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EDITORIAL

HOLINESS AND GRATITUDE

IT MAY SEEM needless to discuss holiness in relation to gratitude. Gratitude, however, is a virtue to which the devil is so intensely opposed that nothing would delight him more than to induce wherever possible a loss or a weakening of the sense of gratitude in the holy people of God. Holiness stimulates to such intense activity for the Lord, to such unceasing zeal and altruistic work in the Master's kingdom, that it is entirely possible for the sanctified in their absorption with service for others to suffer a subsidence of the sense and flow of personal gratitude to God for the Blessor within their own hearts and the superabounding mercies of God around them.

IF WE WOULD turn to the Psalms we would be profoundly impressed at the exuberance of praise and thanksgiving which poured forth from the Psalmist's heart. How the words of praise linger on his lips! How its rhythm seemed to thrill his heart! and how his constant and beautiful use of it has thrilled the ages, ennobling worship and trending hearts upward and heavenward! Of all people, a lack of thanksgiving would be most inexcusable in the holy for whom God has done immeasurably more than for any other class of people in the world. How their hearts should bound and thrill and leap for joy to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the boundless blessings, the glorious promises, the immeasurable riches of His grace!

ON THIS GLAD DAY of National Thanksgiving let us praise and thank God for the material comforts and blessings of life, for national peace and temporal prosperity, and for the absence of plague, panic and pestilence. As Nazarenes we should thank and praise God for His guiding hand in the founding of our Church, for His good hand in guiding its destiny thus far, and for His promise of grace, strength and enlargement for all the future. We should thank Him for the great camp meetings and revivals which He has given us in all parts of our communion; for the reclamation of the backslidden, for the rescue of fallen women, for the conversion of drunkards, profligates, and hopeless sinners as well as the conversion of multitudes of the children of the Church and of the lost from all the ranks of life. We should praise God for the sanctification of so many thousands at our altars, who have gone forth from the sanctity of the precious altar to lives of increased activity and greatly enlarged joy and fruitfulness in the Master's service.

WE SHOULD at the same time make this service of praise and thanksgiving a season of *going deeper still*. Let our motto be, "Launch out into the deep." Let the great heart-

throb of the Church and her deathless passion be "deeper yet" into the infinite depths of the knowledge and love and riches of Christ. Let the upward gaze and the inward prayer of the Church be for the divine Shekinah, the glory of the Lord God of hosts, to rest upon us in splendor supernal and light ineffable. Thus with intensified power, with greater faith, with holier zeal and mightier tread we will go forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!"

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AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION

THANKSGIVING DAY is peculiarly an American institution. In 1621, after the New England colonists had gathered in their first harvest, Governor Bradford arranged for their assembling together for the purpose of special praise and prayer. Two years thereafter, in the midst of a great drouth prevailing, the people assembled for a day of fasting and prayer for divine relief from the ravages of the drouth; but the service was suddenly changed into one of thanksgiving by the sudden downpour of rain during their prayers. Gradually it became a custom to appoint thanksgiving annually at the harvest. At first the governors of the several New England states appointed these days for thanksgiving by proclamation. During the revolution a day of national thanksgiving was recommended annually by Congress. For many years past, the President issues a proclamation for a thanksgiving day which is followed by the issuance of proclamations by the different governors of states adopting the same day recommended by the President for a day of thanksgiving.

THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL and very appropriate custom. Its observance should be appropriate, however, and not gravitate wholly into mere jollification and hilarity, but should be in every place celebrated by the home gathering of loved ones and with religious services. Innocent rejoicing and amusements are all right on this day, within bounds; but the day should never pass without the solemnity and weight of divine services, where praise and thanksgiving should be prominent.

AMONG ALL THE MENACING clouds which overhang us as a nation there are countless causes for devout thanksgiving to God. President Taft in his proclamation setting aside Thursday, the 28th day of this month, as Thanksgiving Day, very pertinently says:

The year now drawing to a close has been notably favorable to our fortunate land. At peace within and without, free from the perturbations and calamities that have afflicted other people; rich in harvests so abundant and industries so productive that the overflow of our prosperity has advanced the whole world; strong in the steadfast conservation of the heritage of self-government bequeathed to us by the

God of the Harvest---Praise!

CHARLES ALLEN MC CONNELL

GOD of the sowing, God of the growing,
God of the waiting days;
God of the showers, God of bright hours,
God of the harvest—Praise!

TOILERS in sorrows, waiting the morrow's
Joy of the springing grain;
Bearing the burden—faith for the guerdon
After the tears and pain.

COME we now singing, joyfully bringing
Sheaves for Thy garner meet;
Out from the sighing, up from the dying,
Lay we them at Thy feet.

GOD of the sowing, God of the growing,
God of the waiting days;
God of the showers, God of bright hours,
God of the harvest—Praise!

wisdom of our fathers and firm in the resolve to transmit that heritage unimpaired but rather improved by good use to our children and our children's children for all time to come, the people of this country have abounding cause for contented gratitude.

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A CHALLENGE

WE ONCE heard Sam Jones relate his experience with a man who claimed to have so much trouble with his unbeliefs that he could not give his heart to God. Sam reasoned with him, ridiculed him, argued with him, persuaded him, prayed with him and exhausted all means at his command, but only with failure. The poor fellow, seemingly in real earnest, would only plead that he could not believe this, that and the other thing. Finally in desperation Sam said: "Brother, you tell me you are willing to do anything in the world to be a Christian. Now will you begin from this moment and speak and act just like you would speak and act if you were a Christian for one week, and then come back to me and report the results?" The brother agreed. Service was dismissed and the brother went home. At the dinner table he told his wife what he had promised, and said that a Christian ought to ask the blessing at his table, and so he proceeded and asked the blessing. At night, pursuing the same plan as he had promised, he assembled his wife and children in the sitting-room and said: "I don't know how to do this thing, but every Christian ought to have family prayers," and with faltering voice he read the Bible and prayed with and for his family. In his talks with his children he kept the same promise. He went to see a neighbor and confessed to a wrong he had done him, and asked forgiveness. To another he made restitution for a fraud of which he had been guilty in a trade. Other apologies he had to make for unkind things he had said about neighbors. The farther he went the more he found on his hands to do, and the more he found it necessary to pray for divine help. Meanwhile his family devotions grew more and more devout and spiritual. Before the week was out he was gloriously happy in a Savior's love, and hurried to church on Sunday morning, and meeting with Brother Jones told with shouts and tears that his unbeliefs were gone, that he believed everything in the Bible; but best of all he knew for Christ's sake God had saved his soul. Jesus makes the same challenge: "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

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LAYING UP TREASURE

THIS is an age of vast accumulation. It is an age of big fortunes. We are not to forget, however, that this is not only true of the men engaged in the big business of this world, but it is equally true of all men and all women who are engaged in the King's business in this world. God's children are laying up treasures in heaven. There are only two points of difference in the worldly fortune-hunters and in God's children who are laying up fortunes. The first difference is that we are depositing our treasures in a much safer place than they are. Heaven is a safer place of deposit than vaults, banks and trust companies of this world. The second advantage is that we are making deposits all the time. Losses with us are gains. Reverses and wrecks are only forms of accumulation of the same great wealth. Panics, pestilences, wars and scourges never lessen our profits. But the fortune piles up and piles on despite all seemingly adverse conditions. "All things work together for good to them that love God." "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." We might add a third advantage, which is in the character of the coin we are accumulating. Our coin is of a standard of value which never changes, which lasts eternally and which passes current at an infinite premium in all worlds. With what indifference the children of a King can look upon the trusts, corporations and Wall streets of this world! Ours is

the gold of Ophir, the currency of the skies, and our Father is the King of kings and Lord of lords, the only wise God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. How contented and happy we should be with these rich possessions! and how diligently we should seek to enlist others in the quest of the illimitable wealth which is a heritage of all who will have it!

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THE RULING PASSION STRONG

ANYTHING to which we consecrate our affections obtains tremendous strength in our nature. It becomes our ruling passion. A sadder truth still is that the control of this passion over us trends us upward or downward in sentiment and character, according to the nature of the object on which we lavish affection. If the object be elevated, noble, refined, the tendency will be to elevate, ennoble and refine us. If the nature of worship's object be physical, sensuous, animal, the unavoidable effects on the devotees of such objects will be sensuous and degrading. Still another fact connected with this subject, and perhaps sadder even still, is that the power of continued devotion to an object grows stronger and stronger as time passes, and the tenacity of this hold will not be relaxed even as we approach the house of death; but it will be truly said of us that our ruling passion was "strong in death." This is a beneficent law of our nature which serves us for glorious or inglorious ends according as we give ourselves up to the worship of the carnal or the divine. Hence it is that the faith and ardor and devotion of the faithful Christian grows in beauty and strength through the years of his pilgrimage and flowers forth in supernal splendor and beauty amid the approaching shadows of dissolution.

DURING THE excavations going on at Pompeii, there was recently unearthed outside the limits of the ancient city the body of a woman which had been petrified. Both hands were full of jewels. The woman evidently had fled from the doomed city upon which Vesuvius was pouring its horrid flame, but sought to carry with her that which was dearest to her heart and to which she had consecrated her life's affections. These jewels consisted of bracelets, necklaces, rings, amulets studded with gems, and a pair of ear-rings. Clutching helplessly and hopelessly to these vain objects of her heart's affections, she went down to death, finding no help in them in that tragic hour, and finding herself also unable to carry them with her through the flood of fire to the world of spirits.

IS NOT THIS just what multitudes are doing today? Are they not searching for jewels and gold and wealth and fame and earthly position? What folly to spend life chasing these earthly things which fail us in the most trying and needy hour and are also utterly helpless in the world to come to add to our felicity. How sad to see men and women by the thousands utterly neglecting their soul's eternal interests in the vain pursuit after these perishing earthly treasures! How paltry and trifling is the price for which millions sell their souls into eternal woe and despair!

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THE CALL OF God to an obedient child should at once open to his eye of faith the vision of the success of the mission and of the joy set before the obedient servant of souls won to the Redeemer, blood-washed and glorified finally in the heaven of heavens. The power of vision actualizes the objects of faith and realizes to the heart all God's promises and the glory of rewards. Faith lends its realizing light in earth's conflicts and victory comes. Vision is the *realizing* light of faith. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

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"BE YE HOLY" is a command of God, which He expects every one to obey. With the command is the warning—"the holiness [R. V., *sanctification*] without which no man shall see God."

The Editor's Survey

Thanksgiving

For the blessings of the year we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God;
For Thy goodness to our land and nation,
And all the earth abroad.

For the fulness of the barn and storehouse,
For all the earth's increase,
For the riches of our toil and commerce,
For wealth and health and peace.

For the loved ones that are still beside us,
For the griefs that did not come,
For the grateful hearts that rise to bless Thee
From every hearth and home.

For the falling of the showers of blessing
On many a heathen land,
For the mighty pentecostal baptism
On many a holy band.

For the footprints of Thy mighty presence
In all the earth abroad,
For the signals of Thy speedy coming,
Our Savior and our God.

For the blessings of the year we bless Thee
And on Thine altar lay
All our heart in loving, living service,
This glad Thanksgiving Day!

—Anon.

Holiness Abused

In so many ways people act more irrationally in religious matters than in any other matters pertaining to life. They are more irrational, more exacting, more absurd and ridiculous in things pertaining to the religious realm than in any other matters whatsoever. They will occasionally come across a counterfeit dollar, possibly have one passed on them now and then, yet they go on in a mad rush to make money, and continue to use good currency every day of their lives. They will belong to some miserable secret lodge among whose membership there may be possibly a drunkard, or one or two swindlers, and a few other disreputable characters. They hold on to their membership, however, and defend their consistency by urging that these inconsistent characters misrepresent the principles of the lodge. But let a professor of the religion of Christ prove unworthy or derelict in life and these men hold up their hands in holy horror. Let these unworthy men chance to be professors of holiness, and these critics are simply outraged, and are almost led to ridicule and renounce religion entirely by such unspeakable and shocking inconsistencies. They swallow complacently and without a grimace all abuses and inconsistencies in their fellow lodge members, but are thrown into hopeless convulsions by inconsistencies in religious professors. An exchange says on this point:

There is no vital doctrine of the Bible that has not been abused. But that is no reason why it should be neglected. Objection to holiness because it has been abused is childish. As soon think of a man refusing good money because counterfeit money is in circulation. Has not the doctrine of the atonement been

abused in all sorts of ways? Has not the Bible been abused? Are there not many caricatures of the doctrine of justification? Are not the commonest blessings of life perverted? Are not eating and drinking so misused as to become sins? Yet we would not give up our belief in the atonement, or cease eating and drinking. The question is not whether someone has abused all these good things, but whether we propose to use them properly ourselves. The question is not whether someone else has abused holiness, but do we ourselves propose to use it properly. Do we propose to follow "that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord"? If we follow no pursuit in life except that which has never been abused we will soon be out of a job. As for ourselves, we do not propose to let the devil get the advantage of us and cheat us out of our fitness for heaven because he was able to persuade someone else to abuse holiness. If someone else only pretend to take the medicine, we will not let that hinder our really taking it, for we want to be sound and well. If we refuse holiness on account of someone who has abused it, we shall be as badly off in the end as they, for we can not get to heaven without it. Non-use of holiness may be as fatal as abuse or misuse of it. Wesley, to some in his day who complained that this doctrine had been abused, replied thus, "So has that of justification by faith. But that is no reason for giving up either this or any other scriptural doctrine. 'When you wash your child,' as one speaks, 'throw away the water, but do not throw away the child.'"

