HOLINESS AND MISSIONS

HOW intelligent men and women can get their consent to go as missionaries to foreign fields without the experience of holiness and the consequent power which accompanies it, is beyond our comprehension. This is the more amazing when we remember that the same Voice and Authority which commanded us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, said likewise, “But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.” The folly of going out without this divine equipment of Pentecost has been sadly demonstrated in many instances. To thus ignore the divine command is to invite disaster and defeat. This has been the solution of many a tragic failure in the mission field, and of many a broken heart and disappoointed life. Dr. A. T. Pierson gives us a graphic illustration of the truth of this position in the case of George L. Pilkington of Uganda, and the native Church in that land. A certain native, Musa Yakuganda, had come to the missionaries and asked to have his name erased from the church roll with the announcement that he had returned to his native heathen state, giving as his reason the startling statement: “I get no profit from your religion.” Being asked if he understood the full significance implied in this grave declaration, he replied: “Do you think I have been reading seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me at all; I have done with it.”

To the assembled missionary preachers and teachers Mr. Pilkington showed what a cause of shame and reproach this case was to the missionaries. A sense of profound humiliation seized upon them. The sense of need of the deeper and fuller life and power of the Spirit took strong hold upon them. In prayer and humiliation they cried mightily to God from 8:30 a.m. till 12 m. and then during a long afternoon and evening service. For three days this continued. Many missionaries sought and obtained what they claimed as the fulness of the blessing of the Spirit, and made confession to the native church of their previous lack of faith and of power and of prayer. This led many of the native converts to similar humiliations and confessions, and to the reception of a similar blessing. Among these this same Musa Yakuganda, who had requested his name to be announced as having gone back to heathenism, came to the altar and sought and obtained the Holy Ghost. The result of this work was phenomenal in all the after years and produced a growth and extension in the mission both in numerical results and in spiritual power and effectiveness unknown in the previous history of the mission.

Unfortunately such cases as the above are exotic and rare. When they occur it is despite an unsympathetic church which sends out the missionaries. In these cases there is a very definite sense of need but a pitiful lack of definiteness of scriptural terms and means of having this great felt need fully met. No doubt many of these seekers got really sanctified. All this, however, only shows how much better it would be to have missionaries definitely instructed and led into entire sanctification by a sympathetic, holy church before they are sent to the foreign field. Novices may learn the handling of sails, compass and rudder and all the required nautical science amid winds and waves and angry seas in crossing the great ocean from sheer necessity and dreadful experience. And yet they might not. How very much safer and surer for them to have learned these things and become sailors by diligent practice nearer the shore before embarking upon the perilous voyage across the great deep!

We thank God for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene which believes in training its sailors in the waters at home before sending them on these perilous voyages across the angry ocean. At our altars let our missionaries be converted and wholly sanctified; in our colleges and pastorates let them get their training and experience and then send them forth to the regions beyond to help claim the heathen for Christ’s inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

SACRIFICIAL GIVING

No other kind measures up to the gospel standard of acceptability. We repeat that not what a man gives determines his liberality, but what he has left. God does not look at the amount but at the remainder and the motive. The remainder is a fine commentary on and sometimes a proof of the motive. This is why and how a gift of a million is sometimes smaller in His sight than the gift of a dollar. This is the defense and security of the poor. There is no aristocracy in grace. There would unavoidably be if the merit of giving was determined by the amount. How infinitely just and wise is our God! How jealous for His little ones!

It is a mistake, too, to suppose that money is money and is as acceptable to God and as useful in His Kingdom whether it comes from the saloonkeeper’s till or from the brow of honest endeavor; whether from our superfluity or from our self-denial. Away with such teaching! God is not so bankrupt that He must be debased in the using of blood money or in the disregarding of the moral and spiritual source of the revenue proffered for His Kingdom. Most of the money is tainted today. The leading institutions of learning of the great churches are crippled more by the wrong kind of money than by an inadequate amount of funds. God forbid that we should ever get away from the truth that we may expect greater results from a few dollars from right sources than from very large sums from questionable sources. Where the heart goes with the gift He can do most with it.

“And Jesus sat down over against the treasury, and beheld how the multitude cast money into the treasury.” With haughty strides the rich man ascends the temple steps and thrusts in crisp bills of large denomination. Jesus sees him, looks clear through him, understands every shadow, every crookedness, short cut and oppression represented in his bills. Inwardly there is a contempt for his gifts and an infinite pity for the befogged and money-blindened dupe making the gift. There comes a poor widow timidly tendering her offering, feeling in her soul deep unworthiness, but her love is as deep as her humility. His eyes see through her too, and He measures the relative value of the two gifts. Let Him tell us if one dollar is as good as another: “And He called unto Him His disciples and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, this poor woman...”
widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the treasury; for they all did cast in of their superfluity, but she of her want did cast in all that she had even all her living.

Not the "superfluities" but the "living" is what He wants. The mere superfluities never count with Him. Only when we give our all—only when we reach the point of sacrifice—are we counted as having become a partner in His spirit who gave Himself for us. The heart must be reached and must be involved in the gift before it has a divine aroma, a heavenly flavor.

A rich merchant, through his secretary, issued a large check monthly to missions and with such regularity that it passed out of his mind and was like a part of the routine of business. He had an only son who was his very life and love. One day a young man from the mission field made an address which smote the heart of this son of the rich business man who had planned for him to succeed him in the business. A few days later the son walked into the father's office. With flashing eye the father greeted him and declared that his presence banished every care and was necessary to his very life and pleasure. The boy with serious mien told his father how the address they both had heard, but which passed out of the father's mind at once, had put upon him great conviction; how he had had an awful struggle ever since and could get no peace until he gave himself up for the foreign field. The father's face turned deathly pale. He now had a great struggle and long and bitterly it was fought until grace conquered. When the struggle was ended he had given his son, and by this sacrifice had become poor. This gift took his all and he who was rich was now become poor that others might be enriched with the Word of Life.

He gave his "living"—all his heart-treasure—and how paltry seemed his pelf! Together they wept in silence, the boy embraced in his father's arms. When the victory came in the gift of the boy by the father it was accompanied by the gift of himself to the Heavenly Father. With tears he said to his boy: "My son, I give you to your Saviour and my heart goes with my gift. Go where He leads you."

This kind goes not but by sacrificial giving. Not the gifts and superfluity merely, or of sorrid pelf, but the giving of self-denial and sacrifice is thus sacred and becomes treasure above.

THE ENEMY'S NEW TACK

The reckless critics who have waged so long a relentless warfare against the integrity of the Holy Bible having been so severely dealt with by the soberer scholarship of the country, and more especially by the developments of archaeology, have found it necessary to make a decided change in their tactics. From their merciless war on Moses and the Pentateuch and the histories of the Old Testament, criticism now seems turning to an attack on the Apostle Paul. To destroy Paul they are willing to confer praise on Christ; thus waiting for their attack on Christ until after they have destroyed Paul as they fondly dream of doing.

An instance of this new policy is at least illustrated in an article in the Central Christian Advocate, of Kansas City. In its issue of November 13, 1912, the Advocate quotes from a sermon, appropriately, of Dr. King, of St. Louis. Dr. King was commenting on the episode about whether Mark should accompany Paul and Barnabas on their second missionary journey. They differed on the question, Barnabas insisting on taking Mark and Paul as earnestly objecting, and failing to agree they separated, Barnabas taking Mark and going one way and Paul taking Silas and going another way. The editor said Paul was in the wrong; that he had a pretty high temper and it did get the better of him more than once.

We take issue flatly with the editor and with Dr. King in this matter. We insist that there was no exhibition of temper here, but an earnest and honest difference in judgment; and finding themselves unable to agree on the question of policy they did what all sensible and sanctified men would and ought to do: they simply agreed to disagree, and each selected a companion in whom he could trust and went on separate journeys. Thus by this honest difference there were two couples to make two missionary journeys instead of the three making only one journey.

The entire basis for this charge of ugly temper and an unbrotherly break between Paul and Barnabas is a wrong interpretation they put upon the 39th verse of the 15th chapter of Acts: "And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed one from the other: and so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus." Paul taking Silas and going through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the churches.

Note the reason for Paul declining the services of Mark. On a previous journey Mark failed to make good and "withdrew from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work." Paul had tried him once and he had failed and he was unwilling to take the chances with him again on so momentous a mission as he was to undertake. It was in no sense unchristian for Paul to take this position for he was a prodigious, aggressive, fearless worker and carried his life in his hand willing to lay it down for the gospel any moment, and no other kind of a preacher would be a congenial or successful co-worker with him. Especially would it have been unwise to have taken one who had not stood true under a former similar test. Paul's work was of a kind that he could not afford to experiment or to train or dally with workers. He must needs have men tried and true for the strenuous and perilous work to which he was called.

The words "the contention was so sharp between them" proves no violence of temper. The contention was simply a difference of judgment and an argument on the point. The word "sharp" which seems to be the special ground of stumbling to Paul's critics affords them no ground on which to stand. It simply means the discussion was sharp or quick or decisive. The original gives the sense of quickness or brevity to the difference or controversy. It means it was earnest and sharp but short—like Paul always. He had no time for parley. He doubtless with sharp, brief, soulful earnestness made his argument against taking Mark, giving as the basis of his objection a reason the strongest in the world especially to a man like Paul, and the moment Barnabas refused to agree, Paul chose Silas and hurried off on his great and memorable journey.

