

EXTRACT FROM EVANGELIST ANDREW JOHNSON'S LETTER IN THE PENTECOSTAL HERALD.

Brother Johnson visited Toronto and Montreal on his way to Beulah Camp Meeting.

The next city that claimed our attention was St. John, the capitol of New Brunswick. It is located on the noted Bay of Fundy at the mouth of the beautiful St. John River. The most remarkable thing in connection with St. John is what is known as the "Reversal Falls." There is a rock gorge for about one-half mile in length where the St. John River pours down into the Fundy Bay. But every twelve hours the river's current is reversed and the water runs back the other way. The Falls are now in the other direction. This is caused by the high tides on the Bay which force the waters of St. John back in the opposite direction. It is one of the wonders of the world.

The camp is located about twenty miles up the river on one of the most beautiful spots on the continent. The river is two miles wide. Its waters are clear and look blue like the ocean. The camp has all the varied scenery of rugged cliffs, deep forest, velvet slopes, green grass, graveled walks, rustic cottages, blooming flowers and murmuring waters.

The tabernacle is well built in the form of an amphitheater with closing doors. It will easily seat a thousand people.

The meeting is under the auspices of the Reformed Baptist Alliance. This branch of the Baptist Church stands for holiness as a second work of grace. The camp was a glorious success. Many souls were blessed. God gave gracious victory. Dr. W. C. Keirstead, the Secretary of the Food Conservation Committee for the entire Province, gave a great speech on the War and Food Problems, in which he declared that the President of the United States had expressed the ethical side and moral aim of the Allies better than any man in the civilized world. We were so patriotically blessed that we almost felt like disturbing the meeting with three cheers for Uncle Sam. At the close of his speech the writer was called to make a few remarks. We said to them, "We owe Russia pity, Belgium support, England and Italy and France co-operation. We owe the German people liberation, the world democracy and the Kaiser a licking, and by God's grace we purpose to pay all our debts.

At the close of the service one preacher, Rev. S. A. Baker, Editor of the King's Highway, said, "Let us sing, God Save the King, and close." The audience joined in singing, God save the King. I was thinking there were some kings that needed to be saved. Then he said, "Shall we now sing a verse of 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee, for our brother?' I, of course, answered in the affirmative. The audience struck up "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty, of Thee I Sing." Land ahead! I never enjoyed that stanza so much before in all my life.

The best thing, by far, connected with the trip was the salvation of precious, immortal, blood-bought souls. Among the number blessed was Capt. A. G.

Stone, of Nova Scotia. He had seen active service on Vimy Ridge and Ypres. He was one of the soldiers who helped blow up hill 60 on Vimy Ridge, the world's greatest explosion. He entreated me to exhort the Americans to furnish Bibles for all the soldiers.—Andrew Johnson.

THE POWER OF A HOLY LIFE.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, gives in one of his letters an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a sort of crib; never once could she change her posture for all that time. "And yet," says Dr. Arnold—I think his words are very beautiful—"I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love and of a sound mind. Intense love, almost the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself, save as regarded her improvement in all goodness, wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's work or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear of impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work. May God grant that I may come within one hundred degrees of her place in glory."—Sel.

HOLINESS LITERATURE.

We would mention, as one of the great means of this propaganda, the holiness papers and literature which are sown broadcast throughout the nation. There are quite a number of distinctively holiness papers which, from week to week, carry their message to a vast constituency, who not only read the message of full salvation contained in these papers, but talk and disseminate the truth they receive, among their fellow-beings. In addition to these religious journals, there is scattered broadcast every year, tons of literature setting forth the doctrine of perfect love, and urging upon the people the necessity of clean hearts and holy lives, abundantly provided for in the atonement, and absolutely necessary in order to enter heaven. This literature is the sowing of the seed for a gracious harvest, yet to be gathered into the granary of the Lord.—Pentecostal Herald.

SCRIPTURE A NEVER-FAILING TREASURE.

The mine of Scripture is inexhaustible; and from the time at which it was first opened, till the time when faith shall be exchanged for sight, not one labourer who works therein, even from the most robust to the most feeble, will remain unrewarded by a participation in its wealth.—Sel.

"Happiness is nothing but that inward, sweet delight that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our will and God's will."

INTENSITY OF SCRIPTURAL PRAYERS.

The Scriptural examples of prayer have most of them an unutterable intensity. They are pictures of struggles in which more of suppressed desire is hinted than what is expressed. Recall the wrestling of Jacob—"I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" and the "panting" and "pouring out of soul of David"—"I cried day and night, my throat is dried"—"I will wait for my God;" and the importunity of the Syro-Phoenician woman with her "Yes Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs;"—and the persistency of Bartimeus, crying out, the more a great deal, "Have mercy on me;"—and the strong crying and tears of our Lord, "If it be possible! If it be possible!" There is no weakness desired of here.—Sel.

WHAT THE BIBLE DOES NOT SAY.

The Bible is a book with a single purpose; and that purpose is to reveal the sinfulness of the human family, and a method of salvation from that sinfulness. And of course a book that has only one end in view must necessarily be silent with reference to a thousand other subjects. Two years ago a man was galloping on horseback, as if he had seen a spectre, down the bank of a New England river in the dead of night. His mission was to inform the sleeping dwellers in a number of manufacturing towns farther down the stream that the great dam farther up the river was about to burst its barriers. The horseman, as he sped along, trampled myriads of flowers under foot, but he had nothing to say of botany. He rushed by hundreds of projecting rocks, rich in stories of prehistoric ages, but he had nothing to say on the subject of geology. Over his head the starry hosts were marshalled as they had been since the foundation of the world, but he had nothing to say on the subject of astronomy. He had just one mission—to inform the sleeping toilers of their danger, and how they might escape it, and he had no time to devote to the consideration of any other subject, however important, or however fascinating to other minds. So it is with God's Word. Its single object is to tell us of sin, and its cure. On this subject it is full, and explicit, and infallible.—Sel.

A SONGFUL RELIGION.

Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Atheism is songless; agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful; but Judaism said: "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;" and when Christ came the angels greeted His birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fullness and strength of voice with each century.—Advance.

Perseverance is an element of success. If you only knock long enough and loud enough at the gate, you are sure to wake up somebody.—Longfellow.

"If you sow an act you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a destiny."