An Apostolic Wish

There is a depth, a deathlessness and desperateness in the soul of the sanctified in their committal for service which the world can not understand or appreciate. The sanctified enlist for the war for life and have no choice of field or work. Their cry is any service any where whether it be driving the wagon, loading, pulling, or, as Bud Robinson says, only "being a box of axle grease to grease the wheels." It is not the place of service or the character of work which gives distinction but Him for whom it is done. We admire the heart-wish of David Brainerd when he exclaimed:

Oh, that I might be a flaming fire in the service of my God! Here I am, Lord, send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and savage pagan, to the wilderness; send me from all that is called earthly comfort; send me even to death itself if it be but in Thy service and to promote Thy Kingdom.

A Test of Breadth

Aside from grace, the tendency of settled opinions is toward intolerance. The clearness and depth of one's settled opinions tend to render him intolerant toward those holding adverse views. It is a sign and a fruit of grace that a man can hold definite opinions which reach down to the region of conviction and yet tolerate and love and affiliate with the brother who

holds diametrically opposite opinions. Says an exchange:

Inherited beliefs, the constant operation of many educating forces, temperamental peculiarities, circumstances and experiences that modify judgment, confront us as we look daily into the faces of our fellowmen. It is a great thing to be able to form an intelligent, clear-cut, rational opinion. It is no less praiseworthy to be able to hold firmly to that opinion, and at the same time to accord to one's neighbor or one's brother his perfect right to hold the opposite.

The Unheralded

The lofty in social position, the greatly gifted and all who enjoy a theatre of service of great publicity have an earthly recompense in the matter of having their service heralded forth, and their names widely known and honored for their conspicuous service. The very wealthy make their colossal gifts and the press of the country never tire of publishing their generosity to the four winds. These gifts sometimes, though they may be of thousands or millions in size, bear a trifling proportion to the financial ability of the givers. Such gifts often represent absolutely no sacrifice, no self-denial, no inconvenience. Yet a thoughtless world looks on with admiring wonder and heralds forth the names of these men as paragons of generosity. Yet in every community there are heroes and heroines, unknown, unsung and unhonored, poor in the matter of money, and circumscribed, it may be, as to other endowments, who transcend these wealthy givers a million-fold in real beneficence of heart and spirit, in genuine self-denial, and in a true title to praise and honor for acts or lives of genuine benefaction to human kind. It is true that the most deserving often go unrewarded, the greatest benefactors remain unpraised, the greatest heroes and heroines remain unheralded. It is comforting to know that it will not be always so. There is a heaven to come where all inequalities will be rectified, where there will be no injustice in the final awards, for He without whose notice not even a sparrow falls, will reward each and all according to actual deserts. Margaret E. Sangster says:

We are constantly told in the newspapers and elsewhere about the great and generous things that are freely done by women of large wealth who have large hearts. Thus, in liberal gifts and continual benefactions, our ministering women still, as when Jesus was on earth, give of their abundance that he may be supported and comforted. Does he not still say from the home above, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me?" Those who give great gifts of talent, influence and money freely for Christ's sake are the successors of those ministering women who went everywhere with Him when He was on earth. There are those of whom the world never hears; women who have no fortune, little time, and only a great love for Jesus Christ, who are doing large things for Him, and on whom He looks with smiles of love. In a certain home presided over by two quiet women, successively, children who were waifs of poverty have been taken in one by one, rescued from degradation, fed, clothed, taught, trained and brought into the refined atmosphere of an affectionate Christian household. This daily work of tender ministry has been going on for years, and the most beautiful thing about it all is that those who are doing it are not in the least aware that they are doing angels' work.

The Charm of Humility

Humility in Christian character is like the odor of the rose, modesty in a woman or we would almost say like gravitation in nature. It is an unheralded virtue. It makes no noise, does no advertising, publishes no profession, affords absolutely nothing of the spectacular kind, and yet it is the aroma, the wooing, winning, drawing power of Christian character. Nothing so shocked us in the character of the late Dr. Dowie than what we saw and heard on our first visit to his church in Chicago. The strut and swagger of the man himself on the rostrum, the audacious boastfulness of his utterances deeply hurt us. Then the sight of the hundreds of trophies hung on the wall back of the pulpit and choir—canes, crutches, pipes, tobacco, and all sorts of things which had been dispensed with by the multitudes he claimed had been healed or cured through his prayers, impressed us as wholly out of taste in a church of the lowly Nazarene. God needs no promoters. He uses no advance agents to bill the town and churn up public curiosity and expectation as to His marvelous ability to do exploits. His kingdom comes not with observation, but is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. A beautiful instance of this delicate humility of which we speak is found in the *Herald and Presbyter*:

A very earnest Christian man, who had made himself known and felt as a firm believer in the person and promises of Christ, was one day accosted by some one who asked, "Are you the man with the great faith?" "No," was the answer, "I do not wish to be thought of in this way. I would rather be thought of and spoken of as a man who has faith in the infinitely great Savior." It was a good answer. It is not the greatness of the faith that counts. It is a matter of great import, however, that we know whom we believe, that we are sure that He is great and mighty to save, and that we rest and rely on Him as our personal Savior.

Personal Work

The complete conquest of self is about the last triumph of religion in personal experience. The devil would have us to debase religion to the plane of personal aggrandizement. The opposite truth Christ sets forth that personal religion is the emancipation from selfhood and our ceaseless expenditure in holy endeavor to save others. Saint Paul expresses this sublime truth in the words: "For none of us liveth to himself and none of us dieth to himself." We are to be fishers of men. We are to be the light of the world. We are to be the salt of the earth. We are ambassadors for Christ. Parable and metaphor are exhausted in the biblical attempt to impress us with this thought of our duty to our brother. The *Congregationalist* says:

The chief business of one of God's people is not to take care of himself. His first consideration must be his brother. A daily commitment of himself to God's keeping is all that is necessary as regards himself. But for his erring brother's safety he must make daily battle to turn him from his wickedness. The idea contained in this proposition should be the life current in the veins of the church. Evangelistic effort is wise when it becomes simple, earnest work of convincing wicked men of their wickedness, and filling them with a desire to be restored to God's favor. Profes-

sional evangelism is not necessary to accomplish this where the preacher, pastor of a church, out of whose mind the thought of Ezekiel 3:18 has never been lost, has by wise methods marshaled his people to be such as Ezekiel urged the righteous of his day to be. We know there must be wisdom. We know there must be skill on the part of the "fisher of men" who casts his fly for souls. The sinner in the stream of life is as shy as the trout of the meadow brook. But as the skillful cast will bring the "rise" from the shaded pool, so will it from the rushing, roaring river of human activity. An evangelistic church is the need of the hour.

The Inevitable Conflict

It is strangely true that the religious life is a warfare. This is true both of the individual, conscious religious life and with a personal religious life of service for others. The devil is no less opposed to individual spiritual progress than he is to the individual's effort to spread the kingdom among men. Truly there are foes for us to face in both these aspects of religious life. We are withstood at every turn and stoutly opposed at every step of the progress. How much we need the whole armor of God to equip us for the great conflict. We dare not try to dispense with any part of the armor as described by Paul in the sixth chapter of Ephesians. There is a comforting thought, however, to which we should ever give heed. The God of battles has His eye upon us and there is never a fight which He does not witness and where He is not present with succor and help. In all the din and dust and danger of warfare let us keep our eye ever upon the Captain of our salvation who stands ready to help and give victory in every conflict. That great spiritual warrior, General Booth, said:

My life has been a continual fight. Ever since, some sixty years ago, I turned my back upon a world of ease and pleasure and show, and entered on this battlefield to fight for the honor of my heavenly King and for the salvation of the lost, there has seldom been a day in which some bewildering perplexity has not come to my mind, and some heavy burden has not been laid upon my heart. But still, the arms of Jehovah have sustained me, and the prayers of a multitude of the best and choicest spirits that the world contains have ascended continually to heaven in my behalf.

That Double Standard

The presence of a double standard for morals in the world today is a reproach to the human race, a blot on civilization, and is a relic of a debauched paganism away from which our civilization marches with such painful tardiness. Sin is sin, guilt is guilt, whether in a man or woman. Sex does not alter the turpitude of sin. We mean, of course, in the eye of God. How different it is in the thinking of men and women. A man offender against purity meets no frowns from society, finds no social bar against his continuance in the best society, while the partner, if not the victim of his sin is ostracised from society, and disowned, dishonored, dis-crowned; finds no refuge, no hope, no voice of cheer, no hand of encouragement. She sees no issue but a life of continued shame. Often sincere efforts of reform meet no warmth and welcome from the world or even the church. The almost universal verdict seems to be in her sad case: "Go on to hell, since you have start-

ed. Religion, the church and Christ are for the man who ruined you, but not for you." This outrage is put with force in the following paragraph which we find in the press, uncredited to any author:

She was a woman, worn and thin, whom the world condemned for a single sin; they cast her out of the king's highway and passed her by as they went to pray. He was a man, and more to blame, but the world spared him a breath of shame; beneath his feet he saw her lie, but he raised his head and passed her by. They were the people of God who went to pray at the temple of God on that holy day. They scorned the woman, forgave the man. It was ever thus since the world began. Time passed on, and the woman died, on the cross of shame was crucified; but the world was stern and would not yield, and they buried her in the potter's field. The man died, too; and they buried him in a casket of cloth with a silver rim, and said, as they turned from his grave away: "We've buried an honest man today." Two mortals knocked at heaven's gate, and stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport with earthly sign, and she a pardon from Love divine. O, we who judge 'twixt virtue and vice, which think ye entered paradise? Not he whom the world had said would win, for the woman alone was ushered in.

The View Point

What a man sees when he looks upon objects, depends largely upon his view point, or rather upon the character laying back of the eyes with which he looks. The plodding, illiterate laborer digging away in the road sees nothing in the vaulted heavens above him except the prospect of dry weather or rain. The astronomer sees suns and systems and planets innumerable in which he revels with growing wonder and quenchless ardor. The selfish materialized boss of big business sees in his laboring men a mere commodity—so many units of physical force to be purchased with money by means of which to push his schemes and processes of accumulation of money. The true business man who recognizes God and lives in touch with Him, sees in His laboring men and in all other men, human souls, high-destined, with sacred rights and privileges, to whom he owes solemn obligations other and higher than mere compensation for labor. One phase of this truth we find illustrated in the following from an exchange:

On the deck of a great ocean liner, looking down upon the gayly dressed crowd of immigrants assembling to catch their first sight of "the promised land," were twenty prosperous Americans. In every instance their comment was, in substance, "How can we protect ourselves from these people?" Can you imagine Christ standing there and saying, as He looked on those Lithuanians, Poles, Greeks, Italians, Jews, "How can I protect myself from these people?" It is always opportunity with Christ. His first thought would be, as with the crowds of old, "How can I help them?"

Thoughtful

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, a minister from London, in a lecture delivered at Harvard University, among other gems of thought, uttered the following:

All that has been worth while in the lives of men has been due to the possession of the spirit of the Master, even though the one who possessed it may not have known his name. Just in proportion as men have followed Christ have they been worth while.

The Open Parliament

Our Thanksgiving

F. M. LEHMAN

We are thankful for the blessings
Thou hast scattered o'er the land:
Blessings rich, unmeasured, precious,
Falling from Thy Father hand.

Yellow corn from prosp'rous farmsteads,
Wheat from rolling prairie fields;
Pumpkins and potatoes, plenty,
With a wealth of other yields.

Gold from our Alaskan ice fields,
Silver from our western mines;
Cotton from the dear old Southland,
Lumber from the northern pines.

Coal and iron from earth's caverns,
Fish from lake and brawling brook—
Blessings, blessings without number
Everywhere we pause and look.

Deep blue skies and golden sunsets,
Moonlit nights and starry work;
Frosty fingered, silver fretwork
Where the dews have lately lain.

Ice-locked stream and snowy whiteness,
Then the spring and summer flowers:

Manifold Thy blessings, Father!
How we thank Thee they are ours.

And we thank Thee, precious Father,
That the red-bathed horse of war
Has not snorted o'er our homeland,
As he did in years of yore.

Doves of peace, with olive branches,
Coo around our nation's dome;
Sitting 'round our peaceful hearthstones
We still love our "Home, Sweet Home."

But above all earthly blessings
There is one we prize the most;
It is that of full salvation
Through the blessed Holy Ghost.

This is our emancipation
From the awful power of sin;
This impels sincere thanksgiving—
Let our praises now begin!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Laud His praise with voice and pen
For the thousand, thousand blessings—
Hallelujah! and, Amen!

ground, that there is not one question in his mind concerning it. Such a preacher will create convictions of a right kind in men who may be wavering. He will speak with authority and not as a weakling. The pulpit of the day is not doctrinal. It is weak in its utterance concerning those great truths which are essential as fundamentals in the plan of redemption. This accounts largely for the many "isms" of the day, and for the inroads which false teaching has made in the church. There is a dogmatism that is necessary. Not that cheap dogmatism which is the creation of ignorance—for there is nothing as courageous as ignorance—but that dogmatism which is found in the Word of God, that concerning which there can be no doubt as to its meaning. Who can read this first chapter of John and doubt for a moment that the writer believed in the deity of Jesus? We must be as positive as was he concerning this same truth.

"All things were made by HIM." But who is meant by "him"? This is the vital question of the hour. Notice some of the truths which stand out in this statement:

1. Here is a Person.
2. This Person was on earth.
3. This Person was in the flesh.
4. This Person is said to be the creator of all things.
5. This Person is God and man, or He is not worthy of our attention for a moment.

There is material enough in each of these divisions for a sermon, but we are not writing sermons just now. We leave it for the reader to complete in his own way, simply suggesting what underlies the mere surface of these words so often read and we fear so little understood by the average reader. Men do not want to think deeply during these days of fast living, but want something light, something that will not require much mental effort to grasp. To those who love the lofty and profound the gospel of the Son of God affords the sublimest field known for human intelligence to explore and revel in.

