

where they appear in evening attired, the men in their tuxedos and cutaway coats and the women in dresses with nothing in the back.

The Group declared they were out to take the world for Christ and to revolutionize Christianity. They told that St. John N. B. had been swept like a prairie fire. That the mayor and his opponent were both on the platform joyously testifying to a new-found peace. They said the fire was going to Fredericton. In the middle of the meeting several left the platform to take taxis for Fredericton, N. B., and the others stopped all proceedings and bade them goodbye. There was a great hand-shaking on the platform as one said "goodbye Jack," another "goodbye Harry", or Mary or Polly as the case might be. They were unconventional. But in all the two-hour meeting I heard not a single note of praise; an amen would have been out of place and yet they all were relating the wonderful things God had done for their souls. There was not an audible prayer and the singing of only two stanzas of "Onward Christian Soldiers" sung very feebly; when you are used to campmeeting singing and praying, or that in a real holiness church this seemed very tame. What was the impression made on me? I felt that they were all nice folks and that some of them at least had found something new along religious lines. I liked a good deal of what was said but I was impressed most of all with what was left out.

I saw no reverence or deep devotion but just a sort of a jolly religious group. No prayer, or scarcely any singing. No reading of the Word of God or magnifying the Word and the Blood of Christ. There was a most superficial treating of the matter of sin. I had to say "If this is Pentecostal salvation, then Pentecost of old was in strange contrast. If they are getting back to old-time Methodism then history has grievously misrepresented that shouting, rejoicing, groaning, praying and sin-destroying movement, which brought down on it the persecution of most of the proud ecclesiastics. To this movement great cathedrals are opened and "all of the devotees eat well, sleep well, dress well, drink well, play golf well and do everything else very well." one has said. I saw in it not the slightest evidence of old time Holy Ghost power as was seen in early Methodist days or in the early history of the Salvation Army. It is a very popular movement. It may be preaching holiness but that ingredient seems to be left out. I came from both meetings saying "How interesting and entertaining but so little to really feed the soul". I was glad to find a little holiness church where they were singing of the blood, and of Jesus' salvation, praying in the Holy Ghost and testifying of real deliverance with a joy that could not suppress the praise and the hallelujahs. I think of the meeting that Brother Percy Trafton led in the Nazarene church one night recently in Somerville. He said more to bless and feed my soul than did all those great people from over the sea, for he was getting down to real scriptural foundations when he analyzed the "Old Man" and told of the cure.

Last night I was in service in the same church. How the glory came down! I have scarcely seen the like, outside of campmeeting. Now I can imagine our praise and shouting and testimonies would not go with the Oxford Group at all. I presume not. I am an old fogey. Some may swallow the thing and say it is wonderful. I can only feel that it is a poor representation of a real thing, that the carnal mind is pleased to accept. I can see nothing in it that is going to revolutionize the church. It is popular Christianity. And we know that Christ's soldiers have never conquered in evening clothes or in big churches with the proud ecclesiastics, but with the lower classes largely beginning at the bottom and working up,

save in the matter of a few leaders who lost all their reputation to preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. There is nothing in the movement to remind me of Paul, Luther, Finney, Wesley or Booth, or any of the great holiness leaders of recent times. It is a dress-parade affair. It will please some and may help some who know no better and want no better but give me the Old-Time Religion. A religion that teaches deep experience but despises theology is like a florist trying to raise flowers but despising bulbs and roots. But paper flowers are very nice to some.

"IF"

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs; and blaming it on you; If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too; If you can wait, and not be tired by waiting, Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies, Or, being hated, don't give way to hating— And yet, don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster, And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools; Or watch the things you gave your life to,

broken, And stoop to build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss, And lose, and start again at your beginnings, And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew

To serve your turn, long after they are gone,

And so hold on, when there is nothing in you

Except the WILL which says to you, "Hold on;"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,

And—what is more—you'll be a man, my son!

A minister praying for the downfallen and sinful, and voting for the whisky outfits, is like a wire worm blaming the snake in the grass for his snaky ways.—B. W. Rice, in The National Voice.

"I do not believe it possible for a man to be an intelligent Christian and an intelligent Mason at the same time.—Rev. R. A. Torrey.

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Sabbath Observance—Mrs. J. A. Owens, Mrs. H. E. Mullen, Mrs. F. A. Dunlop.
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H. C. A.

"Give them the truth anyway, and if they would rather leave their churches than their lodges the sooner they get out of the church the better. I would rather have ten members who were separated from the world than a thousand such members. Come out from the lodge. Better one with God than a thousand without Him. We must walk with God, and if only one or two go with us it is all right. Do not let down the standard to suit men who love their secret lodges or have some darling sin they will not give up."—Rev. B. Carradine, D. D.—Selected.