

# HERALD of HOLINESS

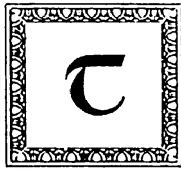
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## Our Old Folks' Number



THE editor loves old people. Since he buried his father and mother under the silent sod to await the resurrection he has felt especially a peculiarly warm and growing love and reverence and tenderness for the aged. This week he offers to the readers an Old Folks' Number of the HERALD OF HOLINESS, which he trusts will be appreciated by the old people, and also by all the readers. He desires especially that the younger people, and indeed all the readers of the paper, take pains to read this issue. The editor was greatly blessed in preparing the selections and in writing his editorials for this issue. Who can read, for instance, the article entitled "A Little Old Lady Story," without tears and a warmer purpose to be true to the opportunity God gives him to help all within his reach to a better and a holier life? So with other articles. We are persuaded that this entire issue will be helpful to everybody who will carefully read it through.

May God bless all our dear old people who have so far outstripped us and stand so much nearer the pearly portals than the younger do. May those portals open wide when their summons does come and may their delighted ears hear the glad welcome from the loved and gone-before who have been waiting for them so long on the beautiful hills of God in the upper and better world of light and glory ineffable!

### The Gulf Inevitable

YES, it exists and nobody is responsible for it. We refer to the gulf between old age and youth, or middle life and young life. God and nature have so arranged it that there must grow or be dug a gulf between these two classes which is sadly real and as sadly almost impassable. Where even it is not made deeper and more fixed by the marring hand of man, it is sad enough. But how often by the thoughtlessness, or worse, of the younger it is made a thousand times worse. By forgetfulness of filial obligation, by absorption with personal, material business affairs, by base ingratitude for a past which had every obligation possible to be sacredly remembered and faithfully met — by some or all of these means how often the children of the aged make old age sadder and more lonesome and gloomy than it would otherwise have been.

Even where the causes mentioned have not operated to make it worse this gulf becomes real and sadly true to the aged. Naturally we grow apart — the aged and the young. Life recedes and business interests gradually pass away until old age generally finds itself out of business and without its cares and responsibilities and its friendships and business pleasures and excitements. The old man is retired, whether he will or not, and the world rushes on heedless of his pangs and his regrets and heartaches and bitter reminiscences and longings for a return of other days and old duties and busy toils in which he lived for so long.

This is the first penalty of old age — business gets tired of him and thrusts him aside for younger men. The second is the enforced sense of dependence which most all old people have to endure. Very few old people retain means sufficient to be independent when activities cease and this period comes upon them. Of all things this is the most acute in its piercing sense of pain. What makes it all the more painful is the fact that it comes upon those who have spent their lives in helpfulness

to their own children and who found their richest pleasure and delight in altruistic ministries for others. They have learned well and enjoyed the truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

How hard it is for them to have to train themselves to endure, with equanimity and patience the reverse side when they must be only recipients and no longer dispensers. The whole trend of long lives and lifelong habits must be reversed, and new habits formed and practiced or endured, and with no show of opposition or disrelish, which would be misunderstood. Becoming receivers instead of givers is a change few can understand until they have had to taste the bitterness of the cup.

Loneliness is another of the penalties of old age. One by one for mayhap a half century the friends and associates of youth and mature life have passed away. They find themselves strangers in their native land, if it has been their fortune to remain in the place of their earlier lives. Besides times change and habits change, and interests change as well as the tastes and habits of the older change from what they were in the earlier days. So that the things which interest their children do not and can not interest the aged. And on the other hand, the friends and the amusements and the engagements of their children do not, and can not in the nature of things, interest the aged as they do the younger. So there is another cause for this inevitable gulf which time surely digs between the two classes. The aged live in the past while the young live in the buoyant and rushing and thrilling present and the rosy future.

We could mention other things which render old age peculiarly pathetic, but we pause to look a moment at the other side and to mention a few things which shed a relieving light, or rather give at least a compensatory side to old age. The aged have the great blessing of memory, with which it is enriched and in which it can revel in its loneliness. The old man and the old mother can over and over again play with their prattling children in memory's wide halls and hear their glad laughter which delighted their hearts in bygone years. What matters it if these loved ones are now grown up and have families of their own? What matters it if some of them have crossed over the river and are harping the praises of their Father-God in the fields of endless day? These are still their own, whether living surrounded by their own families or living with God above — they are still the very own children of these old empty arms. As the editor's daughter, who lost her first born — a beautiful and bright child — as he tried to comfort her, said to her father: "Yes, papa, I know she is my own still, but oh, how hard it is to be apart." Yet, though thus Sundered here, they are still our very own and we revel in the thought of them and are inspired by the hope of reunion one sweet day coming by and by. Memory also does dutiful service in bringing to the minds of the aged the fidelity and the work of other years when in submission to God and self-denial they witnessed a good confession and bore fruit for the Master in their pilgrimage here in this unfriendly world. Oh, how they live over other years and realize afresh the loves and joys and delights of other years, though now vanished for ever. Memory is so kindly that it almost makes these reminiscences as real as though they were for the first time passing.

Then there is love as a legacy of old age. Their children love them and nothing is so rich as an enjoyment as the love

of those who honor you with it. This is a great boon and compensation to old age. How they revel in the known love and reverence and confidence of the children, though they are scattered so in this wide world.

Then there is God left to the aged. He is so precious to all, but it seems to us He would grow more real and precious to the aged as they descend the hill of life until they stand in the twilight of two worlds when He would shine forth more resplendent and more satisfying and majestic and more glorious than ever before. "And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made and I will bear; and even I will carry, and will deliver you" (Isa. 46:4).

With God as the Friend and Redeemer of the soul and the life Companion through the toils of the way, can not the aged cry out in life's sunset:

"And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it droop and die;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high—  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In my Redeemer's breast."

### A Word to the Younger

**N**O CRIME outstrips that of inattention to, or neglect of, the aged. Filial disregard or neglect is a high crime and should brand one as a civil criminal as well as a moral criminal. We should always reverence age. Our aged parents who still linger with us deserve the best attentions and the tenderest love and sympathy and the utmost patience which they may need and which we can by grace divine bestow.

Remember, my dear brother and sister, the day hastens when you will be old and will sadly feel such neglect if it fall to your lot to receive it from others. And if we reap what we sow what else can you expect? Remember the toil and sacrifice and self-denial which your parents suffered for you in your birth and childhood and days of youth. They literally poured their lives into you and for your benefit. Now can you do otherwise than love most tenderly these aged ones who have done so much for you?

Spend much time with them, talking with them. Don't hurry away from them and leave them alone so much. They are patient and make all sorts of allowances for you when you neglect them—far more than you deserve. Be tender and thoughtful and considerate with them. Remember that they are reaching their second childhood and they need what they exercised toward you for long years and tens of thousands of times—that patience and sympathy with your foibles and weaknesses without which your young life would have been a torture indeed. Practice toward them at least a tithe of the love and tenderness and patience and longsuffering and considerateness they expended upon you and you will make them supremely happy and smoothe their rough and rugged descent to the grave, toward which they are surely and steadily moving.

**THE RICHEST GOLD MINES** were doubtless passed over often by hunters or the first settlers of the country and perhaps bright pebbles were touched by their feet, full of the precious metal, the travelers altogether unaware of their immense value. So it is with the precious promises of the Father. The Holy Bible is full of these bright and pregnant promises, but one can read them carelessly or formally from habit day by day and never be any the richer. They are of value to those only who will appropriate them. He who will test them and will make them his very own and prize them enough to take them to the great Author for redemption will find them of enriching value to him for all life's needs and trials and testings.

**WE REMEMBER AFTER THE GREAT WAR** of the states in our childhood the children used to pick up cartridges and cannon balls for a long time. Sometimes they were covered over by the mud and rust of years. Occasionally we recall some sad accidents to the finders especially of these cannon balls, which upon being tampered with would sometimes explode and do serious injury to the handlers. Some sins are like these deadly shells, lying buried and unseen for quite a time. They seem to have done no special evil and to be safely beyond the possibility of ever harming us. Who can tell at what

unexpected hour there may be an awful explosion and incalculable harm done to moral character. How like inbred sin. It may lie concealed and harmless apparently for months, or possibly years, under the restraining influences of grace. But be assured that at some unfortunate moment there will be an explosion and sad havoc perhaps to those who supposed themselves immune from all danger.

### The Two Comings

**C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T came to earth in person once. He is coming back in person again (Acts 1:11). He came first in poverty and obscurity, but He is to come the second time in glory and power and kingliness to reign our King. He came first to suffer for us and die that we might live. He comes next time to take to Himself His saints and take vengeance on His enemies. "When he shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The way we receive Him in His first coming will determine the way He will receive us at His second coming. If we admit Him now to Lordship over us in glad obedience and accept His deliverance from all sin, at His second coming He will accept us to his Lordship in His millennial reign with Himself and grant us deliverance forever from all our foes, including our arch enemy, whom He is to destroy at His second coming "with the brightness of his coming" (2 Thess. 2:1).

Everything depends in the matter of our interest and blessing from His second coming upon our treatment of Him in His first or present coming. He came to destroy the works of the Devil; and we must let Him accomplish this great work for us and in us here in this world, as the result of His first blessed coming and glorious sacrifice, if we would see and know and be welcomed by Him at His second coming in glorious majesty to reign in righteousness and millennial glory with His saints.

We must bear His reproach here and now in His first coming if we would reign with Him in His second coming. When He first came it was in contempt and with the world's heel against Him. He came to His own and His own received Him not. They would not have Him to reign over them. He had no form nor comeliness, and there was no beauty that we should desire Him. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; He was oppressed and afflicted, and cut off out of the land of the living. And all this for us at His first blessed coming. *All this for us—remember!!!*

Now, in our earthly pilgrimage, in glad return and with joy, we must partake of His humiliation and accept and bear His reproach, bear about in our body the "marks of the Lord Jesus," which He bore for us at His first coming, if we would be accepted and recognized and rewarded at His promised second coming in millennial power and glory to reign on the earth in person.

His gospel has the same reproach it always had. This world is no more friendly to grace than when He trod its ways in loneliness and in homelessness and in sorrow and rejection. His disciples then and afterward had often to pay dearly for their fidelity. Often in midnight conventicles they had to meet and worship and testify for Him and His power to save from all sin. The world scorned their testimony and their faith and would have none of them.

There is just as dear a price to pay today as then when we go all the way with Him and take all He has for us. It is the same tragic story. We meet an unfriendly world and it will not countenance us or accept our testimony or our faith. We are dubbed cranks and fanatics and called daft and crazy and all that. Very well; His religion is cheap at any price. For our recognition and acceptance of Him in the results of His first coming, all we have to pay is as naught compared with what we will gain. So our acceptance of His truth and promise of a second coming to receive us to Himself will have its price to be paid, and it will be as great and as severe on the flesh as is this first price we are called upon now to pay. People will misunderstand us and the truth of His promised second coming. The world is not ready for His second coming any more than it was ready for His first coming, and it will be no readier to make terms with or to surrender to this glorious truth than on the occasion of His first advent. We will be called visionaries and pessimists and all sorts of ugly things by those who fail to take in the vast scope and plan of the ages being worked out by our God.

But not one epithet which they will thrust at us will be any worse than those they hurled at the blessed Master when here in the flesh at His first coming. All they can say or do against us or the "blessed hope" for which we stand, will not hurt or molest us in the least. The only thing about which we should be concerned is to be sure we are treating Him right now in His first coming. Are we entertaining Him hospitably and lovingly? These are questions of real moment to us all.

We recall that splendid incident in the life of Ivan, the Emperor of Russia. Let it punctuate and emphasize this truth we are trying to impress upon the reader.

One stormy night the Emperor Ivan went forth in disguise through the humble streets of the poorer parts of his capital to see how his subjects would receive a poor, wandering tramp. "Dressed in humble apparel and in the disguise of a beggar, he went from door to door asking alms, only to be repused and insulted, until at last he came to a lowly home where a peasant mother was lying upon a pallet of straw, with her wailing babe in her arms that had just been born. The husband kindly opened the door and welcomed the beggar to the best they had, a crust of bread and a bed of straw. Thankfully, the hospitality was accepted and the tired emperor lay down to rest in a meaner lodging than any of his subjects, but glad and thankful to find at least one true and loving heart.

"Next morning, he hastened away, but before the afternoon had closed there came down that humble street a mighty cavalcade, followed by the chariot of the emperor. With horsemen in front and horsemen behind and liveried pages and splendid pageant, the royal chariot rode to the door of the peasant and stopped, while Ivan stepped out and an attendant loudly thundered at the door. The poor man came holding the babe in his arms and his face blanched with a

look of terror, as he began to ask for mercy, wondering what he had done to bring upon him what he feared was some terrible retribution. Then came the answer of the emperor: 'You have done nothing, my good man, but entertained your emperor. It was I that came to you last night in the disguise of a tramp and you received and entertained me, and now I have come to reward you.' Throwing a bag of gold at his feet he said: 'Use that for the comfort of your suffering wife and needy home, and as for this boy you held in your arms, consider him my ward, and when he is of sufficient age I will adopt him to my household, educate him for my service, and give him a place of honor on my staff.'

Oh, brethren, do not your hearts leap for joy at the thought that one glad day will come down the heavenly arches the ringing message, "Behold, he cometh"! Shall we hear Him say to us: "Ye received and honored and followed Me in the days of my humiliation and shame and contumely. Now I come to claim you for My own and to confess you before My Father in heaven." Shall this be our experience when the glad truth is fulfilled which Paul foresaw and of which he said:

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words: (1 Thess. 4: 13-18.)

# THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

## News and Notes

Rev. I. G. Martin has resigned the pastorate of First-Church, Chicago, and has been called to the church at Malden, Mass. Rev. M. E. Borders, who has been pastor at Malden, has been called to First Church, Chicago.

Rev. Elmer G. Anderson, Treasurer of the General Missionary Board, has moved from Olivet, Ill., to Kansas City, Mo. His headquarters will be here until further notice. All parties desiring to communicate with him please take notice and address him at 2109 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo. While we are making this announcement we would add a word of exhortation and say, please hurry up with remittances, sending them to 2109 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

The Wilson administration has determined upon the creation of a tariff commission and a bill has been introduced in congress providing for the same. The great war, we presume, has induced Mr. Wilson to accommodate his views to the believed necessity for this tariff commission.

The meeting in progress at First Church, Kansas City, is unique in that there is no outside help, the pastors doing all the work, aided by a faithful band of the membership. There has been marked success attending it from the start. One advantage about this kind of a meeting is the fact that it tends to utilize and develop the home membership more than the usual evangelistic meeting does. Another thing about it is that not being a nightly series of services but only the regular church weekly services—some four in number—it spreads out over a longer period, enabling the newly converted and sanctified people to be better

trained at once in the work than is usual in the regular revivals by the usual methods.

