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EDITORIAL

THE HAPPY MEAN

FANATICISM and formality are the two polar extremes in the matter of religion. There are those, who, beginning often with genuine saving faith, go to the extreme of fanaticism with all the excesses and exaggerations accompanying it. On the other hand, there are many who, beginning with a similar saving faith, degenerate into the opposite extreme of the merest formality in religion. Both these extremes are to be avoided. Each represents a condition of life from which it is extremely difficult to rescue people. To be enveloped in the delusive folds of self-satisfied formality and ceremonialism is to be dead spiritually from which only divine power can awaken and save. To be shrouded in the delirium of false faiths and imaginary ecstasies and altitudes of grace is a sad condition of death, alike requiring infinite power to lift from its grave. From this latter state, however, perhaps fewer resurrections occur than from the former.

THE DEVIL is equally well satisfied either to induce a substitution of fanaticism for true devotion or the substitution of formality for practical godliness. There is, happily, a mean between these two extremes. The true ground on which the intelligent Christian must stand is a combination of the two truths of which the two preceding extremes are abuses. There must be in the first place a true, spiritual life from God implanted in the soul by the Holy Spirit. "Ye must be born again." This new birth from above gives true spiritual life and imparts the spirit of genuine devotion. This spirit of devotion blooms and fruits in a life of practical godliness. Thus they blend into one like the tree and its fruit. This life of righteousness includes of course overt acts, in the way of good works, and also all the habits of prayer, Bible reading, attendance upon church services and all that line of life usually included under the term of devotion.

IT IS THIS devotional side of this fruit or out-growth of spiritual life which is most likely to run either into ceremonialism or fanaticism. It requires a level head and a clean heart to steer the middle course and, by maintaining a devout heart and a spirit of loving devotion, strive to exhibit their presence in all the acts and conduct of life. In other words, our conduct must have the aroma of heaven. There must be the outward practice of the inward ruling spirit of religion, daily and hourly in our home life, in our business and social relations. The most beautiful picture and by far the most influential example to be seen in human society, is a quiet, unobtrusive, unselfish, Spirit-filled man or woman moving about among their fellow beings, guided, inspired and controlled in their every touch and relation in life by the Christ-like spirit and precepts of the Holy Bible.

JOHN Y. EWART tells interestingly in *Herald and Presbyter* of Josiah Emmons, an officer in the church who agreed with the members of his congregation to put into actual practice daily and hourly the duties of religion in every act and relation in life during the week of prayer. Relating his experience at the end of the week, he said: "I got up to build the fire, and the boy had forgot the kinlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it came over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and, when the

fire burnt up good, I called my wife. 'Dear me,' says she, 'I've got such a headache! Sick; but I'll come in a minute.' I didn't mind that, and was jest about to say that women are always havin' aches, when I remembered the text about not being bitter against them, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittels today!' I declare, she turned over and give me such a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for and waited on me twenty odd years, most scart, because I spoke kind of feelin' to her."

THE SAME tenderness and changed spirit was exhibited toward his children until before the week was out he overheard his son Joe in the kitchen say to his sister Emma, "I do believe, Emmy, Pa's goin' to die." "Why, Josie Emmons, how you do talk!" "Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant and good-natured, I can't but think he's struck with death."

THIS TOUCHED the heart of Josiah Emmons, and concluding his testimony in the church meeting at the end of the week, he said: "I tell ye, brethren, I sat right down on them sullar stairs and cried, I did, really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me just as He did at Peter. Why, there was my own children, never seen me real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I've growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up; but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right and reason to expect that I'd do my part as well as they their'n."

VERY PROPERLY the poor fellow bowed his head in his hands and wept as did many others at the sad recital. He found out that religion was to be lived every day of life, in every department of life, in every act and duty of the family, business and social relations. Just such a demonstration of religion is the dying need of the age. Let our cry be: Back to Pentecost and to a daily demonstration of the power of Pentecost in all the activities and movements of individual Christian life! Such a Bible read by unbelievers in the lives of fathers and mothers and employers and employees will exert a profound influence and beget a hungering and thirsting in souls for the power which transforms and beautifies human life and character.

THE DIVINE FOOTSTEPS

WHERE are they? Everywhere, generally; but just now especially we point to one place where they are found conspicuously—we mean in the world's history. We have always contended that the pages of history as they record the doings, changes, fortunes and numberless vicissitudes of the nations of the world are vocal with proclamations of the being, the wisdom and the power of God. Historians who write from the proper viewpoint recognize this fact. Even Gibbon was not devoid of the recognition of a superintending Power over the march of history beyond all earthly influences. No man can write a true philosophy of history who takes a wrong viewpoint. A man may stand outside a great mansion of some millionaire and write about the furnishings and decorations of the structure. If he be an expert and has informed himself of the tastes of the owner and his wife, their preferences in colors, their education and antecedents and the foreign countries they have visited in search of drapery

and art treasures for the adornment of the mansion, the critic in question can write interestingly of the furniture and decorations but he can not write reliably. If he change his viewpoint and go within the house for a careful inspection he can write not only charmingly but with correctness and reliability. So with one who would write a philosophy of history. They must not take a position outside of the supernatural but come within this realm and admit this transcendent truth before they can philosophize safely on history. What, banish God from your reasoning on the facts and mutations of history! Study the course of world-events which He rules or overrules, and at the same time discard Him from your investigations! As well enter upon a diligent search for the nature and facts about Halley's Comet or some star but refuse to turn your eye upward; and resolutely shut out the heavens above and delve in the coal mines and jungles and seas and lands of the world in quest of the solution of the mystery. This would not be one whit more illogical and absurd than to shut God out of the study of history. There is no understanding of history aside from God. God is the meaning and the interpretation of history on the broadest lines. Frederick Lynch in the *Congregationalist* says a forceful and true thing in the following:

We once heard a very learned man say, "A thorough knowledge of history is the best cure for atheism." This was only another way of putting Lord Bacon's great contention that while a little learning might engender unbelief, deep learning increased faith in God. One can not follow the succession of the ages without soon feeling that through them "one unceasing purpose runs." Or, to use other words of the same poet, that creation moves to one far-off, diviner event. History is simply the path of God. Civilization is but the record of His appearance. It is inexplicable without Him.

LET HISTORY be read and its study encouraged by all means, but let the fact be impressed upon the student that history is but a record of the footsteps of God across the sands of time. Sometimes the impressions may be dim, possibly now and then almost or wholly invisible, but so generally are His footprints visible that we are authorized to conclude that His march is ceaseless adown the history of the ages. The few places where seem so dim the track may be so from our defective vision or from the fact of our angle of vision not being the best. Later along, may be, by the light of other movements and mutations of history, added light will come by which we can read plainly His presence in places where we first did not see Him so clearly.

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WASTE AS A PROOF

THERE are many witnesses by which to prove the guilt of Christian America in relation to the unevangelized millions of this world. Our neglect of God's call to evangelize the heathen nations is proven among other things by our waste. We spend as much on dogs as we do on missions. We spend twice as much for chewing gum, five times as much for finger rings, five times as much for feathers, thirty times as much on theatres and sixty times as much on tobacco as the nation spends to convert the heathen world. The United States spends twice as much annually for the upkeep of her automobiles as she invests for the evangelization of the heathen millions. Twelve thousand churches in America did not pay a cent toward missions last year. We wonder if there were any churches belonging to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene among those twelve thousand?

Now CONSIDER these startling proofs of America's neglect with the startling fact that all heathen doors are now open, all barriers removed in these dark lands against gospel work. Think of India—millions actually hungry and begging for gospel light. Yet in this land of India there are whole provinces containing five hundred villages with a million souls with a single gospel preacher. The average in heathen countries of missionaries is one to every two hundred thousand souls, while here at home we average about one for every seven hundred and fifty people. Who believes that God is such a

monster that He would authorize or approve such an outrageous inequality as three hundred times as many preachers for American souls as for heathen souls? Are the heathen only entitled to one three hundredths as much benefit of atoning love as Americans? The Bible does not so read. It says that: "God so loved the WORLD, that he gave his only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

WHO HAS authority to reverse this Magna Charta of human hopes under the blood and to make it read: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever in America believes may be saved, and that one three-hundredths as many in heathendom may have the same privilege"? This may sound absurd, but it does not sound one whit more absurd than our conduct looks and is with relation to the heathen.

LET US REMOVE this reproach. Let us abate this waste. Let us reach a plane of common fairness and justice in gospel work. Let us recognize the glorious truth that we are our brother's keeper, and that God has commissioned us to give the gospel to all the world. We are not entitled to any monopoly of it. We dare not attempt to corner it. God is not the author of any sort of an aristocracy. The gospel was intended for all men, is adapted to all men and is necessary to all men. We are the divinely authorized and commissioned agents to carry it to all men. If we fail to do so, we are guilty of high treason against the holiest trust ever committed to man.

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THE ENABLING GRACE

THERE is not the least shadow of ground for fear or discouragement in the presence of any of the commands of our God. With every command is what we may call an enabling act by which grace is vouchsafed sufficient for the duty required. This is a marvelous provision of grace. Like a watchful father or a loving mother, God stands by us with grace proffered to enable us to make full compliance with every demand made of us. What a ground of confidence and what a rebuke to us when we exhibit a lack of confidence in such a God.

WERE YOU EVER on a long train as it pulled out of the shed and threaded its way through the marvelous labyrinth of tracks which seemed to cover so confusedly the immense yards? On and on with increasing speed the engineer steers his train amid the maze of terminal tracks out into the open country. What is the secret of his confidence by which he goes onward with such assurance that all is right ahead? It is because he knows that time tables have been worked out with precision and that this particular train is provided for in the list. The train dispatcher had so arranged that all other trains would be out of his way at this particular time and that he should have a clear track. The solitary thing for the engineer to do was to be scrupulously careful to obey orders, and if this was done the arrangements of others in authority had provided for his safety and success in threading his way out of this seeming confusion of a wilderness of tracks.

WITH EQUAL confidence we may go forth in obedience to God, shutting our eyes to every seeming danger and difficulty, assured that One in authority has arranged everything for us and that we are absolutely safe in going bravely forward. Darkness and tempests may sweep down upon us and thus intensify the confusion of what were already perplexing problems and rendering the prospect of success still more doubtful upon every basis of human calculation, but the God who has commanded us to move we may rest assured has cleared a track for us. In every command of God there is imbedded a pledge of grace and strength by which we can perform the duty enjoined. Gideon with his three hundred had great cause for

trepidation and hesitancy had he looked alone at the hosts of Midianites spread out before them. But Israel's God had made a way through these Midianites; but mark you, this way was seen only by the eye of faith. Gideon believed what he could

not see and then moved forward as though he saw with his eye what he believed. This is the action of faith. Let us trust in His enabling grace and move at His commands as if we saw what we believe.

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THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

Manhood is Belief

I have heard singers of doubt
And manhood's unbelief;
But when you thrash the whole thing out,
True manhood is belief!
There is no manhood that is not,
For manhood holds and gives
The sunlight of eternal faith,
In which no doubting lives.

Why, manhood is itself the best
Strong challenge to the time!
It rings with progress and with hope,
It sounds a changeless chime.
Its music is the forward march
Wherever men may plod
Toward the gospel of the heart,
The sanctity of God.

To "manhood's unbelief" they say
We drift—believe them not!
The manhood of the hour is sweet
With faith still unforgot.
It is a light, a hope, a cheer,
And how could that be so
If it were not that it saw clear
The way that life must go?

True manhood is belief, not doubt!
Out with the craven cry
That argues men must learn to live
That know not how to die.
True manhood knows the way to both,
And knows that deathless trust
Is all that saves us from the sloth
Of cankerous doubt and rust.
Eyes forward in the faith of men,
With hearts of song, not grief,
On from the shadows once again—
True manhood is belief.

—Baltimore Sun.

Fidelity to God Basic

All schemes of political economy, social reform or reformation and betterment of human conditions are absolutely fallacious, fruitless and futile which ignore God's absolute authority over men and man's absolute duty of fidelity and obedience to God. All such treatments for human ills and social disorders which ignore this fundamental and primary principle, are like treating a constitutional, dire, physical malady by a simple attention to pimples on the skin or other mere symptoms of the dire disease. All crimes of violence of man to man are only the result of man's violation of the obligation of submission to God. All opposition of one another, all injustice and outrage of human rights are only the cause of the outrage which men have perpetrated of God's right and command of obedience and submission to Him. You may work along the muddy stream putting in all sorts of chemicals to clear the water, and using every resort known to science for the removal of the discoloring ingredients, but you will never get the branch cleared until you drive the hog out of the spring from which the stream issues. Sin against God which is innate in the human heart is the fountain and source of all other sin, whether against God or against humanity, against society or against individuals. Rev. M. A. Mathews says in *Herald and Presbyterian*:

No man can be true to himself who is not true to God. Man's first obligation is to his heavenly Father. Out of that grows all other obligations and responsibilities. If one rejects Christ, the connecting link to God, he is untrue to himself, and, of course, is untrue to God. We often hear it said that some one has been untrue, or has proven false to some one who had a right to depend upon him. The statement is made as if it were an independent or primary act. The facts are, when one proves himself untrue to his fellowmen, it is but the result of his unfaithfulness to God and himself. All the unfaithfulness, dishonesty, dishonorableness, lying and stealing in this world are the direct evolution of man's unfaithfulness to God. If one is true to himself, he is compelled, in order to be true to himself, to accept Christ, and thus connect himself to God. If he is thus true to himself, he will be true to God, to whom he is, by Christ, connected. Man's relationship to God is the fundamental question underlying all other questions. When it is solved, there will remain no other questions for solution. The cords of a broken heart can be tied by no other hands than the pierced hands of Jesus Christ. Therefore, in reading this tablet from a broken heart, we do not wonder the first thing engraved thereon is, "Infidelity to self." All the other things written on this tablet record the results of one's unfaithfulness to self.

Shadows

The steepest and roughest mountains are those we never reach. The swiftest and most turbid rivers we swim are those we never see. This is only another way of saying that most of our troubles are borrowed troubles—that very much of our unrest is imaginary and needless. We need to let imagination rest as to the somber side of life and sternly refuse to recognize any adverse things until they actually reach us and are veritable realities. We could very greatly reduce our troubles by recognizing only real troubles and doing strictly a cash business so far as trouble is concerned, rigidly refusing to borrow any at all. Each day as it passes will bring burdens enough of the real kind without anticipating those which never come. We are glad to say, however, that each day will bring to the trusting child of God all the grace and strength needed for that day's burdens, but no more. Let it be well remembered that God never sends grace and help for troubles and burdens which never come, but from which we suffer in imagination or by mere anticipation. God will not endorse for us in any such reckless borrowing as this. As thy day so shall thy strength be. *Christian Work* very strikingly stresses this folly by the following:

Railway engineers do not like the shadows which are cast across the rails ahead of them by trees and other objects along the way. Sometimes these wierd specters of the night look like men, now they take the form of horses and cattle. And well these men of the throttle know that if these shadowy visitants are what they look as if they might be, danger lies close ahead. But soon they see that

it is only the moonlight playing them tricks. A good share of the trouble Christians have in this world comes from shadows. Life's way does not always run through meadow land and prairie. Winding along the side of high hills, dipping deep into leafy dells, following the course of moonlit streams, and often seeming to plunge straight into the heart of some mountain of trouble, grim objects appear to lie on every hand to frighten us, and make us think that there never will be peace again. Then suddenly the thing we feared melts away, and we have seen only shadows. Does it seem to us we are walking alone? Shadows. Close by our side is the dear One who never forgets His own. Are we fearful that we are not living up to our best, but that at last we shall meet the Father's frown? Shadows. Trusting Him, we are ever coming a little nearer to the ideal we have set before us. Do we fancy that our prayers are never to be answered? Only shadows. He is ever better than our fears. Some day we will know that the faintest cry we sent up was heard and never forgotten. Why should we weary ourselves with these shadows? Why not trust Him more? As the moonlight brings the shadows on life's pathway, so it is God's love that sends the sunshine and the rain, and all is for our good.

