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ARISE, SHINE; THY LIGHT IS COME

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EDITORIAL

THAT INWARD MONITOR

THE marvelous power of the human conscience stamps it as divine, "a spark of celestial fire." Conscience is like a sleepless watchman. It is the voice of God. It is an accusing judge pronouncing doom against wrong, and when not stifled or marred by long resistance it not only convicts us of wrong but brings a punishment with its accusation, filling the guilty with gloom, terror and consuming remorse. Its unvarying faithfulness is as marked as is its power to beget within the secret recesses of the soul indescribable remorse. It is the voice of God uttered through His spirit in the soul.

AN OLD legend tells of a remarkable ring which a great magician presented to his prince. The ring was studded with priceless gems and possessed this peculiarity: that when the prince was good the ring gave perfect comfort in being worn. But whenever the prince cherished evil thoughts or committed wrong the ring suddenly contracted and inflicted great pain. Such is the work which conscience performs, that faithful sentinel of the soul. It is ever watchful to warn us of the stealthy approach of our great enemy.

The case of Robert Bruce of Scotland illustrates the power of conscience. When pursued by his English opponents, they used his own pack of bloodhounds to chase him in the rocky fastnesses of the mountains where he had secluded himself. His comrades were filled with great apprehension, but Bruce was calm and undisturbed, for he knew the country. Coming to a stream he plunged boldly in, followed by his comrades, swam down some distance and crossed to the other side, thus eluding the pursuing bloodhounds.

LIKE baying bloodhounds conscience with remorseless pitilessness chases and dogs the footsteps of the guilty. Many suffering the throes and agonies of pursuing conscience have declared that they suffered a veritable hell on earth. We do not believe that this is over-stated. The eternities are involved. The conscience is divine—the very voice of God. The soul, in whose holy of holies this august monitor utters his awful edicts, is immortal. The hell toward which guilt is hastening its victim is an endless hell. Infinitudes, eternities, immortalities—these surround, overarch and transfuse the entire realm of conscience itself and all the field of its operations. Strange that men can doubt an eternal hell. If the wicked can pursue evil against all the gospel restraining influences, against the admonitions and warnings and restraining tortures of his conscience within—if he can pursue this course of evil successfully, and reject proffered mercy till life's close, how can he hope to have the accumulated, intensified and accelerated trend and tendency to evil arrested on the other side of the river, when gospel restraints are withdrawn and he enters eternity under the direful momentum of a lifetime of such perseverance in sin, and carries with him a conscience which death can not kill? Milton's portraiture of conscience makes it terrific:

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

HOW Shakespeare makes conscience speak in terrific tones in the case of Richard III, in his troubled sleep on Bosworth battlefield the night preceding the impending conflict! The tortures of a guilty conscience people his slumbers with the victims of his murderous hands, and one by one they appear before him with their awful accusation. In the words of the following soliloquy, which he is made to exclaim, we read the transcendent power of this inward divine monitor:

My Conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder in the dirt'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree;
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! Guilty!
I shall despair; there is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threaten
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

ON THE other hand, see how this voice can go unheeded and its remonstrances disregarded. See how the poet, with his matchless art, turns the kaleidoscope and shows us how the guilty Richard in his wakeful hours, amid the flattery of courtiers and the proximity of conflict, stiles conscience, and strives to regain his courage by meretricious philosophy:

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use.
Devil'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

MORE and more we are persuaded that our preaching must be aimed more directly at the human conscience. Preaching on sin, on human depravity, on the judgment, on hell—to these truths there must be a return in our pulpit ministrations. In God's first unconditional, universal work with man He has implanted what we term this "life from the Spirit"—this conscience—for the very purpose of furnishing us the strategic point of attack for conquering men for Christ. The great world-wide revival of which we all dream and for which we all pray, will never come under the preaching of men who handle a Bible which they have emasculated of all divine authority, who minify or explain away sin, who pretend to preach a God too good to punish sin; who deliver moral essays on the beauty of virtue, the glories of Browning, the relation of capital and labor, and such trivialities or falsities as form the staple of much of the preaching of this day.

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If THE WARRANT for prayer is found in the character of God, the need of it is found in the condition of man.

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A VOICELESS, cloistered love is a powerless love. That love which is the greatest thing in the world lets itself be known and felt by the loved.

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SAVED and sent—this is the divine order. If you refuse to be sent, you can not be saved. Absolute submission to Him is a condition to knowing Him in the fullness of salvation.

EASILY FORGOTTEN

ALONE in prayer the other evening our mind was drawn to pray for our Nazarene pastors and evangelists. After earnest intercession for these two classes, with our missionaries, we began thinking. It occurred to us how certain all of us are to pray for our loved ones, our own local church and pastor and the particular branch of the Lord's work with which each of us may be identified. These we let have primary place, and if we are not careful we will let these interests absorb our intercession to the neglect of these large and needy classes referred to. When we think of it these pastors and evangelists are greatly in need of our prayers.

Consider the long absences from home of the evangelists, the difficulties in many fields, the dangers in travel from accident, and the thousand trials and difficulties which beset these brethren. Neither should we fail of course to include their worthy, self-denying wives and families in our prayers. Think of the great need of our pastors. Remember these heroic brethren are in pioneer pastoral work. Not rich "livings," as our Anglican brethren would call them, do our Nazarene pastors have. Generally they are small congregations of poor people which are in the process of making into churches, which calls for the self-denial of these noble pastors. Wonderful things stand out before the eye of faith in this work, but meanwhile between their realization and the facts and condition at present there lie only hardship, suffering and patience requiring heroism and devotion and faith on their part.

The devil is not dead. He tempts these brethren, charging them with folly and waste of time and talent on these hopeless jobs and points to good churches and comfortable salaries, and charges neglect of wife and children—by such means he seeks to veer these men away from hardness as good soldiers. Let us hold them up in prayer to our God whose they are and whose work they do amid hardship. Let us all pray.

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THE TRUE INTERPRETER

LOVE is the regal interpreter in the realm of the divine. Love, not science, is the solvent of the mysteries of grace. Real love finds, for instance, none of the difficulties in prayer which stagger and confuse the learned. To love it is the most natural thing in the world that a loving, almighty Father should delight to hear and answer the prayer of His dependent, trusting children. To the eye of love there is no mystery in the fact that this same Father should also take special notice of and care for these same children individually. Love finds none of the mysteries or things to tax belief in this special providence which the worldly wise stumble at and reject. To love it is the most natural of things that the Father should specially and individually care for His own. Love would be confronted with a profound mystery if revelation and the uniform experience of the saints did not join in attestation of this precious truth.

Love sees naught but the most natural and reasonable of things that God should give to His dependent race a divinely inspired and authoritative revelation in the written Word. There is absolutely nothing in this to tax credulity or deter or baffle faith with love as there is with the so-called scholarship of the world. Love could expect nothing less than this. It thinks an infinite, all-wise, all-loving Father would and could be no less provident and liberal and ample in arrangements for the safety and needs of His children than a fallible, weak, worldly human father is for his offspring.

Love is a safer guide in its realm than learning. The intuitions of affection are saner and safer friends in the labyrinths of mystery than the audacities of intellectual pride or the insolent denials of a carnal philosophy which, under different guises has been met and confuted in the moldy ages of the long-dead past. Gospel truth is HEART trying to reach heart, and no wonder that the heart responds so readily to the outbreath-

ings and the language of HEART. HEART knows heart, and HEART loves heart, and heart can best interpret HEART. "With the heart man believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

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UNRECOGNIZED PERILS

TRULY may it be said that God is good in giving and equally so in withholding. His deliverances are as often or oftener from unrecognized as from seen evils. Herein is His mercy and grace conspicuously displayed. In tenderest love He thwarts some cherished plan on which our very hearts are set, but which He foresees will be disaster to us. With our frail powers of prescience we see only good in it, and we are restive under His frustration of our plans. He thus saves us from ourselves. If we will only trust Him and wait uncomplainingly we will have only cause to praise and thank Him for His goodness and will save ourselves much humiliation and penitence for impatience and fretting.

Herein is one of the beauties of holiness. Holiness waits. It is patient. It stands still to see the salvation of God. It wants to move only as the Captain of our salvation issues commands. It trusts in the Lord and leans not to its own understanding. In all its ways it acknowledges Him. It is never found saying, Why does He keep me from the way of my heart's deepest longing and sweetest desire? Why this needless interference in a cherished plan so manifestly for my highest good and enjoyment? Why this seeming cruelty in the thwarting of a coveted goal so certainly innocent in itself and of no harm to me? Holiness, though it can not foresee how or why, calmly trusts where it can not see, and knows His will and way are best, and the issue always proves it so.

How unfailingly has the restive, petulant child of God found in the end that His interferences were for his good, and that had He not thwarted the cherished plan it would have been his ruin. God sees the hidden dangers in the way which we can not see. He sees the lurking enemies concealed under the flowers and foliage which adorn the path, which would be death and woe to us if we were allowed to pursue our way unhindered.

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HOLOCAUST TO BACCHUS

THE MILLS of the gods of Bacchus grind on and on, day and night, without cessation or pause. They never take a vacation. They observe no holiday in honor of anybody. The toll of death must come, fail what may in other respects. Death, suffering, tears, blood, heartache, debauchery, despair, hell—these must come. Time and tide wait for no man; so Rum and Ravage wait for no man, respect no man, regard not birth or station or gifts or rank, but levy and collect tribute of death and woe indescribable alike from all ceaselessly. The naked facts are almost unbelievable. The truth staggers. It is too dark, too horrible, too tragic, too damnable for belief men say. Yet facts are facts all the same, and are not in the least lessened or modified by incredulity. When will this holocaust to Bacchus cease, do you ask? Just when the churches decide to stop it. When the demands of sectionalism are subordinated to the needs of society; when principle is elevated above party; when the politician is retired in favor of the patriot; when conscience is heeded more than cash; when the Christian conscience and ballot join hands with the same degree of earnestness displayed now by the saloon and its ballot.

God and Home and Youth and Innocence and Decency and Christ wait—have waited long, are waiting still, and wonder why they are treated so ill in the house of their friends. Meanwhile the turbid River of Woe plunges onward and downward with its freightage of wails and horrors at which devils dance and angels weep. How long, O Church, how long! ere this treason cease, this stain disappear, this blackness of defiance and insult to high heaven be rifted away!

The Editor's Survey

My Creed

JAMES RAMAGE

To trust forever in God's tender care,
To cling to hope always and everywhere,
To live the life of love—to get and share,
And do the kindly deed:
This is my task.

To build a character both pure and strong,
To bravely stand for right, resist the wrong,
To climb the mountain path and sing faith's
song,
And go where He may lead:
This is my task.

To give myself with all my powers to God,
To live the life that's lofty, deep and broad,
To walk with courage steadfast, heaven's road,
And listen for His voice:
This is my task.

To seek God's perfect will to do and know,
To wiser, kinder, better, nobler grow,
To error shine away, truth's beauty show,
And ever to rejoice:
This is my task.

—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Safeguarding and Salvation

Childhood and youth are the strategic points in life's great battle for supremacy between the devil and Christ. There is a deal of safeguarding which should precede salvation or which will have to precede salvation in the case of young people. If we neglect this we give the devil an immense advantage which is difficult to overcome. Not only faithful, evangelical preaching is needed. If this be all that is attempted it will be often overcome or neutralized by the influences of bad association, trashy reading or some one of the many adverse and dissipating influences with which the devil is ever ready to capture the young. The safeguarding or preventive work is of great importance with the young. Their association, reading and habits must be guarded with the most sedulous care. They must be safeguarded from the snares and pitfalls laid by the enemy of their souls. It will not do to merely trust to the gospel to save them when we are careless about these matters. This is sheer presumption. God is displeased with our presuming upon Him and His power, but is always pleased with our trusting Him when we second our faith by sense and care to create the most auspicious environment possible for the young to become amenable to gospel influences. Fred B. Smith, in an incident he related, illustrates this point:

An old farmer and his wife in an art gallery were looking at the familiar picture of a child running thoughtlessly in pursuit of a butterfly on a bridge whose railing is down at one side from which danger point a guardian angel, invisible to the child, turns it safely aside. The old farmer was overheard to say to his wife, "Why don't that fool angel mend that railing and then go about his business?"

Colossal Inconsistency Unabashed

Rome is desperate and unscrupulous in her means of propagating her arch heresies as well as in defending her ways and wrongs against all opposers. One would suppose that a so-called church would at least have some regard for consistency and moral decency in its defenses, even of the indefensible. Rome, however, violates all precedents and defies public opinion in her desperate attempts at defensive work.

A while back the Hon. Tom Watson, in his crusade of exposure of American Romanism, printed in Latin extracts from Romish theological works containing matter to be used by priests in the confessional with women and girls. This matter it seems is too vulgar to appear in English, but it is to be used in the penitent's own vernacular at the confessional, as horrid as it is. Catholic publishers have mailed thousands of copies of the book from which Mr. Watson made his quotations, and not a word of protest or any arrest of publishers has occurred. Now Mr. Watson must answer a charge of publishing and sending through the mails obscene literature before a Federal court.