That was a pathetic case of lawyer John Johnston, ninety-four years of age, who was found at his home near Valley Park, Mo., by a friend, with no fuel in the house, and only a small supply of food. Arrangements were made to have him entered in the Old Folks' Home at Kirkwood, Mo. He had practiced law for sixty years. Illness had prevented the old man getting out to get provisions. Other members of his family had also been ill. Old age is the most pathetic picture in all the realm of things human.

God has everything we could possibly need or which one could possibly want with which to supply the utmost necessities of any of His children under any sort of conditions. Why doubt His power to cleanse from all sin, or to keep even down to old age and feebleness extreme, or to heal the body, or save us from the fiery furnace, and amid every imaginable vicissitude in this life? He is all things, has all power, is everywhere, never sleeps or slumbers, always loves us and delights to do for us.

There is a bill being pressed in congress called the Keating-Owen bill on child labor, which if passed will directly affect at least 150,000 children in this country. It is startling but true that there are yet 27,000 children between the ages of ten and fourteen at work in mills, canneries, and factories; over 17,000 children between ten and sixteen years of age at work in mines and quarries, and over 116,000 between ten and sixteen employed for long hours or at night in mills, factories, canneries, or workshops. What the avarice of man will not stoop to is perhaps not to be imagined.

It is true that through this spirit of covetousness men will even destroy childhood, blunt for life their powers and possibilities, and rob mothers of their precious children by untimely deaths.

Not less than five million German women, it is said, are now engaged in helping to make munitions of war.

The National Prohibition convention will meet in St. Paul, Minn., June 19, next.

The Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has made a careful and exhaustive investigation through the reading of one hundred daily newspapers to ascertain the results of the use of rum during Christmas week in the way of murders, suicides, fatal accidents, rape, and crimes directly due to drink. The showing is certainly what might have been expected by all who have watched this infamy for years past. The summarized record is as follows:

Murders (including three children)...	77
Suicides .....	18
Wounded .....	155
Dead by accident or exposure.....	31
Wounded by accident.....	19
Rape (including two children).....	3
Child victims of drink.....	18
Miscellaneous cases (recorded here)...	69
Miscellaneous cases (unrecorded)....	219

Men do err who consider temper as evidence of strength. It is only evidence of weak or diseased nerves and a feeble will. Patience and self-possession constitute real strength.

Good news for our school at Des Arc, Mo. Let others follow the example of our dear Brother Hill, as explained in the following

letter from General Superintendent J. W. Goodwin, and that debt, will soon be lifted:

San Diego, Cal. Jan. 25, 1916.

My dear Brother Haynes:

We have read your note in the paper today about the conditions of our college in Des Arc, Mo. I am anxious that our people should be able to carry on the work, and Brother Hill of our church here, who has always been such a friend to me, is willing to give \$100, if this debt can be paid and the property saved to our work.

So you are free to say through the paper that San Diego church through Brother Hill will give \$100, when enough money has been raised to clear the debt. I trust this money will be on hand at once and the work greatly blessed of the Lord.

Our work here is moving along very well and we are looking for a mighty tide of revival fire to break out in our midst. We are glad to say God has given us seekers at our altars every week since our coming to this church; we had three new ones last Sunday; we are thankful—but this only gives us a good vision of mightier tides of salvation. Much love.

Yours very truly,  
J. W. Goodwin.

Rev. L. Milton Williams seems to be having great blessing and success in his meetings in the Northwest. *The Evening Bulletin* of Walla Walla, in reporting his meeting in that city gives considerable space to the meeting, very unusual for a secular daily in this age. We have room for only a brief excerpt from the *Bulletin's* report. It says:

Old-fashioned religion is gripping Walla Walla hard, if the warm reception being given Evangelist L. Milton Williams, who is conducting a campaign at the Nazarene tabernacle, corner of Clinton and Alder streets, be an indication. The size of the audience, and the interest and enthusiasm of those present has been increasing with each meeting.

Evangelist Williams is, in fact, one of the clearest, most direct, and lucid speakers who have come here for some time. His words are simple and direct, and he spares no pain to bring out each point in his sermon clearly and tellingly.

General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds left after the meeting of the General Superintendents for a visitation of our missions in South America. He will be absent some time inspecting those mission fields and work. We trust he may have journeying mercies and that his visit may conduce to the strengthening of our mission work in those fields and may greatly encourage the laborers in South America.

### Overburdened

In this busy age of rush and din so many men are overburdened. The same is true of women. Perhaps more women are overburdened than men. Both classes show it in the careworn face, the fagged expression of the eye, the languor betrayed in the gait and general demeanor, and in a dozen other ways to an observing man. If the attempt is made to keep pace with the rushing pace of the day these signs of incipient breakdown will be soon manifest. Nature hangs out a red flag but few take the time to look at it, or if they see it to heed its kindly warnings. Better far take the advice of health experts and those who have traveled this road of overwork before you, and use the ounce of prevention and save a pound of the cost and pain of cure, or fail entirely of cure at last and pay the fatal penalty. *Zion's Herald* has a good word on this subject:

Out in the country a gentleman was driving a light conveyance up a steep hill. Just ahead of him was a heavy wagon, the horses of which were compelled every now and then to stop and take a rest while the brakes were applied to the wheels. This caused quite a little delay to the gentleman aforementioned, for the road was narrow. At last he was able, by carefully

turning out, to pass the heavy wagon, when, instead of berating its driver, he said, pleasantly, "You are carrying too great a load!"

It is often so in life—we weigh ourselves down overmuch, and thereby mayhap in turn impede others in their progress. It may be that one individual draws too heavily upon his store of physical strength, the result being that he is for a time incapacitated for all labor, and meanwhile others lose time taking care of him. Another man carries too big a load of pecuniary liabilities, can not meet his obligations, and fails. This or that student, now studying too intensely, and again pressing the "self-help" idea too far, overdoes, and becomes a nervous wreck. A tired housekeeper, like Martha cumbered with much serving, is too anxious to set before her guests elaborate dinners, allows her rooms to be cluttered with too much dust-collecting bric-a-brac or moth-gathering tapestries, is for ever baking or ironing or dusting or "changing things around"—and if not doing all this herself, es-

### At Even

Written by F. M. LEHMAN

*My troubles will all soon be over,  
The dawn of the morning I see;  
I soon shall arrive at the river—  
Sweet voices are calling to me.*

*This life is a journey of crosses,  
From dawn to the gathering night;  
A journey of heartaches and losses—  
At even, they say, 'twill be light!*

*The minor is marked in the music,  
A threnody throbbing with pain;  
Humanity moves to the drumbeats—  
We cry for its comfort in vain.*

*Forsaken and crushed in the battle,  
The heart turns to God for relief;  
His promise, fulfilled in my anguish—  
Assuages the world-woeful grief.*

*The Lord has not answered my query,  
Why this or why that should be so;  
But I'll understand it—at even—  
Why life was so weighted with woe.*

*The darkness will lift in the valley,  
As forward I go in the right;  
His grace shall be ever sufficient—  
At even, I know, 'twill be light.*

says the harder task of making the servants do it. All this means carrying too great a load. Why not ease off a little on the care, the worry, the expense, the expenditure of nerve force? So to do will help you all the better to accomplish the main duties of life which belong to its essential structure and its eternal service.

### The Perils of Middle Life

It is not so certain, according to some philosophic minds, that the young travel the most slippery paths. It is believed that perhaps the middle life is the most beset with deadly temptations. Youth is of course beset with great temptations peculiar to that age and many are the sad breaks made on those rocks in that part of life's sea. But it is thought that deadlier even than these are the perils which beset those in middle life and more tragic are the wrecks which occur thus further out in the sea of life. If this be true it only suggests to us that the safest time of life is in old age when the voyagers are so far out at sea and so near the harbor that the alluring influences of the harbor and the sweep of the glorious scenery of the land coming so near to view, and the visions of approaching reunions with the loved and gone before all help to trend the thought and aspirations to the other side and to deaden more and more the allurements of this side. This is one advantage certainly of great age to which we would call especial attention as we give the philosophic reason assigned by Charles Allen Dinsmore in the *Christian Advocate* for his position of the superior temptations of those in middle life:

It is the prevalent opinion that youth is the period of life which is exposed to the gravest peril. If the young man can be gotten over the slippery paths of the early years, and be well settled in a profitable business, and in a comfortable home, then the safety of his life is assured. Like a tree planted by the rivers of water, he will bring forth his fruit in its season. But probably more men go wrong in the midst of the years than in early manhood, even as more ships go down upon the high seas than founder while sailing out of the harbor.

Tennyson represents Gareth as easily conquering the Knight of the Morning Star, but the Knight of Noonday is overcome with more difficulty. The daily newspaper confirms the testimony of literature and of history. The forgers and defaulters of whom we read are not usually young men. The financiers whose unscrupulous practices have endangered the liberties of our institutions are men of ripened experience. Our Pharisees are seldom in the flush of youth.

Why do so many good men break down in the midst of the years? One reason is that the temptations of middle life are deadlier than those of early manhood. The sins of the younger days grow out of the impulses of the flesh. They are born of hot blood and of immature judgment. The perils of middle life are of the spirit. They are less gross, but more reptilian and insidious.

These are the years of waning enthusiasm. Youth is generous and ardent, ambitious of achievement. Young men are susceptible of moral appeal. By middle life one has learned how mighty is the pressure to bring one's ideals down to the dead level of character. He finds that to follow his highest conceptions of duty and honor involves constant misunderstanding and sacrifice. The price he is paying for righteousness appalls him, and he concludes to aim lower and be more comfortable. Moreover, the years have revealed his limitations. It is a serious moment when a man realizes that he is only an atom. Then he confronts the temptation to give up lofty endeavor and to look first after his own interests. It is a critical moment in the race of life when one loses his first wind. He is apt also to lose his enthusiasm and drop out of the running. But if he resolutely continues, he soon taps a fresh reservoir of energy and presses on with vigor and joy. There is no more crucial period in life than the period when one's early enthusiasms are a spent force and one is learning to fall back on the steady convictions of the spirit.

### Driven to Prayer

There is no contradiction in the above title. While prayer is voluntary, pouring out of the heart freely and by positive volition of the one praying, it is nevertheless true that such praying is sometimes the result of compelling circumstances which surround us. Sometimes trouble or adversity lead us to call mightily upon God. The *United Presbyterian* points to this truth and emphasizes it in the following:

Sometimes it takes calamity to make us appreciate our religious privileges. In the day of adversity men think. One needs to travel in one of the belligerent countries to get some idea of the greatness of the calamity which the great war has brought to the afflicted nations. Here in Canada we are far enough away from the front. We do not hear the roar of the cannon, but the chance visitor can not escape the feeling that an awful calamity has befallen the nation.

Canada has sent thousands of her best sons to the front and is enlisting other thousands and getting them ready to sail for the battlefields. And thousands of her sons have already been wounded or killed. There are many desolate homes. There are many mothers here with anxious hearts, for their boys have either gone to the front or are going. Canada is a serious, deeply thoughtful nation today, and withal a very prayerful one.

A scholarly and cultured gentleman with whom we traveled said: "This war has driven thousands of us here in Canada to our knees. Some of us did not do a great deal of praying before, but we have now found a new meaning and a new comfort in prayer." In the hour of darkness and sorrow God's people are finding new meanings and new comforts in prayer. There promises to be some beneficial results from this useless, causeless war.

# THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

SO HIGH and holy a title as mother can not fall too reverently from man's lips. That he might live, the mother has gone down into the valley of the shadow of death; that he might thrive, she has fed him with willingness from her own weak body, and grown spectre-like as he grew strong and importunate; that he might go among his fellows on an equal footing, she has toiled with his small, weak brain, teaching him the beginning of his education and tilling "a rank, unweeded garden;" that he might have everlasting life, she has instilled into his mind that saving fear of God, which, though he think himself an atheist, will claim the mastery when death grins by his couch, and grant him a stay of the awful judgment till he may make his peace with a Creator whose mercy endureth for ever. Everything a man is he can owe but to his mother; everything he may be in future life has possibly come from her fond intercession, her gentle admonitions. Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable, says Richter. The future destiny of the child, says Napoleon, is always the work of the mother, and it is certain that he had ample reason in his own remarkable career for making this important admission. He inherited from his mother all those attributes which made him great, and owed his sudden downfall to none of her teachings. She was noted for her sagacity and prudence, but possibly it required more than human sagacity and prudence to balance the mighty impulses which moved Napoleon Bonaparte. "A father may turn his back on his child," says Washington Irving, "brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy." "There is in all this cold and hollow world," says Mrs. Hemans, "no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within a mother's heart." Even He that died for us upon the cross, says Longfellow, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of his mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought—the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven. Who ever saw a mother romping with her three-year-old, that did not look upon her as one of the happiest, therefore, necessarily, one of the best of God's creatures? Oh, in that peek-a-boo, that capturing of that last squealing "pig," that little toe, that paddy-cake opera, is there not the one great bliss of life, to be happy in making others happy? And how the laughter rings through the home! And then the toll and self-denial for the stocking and the tree at Christmas! Is it any wonder that the child is so easily deceived, and credits all his joys to unseen ministers? It would not be hard to convince the philosopher himself of the dual earthly character of the mother, visibly a woman, invisibly but not the less really to her child, an ethereal spirit of mercy and goodness! What gnaws her cheek and cheats death into the belief a flag of truce summons him to the final parley? Has not her babe, her hope, been fevered and in pain, and should she sleep lest it should leave her on this world behind, that then would need her not? Canst bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades? No more can her anxiety be fettered into sleep; no more can her quick ear be deafened to the little wail that echoes pitiful within the chambers of her heart! When we remember the great passion of motherhood, the intensity of the drama, the prolongation into years of its deep interplots, we can

## Mother

[Rev. Howard Eckel, Superintendent of the Southern California District, sends us the following article, which appeared thirty-five years ago in *Golden Censor*.—EDITOR.]

### MOTHER

Not learned save in gracious household ways,  
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,  
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt  
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.

Who looked all nations to her place, and yet  
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere  
Too gross to tread and all male minds perforce  
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,  
And glided her with music. Happy he  
With such a mother! faith in womanhood beats with  
her blood. —Tennyson.

not marvel longer at the perennial, lasting character of the motherlove. Since life, the scientists say, there is no other problem on this narrow world. And thus the marvel and the mystery never grow less.

Man enters the world, of all animals the most pitiable and weakly. Left to himself, he would immediately perish. Extinguish the mother's love and he would at once perish. His growth is by far the slowest of that of all animals, therefore the wisdom of God in so lengthening the tenure of the mother's solicitude. The mighty man who wields the iron halberd, which no two people can lift, was still a helpless infant unable to put his own chubby fist into his own mouth! The autocrat who sweeps whole communities into Siberia with a stroke of his pen was ill when his mother was alarmed, was in agony when she was indiscreet with her food! She can not forget this. It is but yesterday she dried his flesh to keep it sound. It is but yesterday she let him bite his aching gum upon her finger, wishing the ache might go from him to her—hoping that if he gave her pain he would have less. One can well pardon the vanity that would lead a son to insist that his mother should accompany him to the executive mansion of the great republic, that she might behold him enter upon the Chief Magistracy of fifty millions of freemen, gained by the first choice of a majority of those freemen, yea, by the unanimous first and second choice, for none so ready to fight for his right to rule as he who yesterday voted for an honored opponent—the very summit of true political ambition—the apex of the mother's boldest hope!

