

## BROTHER GEORGE P. BOWER.

A grand company of these dear brethren and sisters who were among the first to accept of the gracious blessing of entire sanctification in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, have already passed into the blessedness of life eternal, some of whom we hope to be able to give short sketches of in the Highway in the near future.

Our dear brother, George P. Bower, of Sandford, N. S., whose picture accompanies this sketch, is now past his 80th year of age, and is just lingering a little with us.

Brother Bower was born in Shelburne Co., N. S., on Dec. 8th, 1832, of Loyalist ancestry, who settled along the Shelburne river, having left the United States at the beginning of the troubles between Great Britain and the United States. His father was a member of the Church of England; his mother was a godly woman of the early Methodist faith, who early in life taught her children the way of salvation.

At 9 years of age, Brother Bower says, he for the first time took God's name in vain. He felt so badly after retiring for the night he waited until his brothers were asleep, then he arose and prayed for forgiveness and found peace, and never afterwards swore an oath. At the age of 14 years he met with an accident by which he crushed his foot so badly that he had it amputated after being carried 16 miles on a stretcher, after which he moved to Kemptville, Yarmouth County. In 1854, while spending the night with some friends, he for the first time took part in prayer with others, and was richly blessed. The next spring he was baptized and united with the "Free Christian Baptist Church," but in his Christian life found it very hard to testify in public or do personal work in helping others. Not being satisfied with his experience, he sought God definitely in earnest prayer, until he was lost in the raptures of love and became a victor over self, and the world, and sin. Three months later he was licensed to preach by the F. C. B. quarterly meeting.

During some business troubles in 1861 Brother Bower lost the blessing that had been so rich to him. But in the early days of the holiness movement he was brought to realize the loss he had sustained, and in a holiness convention held at Beaver River, N. S., by the late Rev. Wm. Kinghorn, Rev. G. W. Macdonald and Revs. B. Colpitts and A. Hartt and A. Kinney, he again sought and found the Pearl of Great Price, which great blessing has enabled him through all the years since to say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," and now as life is drawing to its close our dear brother looks back over the past with joy and says: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith" and I have the witness that there is laid up for me a crown which my Lord will bestow on that day.

Brother Bower has been, and is now, a strong advocate of the blessing that resulted in the organization of the Reformed Baptist Denomination, and has stood with the work from the beginning.

Since writing these notes we have received his personal testimony, which we give to our readers.

"Light obeyed increaseth light;  
Light resisted bringeth night."

—Selected.

## HE WROTE "BEULAH LAND."

"O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land!  
As on the highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory shore,  
My heaven, my home, for evermore."

Edgar Page Stites, the writer of the famous hymn, "Beulah Land," is now an aged man living in modest retirement at Cape May, N. J. His pen name of "Edgar Page" has hidden for three decades the real authorship of a song that has voiced the religious enthusiasm of countless millions.

"It was in 1876 that I wrote 'Beulah Land,'" said Mr. Stites. "I could write only two verses and the chorus of 'Beulah Land,' when I was overcome and fell on my face. I could only weep and write no more. That was one Sunday. On the following Sunday I wrote the third and fourth verses, and again I was so influenced by emotion that I could only pray and weep. The first time it was sung was at the regular Monday morning meeting of Methodist ministers at 1018 Arch street, Philadelphia. Bishop McCabe sang it to the assembled ministers. Since then its story is known wherever religious people congregate. I have never received a cent for my songs. Perhaps that is why they have had such a wide popularity. I could not do work for the Master and receive pay for it."

Mr. Stites is now seventy-four years of age, over six feet tall and straight as an arrow. A remarkable thing about him is that the eyes with which he still "looks away across the sea" have never needed glasses. At seventy-four years of age he can still see to read and write without glasses.

## HOSPITALITY AS AN INVESTMENT.

A certain young couple in beginning their home life together, made this resolution: "We will never be ashamed to ask a chance guest to sit down with us to a meal, however plain the meal may be."

They are now middle-aged and they have kept their vow. Their friends pity them because they have always been "overrun with company." They do not pity themselves.

Not that this unconventional exercise of hospitality has always been easy. Real grit is needed on the part of the hostess if she is to invite a guest to sit at a table on which there is only pancakes and maple syrup, or bread and butter and fried-over potatoes—and every housekeeper knows how prone guests are to appear when the larder is at its lowest. But these two are undaunted, and they have their reward.

They could go around the world and find acquaintances in almost every land. They could cross the continent and spend each night in the home of a friend.

But they do not need to travel in order to enjoy the fruits of their little investment. Letters bring them news from many lands. Newspapers, containing as they do, tidings of friends and former guests, read to them like personal letters. They are citizens of the world, cosmopolitan in a very real and practical sense, and all because they have dared to be independent in the matter of china and deserts.

For after all it is independence that is needed in order to make hospitality popular.

The most of us would be hospitable if we dared. We mean to entertain our friends as soon as we can have new napkins and new paper in the dining room. When we get the napkins, however, we find that we also need a new set of tumblers, and when the paper is on the wall we find that new window curtains are imperatively demanded. So, waiting to get ready to be hospitable, the most of us let hospitality lapse altogether. The simplest hospitality is always the most acceptable, yet some of us who preach this doctrine are in our hearts afraid to live by it. We know that a welcome is the sauce that makes all food savory. Still the voice of pride whispers persistently, "What would ———, who is used to seven courses at dinner, think of a meal without even salad?"

We ourselves are made happy when we are taken into the intimacy of a friend's family circle, when we sit down to a meal that has cost no one extra weariness of body or a strain upon the purse. Yet we hesitate to entertain our friends as we like to be entertained.

Why not make a simple investment in hospitality? If we wait to entertain elegantly the most of us will never entertain at all. Why not do what we can as the days go by, and put by a store of happy memories and associations with which to enrich our future? — *Christian Instructor*.

## DEAD CHRISTIANS.

In Philadelphia there lives a man who, according to the army records, died in the Civil War. But he stoutly denies it. The official register at Gettysburg declares he is dead; and not only so, but it affirms that he is buried in that very cemetery. That makes no difference to him. Yet he makes the most of it. Every year on Memorial Day he goes into the cemetery and strews flowers on his alleged resting place. Then he returns to his home, inspired by the thought that he has done his duty by himself.

There are so-called Christians who by every law of judgment are spiritually dead. The records of the church say they are. The world confirms the statement. Their own friends insist it is so. Yet they persist in claiming to be alive. They remain in the church, they are prominent in its public services, they occupy high seats in the synagogue, they strew their own graves with flowers and think it a huge joke.

Strictly speaking, of course, a dead Christian is a contradiction of terms. When a Christian becomes moribund he is on the way to extinction as a Christian. When he has passed out of the Christian life he ought no longer to bear the name. He ought to be buried. No dead man has any right to disturb the equanimity of the living. He ought to be out of sight.

If the churches could thrust their spiritually deceased into good strong sepulchres, what an improvement there would be in the religious climate, and what a quietus would be placed upon the scoffers at Christianity! But the dead Christian is not willing to be entombed. He is an ungovernable sort of a corpse. He is determined to remain above ground. How much more rapidly the Church of Christ would grow if such defunct individuals would only consent to be buried, or what is still better, if they would but pray God for the touch of His divine power to invigorate them into newness of life.—*Selected*.