The Same in All Ages

The innate selfishness is the same the world over and in all ages. It manifests itself in monopolistic tendencies of everything possible of being grasped. This has been the prolific source of endless and disgusting aggregations of wealth with its attendant sequences of luxury and waste; and on the other hand of untold oppression and hardship and suffering and poverty on the part of others. In no age of the world has there been an utter absence of this spirit of fallen human nature. It called forth the maledictions of the Word of God in Bible times. Commenting on the words "Woe unto them that join house to house, field to field, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth," S. E. Wishard says:

The land grabbers of that day wanted the earth, and would not be satisfied short of absolute possession of everything in reach. Naboth's vineyard was a menace to their peace until they could possess it by fair or foul means. They must "be placed alone in the midst of the earth." There was no room for the other fellow. Those covetous land sharks have a numerous posterity today. They have seized the broad acres of our goodly heritage from north to south, from east to west, from Alaska to Mexico. They are joining house to house, laying field to field, establishing a lordship over our wide domain, "till there be no place" for others. By every possible means of deception and fraud they propose to end all competition, with their names as titled owners of everything. Against all covetousness, which is idolatry, God, who is still on His throne, has pronounced His woe.

Timely Teaching of Holiness

It is a sad thought how many young converts go forth from the altar of their regeneration in utter ignorance of the

high privileges of the glad estate into which their new experience has inducted them. Many a man and woman fresh from the altar where God graciously regenerated them has gone forth supposing the Christian life was now to be a life of conflict with their carnal nature, and that by a long and painful process they were to gain at last the victory of a suppression of this evil nature. Many others have gone forth from a similar experience supposing the work was final and complete, and that they had reached the summit of possible attainment in grace, save as to the matter of outward works in the Master's vineyard and the increment of strength and skill to be gained from such exercise of their graces in His service. How many fatal lapses have occurred from these causes no man knoweth—only God can know the sad tale of woe. How needful that some wise, well informed preacher be present in every such case to immediately instruct the young convert as to his higher privileges in Christ Jesus, that he may be led at once into Canaan. The *Wesleyan Methodist* says:

There are critical times in every life and probably a distinct and great crisis also in every life. A certain writer speaking of his conversion, said: "I had been made much happier than I supposed it possible for a soul in the body, but the change of nature was not so complete and radical as I supposed a true regeneration produced. I now believe that if I had received the instruction that I should have had, I would then have received a clean heart in less than twenty-four hours after my conversion. I was ripe for it, and only needed the knowledge of my true want, and the way to get the supply. But whatever the preacher intended to teach me, I got the idea that I now had commenced the Christian warfare, and my efforts must be directed primarily to the repression of the evil tendencies of my depraved nature, and secondarily to guarding from without the encroachments of the world and sin." How much better for this young preacher and for the church and for all the souls with whom he was to labor if the preacher to whom he applied for instruction had been an intelligent and worthy holiness teacher. It would have saved this young man several years of struggle and he might have during those years been an instrument of very great power in leading other souls into the genuine experience of holiness. All of this loss grew out of the failure of a certain minister to be a genuine holiness teacher. He doubtless was a good man, but he failed at a vital point. We wish all ministers of the gospel would take warning and never repeat such a sad experience.

Slaughter of the Innocents

It is a profound pity that all mothers could not have ordinary common sense. Considering the lofty pinnacle of responsibility on which motherhood places them, and the delicate perils which surround the children from maternal mistakes, it seems a pity that in some way there could be no mothers without the requisite sense and judgment necessary to protect the helpless class. Of all blunders it seems that the giving of intoxicants to children is one from which they should be saved. As colossal as is the work of destruction of this alcohol evil and as widespread as are the evidences of the danger of its use, many mothers give it to their children from one or another reason, but never without imminent peril, and sometimes with tragic results. The *Western Christian Advocate* says concerning a woman

who not only gave it to her infant, but who was herself a victim of the awful habit:

Declaring that Mamie Hamilton of Cincinnati was feeding her six-weeks-old baby raw whisky, a woman asked two patrolmen to go to her home. They found the woman with her child in her arms and a glass of whisky near by. The woman, it was charged, had given the child liquor until it almost strangled. One of the patrolmen reached for the infant, but the woman refused to give it up. The officers had a tussle to get the child away from the woman, who was locked up on a charge of drunkenness. A neighbor took care of the infant until officers of the Humane Society appeared. This, then, is how it works in Cincinnati! Here is a mother, debauched with whisky, maudlin drunk, giving her little one raw liquor to drink, and still clinging to the child upon the natural rights of motherhood! She will not shoot the child, or strangle it with a clothes-line, or burn it to death in the fire. She has learned to love whisky, and, in her lost mentality, she gives the child what she loves. She will soon kill the child without pistol or matches. How inexpressibly sad is this picture of childhood and motherhood! We are informed that it is the custom of many mothers in the West End of the Queen City to give their babies whisky and water to put them to sleep. It will do it! It will paralyze the body, atrophy the mind, and deaden all moral sense. The little folks may grow somewhat, but will be asleep—dead to the problems of life here and beyond. Do not be too much surprised at this heathenish custom. Remember, the president of the German Alliance, in Music Hall, Cincinnati, recently advocated the raising of children on beer. The processes of alcohol in beer may be a little slower in action but the results are the same in the end.

Living for Another World

Heaven must not be put out of our minds in our service. There is much cant talk about our living for this world and ridicule is put upon the thought of our living for another world. Let us not be deterred from the inspiration and encouragement derived from the hope of heaven. Moses, one of the noblest of the ancient worthies, is said to have had "respect unto the recompense of the reward." It is not puerile or unworthy to be nerved by this blessed consideration. It is worthy and filial and altogether becoming pilgrims in this strange and unfriendly world to have an eye toward the city ahead toward which they travel, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. It is a vicious and false sneer which would turn our eyes away from this blessed recompense. It is not unmanly in the returning son, after a long absence from home and mother, to look anxiously up the road toward home and to feel and give expression to the home and mother-love he feels in his heart the nearer he gets to the old hearthstone. It is a sickly and false and vicious sentimentalism which frowns upon this longing and love for the home and the Father's house. We think and talk and preach all too little about heaven these days. There are too few books written on heaven. Talk about living for this world as if we could really live for this world in any true and efficient sense in any other way than by living for it as citizens of another world and as strangers and foreigners here; as *in this world*, but not *of it*. There is a deal of subtle, smooth-sounding nonsense found in many books and pulpits

nowadays on this subject of which we must be aware. A sample is given by Robert M. Hall in an exchange:

I heard a famous preacher deliver a lecture. He held up those people who live for another world to scorn. He said that people ought to live for this world, to make it a beautiful place to live; that they ought to build bridges, lay out parks, make good roads; in fact, all that he held up to the people as the true end of life was to build a grand material civilization. Many of the religious writers of today seem to copy his spirit. Their idea of a Christian life seems to leave out repentance for sin, faith in Christ, prayer, teaching men what they must do to be saved from sin, visitation of the sick, and helping the unfortunate. Their idea of Christian work seems to be to show people how to get wealth, how to get worldly wisdom, how to get amusement and be happy. But do these things elevate either a community or an individual? Do they build Christian character? Witness the New York Four Hundred! They have all that a material civilization can give them. Has it made them an ideal community? A material civilization without a moral and spiritual regeneration and sanctification hastens the putrefaction of both the community and the individual.

Unmoved by Evil Tidings

That is a sweet and reassuring promise of the Psalmist that "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Of all the ages of the world this age is one in which is needed the bracing and tonic of such a promise. Everything is in commotion. Evil is predicted on every hand. The most venerable and sacred of institutions are boldly assailed and opposition was never more insolent and defiant. Sometimes it seems enough to intimidate the stoutest hearts. Only such as are anchored really and truly by a conscious experience of saving and sanctifying grace are proof against fear and weakness. We need only the old time power and the old time faith and experience of grace to triumph. Dr. J. H. Jowett in the *Continent* gives expression to a great truth in the following:

Such trust in the Lord will redeem us from all our fears. It will give the soul a serene fixedness which will deliver it from all possibility of panic. It will not be feverish in the noontide. It will not be chilled in the night. It will remain calm and quiet when circumstances become boisterous and turbulent. Even when menace looms on the horizon there will be no paralyzing dread. God will be felt to be near, and His presence despoils every menace of its sting, and enables the soul to meet its morrows with quiet confidence. Now this serene and courageous mind is surely needed in our own day. Our age is full of changes and unrest. I am not afraid of the disturbance. Personally I regard it as the workings of the spiritual leaven. The widespread ferment is of God. Everywhere there is movement. Established things are being shaken. Venerable customs are being tested and tried. Unexpected presences appear on the hill almost every day, and many men are afraid and their hearts are sinking in pessimistic forebodings. They fear evil tidings, and every new visitor startles them as he knocks at their door. We need to get to the central things. Secondary shelters are of little or no avail. We need a profound experimental knowledge of the power of God's grace. We must have an experience that no new setting of circumstances can ever shake. We must know God as a vital, vitalizing presence, whose work in our hearts can never be gainsaid. It is only an experience of grace that can enrich the trust that gives serenity. The man whose heart is resting in the Lord can watch events like a man who is watching the sunrise.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

Kept

Kept by the heavenly Father;
Refreshed every moment anew,
With showers from His peace-giving presence,
Distilled like gentlest dew.

Kept from all anxious forebodings,
Of suddenly rude alarm;
Kept from the fear of all evil,
Tenderly kept from all harm.

Kept from all worry and fretting
About things in my daily rounds;
So sweetly kept from resenting
The stings, the stabs and the wounds.

Kept in His secret pavilion,
From the pitiful strife of tongues;
Kept in the fullest assurance
That He will avenge my wrongs.

Kept calm in the midst of the tempest,
Kept cool in the heat of the fray,
Kept humble when victory is given,
Kept from doubt when I see not the way.

Kept—no stain on my garment,
My garment of beauty and praise;
Of marvelous texture this raiment,
Wrought by the ancient of days.

Kept for His praise and His glory,
Though humble the instrument be,
Permitted to tell the glad story
Of redemption for you and for me.

God, the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,
Thus keep me, I earnestly pray,
Till death, on mysterious pinion,
Shall my longing soul bear away.

And then, in Thy glorious presence,
Wilt Thou keep me forever and aye,
While my spirit shall join the glad chorus
In lauding and praising alway.

—Franc.

Why Do Ye These Things?

W. H. BACHE

If we did not know something of the life, aims and character of the one who asked this question, it might be somewhat difficult to determine the true reason for asking it or how to correctly emphasize each of its five words. We assume that this was the first visit of Paul and Barnabas to Lystra, and though they had possibly heard something of it and its inhabitants from Timothy, whose native place it was, yet they were not perhaps fully prepared for what their ears heard and their eyes beheld. Had they been ordinary men, ancient or modern, visiting a strange city and witnessing strange sights, they might have asked out of mere curiosity: "Why do ye these things? Where we come from we do not believe as you do, and we can hardly endorse some of your methods; but you are no doubt intelligent and in earnest, and you really believe it is just the thing, and we must acknowledge it is, to say the least, interesting."

Then again, they might have emphasized the word *ye* and said: "We are much surprised at some of your methods of worship; our environments were so different from yours that we might question the truth and propriety of some of it, but as the twig is bent the tree inclines, and perhaps we might have come up just as you have under the same circumstances, and we feel like making great allowances in your case; but some of you are learned and very well cultured, and if you would use *your intelligence* and accomplishments you could inaugurate a much better

state of things, and we should think you would do it, and yet not be too straight-laced, too peculiar, because that always tends to fanaticism. We know, because some of our good people have 'gone too far' in that direction and have simply rendered themselves obnoxious."

But, thank God, we know our dear old brother Paul was not on that line. We know that he and Barnabas were not on a tour to gather material for a few lectures on "Asia Minor and Its People." We know that the wonders of architecture in Iconium, or the beautiful scenery of the valleys, and Mount Taurus, had no special charms for him. He was out in the service of his Divine Master, Jesus Christ, and felt that Mount Calvary had more to do with the peace and destiny of mankind than Taurus, Himalaya and all the mounts in the world. He and Barnabas had been at Iconium; there were large numbers of Jews there, but across the face of their temples might be written "Ichabod," for their glory had indeed departed, and the real heart worship of the Great Jehovah had degenerated into mere formalities devoid of power to convict or convert. They came as ambassadors of the greatest King that ever had reigned or ever would reign in all the world. Their hearts all aglow with the fire of the Holy Ghost, they came, not so much to confer gifts and grants to benefit the people at large for a few short years, but to endow them with the unsearchable riches of Christ and the title deeds to mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. How the Holy Ghost did charge and surcharge their hearts until they so spoke that multitudes both of Jews and Greeks believed. But the formalists, the legalists in the church, could not endure the conviction that the mighty truth in its simplicity and purity forced upon them. The curse of the shed blood of the world's Redeemer, which they had prayed might be upon them and upon their children, was already at work like leaven in a measure of meal; the cup of their iniquity was filled to the brim, the hour was close at hand when they should be scattered and without a king or country. But there were still some methods left by which they might, as they thought, fight the Christ and suppress His influence, and this was by persecuting His servants. They stirred up the Gentiles and led on by the *rulers* would have murdered the apostle had they not escaped to Lystra. Undaunted by persecution, these faithful men of God commanded a campaign for men's souls, and there they preached the gospel.