The solvency of the positions here taken are in no degree invalidated by the fact that afterward Paul came to lean on Mark as a co-worker and brother. It only shows there was no feeling or ill will in his previous course, and that seeing later that Mark had changed and had made good he was willing to take him again as a fellow worker. So far from injuring it rather strengthens our position. Paul simply desired and was determined to take no chances whatever in his Master's business. Only the tried and true need apply for companionship with him on these history-making and perilous journeys, but a brother, once rejected because he had previously failed, having with some one else made good, he was perfectly willing to take back into the closest relations of labor and fellowship.

It would be extremely serviceable to opponents of holiness to be able to prove by the Bible that Paul had exhibited temper unbecoming a sanctified man. Paul is tremendously inconveni ent to these people. He is a kind of thorn in the flesh to them. If they could only lay him aside they feel they would have easy sailing. Paul is a formidable obstruction in the way of teachers of a sinning religion. He is entirely too clean, too radical, too exacting, too close a hewer, too reckless where the chips fly, too insistent on being crucified to the world and the
JANUARY FIRST

THE EDITOR’S SURVEY

The Saviour’s Entreaty

Give me thy hand if thou wouldst know the
world crucified to him, and he too beautifully exemplified this
truth throughout his life and in his death.

Hence it is that shallow exegesis seeks to catch at a simple
debate on the expediency or inexpediency of
taking a certain
brother on a most important gospel journey who had signal-
ly failed on a previous one, and seeking to make out of it a case
of sinful temper. We doubt seriously if there is ever a conven-
tion or an assembly of sanctified people where there is not
sharpness and as decided contentsions over questions of
policy or methods but where there is no thought of charging
any infraction of the law of perfect love that “it is not
provoked.”

Satanic Philosophy

The audacity of the devil is a sore trial to
the patience of the saints. You have
heard it gravely propounded as wise and
even necessary for the development of the
deepest, strongest and most rotund moral
and spiritual character for people to be
familiarized with principles of ethical
precept and an indispensable condition of
divine blessing. If a man has in him nothing
that responds to the appeals of the Christ, the
Nature within will pass him by. There is no
for only those who are willing to be saved.

Well Said

We have never been able to understand
how infidels with even common self-re-
spect could occupy evangelical pulpits and
receive salaries from, and retain
membership in, evangelical churches.

A habit of using slang words and
speeches, it was observed by many, was
a monstrosity which a man is
condemned tobear and suffer
throughout his life and in his debate on the ex-
pediency or inexpediency of
Giv- en me thy hand if thou wouldst know the
truth. For I have walked the thorny path before.

And to thy soul’s hall come that peace divine
These know My voice and follow where I lead,
Abide in Me, there is no glory seems thy yoke,
hu m bl e.

The following paragraph:

Habit Forming

The young pay little heed to the great ease with which habits are formed. After
all, these are the controlling forces of life and it is a blessed truth that there is no
compulsion in the matter of forming habits and that it is just as easy to form
good ones as bad ones. There is yet
another consideration to be observed. Habit
is a matter of personal responsibility.

May I never blame another for the
habits you form. Habits come of yielding
oneself to a course of life or the doing of
a certain line of action. This matter of
habit is the result of personal choice.

Still another and the most important of
all features of the subject is that habit
tends to fixedness and permanency. While
of course by the power of divine grace
most immoral and character being transformed, yet it re-
mains true that the longer one remains
the victim of certain habits the more
helpless he becomes in himself, and the less
probability is there of his ever yielding
down the influence of divine grace. The
corollary fact is comforting that good habits
long continued render further continuance
in them all the easier and the probability of
forsaking them decreases with time.

Men may inherit some good things, but not
good habits. Habits, whether good or bad,
are always acquired, never lost. To our own
conduct we are indebted for all our habits. A
habit is an act which has been repeated
so frequently and for so long a time that it has
become natural, or as we say, "second nature." It is ingrained into our being.
We do it without trying, without thinking, and often with-
out being conscious of doing it, and sometimes
in spite of our effort to refrain from it. It is a
habit, and has become fixed, and like the coils
of a deadly serpent or the fetters of a cruel
bondage, cannot be broken. Whoever tries to
break a bad habit knows how difficult is the task.

Think of the evil habits young people form—
the habit of using profane and vile language,
the habit of using slang words and speeches.

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against it; by prayer and supplication and diligent effort make an end of it for good.

The evil practices of the times are acquired as readily as evil. The habit of daily prayer; the habit of reading the Bible daily; the church-going habit; the habit of telling the truth at all times; the habit of doing what is good even when no one expects it; the habit of forgiving everyone; the habit of using only correct, pure and clean language; the habit of thinking nothing of evil; all these may be acquired by the grace of God. How good they are.

But how many of these good habits may slip away as other good habits have done. A little neglect may cost one the loss of a splendid habit of life. The maxims of the world, the customs and conventions of the world, are breaking in to break up our good habits and substitute others in their place. In the midst of a crooked and perverse generation one who will hold fast his good habits must be on his guard.

An Un-American Oath

As a sample of the "liberalizing" and "Americanizing" trend of Romanticism in America we subjoin the un-American and treasonable oath every man elevated to the position of cardinal in that church is bound to take. Read it, ye apologists of Rome, and be undeceived as to this political institution in our midst:

"I, ............... of the Holy Roman Church, Catholic and Apostolic, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly, in the presence of God and this hour, as long as I live, to be faithful and obedient to the Blessed Peter, the Holy Roman Apostolic Church and the Most Holy Lord Pius X, and I swear to give no counsel, not to concur in anything and not to aid in any way against the pontifical majesty or person; never to discourse of any such thing as the division of the Church, or in their letters willingly or knowingly, or to their detriment or dishonesty; to be ever ready to aid them to retain, defend or recover their rights against all; I shall fight with my real and all my forces for their honor and dignity. I shall defend the legates and nuncios of the Apostolic See in all places under my jurisdiction, provide for their safe journey and sending them to their coming, during their stay and on their return, and resist, even to the shedding of blood, whom ever would attempt anything against them."

In harmony with this oath is the declaration of the Catholic World as to the duty of Catholics:

"The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country. All legislation must be governed by the will of God unerringly indicated by the Pope. Education must be controlled by the Catholic Church. It is for the protection of our faith and our opinions the press are included. Many opinions are to be forbidden by the secular arm, under the authority of the church, even to war and bloodshed."

Incarnated Truth

Truths become vitalized and luminous when seen incarnated in human character—illustrated in every day human life. To see a truth is to know it, but to see its effects is often nebulous, hazy, of unreal existence. Let those truths be seen exemplified in some other man's character and every day life, and this beholder becomes profoundly impressed that after all there is a reality of the palpable and likewise powerful in these truths which hitherto had appeared to him as only abstractions or pulpit conventionalities. This is the great need today. We need to have inspired truths actualized in human lives. We need the inspired Bible dramatized in the human lives of its believers. The men would pause, consider, repent, believe. Let the doctrine of hell become a believed and practiced dread in the words and lives of church persons, as the belief of these truths is believed in the truth of a hell. Mere profession, mere church membership, simply being counted on the registers of those who are supposed to believe in these vital verities of the Christian system have absolutely no influence on other's lives except in so far as they have living power and claims. The Congregationalist illustrates the truth we here stress in the following paragraph:

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit, which may long have hung upon the horizon of a man's life as a half-mystic dogma, becomes vital and real when he sees his neighbors convicted of acts in life which demonstrate power to trend men toward belief. But when these beliefs or truths are seen lived in the lives of others and thus transmitted into human conscience and character, they become convincing and powerful as living truths which may be resisted, living oppositions and claims. The Congregationalist illustrates the truth we here stress in the following paragraph:

"O human soul! so long as you must set up a mark of everlasting light. Above the howling seases ebb and flow, To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam— Not with lost tell thou laborest through the night; That the heaven thou hast' indeed thy home."

Which is another way of saying that all truth is power and that the very essence of truth, the very face of truth is the face of every man and every woman and every human being who gives expression to living power in his faith and words and actions.

