

CORRESPONDENCE

Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.

Dear Bro. Trafton: Just a line to notify you of my change of address. I arrived in Wilmore a few days ago. I was very glad and thankful to be able to return to Asbury.

There is a series of revival services being held at the college. Dr. H. C. Morrison is the evangelist. Many have been saved and others sanctified. God has been working in a marvellous way. Some very hard cases have yielded and have been wonderfully saved; others sanctified.

Trust that you are having a good time. Hope that the Spirit of the Lord is permitted to reach hearts in Salem at this time. I must close for now. Kindest regards.

Yours in Jesus,

HOWARD ROBERTSON.

Easton, N. S.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find money order for renewal of the King's Highway. I enjoy reading its pages and always look forward to its coming.

JULIA MULLEN.

Island Falls, Maine.

Dear Bro. Trafton: We are trying to get ready for our special meetings from October 19 to Nov. 2. We are praying that this will be a real Holy Ghost revival. Brother Emery Cosman is to be our evangelist. Please pray for us.

The good people of my churches gave me a vacation the last of September. I spent part of the time at my home in Benton, N. B., and the rest of the time with my wife's people at Cliftondale, Mass. I preached once at Springfield, N. B., and once at Cliftondale. While in Massachusetts I had the privilege of hearing Dr. Chapman, editor of the Preachers' Magazine, and Dr. H. O. Wiley, editor of the Herald of Holiness. These men are not only wonderful writers, but also good preachers of holiness.

Please pray for the work here. God does bless my soul as I preach His word to the people of these churches. Both churches support me by attendance and prayer. There are many unsaved ones here in this community and we want to win them for Christ.

Yours for truth,

G. A. ROGERS.

WHEN YOU SLEEP IN CHURCH!

By a Pew Sleeper

This is a confession—confession of a pew sleeper to his pastor. And, it is made in hope of a change. For, the sleeping habit, in my case, is a confirmed habit. It has been growing for years—going on, in fact, ever since I ceased being a pastor myself.

There is a reason why I sleep in church. I want to analyze, if I can, the cause. I want to bring about a cure, a radical cure, for as older I grow (I am now sixty-one), the habit is more fixed, more annoying to me, and seems less and less possible to be cured.

And yet there is a cure—I'm sure of that. I wouldn't recommend the method of cure used by an old English tithingman. When a sleeper nodded, so the story runs, the tithingman, armed with a short pole, would steal up to the unconscious, open-mouthed sleeper, and gently rap him on the pate. It usually had the desired effect.

No, I wouldn't like to have that tried on me, nor on my associate sleepers, bald or other-

wise, as that would detract attention from the sermon.

Now, it seems to me, as a victim of sanctuary somnolence, that the foul air in the audience room is not altogether the main contributing cause for my untimely repose. No, the air may be oppressive, as it oftentimes is, yet, I've had the same soothing touches of the Goddess Morpheus when at camp meeting in an open-air service, where the ventilation is as perfect as anywhere in nature's native woodlands.

It is the high-keyed, oratorical tones of the preacher that lend beguiling influences to the listener, till he falls off—sometimes off his seat—and, nodding ludicrously from side to side, attempts to keep his stupefied brain on what the man before him is saying, who vociferates—and occasionally berates the unhappy victims of this unholy, unlovely, unbecoming habit of sleeping in church?

But, as I asserted, there must be a cause. Is it a spiritual, physical or mental inertia? Why, under the beneficent influences of a worshipful assembly, must the otherwise normal church attendant go dozing off as soon as the hymns are sung, collection passed, and the man of God gets under way for a half hour's discourse?

Can it be caused by a previous restless night alone? I hardly think so. I've had it attack me, and hold me in its relentless, though persuasive, grip, when I've passed a bad night, but equally when I've enjoyed a good night's rest. It's a habit, I say, and a very bad one to get into, but I'll also advance the opinion that hereditary and constitutional tendencies enter in as contributing factors.