This is a characteristic trick of Rome to embarrass and annoy a man in his fearless attempt to expose Rome and Romanism. It seems a district attorney was found ready to obey the orders of his Romish superiors. If the case ever reaches the United States Supreme court there may be found enough members of that body to decide adversely, as Mr. Taft has done his best for Rome in his appointments to that bench. We heartily agree with *Herald and Presbyterian*, in the declaration:

One wonders why a passage, when circulated by a Romanist, is harmless and pure, yet when quoted by a Protestant becomes obscene. When men see the Government pushing a case like this, it ought to open their eyes to the poisonous influence that Rome is exerting on our officials. An exposure of the filth of the confessional is displeasing to Roman priests, and the Government seems to be conspiring with them to hush up the scandal by punishing the innocent informant. Such is liberty in this land of liberty.

Salvation an Individual Work

We believe in the social obligations and responsibilities of a church, in civic righteousness and in the faithful and full expression and expenditure of gospel power and influence upon all great reforms that make for righteousness. While this is true, the other cardinal truth must not be obscured, much less forgotten, that real salvation is of the individual, and is by individual or personal work, as a rule. The greatest influence exerted by preachers individually or by the church, upon

society, politics and great reformatory movements, after all, is the effective individual work in bringing from sin to conscious salvation individual men and women. We must never allow ourselves to be betrayed into the fatal error of supposing that our obligation is met by us as preachers or churches, in attempts, however faithfully made, to aid and influence for the right great social movements or reforms. Our chief, yea, our exclusive work, is in getting sinners saved from sin and brought consciously to a sin-pardoning God. Incidentally, of course, we will exert a tremendous influence for good along these broader lines. It were well for us to remember, however, that God does not save people in masses or platoons, but as individuals. An exchange quotes an eminent English preacher and comments pertinently on his utterance as follows:

Says a noted English preacher: "Christ discovered humanity; there was no sense of the solidarity of the race before He came; yet He also discovered the individual, for there was no recognition of the value of a single soul before He came." Humanity and individuality, the brotherhood of men and the worth of the individual, these were, in truth, the discoveries of Jesus Christ. At the time He was living and working in Palestine there was so little realization of the brotherhood of men that Pharisees scorned publicans, Jews abhorred Samaritans, and so lightly held was human life that slaves were hacked to pieces to feed the fish of wealthy Romans, and thousands were slain in the arena "to make a Roman holiday." Many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. He said at Capernaum, and it was a new thought to His hearers that Jehovah their God has other sheep not of their own fold. And then in that city of Capernaum He went about doing good. He left the multitude to whom he was speaking (verse 18) in order to go with a ruler who besought His aid; He stopped to heal a poor sick woman when He was on that errand of mercy to the ruler's home; He restored sight and speech to the blind and dumb as He "went forth"; He saw the worth of every individual, however humble or however sinful. He never saved His great truths to tell them to the multitude, but He uttered them to individuals, to Nicodemus, to the woman of Samaria, to the sisters at Bethany, to this one and that one. His way of doing something for all was by doing something for one.

We speak of helping the masses, but we can help them only by helping the individual men and women and children who compose the masses. We deplore the ignorance and suffering and sin of the heart of humanity, but our efforts for betterment must be spent on the hearts of men. Mrs. Ballington Booth's thoughts and energy are directed mainly toward the uplifting and Christianizing of one class of men, the criminals confined in our prisons, but she reaches them by her talks to them in groups, and wins them for Christ and a better life by her words spoken to each individual alone. Christ will leave the ninety and nine sheep that are safe and go in search of the one that is lost. His family is not so large that He can not care for each individual member.

The World to Come

Men may talk as they please and try to believe or not to believe as they may, but there are certain questionings that will arise in the mind of every intelligent, candid man. Men can not get rid of the great future. The unknown invites curiosity, arouses interest. Despite all efi-

forts to silence its voice, the Great Unknown makes itself heard and felt in the unbidden queries that arise in the human mind. Men are not so skeptical as they imagine themselves to be. Skepticism is much more largely a conceit than a conviction—a conceit of intellectual pride rather than a conviction of the heart. The heart believes in a future destiny whatever the lips may claim to be the belief of the mind. Charles E. Jefferson says in the *Congregationalist*:

The normal man cannot rid himself of questions about the world to come. Whither? is the query which the heart evermore propounds. One can no more keep from asking that question than he can keep from breathing. It is a question upon whose edge our nature drives us, and we maim ourselves if we strive to escape. We know the future of our body. Our flesh and bones will be dissolved. They will disintegrate into salts and gases which will be rebuilt into grass and flowers. The destination of the body is not a mystery, but what will be the destination of the spirit? Into what condition will it rise or sink? At what goal will it finally arrive? What will be its final home? That it will survive the experience men call death has been the conviction of the unspoiled human mind in every land and time, and this conviction was shared by Jesus of Nazareth. The grave is not the end. This world is not all. Personality survives. It goes on developing. It moves on toward what we do not know. The goal is hidden in a light which no man can approach unto. Are there two roads beyond the grave, and two goals? That there are two roads in this world is certain. The New Testament is just as certain that there are two roads beyond. There is light and there is darkness in this world and in all worlds. The soul can be, is one or the other now and hereafter. There is joy and there is woe, both in time and in eternity. Which cup the soul shall drink depends upon itself. There is honor and there is shame, both in this life and in the next. Which the soul shall have depends upon what the soul has done and become. Paul asserts that we are under the law of the seed, and that principle of development which is at work in the plant world is also operative in the realm of the spirit. Words and thoughts and deeds are in reality seeds, and whatever we sow we reap. All this sounds rational. It sounds modern. It never seemed so credible as today. It is in line with the latest science. The doctrine of evolution with its teaching on degeneration and retrogression fits into the scheme of New Testament thought. Science knows that organisms can climb up or fall down, that individuals can progress to a higher type or revert to a lower one. Christianity says this is true of souls. Personality, according to the New Testament, can become stunted and dwarfed, perverted and twisted, mutilated and diseased, atrophied and blasted. Personality can lose the way and be lost.

An Effective Announcement

The prayer meeting in the average church is a great tax on the patience and ingenuity of the pastor. How to keep up the interest and the attendance on this most important and pivotal service of the church certainly is a serious problem with every pastor. The following expedient of one pastor as related by an exchange seemed to prove efficient:

The pastor of a Methodist church in Columbus, Ga., made the following announcement recently to his congregation: "The funeral services of Miss Prayer Meeting will be held in the Sunday-school room on next Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. She has been in feeble health for some time, but recently her decline has been rapid. Her death was not unexpected. The doctor could scarcely detect

any pulse on Wednesday evening of last week. The cause of death is said to be heart failure from want of exercise and criminal neglect of her family. The officials of the church are requested to act as pallbearers and the teachers and officers of the Sunday school as honorary pallbearers. The choir is requested to sing. Let us hope and pray that the corpse may come to life again at the funeral." Result: Funeral was largely attended. Corpse began to breathe and there is hope she may regain life and vigor.

A Misinterpreted Command

The command to love thy neighbor as thyself, is not to be interpreted as a commendation of self-esteem. The Bible furnishes no ground for egotism, but on the contrary in manifold ways and places emphasizes the duty of humility and self-abasement. Meekness of spirit, humbleness of spirit, humbleness of mind are constantly presented as virtues and we are warned that pride goeth before destruction. There is a strange spirit of perversity that would seek to distort the sublimest precepts out of their natural and intended meaning and twist them into favoring the vices they would condemn. An exchange strikingly furnishes a point in illustration of this distortion of divine commands:

Many have taken this second commandment as though Jesus taught the duty of loving one's self, and then the duty of loving others equally well. Fill a person with love of himself, a witty Frenchman has said, and what runs over will be your share. If your heart is filled with love of self, there certainly will be no room there for your neighbor, for it is a fact which no one will gainsay that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time. The duty of self-love Jesus never taught; the naturalness of self-love He knew well. It is as though He said: You know quite well what it means to love yourself; you know what gives you pleasure, what causes you sorrow; does not every bitter word, every unkind act, wound you? Then learn by this how to treat another, what hurts you will also hurt him, what gives you joy will also give him joy; love your neighbor as yourself! Put yourself in his place, see how you would feel and act in his circumstances, and then treat him as you know you would wish to be treated.

Confusion Avoided

It is important to avoid in thinking and teaching, the difference between holiness as an act or a second work of grace, and holiness which follows as a subsequent life or growth or development. This confusion is due largely to an infelicity in our terminology. Sanctification is the term properly used to designate the act of God referred to above, by which He cleanses from carnality, while holiness more properly designates the state into which this act brings us wherein we are to grow and develop. There are many things we need which sanctification does not accomplish for us, but which a subsequent life of holiness, faithfully pursued will accomplish for us. Discussing "holiness and good judgment," the *Wesleyan Methodist* says:

No one who knows anything about the matter will ever contend that holiness of heart and life will take the place of good judgment nor that in the process of being made holy poor judgment is turned into good judgment, but it is a fact of common experience that being made holy often greatly improves the judgment and as a consequence the man of genuine holiness experience is a man of bet-

ter judgment other things being equal than the man who is living in the practice of sin or in whose heart sin as a tendency still remains.

Danger of Overloading

The pastor should not be burdened with secularities. In growing and successful ecclesiasticisms this danger is very pronounced. The very growth and success of a church multiplies its benevolences and the demands upon it for philanthropic movements and activities. Naturally, but mistakenly, these things gravitate into the hands of the pastor. Church leaders, however, should scrupulously guard this point and protect the pastors from such secularization. In the Acts of the Apostles, the choice of the seven deacons by the Apostles, is a striking lesson to us and should be heeded as a danger signal, and their example should be emulated. Let laymen be chosen for all such temporal affairs and the clergy held strictly and sacredly to the solitary thing of prayer and study for the preaching of the word. U. G. Focate touches upon the evil in question, in the *Christian Advocate*, in the following words:

We must unburden the pastor. So long as he is a publican, a mere tax gatherer, whose rating is according to the results obtained, so long will he be deficient in the scriptural requirements of the ministry. The average pastor of today comes to his pulpit with a brain confused with obligations foreign to his text. Many are suffering with nervous fatigue and some are harassed with neurasthenia. There has been a brief effort to relieve the situation in the Laymen's Missionary Campaign, but the laymen have campaigned only in spots. It was in most places a midsummer night's dream with a banquet. The momentum that was given was nine-tenths ministerial. Then came the Men and Religion Forward Movement. Those who originated it were sincere, but mistaken. The assumption that ministers do not know their business and must have experts to show them has been exploded most everywhere it has been tried. Then Wall Street is not a good place to start a revival anyway. The only men in America who know what the church and the times need are pastors who, by their calling and position, are experts. What the pastor needs is intelligent co-operation in his particular field on the part of those who are nearest to him. What he wants is a free chance to preach Jesus Christ to a generation that is likely to forget him. There is no permanent reform, nor can there be, that is not based on Jesus Christ as a personal Savior. The kingdom of heaven must be in you before it can be among you. Newspaper revivals lasting a few days and then passing on will not save America. Only the constant hammering of the men who must hammer every day in the same place can save it. What church today that is looking for a pastor does not imply, parenthetically, it may be, that he must be a man with forceps to draw the gold teeth of the membership for some larger budget of special enterprise? And why? Is it not because of the unwillingness of the church to meet in a businesslike way and with a ready response her increased obligations?

What is great to you is nothing to God. What is impossible for you God can put right by a very trifling exercise of His power. You have been worrying greatly over certain matters, but God could deal as easily with all your affairs put together as you could with a little pebble. And God cares for you and your little life, just as if there was nothing else in His almighty keeping—as if you were the only person that existed—as if all the resources of His being were concentrated on your little life. —F. B. Meyer.

The Open Parliament

The Burial of Moses

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows the sepulchre.
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out on his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beasts and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car:
They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the nobles of the land
We lay the sage at rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minister transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word:
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange land without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

of him; but when they got after him, he would run to me for protection. One night he came into the preaching tent and stood at my side, because a lot of other dogs were outside waiting for him, and he knew his friend.

When I last saw him it was the last day of the camp. Sleek and fat and happy, he was in buggy between a young married couple who had been sanctified during the camp, had adopted Pius, and were giving him a ride to their and his home.

We should show kindness even to brutes, and may learn sense, even from an ownerless dog.

Organization

E. M. ISAAC

The devil seems to be angry at organization. On every hand both in the holiness movement and out of it there is waged a war against organizing the holiness people into a church. This seems strange. It would seem that men who have stood for holiness, for these many years, and have beheld the sad condition of the holiness people in the dead formal churches where the hand of tyranny is felt in slaying power, and where every effort to do anything definite along the line of a second work of grace is most always thwarted by one or many, would be glad and even rejoice exceedingly to see a church home for these scattered sheep. But it is not so. They would prefer to see them in this disorganized condition. We might venture to give some reasons why, but then we might be misunderstood by many, so will refrain at this time and reserve that task for a more urgent season.

