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EDITORIAL

HOLINESS AND HARDNESS

THESE are citizens of entirely different realms. They are never found in the same human heart. No man can look holiness in the face and truthfully say: "Thou art an hard man." Holiness softens, tenders, sweetens. It is "kind, tender-hearted," "easy to be entreated, full of mercy;" it "reproves, rebukes, exhorts with all song suffering." holiness greatly increases the sensitiveness of the soul to the enormity of sin and its antipathy and abhorrence of it, but at the same time it renders more full of pity for the sinner and more tender and gentle the dealing him. It has absolutely no compromise to make with sin, but it has infinite patience and longsuffering with the sinner. It has learned the wondrous secret of discriminating between the sin and the sinner, and not deal harshness to the sinner, when measuring his sins. hatred of sin and love for the sinner, condemnation unsparing for the wrong, and patience long drawn out for the wrong-doer, dealing with the debauchee in love for his rescue, and disgust and abhorrence for the habits and vice which have wrecked him—this will be found a version of the life and spirit of Christ which is reproduced in the life and labors of the holy.

THERE is great danger of mistake here. It is very easy to be trended over the edge of the precipice here. Front this augmented and intensified opposition and disgust with sin the step is almost imperceptible to hardness with the sinner, it will be so easy for the voice to grow harsh and the face red and the tone cold and rough—all toward the offending before we are aware. The moment we do it we have lost our influence with the unfortunate one guilty of the sin. They know what holiness is and they can not be deceived about it. They know what it means in its demands and they really believe in it for they see in it their only hope. These sinners demand and have a right to expect to see the genuine thing in it and not something less. They understand well the obligation to infinite pity under which holiness lays us and when we come short we not only suffer in our own souls but we stiffer egregiously in our influence, thus defeating the great fundamental aim and purpose in our sanctification.

IN A LARGE girls' college a pupil had grossly offended, the penalty for which was invariably expulsion. The president wrote a letter to the aged father and mother breaking the sad news as gently as he could, telling of the offense and that the girl would be sent home without an announcement of expulsion and with every mitigation possible to put into it. The girl had been informed to be ready for the next morning's train which would likewise carry the letter. The president paced the floor sad and heavy-hearted that Sunday afternoon. There was trouble in his left side. he thought much on college discipline and kept asking himself why a Christian college should not try first diligently to save an offender, before putting a life stigma on a girl. The aged mother in her tears and grief and the father stronger to bear than the mother, but with a heart all the same, kept right at his side as he paced the floor in his office trying to defend himself in his manly maintenance of school discipline. The president had daughters of his Own, you see.

FINALLY THE lady principal was sent for to come to the office. The president told her frankly of his unrest and asked why the school should not to do some reformation or salvation work in a case of this sort—if the offending girl did not need help as much as the mutilated discipline needed defense? She readily acceded to these propositions, but argued that it was impracticable—that the girls had boycotted her and had turned from her in meeting in contempt, and she was sure they would resent anything like retaining her and attempting her reformation. She was instructed to have rung the assembly bell and to send the girl in question to the room of the president's wife. He faced the assembly girls and began to talk in altruistic lines, quoting the sweet old poem: "Deal gently with the erring one." He sited the case of the girl in question and showed what an opportunity it offered for doing some real Christian work of helpfulness in seeking to restore her in a spirit of meekness. He had not talked long before they were all crying until they unanimously agreed to do all in their power to help her. It was agreed and some instructions were given as to practical methods.

THERE WERE no more scornful turnings of heads or cuttings of the guilty girl or slights of any kind. The girl was loved out of her wrong and from that day forward was as straight as the straightest. Years afterward she became the wife of preacher and made a useful woman in time family and the church. That President trembles when he sees what was the issue of the course of tenderness and love and what might have been the course of hardness, law and rigidity.

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THE POWER OF THE WORD

THE REAL power of the Word of God as revealed in the Bible is too little considered. There is real intrinsic power in the Bible. Its absence is always followed by ignorance, superstition and general deterioration in any people. Its dissemination freely among a people is enlightening, refining and elevating in its influence. These propositions are so unerring and uniform in all history that the conclusion is inevitable that they bear the relation of cause and effect.

THE MOST conspicuous illustration of this influence of the Bible is the fact that it was its intrinsic power which accomplished the great Reformation in the sixteenth century in Germany, Switzerland, and England. The great reformers did a marvelous work for which the world in all coming ages will owe a boundless debt of gratitude. Yet these reformers themselves knew and acknowledged that it was this Word which accomplished the wonderful work of reform in these countries. This was necessarily true for two reasons. It was about the Bible that the great warfare was waged. The papacy had banished the Bible from the public and to read it was a crime. The pope was the fountain of authority and he was to grant pardon and to be the solitary oracle by whose edicts men were to live, be judged and condemned or approved. The pope had usurped the place and prerogatives of God. The very moment a few earnest souls had providential opportunity to read this Holy Book, as did Luther the Bible in the dark convent, they were amazed and transported to find salvation to be by grace through faith, and not the result of penances,

Severities and works prescribed by some priest for money consideration.

THEN REALIZING the absolute necessity of this blessed Book to open the eyes of the people and free them from the insolent and debauching domination of the papacy, the reformers quickly sought to get the Bible in the tongue of the People SO they could read it for themselves. the deadliest blows to Romanism and the determining influences in the reformation, were the translation of the Bible into German by Luther, into English by Wycliffe, and later by Tyndale, and the New Testament into Greek and Latin by Erasmus. The movement nder Huss, a hundred years earlier, was accelerated and strengthened by his revision of an old translation of the Bible by an unknown writer of the fourteenth century. From these blows Romanism never recovered and has not and never will recover. Today the open Bible is Rome's greatest enemy. She uii never enslave a people where there is an Open Bible. The Bible is the friend and patron and creator of intelligence and progress, and Rome is the norta1 foe to all these. Where she is compelled to do so, she poses as friendly to these, but where she has the sway, as universal history shows, she destroys liberty, produces ignorance and superstition and degradation.

ANOTHER REASON for this tremendous influence of the revealed Word in these thrilling times of the Reformation was the fact that this Book was gladly received as the very and sole and authoritative Will and Word of God, and that it was so regarded and recognized unquestioningly by everybody. It was not discredited by an infidel spirit of criticism. It was not carved into scraps and most of it dumped into the junk heap by the lordly self-appointed oracular critics. There was a beautiful, humble, submissive faith in its divine, supernatural inspiration and in its genuineness, authenticity and divine authority. Thus the Word was unfettered and the faith of the people not destroyed in it by their trusted but traitorous brethren of the schools and halls of learning.

JUST HERE is the most discouraging feature of the great reformation God is inaugurating in this our day. We must rely on the Word to reassert and reintroduce the great vital doctrines and the fundamental experiences of our Holy Bible. The difficulty and delicacy of our situation is that while we have a Bible not interdicted by any papal authority, we have a Bible discredited by the leaders in the Protestant pulpits and colleges and universities. This has gone to that extent that the popular belief in this book is very largely destroyed. We are therefore to begin lower down than the reformers of the sixteenth century. We must reproclaim and restore the Bible to the faith of the popular mind and heart. We must have it to reassume its commanding position as the only ad sufficient rule of faith and practice. We must restore the connection between the Bible and the popular conscience. It must be our business to see to the re-establishing the legitimate sovereignty of the Word of God. To do this the infidel critics in most of the great pulpits and colleges and university chairs of the churches must be discredited. They must be remanded to the rear and then we must produce for their utter demolition broadcast evidences and demonstrations of the inherent power of this Word to save fully as of yore and transform men and women and send them forth new creatures in Christ Jesus divinely empowered to do mighty exploits in the strength of God and by the sword of His Word.

NOT BY WORDS of man's wisdom but by the works of God through His Word ere we to confute these cavilers. In the presence of such fruit a thoughtful public will ask themselves, if not the cavilers, "Where are the drunkards reclaimed to sobriety and to their homes and little ones through your criticism? Where are the thieves who have been converted and made honest and trn by your doubts and cavils? Where are the down and out lost ones, fallen men and fallen women, who have been redeemed by your vain philosophy? How many

jails and. penitentiaries have your criticisms made brighter? Into how many hearts of the inmates of these places have you scattered sunshine and hope? How many fallen women have you rescued and brought to purity, to hope, to home, to joy and peace and finally to heaven? How many orphans have you fed and homed and brought to maturity and independence?"

SO LONG as we can be known and read of all men as peculiarly distinguished for these works and fruits the world will believe in our Bible and in our God. By their fruits ye shall know them. Let this mighty Word of God bear its legitimate fruit through us and God will thus restore to it humanity's lost faith and the great reformation will move onward in its mighty sweep to the consternation critics, skeptics and devils.

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SINS OF OMISSION

AFTER all, is it not true that sins of omission, as they are called, are of greater danger, result in greater tragedy in the aggregate, and bring greater condemnation than sins of commission? Failing to do the right is easier and more widespread than doing the overtly wrong. "Ye will not come unto me" is somehow a sadder refrain than even "ye workers of iniquity." The first class of sinners, guilty of sins of omission, are often a very excellent class of persons. Often persons of elevated and moral character, of noble and philanthropic impulses, belong to this class. As to outward moral life, many of this class are not excelled by the really saved and Christian people. We have thought the rich man in the parable was of this class. The record furnishes us no crimes or outward sins which blackened his life. He seems rather to have been of the highly respectable order socially and kindly disposed. He was generous to Lazarus. Lying at the rich man's gate or "lodge" was not a bad place to lie and to be fed with the crumbs from his table was doubtless very elegant fare. These "crumbs" were the "leavings" from his table. From a table of opulence this meant many an untouched dish of tempting viands. No rich man of a heartless indifference to suffering would have allowed his "lodge" disfigured by the presence of such an object. The appeal to Abraham by Dives to send this same Lazarus to his relief shows he felt he had same claim on Lazarus for former kindnesses. This rich man was of that class who are too well circumstanced and too well satisfied in this world to believe there is anything better in another. They just do believe. They will be damned for what they do not and not for what they do.

"HE THAT believeth not shall be damned." "Believing not" is a sin calling for damnation. Not gross wickedness, not extreme immorality or shameless degradation is required to bring final and eternal penalty. Simply because "ye will not come unto me" I must pronounce your condemnation. Unbelief is a generic sin, containing the essence or potency of any and all sins. It is the rejection of mercy. It is the denial of Christ. It is the refusal of God's plan. It is a renunciation of the spiritual for the material. It is exalting time above eternity. It is preferring earth to heaven. It is subordinating the unseen to the seen. It is the adoption of sight instead of trust as a principle of life. It is the enthronement of self and the degradation of God. It is the preference of the sensuous to the spiritual—the carnal to the Christly. It is the substitution of morality for atonement, making boasting possible instead of blood necessary.

SIN IS MONSTROUS anywhere, of any phase or degree or complexion or name. All or any of it strikes at God, insults Christ, offends heaven, no less but even more that which seeks a palliation of itself than that which is more patent and gross to human eyes. The great condemnation of Christ in depicting the final judgment was "inasmuch as ye did it not."

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

Thanksgiving

Thy hand, our God, hath fatness dropt
On field and mart and home.

No want is near; content abides
In benizens that come.

O wouldst again, incarnate,
Thou Approach to grace this board,
That mine the hands In gratitude
Should serve Thee, Jesus, Lord!

* * * * *

Lo now, gaunt-eyed and shivering,
With palm outstretched stands there,
Before my door the guest besought—
God's answer to my prayer.

—C. A. McConnell.

Heresy With More Enterprise Than Scruples

The public is perhaps growing weary of Russell and Russellism. It is still well at times to call attention to the resorts and schemes by which this clerical schemer manages to keep himself before the footlights and to ply his trade. Often has been exposed, one of the most recent being by Rev. W. T. Ellis, Editor Afield of the Continent. Now comes the case of Dr. L. W. Marsh, of Warren, Pa., who furnishes us information of the method by which he detected "Pastor" Russell in very unscrupulous methods.

Dr. Marsh, reading a copy of the "People's, Pulpit of Brooklyn Tabernacle," which had been left on his veranda, found quotations from a number of ministers of different denominations as favoring the views of Mr. Russell, Doubting the correctness of these quotations, he wrote to them and received answers from four or five which showed they had not been fairly quoted.

For instance, one of the preachers who was quoted wrote in answer to Dr. Marsh: "The quotation was substantially correct far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to express all that was contained my communication. It therefore does not properly represent my views when taken alone. I believe the Bible, and therefore, I believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment of the unregenerate." This preacher was from Worcester, Mass.

Another clergyman (Presbyterian) from Milwaukee, Wis., answering made same charge that his statement, written for a home paper to contradict the Russellite heresies, had been garbled and made to say the opposite of what he did say. He added: "In so far as it is Excerpt only, all context omitted, the quotation is correct. That is to say, it is correct a quotation as it would be a "correct" quotation to "quote" any one the Ten Commandments and leave out the word "not." There would be no doubt that the so-quoted words were in the original, but the "quoted" Commandment would convey absolutely the opposite idea from that of the original itself."

An answer from a congregational minister in Marietta, Ohio, made the same charge of garbling his statement and twisting it into agreeing with the Russellite nonsense. This minister closed by saying: "May I add to you that the whole Russell propaganda is, I am assured, a

big money-milking scheme. Russell gets 50 cents per column for his syndicated matter, and it is used in hundreds of papers. It is also stated that the books published by this cult are sold by The Bible Society at cost."

The impression sought by this to be made is that these books are the benevolent product of the American Bible Society. This seems the only interpretation of this conflict of Russell we forbear characterizing this conduct in the words it deserves.

Mr. Russell was hit upon a paying business when he sells his no-hell nonsense to a thoughtless public. People will pay and pay well to have hell destroyed, for they believe in hell, but don't want to believe in it. They will flock in crowds to hear any fraud who denounces the doctrine of eternal hell and holds out to them another chance beyond the grave. They will pay well for the literature of 'any such fakir, and pay to hear him in his public speeches. No doubt Mr. Russell is making this

Business pay, but the dupes of his miserable errors will pay twice for the privilege of being duped—once in coin to Mr. Russell and once and finally in reaping the very harvest in eternity which Mr. Russell failed to get rid of for them.

