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EDITORIAL

"LOOK OUT A MAN"

SO JOSEPH said to Pharaoh when a great work was to be done. The first thing, whenever vital things are to be accomplished, is to "look out a man." The main thing for any enterprise, is the man to do it. This is especially true in the work to which God has called us—the spreading of scriptural holiness over all lands. The difference in the getting on of the work in different cities and different parts of the country, is largely the difference in the men who are engaged in it. Ideal agencies are almost, if not altogether impossible, to secure. Really excellent agencies are scarce. The most are very ordinary. It has always been so. Even the Lord has often seemingly been limited to very poor agencies. He has used the best at hand; He has always used such as were possible. It is ever so. Such agencies as are possible must be used. If results are not what we desire, we must note that agencies are far from ideal. The Lord, recognizing this, has arranged that the one absolutely essential condition to doing His work, shall be within the reach of every one of His agents. While other things are very desirable, the one thing without which none can be really effective, and with which none can really fail, all can have. The provision for this was so great, that the promise of its bestowment was called "the promise of the Father," and is the baptism with the Holy Spirit. This baptism so purifies motive and desire, and so perfects obedience and trust, and so strengthens volition, as well as opening up and making clear so much of revelation, that the man is prepared for proper judgment and the exercise of a good degree of wisdom; and at the same time he is filled with intensity. All of this is made the avenue of the manifest divine Presence, who has come to do His work through this sanctified agency. Thus, things that are mighty are overthrown, seemingly, by things weak, but really by divine Personality working through His weak agencies.

SUCH A MAN is inexpressibly more than a reformer, or than any one dealing simply with the outer things or activities of life. His message goes direct to the heart, the fountain of human life, and makes it pure and strong. Such an agency into whom Christ has come, will be luminous anywhere, and through such a man or woman God will build up His kingdom. The great, imperative need is divinely anointed agencies, through whom Christ ministers. If there are to be great gatherings of the people to the cross, it will be because the way of the coming of the Comforter has been prepared by human hearts. There can be no question of the mighty triumph, if the way is so prepared that He has an incarnation among us.—P. F. B.

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MY GOSPEL

PAUL has a gospel. There are not only the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, but there is the fifth gospel of Paul.

It does not deal in genealogies and historical descriptions, but largely with the Person of Christ, and His relations to the human soul. Though he did not receive it from man, neither was he taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ; yet, being by that revelation, it is in perfect accord with the others, and pours upon them the added glory of the experi-

ence of one who, "born out of due time," has apostolic knowledge of Christ by revelation after the ascension of our Lord. He marvelously completes the College of Apostles by close and luminous knowledge of the Christ, revealed and wrought into most blessed and wonderful experience in his own life, until, in transformed manhood, conquering faith, and triumph over suffering and death, he was not "a whit behind the very chiefest apostles." In tersest utterance he puts the gospel in three words: "Christ in you." It is all there. This could not be, but for atoning love, forgiving mercy, regenerating grace, and cleansing blood; and it also means all that the heavenly glory holds—"the hope of glory."

PAUL'S LIFE and teaching are the embodiment of this boundless fact of experience—Christ in you—and the way is open to every believer for the same experience and life.—P. F. B.

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OUR CALL

TO PREACH and testify and push the work of holiness, so that men and women are sanctified wholly, is the work to which the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is called. Pentecosts from heaven are an absolute necessity. The fiery glory which the manifest divine Presence imparts, must be revealed. To do simply the ordinary routine of forms and ceremonies does not demand this movement. There is no call anywhere for more churchanity. A professed church of the Nazarene which is just beating time had as well be wiped off the face of the earth. We come to bring fire, to help men to the place where the sanctifying baptism with the Spirit puts an end to the sin question in the soul, and makes human personality luminous with liquid glory. This is our calling. Let us press forward. He comes upon individual souls. He will make every believer, whether minister or layman, a flame of fire. A church may be small, but in a cold world a small fire is of more value than a large iceberg. Glitter and shine may dazzle, but dynamite and fire do the execution.—P. F. B.

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THINGS THAT ACCOMPANY SALVATION

IT TAKES a long time to preach the gospel. It is so vast that it is forever a new revelation. It meets the demands of every age, every nation, every emergency. It is capable of coping with all the diverse needs of this or any other world. Thank God for that.