But we must move on a bit. "In him was life." Life! What a fascinating term is this. How little do we know of its real meaning. It is one of those terms which attracts us because of the very reason of its mysteriousness. All the learned men of the ages have hovered around this mystery, and have tried to tell us what it is, but have failed. Their very efforts have been but little more than grand exhibitions of life in the realm of thought. John does not try to define life; he simply tells us that it is all in Him. There is little more to say. It is much like the statement in the first chapter of Genesis, "In the beginning God." That is all we know of the beginning. "In him is life." That is all we know of life within itself. We know much of its manifestations as we shall see later in our study.

Thoughts for Thinkers

N. W. P.

The truest manifestation of the gospel is righteousness rather than rapture.

There are no drafted men among the soldiers of the cross—only volunteers.

It is our business to measure up to Christ's standard every day we live.

The Eternal Word

E. M. ISAAC

II.

HIS CREATIVE POWER

"All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men."

Possibly no one passage of Scripture is more comprehensive and far-reaching than are these two verses at the head of this article. Like the sun, though far out in space, and beyond our reach, and in a large measure beyond our knowledge, yet it fills space with light and life. John did not waste any words in writing his gospel. He had the happy faculty of crowding a universe of meaning into a sentence. Such a writer provokes thought in the one who reads. Like the sky, there is always an unknown depth still beyond, another star undiscovered, more mystery back in the speaking silence.

Notice the statement, "All things were made by him." What vastness here. "All things." Who knows the meaning of such language! How much of the *all* do we know anything about? Who knows all about this little planet upon which we live? Who has seen all its mountains, crossed all its plains, sailed all its seas? Who has gone the length of all its rivers, explored all its forests, gazed upon all its lakes? No man lives long enough to see more than a very small portion of this little ball of dirt we call the earth, and yet it is but a mere fragment, a speck in the created universe, and John tells us that this One, the living Word, is the creator of "all things." Another shaggy old seer had caught the vision and dashed it off on his parchment roll for us to read with burning heart. So full was his

soul that he could scarcely find a stopping place long enough to make a period, for in reality there are no periods in the school of God. Hear him. "For by him were *all things created*, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; *all things* were created by him, and for him: and he is before *all things*, and by him *all things* consist."

Again, "Made by him." This takes us back to the originating force. Here is the *first cause*. Here is the Word of God.

John was decidedly *doctrinal* in his writing and statements. There was no misunderstanding his views regarding the deity of Jesus. It was the first great fact he settled at the very beginning of his gospel. Indeed, without that truth being thoroughly established in his mind and heart he could write no gospel, for there can be no gospel with it left out, or with one scintilla of doubt concerning it. So completely had he been mastered by this truth of revelation that he does not seem to think it worth while to mention the miraculous conception and things pertaining to the birth of Jesus, for he accepted them as merely incidental; but he saw Him in eternity, lived with Him in eternity, and embraced Him as the Living One, the Eternal Word and the revelation of the Father. This fact gives weight to all he says. It puts force in his words, and a certainty in his gospel that fastens itself on the soul of the reader.

There is great need of definite utterance from the pulpit regarding the deity of Jesus. In this age of unbelief and skepticism regarding all the fundamentals of salvation the man of God must be definite and emphatic in his declarations concerning this vital truth. Men must feel that the preacher is sure of his

The only thing God ever forgets is the past sin of the man whom He has forgiven.

If the religion a man professes does not make him a holy man, either his religion or his profession is spurious.

No man can fail in reaching true success in life who with an honest heart seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Truth is not an anesthetic, neither is Christ's righteousness a robe under which a Christian may doze away a lukewarm, indifferent life.

It does not annul Christ's commandments to treat them with contempt and indifference. Christ in the end has the last word. He said, "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day." There is no other standard of judgment given in the Scriptures.

The hate that nailed Jesus Christ to the cross of Calvary was in no wise different from that which is found in the hearts of men in all ages who hate the light because their deeds are evil.

No man, however righteous he may think himself, can afford to relax his vigilance for a moment against the beginnings of evil, the questionable things, the little compromises of honor and truth and right, temptations which are continually presenting themselves to every one.

No man is a defaulter, a betrayer of sacred trusts except as a result of dalliance with secret sin. When the supreme temptation comes, he goes down like the house built upon the sand when the floods beat upon it.

Across the record of every ruined life, every bankrupt character, every lost soul may be written the wail of the old prophet, "Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." "Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and ye have not regarded. Ye have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof—therefore ye shall eat the fruit of your own ways and be filled with your own devices."

Bible Lessons for Every-Day Living

L. B. TROWBRIDGE

UP-TO-DATE CHRISTIANS

Those who have an up-to-date experience serve a living God: Ps. 42:2; 84:2. 1 Thess. 1:9; Heb. 9:14; they worship a Christ who is not merely an historical character but a living reality: Acts 1:3; Rev. 1:8; Ps. 46:1; they feed on living bread: John 6:51; they drink and have bubbling up in them fountains of living water: John 4:10; 7:38; Rev. 7:17; they walk in a new and living way: Heb. 10:20. This up-to-date experience is dependent upon an up-to-date consecration. Our bodies must be kept upon the altar, a living sacrifice: Rom. 12:1.

The essential conditions of present life in Christians are:

1. The new birth: John 3:3; 1 Pet. 1:3; Ps. 36:9; Prov. 14:27.

2. The abiding Christ: 1 John 5:12; Phil. 1:21; John 15:4-6.

3. A life of faith: Gal. 2:20; 3:11.

4. Communion with God: John 6:56-58.

5. Daily Bible study: Matt. 4:4; John 20:30-31.

6. Constant obedience: Prov. 4:4; Matt. 19:17; John 15:10. On the other hand the sure indications of spiritual death are:

1. An empty profession without fruit: Rev. 3:1.

2. Dependence upon works: Heb. 6:1, 9:14.

3. Living in pleasure: 1 Tim. 5:6.

4. Having the carnal mind: Rom. 8:6, 13.

A Visit to the Mormon Metropolis

J. B. MC BRIDE

On our way to the northwest we stopped over Sunday in Salt Lake City, the Mormon metropolis. The city is one of beauty for arrangement, buildings,

The Law of Sacrifice

* *

How doth the law of sacrifice
Through all time's checkered reign
hold good?

No treasure won till paid the price,
No crown without some crimson rood.

No mortal born without the dew
Of solemn pain on mother's brow;
No harvest's golden yield save through
The toil and tearing of the plow

No Job's integrity complete,
Till tried by fiery touch of woe;
No widowed, waning years made sweet,
Till Ruth says, "Bid me not to go!"

No bloom or rose till long compressed
In the close bondage of the bud;
No nation saved, no wrong redressed,
Without some flow of willing blood.

No world redeemed from shame and sin,
No golden rule of life made plain,
Till Pilate's court Christ enters in,
And on the mount the Lamb is slain!

Shall we then shrink, when round our
brows
The thorny crown would cut its mark?
When glory of our Father's house
Must be attained through seas of dark?

No! bring the thorns—we bleed and smile
And through the gloom we take our
way;

Fixing our patient gaze the while
Upon the the faint, far tinge of gray

That o'er the hills shows tenderly;
Till bright the morning star doth rise,
The Savior's voice declares, "With me,
Thou soon shalt be in paradise!"

—The British Weekly

streets, trees and flowers; we have not seen anything that surpasses it in all our travels. We were privileged to attend service in their great tabernacle, which seats comfortably 8,000 people; there were about 5,000 in attendance. The preacher of the hour was Apostle Talmage, one of the great apostles of the church; his theme for the hour, "The Book of Mormon The True Word of God." He recognized the Bible only as it harmonized with the book of Mormon; when it differed from it he declared that the Bible was wrongly translated; that Joseph Smith was the God-ordained prophet to give the world the true gospel, and that he got his revelation directly from God. To one who is grounded in the faith of the old Bible it seemed mighty empty and shallow. We felt sor-

ry for the poor, deluded people. The speaker was a man of ability and the music excellent in a sense, but void of the spirit that characterizes the worship of the true God. They have the best constructed tabernacle for service in the United States. Every word can be heard distinctly in any part of the building, —even a whisper or a pin dropped on the railing can be heard. Their organ was built in Salt Lake City of material mostly gathered in Utah and cost \$125,000.00. Its dimension is 30x32 feet and it has 500 pipes, ranging in length from one-fourth of an inch to 32 feet; it has 110 stops; it comprises five complete organs—solo, swell, guat, choir and pedal; in other words, four keyboards in addition to the pedals. It is capable of thousands upon thousands of tonal varieties. The different varieties of tone embodied in this noble instrument represent the instruments of an orchestra, military band and choir, as well as the deep and sonorous stops for which the organ is famed. There is no color, shade or tint of tone that can not be produced upon it. The action is the Kimball Duplex Pneumatic. The organ is blown by a 10-horse power electric motor, and two gangs of feeders furnish 5,000 cubic feet of air a minute when it is being played full. The organist is seated twenty feet from the instrument. The music is what draws and holds the people to them. On Monday we were shown through the assembly hall that seats 2,000 people where overflow meetings are held, and other religious services also. Our guide took us through the tabernacle again and also to the great temple which they were 40 years in building, at a cost of \$4,000,000; but none are allowed to go inside this building except their highest officers in the church to perform marriage ceremonies, the ones to be married must be up to a certain standing or degree in the church, or otherwise they are married somewhere else. As Mormons believe marriages are to all eternity, and after the resurrection that a man will have the same wife or wives he had in this world. They also baptize for the dead in the temple; for instance, one has a relative who died out of the church. He can take a living member of his family and have him baptized for the dead relative, and the baptism will initiate him into the spiritual family in the other world there can work out his salvation as they do here. If there are none to be baptised for the dead, then they will have a second chance as they believe in the second probation. They told us that God was not the kind of being that we had been taught He was; that God was flesh and blood and bone, in fact, an exalted man; also that God had a wife; and many other things that space forbids here mentioning. We visited the eagle gate at the entrance of the old Brigham Young Bee Hive, where eighteen of his wives lived; just across the street on the corner is where his nineteenth wife lived in a beautiful mansion by herself; she was the one he loved best, and will be his best wife in eternity.

How strange and how rotten their doctrines, and how they are spreading and growing fast; and we Protestants have their missionaries come into our homes and we seem not to even think of the poison they are trying to inject into our minds, and the minds of our children,

Giving Thanks With Aunt Molly

ELEANOR H. PORTER

Because of various delays, the letter from Cousin Jane did not arrive until the last mail the day before Thanksgiving. It was at the dinner table Wednesday night, therefore, that Mrs. Maynard broke the news to her family that Aunt Molly was to come the next day for Thanksgiving.

"Well, who in the world is Aunt Molly?" demanded eighteen-year-old Robert.

"And what is she coming for?" cut in Mabel, fretfully. Mabel was sixteen, and very pretty—when she smiled.

Mrs. Maynard sighed, and threw a despairing glance at the stern-faced man across the table, as she said resignedly:

"She is your father's mother's sister, and she's coming for Thanksgiving.

"But why?" broke in thirteen-year-old Marjorie, between mouthfuls. "We don't do anything with Thanksgiving. I never hear a word about it at home here!"

"What's Thanksgiving for, anyhow?" piped up Harold. Harold was nine, and the baby of the family. "Freddie Slade says it's the day to have turkey—but we have turkey every day!"

"So Freddie thinks it's for turkey, does he?—this Thanksgiving business," observed Robert, whimsically. "Well, now, do you know, I supposed it was football."

"Ho! I thought 'twas matinees," giggled Mabel, pertly. "Anyhow, that's what I'm going to use it for."

From across the table there came a sudden, short, bitter laugh.

"There hasn't any of them hit it yet, son," remarked John Maynard, dryly. "I'll tell you what Thanksgiving it. It's a time when you have to give nice fat turkeys to half your employes, and a nice fat five-dollar gold piece to the other half, meanwhile dropping all the rest of your spare cash into the Salvation Army boxes at every other corner. It's one grand hold-up—that's what Thanksgiving is!"

"Sh-h! John! Children! I'm ashamed of you," gasped Mrs. Maynard, in carefully subdued reproof. "Thanksgiving is a day appointed for us to give thanks," she finished in self-satisfied triumph, "though what in the world we poor mortals are supposed to give thanks for, I can't say. Maybe I'm expected to give thanks for this, now—for Aunt Molly," she finished with sarcastic irritation, as she picked up the open letter by her plate and began to read aloud:

"Dear Cousin Louise: As you know, mother has been at the hospital in your city several weeks. She is much better now and hoped to get home for Thanksgiving, but the doctor wants her where he can watch over her a little while longer. She took on so, though, because she couldn't spend Thanksgiving with somebody that the doctor asked if there wasn't some of her folks nearer, and we said we'd write to you. So if you don't mind very much, she'd like to spend the day with you. They'll send her from the hospital in a carriage and fetch her back at night, so she won't be any bother. She has your address.

"With much love to all,

"Respectfully yours,

"COUSIN JANE."

"P. S.—Of course, if you are invited out, or anything, for Thanksgiving, just let the hospital know and they won't send mother. But if they don't hear anything, she'll come."

"There! you see," exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, "Jane wrote that letter three days ago but it got delayed somewhere."

"John,"—Mrs. Maynard turned to her husband—"what are we going to do? Imagine Aunt Molly—here!" her eyes swept the elegant magnificence around her.

John Maynard frowned and rose from the table.

"Nonsense!" he said sharply. "She's a harmless old soul, and as good as gold. I guess we can stand it—just one little old

Around the Fireside

lady for one day!" he finished, as he followed his wife and children from the room.

It was not quite half-past nine o'clock Thanksgiving morning when Aunt Molly arrived. Mr. Maynard was passing through the office on his way to the street when a stammering porter intercepted him.

"I beg your pardon, sir—I tried to stave them off. They look like beggars, but they insisted you expected them—an old lady and a little child, sir. Right here."

John Maynard turned with a frown.

