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EDITORIAL

THE APPEAL IS IN THUNDERTONES.

IT IS either simple insanity or hopeless ignorance which can lead one to depreciate or doubt the propriety of the most desperate earnestness of preachers and evangelists in pushing the circulation of the church paper. When we view the field we wonder how any preacher or evangelist can sleep at night or have the courage to preach on Sunday if he has not been actively and aggressively pushing the circulation of the church paper. We can hardly see how he can expect God to bless his labors in the ministry when he has neglected this duty of circulating the church paper when he belongs to the only class of people in the wide world by whom the paper is to be pushed into the millions of homes and hands where the multitudes are perishing for lack of its help.

This is a very serious business. You may think you have succeeded in your church because you have erected a new church building or have helped build a college or found an orphanage. Your people may love you and admire your preaching. In a thousand ways you may have made good, and may feel inclined to congratulate yourself upon your success. You may, as an evangelist, have held large meetings and people may call you a success. But, brother, just a word. If your church paper is not spread broadcast in your charge and among the constituency of your charge, or among those to whom you have preached, *you have not made a success in your pastorate or as an evangelist.* You have neglected your church paper, which your people needed, and the people and homes in the neighborhood around needed, and you were God's man to place the paper in these hands. You have left these people largely a prey to the harpies of hell and destruction, who make a business of debauching and damning these souls by the foul and vicious literature which they industriously get into our homes for the ruin of the people. No man is innocent who has the influence of an ordinary pastor or evangelist and who fails to thus protect the people among whom he has labored by leaving them with the constant visits of a holy, clean paper to counteract and neutralize this filth from hell which seeks the debauchment of our people. This appeal made by reason of these purveyors of the devil's infernal machinery comes to our preachers, and people in veritable thundertones.

This APPEAL we make is justified and accentuated by the fact that in New York City alone in a single year the Society for the Suppression of Vice seized 63,139 pounds of obscene books, 836,096 obscene pictures, 1,577,411 obscene circulars, songs, etc., and arrested over two hundred persons engaged in one way or another in this infernal business of distributing such stuff. They also seized the names and addresses of over a million persons to whom this stuff was to be mailed. Men and women with large funds and with splendid organized methods for work are engaged in the business of preparing this debasing literature and procuring the names of your people — men, women and children — to whom to send it.

IT MUST BE remembered that the church papers ALONE are to counteract this corrupting literature. Not the daily or weekly papers, not the home monthlies or the numerous magazines can be trusted. God has given us only the church papers for this great work, and the pastors and evangelists are the ones chiefly called to this word of circulating these papers.

SHALL we not begin an aggressive campaign of counteracting this nefarious business by the widespread introduction of a pure, clean paper in all the homes of our land, regardless of church affiliation or whether the people are in any church? The people and the children who belong to no church need and must have protection against these harpies of hell hide their work of destruction. Let the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene lead in this glorious work !!! God help us!!!

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THE ROMISH MASS.

THE Lord's Supper, with Romanists, is called "The Mass." The Mass is time very soul of Romish worship, and is its chief engine for holding its millions of members in superstitious bondage to the hierarchy. The significance of this rite in that church is too little considered by Protestants. It is marvelous that a simple and beautiful ceremony instituted by Christ for our observance should have become a means of worship which in the Romish church is the baldest idolatry, superstition, blasphemy and pagan absurdity.

WITH us it is simply a memorial of the death and suffering of our Lord to be observed in commemoration of that great event, and by it our gratitude and reverence and faith and love are fostered and developed. With Rome it is a "Sacrifice" — a ceremony in which the priest claims to offer for *both the living and the dead*, a repetition of the atoning sacrifice of Christ made on Calvary. It is claimed that the officiating priest, by his words of consecration of the elements, actually changes the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ, this process being called "transubstantiation." Of all Rome's superstitious follies this is the most pernicious and ruinous, and yet it is the most powerful in her hands for her work of enslavement of the human mind and conscience. It simply means that the priest can create God, and that he does it every time mass is celebrated. After thus creating Him, the priest can and, it is claimed, does offer Him as a sacrifice for souls. Thus the means of salvation are placed directly and exclusively in the hands of the priest who dispenses it as he will. Here is the root principle of the marvelous power of the Romish priesthood over men in all ages. Get people to believe in this superstition and the priest's way is paved for absolute sway and arrogant control over men and women. There being no salvation aside from this priestly power of making God and giving Him out of salvation as the priest wills, it is easy to create a superstitious fear and dread of the priest, and this prepares people to accept any and all other absurdities he and his system may impose upon the credulity of people.

AFTER THUS making God and prescribing the cost and conditions on which they will dispense this man-made God for salvation, the next monstrous feature of the system is that they do not land their dupes in heaven for this phenomenal self-stultifying act of credulity and the payment of the required cost, but they only land him in purgatory, where he must suffer the purgatorial fires until delivered by more masses upon payment of further fees. Thus the whole system yields admirably to a meet successful means of fleecing the flock instead of feeding the flock, as commanded by our Lord.

THE INIQUITOUS doctrine of the mass denies the sufficiency

of the sacrifice of Christ for atonement. Thus the Mass directly contradicts and sets aside the plainest teachings of Scripture. No wonder they are opposed to the Bible for the people. It is simply because their entire system is unbiblical and anti-Christian, and would fall to pieces under the light of the Lord Heb. 9:28 says: "So Christ was once [not many times to be] offered to bear the sins of many." Again in Heb. 10:10 it is said: "By the which [God's] will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (Not repeatedly by priestly creation.) These and numerous passages teach plainly the finality, the finished character and the all-sufficiency of this sacrifice of Christ once made for us all. See also Heb. 9:12; 10:12, 14; 10:15; 10:17, 18.

CHRIST WAS ONCE made a curse for us, and is not, as Rome says, still a curse. He is now at the right hand of God as our faithful and sufficient High Priest, making intercession for His people, and needs not and can not be crucified afresh a million times weekly by so-called earthly priests. There is no need of any earthly priesthood and there is none authorized of heaven, and all so claiming are impostors and usurpers. Jesus has fulfilled the ancient biblical priesthood which foreshadowed and typed Him. Hence, we never once hear Paul or Peter or any one of the apostles called a priest, but only hear Christ declared to be our High Priest in the Bible.

THE MASS misrepresents the nature of the elements in the Lord's Supper. In John, 6th chapter, where the Savior says: "He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him," Rome says He means His literal flesh and His literal blood, and the same claim is made in other passages where, His flesh and blood is spoken of. Nothing could be more absurd. Jesus says, "I am the vine." Does He mean He is a literal vine? He called Herod "that fox." Did He mean to say Herod was a quadruped known as a fox? Is it not plain what the Savior meant by the beautiful metaphor when He called Himself "bread"? He is the source of our strength—our nourishment, our life. It is needless to pursue these plain and self-evident meanings further.

WE CHARGE that by this stupendous farce of the Mass, Rome is holding millions of dupes in bondage who need to be undeceived. It insults Christ and puts Turn to open shame. The Mass being in diametrical opposition to Christ, those who accept this idolatrous and superstitious substitute for the atonement shut out from themselves all the blessings of the Gospel, save as God may come to them on the same plane on which He comes to those heathen who, though they have not the law, "do by nature the things contained in the law. ** which show the work of the law written in their hearts." The Mass is pagan and paganizes its devotees and believers and they come under the same principles of divine administration as all other pagans.

The MASS is a veritable scourge in the hands of Rome which she has used in all ages; with it she terrorizes the consciences of men and drives them withersoever she will. With it she forces them to come continually to her shrines where they are to see with the eye and worship a God made flesh and blood for them. With this scourge she forces them to pour out their treasures for her enrichment and for the support of the lordly pomp and ritualistic display of this Babylon and Mother of Harlots.



MODERN JOHN BAPTISTS.

THIS is just what the modern preacher must be. No other kind can or will be heard amid the din and confusion of this rushing, materialistic age. Not scholarship is essential in our pulpits, though we would be glad to see all our preachers scholars. Not philosophy, not scientific distinctions or metaphysics or logic is needed. We have no objection to the broadest culture of which the preacher is capable

of being possessed. It is not oratory we need in the pulpit, though oratorical gifts can be made useful in the pulpit under proper control. It is CONSCIENCES we need to stand behind the pulpits today. It is CONSCIENCES—vocal, alarmed, on fire, fearless, dreadfully desperate in earnestness—this is what we need and must have to meet the urgency of the need. We need John Baptists, Martin Luthers, John Knoxes, John Wesleys, Charles G. Finneys—men on fire for God and souls, dead to the world and all worldly allurements or menaces or rewards—men with the pioneer spirit and devotion, who have a holy aspiration not to build upon other men's foundations, but seek the out of the way places, the by-ways and hedges, where the preacher's voice is unfamiliar and the pay is small and exceedingly uncertain, but where there is virgin soil, where souls will hear and where salvation is so much needed.

We need men and women who, if providence thrust them in the midst of older and settled conditions where the incrustations of materialism render the ground difficult of cultivation, will enter upon their world with zest and fearlessness. If royal sins are to be met, if church sins confront them, if false gods are worshipped, if sin be ensconced behind wealth and position and regal splendor, the needed preacher of the day will do his duty. From his knees, refined, refreshed, reanointed, humbled, sweetened, deepened by long lingering at the mercy seat, to the sacred desk he will carry not only desperate earnestness and courage, John Baptist-heroism and a martyr's spirit, but also the meekness of the lamb, the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove, the tactfulness of the veteran and the gentleness of the Christ.

THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH of the Nazarene has the evangel, has committed to it the gospel which includes the fire, the truth, the conscience, the promise, by which alone such a ministry is made. We are committed as a church by our origin, by our experience, by our gospel, by all our traditions to the sending forth such a ministry. We are, we trust, doing this. We are only jealous to see no exceptions. Let our ministry be distinguished by the marks above enumerated as a body and as individuals. With such a ministry the church will be invincible. God will not forsake such a ministry. There will be fruits following the ministrations of such preachers.



THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE.

HUMAN life is the gift of God. No person or government has the right to take that life, whether it be that of a man or of the unborn fetus, except in accordance with the will or the commandments of Him who is its giver. The command, "Thou shalt not kill," forbade the subjective murder in the heart which the Savior declared to come into existence where hate has dominion, and demanded a proper estimate of God's best work on earth—a human life. Our country compares well in this respect with pagan Rome, where suicide was applauded by the Stoics, and the butchery of men in the gladiatorial arena was defended by Cicero; we compare favorably with heathen China where the father has the right, which he often exercises, to take the life of his children; but do we as a Christian nation put a proper estimate upon human life?

We REGRET that the negative of this question is so clearly indicated and we see signs of continual depreciation of life. One evidence of this is the increased number of suicides—not of the desperate and afflicted and insane, but of those who are of the best families, and who have control of their mental faculties. The daily papers contain so many notices of suicides that we hardly stop to consider the egregious sin of thrusting one's self unbidden into the presence of God.

IT CAN NOT be successfully contended now that only demented persons kill themselves. The evidence is too clear that men deliberately, while in possession of themselves, take their own lives.

ANOTHER sad feature of the case is the trivial causes which lead to self-destruction. A business failure, a financial embarrassment, slight disagreements with friends or family, lead to this dire result. Does not the fact that men violate the sacredness of life, while in possession of their minds and will, and upon so slight ground, indicate a gross lack of appreciation of its value? According to a report by Frederick L.

Heffman, statistician for the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and vice-president of the American Statistical Association. There were 15,000 suicides in the United States in 1911. This certainly presents an alarming situation and furnishes food for serious study for the causes and the remedy, if there be any. A return to preaching on hell would help matters greatly.



THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

Loyalty

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Whatever you did in the years that are gone,
In the year that is yours today,
Lift up your brow in the light of the sun,
Be loyal and brave, I pray.

Be true to the best that is in your soul,
And follow your high ideal,
And so, as the beautiful seasons roll,
You shall see your dreams grow real.

Be true and dare for the right, my friend,
Fear nothing and dread no blame;
this brief life, all hastes to an end, Save only
the weird of shame.

The loyal heart is never alone,
There are ever comrades real,
Who will make the cause you love their own
And stand by you, staunch as steel.

Steadfast, unswerving, and pure of heart,
Meet shadow and shine, alike;
And shunning only the coward's part,
Learn when to wait, or to strike.

Have thou no care for the years that are gone,
The year that is ours today
Wears fair on its front the light of the sun:
We may labor and hope and pray.

The Child of a King

From how low to how sublime a position does our God raise us by grace! It is like our God. The dignity and honor with which He crowns the least and lowest of His true children are described in no language short of royalty. We become really children of a King. And it is marvelous the contentment and glorious satisfaction which comes with this elevation to sonship with the King. In this noble relation earthly conditions lose largely their hold upon us. We are so taken up with God our Father—so enamored of our royal sonship and the greater glory awaiting us a little ahead—that earthly losses or lacks or hardships affect us but slightly. We are rich in our Father, and the fortune awaiting us is so illimitable and so grand that we are content to wait the Father's good, pleasure to display to us the full realization of the vastness and glory and infinitude of our inheritance, which is undefiled and which fadeth not away. It is of a gold which can not melt, in a treasure which moths can not destroy, and in a bank which never suspends or breaks or closes its doors even temporarily. These precious truths are strikingly illustrated in the story related by a gentleman who while riding along a country road heard someone singing:

Stopping to listen he caught the words, "I'm the child of a King." Riding on, he came upon the singer—an Irishman, with a pick in his hands. On the hillside near by was a rickety spring wagon, and up among the bushes was tethered a poor, hungry-looking horse.

The rider was an avowed skeptic. He never permitted an opportunity to pass without mak-

-ing a thrust at any form of religious worship. Seeing the Irishman, he said to himself, sneeringly: "The child of a king, indeed! Now isn't he a pretty looking child of a king? How foolish religion can make a man!" Then aloud:

"So you are the child of a king? If that be the case, why are you not better fixed? How is it that you, a prince, are wandering about as poor as a beggar?" The Irishman went on with his digging, meanwhile continuing his song:

My Father's own Son, the Savior of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them;
But now He Is reigning for ever on high,
And will give us a horn in the sweet by and by.

The skeptic was surprised at the answer and evident rebuke, but continued: "And this is the palace of a king, is it? Look at that wagon—the king's royal chariot! And that old weather-beaten tent!" The Irishman, without pausing in either his digging or his song, began the fourth verse:

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there,
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
"All glory to God; I'm the child of a King!"

And as the skeptic, meditating, rode away, Acknowledging that he had belittled his dignity and been beaten at his own game, he heard the blithe voice of the singer swelling forth strong and clear, in the chorus:

I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus, my Savior,
I'm the child of a King!