My grandfather slept in church. My father slept in church. My eldest brother slept in church. Therefore I sleep—not because they did, but in spite of it. And, then, too, I'm sixty-one. And since the habit was begun some years previous to my last birthday, it becomes easier now to sleep.

I've tried remedies. Keeping my feet off the floor doesn't work. There's something connected with the sleep-producing cells and the spinal chord which permits of undisturbed repose, even when I'm resolute to keep awake.

I've tried an open Bible; tried conning a hymn book; tried fanning myself in hot weather; tried making notes of the sermon; tried looking the preacher out of countenance, but all in vain—"all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The man of God does his best to stimulate my flagging spiritual energies. He fails. My spirit seems to succumb to the monotony of high-keyed delivery, and so I fail. My seated neighbor to me—on my request—gives me a suggestive punch. He fails. I go right off again, when these well-meant and timely reproofs are administered.

The fact is, I'm a confirmed pew sleeper. I know it and want to reform, or rather, to be informed. Where is the way out? Who can advise, devise a plan, so I shall not suffer an untimely demise in things spiritual?

For, the habit is disgrace. It sets a bad example. The victim loses the thread of the sermon, good, bad or indifferent, and he doesn't get the worth of what he puts in the collection plate—if that can be estimated in dollars and cents. It leaves his brain in a stupor afterward. And that's bad, too, in the class meeting. It works a hardship on the nerves and spirit of the hard-working preacher. And that, too, is no small matter. Finally, it disgusts the man of God to think he's not appreciated.

Behold you! I've found a way out! Not by the note-taking route. Not by the punching act. Not by resolutions—effective as they sometimes are in other cases—no, not by promising oneself to reform. No—none of these—nor any other devices named, are included.

It's by sharp-shooting. You know in the Civil War the soldier who slept at his post was shot. And the soldier in the army of the Lord is just as surely on duty as was the solitary sentinel alone at the midnight hour.

The enemy was liable to invade then, and the arch enemy is on the alert in aggressive warfare now. The scripture makes it plain that "when the enemy comes in like a flood (or like a thief) the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him."

And the devil likes to have folk go to sleep in church. They're on duty—no question as to the responsibility attached to sleeping at one's post in war-times, and there's no question as to the grave breach of trust in sleeping during church time.

Whether the devil uses physical weakness, tired-out nerves, hereditary tendencies, or some other causes to further his designs to steal away the senses of the sleeper during engagement of battle with the forces of darkness, one thing is sure, the drowsy soldier is certainly at disadvantage and needs some heart-stirring shots fired his way—shots which will take effect.

If the preacher is a good sharpshooter, has skill in the use of weapons of warfare, knows how to handle tactfully the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," it may be he can bring the sorry sleeper to his spiritual and physical senses.

"Brother Brown, Brother Smith and Brother Jones, bring your Bibles to church next Sunday," calls out the sharpshooter from his elevated position. They are brought.

"Now, Brother Brown, I want you to take these references and open your Bible to the places given and be ready when I call for them to stand and read the proof texts during my sermon. Brother Smith, I wish you to take the slips handed you and do the same as Brother Brown. And you, Brother Jones, you may be ready to follow, when, in the same order, other references connected with points in my sermon, are given."

Wouldn't Brothers Brown, Smith and Jones hate to be awakened? I shouldn't wonder if the arch enemy would be obliged to try some other scheme to enthrall his victims.—*The Free Methodist*.

GOD'S ALL-SUFFICIENCY

Our weakness can never fall to a depth lower than his power can reach. Our necessities can never exceed his resources. Our difficulties can never be so involved but that his wisdom can direct us. Our sorrows can never be so acute or so accumulated but his Spirit can assuage and relieve us. For his eternity we place in opposition to all that is temporary; his immutability in opposition to all that is changing; his immortality in opposition to whatever has in it the seeds of decay and death! his all-sufficiency in opposition to all is inadequate.—Selected.

—Christian Witness

But for salvation, and its accompanying standards of living, Europe and America would be where the heathen are. Out of sheer thankfulness for the privilege of being born in a civilized land, make an offering to missions.—*Herald of Holiness*.