

CORRESPONDENCE

Beulah Camp, N. B.,

Dear Highway Readers:

I have spent nearly two weeks at Beulah on the Saint John. For many years students at the Eastern Nazarine College have been telling what a wonderful place Beulah Camp Ground was: Alice Sterritt, George Rogers, Harvey Blaney and Helen Mullen, until at last I came and saw it myself, and I found it truly finer in every way than they had been able to tell me. I came to find a place to rest, and what a place. The wide, scenic, everchanging river, the safe sandy beach, the white birches everywhere, the quiet spruces and cedar grove on the hill, the pleasant cottages, the lake, the rustic bridges, the river boats, everywhere some new spot of loveliness and some new bit of genuine recreation. A good place for children too. We know, for we have a young girl in our party, and next door to us is a family with four children under ten, who come here every summer for a vacation.

Camp Meeting is over, but its fragrance lingers. That is the best part of Beulah even to the vacationer. (For the person who would come here is the one who does not care for the atmosphere of jazz). The atmosphere of Beulah is full of prayer; it has something of the hush and benediction of a place that knows the presence of God. It is a spot that has been hallowed, and one can feel the spirit of peace. I am writing early in the morning with the flush of sunrise on the water. I remember how Jesus stood on the shore and spoke to His disciples. As I go back to the cottage I shall pass Lake Galilee and Jacob's Well, and walk down Hallelujah avenue. This afternoon I shall spend some hours on Mt. Horeb among the pines looking across to the Tabernacle and thinking of the messages of truth that have been given there by Dr. Butler, Dr. Morrison and many other holiness preachers (this year Dr. Hardy they tell me) and of the victories now at the altar. I observe the equipment, the hotel, luxurious for a Camp Ground; three airy dormitories, beautiful for situation; the cottages and tent sites—and I say, here is a place that should know a great future as it has known for the past forty-seven years.

The summer services are a blessing to me. Conducted by Rev. H. C. Archer, of Moncton, N. B., the faithful summer supervisor. He is also Secretary of the Alliance. The week night prayer service as well as the Sunday services are largely attended by summer visitors to the neighborhood, as well as by the members of the different denominations on the grounds, and afford an unusual opportunity for evangelism.

And not least of the benefits Beulah is bringing is the joy of Christian fellowship renewed and enlarged. Through the years I have known and loved the Reformed Baptist at a distance, because of my respect for the fine young men and women they sent to Eastern Nazarene College to train for Christian work (and because I knew so well Rev. and Mrs. Aaron Hart who were among the founders.)

This summer I have met those same young men as native Christian leaders, have heard some of them preach, pray and testify under the anointing of God, and I have been welcomed by new friends in Christ.

As Mrs. I. F. Kierstead, whose husband I had known so well by reputation, Brother and

Sister Archer have told me much of the early days and the pioneer saints of the holiness movement in the provinces, I feel at home, and thank God for my first visit to Beulah Camp Ground, and I hope to come back again.

Yours in Christian love,

BERTHA MUNRO,

(Dean) Eastern Naz. Coll.

SAYINGS WORTH WHILE

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

Prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance; it is laying hold of his omnipotence.—Brooks.

Christianity is an Event leading to an Experience, realized in a Fellowship, expressing itself in a Society, taking part in an Adventure, leading to a Victory.—Bishop.

Great ships are built to go through the water, but the water must not go through them. It is not the water outside the ship that sinks is; it is the water inside. Herein is the mystery of sin. It is not sin without that imperils us; it is sin within; hence Jesus prayed not that we may be taken out of the world, but that we may be saved from the evil thereof.—Martin Luther.

The secret of our success is often enquired for and here it is: It is not in gifts, human learning, exceptional opportunity, or in earthly advantages, but is a heart consumed with the flame of ardent, holy, heavenly love.—General Booth.