The Hidden Sources

The real sources of holiness are hidden. The hiding of its power is remote from vision. While its fruits are public and beautiful to behold, and are mighty in transforming power, and in their influence upon individuals and society, the springs from which these fruits flow are hidden from human view. "For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear the Lord, and He will show them His covenant." The divine power and mind whence come the streams of atoning mercy and grace are unseen and unfathomable, but any child can see and admire the wonderful displays of this great power on men and women. There is vastly more, therefore, in every life of real holiness which is beyond the view than there is which is visible to the eye.

This is true notwithstanding the fact that the most beautiful thing in the world is that perfect love wrought in the character by the sanctifying power of the Spirit. Says the Wesleyan Methodist:

Holiness never does anything just to be seen of men. It has nothing of which to be ashamed, and hence nothing to conceal; but it never makes a display of itself when It can be avoided. It can not be entirely hidden, but as far as possible it lives its life out of sight. It vaunteth not itself. Any life which is worth living contains more of that which is invisible than it does of the part which is visible. All of this points strongly to the necessity for cultivating carefully the real life. In the natural world the tree which has a great spreading top, but whose roots are confined in a narrow circle and lay mostly on the surface, will suffer from the terrible shock of the tempest and probably be blown over, while the tree which has more underground roots than it has top above ground may be broken off, but the roots will not be torn up from the ground. It is important that the Inner life shall be very much stronger and more vigorous than the outer life.

The Radical Defect

We will repeat here what we have so often said that sin question is the question of all questions. A correct notion of sin is absolutely essential to a scriptural or even rational theory or view of the atonement. We cannot understand Christ, His life, His passion, His death, His resurrection, with inadequate or defective views of sin. Sin is God's only defense for the death of Christ. If sin be not dire, deadly, and tragic as a principle, a pollution or a nature, and if it be not also indescribably horrible as willful violations of God's law in life, and if it be not also eternally tragic and awful in its consequences, the sacrifices of Jesus was uncalled for; and God is justly chargeable with monstrous barbarity Christ with pitiful insanity and the atonement as a stupendous folly. J. Y. Ewart says in the Herald and Presbyterian: The effect of sin in a human life is often like the effect of terrible tempest. Sin blights, ruins human character. It saddens and darkens human hearts; it destroys everything men hold dear. "When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." We must understand sin before we can understand salvation. "The sin question," says Dr. Charles B. Williams, of Fort Worth, Texas. "Is back of one's theology. One can not hold a scriptural view of God and the plan of salvation without having a scriptural view of sin. One can not proclaim a true theory of society until he sees the heinousness of sin and its relation to all social ills and disorders. No man can be a successful New Testament evangelist, publishing in gospel as the power of God unto salvation, until he has an adequate conception of the enormity of sin." In St. Paul's writings we have the fullest treatment of the doctrine of sin to be found in all the literature of the world. He calls sin a principle, an act, a fact. . To t. Paul sin is not a negation, or a dream, or a sentiment. It is a great, sad, black crime, a fatal disease. It is not "good in the making," as the modern evolutionist would call it. It is a step downward. It is defiance of God. It is guilt in His sight. The committal of sin brings man under condemnation, makes him "liable to all the miseries of this life and to the pains of hell forever."

Hastening to Ruin

It would seem that the natural and inevitable methods for retiring the race from the earth are numerous and rapid enough. To these, however,, the depravity of, man has added many abnormal methods, one of the chief of which and the most certainly destructive and needless and absurd is the cigarette habit. Despite the legislation against this infamy and the work against the habit by the home, the pulpit and reform movements, the manufacture of these diminutive engines of insanity, deterioration and death is constantly on the increase. The pulpit must redouble its work against this deadly enemy upon the moral foundations of society. The legislation against the evil can not be depended upon. The pulpit and the home hold the only remedy, and the pulpit must arouse and keep alive the home on the question. The legislators to whom we are indebted for enactments against this evil are generally tobacco-soaked men, and often worse. There is no

moral consistency in men by statute legislating against an evil of which they are guilty in the same or other forms. Besides, no law enforces itself. There must be a strong, healthy public sentiment against the thing against which we legislate to secure enforcement. Our only remedy is in an aroused interest in our pulpits and our homes. The appalling statistics on the subject show that the number of cigarettes manufactured in this country now make an average of fifteen cigarettes for every human being on this planet. Not one boy in a thousand reforms after smoking cigarettes a year, and after a year's use the boy is dead to all future prospects and usefulness to society. Yet against the enforcement of laws against this infamy are arrayed the influence social, political and financial, of enormous corporation and trust interest owned and operated largely by church members and controlling many hundred of millions of money. The Saturday Evening Post furnishes the following statistics of the increase of this gigantic evil:

If you examined the statute books you would probably conclude that important headway had been made in reducing the use of tobacco in this form; but, in fact, one reason for the present boom in tobacco shares is found in the enormously increased consumption of cigarettes. In the fiscal year 1910 less than eight billion paper pipes were burned. During the next year the number rose to nine and a quarter billions. Last year the output was nearly twelve billions, and for the current fiscal year tobacco men figure on an output of fifteen billions."

The Skeptic's Honest Hour

The skeptic has a hard road to travel. Fight it as lie may, there are honest and serious hours that came upon him when he is confronted with great questions which will not down. Under some somber cloud, in the hour of sickness or bereavement, in the still hour of some quiet night while alone with his thoughts and conscience—in some of these conditions the Spirit of God gets his attention and puts to him these great questions of his man destiny and of the claims of Christ, and he finds he must face them. Many a skeptic has surrendered in such critical moments as these. An exchange relates an instance (if such a crucial hour in the life of a skeptic, and while the record does not specifically state that he made his peace with God, we are authorized to believe he did from the poem he wrote during his struggle with the great question and left on his desk before he died:

A skeptic, who had spent his life in justifying his rejection of the Bible, and, especially, in objecting to the words and works and mission of the Lord Jesus, came face to face with the great question, "Who think ye that I the Son of man am?" He could not answer it, till he had become impressed with the Idea that this Jesus was more than man, and, if more than man, what could he be less than God? He wrote the following lines and, two weeks later died, leaving them on his desk:

My soul is night, my heart is steel;
I can not see, I can not feel;
For life and light I must appeal
To Jesus

He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads. There's
love in all His words and deeds, Aye, all a guilty
sinner needs
Is Jesus,

I've tried in vain a thousand Ways
My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,

But all I need, the Bible says,
Is Jesus.

Though some will mock and some will
blame,
In spite of fear, in spite of shame,
I'll go to Him, because His name
Is Jesus.

Immortality of Influence

It is the immortality of influence which gives to it its tremendous responsibility. This makes it a splendid or terrible thing to live. It can not be too often said that influence has a persistency of life which can not be properly characterized short of denominating it immortal. This influence is not confined to that which is voluntarily exerted. Not alone when and as I try to influence others to certain courses of action am I influencing. Confine influence to this voluntary effort and it would dwindle to a comparatively small affair. I am ever—unceasingly—influencing for good or evil others whether I so will or not, whether I sleep or wake, whether I am alive or dead. A writer in one of our exchanges tells of once meeting a manufacturer of perfumes. He worked in his laboratory, amid the most delicate odors, and became saturated with the exquisite fragrance. He carried sweet perfume wherever he went, though himself entirely unconscious of the fact. I do not like that influence which ever exudes from our character, wherever we go, we being unconscious of the power thus going out from us how careful should we be that that influence be always sweet and helpful to others, trending them upward toward better and holier things. *American Messenger* says:

When does a person die? Not when the earth is heaped in a little mound over his lifeless body. A person lives as long as his Influence molds the characters of others. A mother, by the memory of her personality, often speaks to her son or daughter twenty years after her death. If an atheist writes a book, its influence goes on poisoning life at the fountain, until the end of time, but the schools and books of a man like Dwight L. Moody will bless the world for all generations to come

Romish Lawlessness

Romanism is essentially un-American and can never be brought to anything like a genuine acquiescence with American ideas and institutions. Insofar as she yields seeming obedience to our laws it is from mere policy and necessity. Often where there is local Romish influence or Protestant indifference or ignorance to warrant it, Rome shows its natural and traditional spirit of intolerance and anarchy, amid perpetuates outrages for which the Romish institution should be exiled forever from such a community. The case we quote below where the teacher of a public school was prevented from using the Lord's prayer by the noise and outlawry of a few Romish pupils at the instigation of the Romish bishop, is an instance where was needed some vigor of treatment. The very least thing that should have been done was the prompt and permanent expulsion of every Romish pupil from the school. An exchange relates the case as follows:

In a Country school the teacher has been opening the school with the Lord's prayer. It would seem that no one could object to this but savages. The Roman Catholic bishop, however, gave the children orders that whenever

the teacher begins the Lord's prayer they shall begin to recite the "Hail Mary," or prayer to the Virgin Mary. This is, of course, in the interest of strife and disorder. not to say contempt for religious things. What shall the teacher do? The school board authorized her to open the school in this way. The Romish bishop of a handful of her pupils has conspired with them to break down the law and order of the school. Which shall rule? Shall Rome trample on freedom and religion, and then rowdily shout that the public schools are god-less? This is not an imaginary case. It occurred this fall, not a hundred miles from this city. Rome would describe the writing of this note as an intolerance. If things go on as they are going much longer, we shall not be permitted to even remonstrate against such high-handed effrontery and persecuting lawlessness,

Prevention Better than Cure

Personal work is sadly neglected. Many Christians live in daily neglect of this sacred duty. How this neglect must impress their friends or companions. We profess to believe in the immortality of the soul, in an eternal hell, in the glories of an endless heaven, in the willingness amid eagerness of the blessed Christ to save instantaneously any and all who turn to him. Our associates know these beliefs of ours and yet to pass them daily, perhaps to live with them in the same home or to do business with them in the same house for years without ever speaking to them in the interest of their souls is certainly a poor evidence to them of the genuineness of our beliefs or of our salvation, or equally poor evidence to their minds of the truth of these religious verities. Worse still is it to think of the very many who are finally lost through failure of such personal work, and the immense loss to the army of Christians in the reflex blessing and strength and grace which would come to them by such personal work faithfully performed. The *Congregationalist* stresses this truth in the following:

There are many Christians who seem to consider it an impertinence to speak to a wicked man about his sins. Why should they? The law does not so consider it. The law does more than speak to thieves and forgers and marauders and murderers. It lays heavy hands on them. it hales them away to prisons and trials and impositions of long sentences. To save a man from becoming a thief or a drunkard is far better than to incarcerate him. Prevention is always better than cure. Realization of this truth is like a plant of which the growth has been shown, but its blossoms and fruitage are the joy of the present hour. Reform schools, juvenile courts, probation systems are fruits on the prevention plant. 'Tis far better to make a benevolent citizen out of an escaped convict from the French galley ships at Toulon than to track him, arrest him and return him to the galleys. Victor Hugo immortalized a hero of fiction in the story of Jean Valjean.

Minuteness of Judgment

Men sometimes are disposed to cry out against the minuteness of judgment of the Father, and feel it is unduly severe. The fact is, however, that it can not be otherwise than thus minute, taking cognizance of our words and thoughts. To be fair, full and impartial, judgment must be all-comprehensive, including all the details of life which entered into the exerting of influence and covering all the time of its exercise. It is admitted that this presents a fearful conception of judgment

of our lives. This is not denied and need not be. It is just this which it is so difficult to get people to stop and consider. For our words and thoughts and actions, all and singular, in the entire sweep of their influence during and after the earthly life, we are to be brought into judgment. To get an adequate conception of the tremendous significance of this awful fact which awaits each of us, we have to consider the marvelous persistency of each of the acts or words or thoughts which go to make up life. This is suggested forcibly by a statement of Rev. J. R. Miller:

Thousands of years ago a leaf fell on the soft clay and seemed to be lost. But last summer a geologist in his ramblings broke off a piece of rock with his hammer, and there lay the image of the leaf, with every vein and all the delicate tracery preserved in the stone through those centuries. So the words we speak and the things we do today may seem to be lost, but in the great final revealing the smallest of them will appear.

Debasement

Women do not cook in silk dresses. Golden urns studded with precious gems are not the vessels placed in the sty from which swine are to eat their swill. We shudder at the ghastly scene of a king drinking wine from the skull of a rival whom he has inhumanly beheaded. We protest against such debasement or prostitution in the name of propriety, of decency and of every sound instinct of morality. Yet, many men who would hold up their hands in horror at such scene or thoughts are doing something which more violently contradicts every rule of propriety and right and even decency. What are meant making of their bodies with their marvelous capabilities? Mere machines for making money and gratifying their carnal appetites. Is not this the prostitution of the loftiest, the debasement of the divinest, the pollution of the holiest? Instead of apprehending and enjoying the divine, the holy, and the infinite here

And endless communion with them hereafter, we sacrilegiously prostitute divine and infinite capabilities and opportunities to the basest and most sensuous purposes. This trust is expressed in another form by *Herald and Presbyterian* as follows:

Gold and silver, stone and steel, may be wrought into a building which is to be for a rendezvous for vice and crime, and, in this case, the materials are desecrated to the service of sin and Satan. So human beings may be the servants of evil and their hearts the headquarters of lust and darkness, but, in this case, they are degraded from their high possibilities and desecrated to a life immeasurably below that for which they might have been fitted. But gold and silver, stone and steel, may be made into a temple radiant with beauty and glorious in purpose because used for the worship and glory of God. The human soul may accept God's grace and be made glorious and radiant because it accepts His indwelling and is cleansed and beautified by His presence. To be associated with God, and to be indwelt by Him, is the most illustrious and the most satisfying possibility of the human soul.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

Our Father's World

MARGARET SANGSTER

The ships glide in at the harbor's mouth,
And the ships sati out to sea,
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny South,
Is sweet as sweet can be.
There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
There's a world of trouble and care,
But, oh, in a world where our Father reigns,
There is gladness everywhere.

The harvest waves in the breezy morn,
And the men go forth to reap,
The fullness comes to the tasseled corn
Whether we wake or sleep.
And far on the hills by feet untrod,
There are blossoms that scent the air;
For, oh, in the world of our Father, God,
There is beauty everywhere!