TERMS HAVE greatly confused us. We speak of the gospel, and our conception of it is usually narrow, small if not bigoted. But the term is like the sky, we have not yet learned its vast depth. There are always new discoveries, new worlds, new suns and great systems far out yonder of which we are ignorant. Salvation is a term we have seriously limited and robbed it of much of its real significance. The common understanding of it with us as a church is deliverance from sin by means of two works of grace known to us as pardon and purity, regeneration and sanctification, the new birth and the baptism with the Holy Ghost. We can not emphasize the greatness of these any too much, for they are paramount for this world or any other which may come. They must be held before the people continually, and preached in all their glory and beauty.

WE ARE NOT TO suppose that when we have been saved with a full salvation we have completed our task. There is much more to follow. The sun has its planets. It is the great orb of day, but its light is not to be consumed on itself. The whole solar system is to feel its power, and now astronomers tell us that its power is felt as far as we can conceive space to reach, on and on, forever on. We can therefore, most consistently speak of things which accompany the sun.

ELECTRICITY possesses unknown power. We can scarcely dream what it may yet accomplish, or what may be accomplished with it. We are learning that it is a constant revelation of new forces which have been hidden from ages and generations but now are made manifest unto us. We look at the lights of our cities, the power that moves our trains, and a hundred other things accomplished today by this miracle worker, and we can truthfully say—the things that accompany electricity.

THE SAME truth applies to salvation. We can trustfully say with the apostle, "the things that accompany salvation." The child must be born before it can enter school, but still the school is an essential thing for the life and usefulness of the child. So the new birth and a sanctified heart are necessary before we can enter the school of God, but enter it we must, or fail most pitifully.

THE FIRST thing we desire to mention that must accompany salvation is proper church organization. This has been spoken of and written about many times, but we must keep at it. We can not hope to win this world unless we are thoroughly organized. An army must be disciplined, and in order to discipline it, it must be properly officered and commissioned. Not every one is capable of leading. The church must select men fitted to become leaders of men. In order to do this all personal ambition must be set aside, and men of real merit must be sought, and after they have been selected they must be heeded. The first lesson every Nazarene ought to learn is *obedience* to the proper authority in the church. It is easy to cry out, "I obey God and not men," but if you watch such men or women you will soon learn that they are not so careful to obey God as they are to have their own way. Again we assert that it is of great importance that we have a well organized church of loyal souls who have learned well the lesson of obedience.

THE SECOND thing we desire to mention that should accompany salvation is systematic giving. This is a hard lesson to learn. God does everything systematically whether we can see it or not, and if we do not see it, it is because we are blind to that fact. There are men who have given up everything this world holds dear to go out to preach the gospel, to save lost men, pastor churches, live holy lives in obscure places, and many of these men are not properly cared for. They have no stated salaries, and often suffer severely. It is not in harmony with our profession to permit this. Holiness is active in looking after the needs of God's servants. It is full of good works, unselfish, mindful of the "other fellow." Every Nazarene should tithe. They should see to it that the church to which they belong is properly cared for, and not throw their money any place they may have a notion it should go. "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse."

THE THIRD and last lesson we mention at this time is missionary zeal. Our church has not half awakened to the needs along this line. We are selfish in that we do not look beyond our own little church, or our personal needs. We ought to be the greatest missionary people on earth for we have the best message—full salvation. The pastor ought to be wide-awake on missionary lines, preaching it, pushing it, taking up systematic offerings for the work and urging the people to give more and more. These are among the few things that accompany salvation.—E. M. I.

HE WHO WILL NOT surrender pleasure, shall not receive joy.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE NAZARENE

EVER since His appearance in Galilee, an humble teacher, surrounded by humble disciples, this man Jesus, who, after a supposed unsuccessful attempt at leadership, was put to death by the Romans outside the gate at Jerusalem, some two thousand years ago, has been the central figure in the inquiry, study and speculation of scholarship. Upon no other man of history has such a scrutiny of research been turned. Faith in Him has completely changed ideals and revolutionized civilization. But in order to escape the acceptance of His claim to divinity, rationalists like the followers of Drews of Karlsruhe, have been driven to the extreme of denying even His historic existence; claiming that the system of Christianity is founded upon a myth.