Some years ago when Mahatma Gandhi was asked what he should do to naturalize Christianity in India he answered, among other things, that "you must practice your religion without adulterating it or toning it down." Rather remarkable that Dr. Hu Shih, the father of the renaissance movement and the greatest brain in China at the present time, should have said the same thing to a group of Christians: "Don't tone down your religion." The two outstanding non-Christians in the East give us the same counsel. Dr. Hu Shih, who calls himself an agnostic, said to a group of missionaries, "I do not believe what you believe, but if I believed half of what you say you believe I would be more earnest than you are."—Pentecostal Herald.

THE LIMITATIONS OF EVIL

By C. W. Butler

Our Lord, in His teaching ministry, forewarned us whom we should fear. In doing so, He discovered to us the limitations of evil. "Fear not them which kill the body, but after that, they have no more that they can do." He warns us that we are to fear God, who has power after death to cast both soul and body into hell. This is a startling statement, and I warn my readers that the unbelief of this age will not change this fact. There is a fearful and tragic eternity awaiting them that disobey and reject God. The consecration we, as believers, are called upon to make is unto death. This consecration prepares us to obey Christ's injunction. Men have, across the path of history, met with death for their faith and have thus demonstrated the genuineness of a consecration that fears not them that kill the body.

Limitations both to temptation and to evil are set by sovereign decree. I doubt not but that this fact applies to nations and rulers as

well as to individuals. I am sure the promise is true for the trusting soul, and I am strongly inclined to believe that it is true regarding the rule and reign of the wicked. God is long-suffering and permits men to work out evil devices for which they are responsible, but I can but believe that in every realm there are limitations set upon possibilities of sin and evil men by Sovereign decree. God is on the throne.

In these days of great peril and of the reign of sin on the earth, it would almost seem that the limitations of evil have been lifted; but we, who are now living, may see changes which will reverse such a decision and enable us to know that God reigns from the throne of His holiness. In His permissive will, He allows men and nations to fill the cup of iniquity in preparation for final judgment. With all who trust God and obey Him, we are sure that the limitations of evil are such that character cannot be influenced or determined by any power outside of ourselves.

My special text for this year for myself and for the redeemed people of God is, "Look up, for your redemption draweth nigh." Let us gird on the sword and press the battle to the gates to rescue every soul we possibly can from the wreckage and ruin of the present world order. Let us keep clear faith in God in the midst of an untoward and God-forgetting generation.—Christian Witness.

MINISTER OF CHRIST FOR THE TIMES

XIII.

"Be still."—Psa. xlv, 10

The minister for the times is a quiet man. Quiet is he, not as opposed to the fervency and fire just delineated—not as opposed to all holy movement. But he is quiet instead of all graceless hurry;—instead of all that is bustle merely;—instead of all running where God leads not;—instead of all fear that hath torment;—instead of all distrust in the ever faithful God. He is quiet as Noah, when, in good earnest, he prepared for the coming storm;—quiet as Abraham, when, believing God, he journeyed to Moriah to make the mysterious offering;—quiet as Joseph, waiting in the Egyptian prison-house;—quiet as Moses, when, with the flood before them, and the hostile hosts behind them, he cried out to the Israelites, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God!"—quiet as David, when he not only hoped, but "quietly waited;"—quiet as Paul and Silas in their midnight worship in the inner prison;—quiet, I say, as Paul, when, with his eye full upon coming bonds and afflictions, he exclaimed, "None of these things move me;" or, when the axe of martyrdom was brought in, he writes, "I am ready."

The minister for the times has the quietness which is one of the direct and beautiful progeny of faith. He that believeth shall not make haste—he entereth into rest. It is the quiet of the eagle's wing,—a wing of movement mighty, yet gentle and noiseless as the pendulum's vibrations. Thus inward he moves, equable and peaceful, amid the roughnesses of the minister's career. Enemies may arise, labours multiply, difficulties thicken, error stalk abroad, persecutions rage, and dungeons open; yet he abideth under the shadow of the Almighty, and is quiet from the fear of evil.

A rainy night should at least insure the prayer meeting against being dry. Only the most spiritual are present.