The breath grows faint on the dying lips,
And the weary hands lie still;
Our life is dimmed by the grief-eclipse,
But we rest on the Father's will.
A world of parting, a world of tears,
Yet we sink not in despair,
For, oh, in the midst of the mournful year,
There is comfort everywhere!

The babe lies soft on the mother's breast,
Amid the tide of joy flows in,
He giveth, He taketh, He knoweth best,
The Lord to whose home we win.
And oh, when the soul is with trials
There is help in the lifted prayer!
For never soul that He loves is lost
And our Father is everywhere!

Impressionists

REV. J. F. THOMAS

George Washington said, speaking of our nation, 'We need not fear' any foreign power; if we are ever destroyed it will be from internal strife or trouble.' What Washington said about the country is quite applicable to our great holiness work, "Internal trouble"—not so much the product of carnality as the progeny of ignorance; and no greater element of danger as a trouble-maker can be found in our ranks than the zealot who is so (?) as to believe his every action, thought and impression to be controlled,

not by his own brain, but direct revelation from God. In other words, with him it is not "this treasure entire sanctification in earthen vessels," controlled by an earthly brain, but that he is omniscient, infallible. These impressionists are the fathers of almost all heresies. It is from their lips that burning, uncharitable accusations fall in private in public assembly. All that is needed to get them started is an impression that God wants them to do so-and-so, and it will be done. They never try the spirits to see whether they are of God or not. To do so would be to admit their humanity would be to confess their fallibility.

Some time ago one of these impressionists said God woke her in night and told her to tell her husband to dress and take the train and leave her; and he, with full confidence in her direct wire to heaven, obeyed, and so for over two years this couple have lived in separate towns fifty miles apart, because the Lord (?) told her so-and-so. If this trouble were among the laity only, it would not be quite so bad, but it is surprising how many ministers are tainted with this strong delusion. The sad part of it all is that all such impressionists are of a non-dependable quantity, because, invariably, like the revelations of Joseph Smith, they receive a counter- or contradictory revelation just about when they get ready to carry out their intentions or promises made on account of their first revelation, and no amount of reasoning or Scripture can move them.

But, says some impressionist, don't you believe in direct revelation? Yes, but so fallen is the race, mentally, that we are unable without aid to tell which of the ninny thoughts of the brain are from above; therefore we are to "try the spirits"—test them—and the infallible test is the Scriptures.

When the rich man in hell wanted Abraham to send Lazarus as a foreign missionary to his five brethren, Abraham

pointed out the all-sufficiency of the Scriptures when he quoted these words: "they have Moses and the prophets" (Old Testament). Again, Jesus said, "Search the Scriptures; for these are they that testify of me"—i.e., if you want to learn about me, don't wait for a revelation from the heavens. In my Word you have divine revelation. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." If we want to travel through this dark world we must use the divine lamp. "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." "Study to show thyself approved unto God. . . . Rightly dividing the word of truth."

I call the attention of our readers to Binney's *Compend*, Pg. 14, secs. 1,2,3: 1. "Human opinions are not a sufficient guide. . . . for they are various and contradictory. 2. human reason is insufficient, for by it some worship God, some no God, etc. 3. The law of God which is the only sufficient rule, can be perfectly known by revelation."

A careful perusal of the pages here will disclose to one and all that the revelation spoken of here and called on page 13 "divine revelation," refers to the book of revelation, or the Bible (see page 18, line 7 from top). Those guided by impressions can not fail to be pharisaical, proud, and egotistical, but those who confess a dependence upon God for illumination and help in the perusal of His book.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

Keep the Keen Edge

W.E. SHEPARD

The barber, before he attempts to shave the man in his chair, puts his razor on the strop to get a keen edge. The butcher is about to cut off a steak, but first gives his long blade a few strokes on the steel.

The old-time farmer could often be seen as he mowed his grain with the scythe, stop and apply the stone to keen up the edge.

How often, as a boy, we made the old grindstone hum, and wondered when father would ever get through with putting the edge on the ax!

Where is there an instrument calculated to cut, that the owner does not see the importance of keeping with a keen edge if it is to be at its best

When the sons of the prophets were felling trees, the axhead of one of them fell into the water (Kings 6th chapter). He had the good sense not to try to chop with the handle, but rather - to cry for help in his predicament. Without his axhead he was utterly incapacitated for successful service. Our axhead is our God—given grace and power in Christian experience. Without that our work is a failure. As well expect to chop down trees with an ax-handle, as to succeed in soul-winning and Christian service without a real, heaven-born experience. One of the sad features of this cold, backslidden age is the attempt to perform gospel work with no gospel axhead. Another sad feature is allowing one's axhead to get dull. If the barber, or butcher, or farmer sees the necessity of keeping his instrument with keen edge, how much more should the Christian feel the importance of keeping that with which he does execution in the best of shape.

Let us examine some of the points upon which we should always keep a keen edge:

1. A clean, clear experience. There are so many rough sides of life, so many knotty problems in existence, so many hard places to go through, that if one not constantly on the lookout lie will find the fine, keen edge worn off. How it must delight the devil to see a professor trying to plod along with a blunted experience accomplishing very little as compared with his possibilities, because he has not constantly kept a keen edge on his experience. When one gets the consent of his mind to live on a lower plane than formerly, he has practically got the consent of his mind to become a backslider. The "dull finish" seems to be a fad in some times for the present day, and it looks much as if Satan was introducing it fast in the spiritual realm.

2. Conscience. That "somewhat or someone within us, that pronounces upon the rightness or wrongness of choice in the realm of motive," must be at its best if we are to be benefited by its timely admonitions.

The little Indian boy's definition was very suggestive: "Conscience is a three-cornered something, which turns around and hurts when one does wrong; but if lie keeps on doing wrong, it wears off the edges and it does not hurt any more."

O, for a keen edge on conscience, so that we may feel! Reader, has it ever been your experience to feel keenly the slightest deviation from the proper rule of conduct, and then at another time when, after repeated acts on the same line, conscience seemed practically dormant relative to the same thing? This is truly dangerous. Keep the keen edge on your conscience; it is a splendid and faithful friend.

3. Doctrine. Many leak has been sprung, a cog slipped in Christian experience by allowing oneself to get blunted in doctrine. "Take heed unto thyself and to the doctrine" is of prime important. Carelessness in teaching and belief lets down the bars for the devil to slip his "doctrines" while that of God is one. A good illustration of the fearful ravages made upon many believers of late because of losing the keen edge of doctrine is seen in the modern "tongues movement." By allowing oneself to step out on an unscriptural platform, revealed numerous sidetracks which have wrought wreck and ruin to many, who, heretofore were faithful and pious pilgrims.

The Holy Ghost abiding in a pure heart is certainly the Conservator of orthodoxy. Heresy is one of the works of the flesh (Gal. 5:20). What is the protection against false doctrine? When heresy is sugar-coated and made to appear scriptural and plausible, that sanctified, Spirit-filled saint, even though he may not be keen-sighted enough to detect the error, will feel a spiritual shrinking in heart. He has a keen edge and the Holy Spirit in his clean heart draws back from the error. If the old man resides within, the tendency is to gulp down the heresy for heresy is the offspring of carnality. There is so much of the insidious, slimy, slippery teaching of Satan these days that it stands one well in hand to keep the keen edge in doctrine.

4. Fear. Keep the keen edge on fear. Not the fear which hath torment, but a godly fear. Fear to do wrong. Fear to grieve God. Fear to lose your prized experience. Fear the awfulness of hell. A healthy hell-scare on their hearts is of no little moment. If more people would keep the keen edge of hell-scare on their hearts they would be less liable to grow careless in service and prayer. They would watch the courses better and see to it that they were constantly living up to their best light and opportunity.

Lord, keep us all with a good, keen edge always.

How to Raise Money

T. S. MASHBURN.

"Freely ye have received; freely give."

One of the most stinging rebukes that was ever heard by the writer came from a converted cowboy at the suggestion of a dear old saint of God, known and much loved by all who knew her as Grandma. It came about in this way: There was a sale of farm products and other goods for the purpose of raising money for the spread of the gospel, and of course different parties in charge of separate booths, were making suggestions as how to get the most money out of a certain article; and quick as thought Grandma said: "I'll tell you how: just put it up and have everybody guess, and charge just so much per guess." Quick as a flash a husky voice cried out: "I am only a common cowboy, but I call that downright gambling." Alas! Alas! What a terrible stroke, which actually prostrated dear Grandma for some days, from which she rallied by the prayers and love of God's children who comforted her. This incident actually happened some few years ago in the town of G----in southern

Oregon, under my personal observation. What a lesson for the church of Jesus Christ. How careful we should be to walk circumspectly, not as fools, as Paul said, redeeming the time because the days are evil. In this connection we give the following chipping from the *Pacific Churchman*, an Episcopal Church organ:

A STARTLING CONTRAST

1,000 B. C.— For the building of Solomon's temple: "Then the chief of the fathers and princes of the tribes of Israel, and the captains of thousands and of hundreds, with the rulers of the king's -work, offered willingly, and they gave for the service of the house of God. Then the people rejoiced for that they offered 'willin'ly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord: and David the king also rejoiced with great joy."—1 Chron. 29: 6-9.

A. D., 1912: Then the parishioners came together to consult how they were to get money to carry on the work of the church. The people would not offer willingly so they consulted together and determined to have bazaars, and sales of work, with all kinds of amusements, such as wax works, Punch and Judy, tableaux, raffles (which are illegal), fortune telling, lucky tubs, shooting galleries, and other such things; also whist drives, dancing, etc. Then the people rejoiced that they had made some money by these means, and they paid it into the bank and were happy when they read the account of their doings."

Truly the world moves on. But when we contemplate some of the modern ways in which the cause of the church is advanced, one can not but remark, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." The writer, with all other holiness people, does rejoice in a salvation that saves and cleanses out all base desire, and fills the heart so completely with God the Holy Ghost, that it is one of our greatest joys to give freely, not only our tenth, but 'as much more as we possibly can as a free-will offering; and we do not need any such worldly stuff to tempt, or coach us on to give.

Steps to a Revival

E. G. THEUS

(JOHN 11:39)

God has given man a part in the great plan of salvation for a lost world. He raised tip a Moses to redeem Israel from Egyptian bondage, a Paul to carry the gospel to the Gentiles, a Luther and a Wesley to bring about great reformations. There must be some one to pray down a revival if we ever have one. There must- be some folks in town who know Jesus. Not necessarily some prominent one. Mary and Martha were just. Two humble daughters of Bethany, vely probably poor and unnoticed by so-called high society; but they knew Jesus. And Matthew 18: 19 says that "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done o. them of my Father which is in heaven."- So Mary and Martha were enough to claim this promise. But mind you, Mary and Martha came to a realization of their specific need of Jesus for a specific purpose before He came. And somebody must become burdened with a special need if He sends us a revival. You notice that it was Mary's and Martha's own loved one for whom they wore so burdened. It is no more

than right that we should first feel burdened for our own loved ones. I had rather see my unsaved brother saved than anybody's brother! Doubtless there had been others to die there in Bethany that caused Mary and Martha to sorrow; but none like their own brother.

Let us next motive how He comes. He seldom, if ever, rushes. He waited two days, and then came deliberately, very probably in a way they were not expecting Him and then stopped in the suburbs of town until he received the second invitation. Sometimes we don't want Him to come in the way He chooses and refuse Him because He doesn't come the way we think best.

Then there is nearly always some god but doubting Martha to first meet Him. "Yes, I feel His presence, I know that He is here; but—but the church has been dead too long." However, there was a Mary there; so she went out and brought the Savior on the scene anyway.

Then as a result of His very presence, and a realization of their helplessness and extreme need and their agonizing sorrow, Jesus' heart was touched; and the Book says "Jesus wept." When we can get the Lord to travail with us for our loved ones, we are very close to victory.

But even when God is present, and there is a great travail of soul, the victory isn't yet won. There must be obedience to His command. There may be some personal work; a stone to be taken away before Jesus can reach the one for whom you are so burdened. No doubt that our good "Sister Martha" will say "there is no use; by this time he stinketh," but if we will obey the Lord in every detail He will take care of the results, and call forth a Lazarus, the one for whom we are so burdened.

Then if the one for whom we are so burdened gets saved others will get saved. There girls were specially burdened for their brother Lazarus; but as a result of his getting blessed many of the Jews that we present believed on Jesus.

Let us take a glimpse beneath the stone. There is a dead Lazarus lying yonder in a cold grave. He doesn't realize his condition. He is wholly dependant upon his sisters to bring Jesus to him, or he must forever perish.

How many of you have loved ones beneath the stone? They don't realize their condition; they are spiritually dead; and unless you take special interest, by agonizing prayer on their behalf, the probabilities are that no one else will do so; and they will be doomed to stay beneath the stone.

SHREVEPORT, LA.

The Great Question

JAY J. GOULD

No question before the church of God today is of more importance than the

Mission work in the regions beyond. This subject ranks first, because first, Christ gave His commission to go and preach the gospel to every creature. He has never revoked His command. It stands today and must be obeyed, and can not be lightly put aside as outlawed, for He has said "not one jot or one tittle shall in any wise pass from the the law, till all be fulfilled." It is then today an existing commandment from our Master the Head of the church.

Second, as long as there remains one soul unsaved, or one who has never heard of the remedy for sin, it is our duty to take or send the news of great joy We who love God with all our heart and mind and our neighbor as our self, can not expect to sit unemployed, while multitudes are drifting out into eternity as fast as time can take them. Yet today we find people who wolfishly cry, Am I my brother's keeper," or ask ignorantly, "Who is my neighbor?"

Third, Christ is depending on us to take or in some manner send the news of His love, mercy, sacrifice and death to the souls who have never heard. He has made no other arrangements, no other plans, for He is counting on us If we fail, millions upon millions will remain in darkness and die without Christ. May God put it upon our hearts, may the vision of the multitudes that are stretching out their hands to us for help be photographed upon our hearts outlines of fire; may their dying cry to us for help ring in our ears night and day until we awake to our responsibility to them and use all the means in our power to send them the gospel.