NOW THERE arises another army of attack, declaring that from His teaching, He could not have been a Jew, and so His claim to the Messiahship—the promised One—is false. From this premise they proceed to disprove the record of the evangelists.

THE FRENCH Emil Bourouf proves Him, to his own satisfaction, to have been an Aryan; Max Bremen, on the other hand, declares, "Jesus was as much a German as we are;" while the jurist R. Von Ihering places Him as a Hindu.

CHAMBERLAIN, the English scholar, says: "It is a psychological mystery that the greatest religious genius the world ever saw should have sprung from a people so poorly equipped with mythical and religious conceptions as were the Jews."

IN ALL OF THIS, I see "every tongue confessing Him." Infidel and skeptic alike in their efforts to discredit, but reveal Him in His truth and glory. The rationalist, unable to explain His life, is driven to the absurdity of denying His existence. "Too great to have been a Jew," declare the scholars of the nations, "He belongs to us. He taught as we think; He understood us and our needs altogether, as a man of no other nation or people could." And do they not, these wise ones, in all this, reveal Him? scholarship writing its conclusion that He could not have been merely a Hebrew peasant. Either He did not exist, or—

HE WAS THE Son of Man!—of *all* men. Such was His own designation of Himself. What He came to bring, what His life held, was not for the Jew alone, but for the race. The black African, the yellow Chinese, the brown Indian, as well as the proud Caucasian, finds in Him the One for whom his soul has longed—his personal deliverer, his personal friend.

A "PSYCHOLOGICAL mystery!" Yes, not to be known, save as He taught, as we believe, and as He proves upon every test, the Son of God, the Son of Man, the Redeemer of a lost world.—C. A. Mc.

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THE NEW REFORMATION is both Lutheran and Wesleyan. There must be both a reaffirmation of sound doctrine and sound experience. The belief of the age is no less awry than its experience.

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CULTURE, COURAGE AND CONSTANCY are three needed characteristics of conscience. They will make an illuminated, brave and never-sleeping sentinel of this inward monitor.

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THE EXCLUSIVENESS of the present—of today—is too seldom appreciated. The past is irremediable. The future is future and may never come. Today is here and ours and really the solitary piece of time that we can call our own. Ruskin was wise in keeping on his desk a paper weight on which was carved the one word, Today.

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PRAYER is getting close enough to the Father to tell Him about it.

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

The Difference

The religion of Jesus Christ stands unapproached and unapproachable among all the religions of this world of which history furnishes any record. Its sublime altruism, its absolute freeness and fullness, its free offer of the water of life without money and without price, is unique, finding no parallel amid all the messages brought by the religions of universal history to the needs and woes of humanity. This fact strikes a heathen with great force. The case of the Mohamedan is in point who was convinced by this distinguishing phase of the Christian religion:

A thoughtful Moslem was once studying the different forms of religion with which he had become acquainted, and said to a missionary: "I know that the Christians are the best of all sects. If I go to a Moslem priest, he says to me, 'Give'; if I go to an official or friend, he says to me, 'Give.' All say 'Give.' The Christian alone say 'Take.' Their schools say 'Take'; their teachings say 'Take'; their charities say 'Take.' By this I know that they are the best."

Misplaced Worry

It is a very great piece of folly to worry over things. Worry is not only needless but it is injurious and hindering rather than helpful toward securing the end desired. If the cause of our worry be the smallness of our opportunities for Christian service, as is sometimes the case, here is where worry not only fails to help but really increases the trouble and adds to the necessity of repentance before we can do any effectual service at all for the Master. A contented mind is real wealth. It is something for which we should seek and pray and never rest until we have made it ours.

"We need never worry ourselves," writes the gentle, the lamented Dr. J. R. Miller, "over the smallness of our opportunities; our only care should be that we use the opportunities that are given to us. Our one little word or kindly act, our one look that gives a moment's cheer, may tell on ages. We need not fear to waste our strength on the lowliest ministry, to wear our life out in serving others; nothing is really wasted that is poured out on God's altar in service of love for Christ and for His little ones."