"A woman and a child? No, I don't—" He stopped abruptly.

Before him stood a frightened-looking little girl on crutches and a sweet-faced old lady with anxious eyes and a bonnet askew.

"John! Why, John, I hardly knew you," quavered a delighted voice then. "It's Aunt Molly. I've come to Thanksgiving, you know. Jane wrote you, didn't she?"

A half-stifled snicker from the brass-buttoned man at his side brought John Maynard sharply to his senses. Into both his hands he gathered the fluttering fingers of the little old lady; and then, in a voice that sent the scoffing brass buttons scurrying into safe retreat, he cried:

"Of course we were expecting you, Aunt Molly, and I'm glad to see you. Come this way to the elevator."

"And Nellie Day, John," panted the little old lady, laying a restraining hand on the man's arm and trying to pull forward the shrinking child at the same time. "This is little Nellie Day. She wouldn't have had any Thanksgiving either, so I brought her. I said I knew you wouldn't mind; that I never saw a Maynard turkey yet that didn't have enough left for a dozen like her!"

"Eh? What? Oh, yes, to be sure," stammered John Maynard. "Of course, of course," and with a terse "Come!" John Maynard turned and led the way across the hotel office.

"Oh, I do just love these elevatings!" breathed Nellie a minute later. "They seem to go so—easy."

In the living-room they found Mrs. Maynard and the four young people. Aunt Molly went straight to the hostess.

"Now ain't this just grand?" she cried tremulously, "to be all together like this—and when I'd been worryin' so for fear I wouldn't have any Thanksgiving, too."

"Y-yes, of course," murmured Mrs. Maynard limply, her amazed eyes on the little figure of Nellie Day back by the door.

"And the children, too!—how they have grown!" prattled Aunt Molly happily; "and, children, this is Nellie Day, that I brought with me—the little girl in the next bed to mine," explained Aunt Molly, beaming into Mrs. Maynard's dismayed eyes. "And now I'm in time for church, of course," she went on happily, dropping into the chair she had found for herself. "The doctor said I might go if you rode and it wasn't too far—he wants me to try my strength a little to see how I stand it."

"We very seldom attend church on Thanksgiving Day," interposed Mrs. Maynard hurriedly, but with dignity. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to do without it today."

A faint pink stole to Aunt Molly's forehead. "O, please don't give it another thought," she stammered. "A body can't, of course, always attend divine worship on Thanksgiving Day. And, really, after all, you know, it's the thankful heart that counts. I suppose I could have had that in the hospital, even; but I do love to be with some of my own folks Thanksgiving! Don't you?"

"Prudence did, too—my sister, John's mother, you know. She always just doted on Thanksgiving."

John Maynard turned abruptly and walked to the window.

"Why, even after she was married, and John and the rest came," went on Aunt Molly, gently rocking to and fro, "Thanksgiving was always the biggest day of the year to her. There was always church, then such a dinner!—then around the fire they'd eat apples and pop corn and tell what was the thankfulest thing that had happened to them that year."

"Er—ah!—if you'll excuse me, please, Aunt Molly," spoke up John Maynard, suddenly, turning from the window. "I was just going down to the office to look over my mail when I met you."

"My, but you are a busy man, ain't you?" sighed Aunt Molly, admiringly. "I don't wonder Prudence is so proud of you."

"Nonsense!" almost snapped the man.

"It's no nonsense to her," laughed Aunt Molly. "Why, only last year at Thanksgiving—I was there, you know—she was telling me what a great man you had become. She's got five pictures of you that she cut out of papers and magazines, you know. Generally she keeps 'em in the parlor, but she says on Thanksgiving she always brings 'em out and sets 'em on the mantelpiece in the dining-room, so she can have you with her Thanksgiving."

John Maynard frowned angrily.

"But I can't—that is, I used to, of course; but now—"

"Oh, she understands that, John, really she does," plunged in Aunt Molly, hurriedly. "She says you're too busy, and that you always spend the day at home now. And she ain't complainin'. But she just has to have somethin'—Thanksgiving—so she takes the pictures."

John Maynard stirred uneasily and pulled out his watch.

"Oh, I see. Well, er—I really must go."

"Of course you must! Then we'll call it you're excused till dinner time this noon," nodded Aunt Molly, brightly.

"You'll have to 'scuse him longer'n that, Aunt Molly," laughed Harold. "Dad never comes home noons. He eats dinner at night."

Aunt Molly looked distressed. "At night! But—today!—Of course it's all right, only at the hospital they said they'd come at four, and—"

"Oh, some of us will eat with you, sure," cut in Harold, consolingly, before any of his elders could speak. "Robert's going to the football game this morning, so he'll be late, and Mabel's going to the theater this afternoon, so she'll have to eat early. Ma's got a bridge, and dad won't be here; but Marjorie and I aren't going anywhere, and we'll eat any time you want."

"Harold, my son!" stammered Mrs. Maynard.

"But, the—the dinner," faltered Aunt Molly, in open bewilderment, "when will it be—ready?"

"Oh, that's all ready any old time after noon, Aunt Molly, I reckon," explained Robert airily. "This is a hotel, you know, and dinner is a continuous performance—regular vaudeville, you see."

But John Maynard turned and spoke sharply.

"I'll be back at one o'clock, Louise—to dinner," he said, with unmistakable emphasis. The next moment he was gone.

It was not an entire success—that dinner, yet neither was it a failure. To be sure, Robert did not appear until the ice cream, and Mabel had to leave after the fish course; but the others were there (Mrs. Maynard had broken her bridge engagement), and the cheery brightness of Aunt Molly and the awe and admiration of Nellie Day would have carried off a much more difficult situation. It is true a shadow did arise and deepen on the faces of both Aunt Molly and Nellie through the first three courses; and no one understood the reason thereof until Mrs. Maynard heard Nellie's tragic stage whisper, "Ain't there no turkey anywhere?" and Aunt Molly's soothing re-

ply: "Sh! Most likely they like these things better'n turkey. Try an' eat 'em, dear. I am."

Mrs. Maynard explained then that the oysters, soup, fish and entree were but the preparation for the turkey which would surely follow, if they were patient. Aunt Molly laughed, now, at the joke on herself.

"It's just that we ain't stylish, Nellie," she chuckled. "We ain't used to eatin' a whole week's dinners all on one day. My! but what would Prudence say to folks eatin' such a lot of things before they even got a taste of her turkey! John, did you ever, now, eat a turkey that tasted like your mother's?"

John Maynard shook his head, but it was Nellie Day who spoke.

"There! I knew he knew how good turkeys was for Thanksgivin', else he wouldn't be givin' 'em away!"

"Eh? What?" demanded John Maynard, taken quite by surprise.

But Nellie fell back, ashamed and frightened. She would say no more.

"I know what she means," nodded Aunt Molly. "She told me. Her uncle works for you, John, and gets one of your turkeys every year. And that's another thing that your mother is so proud of, John—the good you're doin'. She talks and talks about it; and she says, of course, with all that on your hands, you couldn't come home for Thanksgivin'!"

"Nonsense!" cried John Maynard vexedly, as a slow red crept up his neck and face to the roots of his graying hair.

Dinners, however, as well as days, must end; and this one, after wandering through a maze of pies, puddings, cakes, ices and candies, ended too. Then came four o'clock and the hospital carriage.

"And I'm so thankful for this day with you," breathed Aunt Molly, looking with shining eyes into John Maynard's face. "You've been so good to me, and to Nellie!"

In the twilight, some time later, John Maynard sat alone before the open fire. But he was not seeing the fire. He was seeing a brand-new sled, a red sled with "Victor" in flaming yellow letters across its seat—the sled his mother had made him give away in the long ago. And he was feeling, even now, the touch of that mother's hand on his head, and he was hearing the sound of her voice in his ears:

"Why, Johnnie, boy, don't you see? This is your thankfulest thing—that you've got that sled to give away! . . . And now you're my 'Victor,' dear," she had said, when at last she had won his consent; "and you're the very best kind of a victor, my boy, for you've conquered yourself. You've made yourself glad to give!"

John Maynard stirred in his chair. All alone in the firelight his cheeks burned a sudden red. He was thinking now of fat turkeys and five-dollar gold pieces, and of Salvation Army lads and lassies shivering on the street corners; and he was thinking that only that morning he had said—

But he would never say that again. He wished that it were, even now, the middle of November next year, so that he might show how really glad he was to give those turkeys and gold pieces and spare some quarters and halves and—

John Maynard almost turned in his chair. Was that his mother's voice, saying, "And now you're my 'Victor,' my boy!"?

But what a dear mother she was! And how she did love Thanksgiving! Pictures, indeed—and cut from a magazine, at that! He had not realized. He had been thoughtless—worse than thoughtless. It has been—how many years had it been since he had eaten Thanksgiving dinner at the old home? He would not have believed it could have been so many. As if a day, or a week even, now and then through the year, could compensate for—

"Dad!" It was Harold at his father's knee.

"Yes, my boy."

"What are blessings?"

"What?"

"What are blessings?"

"Why, er—good things, I suppose."

"Are crutches and being sick good things?"

Grandma's Pumpkin Pie

Thanksgiving Day is coming with its old-time simple charm,

And we shall spend our holidays with Grandma on the farm.

We'll meet our aunts and uncles then,

And our country cousins fair,

And all our friends and relatives will be assembled there.

There'll be turkey stuffed with oysters, and everything that's nice,

And sauces, cakes and pickles, when they ask us to dine.

But I'll try to save myself for what's coming bye and bye—

It's a great big piece of grandma's pumpkin pie.

Our grandma is so lovely; she does not mind our noise,

And when we romp and play she says, "Boys will be boys."

And she's never real stingy with any of her stuff—

She's always sure to see that each one has enough.

She never takes her pies and cakes and hides them on a shelf.

When she stands by and sees us eat, 'tis then I think, "Oh, my!

Is there anything that's half as good as grandma's pumpkin pie?"

Now, mamma makes up pies that are always rich and sweet,

And are baked so nice and brown and are very good to eat;

But when I try to sample them, they do not taste the same,

And when compared with grandma's pies they are so very tame,

When I sit down to eat them, I feel I would cry

For just one little bit of grandma's pumpkin pie.

I think her's must be flavored with essence from above.

I am sure I know just what it is—it's dear old grandma's love.

—Selected.

"Well, I shouldn't call them that."

"Aunt Molly does. I asked her what Thanksgiving was for, and she said it was to give thanks for your blessings. She said Nellie Day's crutches were a blessing to her 'cause she could walk now; and that her own sickness was a blessing to her 'cause she would be able to work again. But, dad, I don't call crutches and being sick good things, so how can they be blessings? Dad, what are blessings?"

For a long minute John Maynard was silent, then he said, musingly:

"I suspect, my boy, that unexpected things are sometimes blessings."

Harold frowned and pondered. "Unexpected things! Now Aunt Molly was sort of unexpected, but—was she a blessing?"

This time John Maynard laughed outright.

"Well, yes, my boy, I strongly suspect she was. Er—how would you like to go to Grandma Maynard's for Thanksgiving next year? Better say yes, son, for—we're going!"

It was at that moment that Mabel entered her mother's room from the hall.

"Why, mother, you're crying!" she gasped. "—and Marjorie, too. What in the world is the matter?"

"N-Nothing, dear, n-nothing," sobbed Mrs. Maynard. "It's only that we're so—thankful."

"Crying because you're thankful!"

Mrs. Maynard laughed now, though the laugh was still half a sob.

"I know—it does sound absurd. But we've been talking, Marjorie and I. And we're ashamed, too. Ever since your Aunt Mollie went I've been thinking. Something she said—it made me feel so—so worthless—the kind of life I'm living. And when I saw her sick and poor and—and—"

"I understand," nodded Mabel, turning away her head and speaking a little breathlessly. "All the afternoon, at the matinee, I haven't seen anything only how easily

folks walked. And I wondered if they knew how thankful they ought to be that they could—walk."

"That blessed child!" choked Mrs. Maynard. "As if with crutches any one could be thankful—"

"Hullo, where is everybody?" called a new voice. Then, from the doorway, Robert asked, "Well, is this what you call a Thanksgiving party?"

"No, it isn't," cried Mrs. Maynard, tremulously. "But we'll have one next year. We'll get your father to take us to Grandma Maynard's, if we can, and—"

"Ho, that'll be easy," interrupted Robert. "I just saw Harold, and he told me Dad said we were going."

"Really?" demanded Marjorie, joyously.

"Yes."

"Then couldn't we take—Nellie Day?" ventured Mabel.

"Of course we'll take Nellie Day," declared Mrs. Maynard, promptly. Then, with a half-sob in her voice, she added, "We'll show her a—a real 'Thanksgiving in Our Home'—big, whole turkey and all!"—Congregationalist.

Uncle Reuben's Thanksgiving Story

All the children loved Uncle Reuben—he told them so many good stories. He was great-uncle to Harry, May, Edward and Daisy Leslie, aged twelve, ten, seven and four years.

Uncle Reuben was old and lived with their father, whom he had raised; for their father had been an orphan boy. He had no children of his own, but he loved these as if they were his very own. It was the night before Thanksgiving, and they were all seated around the cheerful fire.

"Come," said Uncle Reuben, "I have a Thanksgiving story for you."

"Oh, won't that be nice!" they shouted, clapping their hands in glee. Edward and Daisy each climbed upon a knee, while Harry and May leaned upon the arms of his great chair.

"Now," said Uncle Reuben, "be just as still as four little mice in a cupboard hunting for mince-pie and cheese."

"We will, Uncle Reuben! we will," they shouted.

"Well, once there was a little boy—"

"W'at 'is name, Uncle Wuben?" asked Daisy.

"How old was he, Uncle Reuben?" asked May.

"Tut! tut! didn't I tell you to be still as little mice?"

"Oh, I fordot," said Daisy.