If we cant not go, our chances to help the heathen are not vanished, for each of us can pray, and nothing is ever successfully accomplished for God without prayer. While missionaries upon the field can only reach each people around them, the prayer missionary can reach many fields. Those of us who set aside ourselves as prayer-missionaries must be sure we are not doing it to excuse ourselves fro becoming workers in some field. Such a person's prayers God would not answer any more than he would answers Jonah's to save the Ninevehites when he refuses to go himself to them.

God has put this great question upon the writer's heart, and as I write this my heart bleeds for the 650,000,000 who never heard of Jesus, and I know God calls me to give my life my time and my money to help save their souls, and to lift up Jesus in their midst. As I work in the coal-mines (for I am a coal-miner), I cry and pray to God to hasten the time when I may go.

FAIRVIEW, ILL.

Foreknowledge of God

To what extent is God's foreknowledge? Did God foreknow that man would fall? Those who believe He did quote Acts 15:18: "Known unto God are all his works," when Peter refers to the salvation of Gentiles as well as Jews. He works here also might apply to His creative power. "The heavens declare the glory of God." Etc. The writer can not believe, neither can he find any evidence in the Scriptures than God knew that man would fall into sin,

Else why did it "repent God"--- i.e., "change his mind" on "account of regret" when he saw the wickedness of man? Had he seen this from the beginning, He would not have made man, for when He did see (not at the beginning) it repented Him.

Again, if God created man to defeat Satan in the "war of the ages," in the less of the multitude and the salvation of only a few, thus adding to the multitudes already fallen, multiplied millions of souls, the loss is too great for the victory won in the salvation of the few to be consistent with the wisdom and justice of God, thereby making multitudes of infidels, as already made by a misunderstanding of God's wisdom in out creation. The writer could not serve a God of that kind. What the writer does see, and thereby believe is the crowning make-up of our being, what is left, is our free agency, created as free moral agents. We will say of the first pair, free *moral* agents, in order that that agency might act. Necessarily there must be something to choose from, and in so doing could yield to temptation and fall into sin. Hence the forewarning.

"Known unto God are all his works;" know the rest should it so happen, therefore provision must be made conditionally, "before the foundation of the world," that man could be reinstated in the midst of the conflict, the "war of the ages

The writer believes not only so, but in a final triumphant victory, now, in this age, (or end of the ages) or dispensation of the executive ability and power of the Holy Ghost to give the "heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth for His possession," i.e., "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous," and that number will outnumber the lost. Hallelujah! Amen! Did not John see and "innumerable company," which "no many could number"? Men do number the starry company somewhat, but no mathematician has tried to number the sands of the seashore. Was not God's promise to Abraham that his seed (not physical, but spiritual) should not only be as the starry heavens, but as the sands of the seashore innumerable? The physical sand can be numbered, but not the spiritual. Innumerable are they to be who are born of faith, so that no pessimist can number. Come, brother, let us "arise and shine;" be "luminous," though "gross darkness cover the earth." Keep on the Israel (the *true* Israel) side of the cloud and God will see to it that they will come from afar; "your sons and daughters, the "alien;" "kings see the brightness;" "fly like doves to your windows." Hallelujah! Amen!

ALEMEDA,CAL.

It is the THE POWER and energy of the unseen forces of God which give power and energy to the soul of the believer. The man who eschews the spiritual and boast of his religion as practical and devoid of this "mystical" phase, as he deems it, is in a bad way.

A Boy I Know

REBECCA B. FORESMAN

I know a boy who has a watch,
But never thinks to wind it;
And when he ought to be on time,
He's always just behind t.

And when he has a task to do,
He says, "Wait till tomorrow";
And when he can not find his things,
He simply says, "I'll borrow."

That boy may make a business man—
I know he ants to do it—
But he must mend his careless ways
Or he will live to rue it.

That boy must do his work today,
And plan work for tomorrow;
Good habits, everybody knows,
Are something boys can't borrow.

A Dog With a Bank Book

ADELE E. THOMPSON

And when you have heard the story of Billy, for that is his name, I think you will all agree that he deserves to have a bank book.

A handsome collie is Billy, with a kind, intelligent face, a white vest, and white stockings, and when he earned his bank book with his master, he was in the cold and frozen North, in Alaska. And not only were they in Alaska, but Billy, and Billy's master, and a friend were wandering over the mountains, where there are no roads or even trails, and in the darkness of the night and bitter cold and storm they had lost their way. That is, the two men had, for Bill, had his keen dog instinct to guide him, and he was doing his dog best to pilot them back to their cabin.

"He isn't right, I know he isn't, and that he's taking us the wrong way," urged the other man when Billy whined and wagged his tail, and started into the very teeth of the storm. "You may do as you choose, but I'll not follow any fool dog," and giving pool' Billy a vicious kick that made him cry with pain, the other man turned in a, different direction.

But Billy and his master were old friends and had confidence in each other. "I'll trust you, old fellow," the latter said. "Go ahead, I'll follow," So lie followed over the mountain, and, thanks to Billy, reached home safely.

And do you think that Billy lay down then and took the rest he had well earned?

he had been able to talk he might have said: "Eve done my whole duty; I've saved my master. The other man kicked me when I was trying to do him a favor, now he may take care of himself the best way he can."

No; Instead Billy showed a nobleness of nature. a forgiving spirit, that we might well imitate, As soon as he had seen his master sate, out over the mountains in the night and blinding storm he went again, till he had found the other man, who, by this time was more hopelessly lost than he had been before, and in despair had given up to die. So this time he (lid not kick Billy, or spurn his leadership; instead, he gladly followed where he led, and thus came safely to the cabin, to shelter and safety.

The rescued man knew that he owed his life to Billy. He never forgot this, and to show his gratitude, he had made for him a beautiful collar studded with gold nuggets. Now this collar—like the king's crown—.Is not for everyday wear, even in Alaska where so much gold is found. It might not be safe for a dog to go about the streets. wearing so much of the precious metal, so the costly collar was put in the safety deposit vault of one of the Nome banks, and Billy not only has the bank book for it, but it is said that the value of the gold nuggets makes him the richest dog in the world.— Exchange.

Tell the Other Boys

One of the most terrible warnings against cigarette smoking was given by a chorister

boy in one of the Brooklyn churches, who died in great agony at St. John's hospital.

Almost his last words were: "Let any boy who smokes cigarettes look at me now and know how much I have suffered, and he will never put another in his mouth." He was a bright boy, an exquisite singer, and had many friends. He lived with his grandmother, and worked in a chandelier factory.

Here is his story as he told it to his nurse: "To me he confessed that his trouble had originated from cigarette smoking. Some days he said he smoked twenty cigarettes, At first he kept his grandmother in ignorance of his indulgence. As he continued to smoke, the appetite grew upon him with such force that he could not break off; and it began to affect his constitution.

"Why,' I asked him, 'did you not stop when you saw what it was bringing you to?'

"Oh, I could not,' he replied. 'If I could not get to smoke I almost went wild. I could think of nothing else. That my grandmother might not suspect Inc., I would work extra hours Instead of spending my regular wages for cigarettes. For months I kept up this excess, although I knew it was killing me. Then I seemed to fall to pieces all of a sudden.' His disease took the form of dropsy in his legs, and was very painful."

The nurse continued the story: "During all his sufferings he never forgot what had brought him to this terrible condition. He kept asking me to warn all boys against tiir use. A few days before he died he called me to his bedside and said he thought that he had not lived in vain if only those boys who were still alive would profit by his sufferings and death."

There is no other form of tobacco so dangerous as cigarettes, because the nicotine in the smoke is not absorbed in the loose tobacco smoked clean up to the end, but is taken, unfiltered and undiluted, into the lungs. It was not the poison in the paper. but the poison in the tobacco, which killed Samuel Kimball, and is ruining the health of thousands of other pale-faced boys.— Exchange.

Wonderful Wallpaper

"My walls are very dirty; I must have new paper," said a Japanese cakeseller to herself, as she looked around her shop before starting on an errand.

The little woman went on her way, carefully considering ways and means, and wondering for how small a sum she could make her walls look fresh and bright, so that the cakeshop might become more attractive.

As she passed a bookshop she caught sight of a heap of waste paper which had been thrown aside.

"The very thing for my shop!" said Mrs. Uno; "and I need not spend my money."

With care she collected the pile, carried it home, and sorted it out. Then she discovered that there was a book with scattered leaves, but nearly all were so clean that she decided they would be the most suitable covering for the walls of the cakeshop. So, with great patience, Mrs. Uno decorated her walls with printed paper, and, when it was done, she felt that her labor had not been in vain, for had not those white, printed pages made her shop look more attractive than ever before?

Yes, certainly the walls did look fresher and brighter, but Mrs. Uno could not see halt their brightness. The very light of heaven reflected there, for the leaves she had used were from a Bible, and the walls of the little shop were proclaiming wonderful stories of God's love to man.

One evening the old lady's grandson came in, and, having a little time on his hands, he began to read the printing on the wallpaper.

Mrs. Uno listened with astonishment as the boy read on, for she had never heard anything so wonderful or beautiful before,

As time went on she became so much interested that she would often ask her customers to read to her. At last a young man asked her If she was a Christian, and

finding she was not, he took her to a church, where she heard the message from the wallpaper more fully explained. She became a Christian, and now not -only do the walls of the cakeshop tell of the things of the kingdom, but the old woman carefully puts a tract into every bag of cakes, so that all her customers may share in the good news which first came to her soul from the wallpaper.— Exchange.

Teaching Johnny

Johnny came to Sabbath school for the first time. He was only four. When the teacher saw him, so eager but so little, she regretted that the lesson was one of Paul's missionary journeys. But she put her vivacious personality into the story, and, to her delight, Johnny's eyes were riveted upon her face throughout.

"After all," she thought, "it's not so much "that you tell as how you tell it."

That week Johnny's mother assured hem' that Johnny loved Sabbath school.

"He listened so well I know he remembered the story," said the teacher.

"Oh, no!" the mother laughed. "He said he watched you talk to see your shiny, yellow tooth!"

When the mother spoke of how very much Johnny feared the dark, the teacher went away thinking, "I have not begun to teach Johnny yet."

The following week the mother announced delightedly: "Johnny is getting a good deal from the Sabbath school lessons. A boy named Paul moved into the neighborhood, and Johnny said, 'I got acquainted with a Paul in Sabbath school.'

"What could he tell about Paul?" the teacher asked, expectantly.

"Oh, nothing at all!" the mother replied. "He just remembered the name. But that's something."

Then she spoke again of how very much Johnny still feared the dark, and the teacher went away thinking, "I have not begun to teach Johnny yet."

The very next Sabbath time teacher told about a man who went far away from his home, and when night came, and the sky was his only roof, he supposed himself quite alone, till in a dream a voice said, "I am with thee," and he found that God was near, even though it was dark and he was separated from his mother and his home.

When, on the following Sabbath, a little girl retold the story, she could not remember the unfamiliar name, "Jacob." but the teacher did not care, for she knew every incident, and finished the recital thus:

"And God said, 'Don't you be afraid, I'm keeping care of you.'"

Johnny spoke then. "Last night I waked up," he said. "I was awful scared. And then I though 'Pooh! You needn't be afraid. The heavenly Father's taking care.' And then I isn't."

As the teacher walked 'home that day she said to herself, "I am just beginning to teach Johnny."— Exchange.

Dogs Brave and Wise

One of the heroes recently to receive a medal is "Bum," a yellow dog at the Mulberry Street police station. Four years ago, on Fourth of- July, a frightened little cur ran yelping into the station, with a package of firecrackers tied to his tail.. He was relieved of the burning crackers, his wounds were dressed and then he refused to leave, insisting on snaking hi home 'with his new-found friends. Since then he has been regarded as one of the force and has performed some noble deeds. Once he pulled a little girl out from a bonfire, tore off her blazing clothing and saved her life, Again he discovered a fire km a tenement house and was the means of directing, the patrolman to the vitae and Iving the alarm which saved many lives. Now he wears a medal presented by the Bide-a-Wee Home, with his name inscribed on one side.

Many of the police stations and fire houses boast of faithful dogs. "Snowey,"

a great Saint Bernard, is a famous life-saver, who has rescued men and boys from drowning. "Rex," a bull dog, for four years guarded the quarters of the engine company which has adopted him. A little while ago he was honored by the gift of fireman's helmet as a reward for detecting a blaze on a Ludlow Street roof and calling the firemen by his barking and howling. "Gyp," a Dalmatian hound, was called the "mother dog" of the fire department, as she has given twelve puppies to do duty in fire houses. Even when her puppies were but a few hours old she deserted them to rim with the engine. In the last three months of her life she responded to 226 alarms.

House dogs are quite as faithful in giving alarms and performing rescues. Not long ago a dog in Louisville, Ky., awakened his master by whining and scratching at the bedroom door until the man arose and folk'ed the dog. A coal from an open grate had set the rug afire and the dog's paws showed by their blistered condition that he had been fighting the blaze little gray woolly dog named Iitzie gave alarm in a tenement house where something cooking on the stove had caught fire and the blaze had spread to the woodwork and curtains. "Itzie's barking and yelping and dashing in and out drew attention and the fire was extinguished.

Many children owe their lives or safety to the heroic acts of pet dogs. "Mike," fox terrier, rushed out into the street and pushed 'Vernon, his seven-year-old master from the path of a huge touring car. The boy's life was saved, but poor "Mike" was killed. Little four-year-old Nancy was lost, and "Fannie," the great Saint Bernard, who allows herself to be harnessed into a two wheeled cart, which her young mistress drives, found the baby after searching for three quarters of an hour, when every one else had given her up.

The police squad of Brooklyn Bridge has a pet dog called "Rags." He spends most of his time riding across the bridge on the trolley cars and often accompanies Mayor Gaynor on his walks to and fro. —Exchange.

Virginia Dare, the First American Baby

Over three hundred years ago, when Queen Elizabeth was reigning off In England, a gray-haired, sour-faced virago, striding about in a great ruff, jeweled stomacher, and portentous petticoats, swearing at the old lords of her council, and boxing the ears of her young courtiers, the very year that her stiff, withered old fingers signed the fatal warrant for the execution of her beautiful rival, Mary Stuart, of whom she was jealous, there was a baby born that was a very interesting baby, indeed for many reason. As the young parents bent, over their little wee bit of a girl, they thought there was not another such baby in the whole wide world; and there was a grand old man, with long silvery beard falling over his high ruff and velvet doublet, who called the little stranger his darling pet, and kissed her as it she was his own. But this was not what made the baby famous.

