

HOW IS THIS,

Holiness people need wisdom. Many of them are not able to reason well, therefore they make erroneous and hurtful statements.

For instance some of them reason this way: We don't see great meetings like we did when holiness first came about. Therefore something must be wrong. The preachers have compromised. The people have all backslid. The whole thing is a failure.

Not a bit of it! Such reasoning is fallacious and such statements are hurtful because they are false.

It is true in most sections where holiness has been preached for the past ten or twelve years that we don't see such crowds and such demonstrations as we did when it first struck the country. Why is this? Not because the preachers have all compromised; nor because the people have all backslid.

There are hundreds of blessed, sanctified people who are standing true to their convictions, their Bible and their God.

What is the matter then! Well, if there is anything the matter it is this: When holiness first came about people were not fortified against it; and therefore they were not able to resist as they do now.

Curiosity brought people from far and near and when they came they were slain by his mighty power and brought to a knowledge of salvation. Glory to Jesus!

But at last people hardened their hearts, some backslid, some went one way and some another, and finally the lines became sharply drawn and thus conditions have entirely changed.

People don't use the same method of warfare against holiness as they did when it first struck the country. Then they turned the holiness people out of the church or preached against them. But they soon found that would not do. So they saw the best way was to let them stay in the church where they could starve 'em out or tone 'em down and tie their hands so they could do no harm.

Even some Methodist preachers who don't believe in holiness at all will send off and get holiness preachers to help them in a meeting or two, to blind and mislead the unwary and to make people think that "we all believe in holiness."

Thus conditions have changed. But this is no evidence that holiness is dead or dying. True holiness is moving on and gaining ground all the time.

We sometimes hear holiness preachers lambasting their crowd and they make use of such statements as these:

"If all of you who profess holiness were what you ought to be and had what you profess, we would see all these sinners come speedily to Christ."

Well, now, that is not so. If everybody in the world who professes religion had just what they profess and were just what they ought to be, still there would be thousands of people who would stay in sin and go to the devil at last.

Brethren, quit making such statements. They are false. They hurt the cause.

Some preachers will go to a place to hold a meeting and he doesn't preach but a time before they begin to give him pointers.

They tell him there is a man or a woman in the camp that are not what they ought to be, and that he can't have a meeting there till certain things are dug up and gotten out of the way.

So the preacher—like a fool—begins to dig, and expose, and uncover until the place stinks with an imaginary order and everybody talks and talks.

The meeting closes and nothing done, and the blame is put off on some poor old individual who was in no way responsible for that failure.

Now, if that preacher had listened to nobody and preached "Christ and Him crucified" and raised no false issues, he might have seen a glorious revival.

The devil knows how to defeat a revival; and if we let him he will do it.—Holiness Advocate.

"Life more abundant is found in the flowers of a fragrant experience that bloom all the year round on the grave of the 'old man.'"—Selected.

"There is as much difference between a passive Christian and an active Christian as between a frog-pond and a mountain brook."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

While I was going the broad way of sin,
The robbers they there did await,
To strip me of all that was godly and clean,
And left me to die in that state.

By chance came a preacher in his priestly robe,
But his heart was as cold as a stone,
He looked as he passed and saw my sad state,
But he left me to suffer alone.

The next was a Levite, a christian by name,
He came to the place where I lay;
He saw I was stripped of money and clothes,
And he quickly hastened away.

The next one that came was despised by the world,
But he saw I was ruined by sin;
He lifted me up upon his own beast,
And took me away to the inn.

He bound up my wounds, put his robe upon me,
He filled up my heart with his love,
He opened my eyes, gave me sight for to see,
And I knew that he came from above.

This dear one was Jesus, so kind and so true,
So full of compassion and love;
He is seeking the lost ones so low down in sin,
To give them a home up above.

He paid all the price on Calvary tree,
In agony, sorrow and blood;
That poor guilty sinners like you and like me,
Might live in the light of His love.

Sin is the robber that infests the way,
It may be rum, whiskey or gin,
But come to the Saviour before you are bound
In these cruel fetters of sin.

No powers on earth can break the strong cords
That Satan has laid upon thee,
But the lion of Judah can break every chain,
And set your poor captive soul free.

CHORUS.

Come, come, oh! sinner come,
To the Saviour who died on the tree;
He will fill up your heart with the light of His love,
And from sin He will set your soul free.