"And so did I," said May.

"But you must not forget, or you will make me forget my story. His name was Hugo Grumble—"

"Oh, what a funny name!" they all shouted in unison.

Uncle Reuben smiled and looked at Daisy. She clapped her chubby little hand over her mouth, and said, "Oh, I fordot aden."

"Yes, you all forgot, and that gets lots of children into trouble. But Hugo was thirteen years old. He was not a very bad boy; but he had one fault—he was always grumbling and complaining. He had a nice home, good, kind parents, and plenty to eat and wear, but he wasn't satisfied. He thought he had to work harder than other boys, and had fewer pleasures. His father was a farmer, and Hugo helped to milk the cows, and feed the horses, and 'do the chores,' while the boys in town were riding bicycles and skating; and he thought his lot was a sad one indeed.

"Well, Thanksgiving morning came, and his father said, 'Hugo, are you thankful?'"

"No," answered Hugo; "I don't see what I've got to be thankful for."

"Why, my son, for a home, and father and mother, and plenty to eat and wear."

"All boys have that," said Hugo, grumbling.

"What do you want that you haven't got?" asked his father.

"A pair of skates and a sled," answered Hugo.

Thanksgiving

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

For pasture lands folded with beauty,
For plenty that burdened the vale,
For the wealth of the rich-garnered harvests
And the promise too royal to fail,
We lift to the Maker our anthems,
But none the less cheerily come
To thank Him for bloom and for fragrance,
And the lovelight that beams in the home.

The peace on the brow of the father,
The shine of the mother's clear eyes,
The lilt in the voice of the maiden
Who walks under dream-curtained skies;
The dance in the feet of the wee ones,
The sparkle and glow in the air—
Sure, the year has no time like Thanksgiving,
A truce to our fretting and care.

Sweet was the song of the robin,
When spring brought the green to the leaf;
But sweeter the song of the reaper
When autumn brings home the full sheaf.
Yes, sweeter the hush of the autumn,
When, ere the first fall of the snow,
As households we meet in our gladness
And God as our guardian we know.

Thank God! for our nation safe sheltered
From weakness and error and shame!
Please God, may we march as a nation
Secure in this might of His Name.
And wherever our free flag is waving,
There, sturdy and fearless, may stand
For the faith and the hope of the fathers,
The sons of this beautiful land. —Ex.

"If you had them, could you then be happy?"

"Hugo answered that he thought that would make him happy and thankful.

"Well," said his father, "I want you to be happy, and if that will make you happy, go to the coop and get two turkeys and two ducks and hitch Mollie to the buggy, and drive to town and sell them and buy your skates and sled."

"Who's Molly?" asked May.

"Mollie was a buggy horse."

"Oh, wouldn't that be fun!" said Harry, holding his arms as if he were actually driving Mollie along the road.

"Yes, for you it would," said Uncle Reuben; "but Hugo had driven horses all his life, and he didn't think it was fun at all."

"I'd like to trade my skates and bicycle for his buggy and horse," said Harry.

"Ah," said Uncle Reuben, "that's the trouble with the world. We want what we haven't got, and we are not thankful for what we have. Hugo didn't remember that the boys in town who had bicycles didn't have horses and buggies, and cows and pigs and chickens and turkeys.

"But he hitched Mollie to the buggy, and started to town with the turkeys and ducks. Now, Hugo was not a bad boy. He had a kind heart, but he had never had it touched. Most boys have kind hearts, and all they need is something to touch their better natures.

"Hugo went driving into town, happy in the thought of possessing a new sled and new skates, but just as he entered, he saw a ragged boy, much smaller than himself, coming from a little cottage, with tears rolling down his cheeks. Hugo's heart was touched.

"What is the matter, little boy?" he asked.

"Oh, my poor mamma is so sick and hungry," answered the boy.

"Where is your papa?" asked Hugo.

"Oh, he is dead—has been ever since I can remember; and mamma washes, and I sell papers, and now she is sick and can't work."

"The moisture came into Hugo's eyes.

"Let me go and see your mamma," he said, and he got out and tied his horse.

"The little boy showed him the way; and when Hugo went in, and saw the hollow-cheeked woman propped up in bed, his heart ached for her. He tried to cheer her the best he could; and turning to the little boy, asked, 'What is your name?'"

"Ned," came the answer.

"Ned, did you ever cook a turkey?" asked Hugo.

"I have helped mamma to."

"You know what to do first?"

"Yes; put on the water to scald the feathers."

"That's right, Ned. Now you put on the water while I get the turkey," and out went Hugo and brought in the biggest turkey from the buggy, and chopped off its head; and in a few minutes they had it scalded and picked and cleaned and on to cook.

"Hugo's mother had taught him to cook, and he knew how to prepare and season a turkey; but as he looked through Ned's mother's cupboard to find salt and pepper he saw how bare and empty it was; and he thought of his own mother's cupboard, with the big mince-pies, and everything that heart could wish for; and then he remembered what he had said in the morning, and he wondered whether Ned would be happy if he had such a home.

"Now, Ned," said he, when the turkey was on to cook, "watch it carefully, and don't let it boil dry, and when it is tender, take it off. I must go now. Good-by!"

"Ned's mother thanked him again and again, and he left the house with a lighter heart.

"He drove on into town; with her thanks sounding in his ears; but he could not forget her pale face and feeble voice. He sold the rest of his poultry and had almost enough money to buy his sled and skates, but not quite. What do you think he did?"

"Bought the sled and let the skates go," answered Edward.

"No, not that. When he went in to look at the skates, he seemed to see the pale face of the sick woman and the bare cupboard; and he turned away and went to the grocery, and bought some bread and butter and potatoes and put them in his buggy, and drove back to the cottage. Ned was at the window.

"Come here, Ned," he said, placing them in his arms, told him to take them to his mother, and to be careful not to let the turkey boil dry."

"And he didn't get any skates and sled?" queried May.

"No, but he had something much better. Do you know what it was?"—Selected.

Secret of a Happy Thanksgiving

REV. JOHN Y. EWART, D. D.

Our annual Thanksgiving Day is almost here, and it is the prayer of the writer of this article that it may indeed be a happy Thanksgiving to every reader of this paper.

There have been many recipes for happiness given from time to time by our spiritual doctors; but there is only one of them that touches the sore spot of our spiritual malady. It is found in an old book, but has the sanction of the greatest Teacher and Physician who ever lived. Jesus said: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them" (John 13:17).

To know the will of God and not to do it—that brings fever, sickness into the soul, remorse, unhappiness. The healthy, happy soul lives up to all the light it has, especially "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. 4:6).

The highest happiness, the only kind of happiness worthy the name, is described by Dr. Henry Van Dyke in his inspiring little volume, "Joy and Power." He says:

"It is inward and not outward. It does not depend on what we have but what we are.

"It can not be found by direct seeking, but by setting our faces toward the things from which it flows. So we must climb the mount if we would see the vision, we must tune the instrument if we would hear the music.

"It is not solitary, but social; and so we can never have it without sharing it with others.

Best

Mother, I see you with nursery light,
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best!

I can not help tears when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast;
But the Savior's is purer than yours or mine;
He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore oppressed;
My darling is safe and out of reach of harms,
And that is best!

You know over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;
Mine in God's gardens runs to and fro,
And that is best!

You know that of yours the feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone
Unloved, unblest;
Mine is cherished of saints around God's throne,
And that is best!

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years—
Oh! how much best!

But grief is selfish, and I can not see
Always, why I should so stricken be
More than the rest;
But I know that, as well as for her, for me
God did the best!

—Anon.

"It is the result of God's will for us and not of our will for ourselves; and so we can only find it by giving our lives, in submission and obedience, to the control of God."

The poet Cowper tells of this secret of happiness in his memorable couplet:

Happy the man who finds a God,
In all the good and ill that checker life.

To find God in everything, prosperity or failure, health or sickness—that attitude of mind is the right kind of soil in which to cultivate real contentment and genuine thanksgiving. Give God credit for your successes and recognize His loving hand even in the dark experiences of life—that disposition of heart will be the fountain out of which will flow real joy.

For is it not true that most of our trouble arises from our ignorance of what Christ has taught us in His Word? We have not applied ourselves closely enough to the Book. We would do well if oftener and longer and with teachable spirit we would imitate Mary of Bethany by sitting at Jesus' feet and learning of Him. Too often, when troubles swarm around us, the New Testament is the last book consulted, and Jesus who has most lovingly bidden us cast our cares upon Him, is slighted and ignored altogether.

But, dear child (I think I can hear Him saying) come back to your heavenly Father. Listen to His gracious words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full."

And when we know, let us do!

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Reader, try this recipe for a Happy Thanksgiving!—Herald and Presbyter.

"Forgiveness is the heart's forgetfulness of an injury."

The Work and the Workers

CHICAMUXEN, MD.

Have accepted a call to Harrington, Del., which work we expect to take charge of by Dec. 1st. This is a needy field and we earnestly request the prayers of the entire church for the up-building of the work. We are leaving a good field, a people that love us and are kind to us in every way. But owing to the health of wife and some other disadvantages, we feel led of God to make the change.

J. W. HENRY.

LYNN, MASS.

Had a good opening with Bro. Andrew Johnson here yesterday; splendid congregation and a fine spirit. I never saw a more auspicious opening or encouraging outlook for a great meeting. Pray for us. Your brother in Jesus.

JOHN GOULD.

PORTLAND, ORE.

The First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene has enjoyed the ministry of Rev. Martha Curry for two weeks including three Sundays, and the Holy Spirit was in our midst, and that a gracious work had been wrought was clearly seen in our prayer meeting Wednesday night.

A WIRELESS MESSAGE

DON'T PROSELYTE!

No, we should not proselyte, and it is a source of satisfaction to know that our people don't do it. But don't put your light under a bushel for fear some one will accuse you of proselyting. If the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene has been a blessing to you, tell it to the whole world. Put the Herald of Holiness into the hands of every one you would like to bless. It is a real missionary.

NOW IS THE TIME!

To God be all the glory. Satan was angry, sinners were deeply convicted, some of them converted, backsliders reclaimed, believers were sanctified wholly, and the whole work set forward. The needed money was easily raised. We are praying for the revival to move on, and will do all in our power to help. Jesus' blood cleanseth from all sin as we write. Amen!

C. H. D.

SOUTH PORTLAND, ME.

These are good days to us. God is abundantly blessing on every line. Several have been added to the church lately. There seems to be a revival spirit among our people this fall and increase of faith and love; and we are expecting great things from the Lord this winter. Bro. L. N. Fogg, our district superintendent, was with us Sunday, Oct. 30th. Both services of the day were largely attended. At the close of the afternoon meeting there was an altar service, there being several seekers. One young man was saved and will be admitted into the church on probation on Sunday, Nov. 3rd. Yours in the Master's service,

ADA F. DOUGHTY.

WOODBINE, KAS.

The precious victory of Christ still abides. The work at Woodbine moves on in spite of prejudice and ill will. A revival just closed in which five were definitely blessed. At present we worship in a hall over the bank, but

expect soon to move into our new building, which is nearing completion. The German and English M. E. churches both closed revivals that resulted in quite a number of "joiners."

Well, praise the Lord for an experience that is consciously known.

ARTHUR TUNNELL, Pastor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

We have finished painting our church building on the outside, and after finishing repairs on the inside it will be in excellent condition. Sunday, Nov. 10, was a day of victory with us. Four seekers at the altar. They prayed through. We are looking for times of refreshing this fall and winter here in the People's Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

A. K. BRYANT, Pastor.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

Have been away to Fitchburg, Mass., helping Bro. Lanpher. His church has some excellent people and God hears them when they pray. We had a good day yesterday and much conviction in service last evening, but no seekers. We begin special services Nov. 24th. Planning for and expecting a victorious time. Our annual roll-call will be held on Thanksgiving Day at 3 p. m.

W. G. SCHURMAN.

ROSCOE, TEXAS

This has been a good year with me; not a year without its trials and tests, but God has given victory all the way. Bless His name. The fire is still burning and the glory holds. After about five years in the pastorate I have entered the evangelistic field again. I have a good gospel tent, and I am at your service. If you want me, write me at Roscoe, Texas.

J. C. HENSON.

PARMA, IDAHO

Brother and Sister Derby came to us from the assembly at North Yakima, June 28, 1912, and found us a small but sincere class of Nazarenes. The Lord has wonderfully blessed us since the organization April first. We are slowly but surely climbing up Jacob's ladder. We are not yet one year old, but we can report victory in His name in every undertaking so far. Our class has been increased and strengthened by several new members this summer and we have been able to build a little parsonage for our pastor. As I look out into the darkness I see the light shining from its windows over the country below. O, may we as a little class of Nazarenes, so let our light shine out for the Master. Most every Sunday afternoon we have our prayer service, usually at the parsonage. We are putting on the whole armour of God that we may be always ready to fight the battle for Him. We are eagerly looking forward to the coming of Bud Robinson and the time when we can join hands with him to save souls for Christ.

ESTHER LIVELY,
MRS. MARY COFFMAN,
Deaconesses.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

We closed a most excellent series of meetings in our church last night. The results were splendid. Instead of securing an evangelist we arranged to exchange a series of special meetings with one of our brother pastors. W. G. Schurman, of Haverhill. Our attendance at the services was extra good. We had three heavy services on the Sabbaths and how the people did come. Our young people were particularly blessed. Two daughters of one of our homes, both high school students, found God at the family altar and are very bright in their experiences. God has put His seal on that family altar and would on thousands more if they only existed. The church was much blessed and gratified through these meetings, and the ministry of our precious brother was greatly profited to all. Some hard cases were at our altar and the end is not yet. One of the features of our meeting was

the bringing in of our church treasury on the closing Sunday a special offering in cash and pledges of nearly \$160.00 besides the people gladly made a good substantial cash gift to our brother before he left the city. Praise the Lord! It was a healthy, resultive meeting clear through. We hardly knew whether to close the meetings last night or continue, but decided to have three preaching services this week. The Lord is with us! We will praise Him!