A Potent Evangelizing Force

The Church possesses in its press a power too seldom appraised at its full value. Indeed, it is difficult to find words in which to express the full value of the religious press. As an evangelizing force it stands right next to the minister of the gospel, and is essential really, to the fullest and permanent results of the preacher's work. After the preacher has delivered his message and is gone and possibly is forgotten, if he was wise enough to see that a live, spiritual paper was placed in the hands of the multitudes to whom he preached, his good work will abide; and the printed page will continue to preach the same precious truths he tried so faithfully to proclaim, and one by one these readers will yield to the gospel, many of whom might not have been won but for this supplemental work he arranged to have done after his departure through the paper he left among them to preach in his absence. No preacher's work is complete with any people, either as pastor or as evangelist, until he has succeeded in reaching their consciences and placed a spiritual paper in the hands of the people, it is frightful to think how slow preachers are to see and perform this duty. The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene *must be a peculiar church in this respect*. We must not think for a

moment of being content with having an average of one copy of our paper to every family of a charge. What about the outlying multitudes of the unsaved whom you desire to reach, and to have help in reaching? Scatter the paper by the thousand among these other people, and be astounded how it will multiply the fruits of your ministry! let us signalize this new year, and vindicate our right to be as a church by doing what no other denomination is doing—scatter our denominational paper by the tens of thousands all over the territory in which we labor. This will astonish you and the world, will rejoice the heart of Christ, and mayhap provoke unto good works other churches. J. A. Hernick, in addressing a Baptist convention, urged the aid of the church paper in the temperance reform in the following words, which gave us a text for this broader appeal:

John Wesley, the father of Methodism, spent not less than half of his life energy writing tracts, books, magazines and papers. He required his preachers to circulate them, and his people to buy them and read them. They were filled with saving and sanctifying power; were live wires charged with evangelistic power which set the whole generation afire with revival enthusiasm. From then until now Methodism has pushed the religious newspaper. Liquor men buy columns of newspaper articles to popularize the business. The modern issue of the army canteen is a notorious instance of the subsidizing of the press and its correspondence. Through editorials and the temperance columns of the religious press are kindled the flames of public sentiment that blaze up in our legislative halls and set on fire the hearts and tongues of the friends of temperance. The religious press is a tool for the reformer. His step is short, but it is the engine that lengthens his stride and quickens it. His bow is a hammer stroke, but it is the trip hammer that multiplies his might. So the religious press in a day carries the message of the reformer into every corner of the earth and multiplies his power a millionfold. Each President and prime minister strengthens himself with a cabinet. Wise indeed is the friend of temperance who multiplies his helpers and advisers by surrounding himself with good religious papers and multiplies his power by multiplying their number in the homes of his church and constituency.

Liquor License to Be Tested

The treasurer of a county in South Dakota refused to issue a license on the ground that the law authorizing the issuing of license was unconstitutional. The question is before the Supreme Court of the state, and of course will go to the highest tribunal for final decision. We look forward to this final decision with the keenest interest. We can not see how any decision can be reached save one favoring the contention of the treasurer of unconstitutionality. It seems to us to be a perfectly safe and sane principle of law and one which should prevail, that

state has the right for revenue to authorize the destruction of tile property and lives of its citizens. Any court that would plant itself upon this principle would be, we believe, upon an impregnable fortress, and would be sustained by the public sentiment of the nation. The nation cannot desire -the suicide of the state of nation legitimated by our courts. Rather let it be outlawed. Quincy Lee Morrow, secretary prohibition state committee, Brookings, South Dakota, says:

The case is in such form as to admit of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. So that, no matter how it is decided in this state, it will go at once and for the first time to this highest legal tribunal which will be called to settle for ever the question of the constitutionality of the license. Slavery In England was destroyed by a court decision, and the liquor traffic in America may be put to death in the same way. This case is of vital concern to the temperance forces in every state of the Union, yet up to this time the en- tire expense has been borne by the Prohibition state committee of South Dakota. The expense In the Supreme Court will be heavy, and be- cause of a crop failure in 'his state a year ago, and the consequent financial embarrass- meat of our committee from which we have not yet recovered, the committee is not In a position to carry the fight through without out- side assistance. It would be a disaster if this splendid case should- be handicapped or crippled in the very hour of its consummation for lack of funds to meet the costs. In this emergency I appeal to the enemies of the liquor traffic everywhere to come to my assistance with the largest cash donation you feel justified in investing in this great legal fight. Do your best, whether it be one dollar or one hundred dollars. Make all remittances payable to G. H. Brown, treasurer, and mail to me.

Kingly Honor

As children of a King we receive honors and dignities such as alone our great Father is able and knows how and has the heart to confer. If His Majesty, the King of England, were to honor the reader of these lines with a personal visit to you in your humble parsonage or dwelling, you would feel peculiarly honored, and would bestir yourself to do your utmost for his entertainment during the day of his visit to you.

This Heavenly Father of yours does more than merely visit you. He confers all the honor of a glorious visit, but there is vastly more than a glorious and honorable visit proposed. Listen, with uncovered head, to His sweet and wonderful words: "If any man hear my voice and open the door, will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." He knows our poverty and embarrassment, and will be perfectly happy in partaking of our humble repast which we set before Him, *if it be the best we can do*; but He then sets before us 1-us repast—the very best He can do—and we sup with Him also. We adopt the question, and press it home, of J. Y. Ewart in *Herald and Presbyterian*:

Do you know that it is your privilege to welcome or reject the kingliest, most gracious Stranger who ever knocked at the door of human habitation? Can it be that any of us will not listen to that voice of authority and love, and will not open the door with gladness? He has a banquet of good things to spread before you, priceless treasures with which to enrich your life.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine—
That soul-destroying monster, Sin—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Secret Faults

Perhaps no wiser prayer was ever uttered than David's: "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." These secret sins are peculiarly fatal. Their work is unobserved, and goes on undisturbed. Public sins are constantly before the eye of the guilty one, and also before the eye of the public; and this gives a double protection. Not only are we kept constantly reminded of their existence and their work and danger by our seeing them, but others seeing them renders us liable to criticism or to brotherly remonstrance from those observing them. This gives us quite a help in our dealing with these public sins. But when the work goes on ceaselessly, silently, sometimes unconsciously to us, we often remain heedless of their presence until, when their deadly work is complete, we are rudely shocked by some catastrophe coaling ruinously upon us by some unusual test or crisis which we might have stood without harm but for the fatal antecedent work of these secret sins having undermined us. Professor Drummond gives us a striking illustration of the deadly work of secret sins in his recital of the ravages of the white ant. He very graphically describes the enormous powers of destruction of these little creatures, and the secret, silent and insidious methods of their work. Be says:

A man is sitting in his hut, and he thinks it as strong as on the day he built it, when suddenly he awakens to discover that there is nothing around him but a shell. Silently the ants have been at work eating out the heart of every beam. No one has seen them, no one has heard them toiling, there is not a trace of their handiwork upon the surface, but for all that the ruin is complete, and the building is nothing better than a shell. The man might have guarded against open enemies. Had he known they were coming, he might have been prepared. But when the foe is secret there is no word of warning, and that is the peril of secret faults. You can not beware of them, you can not shun them, for they are hidden, and you do not know them. It is only by the havoc that they work in us that we are wakened at last to the fact of their existence. What need there is, then, In the interest of our character, that every day we should join In David's prayer, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

Where God Shines Most

We say it reverently and crave God's pardon if we say too much in the declaration that God shines most gloriously in His redeeming work among men. "The heavens declare the glory of God and- the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge." "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." We see and confess that there is not a tree which shows not His being, not a river which sings not His praise. Not a star twinkles but shines forth His power, or a sun or system which proclaims not His majesty. The pencilings of every flower, the quivering of every leaf, the sigh of every zephyr and the sweep of every simoon, the crash of every tempest and the ravage of every earthquake, but speak each in its appropriate voice of Him who spake all things into being. In none of these things do we see the highest exhibitions of His manifold power and great glory. In the realm of His moral admin-

istration we are to find Him in His supremest majesty and greatest glory. In the operations of His atoning work through the gift of His Son for Us—in this realm into which the angels are represented as bending over the pear balustrades of heaven and seeking to look into with infinite wonder—here is where we find God in the glory of His might and the majesty of His love, To transform bad men into good men is far sublimer than to make worlds out of nothing. To change ingratitude and selfishness and rebellion and debasement into adoration, submission, love and cheerful service of others—this is far greater than the ravage of storms or the voice of thunderings or even the track of providence among nations. This grows upon us hen we consider the littleness and worthlessness of the material in His hand out of which He is to undertake these greater and sublimer works. This truth is strikingly set forth in the following incident of Ruskin related by John Robertson in an exchange:

John Robertson tells how Ruskin, while walking along the streets of London when the weather was wet and mud was abundant and sticky, began to philosophize on the organic elements of the clay beneath his feet. He took some of the mud home with him and analyzed it. He found that London mud contained sand, clay, soot and water—the very substances from which our precious gems are made. Onyx, chrysolite, agate, beryl, carnellan, chalcedony, jasper, sardius and amethyst are formed from the sand; sapphire, ruby, emerald, and topaz come from the clay; and the diamond is a product of the soot. These are mighty fine things to find in the filth of the street. There is more in mud than we think. We can not transform the mud under our feet into these sparkling gems, but God does it through the chemical processes of nature. And through the processes of His power, grace and love He changes the common mud of humanity into rare jewels of a moral and spiritual nature. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Words Fitly Spoken

There are many ways of coming at a truth. Sometimes in plain and prosy statement, sometimes by denunciation, sometimes by irony or sarcasm, and anon with humorous alliteration the truth is sent home. The Rev. Daniel Shannon, evangelist, certainly hit the heart of truth aptly and squarely when he used the following words:

The early church prayed in the upper room, the twentieth century church cooks in the supper room. Play has taken the place of prayer, and feasting the place of fasting. * * * Oh! I would like to see the cooking squad put out, and the praying band put in. Let us have less gravy, and more grace, less pie and more piety; less soup and more salvation; less ham and sham and more love and life. Let us have less leaven and more of heaven less use for the cook and more use for the old Book. Let us put out the fire in the kitchen and build it on the altars Beans and brown bread are not necessary for those who are "alive from the dead." Let us get up fewer dinners, and go after more sinners. Let us have church full of waiters, but waiters on God, a church full of servers, but they who are serving God and waiting for His Son from heaven.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

A Little While

A little while, with tides of dark and night,
The moon shall fill;
Glad summer's glow be changed to shrouding
white
And winter's chill.

A little while shall tender, winsome flowers
In beauty blow;
And ceaseless, through shade and sunny
hours,
Death's harvest grow.

A little while shall tranquil planets speed
Round central flame;
New empires spring and pass, new names sue
coed
And lapse from fame.

A little while shall cold star tapers burn
Through time's brief night;
Then shall my soul's beloved One return
With dayspring bright.

How oft in golden dreams I see Him stand,
I list His voice,
As, winning largess from His lifted hand,
The poor rejoice.

But waking bears that vision dear away,
My better part,
And leaves in me this pale and empty day,
This longing heart.

I can not see Thee, but I love Thee! Oh,
Thine eyes that read
The deepest secrets of the spirit, know
Tis love Indeed.

A little while; but, ah! how long it seems!
My Jesus come!
Surpass the rapture of my sweetest dreams,
And take me home!

— Unidentified.

Spiritual Backbone

L. B. TROWBRIDGE

Many professing Christians have only a wishbone where their backbone ought to be. There is a tendency to smooth things over, to seek popularity, to compromise and be like other people. Where are the men who dare to assert their individuality, to live their real lives undaunted before the world? A new and better rendering of the old proverb, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," is, "When in Rome do as you do at home."

Young people in these days need to study biography. Scripture biography shows that the saints of God, men and women whose names have become immortal, had backbone; courage was their predominant - characteristic. See Noah building his ark on dry ground. There was no sign of a flood; but he believed God's voice. For one hundred and twenty years he labored on in spite of the jeers of skeptics and scoffers. But when the flood came, old Noah "had the laugh" on them. He and his family were saved, while all the rest were destroyed.

See Joseph, hated and persecuted by his brethren, but still he clings to his dreams; nagged and enticed by the wife of Potiphar, he clings to his integrity; imprisoned he maintains a faithful spirit; exalted to power, he keeps his head and remains humble.

See Moses, turning his back upon the grandeur, the ease and tile honor of the Egyptian court, he "chooses rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

See Abraham, going steadily and Uncomplainingly on a three days' journey to sacrifice his son, the child of miraculous birth, and upon whom such wonderful promises were centered. See David, a young stripling from the sheep country of Palestine, offering to fight the giant Goliath and boldly defying him in the name of God, See Gideon, daring to go against the enemy, which were like grasshoppers for multitude, with only three hundred chosen men and these divided into three companies.

See Samson, slaying a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

See the three companions of Daniel saying to the great king of Babylon, "Our God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, but if not, be it known unto thee O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

See Daniel, kneeling in his chamber praying "as he did aforetime," even though he knew that the den of lions awaited as a result of his hearing.

See Samuel, grasping a sword and hewing to pieces Agag, the king of the Amalekites, whom Saul had dared not destroy for fear of the people.

See Jeremiah in the dungeon, Jonah at Ninevah, Elijah before Ahab, and in the New Testament see John the Baptist before Herod, Stephen being stoned, Peter after the day of Pentecost and John on the Isle of Patmos, "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

Read the heroism of Paul who was five times beaten with stripes, once was stoned, thrice was shipwrecked, a night and a day spent in the deep; who was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often; in cold and nakedness and yet who said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself."

Study the beautiful life of Jesus Christ. He lived to please God. See how, at the age of twelve, He said to His parents, "I must be about my Father's business;" to his brothers he said, "Mine hour is not yet come." He fearlessly drove the money-changers out of the temple, and would do so today if He were here in many of our churches. He told the proud Nicodemus, to his face, "I say unto you, ye must be born again." He called the Pharisees hypocrites, whited sepulchers, a generation of vipers; and yet, toward the suffering, the sorrowing, or the penitently sinful, He was as tender and compassionate as a child.

In secular history there is an endless study of heroism and godly greatness in the lives of St. Augustine, John Knox, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Mr. Moody, Mr. Finney, Mr. Spurgeon, and a multitude of missionaries, reformers, discoverers, generals, statesmen, authors, and plain, ordinary working men, mothers, daughters and humble people of all ages who have walked with God and worked righteousness.