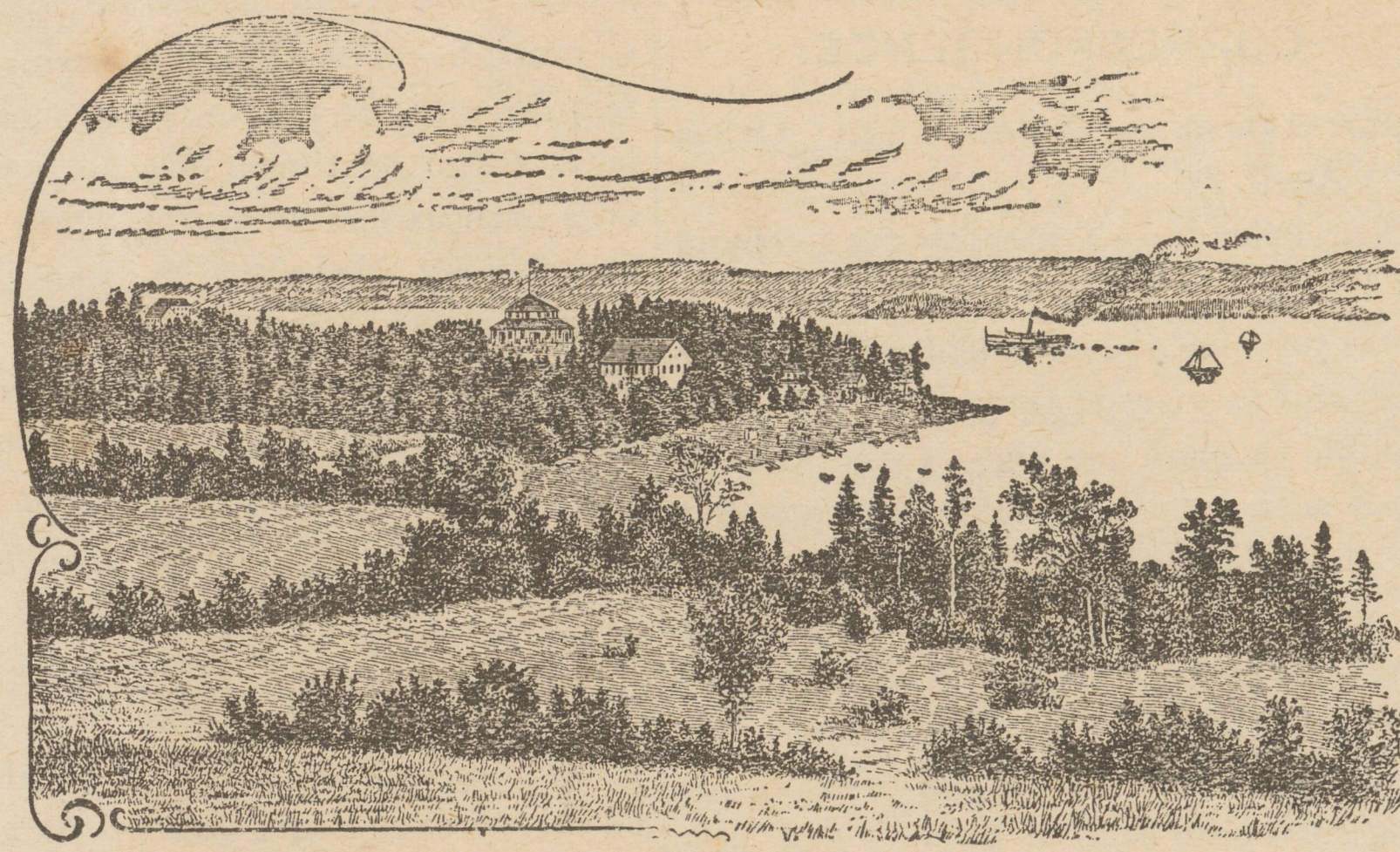
WRECK AND RUIN.

The awful havoc wrought by the San Francisco earthquake and the fire that followed it has appalled the nation. Everywhere the story has been told the people have responded to the cry for help by sending millions in money, clothing and provisions to the stricken city. This is well. It magnifies our faith in humanity. Yet the loss in life and property at San Francisco is a small affair when compared with the annual loss caused by strong drink in this land.

The San Francisco disaster resulted in the loss of probably one thousand lives and \$200,000,000 in property. There was much hardship for the survivors, as a matter of course. Suffering was severe for a while.