The Church at its Best

That there is something radically wrong with the churches in general would be evident, if, through no other expression than the expedients used to attract notice and gain popularity with the world. Aside from the questionable methods for raising money with which to carry on God's work, they have brought into the holy place, even to the altar of the Lord, the theatre act, the moving picture show, and lately—we record it with shame—the vile, suggestive dance of the half-world. There is a cure for the felt lack of the churches, but it is not in discarding the gospel of Jesus Christ—of salvation from all sin, for the tinsel and shame of the world. The *Way of Holiness* points out the remedy:

It would be impossible to find a church in the world which would not be rising steadily on

the crest of unusual prosperity both in spiritual life and temporal affairs if every member were in every respect at his very best for God and his fellow-men. This is so nearly self-evident that no argument is needed to support such a statement. Whatever would put men at their best would certainly prove an extraordinary blessing to the church and the world. He who knows what would accomplish such blessed results ought certainly to proclaim it to the world. This is one of the strong reasons why we so persistently hold forth the doctrine and experience of holiness, for the experience puts men at their very best as nothing else in the world can do. Everybody ought to hail such preaching with the utmost delight, for by it alone will come to this world the greatest blessings it will ever receive. Instead of being a disturber of Israel, the man who preaches holiness in the spirit of that experience and to the fullest degree of which he is capable is one of the greatest benefactors of his race, and he should be approved and not condemned.

The Abiding Christ

To have met and been introduced to a great personage is rightly accounted a privilege; to have sat with him as guest at table and conversed as friend with friend, that indeed is honor; but to dwell together with such an one in the close, familiar, personal home life—that is to share in his honor and partake of his glory. Such a relationship, such exalted privilege, honor and glory, is what Jesus our Lord proffers to each, however humble, who will open to him the door of a heart cleansed through the sanctifying baptism of the Holy Ghost. George B. Culp in the *Revivalist*, says of the effect of this abiding:

When Jesus is asked to abide, to become a guest, He will quickly become the host and we sup with Him. Where is the child of God who has not learned this to be true, who has not sat at His feet in "speechless awe that dare not move," as He revealed His wealth of love, enriched us by His wondrous grace, gave us a foretaste of Heaven, and opened to us the Word? When He abides, prison walls glow with the light of another world, clouds are dashed with rainbows, darkness disappears, heaven is almost in sight, and crucifixions are forgotten. We never know true fellowship till Christ comes to abide.

Clubbed into Church

It is sad, sometimes, to see the method a mistaken zeal will take to bring men to righteousness. Sometimes even in the pulpit there is a fiery denunciation of sinners; ridicule, scorn and malediction being freely employed. Not only is the club method employed upon open, confessed sinners, but there is a general beating of fellow-servants for real, or supposed delinquencies. Instead of private admonition and help toward better things, there is public berating. How different this, from the method of the Master: He led, never drove—except upon the two occasions when He would drive out, He instructed and warned, but with tears. Paul, the great exemplar of Christianity, said: "We persuade men," and of the love of Christ affirmed a constraining, not driving power. Men may be forced into outward observances, even into church relationship, as was the Roman world at the edict of the Emperor, or the Aztec peoples

as they were driven into baptism in the sea by the soldiers of the Spanish invader; But the body of Christ can never be filled in its members save through a manifestation of the love of Jesus through one of His messengers. An exchange quotes the following wise words from the great evangelist, Moody:

Do you want to win men? Do not drive or scold them. Do not try to tear down their prejudices before you begin to lead them on to Truth. Some people think they have to tear down the scaffolding before they begin on the building. An old minister once invited a young brother to preach for him. The latter scolded the people, and when he got home, asked the minister how he had done. He answered he had an old cow, and when he wanted a good supply of milk, he fed the cow; he did not scold her. Souls everywhere are hungry and thirsty for spiritual food; they need feeding, not scolding; they are hungry for love, sympathy, gentleness—and truth. The power of love and gentleness was the power of the blessed Master. Again listen to the great Moody: "If you want to reach people that do not agree with you, do not take a club to knock them down and then try to pick them up. When Jesus Christ dealt with the erring and the sinners, He was as tender with them as a mother is with her sick child."