The Christianity of today calls for heroism. A self-satisfied, complacent, easy-going religion is no religion at all. Christianity is a life, not a creed; a war-fare, not a picnic. Phillips Brooks once said: "Let us do something which shall break the mere monotony of complacent living which seems to be forever saying that there is no such thing as sin, that to live is light, easy work." Upon another occasion, he said: "No cause ever really takes possession of the world unless it puts on a heroic aspect, unless it shows itself capable of inspiring heroism." Concerning a once-despised sect in America, someone said: "We can not afford to persecute the Quakers: their religion may be wrong, but the people who cling to an idea are the only people we need. If we must persecute, let us persecute the complacent."

George Muller of Bristol, England, said of himself: "There was a day when I died, utterly died; died to George Muller, his opinions, preferences, tastes and will—died to the world, its approval or censure—died to the approval or blame of my brethren or friends—and since then I have studied only to show myself approved unto God."

It is easy to espouse a cause when it is popular, to fall in with the procession when drums are beating and banners flying, but to stand alone or to join with an unpopular, despised movement requires courage. The easiest thing in the world is to float down stream, but effort is required to go against the current. The church of Jesus Christ or any institution which beats His name will never become a saving Power until it enlists members and workers who have the fighting spirit, who do not fear the faces of men, who are anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power and who live only to please God.

Then to side with truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust.
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,

And tis prosperous to be just.
Then it is e brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside.

It takes a little courage

And a little self-control

And some grim determination

If you want to reach the goal,

It takes a deal of striving,

And a firm and stern set chin,

No matter what the battle,

If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,

There's no rosy road to fame,

Life, however we may view it,

Is no simple parlor game;

But its prizes call for fighting,

For endurance and for grit,

For a rugged disposition

And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one

You must risk and you must lose,

And expect that in the struggle

You will suffer from a bruise.'

But you mustn't wince or tatter,

If a fight you once begin,

Be a man and face the battle—

That's the only way to win.

It is said of John Wesley that "Into dead formalities he put life. The statements of Scripture and creed, to which men gave drowsy assent, or explained away as metaphorical, he accepted as literally, vitally true." The doctrines which

he taught were only those which the Church of England had always professed and theoretically accepted but had allowed to become obsolete.

It was once said by Coleridge that "our greatest mission is to rescue admitted truths from the neglect caused by their universal admission."

All the churches admit and have incorporated in their denominational standards the scriptural doctrine of holiness, but few of them in these days dare or care to call this truth to mind or to dig it up from the grave of oblivion in which it has so long been buried. Until they do their pulpits will remain lifeless, unattractive and unfruitful.

God, in His mercy has raised up the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene to revive this truth. In so far as we keep this doctrine alive our people will stay on the firing line, souls will be saved, believers sanctified, the church will be militant, its members true soldiers armed with spiritual life, power in prayer, victory over sin, manliness, courage and spiritual backbone which will conquer the world.

The Care of Our Poor

I. G. MARTIN

It is not a sin to be poor. God expects His people to respect and care for His poor. A dinner on Thanksgiving Day and at Christmas time may ease your conscience somewhat, but it does not relieve you of your obligation to them for the other 363 days in the year. We read in God's Word that Whoso reproacheth the poor, reproacheth his Maker." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble." "He shall stand at the might hand of the poor." We would say in the language of that great preacher Thomas Guthrie:

"Let honest Poverty lift up its head next to infants, those unblown buds which the Lord has plucked to open out their beauties on His bosom in heaven, no class is so fully represented in the general assembly of the first-born as the poor. They not only form the largest class on earth, but by much the largest in that kingdom where there are few rich. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." Dr. Guthrie says further, "In dealing with the poor we are not, however, to put all over into one boat—huddling together the good and bad, virtue and vice, decent age and hoary sin in our plans, as is done in our poorhouses. There is no line of separation between peer and peasant so broad as divides the two classes of the poor. There are God's poor, whose cause I chiefly plead. These reduced to want, brought to suffering by no fault of theirs, have the strongest, at any rate the first, claim on our compassion. There are the poor of providence; and a much more numerous class, the poor of improvidence—the devil's poor, who, reaping as they have sowed, and drinking as they have brewed, are suffering under these righteous laws: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;" "If any will not work, neither should he eat;" "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man." None are, in some respects, I admit, greater objects of compassion than these. It is pitiable to see the wrecks of comfort, and decency, and humanity that go drifting about our streets. How foul and for-

bidding with the rags that vice has hung on their backs and the wolfish look that - want has given their faces! Yet many of them were once bright and sunny children; dandled on a father's knee; and sung to sleep by kind mothers, who, putting their little innocent hands together, taught their infant lips to pray. We are not to loathe them; nor will we, if we remember that they can not be so black or so bad in our eyes as we were in God's when He gave up His dear Son to save us. Yet how profoundly are they to be pitied! They have got to the dregs of their cup; and how bitter they are! They dare not look back on the past, with its recollections of early innocence⁴ a virtuous home, and the venerable image of a mother or a father, whose gray hairs they brought in sorrow to the grave; nor dare they look forward on the future; and unless religion comes to their help, what will they or can they do, but "drink to forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more"? Theirs is not the poverty that has the wealth of heaven in it . . . nor is theirs the cup which faith sweetens with the promise of all things working together for good. With our God or hope, they are the poorest of the poor; and claim in a sense our deepest and holiest compassion.

Still, our compassion must never take the shape of a bounty on idleness and vice. Such philanthropy is mischievous; and finds not the semblance of encouragement in our Lord's example. He went about doing good; and chiefly in the walks of the poor. But how? He restored health to sickness, vigor to the withered arm, sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, reason to the insane; and doing so, taught us the wise charity that helps the poor man to help himself. He did not maintain the poor in idleness, but sent them back with renovated powers to their different fields of labor. It is as instructive as it is remarkable, that only on two occasions did our Lord create food; - and money only once—leaving time law of God not only to its righteous, but beneficent course, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Confession of Carnality

L. S. TRACY

In seeking the blessing of a clean heart it is a healthy thing to honestly recognize the evidences and traits of carnality in the personal life. The frequent absence of this recognition of condition is a fruitful cause of the shallow holiness professions so frequently witnessed sanctification being both a subtraction amid an addition—eradication of the carnal nature and filling with the Holy Ghost—it is necessary to identify the thing to be subtracted. As confession of committed sin is essential to regeneration, so a confession, recognition and identification of carnality is necessary to sanctification. This is very essential. It is the negative, unpleasant part; but how can one groan to be rid of that which he is unwilling to admit, or at best apologetically admits? Carnality can not be consecrated. It is a traitor and must be pointed out and delivered up for crucifixion. Our legitimate being, such as talents, means, time, etc., are to be con-

secrated. The illegitimate with all his brood must die.

Let the seeker for the blessed and enduring experience of sanctification, in his own closet, recognize, name and deplore the traits of the old man in his own life. Let him spare not the traitor and not many prayer seasons will pass before the Holy Ghost will give him a revelation of the depths of his personal depravity that will be sufficient incentive to strong crying and praying. At the same time let him intelligently and thoroughly consecrate his legitimate being and power to God and the fire will soon fall.

These two steps, confession of carnality and consecration, clearly characterized the experiences of the saints in the early part of the holiness movement. A like insistence on the former will, we are persuaded, produce similarly clean, sound amid stalwart experiences.

Choose Today

Heb. 11:24, 25

F. M. LEHMAN

When Adam and Eve were placed in the garden of Eden they were given the right of choice between good and evil. The winter hold-ups, thug-reign and general wickedness in Kansas City evidence that our parents chose evil. Cain's choking wail in the smoke of his rejected sacrifice mingled with the heart-breaking cry of Eve as she pressed to her bosom the murdered Abel just outside the angel-barred gates of Eden—the tragic aftermath of their evil choice. Since then the muffled drums of conscience have beat slow-time to the sin-sogged lag of remorse in the sinner's inner self. Today millions are in the sad procession—from choice.

When two ancients found the country too small for their increasing herds, out of the goodness of his heart Abraham offered Lot the choice between the hill country and the plain. Greed chose the well-watered plain. Lot's wife, turned into a pillar of salt, and the smoking ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah climaxed the sad choice. With bowed head, bent form, and tottering steps, supported on either side by an almost sacrificed daughter, we see the ruined man shambling toward Zoar.

Solomon made a wise choice, for which he not only received God's commendation, but the convenience of riches thrown in for good measure. Later he traded his choice for seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. Sacred history records that Solomon "loved many strange women," and again that "his wives turned away his heart," and concludes by inscribing on his tombstone the following epitaph: "And the Lord was angry with Solomon." Truth chisels similar inscriptions over shafted graves today.

The soft lamplight glowed in the farmstead parlor. Twilight flung its misty mantle over the fading day and Nature crooned her sweetest lullaby. Two early katydid held sibilant controversy in the gate-side lilacs. The breeze-borne scent of clover bloom came fresh through the open window as the family gathered for evening worship. Sixteen year old John shifted restlessly under the quavered Psalm. He chafed in unconcealed rebellion as the tear-filled petition, sad and tremulous, rose to heaven. After the amen he hurried away from the admoni-

tions, the expostulations and the prayers of father and mother—of to hold high orgie with ill-chosen companions on the city street.

The jury had returned to the box. A gray-haired father amid mother, holloweyed and anguish-crushed, sat near the prisoner in the dock. The career of thuggery had been abruptly cut short by arrest and conviction. The wild oats, so recklessly sown, were bringing harvest in a court room. The victim, found murdered in an out of the way place, had lived long enough to pencil a description of his assailant, and now the gray haired judge had pronounced sentence. With a cry that cuts heart-strings as nothing else can, the mother fell forward, and they carried her from the room. The father, a man suddenly grown old, with the tremble of death in his knees, doddered out after the white-faced form.

It is yet early morning. A key creaks raucously in the lock and a number of men enter the death-cell. "Get ready!" is the curt-spoken command. The man-ached youth is assisted down time long prison corridor, limp and leathery-faced, forehead sweat-beaded, clammy-skinned and numb. Before an instrument of modern design and use the silent procession halts. Upon a significant motion the pale-faced lad lurches forward into the chair. The attendants adjust the contacts, quickly, silently. The pale semigleam of flickering lights makes ghostly the legal tragedy. A pause. Above the pulse-pounding comes the fevered, catchy breath of time condemned. A switch closes instantly, noiselessly, and—the next moment the soul meets God on the wings of the lightning. O, what a sad, sad choice! From a tiny ark of bulrushes Miss Pharaoh's maids lifted a crying Hebrew boy. Royalty adopted the decree-escaped infant, hired the God-guided mother-nurse, and reared the child in the lap of luxury. If the Hebrew slaveling had ambitions, such could easily be gratified tinder royalty's caprice. The throne was not an impossibility. Strange man. "Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

yWhat might the sequel to such a strange choice be? Listen! I hear the tramp of thousands leaving Pharaoh's brick kilns; the sea divides, and they pass over dry shod; the cry-carnal for leeks and the flesh-pots of Egypt dies under the miracle-dropping manna and quail; crystal and sweet, water gushes from the rock

and thirsty, murmuring Israel drinks— all in answer to the prayer of meek Moses. He led the oppressed out from a thousand sorrows and saw the waters close sea deep over the oppressors. Somewhere back in life's yesterday lie had exchanged Egypt's splendor for the way of reproach. The earthly crown had lost its dazzle long before he reached Pishgah. The exodus beautifully sequels that He chose wisely.

No human hand threw clods over his form. God Himself came down and covered the precious clay on dear old Nebo, amid the angels sang a requiem at his grave. If a flower waved over his sacred dust, God planted it there. The fragrance of his life, one hundred one, is flung down to us through the dying centuries. On Faith's honor roll God emblazoned his name. Choose, if you will, the golden apples of desire, and lose the Eden of peace; choose the well-watered plum of commercial resources, and take salt-pillars and smoking retribution as your heritage: choose earth's amorous loves, and take God's withering maledictions; choose the foot-pad's crime track, amid ride to eternity on the volt-chariots of lightning: but let inc choose reproach with the maim whose mortality waits the resurrection on lonely Nebo.

A Warning to the Pastors and Members of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

C. G. CURRY,

Pastor at Farmington, Iowa

I notice, occasionally, articles printed in certain papers (of which quite a number of our church members are subscribers) Speaking very strongly against denominational national holiness and rather slurring new holiness church, and giving out the idea that. only interdenominational holiness can win out. I think we should be very careful, both as pastors and members, about supporting a paper or an evangelist, who would beat about the bush, slur, and antagonize new holiness churches which spring up as a natural consequence of holiness meetings and holiness preaching in communities. We surely can not expect a holiness camp meeting once a year, to feed our souls and give us spiritual strength till a year later when our annual camp meeting time rolls around. Neither can we expect our young converts to live if we allow them to be put into those iceberg refrigerator arrangements, which some folks call churches, and be fed on ice cream amid oysters instead of heavenly

manna. Now God didn't create Adam without a backbone and neither can the Nazarene Church exist without one. Let both earth and hell know where we stand on some matters. Let folks call us almost anything except compromisers. Now the pastors are the leaders of the flock and must stand by our church and by our church paper, than which there is none better. It is straight and clean-cut on old-fashioned Bible holiness lines. I know of some evangelists who claim to be out on strictly interdenominational lines who are doing all they can possibly do to poison the minds of the people against holiness churches; They take delight in slurring these new churches, constantly crying: "Stay with the church," through the columns of certain papers of which many of our people are subscribers. We had just as well face the issue now as later, for time fight is on. You may depend upon it that we have got to take a stand upon some matters and keep our eyes open for the devil has all the powers of hell arrayed against our church and nothing would suit him better than to cripple it in its infancy. This is not only the case in Iowa, but in many other places. Our people should be encouraged in being loyal to our church, also in taking our church paper, the HERALD OF HOLINESS.

We have also noticed a similar tendency upon the part of certain papers which stand for strictly interdenominational work. Shall we put our converts into dead churches? Shall we support a paper which would favor them and at the same time slur denominational holiness and holiness church which God has so graciously raised up not a day too soon I Can am fountain send forth both bitter and sweet water I I-low can two walk together except they be agreed I The thing we support we are a part of. We are also responsible for its acts in the measure in which we support it

Now I wish to warn every Nazarene pastor to be on his guard, as these conditions are gradually and quietly creeping upon us. Be on your guard, encourage our people to read our own paper.

Our church belongs to us with its many enterprises, for which we thank God. We should also love our officials—the editors of our paper, our general and district superintendents, as well as every pastor and church official throughout. We love them all. God bless them. Let us all push the HERALD OF HOLINESS; if possible get it into every home. I say away with literature which is antagonistic to our church! Away with it!