They were not long in presenting their credentials as ambassadors for the living Christ, by the use of the supernatural power of healing a man born with crippled feet, causing him to stand upright and to walk and leap. It was this miracle that brought out into full relief the pagan superstitions in which the people trusted. Great excitement broke out among the people; they thought the gods had come down in the shape of men; they called Barnabas Jupiter and Paul Mercurius, and prepared to sacrifice to them and worship them. Who was this Jupiter to them? He was their supreme deity,

handsome, cultivated, and of royal mein, but the embodiment of all that was vile, coarse, sensual, obscene and wicked. Understanding then the light in which these benighted people regarded him and Barnabas, and the source of the power by which he had aided the cripple, no wonder that Paul cried out in the anguish of a heart burdened with the love of souls, "Sirs, why do ye these things?" No, doubt the wearing of rich garlands of flowers by the fair hands of the temple priestesses, the decorating of the beasts intended for sacrifice, the ceremonies attending the offering on the altar were considered beautiful and very solemn and impressive to the minds of these pagans, but when Paul thought of the paschal lamb of the Passover service of his Jewish fathers as the beautiful symbol of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; of the actual fulfillment of prophecy and symbol in the Lamb slain on Calvary—when he thought of the real meaning and spirit of sacrifice as embodied in the death of our Lord on the cross, how vain, how empty, how useless, how wicked these ceremonies must have seemed, and how earnestly he exhorted them to turn from these vanities unto the living God which made heaven and earth! His message to that people was one setting forth the goodness and mercy of God in sending them rain and fruitful seasons and filling their hearts with joy and gladness, and he and Barnabas did not profess to be any better or more distinguished or entitled to more honor or distinction than those around them. Result, they stoned Paul and drew him out of the city supposing him to have been dead. The days of miracles are not yet past; neither are the days of suffering and persecutions for Christ's sake past. There are thousands of real, earnest servants of God, men and women, in the world today, who, hearing and beholding the things that are being said and done, cry in the anguish of their souls, "Why do ye these things." The eyes of their own understanding having been opened, they have been led to see the real heinousness of sin and the awful certainty of judgment. They listen to their friends and loved ones denying the holy Word, ridiculing those who believe it, denying the Christ who bought them with His blood, and giving heed to the doctrines of devils, they despise the counsel and warning of the aged and experienced, and follow the pernicious ways of the gay and thoughtless. If religiously inclined, they seek out and become identified with that type or style that allows the exercise of the greatest liberty in the things that savor of unrighteousness. They are so little acquainted with the principles and requirements of the gospel that they do not even know that they are sinners, and put their trust in a round of duties in and to the church, in gowns and caps and altars ablaze with light, in choirs and crosses and chantings, and mistake the inward satisfaction with self for the grace and comfort of the Holy Ghost. "Why do ye these things?"

But there is still another class—and a large class, too, consisting of laymen, deacons, elders and bishops—who take upon themselves the vows of a church and the

doctrine of full salvation from sin through Jesus' blood, and failing to become popular, change their attitude to God and their opinions to men and deny the power and efficiency of the blood of Christ to cleanse the soul from sin. How quickly, alas! how reluctantly, the grieved Spirit leaves the heart; how manifestly the power to convict and convert is diminished! How vain the methods and the arguments resorted to as a substitute for the Holy Ghost! In spite of every effort to disguise the change in heart and life, it is plainly visible to the true man of God, and causes him to ask, Why do ye these things? What a vast catalogue is contained in the words, "these things": the outcroppings and outcomings of the carnal mind, the desperate wickedness of the human heart, falseness, hypocrisy, deceptions, pride, anger, lust, flattery, drunkenness, gambling, covetousness, deceptions in all their varieties, and crime in all its horrid details. Surrounded as we are at all times by such conditions, our hearts would indeed be stone if we were not awakened by the thought of what the end must be, and cry out, "Why do ye these things?" Set forth plainly before the eyes and minds of the doers of "these things," the fruits of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—exhorting them to live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit. Let fairs, festivals, dances, theatricals, lotteries, grab bags and the like all cease, and give place to real feasts of charity, prayer meetings, class meetings that abound in love and praise of Him who gave Himself a sacrifice in love for us all.

Bishop McDowell, Rev. Dr. Stuart and M. M. Mangasarian

REV. C. E. CORNELL

Bishop McDowell is an honored and cultured bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Stuart is the president of Garrett Biblical Institute, a leading Methodist educational institution. M. M. Mangasarian is a rabid free-thinker and rationalist, a virulent hater of the Bible, whose chief business is to discredit and tear it to pieces. He has held forth in Chicago for a number of years.

A few months since Bishop McDowell and Dr. Stuart, addressing the students of Garrett Biblical Institute, both practically joined with Mr. Mangasarian in an attack upon the Bible. We leave it to Mr. Mangasarian to state the case, which he does in one of his *Sunday Bulletins*. Here is his exact language:

A Bishop on the Bible

Bishop McDowell and the Rev. Dr. Stuart, president of the Garrett Biblical Institute, express views about the Bible which must scandalize the rank and file in the Methodist denomination. "Moses," said Bishop McDowell, "was not a geologist, and it was not necessary to believe with him that the world was made in six days or six thousand years ago." Mentioning by name one of the saints of the Bible, the bishop also said: "I would not invite him to my house without putting the silver under lock and key." The saint who talked and walked with God, who was blessed by God, and to whom God opened His heaven and showed him the angels ascending and descending was Jacob; and yet the bishop refuses to be in his company unless protected by an attorney and a detective. What will the bishop say next?

The other preacher, Dr. Stuart, practically admitted that "The Bible is a book derived from secondary sources, that the autographs of the evangelists and apostles irrevocably have been lost; that there are omissions and interpolations, glosses and mis-readings numerous enough to be discouraging; that genealogies and chronologies are hopelessly confused; and that there are discrepancies of statement about matters of fact which are not to be reconciled."

Well! Not many years ago any one who dared to say one fraction of what the clergy themselves are now admitting about the Bible was burned at the stake. But if the Bible is not what John Wesley believed it to be—inspired from cover to cover—will these modern Methodists tell us how much of it and just what parts of it are inspired? And why is the entire collection labeled "Holy" if not all of it is "Holy."

And how did these ministers find out, for instance, that the first chapter in the Bible is not inspired, but that the last chapter is? Or that Moses is not so reliable as Jesus? The Jews say Moses is more inspired than Jesus; the Christians say Jesus was more inspired than Moses. Does it not follow that neither Moses nor Jesus has succeeded in proving his inspiration, except to his own followers? But Mahomet, Buddha, Joseph Smith, have done as much.

We are compelled to say that preachers who talk as the bishop or the head of the Bible Institute do no more believe in the inspiration of the New Testament than in that of the old—they no more believe in the Bible than they do in the Koran.

Christianity, so far as the clever clergy is concerned, we regret to say, is no longer a religion—it is an income.

M. M. MANGASARIAN.

It would seem that these Methodist brethren have gotten into unsavory company, to say the least. The picture is not pleasing. Bishop McDowell, Dr. Stuart, and M. M. Mangasarian! One would think that never should there any common ground exist between a Methodist bishop, the president of a great Methodist religious institution and a man the type of Mr. Mangasarian.

But Methodism, especially those in ecclesiastical authority, has forsaken the doctrine of holiness as interpreted by John Wesley, and it is only a question of time until the "new birth" will be generally discredited, and with this the doctrine of hell and future punishment; and then the inspiration of the Scriptures, and then—Methodism will have a mutilated Bible worth nothing to a fallen race.

It behooves the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene to scrupulously hold true to the simple doctrines of the Old Book; to see to it that no preacher, general or district superintendent, member of the faculty of any college or university, remains among us who flaunts any skeptical notion to the world about the Bible. God will greatly honor us if we remain true to the Scriptures. There are certain fundamental doctrines, well known, and clearly set forth. By the grace of God we will preach them.

Bible Lessons for Every-Day Living

L. B. TROWBRIDGE

HOW TO BECOME TRULY AND PERMANENTLY RICH

The very title of this article presents an alluring bait for every reader. To become rich is the goal toward which all of the human race who have ambition at all,

are constantly pressing and eagerly striving. Some strive to become rich in worldly goods, some rich in fleshly enjoyment, some rich in intellectual knowledge, some rich in humanitarian usefulness, while a few are striving only to be rich toward God. It is with the latter form of riches that this Bible study deals, for the riches that come from God and the riches that we show toward God are the only riches that are true or lasting.

1. Those are truly rich who have God's blessing upon them. Prov. 10:22.

2. To understand and know God is the source of the greatest riches and enjoyment. Jer. 9:23, 24.

3. A delight in the study of God's Word and in the performance of His commandments is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold. Ps. 19:9-10; 119:97, 103; Prov. 3:13-15.

4. Faith in God opens up to the believer all the storehouses of His riches and grace. James 2:5; 2 Pet. 1:3; Phil. 4:19; Rom. 10:12.

5. Those who do good to their fellow-men are truly rich (1. Tim. 6:18), and their riches are of the kind that moth or rust can not corrupt and thieves can not break through and steal. Matt. 6:20.

6. The kind of riches that God yearns to give His children is gold tried in the fire of persecution, trial and suffering, and raiment that is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. 3:18.

7. To be reproached for Christ is greater riches than all the pleasures, honors and luxuries of the world. Heb. 11:26.

8. Those who have Christ dwelling in their hearts and have the full assurance of His abiding presence are truly and gloriously rich. Col. 1:27; 2:2.

There is great variety in God's riches:

1. The riches of His goodness. Rom. 2:4.

2. The riches of His wisdom. Rom. 11:33.

3. The riches of His mercy. Eph. 2:4, 7.

4. The riches of His grace. Eph. 1:7.

5. The riches of His glory. Rom. 9:23.

Those who want these riches must sell all they have to get them, Matt. 13:44; they must renounce all earthly honors and possessions which hinder, Matt. 19:21; and must count all things but loss, even dung, that they may win Christ. Phil. 3:7-9.

Evolution of the Modern Revival

HOWARD ECKEL

They tell on holiness folks that we are using antiquated methods, and are therefore a back number. We are urged to become more progressive. Keep up with the times, they say. Twentieth century times require up-to-date methods; we must adjust ourselves and our plans to the need and spirit of the age in which we live. Therefore, they ask us to give up the altar, and the preaching of hell and holiness and adapt ourselves, our services and our preaching to the newer and more up-to-date ideas. Well, let us see what they are doing: I attended one of the most modern and up-to-date revivals in Pennsylvania where all the new methods were employed. The meeting cost fourteen thousand dollars, and all the workers put up at the largest and

most expensive hotel in the city. Some of the preaching was very good, but the question of salvation was not pressed upon the people as we back-number folks press it. But instead the workers were sent out with the cards, and every card that was signed was held up and the canvasser would announce publicly in a long drawn out manner: "A-n-o-t-h-e-r c-o-n-v-e-r-s-i-o-n."

The next great (?) revival I attended was in Massachusetts. The preacher discoursed eloquently, then another would follow with some remarks and close by calling to the attention of the congregation that there were some cards in the seats that they hoped they would take with them and sign. These fellows had gotten beyond even taking the cards around and asking people personally to sign them.

But the very latest and most modern idea was evolved by a Kentucky preacher. He had persuaded a man and wife to join his meeting house; so on a given Sunday morning the aforesaid man and wife came to church and sat in the very last seat. The pastor preached on a subject foreign to salvation and at the close announced that "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so have expressed a desire to unite with our church. They are present, but we will not embarrass them by calling them forward. You will find them on the rear seat, and as you pass out just give them the right hand of fellowship." This is enough to make the devil himself feel faint-hearted, not because he would not approve of the latest sham in revivals, but lest the dear doctors should go further than he had dared to anticipate, and therefore spoil the whole game. A brother suggested that they take them into church over the telephone, and send life-sized photographs to be baptized. This, I think would be less embarrassing than any plan I have yet heard of.

Conversion

G. W. BUGH

Upon December 8, 1912, we had the study of "The Child in the Midst," in Sunday school. The subject has often appeared before in Sunday school, and teachers generally suppose that it means the conversion of sinners. That sinners need conversion of heart is granted, but we affirm that this is remote of the intended thought of Jesus in what took place on that occasion. To a right understanding let us bear in mind the question and Christ's answer: "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him [it] in the midst of them, and said, "Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18:1-3). Now the disciples who asked the question were Peter, James and John, who had just seen Christ's transfiguration, and the others who had failed at that time in the healing of the lunatic child. Of these Jesus said, their names were written in heaven (Luke 10:20); and to them had been given the keys of the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 16:19). Perhaps Judas Iscariot may have been excepted (Jno. 6:70, 71). Certainly all the rest were converted from sinful ways. Yet it is to them that Jesus spoke. What conversation then did Christ

refer to? Let us here get at the root of truth. In the original for the word "converted" we have the word *strophute*, from the radix *strophoo*. This is the the same with *trepoo*, to turn, to revolve or to turn around. In Christian experience we have several turnings to meet; what are these? First, there is a turning in repentance. The Greek word *metanoceo* signifies a change or turning of the mind. This follows upon truth, or better, conviction, on the sinner's part. Second, there is a change or turning in regeneration, for which we have *paliggenesia* in Greek, often called conversion. Third, there is a change in self-denial or self-crucifixion. The Greek is (Mark 8:34) *aparnesasthoo eauton*; and this turning the disciples did not yet have. When Peter chided Jesus, and Jesus answered him, "Get thee behind me Satan," He admonished them all to deny themselves, and take up their cross (for self-crucifixion) and to follow Him. In our lesson we find them troubled with a desire for earthly, or national fame. They were still looking for this at the time when Jesus ascended to heaven (Acts 1:6). Also we learn that the mother of James and John was solicitous that her children might be high secretaries in the cabinet of Christ's Davidic kingdom, and thereby created a great displeasure among the ten others (Matt. 20:20, 24).

But their eyes were opened when they received their pentecostal experience. There they were sanctified, became the humble little children of the lesson, as they saw that Christ's kingdom, for the present, was altogether spiritual. Here they denied themselves of worldly greatness, and began to preach repentance, faith, remission of sins and the obtainment of spiritual life, purification of heart and the gift of the Holy Ghost, and even died for Christ's sake in the faith and in good works. Jehovah had tried a kingdom of unsanctified Israelites and they failed Him. Now He created a spiritual house (1 Pet. 2:5-9), and the apostles were made masters of it in unity. In spite of all variations of church life, those true and faithful for all time are accounted as His people only. They are baptized into one body regardless of externals, by the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. 12:13).

We see then that these disciples have undergone at least four revolutions (conversions): one in repentance, one in regeneration, one in purification of heart and are now being crowned as a last revolution.

BEEBE, ARK.

The World's Need: A Supernatural Christianity

T. S. MASHBURN

We are told that there are one hundred and fifty-seven different sects, and some two hundred and sixty-five religions in the world; and at the same time the good old Book makes it as clear as the noonday sun that there is only one Christ, who is the way, the truth and the life; and that no man cometh unto the Father but by Him. Yet in this age, the masses are not so inclined, but are looking in an opposite direction. The spirit of the world predominates and the Christ of the cross has little or no attraction for them. They are most interested in things spectacular and material, things tangible and human, things of nature, of science and litera-

ture; of culture and ethics; evolution, even down to Darwinism, in some cases, at least. Lamentable as all of this is, thanks to God there are yet a few names who have not bowed the knee to Baal, but are like good old Joshua, who said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Paul said, "By grace are ye saved;" and again he said, "Not by works, lest any man boast." Away with a religion of dead works only; a religion of man's making. Talk of your secret, oath-bound lodges, your benevolences, your everlasting do, do, work, work—big I; brass-bronzed ladders of man's ingenuity, by which he would climb up some other way. These were branded by Christ as thieves and robbers. This is an extraordinary age in which we live, and things tame or ordinary will not meet the demand. Hence we must have the supernatural.