It was long, long ago, you see, before Jamestown or Plymouth had been settled, and the English had not a single settlement upon the mainland of America. But a number of energetic men at the English court were greatly interested in colonizing the new land. Foremost among them was Sir Watler Raleigh, of whom you have heard that pretty story told of how he spread his new velvet cloak in the mud for his royal mistress to walk over, and who, accordingly, was high in favor with Queen Elizabeth ever after. This man, after several trials, at last fitted out a colony which landed at Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina, a beautiful, green land full of cedars, sassafras, palms and flowers, and where the birds sang the whole year round. Ananias and Eleanor Dare, the father and mother of our baby, were among those settlers. Their child was born about a month after the landing of the colonists, August 18, 1587,

In the little wooden chapel, two or three weeks after the event, the colonists assembled one bright day to attend the baptism and christening of the little stranger. The font was the family silver wash ewer, amid the sponsor was Governor White himself, the baby's grandfather. Thereafter she was known as Virginia Dare, a sweet and appropriate name for this pretty wild flower that 'bloomed all alone ems that desolate coast.'

Little Virginia was the first born of English parents in America, and she was the only white baby then living in the northern part of this continent. I wonder how the little brown papooses strapped to their boards felt toward the pretty paleface stranger, or which thought the other the more curious?

At Baby Dare's christening there were several Indians present who had come across from the adjacent coast; amid after the ceremony had been performed, the Sachem, a tall, grand-looking savage, named Manteo expressed a desire to receive the sacred sprinkling likewise. His wish was complied with and his dusky, followers gathered around with awe-struck faces while the pastor sprinkled him with water from his fingers and said a prayer. It must have been a very impressive scene, and no doubt the savages were greatly affected by it.

No sooner was Manteo baptized than he gazed complacently around and exclaimed. "Now Manteo is white like palefaces."

The ignorant chief had really expected that this physical transformation would ensue; but when a looking glass was held be-tore him, he turned away, evidently chagrined and disappointed. The significance of "the ceremony wits explained to him, but the religious rite probably always remained a mystery to the simple red man.

Pretty little Virginia was just cutting her first tiny teeth when there came very distressing times to the colony. There was great need of supplies, and it was determined to scud to England for them. So Governor White was obliged to kiss his grandchild goodbye, and very tearfully sail away in the single ship the colonists had. He never saw his little Virginia again.

It was three years before Governor White returned to Roanoke Island. He was kept in England by the invasion of the Spaniards, and after the winds and the waves had shattered the dreaded Armada, It was some time before Raleigh could get together the men and supplies that were needed by the far-off colony. At last the ship was ready, and White took his departure, his heart bounding with joy with the thought of meeting his daughter and his fairy grandchild. But he had not sailed far when his vessel was overtaken by a Spanish currier and captured. White himself escaped in a boat and after many days reached England again, Then he had to wait for another ship, and the weary old man saw day after day go by before he left the chalk cliffs of Albion behind him. After long, anxious months he approached the new land,

You can fancy how he strained his eyes to catch the first signs of life among the green trees. It was near sunset, amid he expected to see the smoke rising from the chimneys and the settlers hurrying in from the fields and gardens to eat the evening meal, or else crowding down to greet the long looked-for arrival. But no such cheering sight met his eyes. There stood the cabins, but they were deserted. Not a single human soul was visible.

The governor landed and walked up the grass-grown paths. Vines and climbers festooned the doorways and a herd of deer was feeding on the ripe melons and cucumbers. A dreary stillness reigned everywhere. In the home of the settler, Dare, stood the cradle that had held his little child, as if she had left it but a moment since. A miniature shoe that had covered one of those small feet lay on the floor beside it. That was all. Governor White tried to find other trace of his old friends, but though he spent days in the search, and though other explorers joined in the hunt

for the lost colony, nothing was ever found. Poor little baby! Dear little sweetheart!

Her life's Path ran over thorny places. But she is not forgotten, and the children of today will take her to their hearts, as they might a playmate whom they had en for' one bi'ief (lay and them, bade good-by for ever. Among the thronging figures of that far-away time hone has a greater interest for us thaim that of the baby girl, Virginia Dare—Fred Myron Colby, in the United Presbyterian.

Putting a Stop to Tantrums

"Your child never indulges in tantrums, as many children do," remarked a woman to her next-door neighbor. "I have yet to hear her cry for a thing when told that she could not have it, and I have wondered at it, too, for few children yield a point readily, in this age."

"Mine wouldn't, either, if I encouraged tantrums as so many mothers do," was the quick reply.

"Encouraged" rejoined the childless woman. "I didn't suppose parents ever really encouraged such outbursts of temper as we so frequently see." "Oh, they don't intentionally, but -well, I will illustrate my meaning by telling you how I nipped Mildred's tantrums in the bud." And the wise mother merrily at the remembrance.

"Up to a certain time it has never seemed to occur to my girlie that a timing could be had by crying for it. A firm 'Mother knows best' had hitherto been all that was necessary, if it was a little difficult for her to give up what she had set her heart upon. She at length had an eye-opener, however, in the form of a new playmate—a boy a year her senior. I knew nothing of his home life, as his people were recent arrivals in the neighborhood, but lie was such a winsome little 'fellow, and so -courteous, that I allowed an intimacy to spring up between the children. I saw no reason to regret it, until one day, after I had refused Mildred something I thought it unwise for her to have, to my amazement he threw herself flat on her back amid began to kick and scream.

"It was as funny as it was ridiculous, for it was plain to be seen that the child was acting an unfamiliar part, and she did it awkwardly, too. But it isn't acting a part, I assure you, when, without a word, I rained slaps on the kicker until she sprang to her feet indignantly, crying: 'What makes you slap me so, mamma?'

"'And what snakes you act so?' I answered back.

"'Why, why,' she sobbed. 'Dick always does that way when he wants anything, and he gets it, too!'

"'He does!' said I. he has not your mother to deal with. Every time you act this way you will get whit I have just given you, and nothing else!'"

"And did she never try it again, little mother?" was the laughing query, as the speaker paused for breath.

"Never!" was the emphatic reply, "for I gave the child such a spanking as she had not had before, and, naughty as she is in many ways, she never again tried to work me by a tantrum of any sort. And now do you not understand why I am of the opinion that parents who yield to children who, like Dick, try to gain their point by tantrums, are by their blind indulgence encouraging what is so harmful to all concerned?"

"Yes, indeed!" was the ready rejoinder. "And now one thing more. Why is it that, young as you are, you are wiser in this respect than most mothers of my acquaintance?"

"If I am," was the hesitating reply, "it is because, I was so given to tantrums myself when a child. But I blush to confess to my childish misdoings, even now, and I seldom refer to those early days because I do not like seemingly to cast reflections on my mother. In justice to all concerned, however, I must make it clear that I was a weakly child until I was about five years old, and because of that I was indulged and spoiled. If I wanted anything short of

the moon, all I had to do was to scream for it, and then, if I failed to gain my point, hold my breath until mother would cry:

Oh, she must have it! She is getting so black in the face that I'm afraid she will strangle!"

"When I became robust the mischief was already done. To tell the truth I was a small terror, if ever there was one.

"To make a long story short, my mother died when I was ten years old, and then, fortunately for me, I was taken in hand by my grandmother, a woman of remarkable will power."

"Had you known her before your mother's death?" asked the interested listener.

"Not until my mother's last illness, when she was summoned, for she resided in a distant state, to which she took inc when I became motherless. Father retained the boys, hit has since told me that he felt too weak to attempt the care of his spoiled daughter. But grandmother did not weak— 'n when I tried the tantrum trick on her, I can assure you, and never shall I forget the

day when I first made an attempt to bring her to terms in that way. I was kicking and screaming so that she did not attempt to lift me from the floor, but called in her man-of-all-work, a big, coarse Irishman, and ordered him to carry me to my room. I laugh to this day over the way he muttered, as he carried me up the stairs, 'The old lady's got her match this time, sure!' lint time proven that the Irishman was wrong.

"Grandmother didn't attempt to punish me. She simply left me alone. She followed the kicker upstairs and when she saw her placed on the bed she shook her finger at her. 'Now have it out by yourself!' she said. Then she turned on her heel, walked out and locked the door, and I soon came to the conclusion that I might as well end the tantrum, once there was no one there to pity me or b frightened by my performances. And 'it was a very meek little girl who, as the shadows fell, sang out: 'I'll be good, grandma; I will, truly' Then I was allowed to go down

stairs and was treated as if nothing had happened."

"How long was it before you had another tantrum?"

"Oh, only a day or so, for thy had been of such frequent occurrence for so many years that I had the tantrum habit, and had to be humbled by being carried screaming to my room more than once. This mode of punishment, however, was so effective that my tantrums soon became a thing of the past, and, thanks to my grandmother's combined firmness and good sense, I continued to improve until even the one who had brought about the reformation admitted that her efforts in my behalf had been worth while.

"I remained with my wise old grandmother until I was married," continued the story teller, after a pause, "and I think it is needless to add that when I became a mother, with my hateful childhood ever fresh in mind. I resolved that my daughter should never have the slightest encouragement to become such a terror as I once was." — HELEN H. THOMAS, in *The Continent*

Good News From Our Workers En Route to and in Foreign Lands

Our Trip to India by Way of Japan

"They who sow and they who reap shall rejoice together."

In the kind providence of our heavenly Father we reached Japan, and with the exception of the last three days, we had beautiful weather and smooth sailing. On nearing Japan our hearts were, made glad for to us this country possesses a peculiar charm, owing to circumstances which have combined to forge many close links between us and the people. Upon our arrival, December 2nd, In Yokohama how we did rejoice to see the happy face of our dear Sister Snider, who is superintendent of our work in Japan!

Together we spent the day, going to Tokyo and other places. We had longed to see the spot where our dear cousin, Alice Neitz, had been buried, having laid down her life some years ago for Jesus' sake, and His "other lost sheep" in Japan. After searching for some little time (for Tokyo is a very large city) we found the Evangelical headquarters, from whence Brother Hauck, the genial superintendent, guided us to the European graveyard, situated upon quite a high elevation, an ideal spot, overlooking the city.

We can not express our feelings as we looked on that well-kept grave of the one we had so loved in life, but through our blinding tears we prayed earnestly for the country and people for which cousin Alice had labored; and all we could say was, "She hath done what she could." We plucked a few roses, as a keepsake, from the grave, and a sense of joy filled our hearts by the sweet consolation that now precious Alice was living in the presence of the Rose of Sharon, whose sweet fragrance fills even now our earth and sky,

Finding we could cross Japan overland, and resume our India journey at Kobe, we hoarded the train late that night. This gave us an opportunity to see some of the beautiful country as well as have a chance to visit Sister Snider in her own home in Kyoto. It truly was a great delight to converse once more with our sister, and we did improve the time, talking much of the night as we sat riding on the train. We arrived at Kyoto at 10 a. m, next morning, thus having at least four hours' daylight viewing the beautiful scenery. Truly Japan is a beautiful country with its lakes, mountains and quaint little villages and fertile gardens.

Kyoto is an ancient city, and formerly the capital of Japan. It is a city of many temples, and a most gorgeous new one just having been built, of which the gate itself cost over \$100,009, with several others now

Foreign Lands



construction, proving that Buddhism is not dying out as some suppose.

It is in this city of Idols our main work as a church is established. It was our privilege to visit the mission, and both of us spoke through our interpreter, Brother Hiroshi, to a nice audience.

Our greatest joy was in seeing a number of them stay for an after service, and after prayer we asked for a definite testimony, and four said this was the first time they had heard the gospel, and one said as we prayed he had believed on Jesus as his Savior. Think of it, friends! The first time he heard he believed! Thank God! Our precious sister is a jewel in this dark land, and is gathering about her—a class of fine young men. Outside of her preaching perhaps her English bible class is most fruitful.

We wish we could write of some of these boys individually, but they will not permit. Suffice to say, some come from a bank, one is the son of the most famous artist in Japan, and another one was formerly a Buddhist priest. These meet in her home, and one thing that grieved us was the lack of room in her small Japanese house to accommodate those who come,

We wish the dear ones at home could see how Sister Snider lives. Practically now, since the cold weather has come, she lives in one room, as that is the only place that can be heated. There is no place for a bed, so she sleeps in Japanese fashion on the floor. If any one thinks our missionaries live in luxury they are badly mistaken. We believe if our missionaries are to do their best for God, they should at least have all the ordinary comforts possible, for they are rare at best in oriental countries. We insisted she get a larger house, and after a little search, one was found which will give ample room for the growing Sunday school to meet, and all her other classes, as well as providing-better shelter, and a room—for a good, comfortable bed, such as we have at home, upon which she can rest her weary body after a hard day's toll.

She had been paying her house remit from her small monthly allowance, and the increased cost of rent is only five dollars a month. Will not some kind friends help in

this matter? if the Lord permits you to stay at home, can not you help those who are called to leave all and go? Sister Snider does not know we are writing of this in our message to you, nor did she utter one word of complaint, but we gave seen, amid do know, hence we speak to let you know of her needs. We feel her house should be provided outside of her salary. The cost of living is high in Japan; i. e., such food as we Americans eat. Flour is \$4.00 a hundred pounds; Japan sugar nine cents a pound, and other products according. Even Japanese fruits are expensive; apples, four to eight cents each in our money. So her salary barely meets her actual needs, without paying house rent.

Pray for dear Japan. We felt hike building a "Hallelujah Village" in Japan; and no doubt we will when we establish the one already begun in dark India. We can not stop until the banner of holiness be unfurled in all lands.

Dear readers, pray much for us and the great work in India, Japan, China and the uttermost parts of the earth.

E. G. and EMMA EATON
MANILA, P. I., December 11, 1912.

Sowing Beside the Waters

Five years ago I sat under a tree on the bank of a stream and talked salvation to a very ignorant low-caste Hindu. I told him that the God of heaven was the true God, and that he should pray to Him and not to idol I otherwise tried to impress upon his crude intelligence the rudiments of salvation.