THE loose religious thought of the day is illustrated in the sentence below which is taken from one of the most influential, and supposedly religious publications of the country. It is this: "The fall was the best thing that ever happened to Adam, for it made him work." Of course work is a blessing, or rather; the instrument of blessing, but it was sin that put a degradation upon labor. The harm contained in the false teaching of the above quotation, is that sin was, and is, not only an unavoidable evil, but really the source of good. How we need men of clear perception and stout hearts to proclaim the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Woe unto the nation that calls evil good!

Mother and Little Ones

“When I’ve Been Bad”

When I’ve been bad, my mother says,
 “All right, son! Just you wait!”
 And when night comes we listen
 For my father at the gate
 And it’s me that hears him first,
 I run to let him in,
 And tell him all about it
 ‘Fore mother can begin.
 And sometimes when I’ve finished
 He looks down at me and grins,
 And says it reminds him
 Of his own boyhood sins.
 Then he leads me in to mother,
 And he says, “Poor little lad!
 I really don’t think, sweetheart,
 That he’s been so very bad.”
 But last night, by the window,
 While I watched the shadows creep,
 My eyes got very heavy,
 And I, somehow, fell asleep.
 I could have told him easy
 Just why I screamed and kicked;
 But mother was ahead of me—
 And that time I got licked!
 —Anna May Cooper, in *St. Nicholas*.

Bright Homes

We try to make our homes bright. For this purpose we make use of artificial light. Modern ways of lighting homes add much to the cheerfulness of the place. Electric lights shining through ingenious designs in glass fill the house with a burst of glory. Unpretentious houses are lighted so as to look like a fairy’s palace.

We brighten our homes with music, with pictures, with books, papers and magazines, with company and festivities. We want the brightest music, the brightest pictures, the brightest literature and the brightest company in the home. It is natural to try to shut out the darkness and bring in the light.

There is something more radiant than the brightest electric light, the brightest music, the brightest books. The radiant Christian character will make the home brighter than anything else. If every member of the home were illuminated by the Spirit of our Lord, what beautiful homes we would see. This brightness will endure. A father whose soul is radiant with love and sympathy ‘and goodness will leave a light in the home when he departs. That light will linger as long as the home shall continue to exist.

Let the prayers in the home be bright. Let the conversation be brightened, not only by literary and scientific illuminations, but also by the light which is kindled from above. A truly bright home, bright with love, bright with peace, bright with happiness, is a type of that home beyond the skies which is filled with everlasting sunshine.

The Maker of a Happy Home

Rosalie’s sunny face was clouded for once. “There’s no use expecting me to be anything, Aunt Mollie,” she declared, dismally. “I can’t go to school more than half the time since mother isn’t well, and I’m not bright and smart like the other girls, anyway. They can all paint or embroider or play the piano, but I’ve never had a chance to learn anything but to keep house.”

“But you do that beautifully, dear,” comforted Aunt Mollie. “You are making a happy home for father and mother and the boys. You make me think of a story read yesterday.

“A passerby said to a workman: ‘You are building a good wall there. Some of your materials look rather poor, too,’ glancing at a pile of rough stones.

‘I ain’t pickin’ my material’ the man answered, simply. ‘What I’m here for is to build as good a wall as I can with the stuff that’s brought to me.’

“That is what you are doing, Rosalie; and I am sure the Master who brings you the material is pleased with your building.”

The sunshine was back in Rosalie’s face.

“Thank you, auntie,” she said, happily. “Now I’ll go to the kitchen and build my dinner for the boys.” —Selected.

“Scrooged Up Close”

The comfort that often comes from contact, even wordless, with one’s own human kind, is touchingly illustrated in a little story told by a western publisher:

The boy in the car sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody thought he belonged to her. So when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoed’ into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor she leaned over and said:

“Pardon me, madam; will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes.”

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

“My boy?” she said. “My goodness, he isn’t mine!”

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not begin to touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on and looked at them deprecatingly.

“I’m sorry I got your dress dirty,” he said to the woman on his left. “I hope it will brush off.”

The timidity in his voice took a short cut to the woman’s heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

“Oh, It doesn’t matter,” she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened on her, she added, “Going uptown alone?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said. “I always go alone. There isn’t anybody to go with me. Father’s dead and mother’s dead. I live with Aunt Clara over in Belmar. But she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to go some place to get rested up, she packs me off over there to stay with Aunt Anna. I’m going over there now.. Sometimes I don’t find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home today, because it looks like it is going to rain, and I don’t like to hang around in the streets in the rain.”

The woman felt something move inside her throat. “You are a very little boy,” she said, rather unsteadily, “to be knocked about in. this way.”

“Oh, I don’t mind,” he replied, “I never get lost, But I get lonesome sometimes on these long trips, and when I see anybody I think I’d like to belong to I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really am her little boy. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, when I got so in’sted that I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty.”

The woman put her arms around the tiny chap and “scrooged” him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had overheard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best dress, but would feel like spanking him if he didn’t.

Church-Going and Money

The other day a man said to me: “I don’t go to church. I’ll tell you why. I

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used to go, but I rarely ever went that they were not raising money for one thing or another. When I go to church I go to hear the gospel, and not to be hounded for money; therefore, I don’t go.”

“Look here, brother, will you listen to a story of mine for a few minutes I have a home as comfortable and attractive as can be. I have a sweet wife’ in that home who is loving and tender and kind, and does everything she can in that home to make it a place of comfort and pleasure and constant joy. She sympathizes with me in all my cares; and she helps me to success. Without her life would be a bore and hardly worth while.

“I have a child in that home who is the joy of my heart and inspiration and ambition of my life. He loves and depends upon me, and I love and depend on him. My associations with wife and child are my most hallowed experiences. I go to my noon meals not merely to satisfy my hunger, but to spend a while in these joys of my home, drinking in their best associations and inspiring my soul with new energy and determinations for better things, When my day’s work is done, I sit down to rest amidst the chatter of the child and the music of my companion. Home is the dearest place on earth to me. But listen: There are but few days that pass in which there is not a special call upon me for money. The flour is out, or the meat, or the meal; or some new wares must be bought; or a new dress, or a new hat, or shoes, or a suit for self, and just a thousand and one things more that are common but special in family calls.

“Suppose I say this: ‘Since I can not go home without being called upon for money, I prefer not to go at all. I will not go home any more.’ And I really do stay away. What would you think of me?”

—H. H. Rountree, in *Homiletic Review*.

Awful Providences

The following are selected from a list of incidents recorded by Thomas Grant, a noted revivalist preacher. After his death they were found entered, under the above heading, in a small passbook, as facts worthy of preservation, from an experience of almost fifty years in the ministry.

When the Rev. Mr. Knapp, a regular Baptist minister, was holding a protracted meeting in Erie, he was interrupted by one Gifford, a Universalist preacher. Mr. Knapp felt his patience tried. At the conclusion of his sermon he prayed publicly that if said Gifford was within reach of salvation that God would have mercy upon him; but if not that God would take away his speech, so that he might deceive the people no longer. And Mr. Gifford went out of the house that night a perfect mute, nor did he speak another word for more than four years. He said himself he believed he could speak if he could will to do it. He carried a slate about with him all the time, on which he wrote what he wished to say. All physicians who examined him said there was no disease of the organs of speech. It was a direct answer to prayer. He went to New York, Boston and other places to consult the best physicians; but it was of no use.

When Rev. George Howe was holding a protracted meeting at which many were converted, the family of a noted Infidel experienced religion which affected him much. Returning home one evening from meeting, he seemed more than usually melancholy; and after going to bed he began to abuse his wife for letting the children have a certain rope to play with that day, for they had now lost it. She remarked to him that it was not lost, that she knew it was in a certain place which she designated. Apparently he became satisfied; and she fell asleep. That night one of the members of the Methodist society in the neighborhood came to two other of the brethren, stating to them that he was impressed with the idea of going to this Infidel’s house, and wanted them to go along with him. They all started off immediately. They came to the infidel’s door and rapped,

but received no answer. After waiting some time, they opened the door, and coming in, found the man of the house with the said rope around his neck, and in the act of putting it over a beam to hang himself. Immediately he dropped on his knees, and cried for mercy, and before they left him he was happily converted to God. His name was John James. Ten minutes more he would have been in eternity.

When Rev. Williams Swazy and Rev. John Chandler were holding quarterly meeting in Greenville, Mercer County, Pennsylvania, they gave an opportunity for seekers of religion to come to the altar on Saturday evening. Many came. One young man, who was almost induced to go, held back. The thought, however, that it "was now or never" haunted him so, that at last he arose and went part way down the aisle, with the intention of going forward. He stopped, however, and going back he resumed his seat. Still the idea troubled him. He arose and went part way a second time. A third time he arose and went down, but Instead of kneeling down at the altar, he went out of the house, intending to go home; but being impressed with the idea it was "now or never," he turned about and came back, and stood at the altar, and looked on the scene for a short time; then clenching his fist, and shaking it in the air, he said, "God Almighty, I will not!" He left the house.

From that moment he said his feelings left him. He walked on home; but as he stepped on his own doorstep and put his hand to the door to open it, he said a light shone around him, a voice distinctly said, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone"; and shrieking aloud, he fell on the pavement. His neighbors came and carried him in. They sent for Swazy and Chandler, who came and offered him the consolation of the gospel, but without avail. His reply was, "It is too late! Too late!! Too late! !!" and continued thus to exclaim until about sunrise In the morning, when he took his flight to meet an insulted God.—Sel.

What God Did Through a Half Idiot Boy

During a recent talk on personal work, Dr. Broughton told an incident which made a deep impression upon the audience, and which will doubtless lead to far-reaching results in their home churches. Ono time, said Dr. Broughton, I remember beginning a meeting in an old conservative church in one of the most conservative towns of the south. A large crowd had gathered to hear my first sermon. It was not much of a sermon, however, that they heard, but a good deal of proposition making.

To begin with I asked for all fathers who had unsaved Sons to stand up. Nobody stood, however, 'except a little boy about twelve years old, who sat far back in the congregation. He arose. He was not satisfied to stand; he got up on the seat and lifted his hands. He was determined to be seen. Everybody laughed at the mistake, and I said, "Young man, that will do; sit down." My next proposition was to mothers, but not a mother stood. The same little boy stood up, however, "That will do," said I; "sit down." Then I went for the brothers and sisters. I made five propositions that night, and he responded to every one of them, and he was the only one that paid any attention to them whatever, I went away from that meeting very much humiliated. The same was true of the services on the next night and on through the services of three days. To every proposition I made he responded, and he was the only one who did. Finally a deacon of the church came to me and said: "That boy is a half idiot; the fact is he is a whole Idiot, and those people are coming to see him perform, that is what they are coming for."

"Well," said I, "what do you think I ought to do about it?"

"Why," said he, "stop him, of course."

I said, "Stop him? Never! He is the only sign of life I have seen in this town. I feel like paying him to go around with me to

worry old conservative deacons. Talk about that boy! Why, he is the only spark of hope the church has in this town so far as I have been able to see! I would not think of putting that light out."

"Well," said the deacon, "he has thrown a damper on your meetings."

I said: "No, brother, you can not throw a damper on an Icehouse, and this old thing has been frozen over for twenty years."

"All right," said he, "let the boy go on."

So it went on for the rest of the week. Now and then he would be dined by some other simple soul who would stand for prayer, but very seldom.

At the close of the sermon the next Sun- day morning, when I gave out the invitation for those who wished to join the church to come forward, that boy walked up to the front. I asked the usual questions and took the vote and he was received.

That night as I came into the church a man rose and said: "Brother Broughton, I want to ask a prayer for a man who is in this house, one of the honored citizens of our town and a man of eighty-five years of age, who has not been in a church for twenty-five years until tonight. ,he has been known as a skeptic, but I see him here to- night, and I think he will pardon me for making this request, I feel so deeply the weight of his soul.",

As soon as he sat down the old man arose and said: "Friends and neighbors, I am the man you are about to pray for, I want to tell you why I am here tonight. This little boy who sits here by my side is my grandson. You know that he is an unfortunate lad. It is because of that that we have loved him so. This morning he came home and threw his arms around my neck and said: 'O, Grandpa, I have got religion and have joined the church; and Grandpa, I am so happy I don't know what to do. I wish Grandma was here! O, Grandpa, you know she went to heaven three months ago and I have nobody to talk to about Jesus.'

The old man said, "Just as the child said that something struck my heart that had not struck it before since I was a boy and left home to go to college. You can call it what you please, but if you can, by your prayers, bring the grace of God into my heart, I will be thankful." Before we left that night he was converted.

The next morning the little fellow went out in the town and climbed over his father's bar counter, for he was a barkeeper, and said, "Papa, won't you come and go with me to hear our preacher?" He promised him he would that night, which he did, and at 2 o'clock the father was converted.

The next day he went out, declaring he was going to be a missionary to his fellow saloonkeepers. He got them, every one of them, to close up their places and come to church. There were seven in number, and during that week six out of the seven gave their hearts to God, and all of them agreed to close up their business. A great revival broke out in that town which extended all through the county, and several counties, and in six months time there was not a barroom in that county. Every barkeeper agreed to quit business and so far as I know there has never been one in the county until this, day.

Such a gracious revival of religion! How did it all come about? Not by preaching; not by great manipulations; not by great singing, valuable as there all may be— they did not bring it about. It came about through a little half idiot boy, who had not better sense than to trust God the best he knew and do his level best—Selected.

Bunny and His First Hike

The colonel was so busy writing that he did not hear the door of his study open, and was somewhat startled by a soft touch on his arm. He turned around to look into the beautiful, blue eyes of a touseled-headed boy of eleven.

"Well," said the colonel, "who are you, and what can I do for you?"

"I am Bunny Marshall, and I've come to join your 'Boy Scouts.'"

"How old are you?"

"Eleven."

"Too young; you must wait a year. I can't take you until you're twelve,"

"Pop says I can join."

"Well, but your father is not running my Scouts, and I have a rule to take no boy under twelve,"

"Mom says I can join."

"No, you can't; you must wait a year."

"Mom says she'll make my suit."

Now this was an item with the colonel not to be despised, because not many of his boys could buy their own suits; but rules must be observed, so he said, "That in very good of your mother, but she couldn't get the right kind of cloth; it must be gotten from the government, steam shrunk."

"Mom can get it; she goes down town every day."

Now what could the colonel do with such a boy? Why, he had to break every rule and smash every regulation, but Bunny joined the Scouts. The springtime came along and the colonel and his boys prepared to go on a hike, three hundred and fifty miles, Bunny announced his Intention of going.

"No, indeed, you can't," said colonel; "you couldn't stand it; you'd give out."

