

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

W. Edmund Smith

Beulah campmeeting will soon be here. You are to have a fine preacher and evangelist in Dr. MacIntyre. But no evangelist alone can make a great meeting. It "takes sweat and blood and tears" to make that. Yes, it is all of faith, but not the comfortable easy faith that settles down to enjoy the preaching but fails to get under the burden.

Modern means of locomotion militates against the real success of a campmeeting: Folks can come and go so easily. "Yes, I have been to the campmeeting. I went one afternoon and left the next day; or I was there for over Sunday." This is the record of so many. Such folks don't put much into the meeting and get little out of it. In olden times the voice of prayer was heard in tents and cottages between services and at night, now they say we must have some athletics and physical recreation. But some think that the campmeeting management has gone on to perfection when it has opened up a recreational field.

One of the most glorious privileges a child of God enjoys is his success to the throne of grace, where he communes and holds fellowship sweet with Jesus in the power and blessing of the Holy Ghost. We may rightly judge our spiritual state by the love we have for the place of prayer. But our praying will be a hard exercise unless we have the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost. To really pray in the Holy Ghost means that all conflicting passions and lower motives have been cleansed from our heart, and to see Jesus glorified is the supreme desire of our soul. He can put a groan within us that makes us understand, feebly perhaps, the feelings of "Him who maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." This takes time and physical strength. This is what we meant by "sweat and blood and tears"—the giving of ourselves a living sacrifice. Getting the blessing only gets us into the army and arms us for the fight. The battle for holiness has ever been won by soldiers of Jesus Christ, and they, like Paul, can show some scars received in the conflict.

We are just back from a nine-day visit to N. Y. State. I found wife feeling and looking very well for her age. But I presume she would resent being called an old lady even as I am surprised when people intimate that I am an old man. I visited a former charge to which I went forty-two years ago and where we saw good success in a hard fought battle. I was entertained in the home of a couple who were saved and sanctified in our meetings then, and was so glad to find them still pressing on in the good way of holiness. The holiness people were practically driven out of the church I served. Some found refuge in the Wesleyan Methodist Church two miles away. I had the delightful privilege of preaching in this church on a Sunday morning to a nice congregation. The experience of holiness is more than a flash in the pan; more than fluctuating emotions; more than an orthodox theology—it means to be rooted and grounded in love and the going on in the way of real spiritual progress.

Your church has had special meetings; we are glad to hear encouraging reports from different fields. You can judge by your prayer meeting after the campaign as to how deep the truth went. Do you have just the same

little bunch, or are there new faces and new voices to augment the praise and testimonies of the meeting?

We are living in a day of awful compromise of the truth as to the eradication of sin from the heart by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We hear very little definite preaching along this line even in holiness churches. Here is where the battle has always centered. Leave out the destruction of inbred sin and you can make holiness popular with the carnal church; and alas! so many are leaving it out. We have heard about a version of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out, so there is much so-called holiness preaching with real sin-killing holiness left out.

Some are majoring on building up the Sunday School as the way to make the church prosper. I was brought up in the S. S. and always gave it a good place in my ministry. I recognize its importance under proper conditions. But to put on great drives for the S. S. to bring in a crowd of unsaved folks, so that they are in the majority, means that worldly methods must be adopted to entertain them; carnal teachers must be employed, and the entire programme of the school adjusted to please a worldly crowd. I can show you Sunday Schools that run up well to the thousand members, yet in the same church while they have a mid-week service, yet it would be a stretch of the imagination to call it a prayer meeting. A couple stand to pray and then the pastor takes over to occupy the hour; of course they have some singing. The spirituality of many a church is just the inverse ratio to the number in its Sunday School. Organized classes with their parties every month and separate picnics, etc., may create considerable activity, still we have yet to see how they have ever contributed to the real spiritual progress of the church. It is apt to be along the line of wood, hay and stubble which Brother Dow ably discussed in the last Highway.

I recently heard some of the most remarkable preaching I have ever heard. It was by a little girl just eight years old. She has been in Boston with her father and mother and a young lady. They make a most attractive evangelistic party.

Renee, the child's name, began preaching at six years. She has toured Tasmania, Australia, China and the British Isles. I went very much prejudiced against juvenile preaching. I got up in disgust in Tremont Temple and left the service once when a twelve-year old held forth. She was so self-conscious and tried to be smart.

But I must confess when this little thing sang and then spoke for twenty minutes, with the deliberation of an old preacher, but the artlessness of a sweet little child, I was amazed. She was so free. Nothing absolutely memorized. If she got names mixed she would make the correction with perfect poise, and tell the Bible narratives and draw spiritual lessons therefrom in a most captivating manner. Such a memory for a child! Such a persuasive spirit! All my prejudice vanished. At times I had to laugh and then the tear would come. The sweet thing about it is she is so natural and seems to feel and understand all that she speaks. Many went to the altar as the result of her appeals, while she seemed to pour out her little soul in prayer for them. My heart was melted. I heard her three times and always felt the same. Think of a child of eight

preaching on Saturday night and twice on Sunday to thousands of people. Tremont Temple was crowded. A preacher with two degrees and has taught homiletics said he was amazed. Yet after all I feel sorry for the little tot. They are off to another tour of Europe. While she can read the Bible fluently and pronounce big words correctly and use good grammar, yet one feels she will burn herself out. But the like of this Boston has never seen before.

On Saturday evening, May 9th, there was a remarkable meeting held in the great Boston Garden by the "Word of Life Hour," under the leadership of Jack Wyrzten. The writer got there at 7.45 and found it hard to get a seat below the third gallery. The officials of the Garden reported 14,500 present. It was a marvellous sight to see this great company, composed largely of youth and middle-aged, met together on a Saturday night, when in a great city everything is open for wild dissipation.

There were 1500 in the choir and the singing of the old salvation songs was most inspiring. Testimonies were given by two prominent young Boston business executives, to the saving and satisfying power of Jesus. Four young people, all graduates from college or university, told of their conversion to Christ and their call to the foreign field. Jack followed with his message based on the words, "And he brought him to Jesus." It was purely hortatory but strong in its appeal, and in its denunciation of sin and the magnifying of the power of Jesus to meet the problems of every individual. Here are some of his statements: "You are either a child of God or a child of the devil. You are either on your way to heaven or to an eternal hell. No matter how good you are morally, perhaps belonging to a church and doing so-called religious work, but, unless you have been born again you are a child of the devil. Young woman, you need Jesus. Thousands of girls in this country every year, land in the house of shame. Illiteracy is on the increase in our land. You need Jesus, young man, young woman, to save and keep you in these awful days."

He pleaded softly and tenderly for at least ten minutes for decisions, and the record is that 750 went forward. They came from even the third balcony. The meeting lasted about two hours and a half. No one seemed to leave the place. The attention was faultless. Never since the Gypsy Smith meetings, more than twenty years ago, have we seen such a sight. God only knows how deep it went. But it is encouraging to see more than fourteen thousand people willing to listen to such testimonies, singing and exhortation in so long a service on a Saturday night.

I might add that Jack Wyrzten was brought up a Universalist, as a young man he swallowed Evolution, but finally got saved and is about the hottest hell-fire preacher we have ever heard.

WEDDINGS

On May the 18th, at the R. B. parsonage, Havelock, N. B., Mrs. Mabel Sleep, of Coles Island, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Black, and Lestley Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corey, of Butternut Ridge, were united in marriage by Rev. B. D. Price.