When we returned from America this week we had scarcely been here twenty-four hour before he came to see us. During our absence his daughter had died, and while I was trying to use his bereavement to direct him to Jesus, he told me that since I had, five years ago, told him to pray to the true God, he had done so every night and morning. I almost cried for joy. More instruction was added, and we are praying he may be led into the glorious light and liberty of salvation.

Somebody pray for him.

L. S. TRACY.

First Days in India

Greetings from Calcutta, India!

We wrote you of our last days in America, and now we will tell you a few things about our first days in India.

Our first glimpse India's land was had on the beautiful Sa bath morning of December 8th, We arose from our berths and, looking out through the portholes of

our cabin, we caught sight of the land we had so longed to see. We can not tell you how happy we felt as we knew that year of hopes and prayers were being realized and answered; for which we praised God. As we looked out upon India for the first time, we prayed that God would make us a blessing to, the people—and that is our prayer today.

We kept sailing along until about four 'o'clock in the afternoon, when we anchored. Who did we see ashore to meet us but our Nazarene missionary, some of our workers, and a number of our girls and boys from Hope School! As some one has said, we cried because we wanted to; our hearts were full. We waved, and they waved. They came aboard to meet us, and you can imagine the meeting that as usual takes

place among the Nazarenes, and this was away in heathen lands, making it a little out of the ordinary.

Most of our first day was spent at Hallelujah Village; the next day at Hope School. Our beloved Mrs. Banarjee, with the rest of the dear ones out there, had everything in readiness for our coming. The welcome was swung over the gate, the girls were lined up on the veranda, and of course all who knew said "Nomuskar!" ("Good morning!") and those who didn't, know said "Praise the Lord!" We then had a beautiful service, both in Bengall and English. It was indeed a blessed time to us.

We are quite well n body at this writing, amid are abundantly satisfied in the Lord. How glad we are that we left all to follow Him! How we love Him today!

We are studying Bengali now, and trust you will pray that we may be able soon to help this poor people in this dark' heathen land.

There is at this time going on in the streets an ancient heathen custom (Mahoram, it is called) in commemoration of a battle in which two of Mohammed's sons were killed. Thousands of people are in the streets, making great displays of flue- works, playing bands, carrying shields, haying all kinds of sham battles and doing all sorts of heathenish things. Oh, that they might know God even as a nation, if not as individuals! But alas! They know Him not.

MYRTLE MANGUM,
LFLA HARGROVE.
13 Wellington Square, Calcutta, India.

The Work and the Workers

Announcements

Received



A friend, who says his home is on Vancouver Island, sends me \$20.00 for the missionary work. I acknowledge the receipt of it, with thanks; and suggest that others similarly situated do likewise.

P. F. BRESEE.

Brother L. D. Peavey, of Maiden, Mass., one of our Board of Publication, recently read paper at the annual meeting of the American Statistical Association. Brother Peavey also Participated in a discussion of currency reform at the annual meeting of the American Economic Association. -

NOTICE

The preachers' monthly, meeting of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Northwest District, will be held in our church in McMinnville, Ore., corner 5th and D streets, February 4, 1913. A hearty Invitation is given to everybody. In the morning service, 10:00 a. m., Rev. C. Howard Davis, pastor Portland First Church, will bring before us the subject of "The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene; Its Origin, Its Object." Lunch will be served at noon. Preaching at 2:30 p. m., by Rev. Aaron Wells, and again at 7:30 p. m., by Rev. C. Howard Davis. Free entertainment to all. Plan to come.

J. W. FRAZIER, Pastor.

MARRIED

Rev. Wm. M. Irwin and Alice F. Williams were united in marriage at the home of the bride, Sawyer, N. D., January 1st, 1913.

LYMAN BROUGH.

NOTICE

All members or churches of the Iowa District, who are planning camp meetings for this year, in order that dates might not conflict, please write the secretary of the camp meeting board. Two district camp meetings were appointed for this year, one to be at Marshalltown, Iowa, and the other at Stockton, Ill. All others should give place to these two Camps. Before this board was elected and approved by the district assembly at Bloomfield, Iowa, the camp at Chariton, Iowa, the time and workers had been agreed upon. Time, August 8-17, 1913, with Rev. B. T. Flanery, district superintendent, and Revs.

Brother and Sister Brandeyberry and others as workers.

A. F. MOSELEY, Sec. of Board,
104 East South Street, Kewanee, Ill.

A STATEMENT

We wish to state that we believe the doctrine of a baptism of fire subsequent to the baptism of the Holy Ghost, marital purity, and a system known as demoniac possession are unscriptural and fanatical, that we not only repudiate them but have no fellowship with those who believe and propagate them. We are consolidating our orphanage work with the orphanage and rescue work at Pilot Point, merging our paper, God's Messenger, into the Pentecostal Messenger, of that place, edited by Rev. Allie Irick, and while continuing to push these enterprises for God and holiness, we will enter the evangelistic field again in earnest, We crave an interest in your prayers.

OSCAR HUDSON AND WIFE.

General Church News

The Fire Falls



Last Sunday at the Central Nazarene University was one of the greatest days in the history of the institution, The altar was filled and a number stricken down under the power of God, Several prayed through in the old-fashioned way.

Rev. Andrew Johnson, of Wilmore, Ky, will arrive January 25th, to hold the five weeks' Bible Study Course,

J. E. J. Moore,
President,
W. F. RUTHERFORD,
Business Manager.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

While sin abounds, and real, live laborers are at a premium, yet our God is working. Every now and then some hungry soul comes to the altar, prays through, and finds God ready to answer. Last Sabbath we had our beloved district superintendent, J. M. Wines, with us. One young lady was sanctified at the evening service. At 230 p. m. Rev. Zanizer, general conference evangelist of the Free Methodist church preached for us. His message was full

of fire and helpfulness. We have been able to purchase the church building we have occupied for two years. We paid several hundred dollars down, and have two years in which to pay the balance. The price was \$4,500.

CHARLES A. BROWN, Pastor.

ELYSIAN HEIGHTS, LOS ANGELES

Sunday, January 6th, -was another good day at this church. Six new members were received in the morning, making ten since the assembly. At eleven o'clock V. C. Wilson, Our district superintendent, preached a heart-to heart sermon which was enjoyed by all present. On January 26th Dr. Bresee will preach for us. Our work is improving along all lines. We are hopeful for the year 1913.

A. E. REINSCHMIDT.

LOMPOC, CAL,

We are still climbing holiness heights, breathing the bracing Pentecostal, heavenly atmosphere, drinking from the upper springs and beholding the King in His beauty. Just closed a three weeks' campaign here in the Nazarene church. God was with us in a marked way blessing the church, making rough places smooth, filling up the valley of contentions, dynamiting old grudges out of existence, oiling the wheels of the old gospel chariot, adjusting things to run the race successfully. Sisters Horton and Cunningham were the engaged workers and rendered valuable and much appreciated service. Our union meeting last Sunday was much blessed and well attended; hardly standing room in the church. We solicit your prayers.

W. C. FRAZIER, Pastor.

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Editor B. F. HAYNES, D. D.
Office Editor C. A. McCONNELL

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A MISSIONARY PASTOR

What the Publisher Says

Sunday School Orders

Quite a number of our Sunday schools were late in getting their supplies because they did not send in their orders. All Sunday school orders have to be renewed at the beginning of the year. Weeks before the year was out we sent to every customer an order blank together with a notice that orders should be renewed. We can do nearly everything for you except to order your supplies. If we were to do that we might overstock you. Please don't blame the Publishing House for your own negligence or mistakes. We have enough such things of our own to answer for. We also notice that some customers not very far from Kansas City still send their orders to Los Angeles. Our literature has not been published in Los Angeles since early last year. We trust that pastors will take pains to see that their Sunday school officers are informed. See that every teacher and officer is a subscriber to the Herald of Holiness, so they can be well informed about such matters.



Course of Study Prices

Several have written us about the book, "Practical English." The retail price in the state where it is published is stamped on the cover of the book. At the first the book cost us more than that price, and we had to pay time carriage from the publishers and again to the customer. We listed the book at 80 cents, from which we gave 10 per cent for cash. We can now secure the book for less than formerly, and have changed the price to 60 cents, postpaid, with the 10

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

New Bedford church is marching on victoriously. We are glad to be able to report an increase on all lines. The spirit of the meetings are the best, and the attendance largest, and finances better than since the beginning of the church. We are getting hold of several new people, especially men. This has been a church without men, but thank God they are coming. Out of thirty-five in prayer meeting Thursday night ten were men. One man was saved Sunday night for the first time. We begin revival meetings the 23rd inst. with Brother and Sister Roberts as workers. We are expecting a sweeping time of salvation. Our God is able! Our faith reaches out.

F. W. DOMINA.

MALDEN, MASS.

Last Sunday was another good day. Sunday school was booming. Rev. Brother Jordan, of our church on the western coast, and lately returned from African missionary work, spoke the morning with much blessing, and in the evening we had a blessed revival meeting, large attendance, and souls seeking the Lord! The district deaconesses and preachers meet with us on Wednesday.

L. D. PEAVEY.

KEWANEE, ILL.

With only a few days intervening, this church has been in special evangelistic meetings since August 14, 1912, when the pastor, under the anointing of the Holy Ghost, began a series of meetings at which time some seventeen souls found God in the Pardon of their sins or the blessing of sanctification. Then from December 1st to 15th Mrs. Edna Wells and Mrs. Grace Edwards, evangelist, held forth. Souls were saved and sanctified, and much interest was aroused in the town. January the 2nd to 10th Rev. B. T. Flanery, district superintendent of the Iowa District, preached the Word in the blessing anti power of the Spirit, and in tenderness and with tears. God gave souls and blessed the church and the people. Our dear general superintendent, Rev.

per cent off for cash when three or more books are ordered together. The price stamped on the book is 45 cents. If any of our folks want to send direct to the publishers, they are free to do so. The publishers will furnish the book for 45 cents, plus the postage. We can not afford to handle the book at a loss.

You will also note that we have changed the price of 'Hidden Manna.' It was formerly sold by time publishers at 75 cents, but has been changed to \$1.00. By mistake we got it listed at 75 cents.



The Christmas Number

A number of pastors have written us about the Christmas number, and without exception have highly commended it. It was gotten out at considerable cost of money and labor, and it is gratifying to know that our people are pleased with it. We have a higher aim than to simply please you. We want every issue of the Herald of Holiness, and especially our special numbers, to produce practical results in building up the kingdom of God. No doubt some of our preachers and workers have by this time had opportunity to notice any immediate results which may have been accomplished by the Christmas number. We would especially like to hear from such ones. We are planning another special number for Easter, and would be glad to gather information relative to the benefits to be derived from such efforts. We are your servants, and it is our pleasure to serve you intelligently and effectually. To do this we need your constant co-operation.

E. F. Walker, came to us Saturday morning, the 11th, preached for us Saturday and three times on Sunday. This dear man of God was a very great blessing to this church; his kind and fatherly manner in the Lord drew all hearts out to him, and as he talked to us of Jesus, His presence was so real that there seemed to be a holy hush upon the entire congregation. From the beginning, the tenor of these meetings has been progressive, growing and increasing in point of blessing and depth of spiritual teaching and Holy Ghost power. The institutions of our church have been laid upon the hearts of the members of this church, and we say with renewed strength and determination, "Our institutions must go forward," and we are pulling and will continue to pull our best through prayer and offerings. Personally, the pastor can say that he was never before so much in love with the way and never so settled in the conviction that holiness is the way; the way that God loves and the way to live; the way to reach men and bless them permanently; the way to save society, to save the world, and the way to really serve (led and maim, and the way to get to heaven.

A. F. MOSELEY, Pastor.

SEQUIM, WASH.

My wife and I have been holding our place in the line of battle in this northwest corner of the United States for about two months, and are able to report that God is with us. We have a small class here, but are expecting better things. We are blessed by having a new church building, although it is not quite finished. We opened our Sunday school last Sunday, January 5th, with twenty present. I spent Sunday, December 22nd, with the class at Port Townsend and had a very good time, although the turnout was small. We have some excellent people there who are very anxious to have a permanent work in that sin-cursed town. God grant that they may, we have had some seekers, and there is conviction on others. Please remember the Puget Sound country in your prayers.

R. J. PLUMB, Pastor.

Having learned, early in life, that much depended on getting a good start, I am writing not only to the paper, but to every pastor in the bounds of the Arkansas District, and doing my best to arouse the people on the subject of missions. At my little church at Cabot, we have already taken our subscription for foreign missions. The amount subscribed was four hundred and two donors, and of this amount one hundred and forty-two have been paid. If the readers of this article want to do something that will count, and that they will be proud of at the assembly next fall, and not ashamed of at the bar of God, now is the time they will have to begin. The Arkansas District was assessed for foreign missions last year, five hundred dollars. There are something like forty churches, with twelve hundred members. I raised four hundred and seventeen dollars

The Nazarene Rescue Home

The Nazarene Rescue Home is located five miles west from the city limits of Oklahoma City, on the El Reno interurban electric car line, in a beautiful oak grove, on twelve acres of land set apart for that purpose.

This Institution has two splendid concrete buildings. The main building has twenty-two rooms, all modern, wired for electric lights, heated with a good furnace, and has hot and cold water, with sewerage connections.

We have three acres in orchard and berries, four acres for garden, a nice pasture and a good barn; and, best of all, an abundant supply of soft water at fifty feet.

The hospital building has nine rooms, and is also of concrete. These buildings are surrounded with good concrete walks, some nice shrubbery, and a beautiful flower garden.

The first work was done on these buildings in July, 1909. Since that time 247 girls have been cared for in this Home and 152 babies have been born. Eighteen babies have died (all born diseased), and one girl died, who came to us fearfully diseased; and one girl died whom we had to take to the city hospital for an operation. She was diseased when she came to us.

There have been 367 professions of salvation or sanctification in the services in the Home. We have two services each week: on Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon. The triple parlors are always full on days when the weather will permit, with visitors and friends of the Home.

The running expenses for the Home last year were \$4,000. This includes some needed improvements.

Four-fifths of all the girls coming to us make good, and go out of the Home reformed, to live clean lives. Many of them marry, others are reconciled to their parents, while some of them are placed in good homes.

