration the Lord sanctified me wholly. . . . I knelt before the Lord in utter abandonment. . . . The peace of God flowed gently into my heart. . . . The God of peace had sanctified me wholly." The time and place? He could give even that—Battersea Holiness Convention, London, England, Good Friday 1920.

The Wesleyan Methodist

DEATH

Thomas Morgan, North Head, Grand Manan, passed away on August 31. Surviving are his wife and one son, Keith. Funeral service was held from the St. Paul's Anglican Church, North Head, conducted by Rev. Harold Hazen. Rev. Ronald Madden

TOMORROW

He was going to be all that mortal should be—Tomorrow;
No one should be kinder nor braver than he—Tomorrow!
A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it, too.
On him he would call and see what he could do—Tomorrow!
Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write

—Tomorrow!

And thought of the folks he'd fill with delight—Tomorrow!
It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today,
And hadn't a minute to stop on the way;
More time he'd have to give others, he'd say—Tomorrow!
The greatest of workers this man would have been

—Tomorrow;

The world would have known him had he ever seen,
Tomorrow!
But the fact is he died and he faded from view,
And all that he left here when living was through.
Was a mountain of things he intended to do—Tomorrow!

—Anonymous

NEVER BEEN ASKED!

Some time ago while visiting in one of our church homes—a home in which the mother was a member of our church, but in which the father was not—we talked about other things until little by little the conversation moved toward spiritual matters. Then rather suddenly, the young husband said, "While it is true that I have never accepted Christ as my Saviour, it is also true that I have never rejected him, because," he explained, "actually no one ever asked me to accept him." I waited a moment and then said, "I wonder if you will accept him now?" He said, "I certainly will."—Edward H. Pruden.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Nota McCall

Lord, today I come to Thee—a mother, seeking guidance. I read in Thy Word that "we are labourers together." Keep this ever on my heart and teach me to share with Thee the many cares and problems that come each day. Help me to realize the great responsibility that is mine; but more than that, let me remember that Thou art anxious to be included in this task of home building.

With a mother's love, help me see beyond the smudgy face and torn shirt; the endless "Why's?" and muddy shoes. Make my eyes perceive all that is wrapped up in my little boy—those possibilities, like precious ore, that await development.

Let me not shirk my job of molding character, though it be a long and tedious one. Strengthen me, lest I weaken when the path is unpleasant, for there are times when love is best displayed by chastening. Help me to teach by example, Lord, for those are the lessons "best learned." Keep me humble and faithful to my task, so that I may place these little hands in Thine, and start his feet on the upward way while he is young and eager.

O God, grant unto me these petitions and let me sing with Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord. . . . For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden." I thank Thee, Father, for Thou didst make me rich when I became a mother.

The King's Highway