

FROM HEAD OF MILLSTREAM, N. B.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in the Name of the Lord from the Head of Millstream.

Looking back we cannot recall that a letter has been sent to the Highway from this area since we have come. We are praising the Lord for the fine Christians He has given us to work with here in this community. They seem to be always willing to stand behind the church and pastor at all times. It is for these reasons we believe that much is being accomplished by a few.

It has been a little over a year since a complete new bathroom was installed. Since Christmas of this year a large wood furnace has been installed in the parsonage and kitchen cupboards have been completed. The Young People have taken on a project of raising money for a new carpet for the church which we hope we can have laid this fall, and we hope also to be able to dedicate the basement of the church which is planned to be completed this summer.

We are pleased to be able to announce that in a recent business meeting, the church accepted the challenge of becoming a 10% church or tithing to missions for the first six months of the new church year. We believe that as a result God will reward our faith and give such victories that it will never be questioned as to the wisdom of such a move. I would like to say that God especially used the few articles in the Highway recently to make this challenge real: the article by Rev. B. C. Cochrane; Rev. Wm. Burbury and the church at Old Town, and the article about the Young People's Group at Marysville. Our prayer is that God is challenging other churches in the same way.

We are looking forward as a church to the meeting beginning May 5th, and we are trusting that God will be able to reach many souls for his kingdom.

The Young People's Group seems also to have taken new life and vigour and we believe it will soon move forward also.

Yours in Christ,

George & Hazel Hopkins

P.S. We rejoice in the Lord to be able to report that as a result of the "Lane Adams Crusade in Sussex", Associate of Billy Graham, that from our church Two were saved, One reclaimed and one church member rededicated her life to the Lord. (Could it be there is a connection between our decision to become a greater missionary church and being a growing church? I believe there is.)

One man 74 years of age that came back to the Lord whom we as a church have been praying for told me this week: "I have used tobacco ever since I was a boy, but I have not touched it since Sunday, and am never going to again. It is hard! Every hair on my head is begging for it, but I am determined not to touch it again."

We are looking forward to the coming months and the blessings of the Lord.

Sincerely In Christ

George A. Hopkins

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Getting even with a person means putting yourself on his level.

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If you aren't as close to God as you once were, you can be very certain as to which one has moved.

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The man who removes mountains begins by carrying away small stones.

Chinese Proverb

SPECIAL PRAYER REQUESTS

By Rev. G. A. Hopkins for special services at Head of Millstream, beginning on May 5 with Rev. D. E. Pike the evangelist.

For Mrs. Warren Hayes (Iola) of Head of Millstream, who has been ill all winter.

For Mrs. Gordon Hayes (Isabel) who has been stricken with acute arthritis and is confined to bed. Mrs. Hayes is the mother of five small children.

By Rev. Oland Kent for special services to begin at Liverpool on April 29 and continuing to May 10 with Rev. and Mrs. Hazen Ricker as special workers.

For several couples in the Liverpool Church who are under conviction and who need to be saved.

THE VESTIBULE OF PRAYER

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and wonderful room, this secret inner chamber of prayer. In this light Christ stood and smiled on me, and I saw in Him what I had really never noticed before, wounded hands and feet, riven side, the thornprints on His brow, and the stripes of the whiplash upon His back. This was the Man, the Son of God, Who had hung upon the Cross of Calvary, and had died of a broken heart, and had risen again from the dead, and lives for evermore in the fullness of abundant life.

We bowed ourselves together at the side of this gaunt gray rock, and prayed with our hearts, but not with spoken words. The agonies of Gethsemane descended upon us, and our hearts were wrenched with groanings which could not be uttered. This crushing burden of intercessory prayer I could not bear for long. Soon we arose, and my heart was bathed in a great and triumphant joy and glory.

This was real soul travail, real intercessory prayer. Here in fifteen minutes I learned more about the Christ of the Cross, than I could have learned about Him in following in His footsteps across all the hills of the world in a lifetime. A little piece of His own broken heart had been placed within me.

I could now see His five bleeding wounds as I had never seen them before. In a new way my feet would walk by His side, my hands would labor for Him, and my heart love Him and grieve for the lost. In a new way my back would bear His burden, and my head think His thoughts. My pressing tasks would not be so pressing now, and in my praying and fellowshiping with Jesus, I would pass beyond the mere Vestibule of Prayer.

"Oh Christ of Gethsemane, and of the Cross, my Lord and my God," I cried, "why did it have to be so long before Thou couldst lead me through that little door, into this Secret Room of Intercession, beyond the mere Vestibule of Prayer? Why did my eyes have to be so dim, my ears so dull and my heart so heavy, that you knocked at my heart's door so many mornings in the dawnlight in vain, and departed vexed and grieved? There be many who are as I was. They see not, know not, nor do they understand."

"They have never asked the question, what lack I yet? When I touch their hearts, and they become restive, weary, and ill at ease, they stifle those tender yearnings. When they sit with Me, at the foot of the cross, their hearts are bound up with the cares, the tasks, and the pleasures of this life, and their mouths are full of words, words, words. They feel that they have no time to wait on Me in the solitudes, until their hearts can be still and be aware to hear. They build with wood, hay, and stubble, not gold, silver, and precious stones. And I wait at the Cross with a loneliness and a grief that they seem never to understand nor know."