"No, I wouldn't, and pop says I can go,"

"You just can't, Bunny, that's dead sure,"

"Yes, I can; mom says I can go."

"Well," said the colonel, "I'll put you to a test; if you can walk from here to Columbia, twelve miles, and back in one day, I'll take you."

"All right, sir, I can do it."

The colonel thought this would end the matter. The next day at noon the colonel's telephone rang, and someone at the other end said:

"This is West's drug store In Columbia; there is' a small boy here who says he walked from your place here, and wants to talk with you."

Sure enough, when the colonel heard the voice, It was Bunny all right, and he said:

"Is that you, colonel? I am here and after I've had some grub, I am coming back."

Bunny went along on the hike with the colonel for his bunk-mate. The colonel explained what that meant— that Bunny must be loyal to him, and he would be loyal to Bunny. But Bunny was only a boy and when Ruggles, lieutenant for the day, ordered all to fall into line, Bunny never heeded, and' just kept on throwing stones in the pond. Ruggles told Bunny he was on fatigue duty for disobedience.

"What's that?" said Bunny.

"Why, you clean up this camp, pick up all the paper lying around."

"Say, Ruggles, who was your nigger this time last year? You needn't think I'm going to do that; no, sir."

In went Ruggles to the colonel. "Marshall won't obey, colonel."

"Get out, Ruggles," said the colonel, "if you can't make that eleven-year-old chap mind you, you had better take off your stripes."

Out went Ruggles, and therewith arose a mighty clamor, which brought the colonel hastily to the scene. Ruggles was on the defensive, and Bunny seemed to be at him with every part of his anatomy. The colonel took hold of the angry little chap and took him back to their tent.

"I thought you were going to be a soldier, Bunny," said the colonel.

"So I am, but I ain't going to be big Ruggles' nigger. I'll do what you want, but I won't mind him."

"All right," said the colonel; "if you do what I want, you'll go out there and do what Ruggles said."

Out went Bunny and did his task.

One night on the hike the boys held a prayer meeting In the Young Men's Christian Association hall. Bunny looked on with wonder in his big blue eyes. That night, just as the colonel was about to sleep, a small body snuggled up close, and a voice whispered, "Say, colonel, what were the fellers doing in the hall tonight?"

"Holding a prayer meeting, Bunny."

"What were they doing when they shut their eyes and talked out loud?"

"Praying."

"Praying; what's that?"

"Why, Bunny, don't you ever say your prayers?"

"Nope."

"Don't you ever go to Sunday school or church?"

"No, sir; pop don't believe in it; says only fools do."

"Doesn't your mother ever pray or go to church?"

"I never saw her do either."

Then the colonel explained to Bunny just what prayer is and what a help it is, and Bunny, after a little silence, said:

"Would God listen to me, colonel?"

"Indeed He would, my boy."

"Right now?"

"Yes, right now."

Then Bunny hunched down on his knees, and what he said is too sacred for you or me to hear. The next night Bunny got up on a chair and told the great audience in the hail that God had forgiven all his badness and he was going to try to be good.

He has held to his decision, and now Bunny Marshall is at the head of the graduating class in one of our great institutions, and is going to fight, if need be, for his country. But whether he does that or not, he is fighting life's battles under Jesus Christ as his Captain.—Lillie Wise Loane, in "Sunday School Times."

Some Crosses and a Crown

W. H. JUDKINS

When I first met her she startled me by her likeness to my mother, not in physical form or feature, but in the quiet, forceful look in her eyes, which seemed to have gathered up some secret force of God, and stored it in themselves, so full were they of gentle strength and quiet confidence. She took me under her wing at once, and poured out her motherly heart's fullness over me as if I were her own. There was a silent power with her that always kept those near her in a loving, tender and gracious awe of her. We revered her much—for the God-Spirit who dwelt in her, doubtless her husband and children adored her. They knew what scorching fires her soul had been through, and when I heard the story by fragments, and put it together, I marveled that, having been through these fires, she still "had this treasure in a fragile vessel of clay." They would have broken many strong men to pieces, and how the fragile vessel stood the fires—well, only the few possess the secret, and cease to wonder.

Reverses had come early; and gravely standing by her husband, she had gone cheerfully to the outposts of civilization, away from everything her refined woman's heart held dear. Fire and drouth and sickness had followed, and left their scalding ravages. But they had never touched her soul's serenity; and, said her husband, "Her voice grew more cheery and gentle in spite of it all."

Some years before I knew her, the greatest trouble of all had come. Diphtheria ravaged the country side. One little girl fell sick, and wilted like a flower. The nearest doctor was forty miles away, and the husband set out to get him, and while in the night he fled for the man who might save, and fought fatigue for love's dear sake, she watched and waited and tended; and then, with bated breath, saw the baby-life flutter away from her arms. They came; but too late.

Next week the terrible event was re-enacted, but doubly. Two more children fell sick, and again the husband flew the eighty miles journey on the wings of despairing hope. And again the sword fell. When they arrived, the two children had left the anguished mother. In the wilderness, with no one to help her, what tortures she had endured!

"Yet," her husband said, in telling me about it, "She did not flinch, although she had got a tearful blow. I thought it would break her and spoil her. But she awed me. At first she looked puzzled, and then the serenity came back, more apparent than ever. I can't understand it," he went on;

"she has abandoned herself still more to those of us who are left and has a secret power that I can not yet fathom. It has been some years now since our babies died, but she grows more like you see her every day. See how serene her face is. Why, she has been through enough to break the best Woman's spirit, and look at her." And her face was so. It made me think of Stephen, when, in the midst of his trial, those looking on him "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." And she wist not that her face shone.

Finally they moved near to a large town, where she would have every comfort, and was surrounded by neighbors and soon by fast friends. It was then that I knew her first. Every day her life was a benediction. Yet never at any time did she suggest any straining after effect. You felt placid when you were near her. And I thanked God that I knew her. She had such a full, such a radiant life.

Then a new trouble came to her, quite different from any other she had had. Harder to fight, in a way, it was going to be, for it would put her on the defensive day and night, and never leave her. Deafness began to creep over her, without her at first knowing it. She used to look puzzled as we talked, and an anxious look would come into her face; and one day she said to me, "Why is it that you all speak so low?" I felt it was one of those times when it is kinder to let the hurting truth be known, and said, "It is not we who are speaking low, dear friend, but you see you are not so young as you were, so some of the doors are slightly closing, and the sounds are getting a little muffled, that is all." "Ah, yes, of course," she said; "I didn't think of that. I suppose I am getting deaf (with a slight emphasis on the "am"). But perhaps the doctor can open the doors again." But he could not. And I watched her. How would she stand the test?

A fearful one it would be, for you see she lived so much for others, and by others, that it would be a great shock when she found such a large part of her life cut off and her energies turned upon herself to find another life within to replace it. And at rare times I saw flit over her face a troubled look, and then this gave way to an anxious one, and after that very occasionally one of transient irritation. In a single sentence or two, you see, I am telling you the history of a year, as the doors were further and fast closing. At the end of that time she could scarcely hear. She was fighting bravely, -but without any signs of fight to speak of. At first, it she were in company, she would strain oh, so greatly, to hear, and look troubled it she could not. And then that ceased. She cheerfully gave up what was a useless thing, and only produced nervous irritation and spiritual exhaustion, and settled herself down contentedly. When we spoke to her we took special pains to make her hear, but apart from that she gave up trying to hear.

And what happened to the spirit part of her, the only part worth while? That grew sweeter every day, her manner more charming still. I used to delight to take my books and sit with her while she busied her fingers with some soft wool work that she delighted in. It was something just to be with her. She chatted in her quiet tone, just the same, but in a way that did not demand much answer. How we loved her!

Often, as I was reading, I would put my finger on a choice bit, and hand the book to her. How she revelled in this I think she grew more watchful of our care than ever. The hearing part of her seemed to turn into other streams, and swell them to flood. Her quick eye noted every need, while the touch of her hand almost told us what she was going to say. Never once do I remember complaint. The condition of her life had changed almost instantly, but with astonishing power she settled herself to the altered conditions. And her voice kept its melody and softness in spite of it all. Truly it was wonderful.

Most of us, when we get trouble or ailment, - imagine ourselves possessed of carte blanche to voice our complaints. But this

woman triumphed. One day I was telling her, in clear and distinct tones (she used to pay me the treasured compliment that she could hear me better than others) some little gossip, and we drifted to other things. She was that day particularly gracious. "You are a marvel, 'my dear friend,'" I said, "and a constant rebuke and Ideal to me. You shame us all. Suppose we change ears. You will make more use of mine than I do." She laughed, and said, "No, for I live in a new land. I want to tell you something. I felt rebellious at first, and wondered why God had brought this and other troubles on me. Then, soon after this came on me, you were all out, and I had gone to my room to pray. I thought of the sermon you preached last week (I had told her of it, how I had tried to show that God is not the author of confusion and of sin, and its dreadful results of bodily disorder in the human race; and how that trouble may be traced often directly to men's carelessness or Ignorance or set design, and always Indirectly to the apostasy of man from God; and how, in spite of that, God stands as our helper in distress, our "friend in need, our refiner to make the fire through which He passes as well as we, refine us, and not scorch us). It led me back to my knees a second time, but I could not pray, because I could not think of anything to say. It seemed as though I had just to listen, not to ask. Then I became conscious of someone near me, 'like unto the Son of God,' and I knew that, like John, I was in the Spirit."

"And this is what He told me: 'I did not send your deafness, my child, nor any of your troubles. Their causes lay apart from me, in earthly things, which man had taken out of my hands. Were my will done on earth there would be no sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. Man works his own ills. And I am your helper. I grieve for you in your troubles. Get close to my heart, and I'll bring 'good out of them, and we'll turn this which has come to you into a way of getting a crown.' And it has made all the other things so understandable, the fires and the failures and the deaths. 'I used to think they came direct from God. It never entered my mind to think what kind of a world He really wanted and what kind lie would have had.' If we did not get away from Him and broken all His laws, and to trace these things back to their sources. But all the time God was sorrier for me than I was myself, and was waiting to comfort me. I triumphed over the other troubles, but it was a negative kind of triumph, a mere resignation to what I thought was the inexorable will of God. Now my Joy is a radiant one. He hates my ills as I do, and will help me out of them by helping me in them. I'm like the three men with whom God walked when they were thrown into the furnace. Of course, how can I ask Him to deliver me from trouble if He put me into it? I saw it all; and since then I don't worry at all. I talk to Him as I never talked before. And thy joy is complete. I rest in His loving care absolutely. And I hear things too sweet to utter, while music from God rings in my soul. And I am content. And if I don't hear, well, I am closer to God. Besides I have more time to think of you all, and I have my other faculties so splendidly."

How like her! And her face glowed with the out-flowing radiance of the indwelling Spirit of God. For "the thorn in the flesh," "the messenger of Satan to buffet her," she received, not release, but a full measure of "grace sufficient." And so she lived.

"The blessings of her quiet life fell on us like the dew," like that of 'Whittier's friend. She proved that darkness of the densest night became a glorious light, and that what might have been by the help of the Evil One a curse to her, a ravager of her heart, God and she transformed into the rarest of blessings. I always thought that 2 Cor. 4:6,7 fitted her so beautifully (I like Weymouth's rendering), and have put the pronoun in the third person: "For God, who said, 'Out of darkness let light shine,' Is He who shone in her heart to give her the light of the knowl-

of Gods' glory, which is radiant in the face of Christ. But she had this treasure in a fragile vase of clay, in order that the stir- passing greatness of His power might be seen to belong to God, and not originate in

her." I dare not enlarge on that, but drop my pen to look into its amazing wonder and heavenly beauty.

And I am learning from her still, although

she is out' of my sight—The Australian Christian World.

"He who lives not to save others, has but little salvation himself."

The World's Need

How shall we picture the world's need? How shall we reproduce that spectacle that is going on every moment as this old world turns on its axis before heaven in a pall of darkness, and its cry goes up to heaven out of the darkness like the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah. No wonder they cry- up yonder, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Take Out the Sabbath day from your life, take out this blessed World of Cod, take out the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, take Out the Holy Ghost and all His help and comfort; take out the Sunday school for our little children; take out the Christian home; take out the social conditions which have come to us through the influence of Christianity; take out our civil liberty; take out the joy of salvation, the consolations of the Christian's deathbed, and the hope and the glory of the heaven to come—take it all out of your life and then you will have a picture of your brother's need.

Then add to this the poverty of heathen-ism, -the direct result of their degradation, the famine, the plague that destroy millions of lives every year because they have not had the touch of our Christian civilization. Add the curse of womanhood, the blight of childhood, the immorality, the opium curse with its forty million victims, the child widows of India, thirty millions more, the nameless shame of the temple girls of India, the victims of the witch doctor of Africa, and ten thousand other touches of blackness and horror, and you have a little picture of your brother's need,

"And if any man seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of corn- passion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The course of events has been giving us some pictures of our brother's need. The ink is scarcely dry from the awful exposure of the Congo atrocities, mutilated men and women, dismembered bodies, hands and feet cut off simply because they had not brought their taskmasters the full supply of rubber demanded from these helpless slaves. And within two months that awful tale has been duplicated by the yet darker one from the Putumayo Indians of the Upper Amazon under the cruel exaction of foreign traders, and some of them British traders. Poor Indian slaves, beaten and lacerated because they had not brought the tale of rubber. And, oh, how pitiful the picture that Sir Roger Casement has given in his report, how the passive Indians would come with their little bundle of rubber, hardly won, and knowing that It was too small, would hand It in and then lie down on their faces to be beaten as a matter of course, to be beaten till the flesh hung from their limbs, and when the mothers clung to their babes and said they could not with their children have time to get the rubber tale, the babe Is torn form their arms and dashed against the trees, and the mothers sent back and not even allowed the luxury of a tear, And I all that region not a single missionary, not a single voice to protest against man's inhumanity to man and point to Him who came to set the captive free. Beloved, that is your brother's need. "And If any man seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God In him?"

These convention days have given us some echoes of this tale of woe which I Wish you all

might have heard and which I can not pass without recalling them to those that have heard thorn and to those that have not. Oh what a vision we had of our brother's need! Who will ever forget the story of that Congo lad, twelve years old, lashed with the cruel scourge on hi back and limbs because after a desperate struggle he had not been able to earn the twelve francs that he had to pay as his tax to that cruel government. Or of that little girl, the daughter of a chief who used to steal out in the mornings to their mission home to get a taste of the water of life, and when her father cruelly beat and abused her, at last she resorted to the artifice of walking away round many miles, pretending to go to the field with her implements of toil, but instead of traveling up stream, Crossing the boil, going round by the back door to the mission, and with a shining face listen to the gospel and preaching, and then back again to her day of toll. Shall we ever forget those pictures of your brother's and sister's need? And you have only to multiply this by millions to under- stand the vision that God has to continually face.