"The mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to old age," says Bovee; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle tizings, of the best friend that God ever gives us! I know an aged woman, who interested me very greatly in tales of "her boy"—that good son who had so often proved his gratitude for her long love. One day, chancing to consider her great number of years, I inquired how old "her boy" was, and found that he had been a grandfather for twenty-three years, and had lately had the satisfaction of holding a great grandson in his arms. Still he was her curly-haired boy—she could remember him in no other condition of life with so much satisfaction. "I would desire for a friend," says Laetelle, "the son who never resisted the tears of his mother." "Love droops, youth fades, the leaves of friendship fall; a mother's secret hope outlives them all," sings Oliver Wendell Holmes. "At first," says Beecher, "babies feed on the mother's bosom, but always on her heart." "Stories first heard at a mother's knee," affirms Ruffini, "are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years." "An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is a pound of clergy." "The mother's heart is the

child's schoolroom," says another writer. "Men are what their mother made them," says Emerson, in study of Napoleon's idea; "you may as well ask a loom which weaves huckabuck, why it does not make cashmere, as expect poetry from this engineer, or a chemical discovery from that jobber."

"It is generally admitted," says Theodore Hook, "and frequently proved, that virtue and genius, and all the natural good qualities which men possess, are derived from their mother." "It is well for us," says Bishop Hare, "that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand half what mothers say and do to their infants, we should be filled with a conceit of our own importance which would render us insupportable through life. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it." Perhaps the praises of our mothers tarry in our brains too long anyway. It may be a provision of nature that woman shall inspire her child with sufficient self-esteem to take him through the world with a first-class ticket, a cabin passage, that he may escape the poor accommodations of excessive humility, the steerage of the ship of life. It seems incredible that our mother was mistaken in thinking her boys the brightest, best, and most creditable in all the region round about! Let us by our lives, marvel rather at the correctness of her vision than the blindness of her love. "She who has lost an infant," says Leigh Hunt, "is never, as it were, without an infant child. Her other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence."

The mother teaches us the one grand lesson of unalterable fidelity. "Nothing is more noble," says Cicero, "nothing more venerable." One of the most beautiful tributes to an aged mother was written by Lamartine. "The loss of a mother," he says, "is always severely felt. Even though her health may incapacitate her from taking an active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying-point around which affection and obedience, and a thousand endeavors to please, concentrate; and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn! It is like that lonely star before us; neither its heat nor light are anything to us in themselves; yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends."

There are men who forget the claims their mothers have upon them. Of such ungrateful wretches, though clothed in outward excellence, the pen can write nothing too harsh in justice. As old Dr. South says, "The greatest favors are to such a one but the motion of a ship upon the waves; they leave no trace, no sign behind them. All kindness descends as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea; the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them. If you look backward and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so; and if you look forward enough, it is a thousand to one that you will find that he also dies so. The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by anything but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders." Be glad, if you are ungrateful, that a wise man has given you so good counsel to pray—and pray as you do when you think yourself in extreme peril! If your mother is yet young, you have many years of her great friendship before you. Try and pattern after her boundless affection. Let it melt into your heart, and make it warmer. If "age has snowed white hairs" upon her head, treasure her the more fondly during the few swift years she will be left to you. Soon she will go to her

reward, and you will be without the only friend of man whose love seems to be inalienable—whose esteem he can not barter away, either in greed or in vice. The mother of mothers. In almost every community there is "a mother in Israel," a mother of mothers, whose great heart is like the ocean, and claims the outpourings of every stream of life. To these grand souls of virtue and goodness, let every man bow in reverence, for they are mothers to the motherless. When the reaper came for to reap, he aimed to take the richest sheaf, but lo! the mother in Israel gathered the orphans together, and poured out her tenderness upon them.

### "A Sanctified Wife and Mother"

Written by J. T. LITTLE

I WAS helping in a special meeting, and after the sermon of the hour, preached from the text, "Ye Shall Receive Power." An elderly lady past seventy, with face covered with smallpox pits, an ugly scar on her nose, left by a cancer, and yet withal pleasant to look upon because of the glory of God shining out of the countenance, came forward, after all others had left the tent, and said, "Brother Little, I believe God would have me relate my experience to you." She related the experience and left the tent. I was left alone and soon found myself on my knees thanking God for His sanctifying power as demonstrated in this life.

She began by saying: "I was brought up and confirmed in the Lutheran church (she was born in Sweden and spoke with a slight brogue). I studied my catechism and Bible much; I wanted to be a Christian but did not know how. I did everything I was taught to do, but it did not bring rest to my soul. I was in this condition when the Methodists came to our neighborhood and held a revival. I was just a young bride then. Our pastor warned us against the meeting and forbid us going. He said they were fanatical and crazy because they made so much noise. I was very anxious to go, so slipped away one night and went. I soon discovered my heart saying 'yes' to the message, and a deep longing to have the salvation the preacher was telling about. I went to the altar and was gloriously saved. I came home happy, just loving everybody. My husband was very angry and began to abuse me. He called in the Lutheran minister and they talked, persuaded, abused and did everything to turn me away from my new-found joy; but I could sweetly say, 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.'"

"The meetings closed and then the visits of our pastor were more frequent, and he with my husband would say hard things and be very abusive, but I was kept, until one day when they were saying many hard things, I felt something spring up in my heart and I almost answered back, but instantly the thought came, 'If you do that you will be just like them.' It scared me and made me see there was something awful in my heart. I rushed out of the house and into the woods and began to call upon God for help. I had seen in my Bible about the 'Holy Ghost power,' but did not know what it meant, but now I felt a great need of it, so I began to pray and ask God for the 'Holy Ghost power.' He heard my cry; the power of God came upon me; billows of glory rolled over me, and I was swallowed up in God. I left my place of prayer and came back to the house. My husband and pastor again brought forth their abuse, but now it did not take hold. The sharp arrows just hit and fell down, taking no hold of me at all (she illustrated this by putting her hands to her breast and letting them fall to her side). I was so happy and peaceful inside."

She went on with her story. She lived with her husband many years. He abused her, he drank, he swore, and cursed her religion. He forbid their children attending her services; this, she said, was the hardest of all, but God kept her sweet in her soul. She started to prayer-meeting one night and one of her boys, about thirteen years of age, desired to go with

## The Aged Believer and the Aged Saint

By Rev. W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D. D.

### At the Gate

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary,  
faint, and sore,  
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening  
of the door,  
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise  
and come  
To the glory of his presence, to the glad-  
ness of his home.

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid dark-  
ness, storm, and strife,  
Bearing many a burden, struggling, for  
my life;  
But now the morn is breaking, my toil  
will soon be o'er;  
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand  
is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed  
as they stand  
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless  
land:  
Oh! would that I were with them, amid  
their shining throng,  
Mingling in their worship, joining in  
their song!

The friends that started with me have  
entered long ago;  
One by one they left me, struggling with  
the foe;  
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their tri-  
umph sooner won.  
How lovingly they'll hail me when my  
toil is done!

With them the blessed angels, that know  
not grief nor sin;  
I see them by the portals, prepared to  
let me in!  
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure; Thy time  
and way are best;  
But I'm wasted, worn and weary—O  
Father, bid me rest!

### Through the Gates

At length the door is opened, and free  
from pain and sin,  
With joy and gladness on his head, the  
pilgrim enters in;  
The Master bids him welcome, and on  
the Father's breast,  
By loving arms enfolded, the weary is  
at rest.

The blessed angels 'round him, amid  
heaven's hallowed calm,  
With harp and voice are lifting up the  
triumph of their psalm;  
"All glory to the Holy One, the Infinite  
I AM,  
Whose grace redeems the fallen! Salva-  
tion to the Lamb!

And now from out the glory, the living  
cloud of light,  
The old familiar faces come beaming on  
his sight—  
The early lost, the ever-loved, the friends  
of long ago,  
Companions of his conflicts and pilgrim-  
age below.

They parted here in weakness and suffer-  
ing and gloom;  
They met amid the freshness of heaven's  
immortal bloom;  
Henceforth in ever-during bliss to wander,  
hand in hand,  
Beside the living waters of the still and  
sinless land.

Oh! who can tell the rapture of those to  
whom 'tis given  
Thus to renew the bonds of earth amid  
the bliss of heaven!  
Thrice blessed be His holy name who, for  
our fallen race,  
Hath purchased by his bitter pains such  
plentitude of grace!  
—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

her. The father said, "No!" With a heavy heart she went on alone, but had not gone far before the boy met her in the road and begged to go with her. She wanted him to go, but was afraid he would get a hard whipping when he got home. She permitted him to go and kept praying all evening that the father would not whip him. They came home; the father was in bed, and the boy went quietly upstairs. She retired and then had a remarkable vision. She dreamed the father had dug a great pit or grave and was trying to bury the children in it (they had nine children at this time), while she was crying and begging the father to have mercy and was using all her strength to get the children away. Finally she succeeded and got them all away from the father and away from the grave. She looked behind her to count them and counted thirteen. She awoke from her dream and was wet with perspiration. After this vision she bore four more children to her husband. She said she took it as an assurance of the salvation of her whole family.

Thus were her years spent, always abuse and always perfect victory, until the father came to his deathbed; he lay eighteen months upon his deathbed. He was cross at first, but afterward began to break up and ask the pardon of his wife, saying, "Oh, mamma, how mean I have been to you all these years; why did you not leave me long ago?" She said, "You are the father of my children. I have loved them and I love you, and Jesus has been with me all the time and helped me through." He repented with bitter tears and was gloriously saved, and went out of this life rejoicing. She ended, saying, "Thank God, it was worth all I went through to see him so gloriously saved. I am so happy

in the Lord. He has kept me so sweet in my soul all these years and it was all because He gave me the Holy Ghost power."

### Old Age

Written by H. H. MILLER

FEW people seem to want to think of getting old. The Psalmist said, "I have been young and now am old." The wise man said, "The hoary head is a crown of glory. If it be found in the way of righteousness."

This age gives far too little deference to those who are growing old. Old people are too much cast aside; looked on as if they were of little importance, and in many cases are treated like aliens. Young people, almost as a rule, give too little deference to the aged. No one should forget that all grow older together, and that the time of advanced years comes on apace to all.

As people grow older they naturally make fewer close friends. Business relations relax. The regular duties of life are less entered into. More and more the life approaches a goal of reduced activities. And if ever a person needs friends, it is in the decline of life. The writer, during over twenty years in the pastorate, always made it a rule to give first and best attention to the aged and sick in his charges. He now looks back over those years and thanks God that he made fast friends of aged people. Some of his most fond recollections have to do with people from seventy to ninety-five years old. It certainly was a great advantage to him to receive the godly advice and counsel of the aged; and to enter with them into their reminiscences of past achievement, and take a real interest therein.

## Bud Robinson's Corner

To the HERALD OF HOLINESS readers: I say glory to God! Well, here we are at you again this week on that something that was lost. You see, when we get on to a line of thinking, our mind gets into some sort of a groove and it is hard to get out. While that is so, we saw that the law was lost in the temple and found in the temple by the work-hands who were cleaning out the temple, under the reign of Josiah; and we find that Christ was lost in the temple and found by Joseph and Mary, and we run on down through the world for quite awhile, and we find that justification by faith was lost in the temple and found by Martin Luther; and we run on down for quite awhile, and we find that the witness of the Spirit and the experience of scriptural holiness had been lost in the temple and found by John Wesley; and we run on down for quite awhile, and we find that the law had been lost again and it was found and restored to the church by Jonathan Edwards and Charles G. Finney.

We run down a little further and we find that the doctrine and experience of scriptural holiness had been lost again, and it was found and restored to the church by the Palmers and Lusk, and McDonald, and Gill, and John A. Wood, and from their day the doctrine has not been kept in the temple, but God has raised up certain men to keep the doctrine before the people of America, such men as Dr. Daniel Steele and Dr. P. F. Bresee, and Dr. Fowler, and McLaughlin, and Morrison, and Godbey, and Haynes, and Pickett and others. But for the past generation, the great doctrine has hardly been heard of in the great temples, but on the wayside. Such men as Joseph H. Smith and Henry Morrison, with several thousand others, have gone to every state and then around the world, telling the lost of earth that they could be not only converted but wholly sanctified. While these great warriors could not reach every village, they have sent them the *Pentecostal Herald* and the *Christian Witness*, and the *HERALD OF HOLINESS*, and the *Way of Faith*,

and *Living Water*, and the *Revivalist*, and with such men as Walker, and Hills, and McClurkin writing books and papers, which have been read from the waters to the ends of the earth.

All of this work has been done almost altogether outside of the temple, and today the temple is almost without any religious doctrine at all that is worth having. Without a doubt, in my mind, God at this present time has raised up Billy Sunday to restore the doctrine of repentance to the temple, for the temple has not only lost the witness of the spirit and holiness; they have even lost the doctrine of repentance. To repent and confess their sins is now a new doctrine to the temple, and this is a fact that I don't want you to forget. If the temple can't be aroused, and if they don't carry the crowd that comes in under the preaching of Billy on to real salvation and get them truly regenerated, they will soon relapse and the last state will be worse than the first, and by the next generation they will be ready to dispense with the temple and go to the theater altogether, instead of the house of God. In fact, that has already been advocated in some places and the moving pictures have been brought in to help the parson get a crowd, and the church festivals have been brought in to raise their money, and they are now too dead to raise a fuss.

For years they haven't tried to raise the Devil. He seems to have gone to sleep on the roof while the learned Doctors read their manuscript on something that seems to be new! The church under their ministry has gone to the bottom and they are without spiritual life and fire, while the pulpit is full of doubts. There are no shouts in the pew, and we all see at a glance that there is no such a thing as faith among the laity. There is also no faith among the ministry. A pulpit on fire will fill the church with smoke, and the smoke will be a testimony that the pulpit is on fire.—BUD ROBINSON.

### Church Membership and District Membership

Written by Evangelist I. D. FARMER

CAN a licensed minister or an elder hold ministerial membership in one District; and hold church membership in another District? Doesn't that give him a controlling power in two Districts? For instance: You take a young District that is having a hard time to man the work, and her preachers take work in another District, and even move their church membership with them to the District they are working for.

I have a letter from the head of our work, Dr. Walker and Dr. Reynolds. I asked that this be printed in the *HERALD OF HOLINESS*, so our elders may know where they belong. Having conferred with Dr. Walker and the other General Superintendent, the opinion seems to be that an ordained preacher, a regular licensed preacher in charge of a regular organized church, *must* hold his church membership in the District in which his pastorate is. But an ordained or regular licensed preacher may hold ministerial relations in one District and his church membership relation in another, if so desired on his part, when not in charge of a pastorate. Now this is the statement of our General Superintendents.