But organization is essential. Men may write to the contrary, even speak in great swelling words of the harm which comes through organized holiness, and insist that it means another dead ecclesiasticism, and all that, nevertheless it is a stubborn fact that will not down, that organization is a fundamental principle in everything about us. Nature itself rises up and with one prolonged testimony, declares that without organization it cannot please God. The very heavens declare the glory of God because of the fact that He in His great wisdom organized the mighty worlds and suns that sweep through space so that the passing centuries speak with one voice that no confusion or disorder is found among these flying orbs. The flowers which grow about our feet are carefully organized, and we study the organization and name it Botany. Time is organized so that we have a time for sowing; a time for growing, a time for reaping, and a time for resting, and have named this organization "The Seasons." It would be a sad state of affairs if these "seasons" got disorganized and we did not know when to expect spring or summer, autumn or winter. The clouds give no rain until they have first organized themselves together, and when they have, they march to the music of the wind and the whole earth is refreshed with healing showers. All science is but the study of organized nature in all its various branches.

Men believe in organization in all departments of commerce. Witness the banking system of this and other nations. Whenever we ride on a railroad our safety lies in the fact that beneath us in a track of well organized material. The

An Ownerless Dog Blessed

E. F. WALKER

My last camp at Bloomington, Nebraska, was one of much interest in several respects, chief of which, certainly, was the fact that the two works of grace—conversion and sanctification—went on together, and a number of souls got blessed savingly.

But early during the meeting there appeared a poor, tramp dog, whom nobody seemed to own, and one of the most pitiful things in the world is an ownerless dog. Such a creature seems most miserable, and, while suspicious of people generally, is gladdened when any one pays any serious and kind attention to him, and is delighted if any one lays claim to him.

This particular dog seemed to like the camp meeting atmosphere—and I have noticed that this is the case with dogs generally; especially if it be a holiness camp—and he tarried with us.

That night, while we were all at meeting, the poor, hungry fellow got into the cook house and helped himself to a roll of butter and some pies. When the discovery was made the next morning, the camp was up in arms against the innocent thief, and all seemed against him, and

determined to drive him away, if not do something worse to him.

But I interceded in his behalf, and that morning, while preaching, I more than took his part; I praised him and presented him as a good example. I said, "the dog knew no better. He knew he was hungry, and he knew the butter and pies were good, well calculated to satisfy his longings. So he helped himself. He did not know he was a thief. He has not been trained against stealing. All this is evidenced by the fact that he tarries with us, and is wagging his tail. But some of you know you need salvation. You know you are hungry and thirsty for righteousness. And you know you ought to come to God and get saved and satisfied. Yet you do not behave as reasonably as this poor dog. You refuse what you most need," etc.

Thus I talked till some felt ashamed of themselves and all seemed to admire the dog.

They called him Pius—not for a pope by that name; but because he had good sense for pie. He became the pet and ward of the camp. He was fed regularly and well. He seemed to regard me as his special benefactor. When I was in my personal tent he lay much at my door. Other dogs appeared to become jealous

locomotive that is at the head of the fast moving train is organized steel, and steam will not pull a pound until it has such an organization through which to work. The watch ticking in my pocket is organized metal. The church building in which we worship is organized brick or lumber. It would be a strange state of affairs if lumber would oppose organization, and instead of the various pieces of timber necessary to build being placed together in proper order, would each insist on having its own way and so go where it pleased, one board here, another yonder, a sill in the road, a two-by-four in the field, a bundle of shingles in the garden, and so on until the whole place be strewn with lumber that did not believe in organization.

Let any man who opposes organization put his theory into practice in the ordinary affairs of life and see how it works. Disorganize your typewriter and then proceed to do some writing with it. Scatter your sewing machine over the floor with its various parts independent of each other and then ask your wife to do some sewing with it. Tangle the telephone wires in every conceivable shape and then undertake to send a message. Instead of teaching that pupil to spell properly by organizing the letters, just let him put them together any way and then apply for a position as a stenographer. Go to the drug store, and instead of asking a careful pharmacist to fill your prescription, go among the many bottles yourself and take anything you may happen to get your hand on, and then take a dose every hour and report at once to the undertaker.

If you want disorganized things, we might take you where you might find a few samples anyway. Yonder in the ditch lies a mass of wreckage; upon investigation we learn that the tangled mass consists of several pullman coaches, some chair cars and a huge locomotive. We ask no questions as to the cause, for we know there was a wreck, and the result is a great pile of disorganized material fit only for the scrap-heap. Upon inquiry we learn that several lives were lost during the brief time they were becoming disorganized. Each state in the Union has a large institution in which are many people whose minds were once properly organized, but something went wrong, there was a psychological mixup, disorganization took place, and now they must be cared for by those whose minds are still organized.

Holiness itself is but order restored to a soul once lying in the chaos of sin and disruption. It is harmony in every faculty—the will, the conscience, the affections—all in complete unity and accord, responding to every whisper of the Spirit in all the details of life. Within itself organization may be a hindrance instead of a blessing, for it may become possessed with devil power; but when holiness of heart and life is the ruling passion of those who are organized into a grand ecclesiastical body, then it may be used of God as a potent force for spreading holiness over these lands and all lands. People who do not believe in organized holiness, to be consistent, must disbelieve in any organization, and even question the wisdom of God Himself, whose organized laws govern the whole created universe.

Be Much With the Master Alone.

F. M. LEHMAN

O brother, take time to be holy! Be much with the Master alone. Be sure that you have the anointing the Lord has reserved for His own. Remember, dear Martha was cumbered with multiplied duties and care, but Mary had chosen that good part obtained through the promise by prayer. The work that we do may be lauded by men unacquainted with God, but all will be "wood, hay and stubble," when mortal goes back to the clod. It's never *how much* we accomplish, but always *how well* we may do when under the unction of heaven that carries victoriously through. The human will soon be forgotten, no matter how brilliant or fine; that only will stand in the judgment indelibly stamped as divine. So, brother, take time to be holy; your talents may never be known, but God will reward you in heaven—be much with the Master alone.

The world has gone mad with endeavor—cheap honor and gold is its quest; it plays with the bauble called pleasure, but never finds comfort or rest. It grinds 'neath the heel of oppression her slaves in the coffles of trade; it leaves through corrupt legislation her victims for death and the spade; it harks to the talk of the dollar still wet with the sweat of her slaves, and fills up her vaults with the lucre, and covers the valleys with graves. Its politics, cash and religion—religion with self as its creed; religion that crushes the weakling 'neath the Juggernaut roll of its speed. The trend of the world is not upward; its standards are groveling and low; the rich keep the poor in the shambles and fill up their measure of woe. Its politics, cash and religion—false gods they have set on the throne—my brother, would you be unlike them?—be much with the Master alone.

The nominal church has forsaken the doctrines laid down in the Word; asleep in the arms of the hireling, her conscience no longer is stirred; her platitudes mouthed in the pulpit long since have corrupted the pew; her wonderful temples of worship are shunned by the Gentile and Jew. She vies with the world and is lauded by Mammon's unscrupulous crowd; by those who but serve her for prestige—the selfish, the worldly, the proud. Her hirelings but scheme for the shekels—for fame that must perish and die; no comfort has she for the mourner, no smile for the sob and the sigh. She walks with the world through the valley and sees not the need of the race; absorbed in her selfish endeavor, she knows not the power of His grace. How sad will it be at the judgment, when, turned to the left of the throne, she sees, but too late, that she never was much with the Master alone!

Then let us take time to be holy; His grace is more needful than cash; it pays to be much in His presence, though all of our plans go to smash. His way is much better than our way, though oft we may not understand; the things that He whispers in secret are better than we could have planned. Our wisdom is human and faulty, so much like the world and its ways; it's better to trust in the promise: God blesses the man who obeys. Then steal away often with Jesus, away from the crowd in the moil; 'twill bring

down the glory upon you and lighten the load and the toil. We've drifted away from the landmarks, away from the closet of prayer, where Jesus will give the anointing and lift ev'ry burden of care. O, let us take time to be holy—where Jesus will meet with His own!—if you would be more like the Master, be much with the Master alone.

How to Read and Use the Parables

J. B. DUNLAP

All language has grown from the demand for the expression of a thought. Surrounded as we are in daily life by scenes in the material world, our minds, in groping for means of expression, naturally lay hold on these scenes, and hence we find our language filled with comparisons, similes, metaphors and other figures of speech. Human attention is attracted and held by a well-timed illustration, or parable, and that is the principal, if not the sole reason for using the illustration, *viz.*, to attract and hold the attention; for if the speaker (or writer) has a firm grasp upon his listener's (or reader's) mind—gains and holds his undivided attention—he seldom, if ever, fails to convince of the truth as he (the speaker) sees it. But it should be borne in mind, and never lost sight of, that no spiritual truth can be *proven* by reference to physical facts. Truth, in its essence, exists in all tenses: present, past and future—always has been, is now, and always will be a truth. But to so present that truth that the average mind could lay hold on it, was the task before our Savior when He employed the parables.

All mature, normal minds are logical when concentrated, or held at attention, but so elusive and subtle is that faculty we call "the attention" that it requires the stroke of a master to gain and hold and control the attention till the truth is imparted. In each parable there is *one* and *only one*—main or central truth to be taught; but if Christ had merely stated the truth and left it unattended by explanation or illustration, it would have, in many cases at least, wholly failed of its purpose. I am forced to say—and it is with a feeling bordering on agony that I say it—that often in this enlightened age, and by preachers and leaders of meetings, these sacred gems are criminally torn from the settings in which the hand of Christ our Lord has placed them. How? you ask. By trying to *make points*—wrestling and straining the mere incidentals in the story—those scenes and acts that are told solely for the purpose of giving to the story a natural flavor and making it a connected narrative—by wrestling and straining these incidentals, I say, to make them fit at so many points and thus teach so many unintended lessons that are foreign to the one main truth, that the parable is ruined and its beautiful lesson is lost. There are no *points*. There is *one* vitally important and sacred teaching that is the truth-germ of each parable. Brethren, brethren, let me plead with you: this is the Word of God that you are dealing with. Those parables were spoken by divine lips, and the listeners and readers of today are entitled to have them expounded to them in their purity; that is, to have

them teach the lessons that the Master taught and only those lessons.

The truth that we should diligently search after is that that was in the mind of the original Narrator, What lesson did Christ intend to teach? For He was the Originator and sole Narrator. Never mind about these sublessons brought out by Bishop M— or Professor J— or Dr. W— or the International Sunday School Lesson Leaf—not the least offender in this line—but what did Christ intend should be taught? Reject these side lessons; they blunt the keen edge of attention and cause the listener to lose sight of the main truth. For example: Calling the attention to a learned doctor's opinion that the treasure hid in the field was a mine instead of a pot of gold; it was neither one, but was wholly mythical—had no existence except in imagination. There was no claim on the part of the Savior that these accounts of human actions were true. You can not take the dimensions of a parable, measure its length and breadth; nor can you analyze it like you would an acid, by separating it into its constituent elements; as well hope to find the tune by dissecting the violin. The lesson is not in the story, but in the suggestion; not in the transactions, but is to be found by following that suggested parallelism, or coincidental resemblance that is a part of the definition of a parable.

Our Savior's audiences varied. At one time it was the disciples only, at another time a few individuals; but more often that mixed assemblage called, in Bible phrase, the multitude. He knew their limited capacity for comprehending deep spiritual truths, and with consummate skill taught by indirection. He chose, or rather invented, a scene, or line of conduct, that was familiar and which, according to natural laws, produced a result, or effect, which was, in one respect at least, similar to the conclusion or conviction or resolve that He wished to fix in their minds. In the form of a story he built a species of framework about the truth before Him. Let us regard the story as the body of the parable and the lesson as the soul of it; or view the story as the scaffolding used in constructing the building but which must come down and leave the building unencumbered. Our Lord used these stories that were purely fanciful. Is it not plain from that very fact, that he had in mind something apart from the incidents and of deeper import than the story itself? Put aside the story—forget it if you can—and lay hold on the important truth.

How is this truth to be apprehended? Mainly by common sense and honesty. Study the parable with an honest purpose to discover the main truth, not to try to see what you can make it mean; but see what it does mean, not try to make it conform to your preconceived opinion, or to the uses you have made of it; but study the context, see what class of people Christ was talking to, and what about, and what brought out the parable. Scrupulously avoid this straining after many lessons—making every incident, or phase in the story mean something spiritual. Jesus explained a few of the parables—notably that of the Tares and that of the Sowers—and these teachers of multiplicity of lessons will find no comfort in either explanation. They should be careful

that they are not used of "the enemy" to sow tares, for "the Son of man" sowed only good seed; likewise in the case of the Sower—the difference in result was in the kind of soil; no preacher is responsible for the kind of soil the seed falls in, but is responsible for the kind of seed he sows.

You must distinguish between the stories in the parables and incidents in biblical history; in the latter it is hard to make too many points or draw too many lessons, provided, of course, you are justified by the Word.