C. P. LANPHER.

DAVENPORT, FLA.

We recently enjoyed a pleasant visit from our general superintendent, Bro. H. F. Reynolds, who greatly encouraged us in the Lord and gave us some new inspiration. The work here has picked up; there had been some little decline owing to some of our members being away and the pastor being sick for a number of weeks, but the latter is at his post again and some of the former are expected to arrive soon. Last Sunday was a good day with us. Bro. J. G. Printer, former district superintendent, was with us and gave us a good lift. We expect Sister Laura Trueblood of Seymour, Ind., here to begin a meeting Dec. 1st. We also look for Bro. I. G. Martin of Chicago to give us a meeting soon and have a partial promise from Brother and Sister Allie Irick to give us a meeting. Brother Printer

A WIRELESS MESSAGE

ADVERTISE!

Business men say that advertising pays. Very ordinary articles and sometimes poor ones reach an enormous sale through advertising. A good thing only needs to be known in order to succeed. The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is a good thing, and the Herald of Holiness is its mouthpiece. If you want to extend the work of the church, circulate the Herald of Holiness. Work at it. It will pay.

NOW IS THE TIME!

has purchased a home here and is going to make this his headquarters. This is a needy field, we should like to see more workers coming this way.

C. C. BEATTY, Pastor.

WALLA WALLA, WASH.

The revival fire still burns. We were greatly blessed and helped by a visit from our district superintendent on Nov. 3d. His sermons were a blessing to all. Sunday was another victorious day. Conviction was on the people and several prayed through. There were three seekers at our Wednesday night prayer meeting; our prayer meetings are a spiritual uplift to us all, and are well attended. Our monthly preacher's meetings are very profitable and helpful. God is leading us on to greater victory.

ADA IRWIN, Deaconess.

REST COTTAGE, OAKLAND, CAL.

Rest Cottage, the rescue home of the San Francisco District, is now in full operation. The Home was dedicated Sunday afternoon, Oct. 6th, by District Superintendent E. M. Isaac. Rev. H. H. Miller, of Berkeley, made the principal address. Over two hundred people were present. Already the poor fallen ones, for whom the Home exists, are coming, and being cared for. Most of them soon find God after coming to the Home. The Associated Charities of the city of Oakland, and the Merchants' Exchange and the Chamber of Commerce have given the Home their endorsement, after full investigation. The mer-

chants of Oakland have given liberally toward the furnishing of the Home.

Rev. J. T. Upchurch, of Arlington, Texas, will visit most of the churches of the district in the month of December and lecture and preach in the interests of the Home. There is no more needy field in the world for rescue work, than the cities of Oakland, San Francisco and other cities bordering on San Francisco bay. Any one feeling led of the Lord to make a contribution to this Home may send it to the undersigned at 2328 McKinley Ave., Berkeley, Ca.

H. H. MILLER.

BERKELEY, CAL.

Rev. L. Milton Williams was with us in a two weeks' meeting. He put in the Damascus blade with the usual result. The closing night there were over twenty-five at the altar crying to God, and most of them got the victory. Brother Williams holds up regeneration to its true place, with the result that people get located and go in and seek God according to their needs. Before the close of the meeting Brother Williams received word of the death of his mother at Oskaloosa, Iowa. He left on Monday, Nov. 11 for the funeral, expecting to return for a promised meeting at San Diego. Mrs. Williams and the twins went on to Long Beach to remain until Brother Williams' return to the coast.

H. H. MILLER.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

The Lord has been giving us high tides here for a long time; good crowds, new members, conversions, sanctifications, etc., to cap it all.

A WIRELESS MESSAGE

How?

How can they believe unless a preacher be sent? How can the thousands who are looking for just such an institution as the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene get into it or help it unless they know about it? The Herald of Holiness is the preacher which will tell them about it. Send it everywhere you can.

NOW IS THE TIME!

Rev. Bud Robinson dropped in on us three days on his way to Boise, Idaho, from Johnstown, Pa. When I say Bud was with us, you know that spells victory; and we had it, too. We had a great street parade that woke up the natives. A number of souls were saved; our large church was crowded. Four united with the church; we have taken twenty new members in since assembly. Sunday was a great day. Nine seekers at the altar. Our Sunday school has passed the 100 mark, with \$5.23 collection. We only owe \$750.00 on our church property, for which we gave \$5,000 to the Christian Church, and we are planning a watch-night service with a Nazarene march and offering, and are going to wipe that old debt off from Father's property. All things are possible to him that believeth, and we do believe.

F. J. THOMAS, Pastor.

VIRGINIA, ILL.

I found Brother Boyd, pastor of our church at this place, in a revival, with evangelist Bartell at the helm. Souls have been saved and there is a good interest in the meeting. A few months ago the church building burned. They now have a neat little church built where the old one was. Brother Boyd and his wife are a team; they have a good report among the people, and this is made manifest by the way the people respond to the support of the work. There is victory ahead for Virginia.

N. B. HERRELL.

WHITTEMORE, MICH.

We just closed a meeting in Bay City, Mich. It was a great feast to our souls. We have

never enjoyed the help of the Lord more than we did there, surrounded by Mormonism, French Catholicism and Russelism. Thousands are deceived and on their way to hell. Under the opiates of hell the jog on to the judgment; and who cares? The carnal-minded professor? No. The worldly church? No. The fire-baptized child of God? Yes, thank God, he cares. Some wake up at death, but many more never wake up until they awake in eternity. Holy Ghost, fill us with a holy zeal and ever keep us after the lost, so that we will urge "all men, everywhere, to repent."

Several prayed through and gave a definite testimony of their acceptance. Some were reclaimed, and others claimed the blood.

R. DOVERSPIKE.

JOHNSON, VT.

God is blessing in northern Vermont. Took in three new members this month; some seeking and getting through. oGod all-day meeting at Monville on the 13th. Seekers at every service. We are invited to Wolcott, Vt., next Tuesday, where there is a good company of people looking for our church. Pray that God may lead. We expect to hold some extra meetings soon at Johnson.

C. A. RENEY.

UPLAND, CAL.

Truly God is good to us. His presence has been felt at every gathering. We have had a steady upward pull. There are no better people anywhere, than here. They are aggressive and out and out for the Lord. We believe we can truthfully say that every department of the work is moving on. Souls have been falling into the fountain and the anointing has been on the saints. The membership and some friends surprised the pastor one evening. They were loaded down with good things, which were greatly appreciated. We had a blessed evening together. October 2th Brother Shepard came to us for a two weeks' meeting. Three were blessedly sanctified the Sunday before the meeting, so we were ready for it. Seekers came forward from the first. The congregations were excellent; after a few nights every seat was taken. Quite a number were saved and sanctified and the church strengthened. We expect some to come into the church as a result of these meetings. Thank God we are going on. We are praying for a constant revival.

O. F. GOETTEL.

MALDEN, MASS.

Souls are still seeking. Last Sunday evening, among other seekers, was one sister for whom we have been praying. Her daughter was recently converted, and now the mother has come. New victories are occurring continually, and new voices heard. The outlook is good. Nothing short of "the whole town for Jesus" is our motto.

LEROY D. PEAVEY.

NEWTON, KAS.

These are good days of gracious victory here. Yesterday (Nov. 17th) was a great day. The blessing of the Lord rested upon the services. Three seeking souls claimed victory last night and six others requested prayer. The pillar of cloud and fire moves on. Amen!

FRED H. MENDELL, Pastor.

SANTA ANA, CAL.

The Lord is graciously blessing us in our work here. We bought a house and lot in an excellent location; we moved the house to the rear of the lot, and remodeled and painted it at a cost of \$270.50. We are now engaged in building a frame church, on a cement foundation. The building is thirty-four feet wide by 56 feet long, and will make us an excellent place of worship. We calculate to have it ready for use by three weeks from next Sunday.

N. J. CRAWFORD.

619 W. 5th St., Santa Ana, Cal.

PENIEL, TEXAS

It has been quite a while since I wrote, but will say I am glad to report victory. I closed my last meeting at Altus, Okla., with Pastor S. H. Owens (now district superintendent of the Oklahoma District). God gave us a good meeting yet no great revival; five people were at the altar. Closing there I moved my family to Peniel, Texas; have been given a hearty

welcome among the saints in Texas. It was my privilege to attend the Arkansas, Dallas and Abilene District Assemblies. Dr. Bresee presided at the Arkansas assembly, and it certainly was a feast to sit under his preaching and hear his soul-stirring comments on the Word of God. The spiritual and business sessions of the assemblies were great. Souls found God, and the saints went home refreshed and inspired to do greater things. The Dallas and Abilene assemblies were presided over by General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds, and to say that they were good, hardly expresses it. God's power was manifested. The one thing above all else in these assemblies was the revival spirit. When time was taken and the Word preached, and altar opened, people came and were saved or sanctified. It appeared to me that we should all see to it that our reports from pastors and evangelists and especially from churches be in the hands of our secretaries on or before the first day of the assembly, so we could turn off the business and have more time for soul-saving at our assemblies. It would glorify God and help the towns in which they are held. Another thing I wish to mention is our publishing interests. I was glad to hear our business manager, Brother Kinne, represent our great work entrusted to his care. Our people should, and I believe will rally to and support our church paper. We must! I hope every evangelist and pastor will push our literature and I for one intend to do so. I am in the field as an evangelist, and mean by God's help to do more for Him and the church this coming year than ever. Most of my time for 1913 is engaged,

A WIRELESS MESSAGE

AGITATE!

Where there is any degree of lethargy or indifference toward any question, one of the best means of improvement is to agitate. The best way to stir up the churches on the question of Bible holiness is to keep the subject everlastingly before them. The Herald of Holiness is your best ally in this work. Get it into the hands of as many people as you can and into as many communities as possible. It will do the rest.

NOW IS THE TIME!

but what time I have left would prefer working among our own people where needed to help build up the work. I am ready to go anywhere the church or people want me. My address is Peniel, Texas.

W. F. DALLAS.

YARMOUTH, N. S.

I am glad to report victory in my own soul in the work here. We are in a series of meetings now with Evangelist R. H. Whitman of Providence, R. I., as special worker. Brother Whitman has also supplied for me for four weeks and has done good work in my absence. Souls are being saved and we are marching on to victory. Pray for us that we may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.

ISAIAH P. PLUMSTEAD.

OWENSBORO, KY.

We are praising God here for giving us a real old time revival of religion. On Oct. 17 we started out meeting with the intention of running sixteen days. Well, God has so wonderfully blessed us and answered prayer that we have not had time to quite yet and do not know just when we will close. Bro. J. Stuart Martin of Chicago is doing the preaching with Rev. N. S. Shell of Marion, Ky., leading the singing and Sister Lela Montgomery of Evansville, Ind., playing the piano. We have kept close count of the seekers that came to our altar and just fifty have been saved or sanctified up to this present date, Nov. 18. On Sunday the 17th Brother Martin baptized four young people in the Ohio river and took seventeen Spirit-filled young people into our

ranks. We are holding our meeting in the county court room, as our new church is not far enough advanced to use yet. We are expecting District Superintendent Eckel to join with us this week and help push the battle. Owensboro is the largest tobacco stemming market in the world and we also have a dozen or more distilleries here to contend with, but thank God, He is getting hold of some folks and cleaning them up and putting a shine on their faces, so as we holiness folks can pick them out anywhere we see them. We pray God's blessings upon all our fellow saints the world over.

O. W. WILKE, Sec.

GEORGETOWN, ILL.

After two years in the evangelistic field, the Lord has clearly led us to take a pastorate. The evangelistic fire is burning in our heart, but we see as never before the need of pastors in our church. May God give us heavenly wisdom in all things and help us to follow the Chief Shepherd who loves the sheep. We have been here only a few weeks, but have been cordially received by the people, and the Lord has put His seal upon every service. Here have been a number of seekers and finders in our regular services, and the revival fire is burning a little hotter all the time. We are trying to lay a foundation upon which we may build not for a few weeks or months to come, but for the years. He is able, and He is willing, and for our part we intend to let Him have His way with us. Please pray for us here. The church here is somewhat weakened by the withdrawal of some of its members last summer to form two new churches, one at Danville, Ill., and the other at Olivet, Ill., where the Illinois Holiness University is located. Olivet is only three miles from here, so you see we are greatly favored by being so near to one of the best of our growing Holiness Nazarene schools. We are praising God, and intend to keep looking up, and eternally go on. Amen!

J. F. HARVEY.

AMESBURG, MASS.

Have been in New Hampshire for the last two or three weeks. Spent a week end with the saints at Franklin, N. H.; found them all on fire. Brother Nutter has just taken this work, with the work at Lakeport. Had a meeting with the little band at Lakeport, and the Lord graciously helped. Had a meeting with the Advent church at Dover, N. H., ten days. Bro. Frank Hooper, who is the pastor, is a man filled with the Holy Ghost. A few found deliverance and the church was awakened, and fired up. The Lord allowed me to take my bed for two days, but felt contented all through. Praise the Lord.

JOHN F. GIBSON.

Amesbury, Mass.

VIRGINIA, ILL.

We started in the battle against sin the day of the dedication of our new church, and are still holding on to God and with much prayer and waiting before God we are able to see the salvation of dear souls. Rev. C. A. Bartell, one of our Nazarene preachers, is assisting the pastor and he is alive unto God. Rev. N. B. Herrell of Georgetown preached for us two nights, and God blessed the messages; also Rev. G. L. Milby, the pastor of Tallula Nazarene church came down and preached for us, the messages finding lodgement in the hearts of people. People are coming from a distance and finding God; one man came seven miles and went home a new creature. We are still holding on to God for a great break and ask the prayers of God's saints. We start in the battle again at Anderson Station about the 25th, D. V.