A poor girl lay dying with consumption, so common to girls leading, as she was, a life of prostitution in the underworld. This poor creature, when told by her doctor that she must die in a few hours at most, said she wanted a preacher who could bring to her her mother's Jesus. The minister who answered the call was a Unitarian, and after he had talked in a kind of cheerful and hopeful way, the girl looked straight at him and said "I want mother's Jesus. Can you not bring me mother's Jesus?" It was said that this man wept, and as far as we know the soul of the poor girl went out to meet God, who only knows how it is with her today.

How we rejoice and praise God for the way He is blessing and opening the way for rescue homes in this great movement of organized holiness that is sending out angel messengers, as it were, who are bringing to that unfortunate, and most helpless class of girls, caught in hell's maelstrom of iniquity! In this our day, the fight against sin is a hand-to-hand conflict. Of necessity we must get in personal touch with a lost world of sinners, and with extended hand and open arms of perfect love, lift them up, and in faith and prayer pull down fire from heaven upon them until they are awakened to their eternal doom, and get down and dig through and strike the life-giving stream of free salvation through Jesus' blood.

In former years it was customary for ecclesiastical scholars to meet and debate with infidels, and also with brother ministers of the gospel on theological questions, which generally lead to hair-splitting on non-essentials; often, as Paul said, striving about words to no profit. Of course we are glad to note that is a thing of the past, and we trust all may find the more excellent way of the cross, and preach Christ crucified; our only hope and eternal salvation. The modern method of whale-killing is to shoot a harpoon charged with dynamite into the monster fish and blow him to pieces; the wisdom and success of this method no one would question for a moment; but the same method applied to brook trout fishing would be illogical and foolish. Paul said something about being all things to all men that he might thereby win some. Certainly he did not mean by that, the condoning of sin, but that all times, and under all circumstances we must manifest the true missionary spirit of our Christ, which knows no difference as to Jew or Gentile, neither bond nor free, caste or

color, for if we have faith with respect to persons, we commit sin. Again he meant that we should study something of the law of adaptation in our social relations in going in and out among all people. Jesus sought to avoid offending the scribes and Pharisees, and at the same time He never failed to confound and cut them off at their heels with His marvelous teach-

ing of divine truth. The writer once heard Bishop McIntyre say, "It is blessed to be poor." "Jesus said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'" We know that Christ meant the humble, meek, gentle, loving, kind, longsuffering, patient, easily to be entreated, forgiving, kind; against such there is no law.

Truly we do thank God for holiness schools and colleges, and the precious young people He is saving and anointing with the baptism with the Holy Ghost; and that are being trained under such competent instructors in our schools. Truly we covet the very best for them that God has in store.

Mother and Little Ones

What I Will Do

I will start anew this morning
With a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining
Of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining
While my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining
And my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me
For the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties
That elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment
In the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment
When another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy
When my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit,
But I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty
Spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach YOUR duty
And be more concerned with MINE.

—The British Weekly.

Why Should a Boy Sign the Pledge?

REV. JOSEPH M. SHEPLER

Some years ago a traveler in the Andes mountains was looking for a driver to take him over a high and dangerous pass. Several presented themselves, each declaring his skill and fitness for the task. One boasted that he had often driven within a yard of the overhanging cliffs and had never lost a passenger. Another declared that he could run within a foot of the edge and always come off safely. A third said, "I always keep as far away from danger as possible. He was the man engaged. The person who totally abstains from intoxicating drink is keeping as far as possible from peril. Those who drink at all are driving close to the edge of the dizzy height over which so many millions, by the very same course, have fallen to their death in the chasm below.

Any use of intoxicating drink as a beverage can do no good, and is sure to do harm. It is not a good, it is not a medicine, it is neither a necessity nor a helpful luxury. It is a waste of money, it is a selfish and wrong indulgence, it invites disaster. If followed, "it brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness." In the end it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

One should pledge himself to this for the very same reason that we make contracts in all the important matters of life. We do not leave them so we can play fast and loose. If we buy or rent a home, engage to work, arrange a baseball contest for our team, enter college, join the church, or are united in marriage that we may found a home, we enter into a definite covenant. It is the only way. Too much is at stake to leave them vague and unsettled. So in regard to our attitude toward drink. Here, as everywhere else, we need people who can

make up their minds and take their stand. Having done so, our decision is made once for all. We do not have to ask ourselves what to do every time the question comes up. It does not come up for us. It is forever settled. Those who do not adopt this rule leave themselves open to constant temptation.

Then if we have settled this question our example will help some one else. And we must think of that. Only by total abstinence can we be sure that we are throwing the full weight of our influence against the evils of intemperance. We must think of others. There are enough selfish people in the world without our adding ourselves to the number. We must help the other fellow. He may be weak, he may be easily tempted, he may not have a strong will, he may be waiting to see what somebody else is going to do. If you have decided beforehand, that will help him. If you are wavering or go wrong, that will harm him. We need leaders of character and intelligence, who see ahead and know where they are going, no matter how foolishly others may act. Be a leader, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of others. They need you.

We should be pledged to total abstinence from the use of drink—by keeping entirely out of this monster's clutches. If you give him any chance he may prove too much for you. Whosoever is deceived by him is not wise. He knocks at your front door, pretending to be your friend. You open a little—he shoves in his foot, and then crowds in his whole bulk. He takes possession of the house, beats and abuses you, and kicks you into the street. The only safe rule is to keep the door closed and barred.

Yes, the boys are the only ones who can defeat him, and this is the only way they can do it. If every boy now living, and every one who shall be born in the next fifty years, were to sign the pledge against drink, and work against it, the liquor traffic and its curse would be wholly wiped out of existence. The boys are the only ones who can do this, and this is the only way they can do it. Are you ready to enlist for the fight on this line, if it takes a whole lifetime?—Zion's Herald.

On the Lips or in the Heart

"Effie Carson has the most beautiful voice," said Wilma Lee. "Why, she can sing away up high—almost as high as Miss Cross. And Miss Cross says if Effie will take lesson and practice hard he will, maybe, be a great singer some day. Wouldn't that be lovely? But Blossom Carson, Effie's sister, can't sing a bit. Why, she goes flat even in the simple little songs we sing in school! Isn't it funny that there's such a difference between two sisters?"

"That isn't the only difference," said Fred, Wilma's big brother. "I worked for Mrs. Carson last week, and I saw a lot of both girls. Effie was asleep when I got there in the morning. She came downstairs late, and was cross because she had to eat a cold breakfast. Then she went to the piano to practice a song while Blossom washed the dishes. When her mother called her to come and help with the

work, she was so vexed that she shut the piano with a bang and almost overturned the stool. Then when good-natured little Blossom began to hum a tune as she worked Effie said: "Blossom Carson, do stop that! It makes me tired to hear you sing so flat. If you can't sing, for pity's sake, don't try!" I declare, I wanted to shake the girl! If Blossom had given her a short answer I couldn't have blamed her. But she just stopped singing, and said: 'I suppose it does sound horrid to you, Effie, 'cause you can sing so beautiful. But I don't sing to sing, you know. I just sing because I am so happy I have to do something.' I thought that would make Effie ashamed of herself. But she just snapped out: 'Do something else, then. I can't stand it to hear a noise like that,' and went on slamming the dishes down on the table.

"Now," went on Fred, "Effie may make pretty sounds, but that's all there is to it. There isn't any music in her heart, as far as I can judge. But Blossom can make all the mistakes she pleases, for all I care, for she starts a song in my soul every time I'm around where she is."

"Why, Fred," said Wilma, "that sounds just like preaching."

"Does it?" said Fred, laughing. "Well, you'll have to own that I had a pretty good text."—The King's Builders.

Jim's Shoes

"Hurry up, Jim!" said daddy, "or you'll be late."

It was ten minutes to nine, and daddy was ready. He always left his small son at school as he went to the office in the morning.

But Jim didn't hurry up. He held a button-hook in one hand, a shoe in the other, and he didn't look at all pleased—in fact, he looked quite cross.

"What's wrong, Jim?" asked daddy, eyeing the sad little figure.

"Shoes!" said Jim, gloomily.

Daddy picked up the fellow to the one Jim held. "Very nice shoes," he said. "Aren't they, sonny?"

"Girls' shoes!" said Jim, in disgust.

"Oh, no, they're not, Jim!" said daddy. "They're boys' shoes; of course they are. Don't you remember, when we bought them, the man in the shop said they were 'little boy's'?"

"I'm not a 'little boy,'" said Jim. "Baby's little. I'm not. Boys have shoes with laces in them that cross over at the top on knobs. I want shoes like that."

"But who's going to wear these, Jim?"

"Baby," said Jim. Mummie says she's growing fast.

"It will be a long time before these shoes will fit her, Jim. No, no, sonny, hurry up and put them on."

But still Jim didn't hurry.

"They—they called me 'girlie' at school," he said—daddy understood then—"and I don't want to wear them; they're horrid!"

"Would you like to go without any?" suggested daddy. "That's the only other thing I can think of, Jim."

"No," said Jim, "'course not. I want boys' shoes."

"I haven't any money for them," said daddy.

Jim began to cry.

Daddy went to the foot of the stairs and called out, "Mummie, have you got baby up there?"

"Yes, dear," came the answer; "of course I have. I'm coming down."

"She's not crying, is she?"

"No, bless her heart! She's smiling,"

said mummie, as, with baby in her arms, she came out on the landing and began to come down the stairs.

"I thought I heard some one crying," said daddy. "It must have been a mistake."

"It must have been," said mummie, cheerfully. "Jim doesn't cry, do you, little soldier?"

Jim looked up from the hearthrug where he was sitting struggling with the button-hook. Perhaps it was the effort of bending that had given him a red face. His little face certainly was red.

"No, mummie," he said, "I'm not crying." He jumped up. "I'm ready, daddy!" he announced.

"Shoes all done up?" asked daddy.

"Yes," said Jim. And he kissed mummie and baby—so did daddy—and off the two went.

That evening mummie read to Jim about Elisha, the prophet, who carried on the work of his master, Elijah. Jim liked to hear about it; how the old man had come to the young one and thrown his cloak over him while he was busy at work on the farm, and how Elisha had left his home, and his mother and father, and followed the prophet.

Mummie told him, too, about Elisha and the rude boys who had no respect for God's servant, and who called out, "Go up, thou bald head!" to the man of God. Elisha did not mind their mocking, jeering words himself, but he was a man of God, and he had to check the boys; and then, because of their naughtiness and bad behavior, a terrible thing happened to them.

Jim listened.

"Why did they say that to Elisha and laugh at him?" he asked.

"Because he was a good man," said mummie.

"Are good people always laughed at?" asked Jim.

"Nearly always some time or other," said mummie.

"I don't like being laughed at," said Jim. "I don't like it at all, mummie."

"Nobody 'likes' it, sonny. But we can be very brave when we're laughed at. That's what we must be."

"How's it brave?" asked Jim, looking puzzled. "'Tisn't like winning a victory."

"O yes, it is, Jim! There are lots of different ways of winning victories, you know. And one of the hardest things for many people to do is to keep their tempers while they are being laughed at. I want you to try to do that, sonny."

Jim looked down at his shoes.

"I'll—I'll try, mummie," he said.

Then he and mummie knelt down and mummie prayed and asked "Our Father" to help Jim to be brave all the time, and especially when he was laughed at.

And Jim said:

"I'll try to be brave—I will. And I'll put on my shoes quickly tomorrow, and when the boys say 'girlie,' I'll not mind—I mean I won't get cross with them, and I won't cry, no I won't—at least, not while they're there. And—and please, 'Our Father,' when daddy buys me my next shoes, may they have laces that cross over at the top on knobs? If you can let them be like that, please do, please do!"

At the end of the next month was Jim's birthday. Do you know what he found on his plate at breakfast-time? A rather big parcel—a box. Inside there was a pair of shoes—boys' shoes—with laces that crossed over at the top on knobs, like those his daddy wore.

Just wasn't Jim pleased?—Young Soldier.

"The Mirror of the Knee-Joints"

S. D. GORDON

It is fairly pathetic what a stranger God is in His own world. He comes to His own, and they who are His own kinsfolk keep Him standing outside the door, while they peer suspiciously at Him through the crack at the hinges.

To know God really, truly, is the beginning of a normal life. One of the best pic-

tures of God that I ever saw came to me in a simple story. It was of a minister, who lived in a New England town, who had a son, about fourteen years of age, going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home and asked for the father, and said:

"Is your boy sick?"

"No. Why?"

"He was not at school today."

"Is that so?"

"Nor yesterday."

"You don't mean it."

"Nor the day before."

"Well!"

"And I supposed he was sick."

"No, he's not been sick."

"Well, I thought I should tell you."

And the father said, "Thank you," and the teacher left.

And the father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew as he looked up that his father knew about these three days. And the father said:

"Come into the library, Phil." And Phil went, and the door was shut. And the father said: "Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. He tells me you were not at school today . . . nor yesterday . . . nor the day before. And we supposed you were. You let us think you were. I have always trusted you. I have always said, 'I can trust my boy, Phil.' And you have been living a lie for three whole days, and I can't tell you how bad I feel about it."

Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then, after a moment's pause, the father said, "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And it was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then; but they got down, and the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy knew, as he listened, how bad his father felt over his conduct. Somehow he saw himself in the mirror on his knees as he had not before. It's queer about the mirror of the knee-joints. It does show so many things. Many folks don't like it.

And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said:

"My boy, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there is suffering. You can't detach those two things. Where there is suffering there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin there will be suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Now," he went on, "you have done wrong. Your mother and I are in this home like God in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a bed for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times, and you stay there as long as you have been a living lie—three days and three nights."

And Phil didn't say a word. They went upstairs, the bed was made, and the father kissed his boy and left him alone with his thoughts. Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed the food, the bigger and drier it got in their mouths. And swallowing it was clear out of the question. Then they went into the sitting room for the evening. He picked up the evening paper to read, and she sat down to sew. Well, his eyes weren't very good. He wore glasses, and this evening he couldn't see distinctly—the glasses seemed blurred. So he took them off, and cleaned them very deliberately, and found that he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't get the needle threaded again. How we do reveal ourselves in the details!

By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. She said, "Aren't you going to bed?" And he said, "I think I'll not go yet a bit; you go." "No, I guess I'll wait a bit, too." And the clock struck eleven and the hands worked around toward twelve. Then they looked up, and

went to bed, but—not to sleep. Each one pretended to be asleep, and each one knew the other was not asleep. By and by she said (women are always the keener), "Why don't you sleep?" and he said gently, "Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy up in the attic."

"That's the bother with me," she replied. And the clock in the hall struck twelve, and one, and two. Still no sleep came.