My meaning may be made clearer by citing a few examples. Few, if any, of the parables have escaped injury, but the worst sufferers have been the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan and the Ten Virgins. I do not like the name, Prodigal Son; Christ did not so name it. The lesson there is that God's never-failing love follows wayward man though he descend to the lowest depths; it should be used only to convince sinful men that however far away they have gone, if they repent and return, God's great heart of love is ever ready to receive and forgive. And that is the only lesson that should ever be taught, or even suggested. Leave out all this talk about whether the Prodigal's mother was living, what was meant by the robe and the ring and where he went, whether to Egypt or Arabia; what class was meant by the elder brother. Do not even take up the question whether the story was true or not; you note that however many times these questions are never settled, and only serve to provoke discussion; and discussion is a wile of Satan to becloud the main truth. I heard a preacher, prominent in ecclesiastical circles, dwell in nauseating detail upon the viands at the feast, smacked his lips, mimickingly chewed the food, and encouraged by the titteringly expressed approval on the part of the shallow-brained portion of his audience, (metaphorically) besmeared his face with grease and let the gray run down on his beard—actually described himself in that condition. To him the parable meant nothing but the good time awaiting saints in the kingdom of heaven.

And the poor Good Samaritan parable! I confess that the side lesson—compassion for the sick—is so firmly fixed in the minds of "the many" that it is going to be next to impossible to eradicate it. Even the Oxford Bible errs in teaching that compassion for the sick is the lesson. Why, that doctrine was in the world long before Christ came. In fact, has been in the hearts of all good people since humanity began. Fortunately, in this instance, the context affords *absolute proof* that another lesson was intended. Christ asked the lawyer to quote the law, which he did correctly. Love God supremely, "and thy neighbor as thyself." But "Who is my neighbor?" Now, Christ intended to teach him (and other listeners) that every man, regardless of race or religion, is his neighbor, but instead of answering in one sentence, "Everybody is your neighbor" (which would have been poorly comprehended), He told the story, and we know what was in the Teacher's mind. Again I urge you, brethren, that is what we want to get at: what was in the Savior's mind when He uttered the parable. And to prove that He had not forgotten the point, he asks at the close,

"Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?"

This side lesson has been mistaught for ages, and all the result we find is a few Good Samaritan hospitals and Good Samaritan societies (misnamed benevolent), which are neither good nor neighborly. Suppose, on the other hand, that it should be the world-wide practice for each man to be just as good and kind to every other man as he is to himself—imagine this Christ-taught doctrine prevailing the world around for three generations, then picture the result in a *panorama*.

How to read and use a parable: And "the dream is one," for if you read it rightly you will use it rightly. Study the parable carefully and prayerfully, determined to see only what *Christ intended to teach*. After you have discovered that, read it again with your mind tensely fixed upon the truth rather than the story. Remember that the Savior had the truth in His mind before He told the story; the object in the story was to start a train of reasoning which he hoped to guide to a climax that would transfer His thought to their minds. Then, you see, that in order to reach the Savior's thought you must (after a manner of speaking) reason backward through the story to the truth that suggested it. Now that you have the truth, when you read, or use the parable you will be—reverently I say it—in the position of the Savior; that is, you have the one main truth in your mind and will use the story solely to fix the lesson in the minds of your hearers. You have done with the story now. Do not for one moment dwell upon its phases or suggestions; you may not only becloud your own clear view, but run a chance of adding to the Scriptures, by teaching unintended lessons, and run a chance also of taking from the Scriptures by robbing the hearer of what is rightly his own.

I do not presume to set up a standard for other men's thinking. I only call attention to the standard already set up by our Lord Himself.

In conversion we get rid of our deeds. We did not commit the carnal mind, and it can not be forgiven. It must be crucified. In order to secure this crucifixion, we must "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God," which we can not do as long as we are in our sins, because we have no living sacrifice to offer. In Heb. 6:1 we read, "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." We see the first principles are not perfection, but this experience must be sought after the first principles have been learned. In 1 Cor. 3:1-3, we read, "I could not speak unto you as unto spiritual but unto carnal even as unto babes in Christ; I have fed you with milk and not with meat, for hitherto ye were not able to bear it neither yet now are you able for ye are yet carnal." Brethren and babes in Christ, yet carnal.—*Exchange*.

If a man is a true Christian, do him an injury and he'll forever seek to befriend you. The extent of your place in his prayers, will be measured by the intensity of your crime.—*Herald of Light*.

The Hidden Life

E.P.H.

3:1719

Take All to Him

The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take them to the Helper
Who never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longing, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do.
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—Phillips Brooks.

When He Was Thankful

"I can't think what you can find to sing about," said a blackbird to a thrush, who was pouring out a joyous carol from the top of an old stump.

"Can't you?" said the thrush. "I can't help singing when I'm thankful."

"That's just it," said the blackbird. "I can sing as well as any one when there's anything to be thankful for; but the ground is as hard as iron, there isn't a berry in the gardens, and where I am to get my breakfast from I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you have had yours?"

"Not yet," said the thrush.

"Well, I would wait for my song until I had found some food if I were you," said the blackbird.

"I've never gone without it yet, and I've no doubt I shall find some presently. At all events, it is a fancy I have to begin the day with a song."—Jewels.

The Pure in Heart

To the pure in heart, proof of a God seems as idle as proof of a mother to a child clasped in its mother's arms, or, proof of love to the two lovers who have just plighted their troth to each other. To such all arguments of the question, Does God answer prayer? seems as idle as to a child would seem the question whether he can talk with his father or not. Prayer is not a message by wireless telegraphy to some unknown station, remote, invisible, from which some wireless answer may return. Prayer is not a check presented at a bank calling for money to be paid out over the counter at sight or after three days or thirty days of waiting. Prayer is the communion of spirit with spirit. The answer is a new inspiration of courage to meet danger; of patience to take up anew the burden of life; of hope to exercise the spirit of despair. To one who thus sees God and communes with God the companionship of the Great Companion is the most real, the most intimate, the most certain experience of life. Into this companionship with God the soul comes not by much study, but by high and holy living. We understand our neighbor only as we feel what he feels and purpose what he purposes. We understand God only as in these sources of our being we are at one with Him. Not to intellectual acumen, not to great scholarship, but to purity of intention and purity of imagination, to singleness of purpose, cleanness of thought and tenderness of feeling, is God revealed. We come to the vision of Him as we grow into oneness with Him, and we grow into oneness with Him by purposing what He purposes. If it is true that we shall be like Him when we see Him as He is, it is also true that we see Him as He is only as we are like Him. "Ye are," says Paul, "the temple of

God; and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any one shall corrupt the temple of God, him shall God bring to corruption." Whatever drives God out of His temple destroys the temple and makes it a common edifice. It is God's temple only when God dwells in it, and God dwells in it only when in inspiration if not in actual realization, in strong desire if not always in successful accomplishment, the temple is pure.—Lyman Abbott.

Listening to God

A friend of mine told me that he called one day upon a brother clergyman who had been ill in bed for six months. He said to this man, "I suspect that God had a good many things to say to you; but you were too busy to listen, and so he had to put you on your back that you might be able to give Him time." When he was going out, the thought struck him, "I too am a busy man, and God may have to put me on my back that He may tell me all He wishes." So he resolved that each night he would sit quietly in his study, not reading, not writing, but opening his heart that God's Spirit might impress upon him what he designed to teach, and criticise the life of the previous day.—F. B. Meyer.

Secret Prayer

Though public prayer is an important part of worship, secret prayer has its special promises. It is available at all times, and the Bible frequently insists upon it. In secret prayer there is no temptation to find showy words. Some still make prayers to be heard of men, and their public prayers drift into formalism. In the silence of the closet it matters not how the prayer is clothed. God knows the desire of the worshiper. In our closet prayers we are free before God, and our words are not chosen for men's ears. In secret prayer there is freedom from abstractions. In the congregation many things are inclined to disturb devotion. Some will be critical and some curious. But in our secret communion with God the door is shut and our souls breathe out their prayers to the Father who hears with a heart full of sympathy. This is the atmosphere of effectual prayer and spiritual culture. Secret prayer is a great promoter of public prayer. Private praying keeps the heart in tune for public worship. He undertakes the lead of public worship safely who goes from secret devotions. His heart throbs with heavenly impulses, and he does not need to wait to catch the spirit of prayer. His devotions never languish on his lips.—Wallace M. Crutchfield, in *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

The Shout of a King

During the Peninsular war, the body of the French army once bore down on a handful of British soldiers in the plains of Pempeluna. Suddenly a shout was heard. "There's the Duke, God bless him! I'd rather see his face than a whole brigade,"—a shout echoed by voice after voice along the line. The British general hearing of danger, had hastened forward almost alone to join his little band, and the shout which announced his presence is most instructive. The French marshal drew back his forces. "These men," he exclaimed, "are indomitable at present." The presence of the Duke of Wellington was worth five thousand men, because it never entered into the

minds of the soldiers that he could be defeated, and they were therefore indomitable when they saw him beside them.

Israel's eye was upon the hand of Moses as they fought against Amelek. The rod in the hand of their unconquerable leader had always been the signal for victory and triumph; it had turned the Nile into blood; it had smitten Egypt with pestilence; it had drowned Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea; Israel now saw him lift it in the battle, and "Surely," they said, "he has not lifted it for the first time in vain." Animated, therefore, by the sight, they fought and conquered.

As in natural things, so in spiritual, and hence the strength of "looking unto Jesus." The only relation which our Leader has ever borne to the enemy has been that of triumphant conqueror. He is the Captain of His people, and it may be said of them in a much higher sense than of the literal Israel, "The shout of a king is among them" (Num. 23: 21). This is not the shout the king gives, but the shout of a people which announces a leader's presence which they feel to be protection, safety and the certain pledge of victory. Faith makes us conscious of this presence, and it is only when this fails that the Christian can be overthrown. Let it abide unshaken, and it renders him indomitable.—Times of Refreshing.

Seven Ways to Kill a Church

1. Don't come. Stay at home, or go somewhere, rather than come to church. Staying at home is not only helping to kill the church, but by degrees is killing the spiritual life of the individual.

2. If you do come, come late. The faithful few are generally on time. Getting to church on time shows an interest in the Lord's work that no one can call in question.

3. If you come, come with your mind made up to take a back seat. Act as if you were afraid of the front seats and afraid to be seen.

4. If you come, come with your mind made up to find fault with the service, the preacher in particular. There are some who never have a good word to say about the church, nor the preaching of the Word, though they go to church occasionally.

5. If you come, come determined not to give a cent to any object, not even to keep up the expenses of the church. Many say they would go to church if it was not for the taking of so many collections, and yet such people never give anything. This ought not to keep them away.

6. If you come to church, return to your home without shaking hands with your pastor, or with any of the brethren or sisters. The preacher often, after a hard effort to reach his people, returns to his home with the blues, saying: "I wonder what was the matter with Brother Snyder, Brother Snow, Brothers Simons and Brother Smith—not one of them spoke to me."

7. If you come to church, come all alone; don't bring your wife, or husband, or children, or neighbors. Many people when they start to the house of the Lord slip off as if they were afraid some one would find out where they were going. "Andrew first findeth his brother Simon, and he brought him to Jesus" (John 1: 47).—Biblical Recorder.

When you are satisfied with mediocrity, when commonness doesn't trouble you, when you do not feel troubled by a poor day's work, or when a slighted job does not haunt you; when you are satisfied to do a thing "just for now," expecting to do it better later—these are signs of deterioration of character.—O. S. Marden.

An innumerable of temper is popularly accounted a mere peccadillo, but not by those who suffer through it. A crabbed or peppery saint is immensely discounted, although otherwise he is a walking decaogue. A big pot of ointment is spoiled by a very small fly.—W. L. Watkinson, D.D.

Mother and Little Ones

The Stepmother

First she come to our house,

Tommy run and hid;
And Emily and Bob and me

We cried just like we did
When mother died—and we all said
'At we all wished 'at we was dead!

And nurse she couldn't stop us;

And pa he tried an' tried—
We sobbed and shook and wouldn't look,
But only cried and cried;
And nen some one—we couldn't jus'
Tell who—was cryin' same as us!

Our stepmother! Yes, it was her,

Her arms around us all—
'Cause Tom slid down the banister
And peeked in from the hall,
And we all love her, too because
She's purt night good as mother was!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Have You a Hobby?

A hobby is one of the absolute necessities for a man or woman who would live long and happily and usefully. It really does not make so very much difference what kind of hobby it is, books, chickens, flowers, pictures, or any one of a hundred things that might be named, if it really interests you and takes you periodically out of the humdrum life of your everyday occupation, it will prove a blessing to you past all your power of reckoning. It is our hobbies that keep us fresh and young and interested. One of the saddest sights of life is to see a man or woman coming on to old age, dropping the activities of life and sitting with folded hands with nothing to be interested in. And a hobby might have kept them busy and interested up to the very end.—The Christian Guardian.