Or that mother in India, who took her crippled boy to the idol and prayed for an hour that he might be restored. She passed on and a native worker asked her it she thought that that creature could heal her boy. "No," she said, "I knew he could not, but I felt that back of him somewhere there must be a heart that would pity me and heal my child." There is a Heart, and you know He can heal, but they have never been told. And that is your sister's need.

And, oh, how pitiful that picture from China of the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the millions to the shrines up the long in- dines and steep stairs, measuring their length head over heels every few steps on the ground until at last they reached the lofty shrine and there with shining faces and souls aglow with intense earnestness, made- their offerings and poured out their hearts and asked for bread and the devil gave them a stone. That is your brother's need.

I can not stop to touch upon that thrilling vision which you heard from these simple, earnest hearts from the heart of Africa, the cry of, India, and the tremendous opportunity In China. It has been well said China was a great glacier for centuries, moving slowly, but that China today is an avalanche sweeping forward to Its mighty goal.

God has met these conditions. God has given you these opportunities. You have the gospel they need. You have the Christ, you have the Bible, you have the Holy Ghost, you have he trust, you have the means to send them. Do you know that the grain harvests of this country this year are a billion dollars bigger than a year ago? Do you know that God has given to this country one billion dollars more in His bounty? And what are you going to do with it? God is doing His best and expects your best. "As much as in you is" He is calling you. "Thou shalt bestir thyself." I looked up the root of that word and found It meant something that pierced you, wounded you, cut deep into your flesh and your soul. It means sacrifice It means strenuousness. It means sacrifice. It means strenuousness. It cost. That Is the way they go to the baseball game.

Oh, how they bestirred themselves and stood in line a whole night long, just for a little passing excitement and loyal civic pride. They

are bestirring themselves yonder in the Balkans, and you have heard the last few days how hundreds and thousands have been fighting to get across the Atlantic, have been turned back from the steamships. , They are stirred. They are going home to avenge outraged sisters and wives and mothers that have been wronged by Turkish atrocity for the last quarter of a century. They are stirred. How the politicians are stirred!

When a ship goes down on the rocks near the shore the men of the life station on the coast dash into the surf, fight their way to the struggling men, and they bring them back with desperate effort and fling themselves upon the sand exhausted, panting and almost dead, But they are saved. Do people fold their arms at such a time and say, Why can't you keep cool? Why all this fuss and excitement? Ah, no. There goes up a tremendous cheer and the medal of the government rewards the heroes.

When women and children are screaming from the top floors of a burning building, is it time to walk down the streets and keep your dignity and count it all just a pleasant diversion? How the very horses seem to scent the fire! How the ladders leap up as if by magic to the highest story! How the firemen- rush in and then dash down with a rescued woman or babe, perhaps themselves scorched. Do people say they are too much excited? Oh, no! These are red letter days. These are the chapters of hum heroism. And oh, beloved, is it not enough to bring tears from a stone to see the church of God with real things, the real Christ, passive, lethargic, apathetic, and asleep?

Not only does He ask us to bestir ourselves, but to be filled with compassion, and He says if we shut up our bowels of compassion how dwelleth the love of God in us?

The other day we read in the papers of a poor little girl who was dying in a hospital from burns that had consumed the skin and the vessels of the flesh, and nature had not recuperative power enough to restore the skin. The doctors asked if any- body would be willing to give their living skin to save this little girl. And we read how a little lad, a cripple, with one useless leg with which he hobbled around the streets, saw that appeal. He presented himself to the physicians, and a few days ago they cut off that useless leg, but before they did it, they took the living skin and they saved that dying girl. He was so glad to give something that he needed less than she, His sister had need and he did not shut up his bowels of compassion from her.

Out on the breakers a ship was going to pieces. The rockets had ceased to go up. But one cry was still- heard and one signal was waved. But the lifeboat was feebly manned and they wanted one more before they could venture. A brave lad leaped into the boat and said, "Here am I." Then came a woman's shriek. His mother called. "Oh, Tom, don't go. I have only you! Don't go. Your brother Jack is lost. He went to sea six months ago, and we have never heard from him since. Oh, Tom, think of your mother's gray hair! I can't spare you both!" But Tom was already pulling for his life to reach the drowning man. At last after an awful fight the lifeboat was returning. Bu Tom could be discerned with a man In his arms, and soon his voice rang out, "Mother, mother, it Is Jack!" What a meeting that was on the shore, for it was his brother he had saved. God- give you and me that supernal joy some day on yonder heavenly shore.—The Alliance Weekly.

The Work and the Workers

District News and Announcements

NOTICE

I have an open date, January 26th to February 9th, I would like to give to some one on the Pacific coast. Address me at Whittier, Cal.

J. E. GAAR.

NOTICE: ABILENE DISTRICT

We urge all our churches that pledged by their delegates or pastors for the publication of the assembly minutes to please send their remittance at once to me, as we are unable to get our minutes printed until the pledges are paid. Trusting to hear from all, I am your servant,

W. F. RUTHERFORD, Dist. Secy.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A list of the official appointments of the Abilene District Assembly, are on file in the office of the "Clergy Bureau," and upon application our evangelists and pastors can secure their permits for 113.

W. F. RUTHERFORD, Diet. Secy.

NOTICE

Any one wanting a soloist or song leader can obtain same by corresponding with Oscar Oliver, of Olivet, Ill., a student in the Illinois Holiness University, who is taking special training for this line of work.

STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

As the year has come to a close, it is time for the 1912 statistics. As seven district statistical secretaries "are enjoying perfect liberty," and so felt free to ignore the request made of them to end in their statistics at the close of the assembly session, I have given last year's figures in their case. The gain of those reporting is about 5% per cent in membership. 1911: Ministers, ordained 545, licensed 570; churches, 470; members, 20,501; 1912: Ministers, ordained 617, licensed 564, churches, 480; members, 20,996.

J. W. GILLIES, Gen. Statis. Secy.

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT, NOTICE

I shall be away from my district for a few weeks. I plan to be back in time to visit all the churches before the assembly. I know I am in the will of the Lord. I desire your prayers. You will see by the Herald where I am to be. If you have any word for me, please send it to these points: Allendale, Mich., Jan. 7-16; Omaha, Neb., Jan. 19-29; Hastings, Neb., Jan. 3b-F'eb. 9. Watch the Herald for later dates. Push the battle all along the line, and along all lines of our work. We want the greatest year we have ever had.

L. N. FOGG.

HOLINESS CONVENTION

A ten days' convention will be held at the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene., Hastings, Neb., from January 30 to February 8. 1913. Dr. C. 3. Fowler, of Boston, Mass., Rev. L. N. Fogg, of Sanbournville, N. H., and Rev. J. M. O'Brien, of Shelbyville, Mo., will be the preachers. For particulars address Rev. Q. A. Deck, 917 West 5th street, Hastings, Neb.

NOTICE

At a meeting of the board of general superintendents of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, held in Chicago, Ill., October 7, 1912, the state of Idaho was set apart from the Northwest District, into a new district and

named Idaho district; Rev. J. B. Creighton, our pastor at Boise, Idaho, was appointed district superintendent, with his headquarters at 1702 North 12th street, Boise, Idaho.

This action was taken in harmony with suggestions of Rev. DeLance Wallace, district superintendent of the Northwest District, the approval of his advisory board and the consent of Brother Creighton, and we trust, the arrangement is approve of all the parties concerned, and greatly blessed of God.

If the writer should have made a more public statement of the above transaction, than has appeared in our church organ, he begs the pardon of all who may have been in any way hindered or embarrassed in their work for the Lord.

H. F. REYNOLDS, General Superintendent.

New England District

We are here in the 24th Street M. E. Church, New York City, and God Is giving us a very gracious meeting. The fire falls on every service. Last night a doctor was sanctified and his son converted. The tide is rising. We had a splendid meeting at Augusta, Me.; sixty-four seekers, and some of them got blessed good. They have a fine lot of folks there; enough of the right kind to make a strong Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene if they could all think alike. Several of them want to organize a church and I believe the rest will soon. Several of them are going to take the Herald of Holiness. That will help them much, I am sure. There was a new church organized at Wolcott Vt., December 17th. I could not get there myself, so Rev. C. A. Roney, our pastor at Johnson, Vt., did it for me. They have purchased a property and have a nice little home; will doubtless soon have a pastor and will press the battle hot. My soul is full of glory, and I am on the victory side.

L. N. FOGG.

Iowa District

God is giving us victory over the Iowa District. At Mason church we had some clear salvation work done, then I ran in home for a few days with wife and the children, then to Decatur, December 28th-29th, with Sister Boyce and the saints. I found some true saints and a fine Sunday school. The Lord bless them. At Tallula, Ill., we had a good time on December 30th-31st, with Bro. L. G. Milby and the saints. God was with us, and we had four

HERALD OF HOLINESS

Official Organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

Editor.....B. F. HAYNES, D. D.
Office Editor.....C. A. McCONNELL
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PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE
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good, substantial persons to come into the church, Brother Milby is doing good work.

The Sunday school is fine, too.

I go on to Virginia tonight for a service, then on to Kewanee, Ill., for a few days; then to Botna, Iowa, January 10th-26th.

B. T. FLANERY.

Kentucky District Church Dedicated

On November 15th we went to Delmar, Ky., and held a ten days' meeting, leading up to Sunday the 24th, the day set for the dedication of our church building. The weather had been ideal up to that time, when a sudden drop in temperature occurred—snow fell, roads got muddy and the outlq9k for the expected crowd grew very gloomy. The attendance was fine and kept increasing. But on dedication Sunday we had about one half the number we had expected. But we went right on and carried out the program we had arranged for the day, and the result was a great surprise for the shaky ones. Several united with the church, including a brother ninety years of age. More than enough money in cash and small subscriptions to pay all outstanding obligations was quickly raised, and we left the church in high spirits. Too much credit can not be given to Bro. F. V. Taylor, the pastor, for the successful and solid manner in which the work has been established at Delmar. Two years ago he got salvation, and was sanctified shortly afterward; his wife (now deceased) also got the blessing. He carried it to his parents, and she carried it to hers. An evangelist was called, a successful meeting held and a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was organized. Brother Taylor felt the call to preach; sold out his possessions and went to Kingswood College. He also looked after the little flock of Nazarenes at Delmar. When school closed he took up the work in earnest and in about five months the church building was planned, erected and paid for. We have about fifty members at that place and the outlook is most promising. At the last election fifteen polihibition votes were polleth in that precinct, and since, the entire county has voted dry. The enemy blame most of this on the Nazarenes, and they gladly admit that they all did their part to bring about such a result. Thank God for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene!

This report has been delayed by sickness in our home, and also the moving of our place of residence to another part of the I have moved to 2214 Cedar street. The work is moving forward at Louisville, Ky. Four at the altar Sunday; salvation right along. A good watch-night meeting, a year of perfect harmony, and a band of holy, happy, united people to push the battle down through the new year. We are about to establish the third mission in this old wicked city. Let the good work go on. Amen!

HOWARD ECKEL

Missouri District

We are in an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival at Mill Springs, Mo., in the Nazarene Church. Formal professors sit as critics, but sin is being uncovered. The altar is lined with seekers, and the house is too small to hold the audiences. The saints are going up the hill for great things.

MARK WHITNEY, Diet. Supt.

The present address of Rev. D. Rand Pierce is 26 Tenth Ave., East, Vancouver, B. C.

Will Rev. H. F. Bernstorf please send us his address, as we have a letter addressed to him at this office.

General Church News

KANSAS CITY, MO.

January 5th marks the day of our new church opening, the first morning service being conducted by Dr. B. F. Haynes. Satan thinks he has a mortgage on Kansas City, and seems eager to foreclose. However, since God may still be reached by immediate wireless, and answers prayer, we hope to pull through with victory. We had announced a month's evangelistic meeting with Rev. U. B. Harding, but the majority-vote of the board decided not to have an evangelist at this time, hence we carry on the special services as best we may with home talent.

F. M. LEHMAN.

ANNIVERSARY

On Sunday, December 29th, special services were held in the Wesleyan Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of Washington, D. C., in observance of the tenth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. H. B. Hosley. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens. Congregational and special singing and the preaching of the Word in the demonstration and power of the Spirit made it a day of great blessing to all present. The attendance was large at each of the three services and at the close of the last two souls sought and claimed salvation.

After the announcements were made at the morning service, Brother Bcall arose and in behalf of the church presented to the pastor a beautifully engraved and framed resolution expressing the love and appreciation of between three and four hundred members and friends of the church, whose signatures were attached. The inscription was as follows:

Rev. Henry B. Hosley, Greeting:

As this, the 29th day of December, 1912, is the tenth anniversary of your pastorate in the Wesleyan Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, we, members and friends, feel constrained to express somewhat our appreciation of the faithful services you have rendered us. In your ministry you have always manifested the tender love of a shepherd and we feel that the present excellent spiritual condition of the church is, under God, directly attributable to this ministry. Our spiritual welfare has been promoted and the church has prospered materially. We have been safeguarded from heresies that have wrecked many other bodies and led in safe and sane paths. In thankfulness to God for His favor in sending you among us, we hereto subscribe our names as a mark of our confidence, love and esteem.

The pastor's reply showed how deeply he was touched by this unexpected testimonial of the love of the flock over which he has watched so long and so faithfully. His response was followed by the congratulations of Rev. F. A. Hillery, of Providence, R. I., to both pastor and people on the mutual satisfactory relations that still exist after ten years of association. Brother Acker, of Philadelphia, then read a few letters characteristic of the many received from ministers in various Sections of the country, extending the love and good wishes of those unable to be present, after which the pastor preached from his anniversary text, 1 Cor. 2: 1-2.

Rev. Hosley also dwelt at some length on the wonderful progress of the church, which, during the last ten years, has grown from a body of sixty people to a present membership of three hundred and twenty and has fifteen preachers and evangelists besides several lay workers in the field, residing in seven different States. Ten Pentecostal Churches of the Nazarene have been organized through its efforts and many members of other churches can testify to having obtained salvation through its work, and these frequently come into our services for the spiritual food that is so often denied them in their own. Plans are now under consideration for the remodeling of the Present church property so as to give it a seating capacity of one thousand, which will meet an urgent need, especially during evangelistic campaigns.

Rev. P. A. Hillery preached it the afternoon

and evening services and remained for the, watch-night meeting on Tuesday. His preaching was a great blessing and inspiration to the church and his presence substantially aided in furthering the work of holiness in the capital.