At last he said: "Mother, I can't stand this any longer; I am going upstairs with Phil." And he took his pillow, and went softly out of the room, and up the attic stairs, and pressed the latchkey softly, so as not to wake the boy, if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked—there Phil lay, wide awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down in between the sheets with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks, for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And the next night when sleep came the father said, "Good night, mother, I'm going upstairs with Phil." And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy. And the third night again he said, "Mother, good night. I'm going up with the boy again." And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son.

You are not surprised to know that today that boy, a man grown, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue and life of flame in the heart of China.

Do you know, I think that father is the best picture of God I ever saw. God could not take away sin by mere omnipotence. It's here. He could not take away suffering out of kindness to man. For suffering is sin's index-finger, saying, "There's something wrong here." So he came down in the person of His Son, and lay Jesus alongside of man for three days and three nights. That's God—our God. And beyond that He comes and puts his life alongside of yours, and mine, and makes us hate the bad, and long to be pure. To be on intimate terms with Him, to live in the atmosphere of His presence, to spend the day with Him—that is the true normal life.—The Soul-Winner.

Father

"O, yes," said the daughter with a reminiscent smile. "father went to heaven ten years ago. Do I miss him yet? Indeed I do. I miss him when I go home, and I miss his good letters that came regularly away across the sea, full of good cheer, sympathy, and encouragement. But," she added, "I have splendid pictures of him. One that hangs in 'Recollection Hall,' where I see it very often, I call 'Morning Prayers.' It is a beautiful scene, a moving picture and phonograph combined, and should I live fifty years more I should still hear as I do today father's voice reading some lesson from God's Word as I heard it through the years from childhood to young womanhood. Again as we knelt and God was there I can hear again father's petitions. Another photograph of him hangs in the room of 'Sunny Memories.' I call it 'The Modern Garden of Eden,' or 'The Apple Orchard in Full Bloom.' Father is in the foreground. No artist could paint so real a picture. His trousers are hitched upon the ears of his wrinkled boots. Have you not seen him somewhere, the dear old typical farmer, the glory and beauty of the new-born day reflected in his face? Not a sordid thought of the fruitage to follow—just the silent adoration that the child of God offers to his Creator when earth forecasts heaven in the dewy morning freshness of the apple orchard in full bloom."

Coming with her pail for water to cook the early breakfast this daughter pauses, every nerve a-thrill with the fragrance and beauty of the scene. There is where she gets the "snapshot" of father for the "Sunny Memory" room.

Fathers, as the years slip by, are you having such photographs taken for your boys and girls? As you toil to accumulate

means whereby to give them the advantages you wish them to have, do not forget that no money can do for your child what the making of these memory pictures does. No valuable work of art can equal them. They are beyond price. Accumulated money will never be to your son or daughter in after years when the burdens of life press heavily the help and encouragement that come from this linking of the past, present, and the great future through these memory pictures of a beloved and godly parent.—L. A. W., in *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

Superiority of the Nonsmoker

Much of the sermonizing to boys on the subject of smoking is ineffective because it is illogical and unfair. Warnings are drawn from isolated and exceptional instances of the evil effects of smoking, and comparisons are made between smokers and nonsmokers that, when analyzed, prove nothing.

Perhaps it was knowledge of that fact, says *The Youth's Companion*, that led Dr. Pack of the University of Utah to attempt an investigation that should have definite and trustworthy results. He gathered his facts from the football squads of various colleges and universities, through the physical directors who have charge of them. He selected the football squads because they are made up of young men of at least fair scholarship, for at all the institutions considered, the eligibility rules bar men of low standing from the teams. Socially, too, the football men are more alike than the members of any group could be if taken at random from the whole student body.

Dr. Pack received detailed figures from six colleges. Of 210 candidates for positions on the first eleven of these six colleges 117 were nonsmokers and ninety-three were smokers; that is, men who habitually smoked when not in training. One-third of the smokers and two-thirds of the nonsmokers "made" the teams, and the ratio was about the same for each of the colleges taken singly.

The lung capacity of the smokers was found to be on the average about thirty cubic inches—9 per cent less than that of the nonsmokers.

In every one of the colleges the smokers ranked lower in scholarship than the nonsmokers; the average mark of the smokers was 74.5, of the nonsmokers 79.5. Moreover, the smokers had twice as many failures and conditions as the nonsmokers.

Thus, from as fair a test as could well be devised, it appears that the young man who does not smoke has twice as good a chance as the smoker to make the eleven, has better lungs, and ranks higher in scholarship. Any boy who wants to make the most of himself will find in the results of this investigation something worth thinking about.—Exchange.

"If I Were in His Place—"

ETHEL COLSON

"If I were in his place I'd do very differently!" Would you, indeed! How do you know? In your place, of course, with your own particular tastes and disposition and safeguards and temptation, you may be able to tell something about the probabilities—by no means the certainties—of the other person's situation. But in his place—

Only God knows!

A good woman, truly good woman, trying to help a sister less spiritually stanch, impulsively exclaimed when she heard of a grave moral lapse:

"Oh, how could you do it! I could never have done that!"

"Small credit to you," came the instantaneous response, "since you've never been tempted! It isn't in your nature to be tempted that way."

For a moment the other drew back, hurt, offended, but a moment's honest reflection changed her attitude.

"You are quite right," she admitted. "I have no right to judge you in such connec-

tion, for I don't know anything about it. It is my place to give sympathy instead of censure."

Do any of us ever really "know anything about it" when we judge another? Is it possible for us to "step into another's shoes" so completely as to understand that other's thoughts, difficulties, temptations? Can we ever, no matter how closely connected or intimate know all that is to be known of the things that make for another's state of soul or mind?

I, we will suppose, speak sharply and thus earn your censure. Well, sharp speaking, of course, is always regrettable, and you do well to deprecate the practice. But—you may not know how overstrained my nerves, how sad my heart, how troubled the spirit that thus overleaps the bounds, it may be after long and sincere effort toward patience.

You, on the other hand, have your tongue under good control, but sometimes it seems to me that you are too silent, that you fail, now and again, to say the kind things that might help or comfort your fellow. But I, of course, know nothing concerning the real reason for your silence. It may be that only by sternly maintained silence can you refrain from saying too much. Or, again, yours may be one of the birth-bound natures that find anything like "free speech" impossible. Or—but a dozen reasons for your quietude and for my unjudgingly respecting it might be advanced.

A thousand temptations toward the sin of judging another, a thousand opportunities for the grace of charity, of doing as we would be done by, occur daily through this soul searching "put yourself in his place" problem. Of course it is possible that, set down in our neighbor's life nook, we might till his field much better; it is easily possible that he might keep our bit of life's road in better condition than we do. But such questions are not for mere humans to decide, and most of us have all that we can do to sit in judgment on our own thoughts and actions, without attempting to censor those of our brother as well.

"If I were in his place" should I do as well as he is doing?

Until the questioning soul can return an emphatic "Yes!" to this query, and be quite sure of good and sufficient grounds for the affirmative, "If I were in his place" would be done away with.—Exchange.

A Montana Experience

ANNIE LOUISE BERRAY

"Mother, what does 'presence of mind' mean?" asked Hortense, looking up from the big book she was reading.

"It's what you didn't have when the minister from Great Falls asked you what your name was and you couldn't tell him," spoke up nine-year-old Robert.

Mother sighed and shook her head reprovingly at Robert. Hortense's face was already flushed and there were tears in her eyes. Pauline and Richard had begun a boisterous laugh which stopped when they saw that Hortense was really hurt.

"Presence of mind is merely keeping one's wits about one in a time of danger," Mother explained. "Put away the book now, dearie. You have read too long as it is. Father had presence of mind that night the lamp caught fire and he threw it out just before it exploded. Now you're to go over to Mrs. Graham's every last chick of you, after that butter, and if you don't have a single disagreement by the way, there will be waffles for supper. Go and come both by the short road this time, because I don't want you to be late."

She sighed again, to herself, as she dropped into a chair to watch the merry, rollicking brood out of sight. How did shrinking, timid little Hortense, she wondered, happen to be born into such a family of fearless, sturdy youngsters? She knew that three of them were happy as young animals at the prospect of a brisk walk over the prairie, but that to one of them, the little maiden, too tall and slight for her ten years, it meant a constant fight

with her timidity and the fear that wild animals might be lurking behind every roadside bush.

It was well, she reflected, that Montana was not now as in the days when she came to the great state as a bride, or she could scarcely feel so easy at letting her children go off for a two-mile walk. She shuddered as she thought of the wildcats and cougars her husband had killed the first few years of their married life.

The hands of the kitchen clock pointed to half-past five, twenty minutes after the time she expected the children back, when she went to the door and looked anxiously down the road. She listened but could hear nothing. Presently, however, far in the distance, came the sound of voices, and in a short time the children appeared. Robert's face was very red, and Pauline and Richard were tired and hot.

"I don't care whether we have waffles for supper or not," Robert burst out. "Anyway I'm going to tell on Hortense. When we came to the big, high stump where the road forks, she made us take the long way that you said we shouldn't come. She started that way herself and we had to follow or have a disagreement."

"Yes," added Pauline, "and she went so fast we almost had to run to keep up."

"I got a stone in my shoe and she wouldn't let me stop to get it out," complained Richard.

Hortense listened quietly to these complaints without offering a word in explanation of her disobedience. Her face was white and drawn, and she dropped limply into a rocking chair. Before mother could say anything, Mr. Hopkins, a neighbor, hurried into the back yard. He had a gun over his shoulder.

"Children get home all right?" he called, anxiously. "We just shot a big wildcat up at the Forks. It was lying on the top of that big stump and Ezra Peters and I had just gone back after our guns. I saw the children turn and take the other road, but I knew they'd be pretty well scared."

"Wildcat! On the big stump!" the children cried in chorus. Every one turned toward Hortense.

"I didn't want to say anything," she faltered. "I saw it crouching there on top of the stump and I was afraid it was going to spring at us." She gave a little shudder. "I didn't want the children to see it."

Robert went over to his sister. "Hortense," he declared, "you're a hero and if you don't know what presence of mind means, we do now."—Selected.

In the Night Watches

MRS. F. L. TOWNSEND

The flag on the front signaled danger, while inside the house mother and child were shut in from contact with the other members of the family.

The physician had been called in and the antitoxin administered, but as night grew on the boy grew worse. The second dose had been given at bedtime, and now the woman watched beside her child. She drew the table nearer the fire, put on a fresh supply of coal, and braced herself to face the long hours of the night. Two books lay on the table—the Bible and a copy of Sidney Lanier's poems.

The woman had given little thought to the selection of these books. It was just as if you were to reach out and clasp a friend's hands without any previous reasoning, any waiting to ask, "Shall I do this?" She read those Psalms wherein the writer's soul had clamored for comfort, for strength, for nearness to God—"As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks," "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee," and on and on. Her reading was broken by the boy's moans and her own pauses while she bent over him to soothe him with touch or kiss.

Midnight passed, and his breathing was no less difficult. What if the remedy should fail, after all? How could she bear to live on without her boy? How proud of him she had always been! Of his physical promise, the strong, well-proportioned body as

well as the clear brain and discriminating conscience. Her mind went back to his babyhood and lingered there. She recalled the thousand winning ways that had made him a bit of sunshine in the home. How affectionate he had always been! How ready to respond to love from others! How inclined to follow one's leading toward the highest things! And now she faced a thing that had been lying deep within her own conscience. For four years the little fellow had been saying that he expected to be a preacher when he reached manhood. She had not discouraged his inclination; and when he announced that he would be a missionary, she had half-humorously given him encouragement, always with a mental reservation. Time, she had thought, would change his plans. He would go out among his fellows in the intellectual world and find that he could stand well beside them. Then ambition would wake within him. He would see that a minister's life has difficulties that belong to no other vocation. The world calls more and more loudly for the prepared man, no matter how long and toilsome the years of preparation. In order to have thorough training one's youth must be spent in the school room. Money must be borrowed, perhaps, to fit the young man for service; then work taken up and a few brief years spent in high-pressure methods, until suddenly—just when he becomes aware that he is getting a real grasp on life—he is overwhelmed by the consciousness, forced upon him, that he is considered an old man, no longer suited to do what he has so laboriously and hopefully fitted himself to do.

With such thoughts stirring her brain, the mother knelt by her boy's bedside and looked into his fever-flushed face. The yearning tenderness of a thousand mother hearts flooded her whole being. "God help me, I would spare him that. In every other business of life the wisdom that comes from experience counts for something. He must not take upon himself the heart-

breaking task of trying to lead men to Christ when the way is beset by such difficulties, when there is so little gratitude, so little appreciation to brighten the dark hours. Rather would I have him go into some land where men and women are thirsting for God and will love the man who brings the Christ story to them. Here, Lord, here and now, I dedicate my child to Thy service in the far East if Thou wilt spare him to me. I shall put nothing in his way if he would undertake this great work."

She went back to her seat by the table on which lay the Book and the copy of Sidney Lanier's poems. Her promise brought her no comfort. She felt condemned in that she had tried to drive a bargain with the Almighty. She thought of Hannah and her absolute devotion; no haggling there, no quibbling. Full and rich and nothing withholding was her surrender of the son God had given her. "O, but I can not, I can not, dear Lord! There are so many things to think of. I am willing that he should tread the martyr path of a missionary. He would be happier so. He would feel the uplift that comes when a man knows that he carries good news to eager ears; but to be a puppet, moved by a machine, carped at for the cut of his coat, judged by the whims of a faultfinder—I can not train him for this, dear Lord. Even Hannah was not asked to do this."

A long while she sat there, listening to the labored breathing, unable to pray, reaching out a half-closed hand toward the God who seemed so far away.

Steadily the clock ticked as the hours passed. In a spiritless way she roused the boy to give him medicine, noticing, as she did so, that he failed to recognize her. In the early part of the night every ministrations had brought the words: "I love you, mamma." But now he simply did her bidding and sank back exhausted to resume that struggle for breath.

The mother wondered if there were any

need to call the doctor; then she remembered the fact that she was to wait for the antitoxin to have full effect. Nothing else could be done. A sigh from the patient, and she stood again by his side looking down on him. What if he should die just that way, looking into her face with unknowing eyes, and then going out on that wide quest after God? She was quite calm as she felt the weak pulse. There are worse things than death—dishonored life with success to blazon it forth is worse than death in the innocence of childhood.

She was too restless now to sit; and when she turned to the table and opened the copy of Lanier, it was only to read a line, then to move restlessly about the room with the words stirring in her brain:

"Yes, if Christ (called thine) now
paced yon street,
Thy halfness hot with His rebuke
would swell."

"Thy halfness?" She walked to the window and looked toward the east, thinking of that fine soul which fought so bravely in the hard battle against poverty and ill health—fought with never a lowering of his high ideals, never a stooping for the sake of success. As she stood watching the eastern sky the grayness began to lighten. Slowly, slowly, the morning glow reached out along the horizon circling upward, giving warmth and life to the landscape.

