

WHEN SAM JONES CAME TO HIGH BRIDGE CAMP MEETING.

High Bridge is a great steel structure across the Kentucky River on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad about 105 miles south of Cincinnati. There is a beautiful park on a high bluff on the north side of the river, to the left of the railroad, as you reach the bridge from which you have an interesting view of the union of the Dix and Kentucky rivers, and the high cliffs and beautiful scenery beyond.

For many years there was a camp meeting in this park; it was more like a chautauqua than a camp meeting. It had a hotel kept by a man from Cincinnati where the people were well fed; there were tents and cottages, a large tabernacle and the grounds were beautifully shaded with a variety of trees. The management of this camp brought distinguished preachers there; sometimes excursion trains would come from Cincinnati, bringing hundreds of people; some would visit the camp, while others climbed about the cliffs and enjoyed the scenery. People in vast numbers came from near-by county seats. It was a beautiful, restful place. There was order and a delightful spirit of social enjoyment and good fellowship. The revival element did not characterize the place as it should have, but often there would be altar services and the conversion of souls.

Sam Jones was attracting attention; he was something novel and new in the American pulpit. He was invited to preach several days at this camp meeting. The people came by thousands from all central Kentucky to see and hear this wonderfully interesting man. He had a most remarkable face; a combination of strength, intelligence and kindness in it. He had a piercing, penetrating eye. When he looked at you, you felt he was looking into you. He had a voice clear, strong, mellow. There was a persuasive tone in his voice. He was very severe on sin of every kind, but there was the spirit of solicitude and concern for those whom he condemned that, while the knife was sharp the operation was beneficial and the patient fell in love with the surgeon.

He was interesting in every move, in every word. His humor would break out like sunshine from the clouds. The kindly smile would spread over his face as he looked down upon the people who were easily led from tears to laughter, or the reverse. He was a magnet that drew us to him. After the service people followed him about, asking questions. There was a directness and force in his answers that were illuminating and thoroughly interesting. I remember one day after dinner, he was sitting quietly at the root of a large tree. Quite a party gathered around him; one of the brethren, a preacher of prominence who had manifested a dislike for the revival of the doctrine of sanctification which he called "second-blessingism" with a tone of derision, looked down at the wonderful preacher sitting at the root of the tree, and said, "Brother Jones, do you ever come in contact with these sanctified people?" He looked up quickly, and fixed those black, penetrating eyes upon the brother who asked the question, and said, "Yes, I meet them frequently." "Well, what do you think of them?" asked the preacher. Brother Jones looked up and with an intelligent flush in his face, said, "Brother, wherever I find sanctification there is agitation, and agitation leads to salvation; where there is no agitation there is stagnation, and stagnation is the last station on the road to damnation.

You can stop your train and jump into hell from stagnation station."

The rapidity with which Brother Jones uttered these words, and the emphasis he gave them, and the effect of them were remarkable. No one spoke for some time. The crowd broke up and walked away, leaving the marvelous preacher sitting quietly at the root of the tree. The brethren were thoughtful; there was something pungent and penetrating in the statement the preacher had made with reference to sanctification.

Recently, I was thinking about this incident in the long ago and meditated on the fact that at this time we are not having enough agitation on the subject of sanctification. Forty, forty-five and fifty years ago there was quite an agitation in America on the subject of sanctification. We were having week-end conventions of three or four days in various churches, which were characterized with deep sincerity, earnest prayer, profound conviction for sin; souls were being born again, backsliders were being reclaimed and numbers of devout people were receiving the Holy Spirit in sanctifying power.

There was opposition but the people who were interested in and carrying on the revival paid little attention to it and pressed the work. Tent meetings were crowded, the altars filled with penitents, and there were shouts of victory. There is a host at home in Paradise who were converted and sanctified in the wonderful days of bitter opposition, great power, and energetic effort to spread the holy fire.

The time has come for a great revival of the Revival of Full Salvation, for conventions, for earnest prayer, for faithful preaching, for the assembling of the tried and true, where each one adds something to the faith and zeal of numbers that produces a kind of spiritual agitation and holy zeal that electrifies and leads to the salvation of the lost multitudes. I should like to live to see week-end holiness conventions held in different sections of America, and such outpourings of the Holy Spirit upon the Lord's people that we would give ourselves to fasting and prayer, witnessing and preaching, that would bring on a great revival campaign for the salvation of thousands of sinners, and the sanctification of a host of believers.—Pentecostal Herald.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE PREACHER'S OWN SOUL

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ing a book and looking at it: it means what we understand in Scotland by expository preaching." Then Chambers paraphrases Paul's sentence thus: "Listen to that kind of discourse, Timothy, read that kind of manuscript, and when you open your mouth, follow that specimen."

One wonders what Paul would say to some of us today who climb to our pulpits with only the haziest blur of an idea as to what we are going to give the people. Perhaps we are habitually sloppy in our preparation. Or perhaps we were trained in that strangely misguided ministerial tradition according to which there can be no freedom of or in the Spirit unless one's mind is pretty much of a blank. Brethren, why can we not think clearly and Biblically on this vital question? Always leave room for the extraordinary thing, for the exceptional movement or manifestation of the Holy Spirit; but remember that extraordinary power is not inconsistent with the ordinary procedure. And the ordinary procedure, in the discipline of

sermon-preparation and sermon delivery, is to give "attendance" to meanings, to sentences, to pronunciations, to introductions, developments and conclusions.

What a magnificent picture of true preaching we have in the eighth chapter of Nehemiah! "And Ezra, the scribe, stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose . . . and Ezra opened the Book in the sight of all the people . . . So they read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." That is preaching! Read and speak distinctly—don't mumble! Give the "sense:" that is, dig into the context; establish the connections of truth; play as fair as you can with the mind and meaning of the writer. Don't try to keep the kite's tail in the air without the kite itself! Then cause the people to "understand the reading." You cannot force brains to function or wills to act, but there is much that you can do beside a bare statement of truth: you can illustrate, you can apply, you can exhort. All of these devices are the legitimate property of the preacher and are to be borne in mind in connection with the responsibility he bears for effective communication of the Word of God to the mind of man.

Third, the Discipline of Meditation.

"Meditate upon these things," urges Paul, "give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." What can be said on this score that will not sound like an empty "counsel of perfection" to the busy, hard-driven minister of our hectic generation? Meditation has been described as one of the "lost arts" of this frightfully "extraverted" day of ours.

Well, whatever the practical difficulties it remains true, as Arnold Bennett has pointed out, that time is the one thing of which we all have an absolutely equal amount. There are fully and there are only twenty-four hours in the day for every one of us. It becomes then a question of how we shall divide them and to what uses we shall put them. And thus again the importance of discipline is thrust upon us. It is for each of us to determine that there shall be some time in the course of the day for gathering "the harvest of a quiet eye," some time for carrying out the holy injunction, "Be still and know that I am God."

Greatly do we need to remember that in the cultivation of the inner life we cannot beat the law of reciprocity: God responds with His "strength" to just so much "quietness and confidence" as we give Him. To be sure, the man of God knows something of that blessed practice of "recollection," as the mystics would say, even when circumstances do not favor or permit actual privacy and quiet. Such experiences, however, can never cancel out the necessity of listening to the Master's voice as He says, "Come ye apart." That call—God give us grace to see it—is the open door to the depths of the devout life and to the higher dynamics of an adequate ministry.

"Drop Thy still dews of quietness,

Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the heat and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace."

Fourth, the Discipline of Continuation.

"Timothy," says Paul, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." "Continue in them!" "The glory of going on!" Or perhaps, to be very realistic about it, we should say, "The