Let us look at the result of alcohol. Our national drink bill the past twelve months is, in round numbers, \$1,200,000,000, or more than six times the loss entailed by the San Francisco disaster. Alcohol kills directly one person each five minutes; that is twelve each hour, or two hundred and ninety each day. Every four days our saloons destroy more lives than perished in the San Francisco disaster. The suffering that comes to the unnumbered thousands because of the saloon's ravages cannot be computed. This goes on year after year, and society continues the even tenor of its way undisturbed and unheeding.

Add to this the death, destruction and misery resulting indirectly from the use of intoxicants and the sum total becomes vast beyond our comprehension. All this may be stopped whenever the people will so to do. Were it possible to forever prevent the recurrence of such a disaster as the San Francisco earthquake how long before the nation would undertake it. Where in the nation would there be voice raised in protest against it? Who would stop to reckon the cost? Human life and comfort, the protection of property de-



Riverside Camp Meeting Aug. 9-18.

Beloved, let us pray for, and expect the richest meeting ever held on this Beautiful Camp Ground. Riverside is finely situated within a few miles of the villages of Bridgewater, Blaine, Mars Hill and Baird's Mills, and one quarter of a mile from Robinson's Mills, and only a short drive from Centreville and Tracy's Mills, N. B., in the midst of a prosperous farming district on both sides of the line, in fact within easy distance of fifty thousand people, so that we have no

question about a large attendance. The Bangor & Aroostock R. R. gives a grand service of six trains daily, which stop at the grounds. The Camp Ground will be improved this season. The dead trees have been all cut out and an excellent well has been drilled near the horse barn to supply the horses, so there will be a plentiful water supply.
Board \$3.50 per week, rooms 50c. per day. Berths for men 25 cents per night.

mand it. All will concur. Why then this indifference to the ravages of the saloon? When will the nation arouse out of its sleep? All this loss and suffering easily preventable, and the nation silent and indifferent! Congress votes millions to assist the desolate of San Francisco and refuses to vote to protect the lives and property of more thousands than ever lived in the great state of California when it would cost them not a penny. The time must come when it will all be changed; when the people will not by law, be denied the right to protect themselves against the saloon.—Wisconsin Issue.

RULES FOR CHILDREN.

There are many things which both girls and boys forget to do, and many other things which they do they fail to do right. A mother who tenderly cared for her children wrote down for "punctual observance" the following little rules:

Always say, "Yes, papa," "No, papa," "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "Thank you," "Good-night," "Good-morning."

Always offer a chair to a lady or gentleman.

Always be quiet when others are talking.

Never pass before anybody, unless really necessary, and then ask to be excused.

Keep your faces, clothes, shoes hands and finger nails clean.

Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and every thing in its place.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or tables.

Never overlook anyone when reading or writing.

Never sit up late. If you would be healthy and bright, go to bed early and get up early. Rap before entering a strange room, and never walk out with your back to the company.

Never get angry. Never cry unless you are much hurt, or feel very badly, and then don't cry much.

Be kind to everybody, be cheerful and helpful, and you will always have many friends.—Sel.

TWO AWLS.

One of Mr. Wesley's helpers had been a shoemaker, and like so many others of that craft, he was also a bit of a philosopher. At one of their meetings a young recruit in the service was speaking of the sacrifices he had made to enter it, and used the very common phrase, "I have given up all to be a Methodist preacher." When he sat down the ex-shoemaker arose, and said: "I have done more than that. I had to give up two of the best awls in the kingdom when the Lord called me to be a preacher." It would appear that those awls were still of good service in puncturing balloons of spiritual pride.—Sel.

"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house. Pro. 25-24.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPETERSBURG, Natal,
South Africa, April 20th, 1907.

Dear Highway,—We praise the Lord this morning for victory through the blood of the Lamb. We praise him for a little corner in his Vineyard where we can work together with him. We are willing to fit into the obscure places and not be seen or known or heard if we can but win to Jesus the souls whom he died to save.

Though we realize as never before our inability to accomplish anything of ourselves, yet our Father honors us by giving us little errands to run for him.

Yesterday Mr. Keirstead and I spent the day in kraal visiting, we rode about fifteen miles, visited quite a number of kraals, only to find the doors of each hut barred in many places, only dogs and pigs to keep guard while the occupants were harvesting their Amabele.