An Evil Righteously Doomed

The licensed liquor traffic has run amuck an influence which promises its absolute ultimate overthrow. The war against this evil has been long and arduous. The struggle has been a desperate one. The mutations in the traffic have had an educative influence which has at last aroused public sentiment, until this sentiment has crystallized and now demands the throttling of this matchless evil of the age. Revolutions never go backward. There may be暹seions, attempts at compromise, temporary interruptions and local defeats here or there, but the great trend is toward final and complete demolition. It is a world-wide movement. Universal ideas are always triumphant. World-movements are irresistible. The power of the people has as well fold their tent and quietly retire without prolonging the agony further. J. M. Hawley, a preacher acquaintance of the editor, from Virginia, writes the following forceful lines anent this subject in the Christian Advocate:

As a reformatory agency public sentiment is little less than omnipotent. Long ago it demanded the suppression of the slave trade in every American colony, and the abolition of slavery itself followed in due time. It demanded that dueling, once common in our land, should be forbidden, and its demand soon crystallized into the form of law. It demanded that gambling, once a widespread evil, should be suppressed, and its demand is now a law of the land. It has promptly passed. It demanded that prize-fighting should be stopped, and soon these scenes of unspeakable brutality will be totally unknown in America. They are nothing less than an insult to the reason and the sense of all except the most brutal and vicious. Like a mighty and restless tidal wave, public sentiment against the liquor traffic is rolling on and over, before the force of its irresistible momentum, and the liquor interests, with their unscrupulous methods and outlay of money, may check the tide here and there, but they are doomed to total defeat. This traffic, as Abraham Lincoln said, has many enemies, but no defense. Of this the American people have become thoroughly convinced, and they say they will be indefensible they will soon refuse to tolerate. Nothing is now more strongly condemned by the better class of our people than the consumption of intoxicants, their use, the mental and physical destruction that is wrought, and they demand that Congress shall pass laws forbidding the shipment of liquor into dry territory under the pretense of encouraging and protecting interstate commerce.

Loving the Preeminent

How prone man is to want to be the first. How man tries himself in all his service unless it has been expelled by the mighty energy of the blood through the sanctifying Spirit. How this spirit mars much of even Christian service. How this spirit furnished the occasion for the preaching of the Lord which led some of them to plan for positions of honor in the coming kingdom of their Lord which they supposed would be a worldly affair. Until the victory comes through the sanctifying Spirit the motive of too many of us is that of "me first."

At the altar of Napoleon, the hero who fought in the battle of Plataea, who wrote the name of those who had done the best service, and each one wrote his own name first and each one wrote the name of others and lavished outlay of money, may check the tide here and there, but they are doomed to total defeat. This traffic, as Abraham Lincoln said, has many enemies, but no defense. Of this the American people have become thoroughly convinced, and they say they will be indefensible they will soon refuse to tolerate. Nothing is now more strongly condemned by the better class of our people than the consumption of intoxicants, their use, the mental and physical destruction that is wrought, and they demand that Congress shall pass laws forbidding the shipment of liquor into dry territory under the pretense of encouraging and protecting interstate commerce.

An Undeniable Connection

We would not pretend to claim that obedience to the commandments of God's Word always brings honor and riches. Sometimes God may see that these material blessings, while usually wanted, are far from the things needed by his obedient children. While this is true it remains also a fact, which cannot be denied, HERALD OF HOLINESS
that there is often very vital connection between good fortune and worthy living. Attention is called by an exchange to a comparison which has been made between two noted characters of diametrically opposite moral qualities, as follows:

Dr. A. E. Winship has placed side by side the records of the descendants of Jonathan Edwars, one of the great ministers of the eighteenth century, and those of Max Jukes, the notorious criminal, and the result is well worthy of study. Twelve hundred descendants of Jukes had been traced and three hundred and ten of them were professional paupers, four hundred were physical wrecks in early life. Sixty were habitual thieves, one hundred and thirty were grosser criminals, seven were murderers, and of the entire number of Edwards were not so easily classified, but at least one hundred and twenty of them were graduates of Yale University, sixty were eminent physicians, over a hundred were clergymen, missionaries and theological professors, sixty were notable statesmen, one hundred and forty were politicians, and one notable honor came to Jonathan Edwards' family because he and his descendants followed after righteousness, while poverty and disgrace were their lot. The difference is most notable when we compare the descendants who inherited evil and continued to commit deeds of evil.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

In Gloryland
F. M. LEHMAN

T'will not be long and I shall be
From earthish set free.
There will be the pleasure war,
Beyond the bar.
I sit before the half-fog gate,
Where passing man must wait.
Stirred by the haunt of memories—
Dead yesterdays.
The yellow sky life's close forl e lls,
The sluggish pulse rebels;
Receding earth grows dim and dark
From our celestial halls.
The fourseare city's turrets shine
In fadeless
And I am Home at last;
The dreams of earth are overpast
Dead yesterdays.

We Must Not Fail
REV. C. E. CORNELL

God is graciously leading the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The widespread interest in the movement, the rapid organization of new churches, the accumulation of valuable property in churches, parsonages, schools and universities; but, best of all, the almost universal revival that is kept going night and day. A Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene that can not and does not have souls converted and believers sanctified wholly ought to disband, or else do something quickly.

But with all this to encourage us, in the judgment of the writer the most important undertaking we now have on hands is the establishment of our Publishing House. What a great paper is the HERALD OF HOLINESS! How would we do without it? What an inspiration is our Sunday school literature! How clean, orthodox, safe and spiritual! What would we do without it? With our Publishing House located in the great central city of the United States, owning property, provisionally secured, that within ten years will be worth ten times what it cost, how wonderfully God has honored us! But so far the general church has not supported this greatest enterprise of all as it should. Support has been given, but not in proportion to the importance of the enterprise to the whole church. Brother Kinne and his faithful co-laborers have been compelled to "make bricks without straw." Kinne himself has traveled 35,000 miles, most of the time refus-
in the class in sociology, which perhaps more than any other seems to be the place where such teachings have their practical effects, the students are compelled to read over five chapters of a text in one term, and there are few, if any, students on the campus who will read as much in God's Word in that same time, as they read in this text. The professor presumably knows individual examples of young men who came to study for the ministry, but through the influence of the text and its rational and biological and sociological teachings, they have been backslidden, and in some cases have lost their faith in God. Some for a time.

In this school the president and all the members of the faculty, with two exceptions, either advocate or practice ridicule holiness, and one professor went so far as to openly pray against holiness in the school.

This very afternoon the professor in psychology spoke of the Garden of Eden story as an "adapted myth, probably put forth by some ancient religious teacher, who wanted to teach a spiritual truth." Of course this is a favorite subject of the rational, and one that especially artful and clever English class, in which every freshman must go, the teacher calmly asserts it as his belief that there never were any projects who foresaw, but that their so-called prophecies were nothing more than histories of events written after their occurrence. This is of course a good beginning for what is to come in the class, particularly those before mentioned. To me it is pathetic to see the shocked looks upon the faces of the class as they come down things are brought up, but by most folks it is looked upon as a joke.

The writer goes on to make numerous quotations from books which are prescribed in the course of study of that noble and noble art, which is called sociological and logical teaching. They have the same value for us.

All with the foes, human and diabolical, that the people of God have it is no wonder that they are a tried people. And God permits them to be tried. He is willing to have the armor tested with which He clothes His people. It has never failed. And yet the very fact that the child of God is to wear an armor reveals the truth that he is to meet foes and fight battles.

There are tests from the beginning of the Christian life. No one need think that the evil spirit goes easy on the soul to leave his service. And when a soul does get out from under his control, he never ceases his efforts to recapture that soul. And as the soul advances in spiritual experiences, the opposition becomes fiercer, and the testings greater.

All this might seem discouraging to the soul were it not for the fact that God promises to not suffer us to be tempted or tried above that we are able to bear, but will always make a way of escape.

The child of God would not be able to endure the tests and trials, and fight the battles of a more mature experience. God knows that, and so He "tempers every wind that blows." If the soul stands steady and true amid the earlier temptations, and yields not to them, but goes on to try to endure greater ones. The Indian warrior thought that the strength of every animal he slew entered into himself. So every victory won by the child of God, and every trial endured makes him stronger, and prepares him for greater service and responsibilities.

Trials do not seem to be the best for us. They are not joyous, but grievous. But if patiently and faithfully endured they afterward yield unto us the peacable fruits of righteousness. It is God's way of testing and refining. The time comes when the seed stays on the tree until it is fully matured and ripened is always the best. There are some apples that will not "hang" on the tree through rain and shine, and endure the ripening process. They will never bear fruit in the tree, but are never gathered into the storehouse at the harvest time. So there are those among God's people who will not endure the tests. They will not submit to the divine plan of making saints. Therefore the fruit of them is not suitable to perfection.

We are not to seek for trials, for it is only those trials that come to us not by our intention that yield us the highest good. Our part is to hold steady, stay where we are and keep on trusting; and thus give God a chance to make the trial work out for us a far more exceding and eternal weight of glory. It may seem that we ought to do something. And yet God is not showing us one thing to do. At such times the devil will show us a lot of things, and insist that we do them. The reason is that he wants to deceive us as an angel of light, and get us to do things that only hinder God from working out His plan for us. There was nothing for Job to do but to retain his integrity, and wait until God spoke to him. The church is still making the same mistake. The advice of his counselors, as many do, he would have missed God's purpose altogether. But he held still in pain's furnace heat until the Lord said, "It is enough."

The Lord always knows when it is enough. He knows just when to blow the fire up a little hotter; then when to allow it to cool somewhat; and just how long to let us stay in the furnace. It is His business. He will most surely attest to His children, that they have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have created the waster to destroy."

He wants to rid His people, yes, His servant, of all their dross and tin. He not only wants gold, but He wants refined gold. And if we are willing to stay in the crucible, and not twist and squirm and flop out, He will, just at the right time, bring us forth as gold tried in the fire. He knows just when to do it. His ways are always the best for us. Job said, "He kneweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." And he did.