"It Was Brother Jim"

On the coast of Scotland the storm raged all night with wild and relentless fury and as the morning broke dull and gray, the storm ceased not its fearful warfare. The villagers arose and commenced their daily tasks, in fear and trembling. Suddenly the boom of a cannon was heard. Everybody hastened to the beach for they knew it was a signal of distress. Then they looked out upon the mountain of rolling waves and far out they could faintly see the masts of a vessel, as it was seemingly beating itself to pieces upon the rocks. The call came for the life boat crew. It quickly gathered. They looked around for their captain, MacGregor. He could not be found. Finally, the second in command ordered the crew into the boat, pushed the frail craft into the angry waters and the boat was soon lost to view. A half hour went by and the anxious watchers on shore were rewarded by seeing the boat reach the shore and grate upon the beach. As the people gathered about the rescued and rescuers, some one asked, "Did you get them all?" The answer was, "We got them all but one." That poor fellow was frozen to the mast. Our boat was in danger of being swamped any moment and so we left him." Just then a giant sailor stalked forward and said, "Well, he is worth saving; we will go after him." It was MacGregor the captain. Some one touched him on the hem of his great coat and looking around he saw that it was his aged mother. With tears streaming down her face she said to her boy, "O John, don't go out there this time. This is the anniversary of your father's death. He died on just such a mission. Your brother Jim left home seven

years ago, to be a sailor lad. We haven't heard from him since and doubtless he met a similar fate. You are my only comfort, my only aid. Please stay with me." With his own voice choked with emotion, MacGregor said to his mother as he put his great strong hand upon her frail shoulders, and looked down upon her care-worn face, "Mother, it is my duty to go out there. If I am lost, God will take care of you." And without another word he kissed his mother, silently directed his men to the boat and it was again pushed out into the struggling waters. A half hour went by and no sign of a boat's return. Three-quarters of an hour and still no boat. An hour, and the men shook their heads and the women commenced to cry. An hour and a quarter and all hope seemed gone, when suddenly the faint outline of a boat was seen in the midst of the mist and rain. They watched as it gradually grew nearer, sometimes lost to sight because of the waves, sometimes in clear view, because it stood on the crest of a wave. A little nearer and they could see that it was the life boat that had left the shore an hour and a half before. Nearer and nearer it came, fighting for its life with the storm. Those on shore could see a man standing up in the prow and finally they could see it was the giant captain. Then as the boat got within hailing distance, they shouted out to the man in the boat, "Did you get him?" Then they could see MacGregor reach over the prow, put his hands to his mouth so that his voice would carry and then he shouted back this message, "We got him and tell mother it was brother Jim."—Selected.

Two Boys

"There is a science in doing little things just right," said a down town business man a few days ago, "and I noticed it in my office. I had two office boys there whose main duties it was to bring me notes or cards that were sent in to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of those boys, whenever I sent him for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indifferently toward me. If it happened to miss me and land on the desk, it was all right. If it fell on the floor, the boy often managed to fall over in his eagerness to pick it up. Then if he had a letter or a card to deliver he would come up close to the desk and stand there scanning it over with minute care. This being concluded, he would flaunt it airily in my direction and depart.

The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If it was a book, instand or box of letters, he would set it down quietly at one side of the desk. Letters and cards were always laid—not tossed—right where my eyes would fall on them directly. If there was any doubt in his mind about whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did his thinking before he came near me and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's came, he got \$10. The other boy got fired. Which boy are you like?—Selected.

Billie Fairfield's Promise

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night, he said "Yes'm" promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie. But he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and twisted until he was tired.

At last he went to the head of the stairs and shouted: "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said: "O dear!" but she went to see what Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly when he had told her.

"O mother! I can't go away up there alone."

Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the baby; and if they waked him, the baby would wake too. So Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said: "We'll see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen, his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone; but he did not, for it was a lonesome road. He took the milk, and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces, and Billie's ears were cold; but he had the milk can in one hand and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed when she opened the door: "Why, what made you come away up here tonight? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield? It's too bad. I could have got along somehow without the milk."

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered. And Billie wished that nobody would look at him.

"It wasn't any matter, she said, mother," he urged when they had started for home again.

"The matter was your promise, Billie," said his mother. "Would you break a promise just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again. Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down the hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed. But she tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled; but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you say something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal stove.

His mother smiled at him. "I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she said. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings tonight, so I shall mend them tomorrow when I was going to make cottage pudding, and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

He and his father would savor "cottage pudding" to each other for a long time afterwards if anything was in danger of being forgotten. When Billie had grown to be a man and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word. That's all I want," Billie would smile and say: "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."—A. M. L. Hawes, in Sunday School Times.

It is only for a little while that God takes from our loved ones. We shall have them again, made into immortal beauty. The hopes we mourn as having perished are yet in Christ's hands. He will keep them safe for us, and at length will give them back to us in radiant and imperishable loveliness. In this life we see only the beginnings of our good things—we see them but in bud and blossom; the full fruit, the ripeness, we shall not get till we enter the other and better life. One of the surprises of heaven will be our finding there are precious hopes, joys and dreams which seemed to have perished on earth—not left behind, but all carried forward and ready to be given into our hands the moment we get home.

Let us hope on though the way be long
And the darkness be gathering fast,
For the turn in the road is a little way on
Where the home lights will greet us at last.

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Herald of Holiness

Official Organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

Editor B. F. HAYNES, D. D.
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Announcements

CONCERNING DISTRICT ASSEMBLIES

Chicago Central District—Pastors, please make out a complete list of delegates who will attend the assembly, and forward to Mr. Elmer Anderson, 6417 Eggleston ave., Chicago. Also bring or send to me full reports of the year's work. Use the blank sent you. Address me, after October 2d, until close of assembly, at 6459 Eggleston ave., Chicago. Assembly date, October 9-13.—J. M. WINES, District Superintendent.

Arkansas District—The annual assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Arkansas District, will convene, October 30 to November 3, 1912, at Mansfield, Ark. Dr. P. F. Bresee, general superintendent, presiding.—G. E. WADDLE, District Superintendent.

Alabama District—A protracted meeting will begin in the Nazarene church at Jasper, Ala., October 20, 1912, continuing eight or ten days. In the meantime the Alabama-Mississippi District Assembly will convene at the same place, October 24th-25th, presided over by Dr. P. F. Bresee, of California. All the preachers in the district are expected to attend the assembly. All churches are expected to send delegates.—P. M. COVINGTON, Pastor.

Missouri District—By earnest request of the St. Louis church a petition to hold the Missouri District Assembly at Des Arc has been granted. The St. Louis people are carrying a heavy financial burden and have therefore requested to be relieved of entertaining the assembly. All concerned will please take notice. Date, October 8th-13th.—JOS. N. SPEAKES, District Superintendent, 7332 Mariette ave., St. Louis.

Dallas District—Meets at Grand Saline, Tex., November 6th-10th. Let all missionary apportionments be in hand, and also please to remember the general superintendents' fund. Church secretaries will send a complete list of elders; licensed preachers, deaconesses, Sunday school superintendents and elected delegates to our district secretary, Rev. H. B. Wallin, 710 Brown St., Texarkana, Tex. Licensed preachers must meet the examining board at Grand Saline, Tex., November 5th at 9 a. m. Let the board be on hand.—W. M. NELSON, District Superintendent.

PREACHERS' MEETING.

To the preachers, deaconesses and other members of the New England District Preachers' Meeting: The first meeting of the 1912-1913 season will be held at Lowell, Mass., on October 1st and 2d. Tuesday will be Deaconess day and Wednesday the preachers will hold forth. Wednesday, October 2d, at 10:30 a. m., will be held the annual election of officers. At 2:30 p. m., the Rev. G. E. Noble, of North Scituate, R. I., will read a paper on an interesting theme, followed by a discussion of

the same. The evening service will be evangelistic. Let all the members plan to attend.

J. W. GILLIES, Secretary.

MISSIONARY NOTICE

Let all the churches on Northwest District make an offering at once to send Mrs. E. M. Tanner to the meeting of the General Foreign Missionary Board in Chicago, which convenes the first week in October. It is necessary for the foreign and our own interests that she be there. We must attend to this matter.

DE LANCE WALLACE, Dist. Supt.

NOTICE TO KANSAS DISTRICT

Examinations will be held on Tuesday, Sept. 24th. All licensed preachers should make it a point to be present.

FRED H. MENDELL, Secy.

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT MISSIONARY TREASURER'S MONTHLY REPORT

Offerings received during August:

Barre	\$ 50	\$ 2 00
Beverly	1 40	5 80
Cambridge	6 00	10 00
Cundy's Harbor	3 00
Danielson	2 00
Dennisport	1 00
Derry	12 21
Everett	4 00
Fitchburg	1 00	7 15
Haverhill	9 00
Johnson	70	2 80
Lowell	8 41	33 62
Lynn	4 00	16 00
Malden	9 41
Manchester	2 15
New Bedford	50	2 00
Oxford	1 25	5 75
Peabody	1 50	7 00
Total	\$ 27 26	\$132 89

Now, \$218 is needed this month to make up our district's foreign missionary allotment of \$2,000 for the year. Send all the foreign missionary money you can raise to your district treasurer by September 25th, that the year may be closed well. TOM M. BROWN,
32 Hampshire St., Lowell, Mass.

GREAT HOLINESS CONVENTION

To be held at Chicago, with the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Sixty-fourth street and Eggleston avenue. The holiness convention will open Wednesday evening, October 2d. The following day, at 2 p. m., the General Foreign Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene will convene for their annual meeting, closing its sessions on October 6th. The convention then continues for the next three days, until October 9th, on which day, at 9 a. m., the District Assembly of the Chicago Central District of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene convenes, to continue in session until the 13th, inclusive. The even-

ing services during the missionary board meeting and the district assembly will be given over to evangelistic meetings. The forenoons during the assembly will be devoted to the regular business and the afternoons to educational, missionary and other anniversaries. Among the prominent speakers and leaders of the Church present will be Rev. P. F. Bresee, D. D., Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. E. F. Walker, D. D., Glendora, Cal.; Rev. H. F. Reynolds, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Rev. William Howard Hoople, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. J. M. Wines, Indianapolis, Ind., and Rev. C. B. Jernigan, Oklahoma City, Okla. The meetings of the General Foreign Missionary Board will be presided over by Rev. William Howard Hoople, president, and the district assembly will be presided over by Rev. P. F. Bresee, general superintendent. Among the evangelists expected during part or all of the foregoing dates will be Rev. L. Milton Williams, Okaloosa, Iowa; Rev. Will Huff, Sioux City, Iowa; Rev. C. W. Ruth, Indianapolis, Ind., and Rev. Guy Wilson, Pasadena, Cal. All accredited delegates and ministers will be entertained free, and special rates will be secured for all visitors. For further information write the pastor, or chairman of the Entertainment Committee, E. G. Anderson, 6417 Eggleston ave., Chicago, Ill.

I. G. MARTIN, Pastor,
6441 Stewart ave., Chicago, Ill.

Notes and Personals

The holiness church at Harwich, Mass., is now being pastored by Rev. B. F. Lindsay. Brother Lindsay seems to be "Bishop of the Cape." Amen! We need men like that.

Our Saratoga Springs church held a meeting, August 27th-September 2d. District Superintendent J. A. Ward and Dr. Godbey were the workers.

Rev. W. G. Schurman is to visit Nova Scotia this fall. Brother Schurman has been doing a great work at Haverhill, Mass.

Evangelist Mary C. Woodbury, of New England, is not well. Pray for her.

Bro. R. H. Whitman, of Providence, has been preaching in Nova Scotia.

Rev. A. J. Myers is spreading out in old Vermont state. He says the Lord is wonderfully blessing.

Rev. F. W. Domina says the Seven Oaks (N. Y.) camp was a blessed success, and that a holiness church may be soon organized in that vicinity.

Bro. B. L. Marshall of Haverhill is supplying our work at Lawrence, Mass.

Rev. E. E. Martin recently preached at Everett, Mass. He also conducted a meeting on Labor Day at East Wareham, Mass.

J. Glen Gould preached for our church at Malden, Mass., on a recent Sunday evening.

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."

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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The Work and the Workers

DAKOTAS AND MONTANA DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

Another milestone in the Nazarene movement in the Northwest has been passed. The Dakotas and Montana District Assembly met at Surrey, N. D., August 29 to September 1, for its third annual session. General Superintendent Dr. P. F. Bresee of Los Angeles, Cal., presided over the assembly, and H. G. Cowan was re-elected secretary. There was a representation present from eight churches in Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota, numbering nearly thirty members of the assembly all told, besides many visitors. District Superintendent Lyman Brough made a report showing progress in the work, as well as faithfulness to "our job," clearly demonstrating the fact that the old-time gospel, when preached with the old-time power, is yet efficient to the saving of men and women from all sin.

Two camp meetings were held on the district during the year, at Sawyer, N. D., and Sherburn, Minn., which brought many into the kingdom, and the Sherburn camp resulted in the organizing of a church at that place. Two other churches were also organized in Minnesota, at Triumph and Fergus Falls, both being the outcome of evangelistic work by our own evangelists, Bros. Lyman Brough and C. B. Prine, assisted by others of our workers. Gracious revivals, also, blessed the other churches of the district, resulting in many souls being added unto the Lord. Total membership on the district was reported at 202, a net increase of 51, or more than 33½ per cent.

Two preachers, W. M. Irwin, pastor at Surrey, and C. B. Prine, pastor at Center and Velva, were elected to orders and ordained, and four licensed preachers were placed in the first year's course of study. H. H. Kernohan, an evangelist of the New York district, now residing in Minneapolis, Minn., was at his request transferred to this district, and, together with Lyman Brough and C. B. Prine, given evangelistic commissions.