We went to the gardens where the people would stop working while we talked to them about their souls. We visited one kraal where a woman and boy have been sick for some time, here we held service. There were nine present who greatly enjoyed singing with us, all wanted to believe save the head man who did not, though he was willing for the rest to become christians. He was busily engaged in preparing Indian hemp while we talked. When dried this is used as tobacco.

We did the best we could to point them to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world" and pray that as the result, they may grasp for themselves the promises for eternal life.

It was pitiful to see this boy so emaciated and realizing that he would soon die no doubt, without any hope, yet he is anxious to believe, but it is not easy for one to believe something entirely new, so we must pray much and deal patiently with them until they can accept Jesus to save them personally.

We talked with twenty three in all, seventeen of whom want to believe as they say.

We greatly enjoyed the day, crossed several dougas and climbed hills worthy of the name of mountains. At some places we could count fourteen or fifteen kraals dotted on the hill sides, each kraal containing from three to fifteen huts according to the number of wives.

A week ago a man came early in the morning asking Dr. Sanders to go with him to bury a child that had died, the grand-mother also came and wanted a box to serve as Coffin. Very frequently when one is very sick, they are reported dead—meaning they are sick enough to die, so this man was questioned but he said the child was dead indeed. He said the grave wasn't dug so Dr. Sanders told him to return and let him know when they would be ready for the burial. Towards night the grand father sent word the child wasn't quite dead, we heard nothing more until today, the child died this morning. Mr. Kierstead accompanied by Faith, held the burial service.

Some of our young men who have been away to work for some time have returned strong in the faith and ready to assist at the out-posts again.

There is a great deal of sickness around us, several have died very suddenly from malaria. This is aggravated by the recent heavy rains, quite unusual for this time of year.

We praise the Lord for physical health and for all the blessing that come to us direct from the hand of our Father.

We are in prayer with you these days for a real harvest of souls both in the home land and in this dark land of heathenism.

Yours in Christian love,
IDA M. KIERSTEAD.

The way through the Red Sea was safe enough for Israel, but not for Pharaoh; he had no business to go that way; it was a private road that God had opened up for His own family.—Thomas Rhys Davies.

There is but one result that can warrant the agony of Calvary; that can satisfy either our blessed Saviour or ourselves; and that is our being conquerors over sin.—Mark Guy Pearse.

Discord is a bad thing in a house. If possible it is a worse thing in a church or denomination. Better to live in peace in a small house.

HOLINESS THE BEST ANTIDOTE FOR HIGHER CRITICISM.

Fighting the Higher Criticism is good as far as it goes, and we would not say one word against it, but it will be a failure, for it does not go deep enough. Heresy is one of the works of the old man, according to Paul. When a Church fails to go on and get sanctified, heasies will break out, like swarms of flies in hot weather. Holiness of heart is the great safeguard against false doctrines. It is either holiness or heresy for the church. There is no middle ground. If all the preachers who are now fighting the Higher criticism would turn their meetings for the defense of the Bible into holiness conventions, there would be no need of fighting the higher Critics. A holy church is the best defence of the Bible. Either holiness or Higher Criticism will capture the church. It is time to quit cutting off the branches and go to cutting down the tree of sin that puts forth its heresies.—Ch. Witness

PRAYER OF THE UNFORGIVING MAN

Let any one who is treasuring in his heart anything against his brethren and sisters in the church, or against any other person, read and ponder well the following:

Conceive an unforgiving man, with heart full of wrath against his neighbor, with a memory which treasures up the little wrongs and insults and provocations he fancies himself to have received from that neighbor; conceive such a man praying to God Most High to "forgive him his debts, as he forgives his debtors." What in the mouth of such a man, do these words mean? That you may fully understand their meaning I will turn them into a prayer, which we will call "The Prayer of the Unforgiving Man" "O God, I have sinned against thee many times; I have been often forgetful of thy goodness: I have broken thy laws; I have committed many secret sins. Deal with me, I beseech thee, O Lord, even as I deal with my neighbor. He hath not offended me a hundredth part as much as I have offended thee, but I can not forgive him. He has been very ungrateful to me, though not a hundredth part as ungrateful as I have been to thee, yet I cannot overlook such base ingratitude. Deal with me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as I deal with him. I remember and treasure up every little trifle which shows how ill he has behaved to me, Deal with me, I beseech thee, O Lord as I deal with him." Can anything be more shocking and horrible than such a prayer? Yet this is just the prayer the unforgiving man offers up every time he repeats the Lord's prayer.—Selected.