The people who endure trials, who refuse to submit to the tests—those who really allow God to have His way with them, who trust in Him at all times—are the people who are of the greatest value to Him here, and who will shine like the stars for ever ever. The ancient Bryan, the most popular and greatest of all our thousand that John saw standing with the Lamb on Mt. Zion, were those who, when on earth, "followed the Lamb whithersoever he went." And the great multitude which no man could number, as the angel saith, "They washed their robes, and anointed their heads, and the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, were those which "came out of great tribulation." They went into tribulation, as a sheaf of wheat composed of much straw and chaff goes into the threshing floor. They knew just when to sit in and went through the process as the bundle of wheat does. They "came out" at the proper time and place. The useless chaff and straw came out one way, to be burned, and the wheat came out another, to be gathered into the garner. Not so much bulk after going through the tribulation machine, but much more valuable and prepared for service. And the angel says, "Therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and he that sat thereon shall dwell among them."

Still polish and sharpen me, Master, Though painful the process may be; And thus use me an instrument. Though painful the process may be; To be used by any moment by Thee."

A Tried People

...
and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple ["innocent." R.V.].—

Romans 16: 17, 18.

Would that we might bring this exhortation to the Christian people of our Northern States and North that they could not forget that the inspired apostle saw fit to leave on record, "and avoid them!"

Everywhere we find good people running after every new cult and error. Often they go from curiosity; and I find many present day advocates are at all times ready to state the reasons of their unalterable convictions, they by no means intend to give countenance to the notion that the truth of Christianity is debatable."

While it is true that in the world of commerce they are ever seeking new and strange methods of attracting attention, it is chiefly to call attention to "old and established principles." Great revolutions have come during the last decade in methods of accomplishing wealth, which may cause the child multifacted in achievement, but after all we get back to the same old adage, "It is grist we want." The same obtains in the clamar of the political world. People tire of theories and promises without results, and while men continue to advocate platform and principles, the masses decide in their own mind (perhaps secretly) to try a new one, and become inquirers into every new thing that comes along. The difficulty may not be with the platform or promise, but with our church and our method of instruction. Is not this the very reason for the eagerness with which these "new things" in the spiritual world are sought and run after?

Are we standing for doctrines by argumentation, or are we urging them as principles (rather than facts)?

Historical evidences of our doctrines are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutiny of the learned, and within the reach of well educated persons. But the internal evidences of the truth have a far wider significance, for they are open and intelligible to every sincere inquirer. Every one who reads the Bible, and compares what it says of mankind with his own experience, and marks the fitness of its mighty scheme of doctrine to his own spiritual need, and "will take hold of my covenant" (Isa. 56: 6, 7), can have that internal evidence mentioned in the promise therewith. Can we not expect greater and more lasting results if we urge our own doctrines more as experience than theories, and "burning fagot, and sacrifices are accepted upon mine altar"? Will it not so occupy and satisfy our people that fewest at least will belong to the "tribe of God"? The writer was与此有关系的文本曾被批评过，但文字说，"Avoid them."

The Drift

F. M. LEHMAN

On the corner of Thirtieth and Oak streets, Kansas City, Mo., stands a goodly sized brick church building—abandoned. The slate on roof and tower is still almost intact, but the brick walls are water-soaked and disfigured by gully-dripping. The house of God is in poor condition, the doors are out of all holes made by stones thrown by pasing boys. The rough lattice work of the foursquare tower is wind-shaken and dis­colored by excretion from birds roosting there. The four tower-clocks have lost their figures, the iron bands hang askew and the iron hammer that struck the hours in better days hangs rusting over the motionless wheelwork now. The aban­doned, crumbling structure reminds one of a leaning, moss-covered tombstone in a cemetery.

"Years ago," said our companion, as we stood looking at the pile of ruin, "the pastor said, in substance: 'We want it distinctly understood that we have no room for the socialist woman, no matter what her color or creed, but a godly woman of his flock arose, and said: 'If what you said is meant, then the time is not far away when this church building will be abandoned!'" "Today the rusty lock is stranger to a key, sparrow-chatter has succeeded choir-chant, the wind whispers ghostly requiems through latticed tower and broken pane and the silence of death reigns in its empty, dusty interior.

One block west of this ecclesiastical dead end stands a large modern theatre. Its electric signs flash out the attractions in letters of fire and the teeming population patronizes it well. The scarlet woman is not barred from its door. The clink of coin in the ticket seller's till drives up its admission. "Stay in the church to the playhouse. The church to the playhouse. The church to the playhouse," is the cry. "Ah, but it is so much finer than the men who own them. Occasionally there is a hint of death to the convert. Necessity demands that we bury both in one grave; but who is responsible for placing and leaving the child with the dying or dead mother?

How many empty church buildings stand like crumbling tomstones witness­ing against a compromising ministry and people? How few still in the profit­less grind want a full gospel? How few want the common people? How few invite the weary Magdalene to find rest in their fold? It is high noon time to cry out against the drift, preach a full gospel that Paul was not ashamed of and hold out the hand of fellowship to the woman Christ forgave. It is time we uncover the hell Russell seeks to another, smash the error Mrs. Edly left her degenerate obstinacy, May well be found. S. O. M. does not cease to have its "stay-in-your-church" (backslidden) crowd and preach boldly the old, never-worn-out gospel of full salvation.

The drift may not be checked in its speed-gaining momentum, but some one floundering by may be saved. While the compromise-poisoned "mother" is unquestionably too far gone for help, let us snatch from her death-crammed arms those whom her blind nurses press to her heart. Let us warn against the "respectability" of the health-giving milk-and-meat of a full gospel. Let us proceed to bury our (dead) mother," plant a weeping willow over her grave and chisel a fitting epitaph on the tombstone to perpetuate her one-time presence and memory; but let us by all means take from her pulseless arms and cold embrace the nursing she in her mad delirium would drag with her to the tomb, and make of it a stalwart Nazarene. Schall!

Joseph Parker said it was a sad thing when the house was greater than the tenant. Very many of the finest houses are much finer than the men who own them. Offtimes the furni­ture is of a much higher order than the women who preside over the household.
**Mother and Little Ones**

**Christ Our King**

**CHARLES V. LA FONTAINE**

Christmas bells are ringing out,
Over the earth their gladness pealing;
Happy Christmas joy beaming.
All the world with praise is ringing.
Round and round their echoes sound,
Till the nations catch the strain;
In them joy and peace are found.

The earth takes up the glad refrain.
Songs that tell the Christmas story;
Of the Christ, the world's Redeemer;
This shall be a sign to you:
"The Babe is born in Beth'm'e's manger."

**On the hills the shepherds watched**
Over their flocks that starry night.
Until the angels sang their song,
And left them wondering at the sight.
Radiantly their brightness shone,
Telling out their wondrous story;
King of kings is born tonight.
The Son of God from heaven's glory!
In the city there of David.
When light from heaven's round
Glory in the highest, glory! [Him glows.
Peace on earth, Good will to men!
While to the distant land
The angels sang their song,
"Over the manger's mound!"

**In a strange journey**
"Where were all the people going? Such crowds passed quickly through the streets, talking earnestly about something." "Tell us again, Samuel, what saw ye the Great One?"" "When we find Him, think you that He will help our Rachel?" was asked from God above over one little lad's bread and fish.

And then what a marvelous wonder took place! Basket after basket was handed to the special friends! Back and forth they went, up and down the rows of people, urging every one to take all they required.

When a basket was empty, back went the carrier to the "Great One," and again it was filled!

With joy the little lad helped carry back and forth the baskets. Over and over and over again repetition was enough for five thousand people! His little heart beat so fast with joy and pride that he could hardly breathe. For he was not permitted to help the "Great One!"

Had not his missionary offering—all he had to give—been accepted and magnified a thousandfold?

Gather up all the fragments, let nothing be lost.

And again the baskets, this time full of broken pieces, were laid at the feet of the Master.

The people bowed their heads in awe and wonder, then leaped to their feet shouting, "This is the prophet, the 'Great One!' Let us make him our King!"

But the Master had disappeared.

"And only one Mother!" thought the little lad that night, as he told the wonderful story. "He allowed me to help Him; He accepted my offering, and I am only a little boy."—Alliance Weekly.

**Wanted: A Boy**

"Why, what a funny advertisement! Bobby, listen to this!" and Mrs. Johnson read from the evening paper as follows:

Wanted:—A little lad to help in the red hair and freckles; some other seed apply.—Smith and Thompson.

Bobby laughed. "That's me, sure," he said, "to the given.红 hair and freckles. Guess I'll go around."

"Well, it really sounds as though it were meant for you, Bobby," said his mother. "So seriously that Bobby laid down the book he was reading and looked at her in surprise."

"You were just funning about the red hair and freckles, weren't you, mamma?" he asked.

"No, indeed; come see for yourself."

"Whew—w—w!" whistled Bobby, looking at the paper; "I'll have to try, sure thing."

"Smith and Thompson to put in an ad. like that. It's the very office I've had my eye on for months; but I didn't know there was likely to be a vacancy so soon."

At nine o'clock next morning Bobby found himself standing in the waiting room outside Smith and Thompson's private office. The youngsters all had hair of various colors of redness and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown.

Some were speckled as a turkey's egg, others could boast of a few of these valuable marks. It seemed so funny to Bobby that he forgot how badly he wanted the place himself and greeted each rival with a friendly smile.