Anniversaries of our general institutions were held for the first time this year, occupying the afternoons, and the success achieved and the inspiration given will no doubt lead to their becoming permanent features of our assembly meetings. The missionary interest especially was much advanced by this means. A statement from the foreign missionary treasurer was received, showing that the district was short on foreign missionary apportionment, and an offering was promptly given to the amount of \$92, more than wiping out the deficiency. Altogether \$385.90 were contributed for home and foreign missions in the district during the year. W. M. Irwin, Surrey, N. D., is the treasurer of the district missionary board this year.

The interests of Pasadena, Olivet and our other schools were fully presented at the educational anniversary, and some students from the district will doubtless be the outcome. Some are planning to attend Pasadena next year, and one young man left the Assembly for his home, intending to go on to Oklahoma Holiness College in a few days.

The Herald of Holiness and the Sunday school literature had already a good circulation in the district, but this was increased by about thirty subscribers to the Herald of Holiness as the result of the anniversary of the publishing interests.

The evenings of the assembly days were given to evangelistic efforts under the leadership of Dr. Bresee, who did not spare himself in preaching and altar work, and whose sermons rich in scriptural truth and spiritual power were used of God to lead sinners to seek salvation, and to build up believers in

holiness. Many were at the altar seeking conversion or sanctification, and on the last night of the assembly Dr. Bresee received a class of nine persons into the Surrey church.

The entertainment of the assembly by the Surrey church was ample, our comfort being looked after by our hosts even to the point of self-sacrifice.

The arrangements for the work are as follows: District Superintendent, Lyman Brough; Center, N. D., Supplied by R. J. Kunze; Fergus Falls, Minn., To be supplied; Minot, N. D., Supplied by T. E. Oldham; Nashua, Mont., Jacob Luchsinger; Sawyer, N. D., Supplied by R. J. Kunze; Sherburn, Minn., C. D. Norris; Surrey, N. D., W. M. Irwin; Triumph, Minn., C. D. Norris; Velva, N. D., C. B. Prine.

H. G. COWAN, Secretary.

MISSOURI DISTRICT

Am on my final round of the churches trying to get everything in as good shape as possible for the assembly. God is blessing. Baptized eight by immersion for Bro. Wright at Gad's Hill the 6th. Spent Saturday and Sunday morning with Bro. Williams and his fine people at Ellington. God was with us. From there I ran out in the country some eight or nine miles to Redford and preached Sunday night and Monday night. Held their annual church meeting. A spiritual feast was enjoyed with a gracious revival under the ministry of Bro. Wm. Seal. Over fifty professions. Spent last night and today with the Corridor church. One saved and another earnest seeker. From here we visit the churches this week at Hobby, Big Spring and the camp meeting at Des Arc, Oct. 8-13. "The best of all, God is with us." Hallelujah!

JOS. N. SPEAKES, Dist. Supt.

7332 Marietta Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

HAMLIN, TEXAS

Meeting opened with victory last night at the C. N. U. While the congregation was small the saints have a large expectation. Twenty-seven students registered the first day and more are coming. A good faculty are on hand ready for a strong work.

H. F. REYNOLDS.

ALTUS, OKLA.

A good sized congregation gathered for the missionary meeting last night, but soon scattered, owing to electric storm. Altus is up on Missionary apportionment, but gave an extra offering last night. Pastor Owens is pushing the battle.

H. F. REYNOLDS.

GARDNER, MASS.

We have just closed a two-weeks' meeting with the Revs. H. R. Jones of Keene, N. H., C. P. Lanpher of Fitchburg, Mass., and Mr. John F. Gibson of Amesboro, Mass., singing evangelist. Truly God blessed these men as they preached. The saintly John Fletcher said, "It is the unction that makes the preacher." These words were verified in our midst. They preached in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. Bro. Gibson sang his rousing and inspiring songs. God was with us and blessed the saints. A few have found pardon through the meritorious blood. Hallelujah! Amen! To God be all the glory!

EPHRAIM WORDSWORTH.

DANIELSON, CONN.

The dedication of our new church will take place on Wednesday, Sept. 26th. Services at 10:30, 2:30 and 7 o'clock, p. m. Brother Fogg, our District Superintendent, will have charge of the services, preaching the dedicatory sermon in the evening. We have a beautiful

building 30x50 with a seating capacity of 225. We will have a small debt of \$1300. Entertainment of preachers who come to the services will be arranged for, if notification is sent to the pastor beforehand. Dinner and supper served free in the Hall. Come and make it a great day. In Holy Love.

W. A. RAYMOND, Pastor.

BETHANY, OKLA.

Oklahoma District Camp Meeting closed Sunday night, Sept. 8th. With the exception of a very few the congregations were almost wholly our local people. Dr. Hills' sermons were clear, strong, logical and unctious. Rev. Jernigan and Rev. Johnson gave us a sermon each full of fire and helpfulness. The battle was a hard one, but the local church was much helped, and added twelve members. I was one of the workers.

H. F. REYNOLDS.

PENIEL, TEXAS

I have just closed a fine meeting at Fowler School House, three and one-half miles from Erick, Okla. From the first of the meeting the Spirit seemed to take hold of the people, but the break came the third day. There were between forty and fifty professions and they seemed to be of the kind that intend to go through. A good per cent of those that professed were heads of families. The people were very kind to me and invited me to return next year.

Tuesday I took up my work of teaching Bible and Theology in Peniel University, and will continue in this work until next May, then I will return to the evangelistic field for the summer. The Lord graciously blessed during the summer and we are expecting Him to do great things for us in the school work. May He abundantly bless the whole Herald family. Yours in perfect love,

JAS. B. CHAPMAN.

KEENE, N. H.

God is indeed blessing us. The saints fight well and souls are being won for the kingdom. On Sunday we had the pleasure of having with us Bro. R. H. Whitman of Providence, R. I. Conviction was felt by the sinners and the saints were made to rejoice through the power of the Holy Ghost. One soul sought the blessing.

H. R. JONES.

MEXICAN MISSION, EL PASO, TEX.

The Lord is very precious to us in these days of trials and tests. Dark clouds are hanging over the Mexican horizon again. The situation across the river is very critical. There is so much talk of intervention, and it seems that there isn't any other remedy for the sorely stricken Republic. These are perilous times.

Last Sunday one precious soul wept her way to the cross, in true repentance. I have just finished the translation of our Manual into the Spanish language, and I hope in a short time to have it printed and put into the hands of all our missionaries and workers among the Spanish speaking people.

S. D. ATHANS.

1304 Texas St.

CHICAGO CENTRAL DISTRICT

At our annual meeting at Evansville, Ind., some one said: "We are paying too much rent for this church." A sister who is not a member of our church, said: "I will give \$25 toward a new church." Another said, "I will give \$25." Another said, "I will give \$50." Another, \$100. In a few minutes \$565 was promised. We are expecting a new church building in Evansville. Evangelist U. E. Harding held a tent meeting seven miles south of Princeton, Ind., and took thirty members into the Nazarene Church. Rev. Chas. A. Brown, the pastor of our church at Evansville, and myself walked three and one-half miles from the railroad station to the school house where these folks worship, and arranged to organize our newest country church, Bresee Chapel, which will be in fine working order by the opening session of our district assembly, which will be

held in Chicago, Oct. 9-13. This church now has a subscribed building fund of \$900.00. Our visit to our general home mission field at Falmouth and Harrietta, Mich. was a time of spiritual uplift and victory for all. Rev. A. T. Harris at Falmouth is doing vallant service and getting souls into the kingdom. The people are poor financially but they are dividing their last penny and crumb of bread with their pastor and family. If we can purchase the house in which Bro. Harris lives and the two lots that go with it for \$400, we can soon have a permanent Nazarene home in Falmouth. I preached at Harrietta on Thursday night. Two girls were converted. One asked us to hold services in her home next day. The next morning this girl called her unsaved father, mother and grandmother into the room where she was, got the family Bible, read a chapter, got on her knees and prayed. At the meeting in the afternoon the mother and grandmother sought the Lord at the altar. One young man was saved. I baptized the two girls and three babies out under the trees at this home meeting. Friday night one was saved in the church and I completed the organization of the Harrietta (Michigan) Nazarene Church, which makes six new churches in this district this assembly year. Our Harrietta church has twenty-two members and the M. E. church to worship in for one year. Bro. Clark Flook is holding a special meeting there now. Rev. Charles Hanks and wife will be there in a few days to take the pastorate.

J. M. WINES, Dist. Supt.

GRAND VIEW PARK, MASS.

The twelfth Labor Day meeting at this historic camp was the grandest ever known here. It is usual to say this, but these meetings are always exceedingly powerful, and this one was unspeakable! Attendance was very large, and would have been enormous if rain had not set in. We seldom count seekers, but

there must have been over fifty in the two days. Tides of glory, shouting, singing and all kinds of victory were the order. Preaching was uniformly glorious—as good as an imported evangelist could do. Revs. Strong, Fogg, Gould, Schurman and Pres. Borders did it. Rev. J. P. Irving preached the closing sermon—one of revival, Holy Ghost power that brought many souls to the altar, and a hallelujah march closed the camp. We asked the dear people for \$125 and they gave gladly \$200. Oh, what a meeting! L. D. PEAVEY.

WOODWARD, OKLA.

Our meeting closed at this place Sunday night with victory. Seventy prayed through and testified to either pardon or purity. This was the first holiness meeting they have ever had in the town and there was plenty of opposition; very pastor in the town stood out against the meeting. Whole families were saved in the meeting. People gave up their lodge and tobacco and we organized a Nazarene church with fourteen members. We will pastor the church here until assembly, and then on in the battle as God leads.

W. I. DEBOARD.

PENIEL, TEX.

We have been out in the fields at work for Jesus for about two months. Saw a good many souls saved, sanctified and reclaimed. In one of our meetings I saw eleven souls saved at one service. Bro. Kennedy and Bro. Urquhart assisted us in two meetings. We are now at Peniel, Texas.

HUBBARD and WILLIE M'GONAGILL.

BOWIE, TEX.

We are entering the third week of our meeting here. It is indeed wonderful what the Lord is doing. There has been near 100 either saved or sanctified up to date. The people

say we are having the greatest crowds ever in Bowie. The crowd last night was estimated at from 3000 to 4000, and will continue all this week. A Baptist preacher, one of their state missionaries, has been wonderfully sanctified.

We go from here to Searcy, Ark., the 20th with Bro. Burkart. J. W. MANNEY.

PENIEL, TEX.

We had a great meeting at Beebe, Ark. The old camp got reclaimed. From the first Saturday of the meeting we did not have one fruitless service. God was with us in power and blessing. Something like seventy professions. All collections were raised according to promise, and about \$50.00 of old debts on last year's expenses were paid, and I raised them some money to do some improving on their grounds.

B. F. NEELY.

LILETOWN, KY.

We have labored in Georgia, South Carolina, Indiana and Kentucky this season. God has given us some great meetings and numbers of souls have been born into the kingdom. The meeting we are in at the above place, in some ways surpasses anything we have seen. Such demonstrations of power and glory. Thirty-five souls have prayed through up to the present. Yours in Jesus,

ERNEST and JAMIE ROBERTS.

CHICAGO, FIRST CHURCH

It was my privilege to be with the above church for six days recently. The revival fires which have been kindled since early summer burn with a luster that lights the south side of that city. This faithful pastor and people do things. On this historic ground has been poured out the life energy of priests and people and it is beautiful to see a magnificent edifice rising above the whole. Six weeks ago two residences stood where now there blossoms one of the best and most attractive churches within our connection. As we beheld the sight our eyes filled, and we wondered if the hearts made new were not already the number of the bricks and if the tears shed would not moisten the plaster which holds the whole together. Holiness becometh this house; may it be so forever.

GUY L. WILSON.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

I have just closed my first meeting for my fall work. It was held at Cleveland, Ind., at what is known as the John Hatfield Camp. Brother Hatfield is the founder of this camp and he is the leading man connected with it. The workers this year were the writer and Rev. Charles Stalker, and the big singer of old Kentucky, the man that sings the gospel. I mean W. B. Yates. This was my first meeting with Bro. Stalker and after watching him for ten days I am of the opinion that he comes as near being led by the Holy Spirit all the time as any man I ever saw. His life seems to be ordered of the Lord. His sermon on the Old Man was simply tremendous. Old Bill Yates as a singer was at his best. He sung music by the wagonload, if it could have been sacked and loaded. When it comes to praying loud and long and hot and fast and leaping in the air and dancing before the Lord, Hatfield is just simply at the head of the list. It would not do for any man on earth to try to be like him, for if he did the first effort he would kill himself dead on the spot. If ever you heard a Texas cyclone go by, or if you ever saw a dozen hounds with a coon up a bush, you have some idea of John Hatfield's six o'clock prayer meetings. We had a few souls saved. We never had a real break in the meeting, but somebody almost every service got through to victory, sometimes as many as eight or ten in a single service. I am at this writing in the beautiful city of Indianapolis, and we are just opening up in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Sister Mattie Wines is the pastor and we have a fine start.

BUD ROBINSON.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS!