I write this that our elders may know where they belong.

### The Secret of Success

Written by Evangelist W. EVANS BURNETT

"And the patriarchs moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt: but God was with him" (Acts 7:9).

AS a text, we wish to use the latter clause of the verse given above, and desire that our readers get the idea of success as God counts success. Maybe some of God's servants, who feel that possibly they were not as

successful during the past year as they should have been, will get light and encouragement from the message of this article.

There is no one who will not admit that the man spoken of in our text was successful in every way. It did not occur to some, no doubt, that Stephen, the holiness preacher who spoke the words of my text, was successful, but he was. Like Joseph, he succeeded in getting persecuted for righteousness' sake, and not only occupies the seat in the glory world as the first Christian martyr, but has the distinction of being the only preacher on record that was privileged to preach his own funeral sermon.

The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt, and no doubt thought they had heard the last of the "dreamer," as they called him, but God was with him, and instead of this seeming great calamity being his end, it proved to be only the starting point of a career so victorious and successful as to make kings and rulers take notice.

Stones were hurled at Stephen with murderous intent by wicked men envious of the power with which he spoke, and because his life was a rebuke to them. He died, in the eyes of the world, a violent, untimely, and disgraceful death, and the murderers thought they were rid of Stephen for ever, but God was with him, and Saul of Tarsus, the shrewd theologian and politician, who stood by consenting to Stephen's death, never got away from the sight of how God's preacher passed away. And though Stephen died, yet he lived again in the life of the great Apostle Paul whom God used mightily for the salvation of souls.

In the first place, we see that Joseph, of the old, and Stephen, of the new dispensation, succeeded in spite of envy. No man or woman can stand before envy any great length of time unless they are sanctified wholly. Somehow I believe Joseph had the blessing, and Stephen was there, we know, on the day of Pentecost. Carnality is an old green eyed monster at times, and, if envy does not scare the regenerated person, will so disgust them that they will cease being jealous rather than contend with the devilish thing.

Secondly, we notice that the man of the Old Bible, to whom our text refers, was successful in spite of adversity, socially and temporally. Never was considered one of the elite myself, but imagine a fellow feels quite keenly the difference between the life of an honored and best loved son to that of a slave in the home of the uncircumcised Egyptian. Many men and women of the world commit suicide rather than endure social and temporal adversity.

Thirdly, we see that Joseph was successful in spite of the fact that one of the Devil's long range guns was trained on him many times. The Devil has three extra long range guns, which nobody but the wholly sanctified are proof against, viz: Lust, lucre, and leadership. And folks have got to keep the blessing in order to keep out of range of the Devil's guns.

My, how some folks do want to be leader, the bell sheep of the flock. Leadership! How they do long to sway the scepter. Every one of God's appointed leaders we have record of, had just about as soon some one else had the job. Not that they are afraid or lazy, but feel so humble that surely somebody else is more capable.

Thank the Lord we can get so thoroughly "cured at the core" that we will never have to use more than one hand for handbaking with those of the opposite sex. And, like Joseph, we can handle funds of an empire for the good of others and never be accused of "feathering" our own nest. The Lord will see to it that we have plenty, and some over for enemies and poor kin folks, maybe, but covetousness will never taint our stewardship if God is with us in His fullness. Amen.

In conclusion, the secret of success for us in our little corner depends upon God being with us. No matter if the hillside is covered with soldiers of the enemy as in the case of Elisha, the prophet; no difference if uncleanness, covetousness, love of leadership, and every other trait of carnality besets our pathway, the secret of success lies in the fact that God is with us.

Young pastors who will give special attention to the aged of the community, will be doing a work that will not only be a blessing to those to whom they minister, but will be surely pleasing to God.

Young people who will give special attention to and make friends of old people, will unconsciously to themselves be doing a work in the settling of their own characters that will be of great use in the coming days.

What is more beautiful than an old person filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, growing gracefully old. In fact, people who keep filled with the Holy Ghost, and keep the fires brightly burning on their hearts, hardly seem to get old at all. They come on "like a shock of corn," that is ripe.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And when honny hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

When the writer was a student in Ohio Wesleyan University in 1889, he remembers the now sainted Dr. Frederick Merrick, then but an Emeritus professor, standing in class meeting and saying: "They tell me I am getting old. But when I remember the vast eternity I am to be with God, I think I am just beginning to live." He was then past eighty.

Is it not so to the well saved man or woman? The time on earth is but short at the longest. God help us all as the years come and go, to "keep our hearts set on that city" that is "coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

Moral courage is nothing in the world but just the capacity for doing what we know we ought to do: give that to every man, and only think with what a stir of eager and vivacious interest this dull world in which we are living would wake and start!—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

# "HOME READING"

## A Little Old Lady Story

THE room was bare and cheerless and ugly enough. Upon an ill-kept bed in one corner lay what seemed more like a bundle of rags than a human being. The little old lady had opened the door gently and now moved very quietly toward the bed.

"You'll have to be mighty careful," she had been warned by the woman on the floor below. "She don't want anybody around and she sure does talk something awful."

A ray of light from the late afternoon sun had managed to penetrate the forlorn room. It fell upon the little old lady now as if trying to find one place in the room where there was a touch of beauty and charm. Mrs. Morley wore a very quiet simple dress, but the cameo beauty of her fact and the quiet distinction of her bearing nothing could hide. She held some fragrant red roses in her hand.

The figure on the bed moved restlessly, and a pair of deep, heavy, hopeless eyes was fixed on Mrs. Morley.

"You get out of here. I don't want to hear you talk. I've got along without any help from your kind up till now, and I'll do without you to the finish. None of your fishy, sniveling talk for me."

She was about to turn her face to the wall again, when Mrs. Morley spoke quietly.

"Yes, I think you can do without me. But I don't think I can get along without you. I came because of something you can do for me."

There was a curious sound between a snort and a hard laugh in the bed.

"Something I can do for you! Do n't you see I'm all in? 'Doc' Gliden says in a day or so I'll hand in my checks. I'm through. I've struck bottom. Go away, won't you, and let me alone?"

Mrs. Morley was standing nearer to the bed now.

"I understand," she said in that voice whose subtle sympathy had won so many. "You see I'm almost through, too."

The woman on the bed made a movement in which surprise and anger seemed mingled. She looked steadily at the little old lady for a moment. Then she said:

"I reckon you're right. You've come to the last act, sure thing. But that do n't make you understand. You've lived to be an old woman. You have money and friends. You've held the right cards all through the game. Why, do you know I'm only thirty, and life has been hitting me in the face ever since I've been a little girl. You'll die one of these days and you have had everything you could want. I'll likely die tonight and I've had nothing. You can't talk to me. Now, won't you cut out this talk and beat it?"

She softened a little and added as if the words were drawn from her half against her will. "I guess you mean all right. But you and I can't get together. Why, you would n't speak to me if I were n't dying!"

"But you see I can't go until you tell me that you forgive me!"

The woman on the bed was silent from sheer astonishment. After a few minutes she managed to speak.

"Forgive you? Are you out of your head, woman? Why I never saw you in all my life."

"No, that's just it," replied Mrs. Morley. "Dr. Gliden tells me that you were born in this part of the city and have lived here all your life. And he says that everything has been against you from the start. None of us have found you and tried to help. I'm only one, of course, but I must bear my share of blame. So I've come to ask you to forgive me."

There was a longer silence now, while the woman peered steadily and with a deep-searching scrutiny into Mrs. Morley's face. The little old lady had taken the one chair in the room, quite as if in response to a cordial invitation, and she returned the woman's gaze. There was none of the condescending pity of a conscious superiority in her eyes. They were just warm and human and eager

and they seemed to be asking a favor, to be seeking for some great gift. The sick woman breathed a sigh, which was partly a groan.

"I reckon it's pretty late for me to hear that sort of thing now," she said, "but I see you're white and square. You mean what you say. You're all right. I'd take a favor from a woman like you, sure thing." She hesitated as her eyes fell on the roses. "I'll take one of them if you'll give it to me."

Mrs. Morley selected one particularly beautiful rose and placed it in the woman's hand. In a moment she had put the others in a cracked glass she found in a little cupboard. She put the roses where they were easily seen from the bed.

Then she stood beside the sick woman and said with a curious grief-stricken sternness in her voice:

"We have broken your life, and I don't wonder that you are not wanting to have us come to see what we have done." Not many people had heard Mrs. Morley use a tone in which there was so much bitterness. The woman's eyes never left her face. A

### THE PRAYER OF ONE GROWING OLD

Be with me, Lord! My home is growing still

As one by one the guests go out the door;

And they who helped me once to do Thy will

Behold and praise Thee on the heavenly shore.

Uphold my strength! My task is not yet done,

Nor let me at my labor cease to sing;

But from the rising to the setting sun

Each faithful hour do service to my King.

Show me Thy light. Let not my wearied eyes

Miss the fresh glory of the passing day;

But keep the light of morn—the sweet surprise

Of each new blessing that attends my way.

And, for the crowning grace! O Lord, renew

The best of gifts Thy best of saints have had;

With the great joy of Christ my heart—

endue,

And then with Thee my heart shall e'er be glad!

—The Christian Century.

curious light of satisfaction had come into her own. It was quickly succeeded by one of anxiety.

"Well, do n't you mind. You didn't do it at any rate. You'd have put me in a garden of roses, I guess. Say, I wish I'd known you twelve years ago."

The little old lady went on almost as if she had not heard the interruption.

"We build up a big, prosperous, successful city. We grow a breed of men strong in everything but self-control. And we live our little complacent lives, never putting forth a hand. We are afraid to face the facts. We worship ignorance. And all the while"—she came back from thinking out loud to speaking to the woman on the bed again—"all the while girls with shining eyes, and merry faces and eager hearts, are trying to find love and loyalty and are finding"—she hesitated and did not complete the sentence. A fierce energy seemed to possess her. "I hate it."

A strange thing had happened on the bed. Tears had filled the eyes of the woman in rags. She put forth her hand.

"Talk that way some more," she said. "I like to hear it. When I talked the worst I wanted to say that and did n't know how."

Mrs. Morley held the sick woman's hand firmly, but was quite silent, a silence somehow filled with a sympathy which drew the two closer and closer together. The woman on the bed spoke again.

"Do you know I hate churches? They

seem like a wall you can never climb over. When you came in I thought maybe you came from a church."

Then she went on:

"You would n't think it now, but I was a pretty enough girl. All keen on getting everything there was. And pretty soon I found there was mighty little for me. Then there was the big chance at last, I thought. He did n't play fair. And I cared. And I thought I was in the game for keeps. And after that blew up, I did n't care much. So it's gone, and I reckon I'd never have talked about it if you had n't come in here. It does make it easier to find one woman you can talk to—one woman like you, I mean."

The hand of the little old lady was gently laid on her brow, and a strange contortion, half smile, half sob, passed over the woman's face.

"Why, this is like having a friend," she said. She lay thinking quietly as if trying to solve some riddle. Then she said: "But why do you do it? Why are you like this?" Her eyes were fastened on Mrs. Morley's face.

The little old lady spoke quietly.

"I have a friend who loves the people who haven't had a fair chance, and breaks his heart over them when they suffer and go wrong."

"I'd like to know him," said the woman on the bed. "I'd like to see a man like that."

"He died a good while ago," said Mrs. Morley. "But he isn't dead after all, and—" she hesitated, but with a quality of courage characteristic of her, she continued, "They were singing about him in church this morning."

"Oh, you mean religion," said the woman disappointedly. "I've known some religious people"—this in a hard sardonic tone. "But did religion make you feel the way you do?"

The little old lady held a glass of water to the lips of the sick woman, as if anticipating her desire. Then she sat down again, and began to talk. It was the Master as she had known Him in a whole life's vicissitudes of whom she spoke. All her power of vivid understanding description was brought to bear on making it all real to the woman beside her.

The figure on the bed lay quite still. At first there was a tolerant but incredulous look on her face. She liked this woman and she would listen to anything she had to say. But incredulity was replaced by interest. Interest became more intense. She seemed looking over the shoulder of the woman at the well as she talked with Jesus. She felt all the passion of His purity. She felt all the tenderness of His love. With a power to make it real in a simple human way, the little old lady lifted the curtain on the scene where Jesus wrote on the ground, she brought the sick woman into the presence of the one who washed the feet of Jesus and wiped them with her hair. Then in a voice very low but very distinct, she spoke of the cross, and in her words there was a deep and rich gladness even as there was heartbreak. The cross seemed an open door of hope to every Magdalene.

The woman on the bed was weeping quietly.

"Why, I never understood," she murmured, and she kept repeating, "I never understood."

"Why, it's too good to be true," she murmured, strangely enough in a tone of acceptance rather than one of rejection. Then she had her moment of leaping faith. Her eyes were full of a great luster as she said:

"Why! He's come right here from the cross to take away my twelve bad years."

The afternoon wore into the evening. There was stillness in the shabby room. But it was forlorn no longer. When late that evening Mrs. Morley's friends came for her, they found her sitting quietly beside a still form, with a face which in the moonlight seemed shining with God's gift of peace. The woman's fingers held tightly a great red rose.—LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, in the *Epworth Herald*.



## Beauty in Age

"It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

THE text has a very beautiful application to Christian old age. Often we look with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that at even time it shall be light. To many, old age is the choicest season in their lives. A gentleman met one day an aged saint on his way to the place of prayer. His back was bent and his step faltered but with all he was happy. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as he went along the road. "My friend," said the gentleman, "tell me why should old people be happy?" "All are not," he replied. "Tell me why or how you are so happy." "Because of my relationship to the Christ. I am my Lord's and he is mine." "Are none others happy at your time of life?" "No sir; the Devil has no happy old men."

How beautiful is the sunset of a genuine Christian life. The sun at the horizon seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down. The frosts of many winters may have made him look venerable, but the storms and sunshine of the years have ripened in him a rich experience. The day is now far spent, but at evening time he is flooded with light. He never was happier and never enjoyed more light than at the evening hour. The things of earth fade away, while a light from the throne of God breaks in upon the soul. He has reached Beulah land, that happy country whose days are as the days of heaven on earth.

How different is the evening time of the old man who has spent his life grasping for the things of earth. He may have made a great success in business and accumulated much wealth, but at evening time he knows that he must leave it all, perhaps to profligate sons, or quarreling relatives. There is no light at evening time, but darkness settles all about him as the end of the day approaches. Unbelief laments at the coming shadows of night, but faith cries out, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand and the evening has passed into the morning."

Did you ever think, of course you have, many times, that we are each building the house in which we shall have to live when we become aged? We may make it very beautiful and adorn it with exquisite taste, and fill it with those things that minister to our uplift, or we may cover the walls with hideous images and ghastly spectres which shall look down upon us and fill our souls with terror as we sit in the shadows of the coming night. We may plant roses to bloom by our door or we may grow weeds and briars. Old age is not always pleasant; not all old people are happy. But it is possible so to live that the last days may be the brightest and best.