The first boy to be admitted had a fiery red head and as many rust spots as any one could desire. "Is my partner, opened the door himself to let him in, and swept an amused glance along the line of applicants.

In a few minutes that boy came out and another went in.

"A little boy, his hair was too red, an' I had too many freckles," he intimated, with a grin which showed a front tooth missing. "May—be he ain't got no hair, an' he could do with some, an' you, Bobby, 'you ain't got too many freckles, and your hair is most brown."

But Bobby felt that he had the right one at all; although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Smith was not a man with a time to make in looking over such a lot of boys without a purpose.

"He's got his mother in there with him; a little old lady with white hair and gold-rimmed eyeglasses, an' she said I wasn't the right one at all; I was too cheeky look-
in!" remarked another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a face at Bobby as he passed.

Bobby laughed and grew still more curious. "Why should a wise business man have his mother in his office helping him to select an office boy? Perhaps—"

"Negro" called out from the open door, and Bobby was admitted.

"That's him! I should have known him and you ought to follow," he cried, and claimed the old lady sitting by the office window.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I don't know what you mean," stammered Bobby, knitting his sandy-colored eyebrows. "Oh! and then I thought of something that would make me smile. "I don't want anything for just helping a lady. I wouldn't even if I were so poor, and he drew himself up with an air of sturdy pride.

"Would you like work, young man?" asked Mr. Smith, with a smile, and Bobby replied promptly that he would.

"What can you do?"

"I'm just eleven, and I've always been at school; but I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best. I can study at nights with my big brother," he added.

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless old ladies as I've been told by a person just right to do that, is well in any line," said Mr. Smith. "You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon.

The gentleman opened the door into the outer office and informed the red-headed broker of the fact. "At any rate," he said, as he had found a boy to suit him. Then he turned to his desk, and Bobby, feeling himself dismissed, hurried home to tell his good news.

"Why, I really didn't do anything, mother; it was just that there was such a jam that the poor old lady had no chance to get off, and the conductor was so busy somewhere else that he didn't notice, so I just helped her, that's all.

"It was a little thing, but it had big results," said his mother, and Bobby thought so, too.\n
Pleasant Hours.

A prominent surgeon was riding one morning through the country on his bicycle. The road was long and dusty; the afternoon heat was intense. The open gate of a farmstead was thrust in his face. An enticing glimpse of cool, green shade, and of a well sweep, with a shining dipper hanging near, promised rest and refreshment.

A young woman was sitting on the porch, and arose to meet the doctor as he approached, with a friendly intention to help himself to water at the well.

"Certainly," she exclaimed, "but wouldn't you like something better? We have a pitcher of fresh milk on the ice, and I shall be glad if you will have some of that.

"Thank you, but I should prefer something that would be delightful, but I fear I would impose too much on your kindness. The water will do as well.

But with a charming grace the young woman insisted upon bringing the pitcher of milk, and the tired doctor drank two glasses of it and was refreshed. When he had rested and was about to go he handed the young woman his card and said: "If you ever come to the city and need the advice of a physician, please call me."

Months passed and the incident was forgotten. About a year later the doctor's daughter was in a very serious situation.

The mother protested that such expense was out of place, and finally both father and daughter insisted and played off the hospital against themselves for the sacrifices they would make to meet the cost.

The preparations for the trip were hastily completed. The daughter arranged to go and to stay near the hospital at the home of a distant aunt. When leaving her father the card of the bicycle traveler was found, and the young lady decided at once that she would hunt him up as soon as she reached the city, before selecting the hospital.

She was somewhat awed as she entered the house of the great surgeon, but he set her at ease in a moment and made her happy by remembering her. She explained all that the country doctor had said about her mother, and asked his advice as to which hospital she should select.

"My dear young lady," said the great-hearted man, as she took her hands, "I will trust your mother to me I shall be very happy to do all I can for her. I have a private ward in my hospital, and I will personally attend to her. In the morning I will send a carriage for her and you can come to the hospital every day. If you have any doubts about the matter just write your doctor and tell him I have the card."

The next day her mother was safely established at the sanatorium, and her daughter was assured that everything possible would be done for her comfort. In the evening there was panic at her aunt's house.

"Oh, child! What have you done? That man charges the most terrible prices. They say he gets a thousand dollars for one operation, and when he keeps a patient at his own hospital he charges fifty dollars a week for board and nursing. Oh, dear! you should have asked about this before taking your mother there. It seems that the poor father can never pay such charges.

So the frightened girl fled to her room and burst into a flood of tears; but she remembered the kind face and gentle tones of the great surgeon, she felt that somehow it would come out right.

The operation was entirely successful, and at length the happy daughter told that she could take her mother home in two weeks. This would make a total stay of four weeks at the sanatorium, and as she realized what this meant together with the cost of the operation, which the great man had performed himself, the anxious girl began again to wonder, with fear tugging at her heart, to see if they could need to be able to pay.

The final day arrived. In the surgeon's own office were the father, mother and daughter ready to return to their home. The mother was entirely well and looked better and happier than she had been for years. The father and daughter were happy because of the mother's splendid recovery, but the daughter could not shake off her dread account of the cost, which the surgeon would soon give them.

"Now, I am so glad that you are all right again," he said, sitting down to your bill in my office, and with me has done you good that will last. I have put your bill in this envelope, which I trust you will pay without delay unless you do not get home this evening. Then after you have finished supper you can take it out and talk it over.

A little puzzled, but profuse with thanks for giving back health to the beloved mother, the family departed. That evening when the meal was over, the envelope was brought out, and at least one heart beat quickly as the bill was unfolded. Here is the way it reads. To professional service rendered, $3,000. To service at Sanatorium, $1,000. Received payment in full, by two glasses of milk given to a worry starter.

All the main facts of this story are true, and come to me from the Secretary of the best-known surgeon of our city, Dr. F. W. D. S. Day. It is only one illustration of the beautiful truth that giving pleasure in getting pleasure is a matter of principle.

If we are not to desert the people, of whom we are the custodians, and whom we are called to serve, we must not forget to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.―Christian Herald.

Bad Company

During the summer a man hung his canary's cage outside the window. Every day a number of sparrows congregated near the cage. Before the summer had passed away the canary had lost all his song, and would only chirp like the sparrows. The canary had gotten into bad company. Many Christians associate so much with worldly people that they lose the song of God's children, and get the miserable chirp of men and women of the world.

Honest Bird

"I like the looks of this parrot," said the lady in the bird store. "What is your price for him?"

The man noticed the rich apparel worn by his customer, and he judged that there was a chance to make a little "easy money." "Ten dollars," he said, with the slightest possible inflection of his voice. "Five dollars, madam," instantly croaked the parrot.

The lady looked at the proprietor, who had turned red. "He certainly is a fine talking," she said. "I am willing to take him at his own valuation. Do I get him for that?"

"You do," answered the bird man, madly. —Selected.

Get Out of Doors

"I like to get out of doors," said a busy mother to her son, "just for the sake of getting a different point of view. When I am indoors I seem to be at times almost stifled by the height of the four walls and by the multitude of little details to which I must give constant attention. But once out doors, the beauty of nature looks back upon it. I seem larger and life expands in all directions. Oh, that we all could get rid of pettiness of spirit, of picayune ideas, of narrow thoughts of God and duty and of our fellowmen. Facing a battle of your own, today by day, we need to see about once in so often in reality or at least in imagination Pike's Peak or the Himalayas._-Ex.

"Because I Am His"

A Study of the South African War

H. L. STANLEY.

"Tell me a soldier story, please, Daddy— all about battles and fighting for you?"

The speaker looked eagerly up into his father's face, and Major Brooks, with a smile, turned to relate his heroism as he asked: "More soldier stories, Sonny? Surely not on a day like this! I'll tell you something of beauty and flowers and children to day instead.

"No, Daddy; I want one about soldiers, 'cause I'm going to be a soldier some day myself!"

It was a glorious day of early summer, and Major Brooks, sitting in his hammock chair, placed in the shade of a beech tree, looked around the garden, ahlaze with lilac and hornbom, and marveled that his rebellious son should care for fighting amidst such beauties.
"Yes, and a terrible one, too, Sonny! It was during the South African War, and we had a great number of fighting boys, but, if you like, I'll tell you about a boy who wouldn't break a promise."

"Yes, let us hear more about it."

"Some of the men had been killed in one of the serious battles, and the others were so little tired of it, and longing already to get back to home and England. But away in Land's End, our boy was gallantly keeping the flag flying and guarding the British subjects there."

"He was reached as soon as possible, but between us and them were high hills in which we knew the enemy lay hidden. Many a cry of fear and hope had we heard, and Spion Kop and Pieters Hill lay before us."

"We had been encamped for a day or two, and I had an opportunity to visit him and ask for a bit of news."

"Are you going to drink the rum or not?" asked one of the men in a bullying tone of voice.

"No, I'm not," said the boy. "I've told you about it and I mean to keep it.

"Then, if you don't drink it, you'll just go into the river and a good ducking you'll get."

"No, said the boy, and there was no trace of fear on his young face, 'I won't!'"

"Well, then, come on, but get hold of him."