"Have a care, sweet heaven! 'Tis dawn." She spoke softly, reverently, thinking of the poet as he wrote those brave lines with his soul facing death and always unafraid.

"I love you, mamma!" The voice was clear and strong. A swift movement and the mother was kneeling beside her boy, her arm about him, her kisses falling fast on his face. "Thank God for my preacher-son! Your mother is not afraid now. At home or elsewhere He leads. 'Thy will be done.'"—Christian Advocate.

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The Missionary Boxes of Grove Street Church

SARAH N. McCREERY

* *

When Eliza Harrison stepped from the Pullman car at the little town of Huffman, the untidy, shiftless appearance of the station made her feel the desolateness of the little western mining town. At that moment a tall, slender, bright faced woman came around the side of the depot, and Mrs. Harrison forgot all else. "Grace Oliver!" she exclaimed. "How good it is to see you again! and the two women embraced warmly.

"I am so glad you arranged to stop with us for a few days," Mrs. Oliver said, when the greetings were over. You will find the home of missionaries in this western country very different from your own beautiful home. You are welcome, however, and we will give you the best we have."

"It is you and George Oliver and the three little Olivers that I came to enjoy, and not to contrast their home with mine. It is the people, not the furniture, that make the home, any way," Mrs. Harrison returned.

Mrs. Oliver and her guest soon reached the little cottage that the Olivers called home, and the remainder of the afternoon and the evening was spent in earnest conversation. George Oliver, Eliza Worthington and Grace Dalton had been reared in the same town, educated at the same college, and so had the same friends. The Olivers had gone west after their marriage, and Eliza Harrison married and left the home town later, but she often went back for a visit, so she had much of interest to tell.

"I talked all the time yesterday, and now I want to hear something of your life out here," Mrs. Harrison remarked, the next morning at breakfast. "You have been here six years—it hardly seems

possible. I tell you Reverend George Oliver, I doubted the wisdom of your judgment when you gave up a good church after a three years' pastorate and came here. You do preach such splendid sermons that you should have a big church," she finished.

"I guess you are not the only person who doubted my judgment," he responded, smilingly. "There are plenty of ministers for the big churches, however, and the need here was my call. I have never regretted the step. We had only six members when we came here, and now we have one hundred, with half as many more attending the service quite regularly, which is encouraging in a town of only 250 inhabitants. Of course, there is just the one church. It is not the preaching that counts so much any way—it is getting into touch with people. That is what I do here. Christ came into personal touch with the woman of Samaria, and she told others about Him. It is individuals that count. One tells another the second a third, and the influence of Christ's teachings widens," and the light of enthusiasm glowed in his eyes. "I have done hard work here in this mining town, but I see the results. Why, our present Sunday school superintendent was once a drunkard. When a man has been the slave of a habit like that, when his family has known the pang of hunger, when they have been cold in winter with no coal in the bin, when there was little furniture in the house, scant clothing, and

a pocketbook that was almost empty, it means something when he straightens up and says, 'Christ in my life has made me a new man.' It is a wonderful privilege to tell men, beset by temptations, of a Power that can make them strong and hold them true."

"And, Eliza," Mrs. Oliver took up the thread of the conversation, "the Home Missionary Society has paid two hundred dollars of our salary, and our church here the other two hundred. Last Wednesday night after prayer meeting the people announced to George that they would pay another hundred this year, and that will leave only one hundred for the society. I tell you, we were proud of our people. When a missionary church becomes so self-respecting that it does not want the society to pay the minister's salary, it will not be long before it is self-supporting and ready to help other churches. Her face was alight with interest. "I begin to think that this family will not need missionary boxes much longer, for perhaps our salary can be increased, and the boxes can be sent elsewhere. By the way, George, you must have those boxes brought from the station. They were to arrive yesterday. There must have been a mistake, for two missionary boxes were sent to us, and they were scheduled to arrive on the same day. Why, your church sent one of them, Eliza—the Grove Street Church of Carmen!"

"I believe our ladies did prepare a box, but I didn't know where it went. I confess I have not been to missionary meeting for three months. I have been so busy with other duties." She neglected to add that she gave a rather dilapidated hat to the committee, who called for her donation.

At that moment there was a knock at

the door and the family rose from the table. Mrs. Harrison insisted on doing the work that morning while Mrs. Oliver went with her husband to visit some sick parishioners. All the time she was alone her thoughts dwelt on the work her friends were doing, and she was unconsciously getting a new view of Home Missionary work. It was almost noon when Mr. and Mrs. Oliver returned, and a few minutes later an expressman drove up with the two missionary boxes.

"I am glad it's Saturday and I can see the boxes unpacked!" exclaimed Esther Oliver, as she clapped her hands with delight.

"I am, too," echoed George, Junior.

"I ith, too," lisped two-year-old Baby Elizabeth.

The box from Grove Street Church was opened first, and Mrs. Harrison regretfully wished that the clothing did not show such unmistakable signs of wear. The second box had a nice quilt on top, and next to that was a new bedspread. There was new material for dresses for the two girls, a suit for the small George, handkerchiefs, hair ribbon, underwear for all, two late books, well chosen—in fact, there was not a second hand article in the entire box.

"That box must have come from a wealthy church," Mrs. Harrison remarked quietly when the bottom was reached.

"No, it came from a church in Kansas. There are over a hundred members, all people of moderate means, but are noted for their contributions to missions. They prove the statement, 'The living church is the giving church,' for they do wonderful things there. We had a box from that church last year, and it was much like this one—it showed the same thought and care. I think the people take great pride in having their boxes nice," Mrs. Oliver finished.

"I would advise you to sell the clothing in the first box to your parishioners for a small sum and use the money for your work," said Mrs. Harrison dryly; and she did not mention the subject again during her stay.

The Home Missionary Society of Grove Street Church held their regular monthly meeting three days after Mrs. Harrison's extended western trip, and she was in attendance. When the program was finished, she rose and said: "I want to give a report of the missionary box that was sent from this society, if I may detain you ladies a short time."

"We shall be glad to hear it," Mrs. Gary, the president, assured her.

Everybody looked surprised, for Mrs. Harrison had always declared that she could not take part in any kind of a meeting. She told interestingly of the two boxes that went to the same place, and the strange coincidence of her arrival at the Oliver home the same time as the box from the church.

"For some reason, I never thought of missionary boxes being sent to people like my friends, Rev. and Mrs. George Oliver, and I cannot tell you how humiliated I was when I saw the contents of our box, sent from a church with as much wealth and as many members as this, and contrasted it with the box from that smaller church. I am not blaming anybody more than I am blaming myself, for the hat I put in was a disgrace. I tried to make up by leaving my very best hat in its place, and burning the other up. I did it without my friend's knowledge, and I hope she will accept it as an apology for the other. We cannot expect people who are our equals in education and refinement, and who are making a sacrifice to carry the gospel to the out-of-the-way places, to wear the clothing we are ready to cast aside. They are worthy of the best there is. I can not tell you how many times I asked myself the question: 'Do my friends measure the interest of my church in their work by the contents of this box?' They were too noble to do that, of course," she hastened to add. "When men and women with talent and ability, who could do a great work in large churches, are willing to put aside ambitions, chances for advancement, and live on a meagre salary, that the poor, lowly, and needy in small and desolate places may be uplifted, we, members of the Home Missionary societies of these larger churches, should be willing and glad to give of our best to them. The box we sent to Rev. and Mrs. George Oliver was a discredit to our society and a reflection on our church." She then sat down, surprised that she had said so much.

"I am sure that Mrs. Harrison's account of our missionary box has brought a feeling of shame to all of us," said the president. And I know her enthusiasm has made us feel we want to do better in the future. I feel that I am partly to blame for the contents of that box, for I did not pay a great deal of attention to the clothing that was put in. I am afraid that, as a society, we have put the thing that was easiest into our missionary boxes and eased our conscience with the thought, 'A box was sent anyway.'"

"That box was no more your responsibility than mine, Mrs. Gary," Mrs. Harrison hastened to assert. "I am blaming nobody. I simply state that the box showed me that, as a member of this society, we had no real, personal interest in the boxes we have sent, and we have prepared them in a half-hearted way. I shall never be satisfied until the Olivers have another box from this church, and it must be one that will be a credit to the society. They need new curtains, sheets and pillow-cases, rugs, and table linen. They enjoy books. Mrs. Oliver should have a new dress, and Mr. Oliver a new suit. I hope Mrs. Gary will appoint me chairman of the committee, and I shall devote time and money in helping to fill a box that will make my friends forget that we ever sent them another."

"I shall be glad to make you chairman of such a committee," Mrs. Gary answered. "And I will buy goods for curtains and make them, too, if you can get me the measurements of the windows," she offered.

"I took the measurements of the windows before I left my friend's home," was the smiling reply.

Mrs. Harrison worked untiringly for a month, then another box went from the Missionary Society of Grove Street Church to the Oliver home. When a letter came acknowledging its receipt there were such hearty thanks expressed, and such an appreciative spirit that every woman who had contributed felt repaid for any personal sacrifice she had made. "I just cried over that blue silk dress," Mrs. Oliver wrote, "it had been so long since I had one of new material and made in a late style. I hope you will not think me foolish when I tell you I am as proud of it as any girl would be."

"I think this experience has taught us all something in regard to preparing missionary boxes," Mrs. Gary said, when the note was read at the society meeting. "I, for one, have made a resolution to put in the boxes we may send in the future, things that I would like myself. I want our boxes to show thought for our missionaries and real interest in them and their work."

"And I believe we are all willing to make some sacrifices to send such things after the note we have just heard," the vice-president added.

So Mrs. Harrison's visit with her missionary friends was the cause of the transformation of the missionary boxes of Grove Street Church.—Zion's Herald.

The Work and the Workers

District News and Announcements

OKLAHOMA DISTRICT

We are still on the victory side on the Oklahoma District. Have just visited two of our small churches, Bokhoma and Idabell. We had rain, sleet, and snow at each place, but God gave us victory. There were two saved at Bokhoma, and one joined our church. At Idabell there was one saved and two sanctified, and the church encouraged. Brother Amlin, the pastor, is a faithful man of God.

S. H. OWENS, Dist. Supt.

SOUTHEAST TENNESSEE DISTRICT

The work in this district is moving on very well. God is blessing and we are planning to push the work this year as never before. Our district is just one year old and we have had a battle in building churches and trying to get places opened for worship. The district needs a tent for the coming summer's cam-

paign and we make an appeal to the people who have some of the Lord's money that they would like to use that way to pray over the matter and see if God would have them give in this way to the district. If so, send to my address, Rt. 3, Santa Fe, Tenn.

S. W. MCGOWAN, Dist. Supt.

KANSAS DISTRICT

We have just opened the battle in Grand Island, Nebraska, the third largest place in the state. It is a very wicked place, and we wish the prayers of our people that God may bless us, and give great success. There are some hungry souls coming out. We are looking for victory.

A. S. COCHRAN.

NEW YORK DISTRICT

The blessing of God is manifested on the district, and under the leading of the King of kings, the pastors are achieving results for the Master, and for our beloved church. In November I conducted a twelve days' meeting with Rev. J. C. Nickerson, pastor of our

church in Syracuse, N. Y. Brother Nickerson has done a noble work in this city. Satan had thoroughly entrenched himself in a few professed friends of holiness; but thank God this nest of unclean birds has been exposed and routed. The church is raising money to build in the early spring, and I know that under their present pastor they will soon have a church that will be a credit to our work.

The church in Spring Valley, N. Y., is taking on new vigor under the leadership of their new pastor, Rev. J. R. Nicoll. I preached for them during December, and found a most blessed, hallowed spirit of sweet fellowship in their midst.

It was my privilege to visit Washington, D. C. recently, and preach four times in the Wesleyan Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, where Rev. H. B. Hosley has been pastor for the past ten years. I found a beautiful spirit of unity among the members, also a revival spirit, which made it easy to preach, and get people forward for prayers. Brother Hosley has done a great work in the national capital for holiness, and is still carrying on a vigorous campaign against sin. He has fine congregations, which is evidence of the future possibilities of this church. All they need now, is for the Lord to raise up some friend or friends to supply the money to build a church adapted to their work.

Our churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., are pushing the blessed experience of heart purity, and having good results. The Utica Avenue church is enjoying the presence of God, and some are seeking Him in most of our services. We had a good watch-night meeting, and all-day service new year's day. Rev. W. Grum and mother were with us all day. Dr. C. J. Fowler and Rev. L. N. Fogg were at the morning meeting. Dr. Fowler preached one of his lucid sermons which was appreciated by all present. The Utica Avenue church is to hold a big convention beginning Tuesday evening, January 28th, and continuing over Sunday, February 2nd, with three services each day: at 10:30 a. m., 2:30 and 7:45 p. m. The workers are to be our pastors of the New York District. Rev. E. E. Angell, president of the P. C. I., will give Bible readings each morning. Preaching afternoon and evening. This meeting is to be a time of refreshing for our pastors; therefore let all rally to this convention.

J. A. WARD, Dist. Supt.

MISSOURI DISTRICT

Since the close of the assembly at Des Arc I have visited a goodly number of places. I find our churches looking up and pushing ahead. At Ellington Will O. Jones was in a battle against sin. At Corridon, the pastor C. I. DeBord, who came to us from Oklahoma, was in a meeting. At Redford they were just finishing their new church. We stayed three nights at Gad's Hill. One came to the altar, and thirteen hands were raised for prayer. The field is ripe for a revival. There are many places in the district where the people have never heard holiness preached. They will ride miles horseback through the timber and canyons, and sit spell-bound as you tell them the story of the cross. Any good man of God can cut himself out a circuit by holding two or three meetings. Come over and help us—but come well recommended. We have no pie to offer, but lots of hard work for the right men. MARK WHITNEY, Dist. Supt.

REPORT OF IOWA DISTRICT TREASURER

On district superintendent's support:

Auburn	\$13.50
Canton	5.00
Maple Mills	8.85
Farmington	12.50
Bloomfield	13.00
Stockton	8.50
Botna	30.00
Marshalltown	13.70
Chariton and Mason	11.93
Kewanee	3.57
Keokuk	1.00
Tallula	11.57

Second Quarter's Payment

Marshalltown	\$ 4.60
Chariton and Mason	25.50

Dr. W. R. RUSSELL, Dist. Treas.

IDAHO DISTRICT

The Idaho District needs your intercessory prayers for the coming year, as perhaps no other district in our church connection. First, because the church population of Idaho is between a third and a half Mormon, as compared with the Protestant and Catholic churches of the state. Second, because there is the least possible degree of real spirituality in the Protestant churches. Third, because the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is not wanted in this state, and the churches in particular, need the vision, message and experience of the church of the Nazarene, and must hear it and receive it, or perish. Fourth, because this people, in the light of an open Bible, and as measured by its claims and standards, are practically heathen, and thousands of them are averse to any gospel appeal. High commercialism has gripped the churches and the outsiders, throat and heel, and love of money is the dominant curse of the state.