GEORGE W. BOYD.

ADRIAN, GA.

I was called while at the Donaldsonville assembly to the pastorate of the work at this place—three churches, Adrian, St. Paul and Glennville. I am to be able to report through the columns of your paper that we, my little sanctified wife and I, are here, and that we have the real victory in our own souls, and that God is giving us great victory in our work. In our last Wednesday night prayer meeting we had three saved and one sanctified for which we praise God. We are believing and laboring for great victory at each of our churches this year. The people received us

cordially, and we feel at home and greatly encouraged. My little wife, whom I have owned but two weeks, is a power in the hands of the Lord in bringing souls to Jesus, for which I also praise His name. Our post office address is Adrian, Ga. Yours in Jesus,

J. L. McLENDON.

SIoux CITY, IA.

The church in this place is holding its own with a slight advance. Seekers for holiness at most every Sunday service, and all last week at the special services, but the people don't seem to want the experience enough to pray through and strike fire; they seem to be tied up to some things of the flesh instead of a complete abandonment to everything but God. We observed Publishing House Day; although the pastor was absent, a Free Methodist, Brother Lafare, dropped in and helped us out. Yours on the victory side.

S. M. DOEBLER.

CLIFTONDALE, MASS.

Our revival closed Sunday night. It was a grand meeting; best in the history of the church. A number were located and blessed at the mourner's bench. Some old dry profession was thrown overboard and replaced with fiery experiences of grace. Old debts were paid, confessions made until saints rejoiced, angels sang and devils got mad. It was fine. Thank God for the old gospel. It still works. I understand the evangelists, Brother C. E. Roberts and wife, have a holiday date covering two Sundays not yet taken. This would be a good opportunity for some church to have a grand meeting. Write soon if you want them.

C. H. STRONG.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

The majority of this church is alive and straight on the doctrine of full salvation, having no regular pastor at present and yet they hang close together in pushing the battle, and God honors them with new-born souls. At our arrival here Saturday night, Nov. 16, we

found five of our Wilkes-Barre saints to spend the Lord's Day with us. What a time we had! God, the Holy Ghost, filled the house and His people in the morning during the celebration of the Lord's supper. At night the house was packed, when the brethren, Charles C. Reddick, George B. Smith, E. R. Roberts and myself delivered short messages. Two ladies came forward and were converted. The manifestation of conviction on the people confirmed our hopes for a great meeting. Brother Fred Eastman, a layman, superintendent of the Sabbath school, is devoted to the cause.

JONAS TRUMBAUER.

LEE CREEK, ARK.

Bro. J. F. Wells and I have just closed a meeting at Shamrock, Ark., with victory. We had good attendance and good order. They had us to leave a monthly appointment at that place. Brother Wells and I preach at Independence next Saturday night and Sunday at 11 o'clock.

LEE RUBOTTOM.

KEENE, N. H.

Preacher and people are united for victory. Keene is still on earth, and we are coming up the road. Class meeting, prayer meeting, Sunday school and preaching services are on the increase, both in interest and attendance. New faces are to be seen in the services from time to time. The dear saints are very kind to me. I was presented with a nice rolling-top desk; another brother presented me with a set of commentaries, another party with curtains and a picture. The dear ones here are doing all they can to help and encourage their pastor, and I thoroughly appreciate their prayers and co-operation. God bless them!

H. J. JONES, Pastor.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

We are in the southland at my old home. Yesterday morning we preached for Brother Eli Reese, the Friends' pastor, and had a

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Publishing House of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

C. J. Kinne, Agent 2109 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Red Deer, Alta., Can.

[MISSIONARY DISTRICT]

* *

On leaving the pastorate of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Calgary, I moved with my family to Red Deer, with the intention of opening up new work for the church; but after exploring the land I felt that the opportune time for such an undertaking had not yet arrived. So after a much-needed rest of a few weeks I felt led of the Lord to open up holiness work in the little city of Wetaskiwin, fifty-five miles up the railway line. I started a meeting there under canvas on September 17th, and continued over four weeks. It was blasting out our own trail. There was hard fighting. Every church in the town gave us a good "letting alone," and most of them opposed us strongly. All kinds of stories were circulated about us. We paid no attention to them, but went on with our work, looking to God to keep the glory on us, which He did and gave us victory all along the line. The congregations were not large, but the meetings were real good from start to finish, and the results most encouraging. A goodly number were saved and sanctified, and I feel that holiness is planted in that city to stay. Praise the Lord! Bro. Charles Morris and wife, who had prayed for a holiness meeting there for the last few years, were used of the Lord in making this meeting possible. Rev. J. S. Daum and wife were with us the first few days of the meeting, and gave us valuable help. Brother Morris is following up the meetings with weekly holiness prayer meetings.

October 26th I went to Edmonton to attend the holiness convention in Beulah Mission. I found a little band of holiness girls engaged in mission and rescue work. They have a large mission hall, in which the convention was held. Bro. J. S. Daum, W. B. Tait and the writer were the preachers. The whole convention was so filled with the glory of the Lord, and the seekers were so anxious, it was decided to continue the meeting another week. The meeting closed with victory assured and amid much rejoicing.

On my way home I held a meeting with the saints in Wetaskiwin. Six seekers sought and found the Lord.

Our prayers for a building for a Nazarene church in Red Deer have been answered, two corner lots having been donated by Bro. George Sheline for that purpose. The saints in Calgary have raised \$600 to apply on our building. This will be the second Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Western Canada. We are still in need of \$600 more to complete the church building.

The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene has come to stay in this new country.

THOMAS BELL.

blessed time. Two prayed through yesterday afternoon. At night we were at the holiness church where the Lord has blessed us so often. A number prayed through and we had a shout in the camp. The Bible school and work here is being blessed of the Lord. In victory,

JAMES W. SHORT.

BRILLIANT, ALA.

This is a newly organized church but the Lord blesses our labors. This is a hard field but we are looking to Elijah's God for victory. The men and women who constitute this church are the real salt of the earth. We are expecting to hold a Christmas meeting here Dec. 22-29, conducted by the pastor.

J. N. RUSSELL, Pastor.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

We are in the midst of our meeting with Sister M. E. Curry, and the Lord is with us, giving victory. Some have gotten through, and we are expecting a great time this week. Conviction is on the people. Sister Curry is

preaching the truth in the power of the Holy Spirit.

R. W. WISLER, Pastor.

HOXIE, KAS.

The Lord is with us. We began special revival services the 10th. The Lord has saved one soul and is greatly blessing with the presence of His Spirit. We are expecting victory.

E. ORVILLE WALDEN, Pastor.

OLINDA, CAL.

My pastoral relations with our church at this place ceased the first of last July. It was my privilege to be among them the greater part of last week, my mother accompanying me. Bro. James Elliott took the pastorate last July and is doing excellent work. He and his wife are much loved by the people. We found this church engaged in special revival services. There is no special evangelist secured for the meeting. Bro. Elliott is "laying hold" of all the neighboring pastors he can to help push the battle. He is proving that our pastors are evangelistic. Bro. H. C. Elliott of Whittier preached twice with great power. Souls responded to the altar call and prayed through. Brother Crawford of Santa Ana is to be with them a short time. It was my privilege to preach twice. The Lord helped the seekers to pray through in the good old fashioned way. One stalwart young man, who found the Lord, went to his room (he took some Christian friends with him) and getting bottles that contained liquor that's damaging so many men—both old and young—walked to the hillside and smashed them on the rocks. When the last one broke in pieces he shouted, Hallelujah! The blood has never lost its power. I returned home refreshed in my soul. Mother tarries for a short time to assist. God answers prayer.

GEORGE J. FRANKLIN.

VENICE, CAL.

The Lord is blessing His people here in Venice. The work is advancing on all lines. We are learning more the value of prevailing prayer. Our attendance and offerings are splendid. Yesterday was a great day. Three responded to the altar call in the morning and were gloriously reclaimed. We give God all the glory.

G. J. FRANKLIN.

GARFIELD, WASH.

The battle is on here in Garfield; we had a hard battle yesterday, but the Lord gave us the victory and one soul broke away from the devil's ranks and got to the blood at the close of the evening meeting, and a number are asking for prayers.

Wm. S. RICE.

CANTON, ILL.

We arrived here October, 1, and found a few folks in the church here but primed and ready for the fight against sin. A month has passed since then and the congregations have steadily increased and last Sunday evening we had a household full which is encouraging to the people, as well as to the preacher. We are comfortably situated here in a nice home four blocks from the church, handy to the cars, trains and town as well. On the 10th of November we began a revival meeting here and although only ten days have passed, we have had ten seekers at the altar, for which we praise the Lord. Besides this we have organized a branch Sunday school at Gilchrist (a mining settlement a few miles above here), on the third, with fifty-four charter members, which has now sixty-seven members. Yesterday the deaconess and I went to another mining settlement near here called Brereton and organized a branch Sunday school with seventy-six charter members. With these new schools and our own growing every week and a revival meeting on we have no time to loaf on the job or sit down and get discouraged but every moment of our time is needed to get these things into line and then to keep them. We have a good live Sunday school superintendent here and a hustling team of deaconesses and the work in this place looms up big to us this year and we hope to make it the banner year of the church. We also are holding street meetings every Saturday night on the public square and these meetings are the means, we believe, that the Lord is using as

Missionary Society of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute.

* *

Our Missionary Society reorganized this year, we believe, under the direction of the Holy Spirit. Every Wednesday morning we have an early morning prayer meeting at 6 o'clock. These meetings are a wonderful inspiration and help to all who attend, because God is manifestly present. God is leading our students out into larger fields of mighty, agonizing, intercessory prayer. Our evening missionary services, which are held in the chapel, are blessed of God.

Our school has a practical interest in missions, our society supporting an orphan child, Kissen, in India. At our last missionary meeting a very liberal offering was received, which is to be sent to the war sufferers of the Balkan states.

Tuesday, November 12, was an inspiring missionary service, Sister C. Lincoln, president of the society, being in charge. The meeting opened with singing "I have heard my Savior calling." Sister Lincoln then read Matt. 9:35-39, followed by prayer with Brother Angell. Sisters Archibald and Martin brought us a message in song, "Call for laborers." We were blessed as they sang. Reports were then given of the mission fields of South America and Korea. Brother Turpel spoke of the rubber atrocities that are being perpetrated in South America. Brother Gabrielson then rendered a violin selection, which was followed by reports from China by Brother Williams, who told how the hand of Almighty God is upon China, noting especially its Christian officials, and the various changes God hath wrought since China has emerged into a republic; and India, by Brother Lulston, who told us how God is blessing missionary efforts in this land. Brother Camara, an Italian, gave an interesting talk of his native land. Brother Dimitroff spoke of the Balkan war. The quartet sang "Obey the call."

Let us push the battle to the very gates until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and Christ reigns without a rival. God is leading on to sure, definite and ultimate victory. Hallelujah! Amen!

E. WORDSWORTH.

well as some advertising we have done in bringing strangers and new life into the church.

J. A. DECKER.

CHICAGO CENTRAL DISTRICT

The assembly year opens encouragingly on the Chicago Central District. A few days spent with our Bresee Chapel congregation enabled us to understand conditions there and help them quite a little in pushing forward their plans for building the new church. Bro. R. N. Caskey has give one-half an acre of ground, from the best corner of his farm, on which to erect our church. A committee was appointed to solicit logs, money and lumber, for the building, and work will be begun at once by this committee. Until we have completed and church services will be held, as heretofore, in Stucky school house. There will be a revival meeting begin in this school house Dec. 19th, by one of our Nazarene evangelists. Pray for Bresee Chapel.

We are just now at Evansville, Ind. Our able and efficient pastor, Rev. Charles A. Brown is in the midst of a revival here. Rev. Guy L. Wilson, the young Nazarene evangelist with the old-time message on his heart, is proclaiming full salvation, and holiness of heart and life, with great power and eloquence. Souls are finding the Lord and the church is being built up. A permanent church home will soon be purchased by our Evansville congregation. We leave here for the great dedication at First Church, Chicago, which will be reported next week. Then on to northern Michigan, where the calls are coming for new Nazarene churches and help for the newly organized ones. Pray for the Chicago Central District "when it goes well with you."

J. M. WINES, Dist. Supt.



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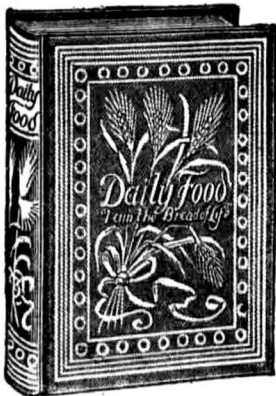


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OKLAHOMA DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The district assembly of Oklahoma, held at Bethany, Nov. 5-10, was a gathering long to be remembered by those present. It was one of those times of great refreshing to the soul. Dr. Walker, our beloved general superintendent, endeared himself to the people of Oklahoma, and his wise counsel and advice will be remembered and serve as guide posts for future generations. It was a feast to our soul to be permitted to partake of the many good things of this assembly, and we are now looking forward to the next session, which will be held at Ada, in the southern part of the state.

The attendance this year was about the same as last, there being a great abundance of licensed preachers, elders and deaconesses present. The preaching services during the session were uplifting and times of great rejoicing, saints being edified, believers sanctified and God glorified. Several visiting brethren were present to enjoy the good things with us.

Brother Jernigan, who has been superintendent of the district for the past four years, asked that he be not considered as a candidate for the place again, and it was with great reluctance that the people allowed him to give up the work, but God is using him as financial agent for the rescue home, which needs his assistance. Through the efforts of Brother Jernigan a great holiness work has grown from a beginning of nothing to a church membership of 1,700, with over sixty churches. For all we do praise God.