Here is a program for us who want to have a golden evening time. Take care of the physical, these tenements in which we live. Eat and drink sparingly and avoid all those things which are poison. Live a pure, busy, and useful life. An idle life brings no satisfaction to any one. Sins in earlier years, put thorns in the pillow of the aged. A life of obedience to the Father's will, of faithfulness to duty, of personal purity and of Christ-like service will make old age contented, joyous, glorious.

Of Wesley, when an old man, *Atmore's Methodist Memorial* says: "His face for an old man was remarkably fine; a clear smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion scarcely ever found at his years, and expressive of the most perfect health, conspired to render him a venerable and interesting figure. Few saw him without being struck by his appearance, and many who had been greatly prejudiced against him have been known to change their opinion the moment they were introduced into his presence. In his countenance and demeanor there was a cheerfulness mingled with gravity and a sprightliness which was the natural result of an unusual flow of spirits, and yet was accompanied with every mark of the most serene tranquility."

The beauty in age was the flower of a life wholly consecrated to righteousness.

Sooner or later the lines of character come

out in conduct and even in the facial expression. How often I have looked upon the long rows of marble busts of the old emperors in Rome and have compared that of Marcus Aurelius with that of Caligula and Nero and Septimius Severus, and even Nero in youth and Nero as a man. The lines of character of each are there.

Who has failed to read the character of Byron in his pictures, of Farraday, Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Gladstone? The face no indication of character? No index of what we may expect from the man? As well say that it is no indication of health or disease. We determine what we shall be, and what we really are sooner or later reveals itself in conduct.

One densely foggy day in London a little girl was standing on the curb scanning the faces of the passersby to find one whom she might trust. She saw a tall spare man of grave and kindly mien, and looking sweetly up into his face she said, "Please, sir, will

### THE YOUNG MAN'S ANSWER TO THE VETERAN'S "TOO OLD TO PREACH"

"They tell me I'm 'too old to preach.'  
Too old the precious Word to teach,  
Too old the gospel to proclaim,  
Too old to tell that Christ is gain."

Young comrades of the Cross, arise!  
Stand forth! Behold before your eyes  
Christ's gallant veteran bending low,  
Whose work is finished here below.

His hands show marks of toil and pain,  
His noble brow, that, not in vain,  
Has Christ been loved by him:— His crown  
Awaits his lifework's laying down.

Young comrades of the Cross, dare we  
Skulk back, refuse, with conscience free,  
To give what God has given to us  
To aid such comrades valorous?

Our wealth, our substance to withhold,  
When youth, and strength, and courage  
bold  
Bid fair to fill our coffers full,  
And call us with tremendous pull?

These veterans lay their lifework down,  
Their tasks are done in field and town,  
Their strength is spent, their sword is  
sheathed—  
To us have they new tasks bequeathed.

Young comrades of the Cross, arise!  
By word and deed the world apprise  
That we stand true to do or die,  
As did our Christ on Calvary!

—N. M. POWELL.

you help me to cross?" It was Lord Shaftsbury and he has since said that the greatest compliment he ever received was this expression of the little girl's confidence.

"There is beauty Youth can never know,  
With all the lusty radiance of his prime,  
A beauty the sole heritage of time,  
That gilds the fabric with a sunset glow,  
That glories the work it soon lays low!  
There is a charm in Age, well nigh sublime,  
That lends a new luster to the poet's rhyme,  
As mountain peaks are grander crowned with snow.  
How gay the laugh of Youth; but oh, how brave  
The stately weakness of a reverend Age!  
Be ours the task to solace and to cheer,  
To fondly guide its footsteps to the grave,  
To print a blessing on the final page,  
And cherish memories for ever dear!"

We are thankful for our fathers and mothers in Israel; for the sainted men and women who have gone on before and to the noble souls who are with us still.

We owe a debt to those who have preceded us. They planted the trees whose shade we enjoy. They built the cities in which we live. They provided many of the facilities which make for our comfort. We have entered into an inheritance which our fathers procured for us at great sacrifice.

How shall we accomplish in our day a work equal to that which the fathers did in their day? What we need is a baptism of their spirit, their faith, courage and loyalty to the Master. If we are loyal to the Master as our fathers were, we shall be grateful to

the fathers for what they did, and if grateful, our gratitude must find some adequate expression.

This Home for the Aged is our attempt to express our appreciation.— Bishop BURR, in *Michigan Christian Advocate*.

### THE OLD MAN IN DISTRESS

A FRIEND of mine said that on one occasion he was going to North Carolina to preach the commencement sermon at Wake Forest College, and on the train his attention was attracted to an old man who seemed to be in distress. My friend stepped over to where he was sitting, and asked if he could be of service to him, and the old man gruffly said, "No." My friend is very tender-hearted, and felt very sorry for the old man. Even though his sympathy seemed unappreciated, he kept watching the stranger, thinking that perhaps he might be of service to him in some other way. The old gentlemen got off just before the train arrived at Wake Forest, and in stress of other things, the matter passed from my friend's mind for a time. He went on to Wake Forest, and a day or two later was returning. When the train reached the station where the old man got off, my friend remembered him, and looked out of the window to see if he could see anything of him. He saw the old gentleman was waiting at the station, who got on the train and entered the car where my friend was sitting. He had a package in his hand, which he seemed to guard carefully. Sitting down in a dejected manner, he put his hands to his eyes, and soon there were tears running down his cheeks. My friend could not stand to see an old man in such sorrow, and in spite of the former rebuff, he stepped over to where the man was sitting, sat down beside him, and said: "You seem to be deeply troubled. I wish I might help you in some way." The old man saw that he was sincere, so he opened his heart and told him this story:

"When I was sixteen years of age, I ran away from home. My mother was a saintly woman, and she wanted me to be good; but I was wild, and resented the restraints at home. I went to many places, finally landing in California, where I have since lived. I never wrote to my mother. As time went on, I became more and more ashamed to write to her; but I made up my mind that I would look her up some day. Time wore away, and one day I awakened to realize the fact that I was getting old, and that my mother must have died long ago. I was stricken with remorse to think that she must have died of a broken heart, longing to see her wandering boy. The more I thought of it, the sadder I became; and I made up my mind that I would come back to the old state, and see if I could find out anything about her; find out, if I could, how long she had lived, and if she died happy.

"So I came back. I was on my way when you spoke to me before; and when I got off yonder, I went straight to where the old house used to stand; but it was gone, and newer houses built in its stead. The whole neighborhood was so new that I could hardly believe it to be the same place; but finally I came to a house that made me remember many things. It was the old church where she used to worship, and where she always took me. I entered and went to the very place where my mother always sat. I took up the brick that I knew her foot had rested upon, and I am taking it away. See how thin it is. My mother's foot helped to wear it thin. As I sat in that church, I felt very strange. I saw what a sinner I was, to have treated my mother in that way, and to have lived as I have lived; and I made up my mind that if my mother's Savior could save me, too, I would give Him a chance to do it. I knelt down there, and gave my heart to Him. I know that He has saved me, and I am happy that I have found my mother's Savior; but, Oh, to think of the grief that I caused her pure heart! and to think that she died with such a burden on her heart!"

How many such stories we hear! how many mothers die as this one must have died, with a broken heart, grieving over her boy or her girl who has strayed away!— *Selected*.

# The Scriptural Method of Giving: The Duplex Envelope System

By John Matthews

The Fourth General Assembly of our church, which met in Kansas City, adopted for general use, the Duplex Envelope System for all the churches. This is the system we are to use. Will you kindly allow the writer to present this matter, since we have used this method for a year and a half, and it works finely. Our people are pleased, and have responded in a way that delighted the pastor. Only one or two members in the least objected to its use, and they wanted to give their money around over the country as the notion struck them.

You can easily see, from the two illustrations, the size, appearance, and objects to which we give. One is for our Sunday school, and the other for our church. Each member receives a box, with fifty-two envelopes—one for each Sunday in the year. Each envelope has a number, date, and whatever printed matter you wish to have on it. There is a record book in which account may be kept. Each name has its number. Get as many boxes as you have members, allow for additions, and get a box for the friends who come to work and worship with you. They may feel slighted otherwise. Let every one have the same privilege. The box for the year will cost about twelve cents. On the left side is the space for current expenses, and on the right, space for all benevolent gifts. We use a small red envelope for the Sunday school, as per illustration. They work like a charm. The children are eager for them. I was about to say, "They cry for them." In this way you can get the little ones to give to missions each week, if only a penny; thus laying the foundation for systematic giving for years to come, and add thousands of dollars to our funds. Our pastors will be delighted with the way our people will co-operate with them in this matter. Ask your Board for co-operation and permission to use them at least one year. Do not discuss and argue the matter publicly, but get the envelopes and put a box into the hands of each member. If there should be one objector, just go on kindly, and as soon as that one sees how beautifully it does the work, how the money increases, how the Lord is blessing the givers, he will consider it a privilege to join with you in this scriptural way of giving.

Now and then call attention to the increased gifts, the number that are giving, and speak a word of encouragement to the saints, and there will be no trouble getting money to meet all obligations. Holiness people should pay well, pay promptly and meet every obligation. We can do it on this wise. With half the trouble, time and work, you ought to be able to get in twice the money.

**SOME REASONS AND ADVANTAGES**

1. *It brings results.* Say what we will, we must have money to conserve and promulgate our work. We can not get around this fact. It has always been so. How to get the money so that getter and giver are blessed, has always been a problem. This plan will as nearly solve the matter as any one ever devised. The people, when rightly informed of their duty, privilege, and the needs and the blessings that flow from Bible giving, want to give. *Let us help them to best do what they want to do.* Many members who give but little, will surprise you with their gifts in this plan. The box hanging on the wall, will stir them up to plan and pray and enlarge their offerings unto the Lord. If you will place the envelopes in their hands, they will place the money in the treasurer's hands.

2. *It is good business.* There is a business side to our religion. It is pay as well as pray, and give as well as shout. God's business should be done as carefully as any other business, and more so. This will help us to lay aside our tenth (at least) and give it regularly as we pay our debts. The church can meet its obligations promptly, in a business way, such as commends itself to all men. The Board, knowing about what is coming in weekly, can plan and conduct the business of the church accordingly. God puts a premium on accuracy and promptness. A man is not less spiritual because his books balance!

3. *This method is convenient, helpful and very practical.* The double envelope helps the giver to do easily and conveniently what he wants to do. Here is his envelope, ready every Sunday, with places for home expenses, and benevolences. *All in the world he has to do is just to furnish the money and put it in the envelope.* Everything else done for him. It is almost too easy. Instead of having

half a dozen different ones gathering up money for as many different objects, with no regularity, one treasurer receives all money paid into the church from every source, and keeps all records. Without being solicited from many quarters, each member comes with Christian dignity, and puts his or her own offering into the treasury of God, and receives

envelopes. You will be surprised how cheerfully your people will respond. Kindly urged, frequently encouraged, this system will increase the gifts and bless spiritually, any church that adopts it; and since the General Assembly has done so, let each one of us work in harmony with their desire.

7. *This plan is missionary.* The monthly envelope plan for missions is good. But the weekly is four times better. For each Sunday a little may be given, and not felt. Or in case of absence, the amount may be given next Sunday. Let each one give each Sunday to both sides, if only a penny. Any pastor can double the gifts to missions in this manner. Oh, what that would mean for our church in one year. This double envelope keeps missions of all kinds before our dear people. We use the small envelopes in our Sunday school, and the little ones give to missions gladly. Last Sunday, our offering was over six dollars, and more than two dollars were for missions. Every superintendent can teach the children to joyously give to current expenses and to missions each Sunday.

8. *This method of weekly, systematic giving is scriptural.* This is the first thing with us. *If it is in line with the Word of God, then we are in line with it.* By this method we can accurately follow Paul's command in 1 Cor. 16:2, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him" (during the preceding week). What the Book says we will do! Giving each Lord's Day is as necessary as singing or praying, or anything else God commands to be done. Offering or sacrifice precedes worship, and may be said to be a part of worship. To do else, is to refuse God's rule and God's way, and to become lawless. Haphazard giving is but little better than no giving. Perhaps more people suffer in their experiences from not being properly instructed and from not regularly giving, than any other one thing. There is but one way to give, and that is to lay aside each Lord's Day. This little plan just helps the giver to do this. Then, if the member can not get to the meeting, they can worship God at home, put the money in the envelope, and turn it in when they next present themselves to worship God. In case of sickness or continued absence, sometimes a member will bring a dozen or more back envelopes. These would most likely have been lost to the Lord, if the envelopes had not been provided. If we will instruct our people, show them the Word of God, and their privilege of enjoying the blessings attached to systematic giving, we will be blessed and they will be blessed, and the money will come in. Many of us hesitate to say much about money to our people, especially if they are giving well. But, preach any way, and you will be surprised how the money will come. How our people give as they do, when instructed, is almost a mystery. In most any Nazarene congregation, after they have given all they have, you can get an offering that would astonish people who do not have the blessing. It is wonderful. *Let's help them to make it miraculous.* After preaching to our people recently, though with great hesitation, for we are carrying so much and the people have of late given so extraordinarily, our current expense offerings almost doubled, and one recently received member, of ordinary means, gave me one evening, for our work, drafts for \$115. There is game in the woods, if we beat the brush.

In conclusion: Each one must give for themselves. Scripturally, no one is to give for another. The husband is not to give for the wife, nor the parents for the children. The Book says, "each one, each Lord's day." Giving is paying a debt, and worshipping God. No one can do this for another. So, each member, each boy and girl, is to have a separate box, with their own little envelopes. The Lord helping us, we will follow the Book from this day henceforth!

For samples, write to our Publishing House.

The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of Christian people, and a due regard for the divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Some one has said, "Boys will be boys": he was an abler diagnostician of life who said, "Boys will be men."—JAMES I. VANCE.

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<b>First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene</b> KANSAS CITY, MO.		MISSIONS AND BENEVOLENCES  WEEKLY OFFERING \$-----	
WEEKLY OFFERING \$-----  Light, Heat, Fuel, Superintendents, Deacons, Janitor, Incidentals, Assistant Pastor and Pastor.		Foreign Missions----- Home Missions----- City Missions----- Building Fund----- Publishing House----- Rescue Work----- Special-----	
Bring or send your envelope every Lord's Day.		Give something each week, if only a penny.	
<b>FOR OURSELVES</b>		<b>FOR OTHERS</b>	

Actual Size for Church Offerings

the blessing promised to those who so do.

4. *This method insures regularity.* We should be as regular in giving as praying, or going to church, or reading the Scriptures. To give at random whatever may happen to be in the hand, is surely detrimental to all spiritual experience. To come up to worship God and give or not give, or give when the impulse strikes us, or when the pastor has worn himself out trying to get us to give what as honest folks we owe the Lord, is to grieve God, and will surely bring leanness upon our souls. Many a soul has lost inexpressible blessings from God on account of a sort of haphazard, when-the-notion-strikes sort of giving. With this system, each member may give each Lord's Day to the work of the church, and greatly enjoy it. Of course!