"The man sprang up to seize him, but stopped suddenly as my voice, pretty sternly, bade him leave the boy alone, and go to their tents at once."

"Why won't you drink the allowance of rum; you know it's given to keep out the cold?" said the boy, and there was no trace in his voice, as the man left alone.

"I asked, "Do you like to keep your promise?""

"Yes, sir; but I signed the pledge when I was a little chap, and I've kept it ever since, Daddy, I loved to hear it," a little voice whispered brokenly; "and give the message I had promised to deliver."

"Thank God," she said, pretty crying, "Oh! thank God he signed his promise; but it breaks my heart to think I shall never see him again."

"Yes. As soon as the war was over, I went down to the South of England village to the cottage where the address the boy had given me. It was a little pretty place, with roses flowering in the garden, and white muslin curtains at the windows. A woman answered my knock, and the minute she saw the boy she was so happy, only in her eyes a great sorrow lay."

"She received me in, and told her story and gave the message I had promised to deliver."

"God grant you may, Sonny," answered Major Brooks softly. "Bombay Guardian."

The Blunders of Youth

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Christian Advocate recently printed it and asked its readers to tell what they considered their greatest blunders, and here are a few of the more than five hundred answered by that organ.

Reading worthless books. Did not stick to my trade. Did not stick to anything. Did not take care of money. Careless about the direction of my soul. Did not keep my promise of way."

"Certainly I will, if you'll give me the address I wrote it down, then added, 'Your mother, a little late when she came home, knew what the keeping of your promise was likely to cost you today."

"When we came away a sudden impulse seized me, and I stopped to ask, 'If you were killed in battle, my boy, would you be afraid to die?"

"Oh no!" his voice trembled a little as he spoke.

"Yes, sir; for one second he was silent, then it seemed as if his whole face lit up and, pointing, he whispered softly, 'Because I am His."

"There was such quiet assurance in the boy's voice. It just laid on his shoulder and said, 'God bless you, boy."

"Early next morning, while the blue haze still hung around the mountains, and the air was dim, the bugles rang out the advance."

"It seemed impossible, on such a lovely morning, that we should be engaged in fighting; but soon the sweet spring air was filled with the smell of gunpowder, and round our tents was a roll of fighting."

"Don't ask me to tell you more about the battle, its memory is a hiding nightmare, with its scenes of fighting and dying, its grand thing, and on that day it seemed more fearful and wicked than ever before."

"When I left my church and mother, Not saving money when I was young, so as to get a steady position with a good firm."

"The greatest blunder of my life was when I was at school. Thinking that I could not support myself, I simd to take the advice of older people."

"Now again that beseeching voice: "If you were killed in the war, would you be afraid to die?"

"If so, does it mean Jesus?"

"A Bo y's Story

Some years ago as I was about to close a missionary meeting in St. Louis, I urged all those men present who had not yet accepted Christ, to do so that night. And in listening his speech, he said: "I once had a father and mother who cared more for my soul than anything else. At last my father
The Work and the Workers

Notes and Personals

Rev. C. M. Dunaway has just closed a successful revival with the Beacon Colleges at Meridian, Miss.

Rev. A. G. Jeffries' meeting at the McGee St. Mission, Kansas City, was one of power and gracious results. He left for a series of meetings in St. Louis.

Rev. L. N. Fogg and C. J. Fowler will hold a meeting in the 24th St. Methodist Church, New York City, December 29 to January 1.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Goode, Bloomfield, Iowa, report the birth of a son, DeWitt Vickers, December 9, 1912.

Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Harvey report the birth of a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, December 22, 1912, at Georgetown, Ill.

At Des Arc, Mo., at the residence of Rev. G. T. Taylor, Mr. Paul T. Taylor was united in marriage with Miss Lou Foster, Rev. C. L. Williams, officiating.

Rev. J. A. Floyd has resigned the pastorate of the Dayton, Ohio, church, and will enter the evangelist field.

Dr. A. O'Bannon, president of the board of trustees of the Missouri Holiness College, is now in revival work in Florida. Any one desiring a meeting in that state, write him at Miami, Fla.

The Old Man in Distress

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

"When I was sixteen years of age, I ran away from home. My mother was a saintly woman, and she wanted me to be good; but I was wild and resisted the restraints at home. I went to many places, finally landing in California, where I have since lived. I never wrote to my mother. As time went on, I became more and more ashamed to write to her; but I made up my mind that I would look her up some day. Time wore away, and one day I awakened to realize the fact that I was getting old, and that my mother must have died long ago. I was stricken with remorse to think that she must have died of a broken heart, longing to see her wandering boy. The more I thought of it, the sadder I became; and I made up my mind that I would come back and see her, and tell her all about myself. I got in touch with her, and she died; and when my father died, my mother must have died long ago. I have been a Christian. My rebellious wayward heart was broken on account of me and my mother. I knew she would hear a voice sometimes she would come and put her arms around my neck and plead with me to be a Christian. My rebellious heart was more anxious than over for me, and it was that mother was gone. When I got near the graveyard and heard her breathe my name I knew that she was pining for me, I knew that her heart was broken on account of me and my wayward life. I thought I would go home and ask mother to forgive me. My second thought was, 'If I do, I will have to go and be a Christian.' My rebellious heart said, 'I will not go.'

"When I heard again my mother was working the thought came, 'Suppose my mother should die. Should I never see her again, I could never forgive myself; and I started home. I got in just after dark; the moon was shining. I had to go about a mile and a half to my mother's house; and on my way I thought I would go by the village graveyard and get over the fear that was in the grave where my father was buried, and see if there was a newly made grave. It might be that mother was gone. When I drew near the grave my heart began to beat more quickly, as by the light of the moon I saw the grave. The whole story was clear. My mother was gone. For the first time in my life the question came steadfastly over me, 'Who is going to pray for my poor lost soul now? Father and mother are both gone now.'

"Young men would have given the world if I could have loved my mother back and have put her arms around my neck and hear her breathe my name in prayer. But her voice was silent. I knelt beside the grave, crying that God might have mercy upon me. I did not leave the grave until the morning dawned. But before, the morning came I believe that God for Christ's sake had forgiven my sins, and that my mother's God had become my God. But, young men, I will never die of remorse; I never can. I killed that mother. I trampled her prayers and her entreaties under my feet. I broke her heart and sent her to the grave. Young men, if you have a godly mother, treat her kindly."—D. L. Moody.

Herald of Holiness

Official Organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

Editor

B. F. HAYNER, D. D.

Office Editor

C. A. MCCONNELL

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Entered as second-class matter at Kansas City, Missouri, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—$1.00 a year in advance; foreign currency, $1.60.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Name the Postoffice and State to which you wish letter mailed to, and the Postoffice and State to which you wish it sent.

EXPIRATION OF TIME—Subscriptions are payable in advance. If the name and address are not distinctly made to have the paper continued, it will be discontinued at the date given.

HOW TO REMIT—Send money order or bank draft, payable to C. J. Kinne, Agent.

PUBLUSHIG HOUSE OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

C. J. Kinne, Agent

2109 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Black were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Stafford.

General Missionary Secretary, H. F. Reynolds, and General Missionary Treasurer, Elmer Anderson, have moved to the Publishing House, in consultation upon matters pertaining to the board.

District News and Announcements

Ablene District

The work is moving off nicely since the great assembly at Hamlin. New church buildings are being erected at Hamlin, Marion, and Bridgeport. Several other places are planning to build right away. Some of the charges are pledging $15.00 per member for missions. Will not each raise at least $1.00 per member for missions? We can do it easily. I don't see how we can keep clear before God and do less. We have several bands now ready to accept the calls of the district. We must adopt the envelope system for raising missionary money, and you will find it easy to raise the $1.00 per member. Send all missionary money to our district treasurer, Mrs. W. F. Rutherford, Hamlin, Texas, who will receipt each church, and forward on to the gen-
San Francisco District

This district has been greatly blest by the labors of Rev. J. T. Upchurch, who was with us for more than two weeks. He visited most of our churches, and was well received in most of them. At Fresno, where a great revival has just closed under the ministry of Carl H. Daube, Brother Upchurch had the best of all his meetings, and received the largest offering of any one place on the district. He has greatly assisted us in the work we are trying to do along rescue lines, and Rest Cottage will long feel the gracious uplift from his burning messages. We thank God for this man who speaks as the prophets of old, without fear or favor, and lays bare the horrors of the White Slave Traffic in our nation. He should be heard by the entire church, and not only our church, but he should be heard by all Christian people everywhere.

God is blessing the labors of all the faithful ones on this district, and a spirit of unity and real oneness prevails among the churches. When we keep the fire on our souls God will see us through, regardless of all the chicanery of hell. Brethren, let us keep red hot with holy fire. Yours in Jesus. E. M. ISAAC.

District Deaconess Meeting

Our next District Deaconess Meeting will be held January 7, 1913, in Malden. Our subject for discussion in the afternoon meeting will be Part I. Hurst’s Church History. We would like to have every deaconess in New England present for discussion in the afternoon meeting. E. A. WHITSTONE.