Brother Hosley is one of the best known leaders of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, being one of the committee which formulated the Basis of Union between the Association of Pentecostal Churches and the Church of the Nazarene in 1907. He was one of the three editors of our present manual, is president of the Board of Church Extension and has been district superintendent of the Washington (now the Washington-Philadelphia) district since the union. The writer feels that it is a great privilege to be associated with this work which the Lord has so richly blessed in the past and the outlook for which seems brighter than ever before. Truly we can say with the Psalmist, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

HAROLD H. HOYT.

KEENE, N. H.

God is richly blessing the work here. The watch-night service was a time of power and a season of heart searching. There was a good attendance of people who were moved by the power of God.

H. REES JONES, Pastor.

WHITNEY, TEXAS

God wonderfully blessed in the Christmas meeting held at Yates, in the salvation of precious souls. Brother Thomas Gookin did the preaching, and faithful work in the meeting.

W. M. McMAHAN, Pastor.

WOODBINE, KAS.

On Sunday, December 22, 1912, the 'new church building at this place was dedicated. District Superintendent A. S. Cochran, who was with us December 20th-26th, did the preaching. Johnnie Douglas, of Kingston, Okla., had charge of the singing. Both won their way to the hearts of the people. This church was organized July 28, 1912, with twenty-one members. Immediately we began to make plans for building. The structure, with five lots, has cost about \$3,200. Of this over \$1,000 had been raised. It is a frame structure and all are pleased with the plan, heating, lighting, etc. Some day we want to put a picture in the paper and tell all about it. Despite prejudice and Christmas time we had very good attendance during the week and at the dedication service the church was filled. Brother Cochran spoke of some of the things that holiness people are accused of believing and professing. After making these things, clear he told what we, as Pentecostal Nazarenes, do believe and stand for. This was followed by the dedication service proper, which was very impressive. The songs, Scripture' readings and talk, being backed by the Spirit, took effect. Then every person was invited to march past a table placed in front of the altar and lay upon it their offerings of cash and pledges. Amid the stanzas of "We're marching to Zion," nearly every person marched. The offering was a glad surprise; \$1,378.71 was the result. We expect by His grace to push the battle, in this field, for a church without spot or wrinkle, having been cleansed by the precious blood of the Lamb.

ARTHUR TUNNELL, Pastor.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

We are still pushing the battle in Santa Rosa, and our God is giving victory. We have not as yet seen a mighty upheaval, with multitudes flocking to God, yet there has been steady progress, with souls saved every week and a number sanctified. Brother and Sister Graves, who muted us in the battle for four weeks, have gone to take up the work at Alamo. Bro. J. E. Gaar has now been with no two weeks, and is commencing on his last week's meeting with us. How marvelously God has

been pouring out the truth through him! Clean, sweet, humble, deep, and entirely abandoned to God and His Word, God mightily clothes him with power.

M. R. DUTTON.

SANTA ANA, CAL.

On the 12th of January, 1913, the little band of Pentecostal Nazarenes of Santa Ana expect to dedicate their new church, which God has marvelously enabled us to erect. For the last six and a half years we have been without our own church home; and part of that time without pastor or regular services. But since our reorganization last May, things have been moving. The Lord gave us a pastor who seems especially gifted in church building. We expect Dr. Bresee and W. C. Wilson, our district superintendent, to be with us on dedication day, and we are hooking forward to a great time. Brother Wilson and Sister Whipple will be with us for a ten-day revival meeting preceding the dedication.

MRS. FLORENCE W. CROCKETT.

MILANO, TEXAS

I came here on December 4th to assist the pastor of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Brother Sparks, in his work. We expect to continue over the holidays. Brother Sparks has a good work; some live members, and they are working at their job. Our meeting is doing well; good conviction on the folks, some interest. Pray for us in this needy field.

MRS. A. COULSON.

SEATTLE, WASH.

The revival fire is burning brightly at the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. God is giving us constant victory. All of our services are seasons of blessing and salvation. Seekers at our altars at every service—some for pardon, some for purity—and in almost every case they find what they seek. Last Sunday eleven united with the church—four by letter and seven on profession of faith. The latter were all young people. Most of our recruits are coming from the ranks of the young people; and 'the only entertainment we have to attract and hold them is that which comes down from the skies. Four seekers at last midweek prayer meeting: one a young lady who had never been to a prayer meeting in her life before. She came through with a shout that was good to hear, and a shine on her face that was good to see. Almost every class in Sunday school has had from two to three conversions in the last four 'months. Rev. Arnold G. Hodgin and wife are the pastors. Our finances are coming up nicely, and we hope to go to the assembly with every obligation met. Praise the Lord for what He is doing for us!

C. H. MONTGOMERY.

JASPER, ALA.

Our Sunday school has a full force of new teachers and officers to begin the new year. Our literary school, with Prof. W. N. Andrews and wife as teachers, is now in session for its second term, and promises to do much good work in this district. Bro. W. B. Godbey, of Cincinnati, will be with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at this place on January 11th and 12th. We expect a great time.

C. C. BUTLER.

FARMINGTON, IOWA

Being pastor of the Farmington charge has been a blessed privilege and great blessing to me. Our people stand four-square for old-fashioned Bible holiness, and God is blessing us at every service. Much prejudice has been broken down through the godly lives of our people. We had a soul-feeding time on last Sabbath, after preaching services, in our class meeting. Our people love one another in unity and love. There is no discord. I want to speak especially of our young people. I have yet to see a more refined, godly, devout class of young people anywhere. They are ready to

sing, pray victory down from the skies and to testify to the blessed work of entire sanctification which God has wrought in their hearts, and their daily walk and Christian lives would gales any church. Our older people are real old soldiers of the cross, who have been victorious in many a battle, and are real pillars in the church. They are always ready to work anywhere that they can do good. Praise God for raising up holiness churches to help save the lost world.

C. G. CURRY.

WILLOW CREEK, PA.

The little church at this place is prospering. Last Sunday was a good day with us. Our Sunday school rendered an excellent program. Last Friday we held our quarterly meeting. Rev. Will H. Nerry, of Warren, Pa., and Bro. Frank Skuze, of Olean, were with us and preached the Word. God honored each service with precious souls at the altar. Two brethren were also taken into church fellowship. We feel encouraged and expect to go on.

JENNIE JACOBSON.

DARBY, PA.

Bethel Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene began revival meetings Sunday evening, December 1, 1912, with Rev. J. C. Crippen, from Herndon, Va., as our evangelist. The attendance wasn't large, but the meetings were very spiritual. On Wednesday we had an all-day meeting which was well attended and the spiritual tide ran high. In the evening six came and bowed at the altar, some to be saved and some to be sanctified wholly. Several prayed through to victory that night. The meetings were continued for three weeks, although Brother Crippen had to leave us after the first Friday evening. Souls kept coming until thirteen had bowed at the altar and ten were rightly and gloriously saved or sanctified.

DILMAN H. GOTTSHALK, Pastor.

BENTLEY, KAS.

The Lord is blessing the work here, and the saints are expecting Him to give great victory in the battle against sin and anti-holiness. We expect to have Rev. J. W. Dibbens, of Winfield, Kas., with us for a special meeting beginning about January 15th, Will all the Herald readers pray that God will make this a time when the cause of Christ and the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene will take on new strength? NOAH W. KING, Pastor.

LOWELL, MASS.

Sunday, December 29th, was a great day with us at Lowell. Revival fire is on us in our regular work. Seekers were at the altar. Despite an epidemic that has been raging throughout the city, a good congregation came out. Brother and Sister C. B. Roberts and Sister Taylor gave us a grand meeting that closed December 15th. God very manifestly blessed their ministry. The church was greatly helped, and a good number turned to God.

B. B. MARTIN.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

God is giving us continual victory; hardly a Lord's Day but we have seekers at our altars—yesterday there were two. One of these was a young lady who 'some time ago was betrayed by a man who ran off and left her. Many advised her to destroy her unborn child, but she refused to do so. After the babe was born some advised her to give it away, but she clung to it. Some people directed her to the Nazarene pastor, and when we told our people about it, they responded with an offering of \$10.00. The Young People's Society adopted the child, i.e., will pay for its raising; the deaconess opened her home for the mother and babe to stay as long as they please; and best of all the mother sought and

found the Lord in the evening service. We had a great watch-night service. The folks came from all around; they brought their baskets of lunch and we spread it out on the tables and broke bread together. There were over one hundred at the table. After the fellowship of eating together we went upstairs to the auditorium of the church and had a good, old-fashioned testimony, meeting led by our tireless song leader, L. W. Blackman. Then an offering was called for to wipe out the church debt. The people responded with \$281 cash and \$257 pledged. This, with the \$150 pledges on hand and the \$255 that has been paid since the assembly, wipes out the debt with some to spare.

Central Nazarene University

Our winter term opened January 1, 1913, and the prospects for a splendid term, are encouraging.

A special feature of this term will be our Christian Workers' and Ministers' Bible Study and Lecture Course, which begins January 25th and continues five weeks. This lecture course will be of untold value to our pastors, evangelists and Christian workers. All pastors and ministers within reach should avail themselves of this opportunity. This lecture course is given that the minister's spiritual strength may be renewed, his knowledge of the Scriptures broadened, and his mind inspired to make higher intellectual attainments. The church, or churches, that will arrange for the pastor to take this course, will not only confer a favor upon the pastor, but will be laying the foundation for the renewal of their own spiritual strength, and preparing the way for a greater field of usefulness. No doubt your pastor has felt the need of a more thorough literary training and a deeper knowledge of the Scriptures, but is unable to enter our universities, and at the same time maintain the many duties and obligations that are upon him. Our midwinter lecture course will remove this embarrassment, and for a small amount our pastors can secure instruction during the five weeks that will enrich their experience increase their knowledge of the Scriptures, enlarge their vocabulary and prepare them for a successful year of service to their church and for their Master.

We have been extremely fortunate in securing Rev. Andrew Johnson of Wilmore, Ky., to conduct this course for us. Brother Johnson has a national reputation as an evangelist and lecturer, and as an expounder of sanctification is one of the strongest in the holiness movement. During the last ten days of this course we will have our midwinter revival, and we are expecting to close the course with a sweep of victory.

For further information address,

J. E. L. MOORE, Pres.,

W. F. RUTHERFORD, Bus. Mgr.

About 150 remained to see the old year go out, and the best of all, there were two seekers at the altar when 1913 came in; they were also finders. The God that answers by fire, He is God!

F. J. THOMAS, Pastor.

BLOSSOM, TEXAS

We closed a very interesting and spiritual meeting here last night, which began Monday night the 23rd, The Baptist pastor preached us a good sermon Christmas Eve night, and the Methodist pastor preached us a good sermon Christmas day. Since then Bro. M. J. Guthrie and I have done the preaching, except one day service conducted by Sister Knowles. There were two conversions

HERALD OF HOLINESS

and deep conviction and much interest. Our congregations were not large but very attentive. The meeting was held in the Nazarene church. We gave out quite a number of copies of the Herald. hope to secure some subscriptions soon.

V. A. WALKER.

WARREN, PA.

The Lord gave us a day of real victory on Sunday, December 29th. Rev. T. J. Adams, of East Liverpool, Ohio, was with us and preached morning, afternoon and evening, in the power of the Spirit. The saints rejoiced and seekers prayed through in the afternoon and evening services. At the conclusion of the evening service we took our Christmas-time offering; sixteen hundred and fifty dollars were raised for our church debt. Bless the Lord. Last year at Christmas time we raised eleven hundred and fifty dollars and paid it. We feel confident that next Christmas every cent of the debt will be paid, for we are moving up "by little and little."

WILL H. NERRY, Pastor,

PORTLAND, ORE.

The First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in this city is still in the field, pushing holiness of heart and life and praising God for the two experiences of salvation. Recently the writer helped our pastor at Ashland in a good meeting with blessed results. We have some of the best people in that church, and they are full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Brother Little is doing a great work, and the Lord is with him in a wonderful way. Our district superintendent, Brother Wallace supplied for us one Sunday and the evening of the second; and evangelist Harry Elliott the second Sunday morning. The Spirit of the Lord is manifestly present, and the saints are marching on to greater victories. The Herald of Holiness is all right; God bless it, our editor and publisher.

C. HOWARD DAVIS.

HOWARD, KAS.

We began our work here after our district assembly at Sylvania. Brother Cochran was with us a few days, and, as he always does, encouraged us. We are in our second meeting on our second country point since here and God is working for us. Six professed conversion in our first meeting. There were two saved Sunday night, two Monday night and two Tuesday afternoon at prayer meeting. One was a Catholic and one a German Lutheran. Of the eight who have been seeking, all have received victory but one, and all but two are heads of families. Conviction is still on the people and from eight to ten have raised their hands for prayers. While we only have a few substantial members here, yet we know God is with us and for us and we are taking new ground.

CLINTON AND MARY CALHOON, Pastors.

FULLERTON, CAL.

We continued the meeting at Olinda one week after the time set, on account of the interest manifested by the people. Sixty or more persons were at the altar for salvation and sanctification; Quite a number of them prayed through to victory. We had eleven additions to the church. Brother James Elliott is our pastor. We feel that he will be able to accomplish much good in this place.

JAMES WRIGHT.

LAWRENCE, KAS.

I just closed a good three weeks meeting at Knowledge Hill. Bro. J. L. Austin, one of our licensed preachers, rendered valuable assistance in prayer and personal work and also filling my appointments when I was away. After one week of hard battle the break came, and seven young men came to the altar and then they kept coming until twenty-nine were

saved and eight sanctified. Two years ago at this place a man ninety-one years old was saved, who had never been before, and is now a member of the church. One woman was saved in this last meeting past fifty years of age; truly these are "fire-brands front the eternal burning." I commence a meeting Sunday, January 6, at Mound, fifteen miles from Lawrence. This place has only three professors of religion; truly it is a needy field.

IRA STEVENS Pastor.

THE C. N. U. MIDWINTER COURSE

I notice in the *Herald of Holiness* that Rev. Andrew Johnson, of Wilmore, Ky., has been engaged to conduct the course of Bible study and lectures on the Bible in the winter course at Central Nazarene University. The managers of C. N. U. could not have secured the services of a better man anywhere. Let me urge the preachers of the Abilene District to do their best to attend that five weeks' term. You will never regret the time and money you spend for it. Brother Johnson will teach you more about the Bible in five weeks than you will dig out by yourself in twelve months, and many things you never would get hold of. I hope and trust that all will avail themselves of this opportunity of help.