DURING the month of September we want all of our friends to make a special campaign for trial subscribers to the **HERALD OF HOLINESS**. We would like to have at least ten thousand three months subscriptions at 25c. each to run from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. This period will include the Publishing House, Old Folks, Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers. These features alone will be worth the price of the three months subscription.

Everyone! Everywhere!

LET US be up and doing. Surely there are a thousand persons among our number who believe that the work of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene should be advertised and pushed. If each one of these thousand persons will send a trial subscription to 5 or 10 friends whom they desire to interest in the church, it will surely result in a great advance in our church work.

A Good Thing!

THE Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene proves a blessing to every community where it is planted. It has been a blessing to you and you owe it to others to tell them of its blessings and benefits. We plan to fully represent every department of the church during the last three months of the year, and no cheaper or more effectual method could be found to spread the knowledge of the church than to send the **HERALD OF HOLINESS** to the thousands who are looking for liberty and help in church fellowship.

Be a Missionary!

THIS is real missionary work and should enlist the zeal of all our people.

Oh spread the tidings round, wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound;

THE COMFORTER HAS COME

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ROSWELL, N. MEX.

We invited Bro. Charley Robison to come over and hold some meetings; sent a wagon eighty-five miles to meet him and family at Roswell. Our first meeting was at Angus, where they had not heard any preaching for about twelve months. One man was reclaimed who had been a backslider for about twenty years. Our next meeting was at Capitan. We held for fifteen days. The people came ten and fifteen miles across the hills and mountains to these meetings. Bro. Robison and I parted at Capitan, he going on farther west in the mountains to Nogal, and I came to Roswell to lead the singing for Bro. Jeffries, where we are now in a great meeting, somebody getting through at most every service.

R. M. YARBROUGH.

UPLAND, CAL.

Souls have sought the Lord every Sabbath since our last report. A goodly number are getting through. Four have been taken into the church. Our prayer meetings are increasing in interest and attendance. There was a real melting spirit in the services this last Sunday with six seekers at the altar. A number of our choice young people will leave this week to attend our Nazarene University. Thank God for our great schools.

O. F. GOETTEL.

PENIEL, TEX.

This has been a great year with me. Have been in labors tedious and incessant. Have seen over one hundred souls get to God. Some were backsliders reclaimed, some were sinners saved by His marvelous grace, and some sanctified by His Spirit divine. I have no higher aspiration than to live in the center of God's will at any cost. God greatly bless the paper; I am delighted with it.

W. B. PINSON.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Lord has given real victory in this place. Sunday evening (Sept. 8th) was the close of a month's campaign in a rented hall. During the month more than one hundred seekers came to the altar. Many claimed to be converted, and not a few gave good evidence of having received the blessing of entire sanctification. So far as we know, this was the first campaign conducted in this city in the name of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. This is a great field for our work, and we ask the dear ones in all parts of the vineyard to pray that God will give us a house of worship.

R. J. DIXON, Evangelist.

143 Washington St., Hartford, Conn.

RED BAY, ALA.

On our way from Brilliant we stopped off in Winfield and held six good services. Then on to Thaxton, Miss., with the Nazarenes. The meeting was truly great. Rev. H. H. Hooker is the pastor. There were marvelous displays of divine power in all services. There were many seekers and some happy finders. Bro. C. F. Wells has been an old stand-by in this church from the beginning. Then the Threldkelds are good stand-bys. The church at Thaxton is a power and on fire for God and souls. Not a trace of fanaticism. Closed here, Red Bay, Ala., last night, Sept. 8th, with several seekers at the altar. The meetings were good all the way through. Some have been saved and some sanctified. Bros. Patterson, Hudson, Wade and Hall with many others are standing here like a wall for holiness. Bro. and Sister J. F. Walker, of Corinth, Miss., attended some. They are fine people. Go next to Vina, Ala., Sept. 13-22. Yours in the fight,

C. H. LANCASTER and WIFE.

HAVERTHILL, MASS.

We had seventy-seven out to our Wednesday evening meeting and a regular camp meeting on a small scale. We are planning for a glorious fall and winter campaign.

W. G. SCHURMAN.

RAVENNA, TEX.

We have been in revival work with our gospel tent since the first of June; have had some hard battles and some glorious victories. Have held six meetings, all in Texas. There have been scores of souls blessed in pardon or sanctification and a goodly number delivered from tobacco and from unholy, oath-bound lodges. We are finding that the old-fashioned gospel of holiness presented fearlessly in love will still bear fruit. Virgil Fisher and wife, Miss Ida Murphy and Frank Weise have each helped us at different times in these meetings as song leaders. All of them doing good work. They are all students from the Peniel University, and their deep spiritual life speaks well for this God-honored institution.

P. L. PIERCE and WIFE.

Peniel, Texas.

SHOALS, OKLA.

Bro. G. M. Gibson, wife and I are having a very interesting meeting here. Several have already found Jesus, as a Savior, and Sanctifier. Many others are seeking. Bro. Gibson is an earnest, Spirit-filled preacher, plain and to the point. We are praying for and expecting greater things from the Lord. Bro. Gibson goes from here to Deport, Texas, and wife and I go to Ervin, Okla.; thence to Moyer. We spent a few days very pleasantly in Hugo. They and pastor are a live set.

V. A. WALKER.

FROST BRIDGE CAMP

We are here in a most gracious, soul-saving camp; thirty-nine at altar Sunday at the eleven o'clock service. Scores are being saved and believers are being sanctified. Frost Bridge camp is forty years old. Buddie was here three years ago and I can easily find his track. Dr. Haynes has done faithful work here. Also Dr. Walker and many others. Altar is crowded twice daily. This is a great awakening. Men have been reconciled who had been at outs for twenty years. The saints are fasting much and wrestling in much earnest prayer. We had a great closing out at Callis Grove camp. We were slated for 1913. We are called back here for 1913. We go next to Indiana, then to Kentucky, thence to Indiana, then back to dear old Kentucky.

WILL J. HARNEY.

PEABODY, MASS.

God is giving us the victory here. He is blessing us and souls are being saved. He has a number of faithful ones here, who love Him and who are determined to go through. Hallelujah. The interior of the church has been completely renovated. New lights have been installed, and we have now a most comfortable and cheerful church room. We believe that God is going to do great things for us during the autumn and coming winter.

WM. BRECKENRIDGE, Pastor.

SANTA ANA, CAL.

We want to tell you that we have a prayer list, the 19th article of which reads as follows: "That thou wilt let thy Holy Spirit perpetually abide in the Nazarene Publishing House; to illumine the world on all lines of Bible Holiness."

The Nazarene Church which was organized by Bro. W. C. Wilson here in Santa Ana, June, 26, 1912, with only fifteen members is gaining in membership and on all lines. Sunday afternoon God gave us a landslide of glory, and financial victory, giving us three hundred and thirty-five dollars in work on our church building. We are now worshipping in a tent. God has helped us to buy a fine corner lot and house with only \$1100 back on same. Last night at our prayer meeting heaven and earth met.

E. CODLING.

MIGRATIONS

After a sojourn of a year, and a half in Alberta, Canada, we are now enroute for our old home on the Pacific Coast. On Aug. 18th we held our farewell service in Edmonton. We had a good audience with many expressions of love and esteem. The work of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is constantly growing in favor with this people. Sunday the 25th, we spent in Wetaskiwin, preaching Saturday night and twice on Sunday. The services were held in the Salvation Army with good audiences and a number of seekers. Sunday the 1st of September we spent in Calgary. A holiness convention had been announced and the people had been praying for victory. Sister Clink preached an able sermon in the morning, which was followed by a very gracious fellowship meeting. As Mrs. Brown sang in this service, "He'll take you through," there was a blessed outpouring of the Spirit and many wept and shouted for joy. At the afternoon service the writer preached from the text, "Who is this that looketh forth as the morning; fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." A blessed altar service followed, with two seekers.

The new pastor, Rev. E. Dearn and wife, reached the city very early in the morning, weary and worn from a long journey, but they were girded up for the battle. They were cordially and affectionately welcomed by many of their old friends and the people generally. In the evening Brother Dearn preached a strong evangelistic sermon and conducted a successful altar service. Rev. W. B. Tait, the new District Superintendent, is rapidly getting the work in hand and is intelligently planning for a great work in the future. Some fine young people here are interested in our school and expect to soon join our delegation which is about starting from Alberta to Pasadena. From this point on Monday evening, we took the train for the western coast. A goodly number of our loved friends said a tender farewell at

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the station and we are now wending our way to Seattle, where we hope to find a clime where Mrs. Brown may be restored to her normal health and strength.

A Correction: In our report the type makes us say that "we are now ready for a Nazarene school." The little word "not" was left out, which changes the meaning.

H. D. BROWN.

A SUMMER'S WORK FOR GOD

Beginning the 15th of May and closing the 8th of September we have been in nine meetings as a worker. In all it has been quite a good season, and many souls have prayed through to God.

Beginning at Lithopolis, O., May 15th with a tent meeting, which was the hardest battle of the season with but little visible fruitage. Here our co-workers were Sister Kennett (now Mrs. Miller), who led the singing, and Bro. J. F. Harvey.

Next to East Liverpool, O., for the Annual District Assembly, presided over by Dr. Walker, then after the assembly we remained for a few days and preached in our Nazarene Hall with Bro. F. W. Armstrong as pastor.

Thence to Tarentum, Pa., with our folks for a tent meeting. Here the Lord met us in a gracious way and it was considered a very successful meeting. Bro. Paul Barnes led the singing and Bro. Howard Welsh, the pastor, preached several times, as did Evangelist Robt. Doverspike of Michigan. This was our second meeting in Tarentum.

Next came to Uhrichsville, O., with Bro. Will Hafer as pastor and Bro. Barnes as singer. Here we had a great meeting. We were told by many that it was the best meeting Uhrichsville has had since the Will Huff meeting years ago. The meeting continued a few nights after we had gone then we preached three nights longer on our way to Dayton. This was also our second meeting at this place.

At Dayton, O., unfortunately the tent was moved to another location in the midst of our meeting which caused a break, and then at the new location we were disturbed by Catholic men and boys until we came near having an awful riot. God helped us and delivered us. Amen! A few souls sought the Lord. Bro. J. A. Fields was the pastor and Bro. Barnes our song leader again.

Next to Bentonville, O., for their first annual camp meeting. Bentonville is a small place, but we surely had great crowds at the meetings. They came for miles and packed the big tent night after night and some splendid work was done. Bro. C. M. Tomlin, the pastor, was my co-worker as leader of song. At the close of the meeting a camp meeting committee was appointed and preparations begun for a greater meeting next summer. This was our second meeting in Bentonville.

Then to Allentown camp in Eastern Pennsylvania. This is a great camp and we witnessed some very remarkable demonstrations of God's power. Here we met with a host of noted workers for God, such as Geo. Sharp from Scotland, Bro. Geo. Kuntz, recently returned from Scotland, Wm. Grum and mother, Sisters Clara Boyd, Minnie Shea, Bessie Larkin and others. We enjoyed this meeting very much. The Lord is using Bro. T. L. Wicand, the president of the association, in making Allentown a great camp.

Next to Bentleyville camp, Pa. This camp is famous for its beautiful grounds, auditorium, cottages and crowds of people. Somewhere from ten to fourteen thousand people on the grounds the last Sunday and good audiences all through. My co-workers were Brothers C. F. English and Dr. F. A. Gould, and a Mr. Hunter led the singing. We are to return next year, the Lord willing.

Last of the summer meetings was at Koppel, Pa., a new town some thirty miles north from Pittsburgh. Here the victory did not come easy, but it came to a degree at least. J. M. Davidson is pastor here and at New Galilee and Bro. David Locke from New Castle, my old

Appointments of General Superintendents

First Business Session at 9 a. m., first day of Assembly.

GEN. SUPT. P. F. BRESEE

Home Address, 1126 Santee St, Los Angeles, Calif.

Kentucky District—Louisville, Ky., Sept. 26.

Chicago Central District—Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9.

Clarksville District—Erin, Tenn., Oct. 17.

Alabama District—Jasper, Ala., Oct. 24.

Arkansas District—Mansfield, Ark., Oct. 31.

GEN. SUPT. H. F. REYNOLDS

Home Address, Bethany, Oklahoma City, Okla., R. F. D. No. 4.

Convention—Hamlin, Tex., Sept. 13-22.

Gen'l Mis. Board Meeting—Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3-6.

East Tennessee District—Oct. 10-13.

Southeast District—Oct. 23-27.

Dallas District—Nov. 6-10.

Ablene District—Snyder, Texas, Nov. 13-17.

Louisiana District—Dec. 4-8.

GEN. SUPT. E. F. WALKER

Home Address, Glendora, Calif.

Illinois Holiness University—Georgetown (Olivet), Ill., Sept. 10-22.

Kansas District—Sylvia, Kans., Sept. 24.

General Missionary Board Meeting—Chicago, Oct. 3-6.

Missouri District—St. Louis (Maplewood), Oct. 8-13.

Illinois Holiness University—Georgetown (Olivet) Ill., Oct. 14-Nov. 3.

Oklahoma District—Oklahoma City, Okla., Nov. 5-10.

The opening service of the assembly meetings will be held on the evening of the first day.

time friend and fellow worker, assisted in the meetings. This was also our second meeting here.