Southern California District

We preached for Brother Elliott, the pastor, at Olinda, Sunday, December 22, to an appreciative audience. Brether Elliott is doing well, having recently closed a series of very successful meetings. In the afternoon, at 2:30, we dedicated a new church at Berea. Rev. Amos Wright, one of our local preachers at Olinda, made possible the building of this house, which is in a new oil field, where people are gathering very rapidly.

W. C. WILSON, Dist. Supt.

Notice to Dallas District

The District Minutes are now off the press. Please send your subscription to me at once and increase it if possible. The minutes cost more than we figured on. Do this now, the printer wants his money.

W. M. NELSON, Dist. Supt.

General Church News

MENA, ARK.

Our work at Mena seems to have taken on new life; the people at Cherry Hill, on my charge, are pressing toward the mark. Let us all do our best for the Herald of Holiness, and help it to bless many hearts as it has blessed ours.

E. A. SNELL.

WHITSTONE, KY.

We have closed our summer and fall work in the evangelistic field, in which scores of souls were converted, reclaimed, or sanctified. In our last two meetings, which we have not

A NEW LINE OF Wall Mottoes

We have an entirely new line of wall mottoes. They are designed and printed in our Publishing House. It is impossible to describe them. You should select a few and send in your order. We want an agent in every church.

No. 1. Imitation natural wood panel 10½x13½ printed in natural colors. Motto—“Christ is the Head of this house, an unseen witness, a silent listener, an abiding comforter.” In the lower left hand corner is a beautiful half-tone picture of the Supper at Emmaus. At the right of this is a verse of poetry which harmonizes with the whole design.

Price, Twenty-five cents postpaid.

No. 2. Imitation natural wood tablets 4x13 inches, printed in rosewood or walnut colors.


Other texts in this series will soon be ready.

Price, Fifteen cents postpaid.

No. 3. Imitation oak panels 8x12 inches, printed in natural colors. Texts embossed in gold.

A. Text: “Not my will, but thine be done;” embossed. Picture, “Christ in Gethsemane.”

B. Text: “This is the will of God, even your sanctification.” Picture, “Jesus the Good Shepherd.”

Price, Twenty cents postpaid.

No. 4. Imitation wood panel, 9x12 inches.

A. Landscape country scene. Text: “If we walk in the light … the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth from all sin.”

B. Landscape—Old Mill. Text: “Follow peace with all men and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.”

Price, Twenty-five cents postpaid
I. A. WELLS AND WIFE.

DILL, OKLA.

We are holding a meeting in the M. P. church. Have been preaching now a week, and there are signs of some very fine cases of salvation. While the conviction is on the people the enemy is stirred, and we are receiving some old-time persecution. We are expecting to see a real landslide and later the organization of a Nazarene church. I am again back in the evangelistic work. Have a few dates for 1913, and am open for calls. Address me at Oklahoma City, Rt. 4. D. J. WAGGONER.

BLACKWELL, OKLA.

We have been here now one week as pastor of our church. We are delighted with the place. In love with the people and have every reason to expect a profitable pastorate.

C. A. IMHOFF.

The Lord is blessing us at Blackwell and we are encouraged to go on. We have organized for the coming year as follows: Clive Williams, pres.; Miss Claudia Wright, vice-pres.; Miss Mae Whitmarsh, secy.-treas.; Rev. C. A. Imhoff, pastor. We are interested in the salvation of souls. CLIVE WILLIAMS.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

We will begin a revival at West Jefferson December 29. This is another opening for a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The work there is in charge of a brother named Daniel, a former member of our church at Columbus.

A. R. WELCH.

DEMING, N. MEX.

We have just closed a very gracious meeting at this place; as good as one generally sees in ten days. There were some powerful cases of salvation. This closes my six months campaign east of the Rockies. It was the greatest of all my ministry. We saw one thousand souls crying to God, and witnessed some of the greatest manifestations of divine power.

FRED ST. CLAIR.

Rt. 4, Box 537, Los Angeles, Calif.

CULLMAN, ALA.

Our church is a new one, organized since the last district assembly. We have had a victorious meeting led by Sister Fuller. We have fifteen members. W. S. GOwENS.

BALLINGER, TEXAS.

The Lord laid it upon the heart of some of our good people to prepare a Christmas dinner for the poor people. At the close we blessed in the preliminary services, and when an invitation was given to seek the Lord, nine came forward and all prayed through. Then dinner was served. At the first table seated about us and the brethren on the other side were the old people. About two hundred in all were fed. At night, in the service, two were sanctified, and there were several additions to the church.

KENN. WELLS, Pastor.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

December 29th was another history-making day here. General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds was with us, and two excellent disciplinarians in the regular afternoon People's Meeting our effort to raise much needed means for the completion of our church-building resulted in a hilarious offering of three hundred dollars, a great contribution. Among the bills and envelopes was found a large box containing one hundred seventy Lincoln pennies—the “heaviest” offering of all. We hope to open in our new church-building with a watch­night service. The friction incident to any pastorate has through the good grace of God been beautifully adjusted, which leaves the field clear for our contemplated work. We are following the steady marked progress of the flock, and pray to see some far-reaching ecclesiastical results. We are not in need of bells for our sheep, have no pets, but intend to move forward under sound scriptural methods, counsel and manual outlines. We hope to strike constant chord not only with our new pews, but with the upper room assembly experience.

Amen! F. M. LEHMAN.

I. A. WELLS AND WIFE.

MANSFIELD, ILL.

We have just closed our revival meetings with Rev. Mattie Wines in charge. Seekers prayed through to victory, and God gave us a few good comparisons of the sowing and reaping power. The seed was faithfully sown, and we believe will bring forth an abundant harvest. God is leading on to victory.

MARThA HOWE, Pastor.

HARRIETTA, MICH.

Last night was a night of great victory in our weekly praying group, which three were saved. The saints were greatly blessed and encouraged. We expect to begin a revival here in the near future; we ask the prayers of the Herald family. Not many of you realize the kind of work we are looking to One, who knows no defeat, to bring us through more than conquerors.

CHAS. HANKS, Pastor.

WAUJEN, MASS.

We recently held an all-day meeting. Revs. Guy Wilson and Andrew Johnson were the preachers. God gave us the large crowd. Somehow we had the sad duty of burying one of our members, Mrs. Sarah E. Holway, who was with us in the early history of our church and was a devoted worker in the days of its need. We shall meet her in the morning!

Brother Borders and Revs. Johnson and Wilson then went on to Caribou, Me., to hold a revival meeting. Brother Glen Gould, Sister Olive M. Gould, Rev. J. P. Irving, and I wrote supplied while Pastor Borders was away, and how God did bless us! Souls were saved and we were assured of the absence of the pastor. Brother Charles Holway has just closed the week-night services. Our Sunday school session last Saturday was by far the largest we have had on a regular day! We are praying much, and ought to see some results. We are seeing showers of blessing. LORD send us cyclones!

LEROY D. PEAVEY.

NORTHWEST, M.

The Lord is blessing us here. Five souls have been born into the Kingdom since my last letter; one in my own house, four in our souls. We start our revival services Sunday January 5th; pray for us, that a great work may be done in the name of the Lord.

J. H. DRAK.

HUGO, OKLA.

We closed an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival four and one-half miles east of Durant, Okla., on the night of December 15. The Lord gave us eighty-four professions there; twelve of that number received the experience of heart burn by the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Entire families were saved; a Sunday school was organized and the community was wondering what kind of a place this was. Our girls, the Misses Verdie and Mae Sallee and Lula Diibek are at Hugo, Okla., in a Christmas meeting with the pastor, D. H. Humphries. The saints are shouting and we are on fire for God.

ESSIE OSBORNE.

JONESBORO, LA.

Yesterday, Sunday, was my first appointment here since the assembly. The Holy Ghost came in upon three souls claimed victory at the altar. Two whom I united with were looking for a great year for the church at Jonesboro. This is a parish seat and a growing town. We want to see the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene grow and become a soul-saving station at this place. My next place of appointment is Hudson, where the Louisiana Holiness College is located. Those wishing to correspond with me address me at Girard, La.

S. D. SLooCM.
The Youth's Comrade
For 1913

We can not be satisfied until The Youth's Comrade is circulated in every Sunday school where the aim is to promote real Salvation. We have greatly improved the paper and it is proving a blessing to our young people.

We must not only create in our young people an appetite for wholesome and elevating reading, but that reading must contribute to the spiritual growth of the Christian youth and seek to lead the unsaved to Christ.

A Serial Story.

During the next quarter we will run a serial story by Mary C. Woodbury, which ought to be read in every family. The title is "Harry Harwood's Inheritance." This story alone is worth more than the price of a year's subscription. Don't miss it.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We are having Bunyan's immortal allegory re-arranged, using modern terms to express the original thought. The work is being done by Bro. C. A. McConnell, who is well able to do it successfully without marring the beauty of this wonderful production.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Every issue of The Youth's Comrade will contain a special article by some one of our pastors, evangelists or Christian workers. In addition to these we will present many special articles on educational and scientific topics.

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On the Go

Louisiana District.

The second assembly of Louisiana District, recently held at Jonesboro, La., showed a healthful growth during the year, by an increase in the number of church organizations, Sunday schools and Y. M. C. A.'s present.

The preachers and laity have covenanted together for a great year in soul-winning, with fuller devotion to the evangelization and Foreign Missions work.

