

## DIED.

Deacon Moses Clark, formerly of Marysville, passed peacefully to his reward on the 24th inst. This is the third deacon of the Marysville church who has been called within two years. A more extended notice of Brother Clark's death will appear in the Highway of September 15th.

## SCORING THE DANCE.

"Billy" Sunday has no admiration for the dance, and he never fails to score it when he gets a chance, and he is not slow to let loose his battery upon it. In a sermon at Scranton, Pa., recently, he used the following language in condemning the practice:

"The dance is immoral. Every man and woman carries a breast full of passions, the same as are possessed by the bad, and those passions become a tinder box to consume morals whenever brought into contact with the temptress. The dance is conducive to immorality. In the dance and on the ball room floor you allow liberties to men that you never allow them elsewhere. You grant men liberties on the ball room floor that if a man other than your husband would attempt in your home and your husband would find you at it, he would have no trouble in securing a divorce and if he shot the man no jury in the world would convict him for it."

"Fathers and brothers," he said, "you don't seem to realize when your daughters and sisters go to these dances they meet strange men and associate with older women and learn to smoke and drink; and you can bet that when a girl gets so low that she will smoke and drink, she is on the toboggan slide and going to hell fast. It does no harm to keep your daughter away from dances. She runs a big risk in going. In God's name play the safe side."

"The dance is the hotbed of immorality and vice, and I denounce it as the rottenest, most hellish vice-producing institution that ever wriggled from the depths of perdition. It is not innocent amusement. It is the worst amusement. It has caused the downfall of more girls than anything else. Six saloons do not do as much to rot the morals of girls as one dancing school. And this municipal dance hall proposition is all rot."—*Free Methodist*.

## MISSIONARY TOUR OF CHURCHES.

As soon as Brother and Sister Kierstead get rested after their long journey, we are planning for them to make a tour of our churches to give the people the privilege of hearing about the African Mission direct from the field.

We hope the churches will assist us in planning these meetings. We will have notices printed and sent for distribution a week preceding each meeting that all may note dates of meetings.

S. A. BAKER.

## NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 1 will convene with the church at Lower Brighton, beginning Thursday evening, Sept. 17th, 1914. Will the clerks of churches please send written reports to the Secretary, Rev. P. J. Trafton, Hartland, N. B.

"It is impossible for a man to be godly who neglects secret devotion, and next to impossible that he should ever become so. You may as well talk of a wise fool, a wicked saint, a sober drunkard, an honest thief, as of a prayerless Christian."

## Personals.

Sister Joseph Bullock had the misfortune, a day or two after returning home from Riverside Camp Meeting, of making a mis-step and falling down stairs and breaking her left wrist and fracturing the elbow of the same arm. She was taken to the hospital and at last report was doing well. All of her many friends will be sorry to hear of the accident, but glad it was not more serious.

Sister Pearl Clark is spending a few weeks with her mother and sisters at Gibson. She was called home from New York, where she has been employed as a professional nurse, to nurse her father, Deacon Moses Clark, but he passed away before her arrival.

Sister J. C. Maxon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Beardsley, of Woodstock, N. B.

Mr. S. C. Page, of Astles & Page, contractors, of Caribou, Me., Mrs. Page, S. C. Page, Jr., Ross Page and Miss Barbara Page, spent the week-end with Rev. S. A. and Mrs. Baker, Fredericton, returning home by Automobile on Monday.

## QUARTERLY MEETING.

The first district quarterly meeting will be held with the church at Lower Brighton, beginning Sept. 17th, and continuing over Sunday, the 20th. Let there be a large gathering. Pray for large spiritual results.

## THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

There's preaching to-night on the old camp ground,  
Sinners now are coming home;  
The Spirit is here and lost souls are found,  
Glory rends the old tent dome;  
Many are the poor blinded souls here to-night,  
Groping their way to the grave;  
Oh, come this way, dear sinner, Christ will give you sight,

Your precious soul will save.  
Preaching to-night, preaching to-night,  
Preaching to-night on the old camp ground.

There's praying to-night on the old camp ground,  
Praying to our God on high;  
That power may come down, mercy may be found,  
God will in his love draw nigh;  
Bless his holy name, he is ever the same,  
Patiently hears every prayer;  
The blind, the deaf and dumb, the palsied and the lame,  
Have leaped to joy from despair;  
Praying to-night, praying to-night,  
Praying to-night on the camp ground.

There's singing to-night on the old camp ground,  
Hallelujah, let us sing;  
The Saviour we've found and for heaven we're bound  
Hallelujah, to our King;  
Everybody sing, make the melody ring,  
Come swell the angelic throng;  
Oh, glory, glory, glory, hear the angels sing,  
Joining with us in the song;  
Singing to-night, singing to-night,  
Singing to-night on the old camp ground.

There's shouting to-night on the old camp ground,  
Pentecostal day has come;  
Such joy, love and peace, ne'er before was found,  
Emblem of our heavenly home;  
Sinner, won't you come, Jesus pleads with you now,  
Come and be saved while you may,  
Oh list, he bids you now lay hold the gospel plow,  
Now is the time, don't delay;  
Shouting to-night, shouting to-night,  
Shouting to-night on the old camp ground.  
—Dr. J. F. Saul, in "Songs For Jesus, No. 5"

A salvation that don't save from sin is not worth paying the tax on. A man with a level head and a big soul and a sweet experience and a loving disposition is all O. K. If you are blood-red and sky-blue and snow-white and red-hot and as sweet as honey, you have got the blessing real good.—*Bud Robinson*.

## MARRIED.

At the residence of Mr. George A. Britton, Woodstock, N. B., Aug. 5th, by Rev. W. B. Wiggins, B. A., Mr. Dow R. Billing to Miss Lizzie M. Marr, both of Millville, York Co., N. B.

## CHARLES H. SPURGEON'S DEBT.

The great preacher Spurgeon once told this story of his childhood:

When I was a very small boy in pinafores, said Mr. Spurgeon, and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare ask at home. What then was I to do?

There was a little shop in the place where nuts and tops and cakes and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dawson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady.

I argued with myself that Christmas was coming and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps a whole silver sixpence. I would therefore go into debt for a stick of slate pencil and be sure to pay for it at Christmas.

I did not feel easy about it, but still screwed up my courage and went into the shop. A farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed anything before my credit was good, the pencil was handed over to me by the kind dame, and I was in debt! It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it.

"How my father came to hear of this little piece of business I never knew, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it! He was a sensible man and none of your children spoilers, for he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate and play at what big rogues call financiering, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt on the head at once, and no mistake.

He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it, and how a boy who would owe a farthing might one day owe a hundred pounds and get into prison and bring his family into disgrace.

Then I was marched into barrack, crying bitterly all the way down the street and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew I was in debt.

The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the debtor was free, like a bird let out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt! How did my little heart declare and vow that nothing should ever tempt me into debt again! It was a fine lesson, and I never forgot it.

If all boys were inoculated with the same doctrine when they were young, it would be as good as a fortune to them, and save them waggonloads of trouble in after life.

Ever since that time I have hated debt. To keep debt, dirt and the devil out of my cottage has been my greatest wish; and although the last of the three has sometimes gotten in by the door or window, for the old serpent will wriggle through the smallest crack, yet, thanks to a good wife, hard work, honesty and scrubbing brushes, the others have not crossed the threshold.—*Presbyterian Record*.

No wealth is real that can be taken from us.—*Selected*.