Truly our God has been good to us along all lines, and kept us from the hand of death, not a girl of all this number having died in childbirth.

Recently we had the misfortune to lose two horses in a week with a malignant type of staggers. This leaves us with two horses to pay for and no money. We ask our friends to pray for us, that God may move on the hearts of the people to buy us a team.

We start into this New Year with thirty girls in the Home, besides the necessary workers, and we expect to make it the very best year of all of our eighteen years in rescue work. We need your prayers and help.

Your sister seeking the lost,
MRS. JOHNNY JERNIGAN,
Superintendent.

from one little church with less than twenty-five members, and raised more and reported more at the 'assembly than the entire state was

asked for. You ask, "How did you raise it?" I tried to raise something for missions because I see it as my first duty to God and the heathen. I mean by the grace of God to pay my district, superintendent and the general superintendent as well, but if I fall down on anything it will be something of that kind. Some will say, 'Yes, but brother, our people are poor.' But that will not stand investigation. I have been all over the country, and have seen but few poor, comparatively speaking. A man who is well, and able to work, is by no means a poor man. Sometimes we speak of back debts when we preach. The largest back debt that will be brought up at the judgment will be the debt we owe the heathen. The niggardly, measly sum that some preachers report, is enough to make angels weep. The amount that some men have promised to put into the cause of missions and then gone square back on it will burn like living fire at time judgment. "Not every one who says Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father." So I trust that the entire Nazarene church will rise and shine, and instead of putting in ten cents, put in ten dollars. Begin early, put your soul into it, and God will help you. With much love, I am His and thine.

JAMES W. PIERCE
Cabot, Ark.

LAWTON, MICH.

We are closing a glorious revival here. There has been great conviction, and salvation has reached all classes, including drunkards, hard sinners and men past seventy years of age. This is a great church, a great people, prosperous and loyal to God.

T. J. ADAMS.

SPOKANE, WASH.

We are still pushing holiness of heart and life in Spokane, and the thing works, praise God. We closed the meetings with Bud Robinson Sunday, night, for the present, as seven churches in our immediate neighborhood are engaged in large tabernacle meetings, which takes many of time people we want to reach, and they wanted us to help them all we could. We have arranged with Brother Robinson to come back and give us a meeting February 11th-23rd, right after these tabernacle meetings close, and we ask you to pray that God will give us a great meeting. God gave us a goodly number of souls in the meeting, as it was. No less than twelve churches beside our own commenced meetings the first of the year. Spokane needs all she can get on this one. We took four into the church Sunday night. 'The Christmas number of the Herald of Helliness has been a great blessing, and we expect to see material results from the thousand papers placed in the homes of our neighborhood.

A. O. HENRICKS.

HOPE AND BILLINGS, MICH.

We are working for Jesus at Hope, so we should be hopeful, and we are, Amen! The Lord is blessing His work here and saints are expecting great victory in the battle against sin. It is surely a battle. Arrived here January 3rd, anti held our first meeting in the school at Billings, God was surely with us. At Hope in the evening we worked in a small store building, the room was filled to its capacity. There were four seekers and finders. We are ten miles from a railroad and in a new country. There are four churches within three miles of our organization at Hope, and no churches within five miles of Billings where we are organized with fourteen members, at our Tuesday prayer meeting one dear man past seventy gave his heart to God. Glory! Pray that God will encourage our hearts and give us a strong Nazarene church at both places. Thanked for the fire that is burning in my soul as never before.

D. C. WHITE, Pastor.

Four District News Articles

New York District

I preached in time Bedford Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and had the pleasure of receiving Rev. E. F. Miller and wife into church membership. They come from the Free Baptists, and are excellent people. Brother Miller is pastor of our Bedford church, and it taking hold of the work well. We expect to hear good reports from this church.

J. A. WARD, Dist. Supt.

Alabama District

Had great day yesterday at the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Jasper. Dr. W. B. Godbey was with us and all enjoyed his good sermons. Many came in from other points to hear Brother Godbey. Our school and church work is moving along well. We are planning some good meetings in time district this year. We need some good evangelists to move here and help us evangelize this country. We now have a school on foot where our people may send their children to a holiness school. We are going to give Satan trouble. If any evangelist feels the Lord would have him move into this country, write me, Address Box 311, Jasper, Ala.

C. H. LANCASTER, Dist. Supt

Chicago Central District

Our church at Danville, Ill., is doing well. Brother Ira Alters, the able pastor, held a four weeks' revival in which a number of souls got into the kingdom. The Spirit fell upon the saints the Sunday night that I was there. A young man giving his name to be Stanley Hearlbut, claimed to be saved at Danville. He apparently ran well for a while, then disappeared leaving unpaid debts, and taking with him quite a sum of borrowed money and the preacher's license

of our good Brother C. N. Huddleston. So if any one presents himself to any of our congregations represent representing himself to the Rev. C. W. Huddleston and is not six-foot-two or three inches tall, can sing as well or better than most anybody you ever heard, and has a heart in him as big as any man you ever saw; set him down as Hearlbut and not the 'Simon Pure' Huddleston. Good reports come in from all over the district. Churches amid pastors are flourishing and souls are being converted and sanctified.

Pittsburg District

At Dayton, Ohio, was our first field of labor after appointment as superintendent of the Pittsburg District. We found time church with a few struggling saints; the pastor having resigned some time before we arrived on the work, the church was without a leader. We had few to begin with, but as the days passed they brought added interest and larger crowds. The church was revived, souls prayed through and the glory filled the place. The second Sunday was a great day, we had a salvation time, a bread-breaking love feast, and closed the day with fourteen new members in the church. The church has called Rev. James V. Short as pastor, and he has accepted. We predict a great future for our Dayton church. A camp meeting is being planned for Dayton this coming summer. Brothers Bud Robinson, C. F. Weigle and Sister Mattie Wines are to be the workers. For information address Nr. J. L. Kennett, 28 Louis block, Dayton, Ohio. Letters are coming in from over our district telling of revival fires burning brightly at our regular church services. Why riot? A Pentecostal church has a steady growth in spirituality and an increase in numbers; "daily such as should be saved." Amen!

N. B. HERRELL, Dist. Supt.

NEW ENGLAND DEACONESS MEETING

The New England District Deaconess Association held the second meeting for this assembly year in Maiden, Mass., January 7. Time morning was given up to prayer and reports. The Lord blessed and we had a gracious sitting together. At two o'clock we opened with devotional exercises, and after the business session we had a paper by Sister Emma Hadley, of Lynn, the subject being "Part I, Hurst's Church History." It was a splendid paper and opened the way for a profitable discussion on this interesting subject. Many took part. We were glad to have some of the pastors present and take part with us in this part of the meeting. In the evening each deaconess talked for two or three minutes on her work, and Sister Alice M. Robinson, of Lowell, preached to an appreciative audience, closing with a blessed altar service. We all went to our homes feeling it was a day well spent and that it would be an inspiration to better service in the future. Our next meeting will be February 5th in Emmanuel Church, Providence, R. I. Let all the deaconesses plan to be present.

OLIVE M. GOULD, District Deaconess.

PATCHOGUE, N. Y.

We have a cement stone church building, which, with the lot is worth \$3,500, and not a cent of debt on it. We have erected an outbuilding, have coal in the cellar, paid for, and have added more members to the church this year than during any year previous. We held an all-day's meeting New Year's Day, with Brother Beebe, of Mt. Vernon, in charge. One young lady, a member of the Sunday school, has been witnessing ever since. Yet the crowds do not come our way. While many are wresting the scriptures to their own destruction, I am glad for the fellowship of the Pentecostal Nazarenes who teach the Bible as Jesus taught

it. We had Brother Goldberg and wife, from Maine, with us new year's day.

I. L. GORDON.

DETRICH, IDAHO

The break in our meeting has come at last. Seven were in the altar last night, and three were converted. There were three converted the night before. My wife, and Brothers Tate and Watkins, of Missouri, are my helpers. Prospects are good for a big meeting. Pray much for us, and look for a Nazarene church here.

CLYDE T. DILLEY.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

We spent the Sabbath with Bro. C. Howard Davis, before we took the boat, and preached for him at night. The Lord gave us a precious service. There we met Sister Martha E. Curry, an evangelist well known to Herald readers, who is doing a great work for the Lord. Brother Davis has a large and loyal membership to whom it is a delight to preach. On our way, we stopped over Sunday at San Francisco. We worshipped at First Church, where Rev. Thomas Murrish is pastor. We enjoyed the hospitality of the pastor and his family at their home. We arrived at Los Angeles Tuesday noon, and are now in the battle with our beloved brother C. V. LaFontain, at Grand Avenue Church. We never worked with a more congenial man. The tide is rising, and some are getting through to victory. We go next to Walla Walla, Wash. for a great meeting. Pray for us. Our western address is Ridgefield, Wash., Our home address, Peniel, Texas. J. B. MCBRIDE.

DARBY, PA.

The Lord is blessing the work at this place. Last Sunday, January 5th, was a great day; victory morning, afternoon and evening, in

the morning service five were received into church membership, after which Bro. J. T. Maybury, in behalf of the members of this church, presented the writer 1th a beautiful and excellently bound India paper Bible, as a token of their appreciation of his labors. The Lord bless those dear ones, the sheep of the Lord's field. The recipient made a few remarks of his appreciation and gratitude to the donors. Brother Maybury then brought the message, which in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. The communion service which followed was a time of refreshing. In the evening one more was received into church fellowship, after which the pastor preached, and when the invitation was given two souls came and bowed at the altar; the one was gloriously sanctified and the other blessedly saved. Bless the Lord!

DILMAN H. GOTTSALK, Pastor.

HARRINGTON, DEL.

We are pressing unto victory on this charge. Congregations are increasing, and unity is now prevailing among the members. Yesterday God visited our meetings with a wave from glory. While our praise meeting was going on one soul voluntarily came to the altar and prayed through, and a number of old-time shouts went up to the throne of God. A revival broke out in the night services. We invite the saints of God to join us in prayer for a real revival which we expect to open next Sunday night, January 19th.

J. W. HENRY, Pastor.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Our services are growing in interest and deepening in spiritual power. Last Thursday two were healed, and yesterday, the 12th, one was saved. In spite of bad weather that has prevailed for some time, we have had good crowds. The heavens are opened and great blessing and encouragement are coming to the faithful. We are expecting "greater things than these" as the tide is constantly rising. Praise the Lord!

JOS. N. SPEAKES.

TEXARKANA, TEXAS

Yesterday was a good day. Precious seasons of grace at morning service. In the afternoon God gave a precious meeting at the rescue home with one soul in the fountain for cleansing. At the evening evangelistic service the Lord blessed in the presentation of some neglected truths. Two knelt at the altar for holiness. We are pressing on and looking for better days. Rev. J. T. Upchurch, president of the National Rescue Association, will be with us in the interest of the local home here from Friday until Sunday, delivering special lectures in the various churches in the city. Rev. R. T. Williams, president of Peniel University will conduct our meeting beginning the second Sunday in March, continuing through three Sundays. We are expecting great things from God. We are endeavoring to push the Herald, the best religious paper in the field.

H. B. WALLIN, Pastor.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Lord is blessing us with a steady stream of salvation: seekers at our altars in almost every service. We are delighted and encouraged. Praise the Lord!

C. W. RUTH.

LOWER BOISE CHARGE

We are glad to report that we are again at the battle's front, not having any services for nearly eight weeks on account of scarlet fever, which closed the schools and public services. God is blessing this faithful few. We are looking forward for victory in Jesus' name. Expecting Brother Robinson with us again in the near future, and going in for the salvation of souls.

ALFRED B. DERBY.

MILLPORT, ALA.

We have made the rounds of our circuit,

That They Might Know the Truth

Notes from the Nazarene University

The Christmas vacation is over and the students are back. They all report a very pleasant time while at home. Some are testifying to special blessing at Christmas time. Those who remained at the university also had a very pleasant as well as profitable time. Several different trips were taken to points of interest. On New Year's night a large bonfire was built in front of the girls' dormitory, and each person was furnished with a long stick on the end of which to roast bacon, apples and marshmallows. After an hour of social enjoyment, all gathered around the bonfire and spent some time in praising the Lord and expressing their purpose for the New Year, and closed with a season of earnest prayer.

Rev. W. E. Shepherd held a few days' special meetings the first week after vacation, preaching every night. The results were excellent in the definite salvation of a number, and the strengthening of the Christians. Brother Shepherd is a fine evangelist, an unctuous preacher, both gentle and firm.

Tuesday morning the chapel service was extended to an hour and one-half, and a special service of welcome, and praise to the Lord for the return after the vacation was held, a number of ministers were present and gave short addresses. President Fillyson was in charge, and first called upon Dr. Bresee to give a short address of welcome on behalf of the Board of Trustees. He then introduced Rev. J. B. McBride and wife, who are holding meetings in one of the Los Angeles churches, both of whom spoke words of welcome, and were followed by Evangelist Fred St. Clair, Rev. Thomas Rogers and Mrs. Lula Rogers. These addresses were enthusiastically received by the students. Possibly the great thought throughout the entire service was "Whatever else occurs, there will be no turning back."

We have had some quite cold weather in California, but it has in no way cooled the interest or spirit in the Nazarene University. The dear Lord is very good in favoring us with such special and continued manifestations of His presence, so that we can but praise Him all the time.

President and Mrs. Ellyson with the ladies' quartette, held service in the National Soldier's Home, at Sawtelle, last Sunday. Dr. George W. Wilson is chaplain of this home. He is a clean holiness man and is doing a good work. Our people had a very precious service with the old soldiers, who seemed to enjoy the singing and preaching very much.



Illinois Holiness University

The new term opens encouragingly. Quite number of new students have entered, and they are good ones, who show that they mean business. Some of them have come quite a distance.

The new chapel is occupied, and is well occupied, by a noble student body.

The primary school has been moved into the administration building so that the small boys and girls may have the advantage of the morning chapel services. They seem to greatly enjoy the privilege. We have just organized a missionary society of the I. H. U. The society is composed of the Student Volunteer Missionary Band and of all other members of the university who are specially interested in missions, and who enroll themselves as members of this society. The object is to spread missionary intelligence and deepen missionary interest, by holding

home in those parts. The regular weekly meetings and the use of other good means. The officers for this year, to continue until the opening of next school year, are: President, E. G. Andersin; first vice-president, Miss Zella Warner; second vice-president, Prof. T. S. Greer; secretary, Miss Sibyl Knight; treasurer, L. R. Pendry. These officers constitute a board for the direction of the work of the society.