This is not an overdrawn picture. Nothing short of a manifestation of divine power in our behalf can make possible the needed victory. Therefore pray earnestly for us that these earth and hell, human and diabolical conditions may be broken up, and salvation's tide caused to flow and overflow this refuge of lies until there will be no refuge other than the open side and the flowing blood of the Lamb.

J. B. CREIGHTON.

DALLAS DISTRICT

I am now on an extended trip on the district. January 5th was a most blessed day put in at Peniel. We held a very precious communion service in the morning. Five were at the altar at night; three blessed. Peniel is especially honored of God because they seek earnestly to honor Him. Monday, the extreme cold prevented us having service at Alba. As Brother Coughran puts in the week there I am sure there are better things for them. January 7th, at Grand Saline, there was no service, but that town never will get over that district assembly. Since Brother Coughran has had charge they have removed some dead weight, have made advances and are going on. January 8th we had a good though not largely attended service at Edgewood. This new church is struggling and has met with much opposition, but there are some there who are coming up out of great tribulation to wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb. I am now on my way to Lufkin and other points on the south side of the district.

W. M. NELSON, Dist. Supt.

General Church News

KANSAS CITY, MO.

A history-making day, January 12th. Meetings run one week, to continue. Sunday school scored well. A tense uncertainty, expectancy in the morning service, sequeled by two reclaimed. Afternoon service good. Night service opened with a spirit of delightful liberty. One reclaimed—and then dear old Kansas City First Church received a genuine hallelujah landslide from the upper glories. To see and hear them free, free, free, shouting, walking aisles, throwing song-books, crying, screaming and sing, sing "Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there!" was worth more than Morgan's millions. For the time being the devil retired to the hospital for an eye-plaster. We are sure he has his other eye on us, but Shadrach's God is with us. Ebenezer!

F. M. LEHMAN.

DEITRICH, IDAHO

We are in the midst of a battle against sin; Brother C. T. Dilley, of Nampa, Idaho, is evangelist in charge, with Brother A. C. Watkins and F. E. Tate of the "Church Herald" people as helpers. The evangelists have been doing some tremendous preaching backed by the power of the Holy Ghost. Conviction is upon the people and some have said, "When we get religion, we want it as those people have it." Last Sunday night, January 5th, a little girl eleven years old, a daughter of one of our people, was gloriously sanctified. God's children are getting the burden of prayer upon them and we are expecting great things from the Lord.

W. M. FRANKLIN.

SUNNYSIDE, CAL.

Pastors Brewer and Shields, two among the finest young men I ever met, called the writer to hold revival meetings at the above place, December 17th to January 5th. It was the biggest little meeting I ever witnessed. Over two score of seekers, and many cases of salvation and sanctification. Hallelujah! Miss Anna Christensen gave her experience and call

to Africa. It was a great missionary service. Evangelist Greene sang with unusual power. We are at Latin, Cal., January 12th-26th.

FRED ST. CLAIR.

FIRST CHURCH, PITTSBURG, PA.

Our souls have been refreshed with dew from heaven. Recently thirteen have bowed at the altar, in our regular services, and found Christ to the joy of their hearts. Praise the Lord forever and ever. Brother and Sister Hempt were with us last Thursday, in our midweek feast.

PRISCILLA HITCHENS,

Visiting Missionary of the Churches.

OAKLAND, CAL.

January 5th was a day long to be remembered in our church. The theme for the morning service was "The Fiery Test." Text: "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." The Spirit of the Lord was present in power. Seven united with the church. A blessed communion service followed the sermon. In the evening one man was converted, praying until he jumped to his feet exclaiming, "Glory to God! Glory to God! I'm saved! I'm saved!" Another received the Holy Ghost in power. The congregations are larger than at any time in the past, and many new people are coming to us. A week ago yesterday a Methodist lady attending a deaconess school in San Francisco came to our church and was sanctified while we were preaching. She had been forbidden attending the Nazarene church, but her heart was hungry for something, and she came with that gracious result. To God be all the glory. During the past year our Sunday school has raised \$62.00 for Japanese missionary work, also \$60.00 for Hallelujah Village through the "mite boxes." Sister Mary E. Mabee is Sunday school superintendent, and to her tireless efforts much of the success is due. Our church has also gone to work to raise the church debt. One of our young men has devised a plan by which this is done by each member of the church paying a certain amount each month. Our people are enthusiastic over it, and every one is doing all he can to lift the load. We hope to have a new church before the great world's fair comes to the Bay cities. We are devoting the first week of January to special prayer and heart devotion to God. We are looking for a revival that will move men toward God who are in sin and wretchedness.

E. M. ISAAC.

DEPORT, TEXAS

While hindered, in this black land country, by much rain, yet we are having a good meeting. God has blessed in every service. We have a good Nazarene church here, with Brother Guthrie as pastor. We will return home on the 31st for a few days. I mean, by the grace of God, to enter every open door of usefulness and opportunity for the salvation of the lost.

LEE L. HAMRIC.

RALEIGH, N. C.

We started from Boston with Eugene Pauth, an evangelist, and Geo. Davis, a layman from Waltham, Mass., for a trip south, to be gone until spring. Our object is the salvation of souls. Pray that God may bless us and stir the country.

F. C. CHEENEY

ELDON, IOWA

Last fall I joined the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, at Bloomfield, coming from the Free Methodist church. We rented a store building in the center of this town, and have opened up a mission with a view of organizing a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene as soon as practicable. A week ago last Sunday we organized a Sunday school. We appointed a committee to visit the homes of those children who do not attend any Sunday school, and through this means our school is increasing in

numbers. The prospect ahead of us is encouraging. Revs. A. L. Whitcomb and Harrington gave us great help for a few nights and over Sunday. Later Sisters Wells and Edwards held a ten days' meeting in which many souls were saved and sanctified. They were invited to return and hold another meeting in June.

F. C. BEHNER.

COFFEY, MO.

The fire broke out in the hall of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at the watch-night meeting, and burned the load of sin from four souls. Wednesday was another great day, when eleven others prayed through to victory. The meeting still continues; there have been over twenty professions to date. Rev. Putney was with us on new year's night and the night following.

J. N. SMITH.

PILOT POINT, TEXAS

Sunday was a great day here. God came down in blessing early in the prayer room. From there we went to the chapel, where one soul prayed through. The service ran through the Sunday school hour. The pastor, Preston Roberts, preached on "Sin, its effect and cure." The children's service in the evening, conducted by Sister Graybill, was especially owned of God. About fifteen souls got through to victory during the day. The rescue and orphanage work here, was never in a better condition. There is a fine set of folks here who are making things go for God.

J. O. and BESSIE WEST.

CORSICANA, TEXAS

God has been blessing us here. Several souls have gotten to God; some backslidden preachers have been restored. There have been several other cases of special interest. We have had some of the best open air services we have held in any town; more definite results. We are planning to stretch a tent here for the winter and run a mission.

EUGENE HUDNALL.

DERRY, N. H.

The Lord is with us. We are having good meetings, and people are getting blessed. Two aged men have recently got the blessing of sanctification; one of them giving up the use of tobacco, which he had used for years, and laying aside a very large, conspicuous gold ring. We believe God is getting the little church into a place where she can receive much greater blessings than she has yet. We want to see a real, old-fashioned revival come to Derry. Praise God that His "hand is not shortened, that it can not save; neither is his ear heavy that it can not hear."

RUTH ACKERMAN.

ONTARIO, CAL.

We closed an eighteen days' meeting tonight with L. Milton Williams, evangelist. This city will not soon forget his searching sermons on sin. Those who know say nothing has been like it in the history of this church. Fearless and uncompromising, yet kind and tender, he puts the sword of truth in deep. Many things have taken place as the result. Steadily the meeting grew and closed with the building packed, and the altar too small to accommodate the seekers. A large number prayed through. The church is in a better condition and more hope of the future. Mrs. Williams was a valuable help in the last week.

C. W. GRIFFIN.

MALDEN, MASS.

Praise the Lord! Last Sunday was a great day. J. M. and M. J. Harris were with us. Guy Wilson preached. Attendance was large, meetings were glorious, and souls were seeking the Lord. A wonderful record offering was taken in our Sunday school. The school

is growing blessedly. We are planning great things for this city. LEROY D. PEAVEY.

ELLINGTON, MO.

Missouri is gaining ground, with another good, live church organized at Fredericktown, Brother G. T. Taylor shepherding the flock. Our beloved district superintendent, Brother Mark Whitney, is pressing into new fields. Brother J. L. Cox is stirring things for God at Caruthersville. Brother Whitney is striking the old-fashioned line, is the right man in the right place, just the man Missouri needs. While formal professors sit as critics, sinners are losing sleep, and the saints are pulling up the hill for greater things. God is with us! Amen! Millsprings is enjoying a gracious revival at this writing with our district superintendent and the pastor, Tom Mason, in charge. Brother Deboard, one of our Oklahoma product, is livening up things on the Ellington circuit, and says he could use a dozen gospel preachers in these hills. Calls are coming from every direction in this vicinity. Who will answer? Brother Will O. Jones, the Welsh evangelist, stopped off at Ellington on his way to California, and sang and preached the old-time gospel during the holidays. Don't forget we have a missionary treasurer, and that Missouri is making a very poor showing. The missionary envelopes are free for the asking. Let me know how many you need. Have a rousing missionary prayer meeting and let's come up along this line, and God will bless us. The minutes of the assembly will soon be ready for distribution. Have you sent in your part to the secretary?

FRED GEITZ, JR.,
Dist. Sec. and Mis. Treas.

MANGUM, OKLA.

I have been in a revival at Childress, Texas, with the converted Catholic, L. J. King, of Toledo, Ohio. Great crowds attended. The truth went in on hearts and several were saved and sanctified. We take courage and press on to other fields. Any one wanting an evangelist or helper in revivals may address me at Mangum, Okla., my home address.

J. M. SCOTT.

HUTCHINSON, KAS.

We just closed a great battle near Bucklin, Kas. Bibles that had not been read for eight or nine years were put into service, and some of the hardest cases in the community were reached. Professors were dug up, backsliders were reclaimed, sinners were saved and believers sanctified. Hallelujah to Jesus! My co-worker was A. F. Balsmeles, who preached with power sent down from above. I am glad there are some preachers who are not afraid to preach the truth. We closed on January 5th, and left for the Kansas Holiness Institute, where we resume our school work for the rest of the school year, after which we will have some good dates for a campmeeting.

J. C. WALKER.

LOVELAND, COLO.

On the Saturday night before Thanksgiving wife and I opened a meeting in the mission. On Thanksgiving Day we had an all-day prayer and fast, which brought victory to our souls. The meeting continued until January 1st. Quite a number were either saved or sanctified. We were made to rejoice over a few "new cases" of salvation. We are willing to work with our hands to be able to preach the gospel to the poor. My health is good again.

H. O. and E. D. VERNON.

LOWELL, MASS.

An eighteen days' campaign of revival meetings has closed in victory, with Brother and Sister Roberts and Sister Taylor as evangelists. Surely God did help them much, preaching and singing a full salvation from all sin, and

an awful hell to shun. God gave the increase. Deep, pungent conviction settled down upon the people, and many souls, far from God, sought with tears the pardon for sins or cleansing in the blood of Jesus for a pure heart. Brother Roberts does indeed get under the burden with the church, and he lifts mightily. Such earnest praying, with fasting, prevailed to melt up hard hearts. The revival still goes on; each Sabbath we have had new cases at the altar. We held watch-night services, at which one hundred and fifty were present, and the tide of glory ran high. A brother and his wife came from Maine, over 200 miles, to attend the last Sabbath revival meetings. He testified that he was well paid for his trip to get into the best meeting he ever attended. He subscribed for the Herald of Holiness, to keep in touch with this great work of holiness.

A. B. RIGGS.

BLACKWELL, OKLA.

We have been here now three Sabbaths as pastor and can truly say the "ark is coming up the road." Several have been definitely blessed at our altar, and six persons have united with the church. The church seems encouraged, and has taken on new life. Sabbath, January 5th, was a most glorious day.

C. A. IMHOFF.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

We are praising God for the victory He has given us in Santa Rosa. In spite of many hindering causes God gave us a blessed campaign of five weeks. Brother J. E. Gaar closed a three weeks' meeting here Sunday night. God has greatly used and blessed this man of God in our midst and his stay has been a benediction to all. Some thirty-seven souls were at the altar for salvation or sanctification during the campaign, many of whom got through good. Old-time conviction was on the people. Brother Gaar's Bible readings were pronounced by all to be the clearest, deepest and best in their line ever attended. We face the new year much encouraged to believe for a year of blessed victory and real advance along all lines. Will commence another special campaign in February and push the battle for souls harder than ever.

M. R. DUTTON, Pastor.

LOLITA, TEXAS

We are battling for the Lord in south Texas this winter. Have just closed a good meeting here, which was the first holiness meeting for this place. While there was considerable misunderstanding and some prejudice among the people, the Lord gave us a gracious victory, a goodly number of souls being blessed in pardon or sanctification. We expect to spend some months in south Texas and southwest Louisiana as the Lord may lead, entering whatever doors may be opened to us. We are sending some subscribers for the Herald from here, and mean to put it in as many homes as we can this year. Our home address is Peniel, Texas.

P. L. and MINNIE PIERCE.

SHREVEPORT, LA.

God is blessing and giving victory in Shreveport, La., even though we be but few in number and only recently organized as a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Since our annual assembly at Jonesboro, La., at which time I was appointed pastor for Shreveport church, we had the pleasure of having General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds with us for a few days, in the opening up of revival services in our new church. After Brother Reynolds' departure, Brother E. G. Theus, Nazarene pastor at Homer, preached for us for several days. The Lord honored these efforts by blessing a few souls and strengthening the saints. Rev. Josh Sanders, of Shreveport, has been preaching for us since Brother Theus had to leave to look after his church at Homer. The Nazarene church in Shreveport is located favorably in that we are in a district which has been

to a great extent neglected, and we believe there is great opportunity for doing work for God in bringing the lost to Christ. Help us pray to that end. The church is located on Arlington Avenue near the K. C. S. shops, and in order for anyone to reach us who may be passing through, it will only be necessary to take the "Fair Grounds" car on Texas street, getting off at Arlington Avenue and walking one block. Yesterday (Sunday) the Lord was with us in the services. In the afternoon we organized a Sabbath school with an enrollment of sixty-one.

W. EVANS BURNETT, Pastor.

KEENE, N. H.

We are having good, attentive audiences. The crowds are on the increase, the interest is running high, and souls are being convicted and sanctified. Sunday, January 5th, we received seven new members into the church.

H. REES JONES, Pastor.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We are having a precious meeting here in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The spirit of harmony and Christian love and fellowship is steadily increasing, and there seems to be a renewed determination on the part of the people to be at their very best for God this new year. Our prayer meetings are being owned and blessed of God, and the Holy Ghost is present there, as is indicated by the beautiful Christlike spirit prevailing. The attendance at these week-night meetings is steadily on the increase. On Sunday, the first of the new year, we had a blessed communion service and reception of members. Brother Garrett C. Rush, Sr., and wife, Sister Ethel Marshall, Sister Pearl Willis, Sister G. Strickland, Sister George A. Gilbraith, and Brother William A. Brownley, were received into membership. Our young people's meeting is held just before the evening preaching service, and the sweet Christian spirit which prevails among the young people is beautiful to witness. C. L. B.