Of the six churches on the district, Jonesboro, Hackberry, Spanish Lake, and Brookwood, the last two are elected church missionary boards and are planning to work the envelope system, and Oak Grove and Lake Charles will continue this system and use this system. The district has already pledged itself a hundred and forty dollars more for the board apportionment.

Texarkana, Tex.

The writer had a brief and enjoyable call on District Superintendent Nelson and Brother Wallen. Superintendent Nelson reports a good revival interest on his district, and Brother Wallen and people are pressing the battle against sin.

Little Rock, Ark.

We had the privilege of meeting District Superintendent Wadell, and several of the district's evangellistic and missionary boards, with Pastor Speakes and church at Little Rock. These people are co-working, and are planning for aggressive work on all lines this year.

The district missionary board have arranged with Rev. J. W. Pierce to use such portion of his time as his church at Cabot can spare him, to visit our other churches in the district in the interest of foreign missions; expecting to greatly increase the interest of the churches of the district in our foreign work.

Home and Kansas City.

The writer was very thankful that he could be with wife and daughter a part of Christmas Day, and day following, and then to hasten on to meet our General Treasurer, E. G. Anderson, at Kansas City. The publishing house, the future headquarters of the General Foreign Missionary Board, will be located in the new building on two full days, considering many important interests pertaining to our missionary work.

The writer is happy to hear of the press family who think it any easy job to turn out our church literature, could spend forty-eight hours here, I am sure they would change their views; for from early morning till eleven and frequently twelve o'clock at night, Manager Klasse and several of his corps of workers are hard at work, while a full quota of operators are mailing thousands of machines in the working hours of the day. To be here, for only a short time, greatly enlarges one's vision of what it means to manage and run our plant.

H. F. REYNOLDS.

Ark.

Eighteen souls prayed through and found Jesus very precious to their souls. In every service the truth went home and brought forth fruit. This work will last. Amen. Yours and his for a lost world.

B. H. HAYNIE.

Nampa, Idaho.

The battle is on here. Christ is still on the throne and the victory is mine. I have just received a letter from Brother and Sister Cagle, of Buffalo Gap, Texas, telling me that they are ready to hold another evangelistic work for the coming year. They have been among the best pastors in the Nazarene Church of the state of Texas, and I am sure they will hold the same position anywhere in the United States. They are unirong workers and they don't know what the word fall means for they go in to win or die in the harness. For many years, Sister Cagle had more fine meetings in Texas then any evangelist that ever came over our way. Any church or camp meeting committee will make no mistake in calling them to hold their meetings. Their address is, H. C. and Mary Lee Cagle, Buffalo Gap, Texas.

Bud Robinson.

Tillarook, Ore.

I came to Tillarook one week ago to supply the work until the return of Sister Lewis. I found a band of Nazarenes filled with Holy Ghost fire. We are expecting Brother James Crooks and wife on the latter part of February. We may have to hold meetings in the interest of souls being as yet to secure one of the churches.

James P. G. LOWES.

Ashland, Ore.

We have just closed our special meeting with Rev. C. H. Davis of Portland. He has been with us for two weeks. The meeting has been a great blessing to the church. Souls sought and found the Lord, and deep conviction was upon others.

We are expecting our district superintendent Rev. Delance Wallace to be with us December 21 and 25, and are expecting a good day December 22. We are at the extreme south of a large district, hence we do not get to see our district superintendent very often.

J. T. LITTLE.

First Church, Los Angeles.

We are experiencing the symptoms of a great tide of revival. Most people would call it a revival of some magnitude already. More than twenty men, beside others, have been at our altars the past three or four Sabbath nights. Brother Cornell kept to the main line of salvation and did not even preach a Christ- mas sermon. The result was that seven or eight persons prayed through in the morning, with much glory on the people. The tide kept rising until the young people's meeting, when the heavens opened and tides of grace and glory fairly swept over the place. It is possible to describe a heavenly cyclone. Brother Cornell preached an earnest sermon at night on "Blind Bartimeus" and several men prayed through; fourteen does that not look like a pretty fair revival? Dr. Breese will lead the Christmas Love Feast, celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of this remarkable event.

The Sabbath school will render a delightful Christmas program of songs, recitations and music Christmas night. The Sabbath school scholars will each receive a box of fine candy. The special revival meeting at Long Beach as evangelist will begin Sunday, January 19.

CONWAY, Kan.

I came to McPherson and visited a few days with our pastor, Brother Frederick. While there I met Brother Glanz, the M. E. pastor at Conway, who was just starting a revival at one of his points, Fair View. From the first conference settled down on the course of men and women fairly trembled under the hand of God. At the close of the first week a young woman died; she was saved just a few hours before and left a good testimony. This of course deepened conviction.

The Devil and carnality were stirred. Five were at the altar for sanctification. All the seekers gave a good testimony; two for conversion.

C. M. KING.

Christ Our Creditor, "How Much Owest Thou?"

By N. L. RIGBY

This is a remarkable book on tithing. Rev. C. E. Cornell says: "Christ our Creditor is, in my judgment, the greatest book that was ever written on the subject of tithing. For every pastor should make a special effort to get this book into the hands of all his congregation. We make a special offer to pastors who will do this.

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McPherson, Kas. ..... January 3-5

KANSAS CITY ......... January 6-7

KENTUCKY

Howard Eckel, 3200 Madison St, Louisville, Ky.

MISSOURI

Mark Whitney ....... Ironton, Mo.

Buchanan, Mo., Willow Springs, Mo. ..... January 21, February 2

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L. N. Fogg ......... St. Albansville, N. H.

NEW YORK

J. A. Ward, 1703 Dean St, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORTHWEST

DeLancey Wallace, Box 304, Walla Walla, Wash.

Barlow, Oregon ..... Dec 29

McMullen, Miss., Box 213, Nelson, Wash.

Salt Lake City, Utah, New York.

OKLAHOMA

S. H. Owens ....... Altus, Okla.

Bakana and Isabell, January 5-7

P. Toomes ......... January 10-12

Mayer and Allert, January 13-15

Durant and Cudey ......... January 17-19

Kingston and Shaw, January 21-29

PITTSBURG

N. B. Herrell ....... Elmwood, Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO

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

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

W. C. Wilson, 607 N. Orange Grove Ave.,........ Los Angeles, Cal.

Pasadena, Cal. ..... Dec 29-35

Santa Ana, Cal. ..... Jan 6-12

SOUTHEASTERN

W. H. Hascom, P. O. Box 18, Gladville, Ga.

SOUTHERN TENNESSEE

S. W. McGrew, R. F. D. No. 3, Santa Fe, Tenn.

Petersburg, Tenn. ..... January 25-26

WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA

H. H. Hosely, 307 D. St., Washington, D. C.

Publisher's Notes

Our Holiday Business

We are pleased to tell you that we had a good holiday business. It was our first holiday business in the new publishing house. The indications are that with a reasonable working capital we can do a great book business in the future and the success of the publishing house. However, this is not the thought which is uppermost in our minds. Of course we very much desire a good Christmas business which will aid in the success of the institution and fully expect to do so; but far more than that we desire to glorify God by broadening holiness literature which shall bless multiplied thousands of hungry hearts. As a publishing house our chief business is to preach the gospel of salvation. We shall make no plans to extend our business in any line which does not at the same time widen our field of usefulness.

The Christmas Number

If the number of papers ordered is a criterion of success then our Christmas number was a great success. We printed a large edition and thought we had made ample allowance for the orders which would come in after we had gone to press. We were out of papers before all orders were filled and we were compelled to reset a part of the forms which had been destroyed and print several thousand more papers. We think that our people will use them to good advantage and that much good will result from the circulation of that number.

Job Printing

We are not prepared to do general job printing. We have not equipped our mechanical department for that kind of work. Some of our friends have written us about doing work for merchants in their locality. We have had a number of such requests. We cannot give the attention to such work which would be required to give satisfaction and in our experience we find that we can best glorify God by devoting all our energies to work which is directly in line with the entirety of our work. We will continue to do work for our schools or churches which we can do without interfering with our regular work we will gladly accept and will give the best service we possibly can. Our periodicals must have the first place and nothing can be allowed to get in the way or delay them. We are sure our friends will understand this and will not think us inconsiderate when we are compelled to delay some job in order to get out our regular publications.

Sunday School Account

Quite a number of Sunday schools owe us small bills. Some are behind two or three quarters. While the amounts are small in each case, when added together, we ought not to feel it yet when you are reminded that there are a great many of them we will see that the aggregate is a sum which must make quite a difference to a business which has inadequate capital. We trust that you will consider this and make an effort to send in your remittance promptly.

The New Year

As we enter the new year we desire to express a hearty wish that the blessing of God may abide upon all our constituency, We do not expect an easy time in 1913. We have not had an easy year, but we are in danger of a year of toil and burden. That is exactly what we are here for. None of our own people need fear that we are in danger of helping us too much. If the whole church should rise up (as it ought) and pour money into our treasury and business into our house there is no danger of us getting along too easily. The field is wide and there are so many open doors for us to enter that it makes our hearts ache to think that we must go so slow. Let us unite and press forward and fill the earth with holiness literature.