5. *This plan is educational.* This method will lift giving to the plane of divine worship—the returning to God that which is His just and holy due. In this way, our people may be trained to give twice as much as they aforesaid gave, and then wonder how it is they are giving so little. All the different departments of the church work are brought before their eyes and heart every Sun-

150	SEP 26 '15	SEP 26 '15	150
<b>Nazarene Sunday School</b> 24th and Troost Ave.		WEEKLY OFFERING for MISSIONS	
WEEKLY OFFERING for our SUNDAY SCHOOL		Put something in this side of the envelope so that little children ev- erywhere may hear of our divine Savior.	

Actual Size for Sunday School

day without any public announcement. As each member gives to current expenses, all these other objects are before him, and in this way, what we are doing, and the help to do it, is constantly before our people. They want to know. In this way they may know. This system will work wonders on this line with a little attention from the pastor.

6. *This method is inspirational.* You will be surprised how contribution for all departments increase. The more people give, the more they want to give. It will inspire the saints to give, to be regular, to tithe, and to take interest in matters unknown or neglected by them. Four months after we began, here is the record for one Sunday in January, 1915: Boxes out, about 125; returns: to current expenses, 117 envelopes; to missions, 77

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Rev. E. G. Anderson, General Missionary Treasurer, has moved his residence and office from Olivet, Ill., and now should be addressed at 2109 Troost ave., Kansas City, Mo. Let all District treasurers and others who have correspondence with Brother Anderson take notice of the change.

## Announcements

**EVANGELISTIC**—I have some time which I can give to evangelistic work soon. Address me at Des Arc, Mo.—B. T. Flanery.

**NOTICE TO ARKANSAS DISTRICT DEACONESSES**—We are to meet in District convention at Little Rock, February 23d to 27th, and are all expected to bring a report. See Manual relative to the uniform we are to wear. We have a place to fill as well as the preachers. Let us do our best for God and the great cause we represent.—Mrs. G. M. Hamric, *Secretary*.

**EVANGELISTIC**—Any church or community in the Panhandle of Texas, or eastern part of New Mexico, or at the foot of the plains, desiring help to hold a holiness meeting may correspond with the undersigned. We shall be through that section this spring and summer, and will hold some meetings.—Rev. W. T. Givins and Wife, (The Happy Doctor), Bowic, Texas, Box 411.

**EVANGELISTIC**—My meeting in Illinois for the month of February has been cancelled, because of failure of the people to complete their new church building. I can give February and March to those desiring my services.—A. S. Dean, 1317 M. S. avenue, Sioux City, Iowa.

**EVANGELISTIC**—I am making up my campmeeting slate for next summer. Any campmeeting committee desiring my help will please write me at Olivet, Ill. Will be free for such after June 3, 1916.—W. E. Shepard.

**ADDRESS**—The postoffice address of Charles Victor Rice is Sydney, Fla.

**ADDRESS**—All correspondence and monies to be sent to me should be addressed to 403 Beacon st., Lowell, Mass.—S. W. Beers.

## District News

### EASTERN OKLAHOMA DISTRICT

On the account of the bad weather, I have not got to see many of the churches. I left home, January 22d, for Hartshorn, a new church organized since the Assembly. Sister Myrtle Jay is the pastor. I was there two nights, and was greatly encouraged with the work. There are some people who know what it means to be Nazarenes. We have no church building, but prospects are good for one soon.

From there I went to Ada, where that good, wide awake pastor, F. C. Savage, is. We were delighted to see a nice new parsonage of four rooms, plastered on the inside, and will be painted on the outside soon. I was at Ada two nights, and had the privilege of hearing Rev. L. H. Ritter, one of our evangelists, preach the first night. His sermon was full of food for the hungry soul.

From there I went to the Preachers' Convention at Kingston. It was fine. When God's people get together and begin to magnify Jesus, God always blesses.

On the account of the bad weather and lack of money, the attendance was small, but God met with us. Folks prayed, shouted and cried until the town was convinced that the holiness folks were doing business. The church at Kingston has the best system of doing things of any church I ever saw. I would recommend the way they do business to all. They tithe, and bring their tithes into the storehouse on the first day of the week. They always have money to pay the bills. They pay the pastor every Monday morning. That is God's plan, and it works. We are now at Mill Creek. We find some of the people discouraged, but some are standing true to God and say they mean to stand for holiness and the Nazarene church. We now have as pastor for the church here and at Belwood, Rev. R. E. McCain, a man of God. We are expecting great things from Eastern

Oklahoma District this year. We have a ripe field for holiness. The cry from every place is "Come over and help us." We mean to plant holiness in every town and country place we possibly can. We have no easy jobs for lazy preachers, but good, hard work for men who are willing to preach and suffer with Jesus and His cause. There is plenty of room for them here, but no feathered nest for any one. F. R. MORGAN, *Dist. Supt.*

### INDIANA DISTRICT

We closed up the old year and began the new one in a few days' meeting with our church at Mohawk, Ind., Rev. Clyde E. Green, pastor. Evangelists George Moore and wife, and Miss Eunice Oakes, singer, had been conducting the meeting for two or three weeks, thus a gracious revival was on. Our church here has built a splendid tabernacle, which will seat about four hundred people, and is suitable for services at all seasons in the year. On Sunday we dedicated the tabernacle, when over \$500 was cheerfully given to meet the indebtedness. Some of our people here have been blessed with this world's goods, and they are not afraid to put it on the altar. They have planned for a campmeeting to be held here in July.

We next went to Auburn, Ill., and conducted a three weeks' revival with our old friend and brother, Rev. Charles A. Gibson, pastor. Here the Lord gave us a gracious revival, despite the fact of zero weather, and the epidemic of a gripe in the town. There were about seventy seekers at the altar, and most of them were happy finders. Brother Gibson is one of those wide awake pastors who knows how to do things, and is always doing them. He has his hand on the situation, and had the way well paved for a good meeting when we arrived.

We are now in a meeting at our church in Connorsville, Ind. Mrs. Harding is leader in song, with Miss Eunice Oakes at the piano. Our church here has had a struggle since its organization, and some desperate battles have been fought by these faithful saints of God, but we believe God is going to give them a revival. The pastor, Rev. C. E. Enos, says we are having the largest crowds that have been in this church since it was organized, and the best revival. Pray for us and the work on the District. U. E. HARDING, *Dist. Supt.*

### BUD ROBINSON IN INDIANA THROUGH MONTH OF APRIL

Rev. Bud Robinson, of Pasadena, Cal., and his singer, Prof. C. C. Rhinebarger, and Rev. C. E.

### THE LATEST

The General Assembly Secretary reports that Rev. J. W. GOODWIN and Rev. Roy T. WILLIAMS, the newly elected General Superintendents, each received twenty-eight votes, four more than necessary for election. Six others received from one to three votes each.

H. F. REYNOLDS,  
*For the General Superintendents*

### TELEGRAMS

#### OFF FOR JAPAN!

San Francisco, Feb. 5, 1916.

#### HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Shinyomaru sailed right on time, at 1:00 o'clock today. Great farewell service on deck. We are all well and saved, and never felt happier. Pray God to make us a great blessing to the Land of the Rising Sun.

W. A. ECKEL and WIFE.

#### NEW CHURCH DEDICATED

Hutchinson, Kas., Feb. 7, 1916.

#### HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Great time at Lyons, Kas., yesterday. New church dedicated by General Superintendent Reynolds, assisted by Revs. Messrs. Kimmel and Lang and the Hutchinson Quartet. Liabilities all met.

E. S. LANG.

## THE NEW MANUAL

The question has arisen, When does the new Manual go into effect? The Board of General Superintendents in regular session ruled that the new Manual went into effect immediately at the close of the General Assembly. Pastors are urged to order the new Manual at once from the Publishing House, so that they may intelligently carry on their work.

By the GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS.

Roberts and wife and Miss Taylor, known as the Texas Trio, will tour the state of Indiana in the month of April, holding two or three days' conventions in different towns and cities. This tour was planned and announced for the month of December, but was postponed until April.

The tour will be made in automobiles, after the same manner that the Flying Squadron toured through the states. The Texas Trio will lead the party, while Bud Robinson, his singer and the writer, will come on the following day, and thus be able to give from two to four days in a place. Watch the papers for the bulletin of towns and cities we will visit.

Persons desiring us to visit their town or city, or parties who desire to attend some of these conventions, can address the writer for full information. We received many letters of inquiry from our first announcement of the tour in December from parties in Ohio and Illinois, so many that we were unable to answer only by way of the different papers, but we are now glad to announce the tour for the month of April.

For further information, address Rev. U. E. Harding, East Thornburg street, New Castle, Ind.

### NEW YORK DISTRICT

Missionary zeal is not abating on the New York District. The writer had the privilege of holding a special missionary service with our New York church on January 16th, with encouraging results. This little band are giving regularly and systematically this year, and have already more than doubled their last year's offerings; but in view of the great need, they freely and gladly gave a generous offering at the close of the service.

At our Bedford church, Brooklyn, on the morning of the 23d, we found a faithful little band, who have been doing nobly; but who, after listening to the message, responded to the appeal for a special offering to hasten the Bread of Life to the perishing millions.

On the 30th, we were privileged to meet with our Spring Valley church. God gave us a blessed time together. The special offerings from the three churches visited last month amounted to over \$25. We believe the saints were encouraged and inspired to attempt larger things for our God and the salvation of a lost world.

S. N. FITKIN, *Dist. Treas.*

### NEW ENGLAND NOTES

Encouraging reports come from the baby church on the District, the new church at Providence, R. I. Brother Norberry writes that they have had an excellent meeting. Splendid crowds have attended. District Superintendent Washburn is conducting special meetings with our church at Waterville, Vt. Sickness detained many from getting into the services.

Another New England preacher has felt the pull away from our Puritan shores to the fertile fields of Chicago Central District, and the First Church at Chicago will soon be pastored by M. E. Borders, who has had a successful six years' pastorate at Malden. We don't just know when the exodus of New England men to the Windy City District will cease, but we feel confident our brethren who have left us will be blessed in their ministry there as they have been here. God bless them. "We shall meet but we shall miss them."

The writer, with Lewis Bacheller, of Malden church, has been assisting Rev. I. T. Johnson in the M. E. church, at Long Island, Me., of which he is pastor. Good crowds attended the services, and a number of souls got to the Lord. The interest was such that Brother Johnson continues the meeting.

Rev. O. L. W. Brown, pastor of our church at South Portland, and also Brother J. Chestnut, pastor of the Portland church, with a company from their churches, attended the Long Island meet-

# Acceptance

To the Pentecostal Church  
of the Nazarene:

It is becoming that I should say a brief word of appreciation in return for the confidence and esteem which has been given me in the election, by the District Superintendents of our Church, to the General Superintendency to fill out one of the unexpired terms caused by the departure of our beloved Dr. Bresee and Brother Wilson. I have been indeed surprised, not having been well known in the work of the General Church, that the minds and hearts of so large a number of the District Superintendents should have been directed to me, so far removed from the center and somewhat on the backside of the desert. For over ten years my work has been almost wholly in California, and so pressed with duties in connection with organized holiness on the District and in our University, that I have been kept away from the General Assemblies until this last fall, when I had the great privilege of coming to Kansas City.

It has been in my heart to devote more time to study and research than has been possible in these years, and my settlement in the pastorate at San Diego seemed to open this possibility to me. But the voice of the people and the needs of the hour call again that I should leave the comforts of home and enter the field in service for the cause of holiness, which is my chiefest joy.

My close association with Dr. Bresee, which has been in the purest, unbroken fellowship for over ten years; his last charge to me just before he left us for his home of many mansions; and my interest in the Church has made my acceptance of this trust imperative. So with all my limitations I shall try to do my best to serve the Church in harmony with her call.

The needs of the hour are very great indeed. These times demand courage, strength of will and purpose, sacrifice and unselfish service, loyalty and devotion to the cause, united efforts from all our workers, and above all patience and perfect love among

ourselves. With a united and a deeply spiritual people, all things are possible; with such a people victory shall wave in our banners, while shouts of holy triumph shall fill all our Assemblies.

Yours in His service,  
J. W. GOODWIN.

To the Pentecostal Church  
of the Nazarene:

When the news of my election to the General Superintendency reached me, my first impulse was to decline to accept the position, feeling that the responsibility was too great for one so young and inexperienced. The place, I assure you, was not desired, and certainly not sought. When I waited, however, to consider carefully before acting, it occurred to me that all over the United States godly men and women had prayed for weeks that the District Superintendents might find the will of God in their voting. I fear to go ahead of God's leading, and yet fear to ignorantly fail to follow His guidance. Thus I accepted the will of the brethren, trusting it was a call of God, for this time. I feel so unworthy to follow in office such great men as Dr. Bresee and Dr. Wilson, but have much consolation in knowing that as a new man I have such wise and godly counsellors as Dr. Walker and Dr. Reynolds, the fellowship of Brother Goodwin, and the love, prayers, and co-operation of the entire church. My time outside of the Assembly seasons will continue to be spent in revival work. To preach the Gospel is always to be the great calling of my life. Pray that we may have wisdom in looking after the business of the church, and power to have a glorious, continuous revival throughout the land. Let our slogan be always "An unending revival." This will solve all other problems.

Yours to serve,  
R. T. WILLIAMS.

PENIEL, TEXAS.  
Feb. 5, 1916.

company, a talented and Spirit-filled people. The visiting brethren were highly pleased with the hospitality that Topeka extended to them, and we would have liked to stay longer. St. Joe and Leavenworth each made request for our next group meeting, but upon voting, Leavenworth was chosen. E. N. RENO, Group Sec'y.

## SAN ANTONIO DISTRICT MINISTERIAL CONVENTION

The seventh Ministerial Convention of the San Antonio District, January 27th to 30th, was one of the greatest gatherings of its kind. Numerically, it was the smallest. The severe cold and wet weather kept many away.

The convention opened Friday morning with a small but optimistic representation. The devotional exercises, revealed the secret, and we were made conscious that God was with us. The services grew in interest and spiritual power, and many expressed that it was the best convention they had attended.

Despite the bad weather, a nice crowd came to the business sessions. The papers read and the discussions that followed, were the expression of excellent thought and spiritual power.

The preaching of the convention was deep, unctuous and of the old-time type. Well, we believe in the "Old Paths." God set His seal upon the ministry of the Word and several found the Lord. Sunday was a great day. Our District Superintendent, William E. Fisher, brought the message in the morning. Our hearts were greatly refreshed. Rev. W. M. Nelson preached in the afternoon, and Rev. E. W. Wells brought us a message on the "New Birth" in the evening.

The local church was greatly refreshed and seemed to catch the vision of souls as never before. Our work here is moving along nicely; several professions since the Assembly.

The next fifth Sunday convention of the San Antonio District, will convene in Coleman, Texas, Friday, April 28, 1916. Let us have a full representation. Prepare now to attend. May the God of all grace rest upon all the work and workers.