C. A. IMHOFF.

YELLOW PINE, LA.

I have just closed a good meeting at Yellow Pine, La. We held the meeting in our tent. This makes two years wife and I have been at this place, about one and one-half miles out from Yellow Pine, and we are expecting to begin a meeting in town the first Sunday in October, with the pastor of the Methodist Church.

EUGENE HUDNALL.

GLADWIN, MICH.

This camp was one of marked success. Evangelists S. B. Shaw, J. H. Clymer, J. A. Kauffman, Frank Thomas, Charles Strait, V. Buxton (president of camp) and Sister Clymer were at their best. Many souls went their way to the cross and found the precious blood. Bro. Shaw's talks on prayer were very instructive. C. D. Petershaus, S. S. missionary, of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., assisted by Sister Bowman had charge of the children's meetings. Their illustrated lessons were greatly appreciated. One characteristic of the entire camp was the interest and spirit manifested in the singing.

From Aug. 31 to July 10 we were in the battle against sin in the Dale camp near Beaverston, Mich. The Lord gave victory and folks laid aside worldly adornment and associations to follow the lowly Nazarene. The Lord gave us victory in the Frost Lake camp, July 3-14. Those desiring full salvation in song and message give us a call for ten days as the Lord may lead. Our address is Gladwin, Mich.

R. DOVERSPIKE.

IOWA DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The Iowa District Assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene convened at Bloomfield, Iowa, September 11, 1912, at 9 a. m.

Dr. P. F. Bresee led the devotional service. The blessing of God was manifest upon him. He then took the chair and called the assembly to order. After the order of organization came the introduction of new members. This was an occasion of much rejoicing.

The afternoon session opened with the singing of "There is a Fountain filled with blood." Brother and Sister Slosser sang a duet. At 3 p. m. the business session was adjourned for the educational anniversary, and Rev. T. H. Agnew announced a platform meeting, in which many speakers would participate. He then called upon Dr. Bresee to speak.

Following the speech of the general superintendent came an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in song and prayer. H. S. Hester spoke ably in the interest of holiness schools from the standpoint of experience as a graduate student and as a trustee of one of our holiness schools.

Brother Blackman led a rousing street meeting preceding the evening session. B. T. Flannery preached the sermon, some coming forward in response.

At the opening session, Thursday morning, Dr. Bresee read the lesson, Isaiah, 42d chapter and gave helpful comments. After reading of the minutes the Rev. Messrs. C. A. Clark, F. C. Bliner and Roy Mitchell were received into the Bloomfield Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene by the general superintendent. T. H. Agnew, district superintendent, reported progress along all lines, with much activity manifest through the district. The reports of pastors were received.

The missionary anniversary was observed in the afternoon, Dr. Bresee and Brother Hatfield giving beneficial talks. The missionary treasurer's report showing \$200 shortage in the district apportionment, a table offering

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was had and \$209 was joyously given. C. A. Clark preached in the evening.

At the morning session on Friday B. T. Flannery was elected district superintendent.

At the afternoon session C. J. Kinne, agent for the Publishing House, ably presented its needs, emphasizing the setting apart of a special day for prayer in its behalf. October 13th was designated as such day, to be observed throughout the district. Dr. Bresee gave a brief history of the beginnings of our Church literature. The district is much aroused, and pledged itself to push the Herald of Holiness and our Sunday school literature. L. E. Goode said: "I have since eighteen years of age been in the experience of holiness, and have always read and loved holiness papers." To show his appreciation of the Herald of Holiness he gave \$180 for subscriptions.

A. F. MOSELEY, Reporter.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

I have preached almost every Sunday since the assembly. Three Sundays in August I was at Ollinda, Cal., in the absence of the pastor, James Elliott. The Lord gave victory and a blessed time. I was in the Nazarene camp meeting at Pasadena two days. At different places in this city I have preached, with some victory and souls. A cottage prayer meeting is held in this part of the city almost each week. The Lord has been meeting with us and some good has been done. Our present address is 6161 York boulevard.

JOHN D. CART.

WALDRON, ARK.

In the beginning of our Waldron camp God is giving victory and moving on the hearts of the people. Brother Galoway is leading the singing. Our camp at Mainsprings was a good meeting, probably seventy-five being converted or sanctified. This camp has taken on new life. Some strong people were sanctified in this meeting. Brother Galoway led the singing at this camp. Bro. G. E. Waddle and the writer were called to hold the camp for 1913. We go from here to Tennessee.

Vilonia, Ark.

LEE L. HAMRIC.

MONROE, ARK.

Have just closed a good revival at Keevil, Ark. Quite a number were saved and reclaimed. Our next battle is at Erin, Ark.

JOHN S. LONG.

Additional Personals

Rev. G. J. Kunz is now pushing a forward movement for holiness in Northern New York.

Rev. H. C. Morrison is educating a few Koreans, Chinese, Filipinos, etc., at Asbury College. Amen!

Allie Irick and wife report a blessed meeting at Goss, Mo.

Rev. Joseph H. Smith and wife are to take a missionary trip around the world this fall and winter.

Rev. E. E. Wood and J. F. Harvey were in charge of Mahaffey, Pa., camp this year.

Rev. B. F. Lindsay reports extensive repairs to our Davenport, Mass., church.

Revs. Hogg and Cain of Wichita, Kas., are holding a tent meeting in Kansas City. The Publishing House acknowledges a pleasant visit from these worthy brethren.

Rev. E. C. DeJernett writes of the opening of the University at Peniel for this year. He says the little holiness town is full to overflowing, "two and three families in many houses. We could fill a score of other houses if we had them."

A card from Rev. J. D. Scott says: "My precious wife is in the Los Angeles hospital at the point of death. Please pray for her and for us." May the Master comfort and sustain.

Bro. Will J. Harney, Rt. 5, Carlisle, Ky., writes that he is in need of a man and his wife

to live at his country home and look after the place in his absence. Write him at above address.

Evangelist Aug. Nilson has been called to North Dakota for meetings. His address for a few weeks is R. F. D. No. 2, Cheyenne, N. Dak., Care Aug. Kiehlow. He can sing, play, preach and pray.

Rev. Aaron Wells, assisted by his wife and many of the Brentwood church are in a tent meeting at Woodstock (Portland), Ore., with a real revival tide on.

Evangelists E. A. Lewis and Ernest Matthews are holding forth in Mukilteo, Wash., with Rev. J. C. Scott, pastor. They go thence to Bellingham, with Bro. C. B. Langdon.

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This school, recently turned over to the supervision and watchcare of our church, opened its Fall term, September 12.

The attendance of students at the opening was quite encouraging, both as to quantity and quality. We have heard of zealous efforts on the part of some who appear to be prejudiced against our denomination to turn students elsewhere, and such efforts have been somewhat successful. We have lost some former students; but the splendid body of new ones more than compensates for our loss.

A larger attendance than ever at the opening is reported. We have a full and efficient faculty, and the outlook for the school year is encouraging. E. F. WALKER, President.

OKLAHOMA HOLINESS COLLEGE

President Hills reported fifty-five students registered the first day and ten members of the faculty had arrived. More students are expected. Let us pray for O.H.C.

H. F. REYNOLDS.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Review—Matt. 11:2-15

SEPTEMBER 29

Golden Text

B. F. Haynes.

"The words I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." John 6:63.

The words that I speak unto you—There is intrinsically, inherently, a supernatural, divine energy in the words of Christ. Truly "never man spake like this man." This wondrous divine power is presented to us here under two aspects; first:

As **spirit-arousing power**—"It is the spirit that quickeneth." Man lulled into a death of indifference, lethargy and supineness by sin can only be aroused by the quickening power of God's spirit. Not the eloquence or earnestness or scripturalness of our preaching, but only as these are energized and used by the blessed Holy Spirit are men awakened from the stupor of sin and brought to serious consideration of their danger and their duty. The old fashioned doctrine of conviction should never become obsolete. It is eminently scriptural. If not "very full of comfort," it is certainly very full of power and efficiency in evangelistic work. Men never move toward God until moved upon, and this being "moved upon," is the quickening or convincing work of the Spirit of God. With this quickening work accomplished there comes naturally next:

The **life-giving energy of the Spirit**—The Spirit kills that He may make alive—buries that He may resurrect. Regeneration is the divine implantation of life by the Spirit to be followed scripturally by sanctification which is the Spirit's personal occupation of His cleansed temple of life and light. This is the completed life conferred by the Holy Ghost in the great work of redemption. Note the retirement to the strictest subordination, almost to silence, of the mediation of human instrument, and how the divine is stressed and pushed to the front. Human means are implied of course. Yet "it is not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

SPIRITUAL LIGHTS

REV. J. N. SHORT

To write a brief, general article on the twelve lessons we have been over is a difficult thing. It would be if we embrace in it all the studies concerning Jesus, His spirit, words and work, and then the spirit and bearing of men toward Him because of His teaching. As touching the character and life of Jesus I find nothing so beautiful and expressive as the seventy-second Psalm.

Studying the spirit, words and work of the Lord Jesus for the benefit of the world, and their influence to the present time, from the standpoint of nearly two thousand years, what could be more beautiful and exactly descriptive of Jesus, and what He has said and done than this Psalm? Reading it in the light of a careful study of the lessons of the quarter, we recognize the prophetic description of the spirit and mission of the Son of God as worked and working out today.

But this Psalm was written nearly a thousand years before the advent of the Prince of life. Studying His person, words and work after nearly two thousand years, we are lost in wonder and admiration at the fulfillment of this brief poetic and prophetic biography of the character and life of "The King's Son," Jesus of Nazareth the Son of David.

I heard a brilliant and profound scholar give an address before a large audience on geology and the glacial changes produced on the earth's surface. He paused in his address and said, "If you do not appreciate this, it is because you do not know enough."

This sally produced a smile, and, if possible, increased attention.

I have somewhat this feeling respecting any who may have given any attention to these lessons of the quarter, and have found them lacking in interest. If any of us study these lessons respecting Christ, His spirit, words and work, and do not find them of supreme interest it is because we do not know enough.

Is this a light thought? We know a savage might pick up a rare diamond in the rough and throw it aside as a common pebble. But do we think such a mental condition is well when the savage might rise from his state of abject ignorance into clear intellectual sun-light, and come to properly estimate all values? We know it would mean effort, struggle of mind, the opportunities being afforded.

Words then cannot express the intensity of our thought in seeking to make emphatic the application of this to all who may have considered the lessons of the quarter, in the teachings of Jesus, their value to the world and their influence upon all who receive them into their heart and life. If I do not appreciate them it is because I do not take them in to become a part of my heart and life. I am not then able to estimate their worth.

In that case no savage ever did a more ignorant and foolish thing in throwing away diamonds, as if they were pebble stones. But is it possible that any could have considered these lessons and not have seen any more in them than the savage in the crude diamond?

If there is anything in these teachings of Jesus, there is everything. It is appalling the lack of thought that would lead any to pass them lightly and idly by. But we find much of the thought of the quarter concentrated in the Golden Text. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

If we turn aside from this, where shall we go? We are compelled to say with the apostle, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." What would be the result if all studying these lessons should abandon their own position, their own thought and words, and take in their place the spirit, thought and words of Jesus revealed in this quarter? Of course all one thought and mind with Jesus. Then they would speak and act in their measure as did the Son of God. Taking this position, they would be filled with His Spirit, and be intelligent disciples of the Lord Jesus.

We could hardly measure the import of this to all students of these words. It would mean the revolutionizing of our thought, character and life. It would be a comforting thought that the many do this. But is it not to be feared that too many do this more in theory than as a practical fact? But if we received the words of Jesus into our heart, that would be our true attitude, and we would have nothing to do but to walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing.

To so receive "the truth as it is in Jesus" would mean the death of the carnal mind, our selfish nature and unholy living. It would mean the mind and life of Jesus intelligently implanted in us. We could then from that point go on in the thought, mind and life of Christ and grow up into Him our living Head in all things. This is very simple. Why not? This is what Jesus meant when He said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

It is a serious thought, that we are appropriating the words of the Lord Jesus

according to their true intent, or we are not. Are we saying yes so easy that the words of Jesus do not become spirit and life in us? If so do we wonder at the opposition which the teachings of Jesus provoked in the course of these lessons? It was exactly along this line, and at this crucial point.

To receive the teachings of Jesus meant the yielding up of their own thought, will and mind, and thus a corresponding change of heart and life which would put them in full agreement with the Son of God. This could not be without a struggle. They rebelled, and rejected the word of life. This spirit brought about the death of John the Baptist. In the bitterness of the spirit of the Pharisees it culminated in their blaspheming against the Holy Spirit, and crossing the dead line of hope.

We all say this is a fearful thing. But is there any real middle ground in the face of the light? Is it not one thing or the other with us? Can we compromise, accepting the words of Jesus in theory, our heart not fully responding to the truth, and we not fail of the grace of God?

His words can only be spirit and life to us when we take them in: when they possess our spirit to be our thoughts, words and life. Would not any conscious modification of this principle, to give quarter to our selfish heart, be criminal? Do we not well to consider lest we be disciples of Jesus in theory, and not in deed and in truth?

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