Brother S. H. Owens, the new district superintendent, is a loyal Nazarene, and, like Stephen, a man filled with the Holy Ghost. We are expecting our God to use him in the district the coming year to build up the work. Brother Owens has built up a great church work at Altus, where he has been stationed the past three years, and his people regretted to part with him as their pastor, but they were willing to let the Spirit have its way.

At the educational services held one evening there was raised the sum of \$6,500 for the purpose of assisting the Oklahoma Holiness College, which has been running for the past three years, and this year has Dr. A. M. Hills, the man who has distinguished himself as being the great "daddy" of many of the strongest holiness preachers in the country today.

The statistical report, with eight churches not reporting their membership, showed a total membership of 1,632. The young people's society members numbered 214, Sunday school scholars 1,542, licensed preachers 72, elders 61, deaconesses 59, licensed evangelists 21.

Following is the arrangement for the district:

- Altus To be supplied
- Ada S. B. Damron
- Bethlehem To be supplied
- Bethlehem To be supplied
- Bethany E. J. Lord
- Bokhoma J. W. Amlin
- Castle To be supplied
- Caddo Supplied by H. P. Huffman
- Canute D. M. Coulson
- Center B. A. Moores
- Coalgate To be supplied
- Davenport To be supplied
- Duncan F. W. Johnson
- Durant Supplied by H. P. Huffman
- Dale L. A. Bolerjack
- Erick D. M. Coulson
- Edmond Supplied by W. P. Olin
- Eshcol Valley B. A. Moores
- Flavia Supplied by J. W. Vanarsdale
- Fort Townson J. R. Paterick
- Glendale Georgia Womack
- Henryetta Mrs. Ethel Haun
- Hugo D. H. Humphreys
- Idabel J. W. Amlin
- Kingston To be supplied
- Liberty Hill, nr. Caddo. Sup. by H. P. Huffman
- Liberty Hill (near Wister) Sup'd by J. W. Dodd
- Liberty (near Hanna) Sup'd by J. W. Rhodes
- Liberty (near Duncan) Sup'd by Tommie Hayes
- Lexington Supplied by W. E. Yoakum
- May D. M. Coulson
- Marlow Supplied by Claude Forth
- Mangum To be supplied
- Moyer Supplied by J. M. Messer
- McLoud L. A. Bolerjack
- Newburg Supplied by L. H. Ritter
- New Hope To be supplied
- Norman Supplied by W. E. Yoakum
- Oklahoma City E. J. Lord

CHICAGO, ILL.,
November 22, 1912

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Letters from our missionaries in Africa say famine is on in a great drouth; rivers dried up, and natives carrying water seven miles. Many now (October 15th) are barely eating enough to keep them alive. Our own school children are suffering for food, and before this letter reaches America, thousands in this country will be perishing for want of food and water. Send an offering marked African famine fund to E. G. Anderson, 6356 Eggleston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HERBERT HUNT,
Secretary.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

If you really want to do good with your Christmas presents, select something which will carry a message of salvation. If your friend is a grown person a year's subscription to the Herald of Holiness is just the thing. If a young person, a year's subscription to The Youth's Comrade will make the loved one glad for a whole year. Try it!

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS

We were so crowded with the work incident to getting established in our new quarters that we have had no time to prepare a Christmas program, and have none for sale this year.

THE COURSE OF STUDY

We are continually having calls for the Course of Study to be sold on installments. It is impossible for us to comply with these requests, as we have not sufficient capital to carry so many as desire the accommodation. Those who can not pay for a whole year at once can buy two or three books at a time, and when those are mastered send for two or three more. This will amount to the same as installments, as only a part have to be paid for at a time.

UNFORTUNATE PASTORS

There are a few pastors among us who do not take the Herald of Holiness. They are indeed unfortunate. If they can not afford to take the paper, they are in need of help, and we will gladly undertake to find some one who will send the paper to them. If they are too indifferent concerning the general affairs of the church to subscribe for the church paper, they are more unfortunate than the other class.

Think of a pastor of a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene without the inspiration which alone can come from a general knowledge of the church and its various departments!

We invite every district superintendent to unite with us in a campaign to put the Herald of Holiness into the hands of every pastor in the church.

C. J. KINNE, Agent

MALDEN, MASS.

Praise the Lord! God continues to bless us. Last Sunday was a day of victory. A record offering was taken in the Sunday school, which is constantly growing. Brother Borders is pushing the fight. Souls are still seeking. One new member was received into the church.

LEROY D. PEAVEY.

Oolagah To be supplied
Oak Grove Supplied by J. W. Rhodes
Okemah C. R. Williams
Pawhuska V. P. Drake
Paw Paw Supplied by J. W. Vanarsdale
Palmersville Supplied by I. L. Flynn
Pleasant Hill To be supplied
Ponca City J. I. Hill
Purdy Supplied by W. A. McLain
Price's Chapel ... Supplied by J. W. Vanarsdale
Ralston To be supplied
Ryan To be supplied
Sunset V. P. Drake
Shilo Supplied by J. W. Vanarsdale
Sulphur A. O. Duncan
Shawnee Supplied by C. A. Custin
Shay To be supplied
Skedee Supplied by J. R. Ritchey
Wann J. H. Jamison
Wichita Valley, Sup'd by Mrs. Georgia Womack
Wister To be supplied
Woodward W. I. Deboard
Union Prairie Supplied by J. W. Rhodes

Oklahoma Holiness College, A. M. Hills, President, F. W. Johnson, Financial Agent.

The Nazarene Rescue Home, Mrs. Johnny Jerigan, Superintendent; C. B. Jernigan, Financial Agent.

Children's Dependent Home, G. B. Collins, Superintendent; Mrs. G. B. Collins, Matron.

A. C. SMITH, Assembly Secretary.
Ponca City, Okla.

Notes and Personals

District Superintendent Lyman Brough will hold a meeting at Haver, Mont., beginning December 13th.

Rev. John T. Hatfield has just closed a meeting lasting Six Sundays for Rev. John Norberry at Providence, R. I.

J. S. Troyer, Reg. No. 3191, Tennessee State Prison, Nashville, is preparing for the Master's service upon his release, as he has found Jesus in all His fulness. He wishes to obtain a copy of "The Master Preacher; or, the Homiletics of Jesus." Can any of our readers supply him with the book, and so help this brother to help others?

Rev. H. H. Kernohan has recently held a protracted campaign at Freeport, Ill.

L. D. Peavey, of Malden, Mass., preached for our Somerville (Mass.) church recently.

Bro. J. D. Acker writes as follows of his article recently published: "The article on "Entire Sanctification," copied and published in the Herald of Holiness, was written some years ago and published in the Evangelical, the organ of the United Evangelical Church, of which I was then a member and a minister. I should have given credit to that paper."

HERALD OF HOLINESS

Official Organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

Editor B. F. HAYNES, D. D.
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Child in the Midst—Matt. 18:1-14

DECEMBER 8

NOTES—QUERIES—QUOTES

E. F. WALKER, D. D.

It is sad that in the presence of such great considerations, supernatural and divine, so many of Christ's avowed followers are engrossed with questions of personal precedence, social, political, ecclesiastical. (v. 1)

Unsanctified religionists are ever tempted to disputes and questionings. (v. 1)

There are questions that gender unto bondage, rather than minister unto edifying. (v. 1)

The rule is that little children are ready to come at the call of Jesus. (v. 2)

In some very important respects true, full conversion to Christ makes one childlike. (v. 3)

What men esteem as small God calls great in His kingdom. (v. 4)

In what respects does a little child represent Jesus? (v. 5)

How may a little one be caused to stumble? (v. 6)

God defends the least of His children to such extent that He pronounces those who offend them as worse than a criminal worthy of death. (v. 6)

How is it that offences "must needs" come? (v. 7)

If offences "must needs" come, why is woe pronounced upon the man by whom they come (v. 7)

Better be severed from things apparently most useful and valuable for this life, than be severed from life everlasting. (v. 8)

What does it mean to be "cast into hell fire"? (v. 9)

What is the deeper significance of "hand," "foot," and "eye" in vs. 8 and 9?

Their angels and Christ's Father are on the side of little ones. (v. 10)

The great object of Christ's coming into the world is the salvation of the lost. (v. 11)

We can not rest in what we have in safety so long as that which we should have is lost. (v. 12)

To find the lost is occasion of great rejoicing to the finders. See Lk. 15:7 (v. 13)

God wills not the death of any man, not even the lowliest. (v. 14)

"Doing nothing through faction or through vainglory, but in lowliness of mind each counting other better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others. Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God: but emptied himself, taking the form of a Servant, being made in the likeness of man: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross. Wherefore God exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name" (Paul, Phil. 2:3-9, R. V.).

"Our Lord speaks first, literally, of a little child, and secondly, in a mystical sense, of those who are like little children."

"These passages indicate the meaning to be attached to the word here rendered 'convert' ('strephe'), which always signifies a radical and complete change, in method, spirit, or course. Here it is, unless you be turned entirely away from this spirit of self-seeking you can not enter the kingdom of heaven, much less be greatest in it" (Abbott).

"For such a little child is free from pride, and the mad desire of glory, and envy, and

contentiousness, and all such passions, and having many virtues,—simplicity, humility, unworldliness,—prides itself on none of them; having a twofold severity of goodness; to have these things and not to be puffed up about them" (Chrysostom).

"It is wise to make any sacrifice to save true life. We admit this in bodily disease. The shattered limb must be amputated to preserve the patient's life. The same principle applies in spiritual regions. The pain of losing what is very near and dear to us may be great. But we dare not be cowardly. A greater evil is the alternative. We may share our friendship, our wealth, our pleasure, and yet destroy our souls. Then at best these things can but decorate the tomb of the dead spiritual nature. We have to rise to the stern severity of life. Sin is so terrible that it can not be laid aside as one would put off a superfluous garment. It has eaten its way like a cancer into our very being. We shrink from the knife, but we must submit to it, if we would live. Desperate efforts are needed—or rather a patient submission to the great Deliverer of souls who sometimes saves by terrible means. Yet he does save" (Adeney).

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

SPIRITUAL LIGHTS

REV. J. N. SHORT

Who could ever have answered the question right but Jesus? Who could ever have conceived of such an answer but the Christ Himself? And now that the answer is given, where in all the wide world is there one whose assent it does not command? In the face of it all would feel to say, "Never man spake like this man." This lesson is so full of simple divine wisdom that one feels like saying, to speak is to darken counsel with words without knowledge.

How utterly unlike all human ideas and the trend of all human ambitions are these teachings! Doubtless only those who are in search of heavenly wisdom would be able to properly estimate the simple wisdom and the profound philosophy in all these utterances. If the world could read, or hear these words to understand the value Jesus puts upon a human soul, how softly would all walk before God lest they might miss their way, or by their influence destroy a soul for whom Christ died.

"If for a world a soul is lost,
Who can that loss supply?
More than a thousand worlds it cost
One single soul to buy."

Think of the carnage on battle fields, the midnight assassinations, the too common spirit of anger, which is incipient murder, with that very prevalent spirit of retaliation, under fancied or real wrong, which is the same in the most enlightened, civilized natural heart as in the wild savage, and then of the slanderous, serpent tongue, of its deadly work in destroying reputations, and its attempt at ruining character, how would all this cease as in the twinkling of an eye if the world would receive these words of Jesus, and obey from the heart this form of doctrine delivered unto them. No human utterance was ever more true.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

When will the world, the nominal church and the individual alike, wake up to the sense of the awful tragedy which is constantly being enacted by man against his own soul in his rejection of Christ, and by his selfishness in relation to his brother,

his neighbor and the influence of his words and acts upon all whom he touches, old and young!

This thought might lend force to the practical and absolute necessity of the teaching, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, * * * and thy neighbor as thyself." But no man will so love his neighbor until he so acknowledges and loves God. Apart from God he will have no motive or impetus in his soul to such a life.

This means much, for some are only kind and loving to their neighbors who manifest the same spirit toward them. But let that spirit and bearing be changed, and many, who were supposed to be quite moral, would manifest a venom that would startle many.

But this, you say, will never be in human history: all men will never come to this. Perhaps not. But this is an individual matter, and individual salvation and responsibility. How then about you and me? The words of Jesus never found a more direct and personal application than to you and me, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

The first part of this lesson has a logical connection with the last. It reveals what we must become to have a fitness for the kingdom of heaven. The little child presents a figure of one with self emptied out. In this we see the innocence, the beautiful simplicity and naturalness of the childlike spirit. It has a simple unquestioning faith. Jesus said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." This He said of men and women.

Conversion does not make us like little children. But the spirit we receive then with the truth at our disposal enables us to perfect our faith and thus to lay aside all spirit, bearing and action opposed to what is represented by this beautiful figure of the child-like spirit. This means an emptying out of self, a humbling of our spirit, a laying aside of a certain bearing that is opposed to true naturalness and simplicity.

We do well then to tremble when we think of what it would mean to lead an unsuspecting child into the ways of sin, into the bondage of passion and appetite, before it can understand or measure the steps it is taking as it becomes a victim of the wiles of the destroyer.

Then if we can estimate the nature and extent of the crime one commits when they are instrumental by thought, word, or deed, in leading a simple, confiding soul from the path of innocence, virtue and purity to evil.

God only knows, and Jesus alone can tell what it would mean to one who should be guilty of leading a simple soul away from the truth into sin. "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

I wonder if all professing Christians think of the influence they exert, and their responsibility for the effect upon those who are younger, and whose life and destiny they may be daily gauging. This truth of Jesus should be taken to heart by every professed disciple of Christ; for while such an one may think he is doing no particular harm by his indifference, not careful to be at his best, he is destroying a soul for whom Christ died.

That every man may be at his best to be helpful to others, he must be at his best for himself. We save others only as we save ourselves. Then what shall we allow to hinder us, or lead us to stumble and fall of the grace of God?