THOS. D. DUNN,

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

We are closing the old year with victory. The two last Sundays fourteen were blessed and the church is coming to the front, Owing to the age of my mother and the cold climate I am obliged to return my family to Ozark, Ark., and return to the evangelistic field after May. I have some open dates for next summer camps as I had canceled all in the south. I preached last Sunday three times at Warren, Pa., Nazarene church, Rev. Will H. Nerry, pastor. He and his good wife are a team. They have a fine church. In the three services there were ten or twelve blessed. Every member, nearly, takes the *Herald of Holiness*. That's a good tonic for a church. I wonder what would be the result if all our churches did that well.

T. J. ADAMS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The last Sunday of 1912 was a good day with us. Our Sunday school gave \$10.40 for our publishing house fund. In the evening there were several seekers at the altar. We had a good watch-night service. Rev. Arthur Myers and wife and R. H. Whitman conducted the service. As a church we have entered the new year with great expectations.

A. K. BRYANT, Pastor.

MEHKAR, BERAR. INDIA

Mrs. Campbell and I with our three children came to this station the 15th of October. I have been in company with my native helpers touring the

surrounding villages. As there are no horses or bullocks in this station, I am having to take it afoot. We have had some interesting meetings. Many confess to the truth of what we say, but in their hearts reject the gospel. We aim in a few days to pitch our tent in another part of the country. Pray for those who hear the gospel.

L. A. CAMPBELL.

CLIFTONDALE, MASS

Our three day convention under the leadership of Professor Angel was a great blessing to the church; some seekers at the altar seemed to get help. The church is forging ahead in every way.

C. H. STRONG.

ON THE WING

The recent battle in Corydon, Pa., brought many defeats to the enemy. Signal victories characterized the meeting. The station agent was sanctified and two young men gave up their lodges. The night at Warren was greatly enjoyed. What a host those Nazarenes are!

Was glad to meet Brother Creal again and Brother Nerry's congregation. Brother Nerry surely has a live church and a "people that know how to give. After a short stay at home I came to Indianapolis and preached at the mission of the Young Men's Holiness League. The Beige in the Ozarks was not as expected; a young man came to the altar last evening. I spoke for Bro. Mark. D. Whitney, Dist. Supt., at Mill Springs, enroute to St. Louis. Four came to the altar. I am bound for Long Beach, Cal. Mail will reach me at 359 Kensington Place, Pasadena, Cal.

WILL O. JONES

Notice

Our mission station at Kyoto, Japan, is in great need of a good standard office typewriter of some reliable make. If such a machine could be placed in our headquarters right now, it would be of great assistance to our superintendent, Sister C. G. Snider, who is overcrowded with constantly increasing work, one department of which is her heavy correspondence, much of which is of such a character that she is obliged to make accurate copy, and, in some instances, several copies are necessary in reporting to the general board at home, which not only is very laborious, but consumes much of her precious time that is needed in the other departments of our work in that mission station.

The general board funds will not at this time permit this extra unprovided for expense, but they would greatly appreciate a donation of such a machine as mentioned above, or would be equally grateful if a number of persons would send an amount sufficient to purchase such.

Money for the above-named object may be forwarded to our general treasurer, Elmer G. Anderson, 8356 Eggleston Ave., Chicago, Ill, and will be duly credited and used as suggested.

Thanking you in advance for your generous and timely assistance, I remain, your brother and co-worker,

H. F. REYNOLDS.
General Missionary Secretary.

SEATTLE, WASH.

We are having constant Victory and souls every Sunday. Praise the Lord!

G. ARNOLD HODGIN.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Yesterday was a very stormy day in Spokane. Snow, rain and wind prevented many from getting out to church, yet quite a few met, and the Lord was there and one woman, a backslider, was blessedly reclaimed. At night she brought her husband and he was converted along with another man. We have not had a

Sabbath for many weeks, yea months, without from two to a dozen seekers, and many of our prayer meetings are great times of salvation, when souls pray through to God. We are to commence meetings with Bud Robinson watch-night, which will continue over the 19th, and we are looking for a real Pentecostal time. Pray for us. Since we reported last one of our number, Sister Triplett, of Hillyard, has gone to be with Jesus. She had been a Christian for years and lived a beautiful sanctified life and died in the triumphs of faith, leaving a beautiful testimony to the saving and keeping power of Christ. She was one of the standbys of the Hillyard work and that work will greatly miss her,

A. O. HENRICKS.

BRENTWOOD, ORE.

The Thanksgiving service was the first held in the Brentwood church. The power of God was manifest in a wonderful way. We reviewed what marvelous things the Lord had done for us in two short years. Where there was nothing there now stands a nice little church, paid for with a membership of about seventy, with brotherly love. Subscriptions were taken to the amount of \$430 on our new parsonage, now almost completed. The blessing of the Lord rested on this part of the meeting. The evening following we had an informal gathering, and dedicated the parsonage to the Lord. Brother Davis of First Church, with Sister Whitesides, his deaconess, with some of the members were present. Also Brother and Sister Tanner of Sellwood with Sister Kohnenberger, their deaconess, of their members. The parsonage is a six-room house nicely furnished. When plumbing is completed it will have cost something over \$600. Brother Wells, our pastor, has built it practically alone, thereby saving a considerable amount of money for the church.

CLARA HILLIS, Deaconess.

ON THE GO

It was the writer's privilege to meet District Superintendent Cochran and several preachers and evangelists of his district, with other preachers and evangelists, in the two days' midwinter convention in the Hutchinson Bible School. The Lord brought about a precious revival interest, and the writer, assisting the pastor, carried the meeting on over Sunday, January 6th. This was a day of victory; the morning service being devoted to the missionary interests, with a good offering. The Bible school opens with an increased attendance. Both faculty and student body are planning to make this the best term, on spiritual and educational lines, in the history of the institution. Pray that it may be so.

H. F. REYNOLDS, General Superintendent.

SLOAN, IOWA

Just closed at Onawa, Iowa. Twelve professed conversion and sanctification. Had

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This is a remarkable book on tithing. Rev. C. E. Cornell says: "Christ our Creditor is, in my judgment, the greatest book that was ever written on the subject of tithing."

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Publishing House of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene
2109 Troost Avenue C. J. Kinne, Agent Kansas City, Missouri

some fine street meetings Some came down from Sloan and Whitney. Rev. H. E. Truesdeli, the pastor, has a good praying band and has done a good work. Mrs. Bristol, an Indian woman, did the singing, and Miss Gahwiller played the organ. I go to Newport, Neb., January 19th.

O. WENDEL.

OLIVE HILL, KY.

W. F. Vandersall will commence a revival January 25, 1913, Will you pray for that meeting?

J. P. ZIMMERMAN, Pastor.

GREAT BEND, KAS

Through the providence of God I have been called to this place to help establish a mission. The holy people are scarce. It is greatly needed. We have a house we can get reasonably; we will need means to provide seats, lights and for other expenses. There is not a place in this city where holiness is preached or where one can hear a gospel sermon. Many poor people feel that a strong church can be established later on.

CLARA R. PENCE.

HOMER, TEXAS

Since the assembly at Grand Saline I have had two meetings. The first was at Reynolds, where we had a good start, but the "tongues" folks broke in, and as there were no sanctified people there to help, I thought best to quit.. The next meeting was here, where we have just begun our work. At first our people did not seem to know how to meet the enemy at Christmas time, but after a while they got in dead earnest and two wicked boys were saved, and joined the church, and have gone to work.

S. W. GREGORY.

RIVERA, CAL.

Since I took charge of the little Nazarene church at Rivera, Cal., about three months ago, God has given us a constant wave of glory and revival fire. Our congregation has been more than doubled and souls are finding Jesus in the good old way. The Sunday school is growing rapidly. We have a good superintendent, good teachers and good folks to teach. Just before Christmas Brother W. W. Strother consented to preach for us a few days: as a result nine souls got through to blessed victory. Brother Strother is on fire for God, and a good preacher. We need more of his kind.

W. A. WELCH.

SAG HARBOR, N. Y.

The work here is in a good, healthy condition in every way. We are laying the foundation for a strong church once more in this place. Our Sunday services are increasing In Interest and blessing. Our Christmas exercises were a success. Besides many other presents we received a handsome purse containing a ten dollar gold piece as a gift from the church. The people here possess sanctified pocketbooks. God is healing us in the finances. Several seekers at our altars and a few finders.

L. D. KEELER, Pastor.

EAST BURNSIDE, KY.

I have spent the past year in Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, in evangelistic work, and now am back in old Kentucky. I am a minister of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and will answer calls to hold meetings.

J. D. POFF.

DEMINO, N. MEX.

Last July the Lord, by His providence, led us here and opened an effectual work among the Mexicans. His blessing and presence have been manifest from the very first. We have had no mighty revival outpourings so far; but a few people have sought the blessing of holiness and now testify to the experience; others seeing that they could not serve two masters, have quit worldliness and sin, while still others have become offended and quit coming.

We have done some visiting and the people have shown great Interest, but, fearing the priest, have stayed away from the meetings. The spiritual tide is rising, and we are praying for and expecting a revival. Our Mexican people have stood by us financially, and supplied our needs. They are poor people and few in number; but they Work hard and give liberally. We have bought three lots and are paying for them-by installments, and expect to build a church on them next spring. D. V.

MR. AND MRS. ROGER S. WINANS.

CARTERVILLE, ILL.

Since taking up the evangelistic work again I have held two meetings with our women pastors of the Chicago Central District. The first was with Sister Carrie L. Felmlee, at Hammond, Ind. The Lord gave some blessed victories at that place. Several of our people from First Church, Chicago came out and helped. Brother I. G. Martin preached Thanksgiving night and souls found the Lord. Sister Felmlee is a great exhorter; can follow up a sermon like an old-time Methodist exhorter, and is a great altar worker. Three days after this meeting closed found me at Mansfield, Ill., to assist Miss Martha Howe. The spirit of prayer was upon the Nazarenes, and a burden for souls. This was their first special meeting in their new church. People who had held aloof began slipping in one by one, and some from other churches were saved and sanctified, Miss Howe, the pastor, was raised in this community and many members of her con-

gregation have known her since she was born. They all love her dearly, and God is making her a great blessing. The district superintendent was with us several days in this meeting. I am now at Carterville, Ill., ready to begin the battle tonight with Brother George Huff.

MATTIE WINES.

POMONA, CAL.

Since we wrote last we have had good attendance and a good degree of victory in our services. We have purchased and moved into a splendid church building, formerly occupied as the First Baptist Church of this city. The building is in good condition, will seat about 300 in the main auditorium and 150 in the Sunday school room. Besides there is a fine pastor's study and three class rooms. The church has also a baptistery and a furnace. It is in a fine residence district and altogether we feel that God has worked in our behalf. We have remodeled the platform and put down a good carpet and are now ready for business. We expect to dedicate on February the 9th, at 2:30 p. m. Dr. P. F. Bresee and our district superintendent, Brother W. C. Wilson, will be with us. Preceding the dedication we plan to have a week's revival meetings with different ministers and workers as our help. Pray that God may give us a mighty outpouring of His Spirit. The work in the past here has been hard but the tide Is turning somewhat and we are encouraged to press the battle for God and souls.

HALDOR and BERTHA LILLENAS, Pastors.

Superintendents' Directory



GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

- P. F. BRESEE Los Angeles, Cal.
1126 Santee Street
- H. F. REYNOLDS Oklahoma City, Okla.
R. F. D. No. 4
- E. F. WALKER Glendora, Cal.

DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS

- ABILENE**
- I. M. Ellis, Box 175, Hamlin, Texas
 - San Antonio January 4- 5
 - Bloomington January 7- 8
 - Sea Drift January 10-12
 - Bayside January 14-16
 - Yoakum January 18-19

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 - Middleton, Ill. (P. O., Wayne City,
F.F.D. 1) January 5- 8
 - Evansville, Ind., 716 Mulberry st..... Jan'y 9-13
 - Herrin, Ill. January 19
 - Chicago, Ill., 6356 Eggleston ave..... Jan'y 20-24
 - Hammond, Ind., 811 S. Hohman st.... Jan'y 25-26

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rado Springs, Colo.

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- DALLAS**
- W. M. Nelson Texarkana, Texas

- IOWA**
- B. T. Flanery Olivet, Ill.
 - Kewanee, Ill., 104 E. South St. Jan. 2-8
 - Bohna, Iowa, January 10-26
 - Sioux City, Iowa, January 28-31
 - Marshalltown, Iowa February 1, 2

- Grinnel, Iowa February 7-23
- Stockton, Ill. February 26-March 2

KANSAS

- A. S. Cochran, 3446 Wayne Ave, Kansas City, Mo.
- McPherson, Kas. January 3-5
- Kansas City January 6-7
- Hastings, Neb. January 8
- Grand Island, Neb., January 9-28

KENTUCKY

- Howard Eckel, 2303 Madison St, Louisville, Ky.

MISSOURI

- Mark Whitney Irondale, Mo.
- Birchtree, Mo. January 2-19
- Willow Springs, Mo. January 21, February 2

NEW ENGLAND

- L. N. Fogg R. F. D., Sanbournville, N. H.
- Allendale, Mich. January 7-16
- Omaha, Neb. January 19-29
- Hastings, Neb., January 30-February 9

NEW YORK

- J. A. Ward, 1710 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORTHWEST

- DeLance Wallace, Box 304, Walla Walla, Wash.
- Barlow, Oregon, Dec. 29
- McMinnville, Oregon Dec. 31
- Sellwood (Portland) January 1-5
- Monroe, Wash Jan. 5
- Salem, Oregon Jan. 12

OKLAHOMA

- S. H. Owens Altus, Okla.
- Bokama and Idabell..... January 3- 7
- Ft. Tomson January 10-12
- Mayer and Antlers..... January 13-15
- Hugo January 17-19
- Durant and Caddo January 21-28
- Kingston and Shay..... January 30-February 2

PITTSBURG

- N. B. Herrell..... Olivet, Ills.
- Dayton, Ohio January 3-12
- Warren, Pa. February 2-16

SAN FRANCISCO

- E. M. Isaac, 1020 10th St.,Oakland, Cal.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- W. C. Wilson, 667 N. Orange Grove Ave.,
Pasadena, Cal.
- Pasadena, Cal. Dec. 28-29
- Santa Ana, Cal. Jan. 6-12

SOUTHEASTERN

- W. H. Hanson Glenville, Ga.

SOUTHEAST TENNESSEE

- S. W. McGowan, R. F. D. No. 3, Santa Fe, Tenn.
- Petersburg, Tenn. January 26-26

WASHINGTON-PHILADELPHIA

- H. B. Hooley, 307-9 D. St., Washington, D. C.