The president last weekend, by special invitation, visited our church at Kewanee, Ill., Rev. A. F. Moseley, pastor. He went in the interest of souls and the school. He preached four times. At least two souls professed full salvation, and a number of young men and women expressed their personal interest in our school and their desire and intention to come to us. Besides some money was given and more promised to help on the work here. The people of the church were surprised, as well they might be, when I told them that outside of Olivet no money had been given us for the finishing of our chapel except by members of other denominations. The Pentecostal Nazarenes immediately stopped my mouth from saying that again by giving me some money. Is it not strange that despite my appeals, personally and through the Herald, not a member of our church outside of Olivet had up to that time given us a cent for the chapel? We certainly appreciate and thank the people of other denominations for their kind response and help; but we can not but feel humbled in contemplation of the fact mentioned, and hope it may stir others of our church to works meet for repentance. We need considerable more money just now. This is not a small affair. Our school is "coming up the hill" and is, at least in opportunity and prospectively, one of the great things of our church. We are sure that if our people would only come and see us, or at least give heed to what we say, they would become enthusiastic supporters of our school work. This writer is at the head of this school, not from personal preference or for personal convenience in any way, but in great self-denial, because he feels that here is the call of God, at least for the present. I have never been so busy in all my life as I am now, and I never had the conviction so strong as now that my work and labor in the Lord are not in vain. My classes are twice as large as they were last month, and the quality of the students is certainly improving. In the midst of it all I look after the work of general superintendency of the church, get to preach about as much as ever, write many more letters, and prepare much more matter for the press. As I contemplate the great call for workers in the field of truth and holiness, I could almost wish that I could multiply myself, and live many more lives of self-denial for Him whose I am and whom I serve.

But—

Not many lives have we to live;

But one; only one.

How very brief that one life is:

That narrow span.

How diligent should we all be to make full proof of our Christianhood, our Christian ministry. Brethren, sisters: Oh, let us learn that the Christian life, the life of holiness, is not only experience; but also service; self-denying devotion to Jesus and the spiritual and immortal weal of our fellows. Every day should show its cross. Our Master forbids us to lay up treasures on earth for ourselves. It is impossible that a Christian should be a self-server. He lives for Jesus, and others for Jesus' sake. He writes himself down a debtor to all men, and spends and is spent in the effort to pay his debt.

E. F. WALKER, President.

church and school work at Miliport, Ala., goes on with plans and prospects for enlargement on every side. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

HENRY COOK, Pastor.

Columbus, Miss.

Millport and Vernon, Ala., and Columbus, Miss., several times since our appointment to this work last fall. We are glad the rainbow of promise is visible in our sky. Work is going on in our church house at Vernon, Ala., and we hope soon to have a

MANCHESTER N. H.

For the past two months the Lord has been working in a wonderful manner. He has answered prayer on many lines, both financially and spiritually. The past week has been one of real, divine power, and heart-searching. Some who have been professing sanctification for years have found out that they were not sanctified. They have confessed, and have been making restitution. Yesterday was a glorious day of victory. Last night God spake to hearts through our pastor, Miss B. M. Jodrey. Conviction was on sinners and a real burden on God's children. Several were at the altar. One backslider, after kneeling at the altar for some time, got up and started for the door without praying. Before she reached the door she fell to the floor unconscious, under the power of God. She came through with victory at midnight. We are believing for still greater things. E. M. S.

PENIEL, TEXAS

God is blessing here. Souls are finding God at time regular services. Some twenty or more were at the altar Sunday night. Quite a few prayed through. I leave tomorrow for Los Angeles, Cal., for a meeting with Brother Cornell. Will have time for one more meeting in the west, it needed. My faith claims victory through the blood of Jesus.

W. F. DALLAS.

VILONIA, ARK.

The Lord is putting His blessings on the work here in a great way. Our altar is never empty; the Lord is dealing with souls, for which we praise Him. In our pastoral visiting He blesses us. This morning it was raining, but I felt I wanted to pray with some lost souls, so I put on my wraps and made a call, and found a man 'ho has been backslidden for several years. I had prayer with him and he said, "I am hungry to get back to God." All around us are sinful men, the judgment is set, and soon they will have to stand there, Then, I wonder if all the pastors can hear the Master say, "I was sick and in prison and you visited me," or will we stand condemned at His presence. Oh, how I want to work for Him this year! We as Nazarenes must be wide awake to rescue men from the burning lake.

B. H. HAYNIE, Pastor.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

The fire still burns at Marshalltown, Iowa. There has not been a Lord's Day for a long time but that there have been seekers at the church. Our people are praying much. The spirit of love and unity prevails. Truly the sanctification makes one body out of true be-

Died at the Front



We are in receipt of a letter written by Brother L. S. Tracy, December 20th, five days after his arrival in Buldana, India, in which he states that upon arriving, they were met by the sad news of the death of Miss Pearl Simmons, from smallpox in Jamner, to which station she and sister Olive Nelson had gone open the work. She died two days before he arrived.

Sister Simmons was sent out independently, about four years ago, by Rev. T. Upchurch and the folks of the Arlington Home, Texas, and came among us study the language, and being a personal friend of Sister Olive Nelson, has worked along with her in our mission. We feel very sad, as this is the first death any missionary in any way connected with our work in West India.

Rev. J. T. Upchurch, of the Berachah Home, Arlington, Texas, states:

"The cablegram announcing the death of Sister Pearl Simmons struck us like a shock, for we did not know of her illness. We had recently received a letter from her telling of her victorious faith and abiding trust in God.

"Sister Pearl Simmons was left motherless while an infant, then her father died and she was an orphan. Cast upon the world, helpless and defenseless, she became a prey to the great social evil and found herself adrift upon the stormy sea of life, robbed and spoiled, friendless, penniless, with nowhere to go. Then was Berachah offered assistance, and came to her rescue. She entered the Home despised and rejected by society, but was tenderly pointed to Him who came to seek and save that which was lost. She listened, longed for, sought and found the friend of sinners. He pardoned her sins, sanctified her, and called her to work for Him in far away India."

In a letter written to Brother Upchurch October 30, 1912, Sister Simmons states:

"Notwithstanding difficulties, peculiar trials and temptations which I am surrounded with in this dark heathen land, when I get a glimpse of His face then the clouds disappear and mists roll away in the brightness of His presence feel encouraged to go on and am more determined to work among these people and try to lead them to Him, by His grace, than ever before."

The question, "Does rescue work pay?" is well answered.

H. F. REYNOLDS,
General Missionary Secretary.

lievers; this is manifest here. Let one member of the church suffer and they all suffer and rally to his aid. New members are joining right along. We took in six more last night. Since coming here a little over a year ago the membership has more than doubled, for which we humbly thank God and take courage. We have had twenty-three unite with the church since the assembly. One has withdrawn and two transferred, which leaves, us a present membership of 146. Some of these are nonresident who will be the nucleus for Nazarene churches where they reside. Pray for us; we are a part of you all.

F. J. THOMAS, Pastor.

WOODWARD, OKLA.

We are in a hard battle against sin and the devil. The enemy is stubborn, but God is giving victory. Several have found the Lord. We expected to close last night but conviction is on and we are going in for another week or two, We must have the victory fully. We will do our best for our paper. This is a hard field, Pray for us, and assure yourself you have our prayers.

D. J. WAGGONER.

BALLINGER, TEXAS

God is giving continual victory. Hardly a service but we have seekers at the altar. Just closed a very successful meeting with our church. About thirty souls got through to blessed victory. There have been ten additions to the church since Christmas. We are praising God for the faithful people we have here. They have been very faithful to the prisoners in jail. They now have family prayer in the old jail. We are glad to know that God can save the boys behind the bars.

E. W. WELLS, Pastor.

A band of our workers just came in from jail service telling me about the blessed victory they had. One prisoner was saved and also the jailer's wife. The Lord is wonderfully blessing in the old jail here. All the prisoners that are in the jail are saved now, and next Sunday one of the prisoners is going to lead the service. The Lord is so good. Pray for us.

MRS. B. W. WELLS.

MIAMI, FLA.

We began a meeting at Bragodocia, Mo., December 10, 1912, and continued two weeks, having five professions. Conviction was deep, and as we could not stay longer, Brother J. H. Chilton continued the meeting. We arrived in Miami, Fla., December 27, 1912, and began a meeting in Lemon City, four miles from Miami. There were three professions and interest is good. The meeting will continue a week yet, then we will pitch out tent in Miami for a two months' battle, If any Nazarenes are coming this way for the winter, call and help us. We are entertained in the home of Brother and Sister B. H. Kunkel, who are true blue and are helping push the battle.

DR. A. O'BANNON AND WIFE.

BLACKWELL, OKLA.

Our pastor, Rev. C. A. Imhoff, of Pennsylvania, is now installed in his new home and field of labor. We hardly realize yet how we came to secure such a valuable pastor as our brother. There is a mutual love between pastor and church, home and country. His sermons are with unction and power; the expositions of the Word being clear, concise, convincing and convicting as well as edifying. January 5th a class of six persons was taken into the church. January 12th three souls bowed at the altar in the evening service. Brother Imhoff is getting the church on a solid business footing, proving a good visitor and mixer among his people, and others. Altogether we feel we are moving on the upward trend. Praise the Lord! We ask God's people to help us pray the fire down, and shout the victory.

CHARLES W. FISHER.

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¶ We have just printed a supply of blanks for use of church boards in giving preachers, exhorters deaconesses license.

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MORRISVILLE, VT.

The people of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of this place met now year's day at the home of their faithful pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. Harry M. Peavey, giving the former a complete surprise. A beautiful dinner was furnished and served by the guests. The remaining time was filled up with a melting praise and prayer service, followed by a short business session, afterwards the good will and fellowship of those present was manifested in leaving useful present and a sum of money. The recipients in a feeling response acknowledged the gifts in direct answer to fervent, persistent prayer; after which "Blest be the tie" was very appropriately sung. 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Through obedience to Him and by faith and prayer mountains of difficulties are being removed and His work among this people is moving onward! Praise His name!

MRS. H. M. PEAVEY.

BATTLES BY THE WAYSIDE

From Klan P. O. we went to San Jose, Cal., and by invitation preached in the Crittenden Mission for two days. Good results attended, as God's children were fed and blessed. One old sinner wept over his lost condition. Our next stop was at Oakland, with our dear Brother Isaac and his noble flock of loyal Nazarenes, who made us feel perfectly at home, and with whom we enjoy sweet Christian fellowship. We preached one Sunday night in this church, and at the close two young men wanted to be prayed for, one of whom came forward at the altar call. The first Sunday in the New Year we preached in the Presbyterian church at Moss Beach, Cal. Here we met our dear Sister Ciprico and family, who are truly God's own dear children. The odds were greatly against us, but God gave victory, and one young woman sought salvation. At this writing we are in Alameda where we have conducted two prayer meetings which we enjoyed as did others who attended.

T. S. MASHBURN.

CHURCH AND PAPER WITH A MISSION

I am a subscriber to and a reader of five holiness papers. There are good things in all of them. Each has its place and its peculiarities. The Herald of Holiness has a field all its own as the official organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, a church committed the doctrine of entire sanctification as a second work of grace wrought in the hearts of God's children by the Holy Spirit. I find pleasure and profit perusing the clean, bright pages of the Herald of Holiness. While I am not a member of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, I thank God for the coming of such a church. It is a good home for the people converted and sanctified under the preaching of the holiness evangelists. Men of my age and experience will persevere anyhow in spite of a church divided on the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. I believe the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene has a glorious future. Let the good work go on till Jesus comes.

SILAS W. SHELTON.
Fallis, Okla.

SUNNYSIDE, CAL.

Sometimes churches advertise a revival and have only an evangelistic meeting. We advertised a meeting and had a revival. Thank the Lord for it. Sunnyside is a small place, mostly fields, but God who notes the sparrow's fall did not overlook it and gave us a gracious meeting. Brother St. Clair was with us about three weeks. We did not count the seekers nor those who prayed through, but we do know that there are some shining faces and bright, clear testimonies to salvation as a result of our brother's ministry and the prayers of God's people. Eight were added to be church. The morning Bible readings were a blessing to us all, and last after the meeting is over. God honored this man of prayer in his preaching,

and people did not need much urging to seek the Lord. Miss Nellie Greene sang the gospel. Sister Brewer was with us throughout the meeting and helped pray the fire down. Brother St. Clair goes from here to Latin. We thank God for sending him to us.

WILLIAM BREWER
FRED J. SHIELDS.

RALEIGH, N. C.

We are having wonderful meetings here on the street; souls kneeling on the sidewalk asking for pardon. The people all seem glad to hear about old time religion. There are three of us in the party and every day we hold street meetings. Can't close the meetings. People standing for nearly three hours at a time to hear the preaching and singing of the gospel. Evangelist Eugene Pauth, of Waltham, and Brother Davis; also of Waltham, are doing the preaching and the writer is doing his best singing the gospel. Pray for us. Victory! Address us at Raleigh, N. C.

JOHN F. GIBSON.

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P. O. Address till January 31, 1913, will be Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Rt. 4.
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Connersville, Ind. February 8-9
Indianapolis, Ind. February 15-16

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rado Springs, Colo.
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Marshalltown, Ia., 105 N. 2nd St. February 1-2
Grinnell, Ia., Care B. F. Shelton, February 7-23
Stockton, Ill., Care E. J. Fleming Feb. 26-Mar. 2
Olivet, Ill. March 4-12

KANSAS

- A. S. Cochran, 3446 Wayne Ave, Kansas City, Mo.
Grand Island, Neb., January 9-28
Hastings, Neb., January 28
Kenesaw, Neb., January 29-30
Mt. Hope (P. O. Farnum, Neb.) Jan'y 31-Feb'y 2
Kansas City, Mo., February 4

KENTUCKY

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SOUTHEASTERN

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SOUTHEAST TENNESSEE

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