W. F. RUTHERFORD, Reporter.

## General Church News

### FIRST CHURCH, KANSAS CITY

The blessing of the Lord was upon us on February 6th. We began the morning meeting with the Breaking of Bread. Around the table was gathered our two newly elected General Superintendents, Rev. J. W. Goodwin and Rev. R. T. Williams, Dr. B. F. Haynes, Rev. A. G. Crockett, Rev. C. A. Kinder, Rev. C. J. Kinne, C. B. Adams, Rev. Herbert Hunt, Rev. Elmer G. Anderson, Rev. Earl Wilde and the pastor. The presence of the Lord was manifest. After the Supper, the brethren gathered around our dear brothers, Goodwin and Williams, and bowing in prayer, we commended them to God for His especial blessing in the tremendous tasks before them. After the prayers, the congregation marched and gave the good hand of fellowship and love to our two brothers. It was a great hour, and we felt that it was of the Lord that these two newly elected Superintendents should begin here in this place, their lives of ministry in behalf of the whole church. They have our deepest love and sympathetic co-operation of this church, and doubtless the same may be written of every other church in our connection. Superintendent Goodwin preached upon the "Anointing Oil" to the joy and edification of the saints. Three came to the altar at the close, and all gathered for prayer. In the evening, at the Young People's meeting, about two hundred gathered for the missionary program. Our sister, Miss May Burch spoke of how God led her to decide to go to India. J. F. Sanders spoke on THE OTHER SHEEP. Brother Elmer Anderson, General Missionary Treasurer, who has just come to live with us, spoke on the need of praying for the missionaries. It was a splendid meeting. A short meeting for healing followed upstairs just previous to the evening meeting, in which Superintendent Williams preached on, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." Despite the cold night the auditorium was filled downstairs. Clearly, and in a masterly way, he presented God's claim to the ownership of every life. As he closed with an appeal, several came to the altar. Our brother had to depart before the meeting was over, but we continued to effort and sing and pray, till when the day was done about twenty-five had sought forgiveness, reclamation or sanctification. Bless the Lord. We received five new members, and our usual offering reached up to about \$170. The Lord is blessing, and in large measure, this is the result of your past and present prayers. Through the Duplex Envelope, our Sun-

ing and were made a blessing and inspiration to the services.

The church at Portland, though small, is getting ahead under the ministry of Brother Chestnut. They rent an old Methodist church edifice.

Rev. I. T. Johnson, with the assistance of Lewis Bachelier, will conduct special revival meetings in a union effort with the Methodist and Congregational churches at Townsend, Mass., beginning about the middle of February.

Evangelist Dearn and wife have put in a strong campaign with our church at Johnson, Vt.

C. P. L.

### MISSOURI DISTRICT

On account of the inclemency of the weather, the writer has been confined to his home, doing some local work in and around town. Preached Sunday evening and Monday evening for the Holiness Christian church in the north part of the city. Seven were saved or sanctified Sunday evening, and a Free Methodist man sanctified Monday evening. I am praying and believing God for a Nazarene church in this city before I leave. There is only one Nazarene in the city besides myself and wife, yet three true Nazarenes ought to raise quite a row with the Devil.

We have been looking after the work at Halltown since the General Assembly. God is blessing, and we are looking forward to a great meeting when the weather will permit. At St. Louis, Brother Linza has the work well in hand. Brother Mason, at Fredricktown, writes that they are preparing for a campaign soon.

J. A. Hill, at Dexter, is progressing nicely, raising money to pay off the note which is due in March. Brother Cox, at Malden, is doing some repairing on his church. Brother Mitchell, at Caruthersville, is having a revival. Brother Flanery had a good revival at the Missouri Holiness College, under the leadership of Rev. T. P. Roberts, of

Kentucky. I was informed that Brother Fugate had resigned the work at Piedmont. Sister Cooper is moving along at Irondale. Brother Clevenger is building a concrete church at Rayville.

While the Missouri District has had many hard blows, thank God, we have started to victory.

The first Preachers' Meeting of the Missouri District will convene at Dexter, April 27th to 30th. Don't forget the place and date, and by the help of the Lord make it a great salvation time.

G. O. CROW, Dist. Supt.

### KANSAS DISTRICT GROUP MEETING

January 29th to 31st, were good days for the Nazarenes gathered at Topeka, Kas., for our second group meeting. At the very onset, announcement was made of the inability of Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Matthews to be present, owing to sickness. The effect of this news was to bring the saints to their knees to pray God's blessing upon them, and to so manifest Himself to us that His will for the group meeting might be done.

The meetings were characterized by prayerfulness, mutual helpfulness, breadth of vision, enthusiasm and evangelism. Preaching was made easy and owned of God by the prayers of the saints. And it follows, as the night the day, that there were seekers. Mutual helpfulness was a prominent feature of the meetings. If God can bless house-to-house canvass at Leavenworth and Kansas City, will He not bless such work at Topeka and Lawrence and St. Joe? If God's people do great exploits in jail work at Topeka, should not we at Lawrence undertake this kind of service? And what they do at Kansas City, should it not put us under conviction until we go and do likewise? The enthusiasm of numbers brought a blessing. We left the group meetings with the feeling that holiness is not circumscribed by the few talents and the small number of people that we are wont to see. But praise God! holiness means a goodly

day school gave above \$18 for current expenses, and about \$11 for missions during January!—JOHN MATTHEWS, Pastor.

**KEARNEY, NEB.**

We ask a special interest in your prayers at this time for our meeting here. On February 3d, we shall have been running three weeks. Two weeks of severe cold weather have interfered. The holiness people do not seem to be united and some take no interest in the meeting. The Holy Spirit is helping us to preach the Word. Some have been saved, and others are under conviction. Interest and congregations are growing. We expect to keep going until God says enough.—THEODORE and MINNIE E. LUDWIG.

**CONDON, ORE.**

Our pastor, Brother Davis, is sick with heart trouble, and the flock is scattered, but some are standing true to the Lord. While we have no preaching, we get rich blessings in our prayer-meetings. Sometimes there are only three or four present, and our souls are longing for some one to preach to us the truth. We ask prayers for Brother Davis that if it is the will of the Lord, he may be healed.—Mrs. M. E. FENTON.

**PENIEL, TEXAS**

Thank God for Peniel, the church, the University, the student body, the people, and the country. This place of Peniel is one of God's garden spots; fragrant with good works, faith, and intercessory prayer. The saints know how to pray heaven down and carry victory on their banners. Some twenty preachers and evangelists make their homes here; and these with about forty young men and women in school preparing for the ministry, supply us well with ministerial help. As these young people, students, finish school work, they go out into the field to preach holiness all over the country, and if they remain true to God, He will use them mightily in the battle against sin and the Devil. We are expecting great things from them in coming days. The Dallas District Superintendent lives here, and is a strong man in the work of opening up the District. He is a man of fixed purpose and sacrifice. We wish all the preachers of the District were as valiant for God and holiness and as faithful to all the calls of benevolences as P. L. Pierce, then this Dallas District would shine for God. We have also one of the General Superintendents, Rev. R. T. Williams, as a resident of our town. He is a clean man of God, and an able man, and we think will prove very efficient in the field of labor that the Holy Ghost has called him. We all love him; he has been a great blessing to Peniel, and "his leaf also shall not wither." Our pastor is out the latter half of each month, working in the interest of the College. In his absence, the president of the school, Rev. J. B. Chapman,

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fills the pulpit or has it supplied, so we are never short of good preaching. President Chapman well fills the place as chief executive of the University. He is at home in the pulpit, in intellectual ability not wanting, and his preaching is with power in the Holy Ghost. Our prayers are before the throne for a mighty visitation of the divine Spirit in our coming mid-winter revival. All who can, come be with us, and let others that have power with God, remember the meeting before the throne in prevailing prayer.—E. H. SHEERS.

**From Evangelist FRED ST. CLAIR**

We had another glorious victory for our King at Everett, Mass. It was pre-eminently a prayed-down revival. The mature Christians said they had never witnessed such soul agony—such persistence in prayer. We insisted that the Holy Spirit and not the evangelist be honored. We had three services a day except on Mondays and Saturdays for four weeks—a real siege. That is what it takes in these latter days. We preached on death, hell, and the judgment; repentance, restitution, regeneration, the baptism with the Holy Ghost as Sanctifier, the second coming of our Lord, John 3:16 missions, and divine healing. God honored it all by saving, reclaiming, and sanctifying over one hundred souls from 150 seekers at the altar. We held a marvelous healing service, and a precious missionary meeting with a big offering. We secured sixteen subscribers for the HERALD OF HOLINESS, sold seventy books, and saw ten fine people taken into our church.

**VANDERVOORT, ARK.**

Sunday was a great day with us. We had a holiness rally, Brother Henselman preached Saturday night, and then on Sunday at 10 o'clock, we had a love feast conducted by the pastor. Brother Houston, of Mena, brought the message at 11 o'clock, Brother Kerr at 2:30, and the pastor of the Methodist church, Brother Arnold, gave the message Sunday night, which was food for our souls. The little church is on fire for God.—W. O. FELTS, Pastor.

**WISTER, OKLA.**

Although hindered by the inclemency of the weather, yet the Lord is wonderfully blessing us. A week ago Sunday was a great day. God's presence was felt in the business meeting Saturday night. Sunday at 11 a. m., I brought the message from Num. 24:3, 4. God honored His Word. At 3 p. m., Doctor French, from Poteau, brought the message, and again God was present to bless. Sunday night the writer preached, and when the altar call was made, three came for prayer and many more came and gave their hands for prayer. At the close of the altar service, the Lord poured out His blessing upon the saints, and such shouting I have not heard for some time. I had arranged to go to Liberty yesterday, but was rained out.—F. N. DEBOARD.

**VILONIA, ARK.**

These are days of victory for us at Arkansas Holiness College and the Nazarene church here.

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We began a revival on the 20th of December with Rev. J. M. Sittou, of Olivet, Ill. God blessed us through his preaching. The work done was good. The writer left a few days before the meeting closed to join Rev. G. E. Waddle, at Cabot, Ark., in a battle which was hindered much on account of so much sickness and rain. Nevertheless the Lord gave us some fine services, and souls prayed through. On arriving home, I found Professor Imhoff and Rev. L. L. Hamric in a revival, with seekers praying through at every service. Sixty or more knelt at the altar, most of them getting what they came for.—A. F. DANIEL, *Pastor.*

### COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

After the General Assembly, I came to Colorado Springs and held a meeting in the People's mission. We did have a time. Our pastor, Rev. R. J. Plumb, and his people joined in for a union meeting the last four Sundays. He is a great man with a big heart. The fire of the meeting is still blazing in Colorado Springs. Then I went on to Pueblo, Colo., for three weeks with victory again; seekers praying through. Then at Denver, Colo., for over five Sundays. The weather was against us, but God gave some souls, and the night the experience was given "From the Bar Room and Gambling Hell to Pulpit," people stood on the walk, although it was cold, as all seats were taken. I am resting now a few days with my old friend, Rev. R. J. Plumb, and his good wife. February 4th to 20th, I will be at Rocky Ford, Colo., with Rev. William H. Lee, in the People's mission. My home address is 757 East Davis street, Portland, Ore.—HARRY JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

### BRADFORD, PA.

The Lord gave us a very agreeable surprise by allowing Brother Herrell to drop in on us, and remain in special meetings for six days. Brother Herrell bombarded the strongholds of sin, delivering such blows, that it appears the walls are beginning

to crumble. We really believe there is "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." In the name of our God, we are continuing the battle. We have our new church near enough completed so it is comfortable to worship in, and will defer finishing the work until warmer weather. We thank God that more interest is being taken in our work here; our attendance is on the increase, and we give all praise to God. This city is cursed with about every doctrine the Devil has invented, but our God is able for hard places. We are much in need of your prayers.—JAMES M. DAVIDSON.

### STOCKTON, CAL.

We have just closed a successful meeting of twelve days with Rev. J. B. McBride as evangelist. The blessing of God was upon the Word as presented, and six souls prayed through to complete victory. The church was greatly strengthened by the coming of Brother McBride, and we expect to keep marching on in Jesus' name and rescue as many as possible from the paths of sin and destruction. The weather having been so inclement, the congregations were quite small, yet those who came needing God, were put under conviction.—C. O. BANCROFT.

### ONTARIO, CAL.

God is blessing from time to time. Souls are being saved and sanctified; some in their homes and others in our meetings. Our Church Board stands by us in our undertakings faithfully, and especially encourages us much as we endeavor to show the people what it means to be a member of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. This means somewhat a sifting among us, but God is honoring us with an increase of spiritual power, sweeter fellowship prevails, and the attendance is increasing, especially in our Sunday school. Some good folks have united with the church, and others are looking this way. Evangelist Harry Hays, of Nampa, Idaho, is to be with us in a revival February 13th to 27th. Our faith in God was never stronger, our fellowship with Jesus and the saints never sweeter, and the uplook and outlook never brighter. Thank the Lord.—EDWARD M. HUTCHENS, *Pastor.*

### CHARITON, IDAHO

These are days of victory. God is richly blessing our work. We called Evangelist W. B. Shepherd, of Olivet, Ill., to hold our revival. His messages were inspiring and unctuous. In all, some thirty bowed at the altar and a number received definite experiences. Sunday was a good day. We received seven new members into the church. Our cottage prayermeetings are well attended, and souls pray through. One woman was converted last evening. Our Friday night prayermeetings are times

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of refreshings from the presence of the Lord. Our Sunday school is on the increase. We just lack one of reaching the hundred mark. Our new church building is almost completed. The Lord is in our midst there. Three were saved last preaching day, and one reclaimed at the prayermeeting. We are expecting to have a revival as soon as our church is ready. We feel God has great things in store for us.—BIRDA MORGAN, *Reporter.*

### BURNS, ORE.

Noticing an article in the HERALD of HOLINESS, written by our dear Dr. Matthews, in which he hints at the possibility of THE OTHER SHEEP not being published after the meeting of the Board of Publication, I hasten to register my request that strenuous effort be put forth and a thorough canvass of the church be made before such a step is taken. I hardly know what we would do if it were not for this little fire brand lighting the way to the mission fields. When I took charge of the work here a year ago, the church was not doing anything on general missions. They were supporting five child widows, and thought that was all they could do. It was good for a church less than a year old, but my heart was burdened when I learned that the whole District had given but about \$10 in three or four months to general missions, and I began to pray and preach missions and push THE OTHER SHEEP, and today the Burns church alone is raising upwards of thirty dollars a month for general missions and still taking care of our five child widows at Calcutta. I can not see where it would be a saving to discontinue THE OTHER SHEEP, as it is the only thing some churches have to help them on to an interest in this all important work. The pastor who will neglect this department of the Lord's work, should be church. It seems to me that any man or woman who knows anything about God at all, would have received enough of His heart throbs along this line to at least give

them an interest in the lost millions across the sea. I am still of the opinion that we, as a church, will never succeed along the line of missions, till there is a live wire in the field. THE OTHER SHEEP would do its work if the pastors would let it, but as they do not, it seems to me that if we had a man on the field, whose heart is all on fire for the work of missions, and have him work in connection with THE OTHER SHEEP, we would accomplish more than we have heretofore been able. I think it would be a good subject of prayer, at least for the Missionary Board when they meet again. If this state of things goes on, it won't be long till we will have to call in some of our missionaries, and if we do, we had better have a sheriff sale and quit. I am fully in sympathy with Dr. Matthews' idea that if "we reach out first and help those across the waters, God will, in turn, help us." We people of Burns are finding this out. Our collections were never better and we have never done more along all lines than at this time when we are reaching out on the line of missions.—S. L. FLOWERS, Pastor.

