

that was warm, spontaneous, communicative, and irrepres-  
sible.

The sad thing is that there is a possibility of a profes-  
sion of being entirely sanctified without that spontaneous  
fervor attended by power that makes one radiate Christ to  
a lost world. Too many times, the fire is allowed to burn  
low. In laymen it is allowed to burn low because they are  
cursed with the curse of busyness and do not have time  
spiritually to go to the woods and hew out fuel to keep  
the fire burning. For a fire to continue to burn, it must  
be fed; and for the fire of the Holy Spirit in one's life to  
continue to burn, it must be fed. In laymen it sometimes  
goes out because of a failure to pass it on to others  
through one's witness, or a refusal to feed it through the  
channel of Bible study or secret prayer, or refusal to let  
one's light shine in the dark corners because of fear of  
ridicule.

In a preacher it sometimes goes out because he feels  
more at home in participating in a little program in his  
church than he does in feeding that fire on his knees in  
the secret closet. It can burn low in the preachers because  
they shrink from crossbearing; or they may have wrong  
motives for their preaching, and there is no compulsion;  
or, if the compulsion has ever been there, it is allowed to  
be replaced by some worldly desire. It can be quenched  
by anxiety on the part of the preacher to succeed just to  
please men, or because one has a wrong sense of real  
values. One can go on and preach his sermons, carry on  
church work, and even succeed while doing everything  
mechanically; yet that compelling, propelling fire that  
once burned in his soul, although not completely gone out,  
is no longer ablaze.

Where this fire is lacking in our ministry or in the  
souls of our laymen, no substitute for it can bring success  
to the church. When this fire burns like a flame in one's  
soul, it is a compelling, propelling force that drives him on  
with the outcry, "What should be done can be done,"  
and with the prayer of the poet on his lips when he cried,

Stir me, oh stir me Lord, for I can see

By love's intensest fire, till thou did'st give

Thine only Son, thy best-beloved One,

E'en to the blessed cross that I might live:

Stir me, oh stir me Lord, for I can see

That thou can'st give thyself again through me.

Stir me, ho stir me Lord, for I can see

Thy glorious triumphant day begin to break;

The dawn already gilds the eastern sky!

O Church of Christ awake! Awake!

O, stir us Lord as heralds of that day!

The night is on, the King is on his way.

Stir me, oh stir me Lord, I care not how,

But stir my heart in passion for the world;

Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;

Stir, til the blood red banner be unfurled

O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,

O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

Stir me, oh stir me Lord, till all my heart

Is filled with strong compassion for these souls

Till thy compelling must drives me to prayer;

Till thy constraining love reached to the poles,

Far north, far south, in burning deep desire;

Till east and west are caught in love's great fire.

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The Church must go to the lost or go to oblivion.

Our only concern is to win the victory regardless of  
cost.—S. M. Zwemer.

The King's Highway

## DESCRIPTION OF EARLY CAMP MEETINGS

by Bishop A. B. Simpson

A week in the tented grove! A week of Christian  
conversation, of earnest prayer, and of holy song! How  
many blissful memories of our association and spiritual  
triumphs linger with us after such a scene! Instruction,  
exhortation, experience, supplication, and thanksgiving  
blend their powerful influences on the human heart, giving  
rise to purer emotions and higher resolutions. Nature  
seems to wear a more joyous aspect. The hill-tops are  
bathed in softer light, the variegated landscape has bright-  
er hues, the streams murmur sweeter music, and "all that  
hath breath" seems to utter a song of praise.

The "Feast of Tabernacles" among the Jews in some  
respects seems to be the precursor of our camp-meetings.  
It was held in the heat of summer, immediately after  
harvest. To it the multitudes gathered from every part of  
Israel, even "from Dan to Beersheba." On pain of severe  
penalty every male was commanded to be present, and  
to worship for eight days before the Lord.

The early Christians often worshipped by the sea-  
side, and in seasons of persecution they sought the forest  
and the cave. The Covenanters of Scotland and the Wal-  
denses, amid their mountain fastnesses, often assembled  
in the forests, which were made vocal with their songs  
of praise.

Camp-meetings, as now held, originated in Kentucky  
and Tennessee about the beginning of the present century.  
The country was sparsely populated, and houses of wor-  
ship were few and far between. At communion seasons  
congregations assembled from a great distance. At one  
of these occasions an unusual interest was awakened, and,  
the services being protracted, people came, bringing pro-  
visions in wagons, and camped about the church.

Other meetings were appointed, wonderful manifesta-  
tions occurred, and, according to the estimates made at  
the time, from ten to twenty thousand people sometimes  
convened. A remarkable outpouring of God's Holy Spirit  
accompanied these meetings, a strange influence affected  
the audience, and the whole community was aroused. In-  
fidels and scoffers were not unfrequently awakened, and  
were made the subjects of Divine power. The excitement  
began in the Presbyterian Church, but spread rapidly  
among the Baptists and Methodists. A Presbyterian min-  
ister of Kentucky, in a letter dated 1801, to a brother  
minister in Philadelphia, says:—

"I was lately at a sacramental occasion, and what I  
saw there exceeds the powers of human language to  
describe. There were more than one hundred wagons  
arrived, with families and provisions. Some of them  
came a hundred miles. A pulpit was erected in the open  
air, in which a Presbyterian minister preached to eight  
or ten thousand hearers. Another preached in the Presby-  
terian church to as many as it would hold. At a little  
distance there was another congregation of blacks, where  
one of themselves exhorted, and in a fourth place an-  
other congregation of another denomination.

"All the different denominations communicated to-  
gether, for they were in perfect union. One Sunday there  
were seven thousand communicants, and it was computed  
that the several congregations amounted in the whole to  
twenty thousand persons. The meeting continued from  
Saturday till Tuesday — above seventy hours — without  
one minute's intermission.

The work of conviction and conversion, of which I  
was a witness, exceeded, I think, anything heard of since  
the days of the Apostles. They generally fell flat on the  
ground in any agony of distress. I saw at one time about  
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