HUTCHINSON, KAS.

The district convention which was held here December 30, 1912, to January 1, 1913, was fairly well attended, and was a good success and a great spiritual blessing. Our district superintendent, Rev. A. S. Cochran, came December 27th, and we began special services on that date, leading up to convention. Several of the pastors and some of the lay people from over the district were here. The program was well carried out and the evening services were times of salvation. General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds came to us for the convention, and tarried for a few days afterward, greatly helping us by his presence, counsel and ministry. Surely God is blessing the work and building it up on scriptural foundation. The enrollment of the school for the winter term is good, and the work starts well in spite of some peculiar trials, which we presume God allows for the testing of our faith and loyalty. H. M. CHAMBERS, Pastor.

SAWYER, N. D.

We have just closed a successful meeting in our church at Sherburn, Minn. Rev. O. H. Lisson and Evangelist J. H. Clymer were our helpers. The truth was preached, prejudice was broken, and the meetings wound up in a time of salvation and real victory. To God be all the glory. C. D. NORRIS, Pastor.

MAPLES MILL, ILL.

We came from Iowa on this work, the first of October. Found a small class, but a people with lives to back up their testimonies and willing to open their pocketbooks and push Bible holiness. This is a country place, and they have not had much of a revival in the last six or seven years. We started meetings December 5th, with Brother Harrington, from

University Park, in charge of the singing. Our meeting ran three weeks and the Lord was with us in power. We saw six souls saved and one backslider reclaimed. The Lord has broken down much prejudice, and given us the friendship of the people. We plan another meeting in the spring. C. J. HENDERSON.

BATH, MAINE

We began our second month's pastorate yesterday. Received six members. Have organized our missionary committee and given out envelopes. A blessed missionary meeting was held last Friday. I preached two nights in Augusta, and one at Lewiston, Me., last week. We see Jesus and victory every way we look.

J. W. GILLIES, Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH, LOS ANGELES

We can report without exaggeration that many of our services for the past few weeks have been unusual for spiritual demonstration, and marked for definite results. We are especially glad to report that a large number of men have found salvation. Children and girls and women have been at the altar, but especially many men. The Sabbath days bring surprises and strange and diversified experiences under the mighty outpourings of the Holy Spirit. He never operates exactly the

A Safe Arrival

* *

We are in receipt of a letter from Rev. L. S. Tracy, and also from Miss Lela Hargrove, mailed at Calcutta, in which both state that the entire passage of seven weeks, was delightful.

Brother Jacques, and several of the workers, came out in small boats to meet them, and gave them a real Nazarene welcome.

The new missionaries for Calcutta were arranging to begin the study of the language, and Brother Tracy, wife, children and Sister Perry, were preparing to push on to Buldana.

The writer would ask all of the Herald of Holiness family to join in giving thanks to our heavenly Father for taking them to the field of their long desires.

H. F. REYNOLDS,

General Missionary Secretary.

same, and His manifestations are always fresh and new. Last Sabbath, January 5th, was raw and cold for this portion of the country; the coldest in twenty years. But our audiences were large and attentive. A most wonderful tide of salvation on, that meant much, because it swept in not a few who have been on the ragged edge. The young people had a great missionary meeting in the interest of Mexico, and the people spontaneously tossed \$27 on the platform to help care for some Mexican children. One tithing envelope at night had \$75 in it. Brother Cornell preached with help from God in the morning on "Thirsting after God." In the evening the subject was, "A touch and a cure." Several persons sought the Lord at each service, but there was a marked break in the afternoon under the leadership of Brother Jaynes. January 19th the special meetings begin with Rev. W. F. Dallas as evangelist. We are ready for the greatest awakening in the history of this revival church. The second Sunday school convention of the Southern California District of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Wednesday and Thursday, January 29th and 30th. At least 150 delegates will be present.

WARREN, PA.

We commenced the new year in our regular Thursday night prayer meeting with seekers at the altar, praying through. Sunday, Jan-

uary 5th, was a good day with seekers sanctified at the morning service and others converted at night. The women of our church have started a Monday night prayer meeting. We begin special meetings February 9th, and we are constantly gaining "by little and little."

WILL H. NERRY, Pastor.

God gave us a great day Sabbath, January 5th. Feeling our utter dependence on the blessed, faithful Holy Spirit, we proceeded to deliver the messages on our heart for this people. Great was the unction, inspiration and revelation which He imparted to our soul; we feel as though we can not put it into words. Glory to Jesus! Seekers were at the altar in both services. In the evening there was a woman past the age of eighty converted, being the first time in all her life to seek the Lord. The saints here are surely marching on to victory.

MRS. WILL H. NERRY.

NOTICE

I have a few open dates for revivals and camp meetings. Address, 1005 So. Paxton, Sioux City, Ia. EDWIN E. HATFIELD.

NOTICE

Will the pastors of the Pittsburg District who have not remitted for assembly minutes kindly do so at once, so I can settle with the Publishing House? This is the first of the year, and all accounts should be settled.

JAMES M. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

New Galilee, Pa.

READY FOR SERVICE

We are ready to enter the evangelistic field again; will correspond with any one desiring our help. I have been an evangelist for several years; have been pastor here the past two years. I would refer you to Brother Flanery, district superintendent. B. F. SHELINE, Grinnell, Iowa.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We will begin a special meeting in our church at Latin, Cal., the 12th of January, to last three weeks. Rev. Fred St. Clair will be our evangelist, and Miss Nellie Greene will lead the singing. We ask the earnest prayer that the Lord may pour out His Spirit to save sinners and to sanctify believers.

JOHN MICHEL.



OKLAHOMA HOLINESS COLLEGE

Our school moves on with increasing interest. New year brought to us several new students. The student body is improving along all lines, especially in spirituality. Happiness and contentment seem to prevail, with a beautiful harmony so far as we have heard from the theological department, the students being well pleased with the new teacher.

We lost Professor Whitehurst early in the school year. He is a most excellent young man and a valuable teacher. His going was a manifestation of, as he considered it, an interest in the college. It became apparent that the college was not self-supporting, and after counselling together he thought the remaining members of the faculty could take care of his part of the work. He felt that his going would be best for him and for the school financially. This scribe feels sure that God has and will overrule to his and our good. He has wonderful capabilities and a magnanimous spirit and will do well at any task he may undertake.

Soon after Professor Whitehurst's going, Dr.

HERALD OF HOLINESS

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

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PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
C. J. Kinne, Agent
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Hills began to tell us of his divine call to Manchester, England, and very soon it became apparent that he would have the courage of his conviction and that we must have another president, and theology teacher. It is useless to tell the public what we have lost in his going. His ability as a theologian is well known. But God, who is rich in mercy, has supplied the place by the pastor of Bethany church, E. J. Lord. He is deeply spiritual, thoroughly consecrated, wide awake, and very prompt. He carries on the work with grace and dispatch. Good discipline prevails. A more self-sacrificing, efficient, harmonious faculty can not be found anywhere.

Our musical department is doing a great work. Miss McCoppin, our directress, is one of the very best music teachers. Her past record as directress at Ruskin Cave College, and her present success, demonstrate our good fortune in adding her to the faculty of the O. H. C. Her moral and religious influences are fine. You will make no mistake to patronize her department.

The rising tide of spirituality which began before Dr. Hills' departure, continues with increased momentum. The revival is on. By the grace of God we will keep the fire burning.

One other word: We are struggling against the fearful results of the three years' drouth through which the state of Oklahoma has just passed. A few have been carrying the burden and have just about reached the limit. Do you feel that the Lord would have you help us carry the burden? Your help will be thankfully received and righteously appropriated.

F. W. JOHNSON, Financial Agent.

CENTRAL NAZARENE UNIVERSITY

We are thanking God for the large opening, and excellent body of new students that entered at the opening of the winter term, January 1st. Yesterday was a great day. The morning sermon was given by J. Walter Hall, after which a number of students knelt in the altar for prayer. The night message was given by President J. E. L. Moore, and the altar was filled with earnest seekers. Several came through to victory. Rev. Andrew Johnson will arrive in Hamlin January 21st, to begin the Bible Study and Lecture Course, which promises to be one of the best ever held in the southwest. Let all of our pastors, evangelists and Christian workers make every effort possible to attend this course, and get in on time. You now have an opportunity to study the Bible under one of the greatest theologians of the holiness movement, for only a small amount of money and a little time. Do not fail to avail yourself of this great opportunity.

J. E. L. MOORE, President.

PENIEL UNIVERSITY

The fall term of school, which proved to be one of the best in the history of the institution, closed December 20th. Spiritually we made steady progress from the first to the last of the term. A number of students were converted or sanctified in our dormitories and quite a few found God at our public altars. The revival meeting conducted by Brother W. F. Dallas proved to be a great blessing. A number found the Lord in these meetings, and all who were Christians at the beginning of the meeting were greatly inspired and built up in the divine life.

We had harmony of spirit and unity of effort in all departments and phases of the school work. The examinations given at the close of the term showed that the work had been thorough on the part of the teacher and the pupil.

The Philomathean Literary Society gave its annual program on the night of December 21st. The trustees and citizens of Peniel who have been here from the beginning and have attended practically all our programs, pronounced this one of the best, if not the best, ever given by any literary society in school. Much of the work was original, and all of it gave evidence of strong educational training. The spirit of the program was in harmony with holiness and was certainly an inspiration to the large crowd who gave perfect attention during the entire exercise.

The most of the students spent Christmas at their homes in various parts of the country. We have never seen the student body seemingly better satisfied than this one was in closing up the term's work. Among the other features which have been greatly appreciated by our students is the boarding department. Some of us once thought that it was impossible

to give students board at twelve dollars a month that would be perfectly satisfactory to them—board at which they would never complain. In this we have changed our minds. Not a complaint has been heard this year from a single student concerning our boarding department. This certainly speaks well of the institution, and is having a great bearing upon the student body. The best advertisers of an institution are its students and its graduates. We feel justified in boasting of the character of our students and of the loyalty with which they support the school.

The winter term opened December 31st with the enrollment all that was expected. Quite a few new students. The work of the institution is progressing beautifully along all lines. There is a fine spirit among our people. The boys and girls are organizing themselves into prayer bands and are putting forth every effort to intensify interest along spiritual lines. Last Sabbath, the first of the new term, was indeed a good one. Brother Nelson, the district superintendent of the Dallas District, preached both morning and evening. His sermons were strong and emphasized the necessity of a right relation with God. At the close of the evening sermon several came to the altar and found God in conversion or sanctification. Thursday night Prof. J. W. Stoke, our science teacher, gave a lecture at seven o'clock, in the college chapel, on science. The lecture was intensely interesting and educational from the beginning to end. Professor Stoke confined himself to three gases, hydrogen, oxygen and carbon-dioxide. There was no charge made, but a free-will offering was taken at the close to increase the efficiency of the already well-equipped physical laboratory. We feel greatly encouraged in the work of the institution, and believe that its best days are ahead.

Superintendents' Directory



GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

- P. F. BRESEE Los Angeles, Cal.
1126 Santee Street
- H. F. REYNOLDS Oklahoma City, Okla.
R. F. D. No. 4
- P. O. Address till January 31, 1913, will be Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Rt. 4.
- Edmons, Okla. January 19
- Bethany, Okla. January 26
- E. F. WALKER Glendora, Cal.

DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS

- ABILENE**
- I. M. Ellis, Box 175, Hamlin, Texas
- Bayside January 14-16
- Yoakum January 18-19
- Wichita Falls, Texas January 23-24
- Bowie, Texas January 25-26
- Pleasant Ridge, Texas January 27
- Sunset, Texas January 28
- ARKANSAS**
- G. E. Waddle Beebe, Ark.
- ALBERTA (Canada) MISSION**
- W. B. Tait Room 413 Grain Exchange, Calgary, Alberta.
- ALABAMA**
- C. H. Lancaster Jasper, Ala.
- CHICAGO CENTRAL**
- J. M. Wines, 724 Nelson St., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Middleton, Ill. (P. O., Wayne City, Herrin, Ill. January 19
- Chicago, Ill., 6356 Eggleston ave. Jan'y 20-24
- Hammond, Ind., 811 S. Hohman st. Jan'y 25-26
- CLARKSVILLE**
- J. J. Rye Clarksville, Tenn.
- COLORADO**
- C. B. Widmeyer .. 212 N. Walnut St, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- Rocky Ford, Colo., Rt. 1 January 8-20
- Greely, Colo. January 30-February 3
- Longmont, Colo. February 4
- Boulder, Colo. February 5-10
- DAKOTAS AND MONTANA**
- Lyman Brough Surrey, N. D.
- IDAHO**
- J. B. Creighton Boise, Idaho

- DALLAS**
- W. M. Nelson Texarkana, Texas
- Lissie, Texas January 17-19
- Milano, Texas January 20-21
- Oak Hill, Texas January 22-23
- Corsicana, Texas January 24-26
- IOWA**
- B. T. Flanery Olivet, Ill.
- Botna, Iowa, January 10-26
- Sioux City, Iowa, January 28-31
- Marshalltown, Iowa February 1, 2
- Grinnel, Iowa February 7-23
- Stockton, Ill. February 26-March 2
- KANSAS**
- A. S. Cochran, 3446 Wayne Ave, Kansas City, Mo.
- Grand Island, Neb., January 9-28
- Kenesaw, Neb. January 27-28
- KENTUCKY**
- Howard Eckel, 2303 Madison St, Louisville, Ky.
- MISSOURI**
- Mark Whitney Irondale, Mo.
- Willow Springs, Mo. January 21, February 2
- NEW ENGLAND**
- L. N. Fogg R. F. D., Sanbournville, N. H.
- Allendale, Mich. January 7-16
- Omaha, Neb., January 19-29
- Hastings, Neb., January 30-February 9
- NEW YORK**
- J. A. Ward, 1710 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- NORTHWEST**
- DeLance Wallace, Box 304, Walla Walla, Wash.
- OKLAHOMA**
- S. H. Owens Altus, Okla.
- Hugo January 17-19
- Durant and Caddo January 21-28
- Kingston and Shay January 30-February 2
- PITTSBURG**
- N. B. Herrell Olivet, Ills.
- Warren, Pa. February 2-16
- SAN FRANCISCO**
- E. M. Isaac, 1020 10th St., Oakland, Cal.
- SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**
- W. C. Wilson, 667 N. Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena, Cal.
- SOUTHEASTERN**
- W. H. Hanson Glenville, Ga.
- SOUTHEAST TENNESSEE**
- S. W. McGowan, R. F. D. No. 3, Santa Fe, Tenn.
- Petersburg, Tenn. January 25-26
- WASHINGTON-PHILADELPHIA**
- H. B. Healey, 307-9 D. St., Washington, D. C.