**ADA, OKLA.**

Sunday was a great day with us. In the testimony meeting, a man was saved; then later was blessedly sanctified, and then joined the church. Since I have taken this work, there have been nine reclaimed or sanctified, and four additions to the church. I am doing my best in getting the HERALD of HOLINESS into every home.—F. C. SAVAGE, Pastor.

**OLD TOWN, ME.**

I held the anniversary meeting of my spiritual birth on January 25th. I was saved in a self-denial meeting in the Lynn, Mass., church twenty-two years ago, and have celebrated the event in this way ever since. Groceries, canned fruit, vegetables, home-made pies and cookies, fruit and cereals were brought in, with a cash offering, for the Florence Crittenton Rescue Home at Swampscott, Mass. The writer gave her experience of being reclaimed, sanctified, called to preach and marriage in the Lynn church. Her first pastorate was at Leicester, Vt. Second was at East Wareham, Mass., where the church was organized under her efforts, and a chapel built. The third pastorate was at Peabody, Mass., and the fourth at Old Town, Me. I also supplied at Dennisport and Cliftondale, besides being engaged in camp meetings and evangelistic work.—MEDA CLIFFORD SMITH.

**CLARKTON, MO.**

This is a town of five hundred people with three church buildings, and some fine people, but very few really know God. I arrived here January 29th a year ago, in answer to a call, but found no place had been provided for the evangelist, but the Cumberland Presbyterian church had been secured for a meeting. The writer went to a hotel and spent much time on his face before the Lord. I preached the Word, and God moved on the hearts of the people. About a week later, Rev. W. E. Babb, from Malden, came and helped with the song service, and the Lord sent in others who had the blessing and a passion for souls. We closed the meeting March 7th with seventeen converted and twenty-four sanctified. We organized a Nazarene church, with Rev. J. E. Linza, as pastor. On August 27th, together with Rev. J. W. Roach, of Bounds, Mo., I was called back to Clarkton for a meeting. For two weeks God convicted, saved, and sanctified souls, and some were added to the holy band, and some to the other churches. The church is still on fire, with Rev. A. J. Mitchell, as pastor. I have some open dates for meetings, which I would be glad to give.—L. HIRNER.

**BUCKEYE, OKLA.**

We are in a fierce fight against sin and the Devil, but the Lord is giving us victory. Several have shown an earnest desire of being saved. There has been much division among the people in the church, but we are praying that the dear Lord will enable us to bring about a spirit of unity. We are hoping to be able to start in the fight at Castle, with the Superintendent, as soon as we shall close out here.—CHARLES H. BECK, Pastor.

**MAPLES MILLS, ILL.**

The church here is moving along real nicely. We have a fine band of true holiness people, who are willing to sacrifice time and money to see God's work prosper. The weekly cottage prayermeeting, conducted by the sisters, is a great blessing to the church and neighborhood. We recently closed a five weeks' meeting. Rev. August Nilson was with us for three weeks. Four seekers were at the altar for pardon and two for a clean heart. We raised a nice offering for him for his services. The pastor, with the help of Brother Jessie Brown, a student of Olivet College, continued the meeting for two

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weeks. These were weeks of victory. It was wonderful how the Lord blessed His people. Time after time the glory would fall on the saints, and they would laugh, cry, shout and sing. Seven seekers were at the altar. We had some bright cases of conversion and some clear cases of sanctification. We are expecting to take in some new members soon.—E. R. BERRY, Pastor.

**PINDALL, ARK.**

Last Sunday was a blessed day in the Lord here at Pindall. The Lord did wonderfully bless in the preaching of the Word. The people are getting interested and are coming to church. We begin a meeting here at Pindall next month, the second Sunday. Let all the HERALD of HOLINESS family pray that God will bless the effort, and that this place will be stirred as never before.—W. BULLOCK.

**BLOOMFIELD, IOWA**

The special meeting in this place, under the leadership of Edna Wells Hoke, was not only a time of great conflict, but one of victory and blessing. Sister Hoke, as usual, brought the gospel message with no uncertain sound, and with the Holy Ghost. The Lord especially owned the message by convicting many in Bloomfield of their great need of salvation. Large crowds attended the services when the weather was good. Sister Edwards sang to the edification of all who heard her. She was also a great blessing in altar service. We Nazarenes, who expect to obey God and walk in the light, were greatly helped. During the meeting there were twenty-five professions of pardon or purity. The revival interest continues.

There were two at the altar at our Friday night prayermeeting and five the following Sunday. This was a great day with us. Twelve united with the church, with more to come in next Sunday. These are a band of young people, who are determined to walk in the narrow way, two of whom, with the Spirit of the Lord upon them, sang "There is a fountain filled with blood," in the morning, while the congregation wept. In the evening they sang "The royal telephone."—M. C. CAMPBELL, Pastor.

**From Evangelist R. M. KELL**

We have just closed a great revival in an M. E. church at Marion, Ind. Had a hard battle for two weeks, but the Lord answered prayer. Something like one hundred were saved or sanctified. Our next meeting will be at Lerna, Ill., from the 6th of February to the 27th. We are expecting one of the greatest times of our lives.

**HARTFORD, CONN.**

God is blessing the Nazarenes in this city and the good work is steadily increasing. We have seen quite a few cases of real salvation in our regular services during the last couple of months, and thus we have the evidence of the mighty hand of God working with us. Sunday, January 9th, we began a two weeks' special campaign with Rev. H. A. Scheidman, of the Southern California District, as our evangelist. God was with us, and honored the efforts by saving sinners and sanctifying believers. Brother Scheidman spends much time on his knees with God and the Bible, and we could see the evidence of the anointing upon him when he came into the pulpit. All his messages were clear, forceful, and heart-searching. There were seekers at the altar in nearly every service.

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B. F. HAYNES, D. D., Editor.  
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but the real break came the last night, when twelve or fourteen seekers gathered at the mourner's bench. There were about forty seekers during the campaign, and some good cases of salvation. We are praising God for past victories, and looking forward for greater things.—R. J. DIXON, *Pastor*.

### TALLULA, ILL.

We recently closed a helpful and encouraging four weeks' revival in our church at Tallula, Ill. Excepting six services, near the first of the siege, when Brother Agnew unexpectedly dropped in and gave us four services, and Brother George M. Eades, two, the pastor did all the preaching. But we had some good help from a few faithful, earnest, praying and working members. There was strong Holy Ghost conviction throughout the meetings. Several found their way to the altar, a majority of whom prayed through to victory. Some were converted, some reclaimed, some sanctified. The meeting was marked with confessions and acknowledgements on part of certain of the members. This also, to the pastor, has been encouraging; for we are thoroughly convinced that no church can prosper spiritually with old sores covered up and old scores smouldering, ready for a new outbreak. So we take courage, uncovering sin wherever we can find it, and pushing the battle for God, and for souls, and for holiness, for we feel that God is with us, and we expect Him to bless us yet more and more. We want another revival siege here sometime during the spring. We are praying for it and expecting it.—LOUIS W. SCOTT.

### BERKELEY, CAL.

The Lord is with us in the battle and blessing us. The work that has been done, we believe, will abide the judgment. We have pressed the battle in the church, in the homes, and on the streets, and the Lord has rewarded us. Our revival, with an old-time friend and neighbor for years, Rev. Bud Robinson was a great success. Brother Robinson won the hearts of the people, drawing large crowds, and will be received gladly when he can return. Rev. O. F. Goettel and some of his people assisted us greatly. We feel grateful to the Oakland church for it. Brother Goettel is one of God's best men. Our church in Berkeley is not large numerically, but in intelligence, hospitality, love, and unity stands in the front rank. They know how to appreciate and stand by their pastor. It is delightful to work with such a clean, fire-baptized people. The expense for the meeting and a splendid offering for the evangelist was met. Without asking any one to give any certain amount, two hallelujah marches brought the necessary amount, not having to mention the amount we desired. If the glory is on, the money always comes easy. Pray for the work, that it may be permanent, grow, and meet the demand of the lowly Nazarene.—J. B. McBRIDE, *Pastor*.

### From Evangelists L. P. FRETWELL and WIFE

Since last we wrote, we have had some blessed times with our Father. He has been with us continually. From the 3d to the 12th of December, we had Brother J. Walter Hall with the Bethany church. He is a fine man, a deep preacher, and is loved by those that come in contact with him. His preaching is convincing. The secret of his success is his constant communion with God. There were thirty-four either reclaimed, converted, or sanctified, and five accessions to the church. In our regular services we have had three ladies sanctified. The meeting was a great spiritual uplift to the church. On last third Saturday, we went to our appointment at Abbott school house, where we held three services. One lady was sanctified. The spiritual condition of the church at Abbott is good. We were snowbound there until the next Saturday, then went to Montoya. Preached there (Lone Vale school house). Sunday morning, afternoon and night, and Monday afternoon and night. Seven professions. A man that was a backslider, God re-

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claimed, and we had the pleasure of announcing that he would preach Tuesday night. We had to come away, but we are trusting that God will use him to carry on the work. We are back with the Bethany church until after the second Sunday.

### From Evangelist M. C. ADAM

Rev. Albert Selbee and myself were called to the place known as Big Elk, Ky., for a revival meeting in the Methodist church. When we came, we found the church in a sad condition; nearly every member professed sanctification and chewed tobacco; the pastor said that he was sanctified and belonged to the Odd Fellows lodge; nearly every member raised tobacco. By the help of the Lord, we began to fight sin. They came to the altar and prayed through and cleaned up. One person took her tobacco and burnt it up. The preacher owned up that he was in a backslidden condition. He professed to pray through and I hope he has. God gave us an unusual meeting. We had from seventeen to twenty at the altar each evening. We closed the meeting last night with twenty-nine at the altar. The Lord visited us, and many times it was hard to close the service. Over one hundred different persons were at the altar in the nineteen days of the revival in which eighty-one prayed through. We do praise God for His presence with us. Now they have a church that is set on fire. I have engagements up to some time in April. Any one desiring my services, will please address me at 321 South Poplar st., Seymour, Ind. After a few days' rest will begin a meeting at Turkey, Ky.

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- BRITISH ISLES—George Sharpe, No. 1 Westbourne Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow, Scotland.
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- COLORADO—L. E. Burger, 1505 Ninth st., Greeley, Colo.
- DALLAS—P. L. Pierce.....Peniel, Texas
- DAKOTAS-MONTANA—Lynnman Brough, Surrey N. D.
- FLORIDA—C. H. Lancaster, 828 Fourth st., Miami, Fla.
- GEORGIA—W. R. Hanson.....Glenville, Ga.
- HAMLIN—J. C. Henson.....Roscoe, Texas
- IDAHO-OREGON—Harry Hays.....Nampa, Idaho
- INDIANA—U. E. Harding, E. Thornburg st., New Castle, Ind.
- Anderson, Ind. February 11-13  
Bloomfield, Ind. February 18-27
- IOWA—E. A. Clark.....University Park, Iowa
- KANSAS—H. M. Chambers, 817 N. Maple, Hutchinson, Kas.
- KENTUCKY—W. W. Hanks, Box 233, Ashland, Ky.
- LITTLE ROCK—B. H. Haynie, 3208 West Eleventh st., Little Rock, Ark.
- LOUISIANA—T. C. Leekie.....Lake Charles, La.
- MANITOBA-SASK. MISSION—C. A. Thompson, Box 288, Regina, Sask.
- MICHIGAN—A. H. Kaufman, 233 Mt. Vernon ave., N. W. Grand Rapids, Mich.
- MISSISSIPPI—J. N. Whitehead.....Sallis, Miss.
- MISSOURI—G. O. Crow.....Springfield, Mo.
- NEBRASKA—M. F. Lienard.....Burr Oak, Kas.
- NEW ENGLAND—N. H. Washburn.....Beverly, Mass.
- NEW MEXICO—E. E. Dunham.....Artesia, N. M.
- NEW YORK—E. J. Marvin.....Luckhoo, N. Y.
- NOBHVEST—T. Little.....Newberg, Ore.
- EAST OKLAHOMA—F. R. Morgan, Henryetta, Okla.
- Durant February 11  
Caddo February 11  
Boswell February 14-15  
Hugo February 16-17  
Idabel February 18  
Hayworth February 19-20  
Bokhomo February 21-22  
Valliant February 23-24  
Fort Towson February 25-27  
Moyers February 28-29
- WEST OKLAHOMA—S. H. Owens.....Bethany, Okla.
- PITTSBURGH—N. B. Horrell.....Olivet, Ill.
- Alliance, Ohio February 12-13  
Perrysburg, Pa. February 16-27
- SAN ANTONIO—William E. Fisher, 525 W. Mulberry ave., San Antonio, Texas
- SAN FRANCISCO—H. H. Miller, 2323 McKinley ave., Berkeley, Cal.
- SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—Howard E. Kel, 1405 E. Thirty-ninth st., Los Angeles, Cal.
- TENNESSEE—F. W. Johnson.....Di kson, Tenn.
- WASH.-PHILA.—J. T. Maybury, 1917 Allegheny ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

### MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

Rev. T. P. Roberts, of Wilmore, Ky., has been with us for one week in special revival services. The meeting started at full tide and continued with a sweep of victory from the first service until the close last night. It rained every day. Yet we could not send the night crowds at any service. I do not think of a single service that there were not seekers at the altar. Scores came seeking. On Sunday there were at least forty seeking during the day. Many were converted and sanctified. At the closing service, we received into membership those who desired to unite with us. Twenty-two names were added to our list. I have been acting pastor here now for one month; in that time I have received thirty-one members, with more to follow soon. Our Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene here now has fifty-one members, and will soon rank among the best churches of the connection. We, with the help of the good people who love us, paid Brother Roberts \$107. Evangelist T. P. Roberts is a bold, fearless, humble, yet powerful preacher. Any church will do well to get him for a meeting. We were ably assisted by Rev. Sammy Steele and Rev. C. L. Wireman. This baby Nazarene church is crying to have its swaddling clothes removed so it can run and grow. Pray for us.—J. M. WINES.

We have on hand reports without signature from Eucahu, Miss., Sequim, Wash., Louisville, Ky., Johnson, Va., Sylvia, Kas., (report of Group Meeting), and Troy, Ohio. No report can be printed unless accompanied by the name of the writer.—EDITOR.