

## CORRESPONDENE

Trenton, N. S.

Rev. H. S. Dow:

The Church of the Nazarene in Trenton, N. S., has been greatly helped and blessed in a series of revival meetings, with Rev. P. J. Trafton as evangelist.

The presence and power of God was felt in every meeting, and the preacher said that he found it easy to preach. Several found their way to the altar for restoration or holiness.

Many have expressed their appreciation for the deep gospel messages given by the Evangelist.

E. S. HAMMOND, Pastor

Sterling Junction, Mass.

Dear Brother Dow:

With this I am sending a check for another year's subscription to the Highway, for I do not want to miss even one number.

I am here at our Methodist Camp for a little while, with the son of a friend who died in April, and left him alone in the world. It is somewhat different from Riverside as you will see by the program, and different too from what it used to be. Since the big fire that burned more than fifty cottages, I have not been here for I lost mine, and Sister's long illness followed, and after her death it has been hard to go alone.

With kind remembrances of people and messages at Riverside, hoping you have another wonderful camp meeting there.

Sincerely yours,

(MISS) CORA D. E. ROBINSON

Dear Brother Dow:

I am enclosing postal note for renewal of my paper, the King's Highway. It's worth it. It's full of good things, especially this last one, telling me of the good times that you had at Beulah, a place I knew so well when we lived in Gagetown. We left there in April, 1903. The Dear Lord has been extremely good to me, especially now in my old days. I am now in my ninety-second year, always able to do a little work every day—good exercise, and I do love Him for all His many favours and blessings. Please pray for me, brothers.

Yours truly,

J. H. BROWN

## "BEULAH-ON-THE-ST. JOHN" CAMP MEETING

The Reformed Baptist camp meeting that closed on Sunday night, July 11th, at Brown's Flats, New Brunswick, Canada, was a time of gracious victory. The writer attended this Camp forty-one years ago, near the time of its inception. Twice he has had the privilege of being an evangelist at this meeting, and at other times has been a visitor, in which capacity he attended the recent camp.

If the good Lord has made a more beautiful spot than Beulah-on-the-St.-John-river, I have never seen it, and at this session Beulah and its surroundings looked more beautiful than ever. But what changes have taken place in more than forty years! Only three of the old veterans of that time remain, but God has raised up a noble band of young men and women to take their places, and they are pushing the battle for second blessing holiness without any fads or compromise.

The weather was ideal and the attendance was splendid; on Sundays great crowds came, but they were very orderly and attentive. The evangelist, Rev. Earl Stillion, of East Liver-

pool, Ohio, preached under the anointing of the Spirit. His messages gripped the people. Time and again the long altar was lined with definite seekers of salvation. On the second Friday night, a double altar across the tabernacle was crowded with souls seeking God, either for pardon, reclamation or sanctification. The service closed after eleven o'clock, many claiming victory. Never have we seen a sweeter spirit prevail in a camp meeting. It was easy to get blessed and the anointing was upon the preachers very definitely. At some camps the dear preachers seem to look as if it were a special merit to appear solemn and dignified, and not give expression to any joyous emotions. Not so at Beulah this year. There was a spirit of joyous freedom far removed from wildfire or fanaticism.

We have been attending ordination services nearly every year for more than forty years, and had the honor of having had the hands of two great Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church laid on our head, but never had our hearts been so melted and broken as they were at the ordination held at Beulah this year. The candidate, a stalwart of more than six feet, who had been delivered from deep sin, was so blessed that he wept and laughed and shouted in the spirit. He once had hated his own brother in the flesh, who for several years had been a leader in the Reformed Baptist Church. But what a change! It melted all hearts to see them clasped in each other's arms, now joined heart and soul against the world, flesh and the devil.

The Sterritt Sisters, who have been missionaries to South Africa for 17 years, were present and inspired all hearts with their simple messages of love and cheer. Rev. Sanders and wife who were the pioneer missionaries of the movement and have raised up I think, eight children, all in the work of the Lord, and five of them in Africa, were present and received appropriate recognition for what God had enabled them to do.

The denomination has taken steps for more aggressive action in pushing holiness in the Maritime provinces. They plan on starting a collegiate institute for the training of the young, and will have four tents in the field this summer to establish new work. It has been my privilege to labor with these people at different times for many years, and never have we seen more enthusiasm among the preachers and laity to spread holiness than there is today.

The last Sunday was a great day. The love feast ran for a long time and we counted as high as twenty on their feet at once to testify. And in all the service no one killed the meeting with a long harangue. More than one hundred and fifty gave definite testimony to either pardon or holiness. The leader finally said "we must change the order of the meeting, all who would like to testify if they had opportunity please rise to your feet;" fully a hundred people rose up. I should like to have seen a lot of modern preachers present at that service. Thank God He has still some faith left on the earth. Taking it all in all it was easily one of the greatest camp meetings I have ever attended and I have been to a good many. It makes me feel more and more like shouting the victory and as good old Brother Riggs used to say "shaming the devil" and pressing the battle for sin-killing holiness.—W. Edmund Smith, in Christian Witness.

Unless you grow wise of yourself you will listen in vain to the wise.—Publius Syrus.

## OTHERS

Lord, help me to live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way  
That even when I kneel to pray,  
My prayer shall be for—others.

Help me in all the work I do  
To ever be sincere and true.  
And know that all I'd do for You  
Must needs be done for—others.

Let self be crucified and slain  
And buried deep, and all in vain  
May efforts be to rise again,  
Unless to live for—others.

And when my work on earth is done  
And my new work in heaven's begun,  
May I forget the crown I've won,  
While thinking still of—others.

Others, Lord, yes, others,

Let this my motto be.

Help me to live for others,

That I may live like Thee.

—C. D. Meigs, in Kind Words

## WAITING ON THE BANK

"When I was a little fellow I was a trifle inclined to hold back and waited to be coaxed," said Uncle Eben. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day, while the other children were making a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud, and shouting orders, but none of them paid any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition when Aunt Nancy came down the road, and seeing me, said:

"What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playing with the rest?"

"They don't want me," I said, digging my fists into my eyes. "They never asked me to come."

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and a push.

"Is that all, you foolish boy? Nobody wants folk that'll sit around on a bank and wait to be asked!" she cried, "Run along with the rest, and make yourself wanted."

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise, I was in the middle of the stream, and as busy as the others. I often feel that I'd like to try the same plan on some of the strangers who come into our churches. Some make friends at once. They go into the prayer meeting, the mission circle, the Sunday School—wherever there is work—and they are at home at once. But there are many others who wait to be noticed, and complain of the coldness and lack of attention, and, maybe, decide that their coming is not desired. They need Aunt Nancy's advice: 'Stop sitting around on the bank, and go in and make yourself wanted.'—Selected.

## CULTIVATE HUMILITY

The way to cultivate humility is not by self-contemplation of Christ. The more we try to be humble the less humble we will be. As Dr. Bushnell reminds us, the true way to keep humble is to keep "face to face with the humbling facts and the great realities, to stand against some great nature." That means, keep close to Christ, for there is no nature greater than His. Get His vision of God, of man, and of duty and you must be humble.—Selected.