How it was Done

The importance of the literature of a church in the successful propagandism of its doctrines, and, indeed, of the very life of the church itself, has been so often stated as to become with some an old story. Yet here and there, in some of the denominations, there is an awakening to the serious fact that their membership is making small use of their own literature, and especially that the church papers are finding their way into fewer and fewer of their homes, to the detriment of all the interests of the church. Pentecostal Nazarenes can, and must be kept wide awake in this regard. We can not afford to be one whit behind any church in the effort to circulate church literature, because we have, what so many others have not, the glad tidings of a full gospel to proclaim. First, the *HERALD OF HOLINESS* must be put into every home in our connection, and then, having finished the conquest of our own Jerusalem, pass to the Samaria of our neighbors, and on to the regions beyond. We offer the method taken by a Methodist pastor, as a suggestion to our own pastors. We quote from the *St. Louis Advocate*:

After the sermon Sunday morning our pastor said he wanted to talk to his people a few minutes about the importance of having their church paper in their homes. So after a few remarks appropriate to the subject he said there were sample copies here, and instead of saying, "Please get one as you pass out," as is generally done, he said, "I will ask the ushers to please pass the papers, and see that everyone gets a copy." So that instead of a few taking the paper home, everyone took one. Then when everyone was supplied, the pastor said, "Now turn with me to the first page. You see we have here," and outlined the articles, remarking on each. "Then on page two we have," and so on, outlining the different departments and remarking on the helpfulness of each. He then told them that the ushers were passing envelopes printed for street address, and saying that the signer

would hereby become a subscriber for the paper. The ushers passed the envelopes, and strange to say, everybody reached for one, and more amazing still, they signed them, and returned them to the usher. I never saw such a response in my life. I had not even thought of taking that paper, for I already have more church literature in my house than I can possibly read, but everybody else was doing it, so I did too. So much for enthusiasm. Now, having the people go through the paper with the pastor has this advantage—they look at it, and, of course, become interested, whereas if they procure one at the door, which is not always done, they take it home, throw it on the table and forget all about it. Then, the envelopes, you see, clinch the thing right there and then, and it is over with all except the pay, which must come, once the envelope is signed. I have never seen a proposition meet with such universal success, and I believe the people in this church are as hard to get to respond to a proposition as one will find anywhere.

Is Life Worth Living?

Whether or not this life is worth living, depends first upon its destiny, and second upon what we shall be able to carry from it into the next. To the man or woman who lives merely to exist—whose plane is scarcely above that of the animal; whipped and driven from one sordid day's toil to the next; without hope or aim beyond the gratification of the lower passions, surely life is scarcely worth while. But what of those whose way seems to be in more fortunate circumstances? the man whose god is gain, and the woman whose days are passed before the shrine of pleasure? Alas, there comes a time to even such as these when their souls cry out "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" Nothing can satisfy the immortal soul of man but God, and nothing is worth while which is outside of His service. The life of selfishness in any form, leads to despair. The rich, the full, the victorious life is the Christ-life of service made possible through the indwelling Holy Ghost. The *Free Methodist* says of this question:

It is a serious matter indeed to the thousands of men and women in every land who tire of living and seek death by their own hands every year rather than bear the intolerable load of what to them appear to be the ills of life. To the man whose philosophy of life leads him to seek his highest happiness in nature only—in mere creaturely good, such as food, raiment, rest, sleep, social relations, and the gratification of appetites, senses and passions—it is not strange that life itself becomes a weariness. "Man can not be groomed and foddered into blessedness." He has within him infinite longings, which must be satisfied from that which is beyond and above nature, or, while growing in their intensity, be forever unsatisfied.

The Endless Chain

When we consider that every act of kindness bears within itself a vital, procreative force; that it will pass into other days and years multiplying itself in geometrical progression, and bearing fruit in ever widening and increasing harvests, we stand in humble awe before the possibilities of Christlikeness that lay wrapped up in one humdrum, burden-filled day. None of us so poor but can give a bit of happiness for some other soul to pass along; none so busy but that some moment of the day may be brightened for another soul, and which shall glow with a radiance undimmed, when the stars wax old and fade. *The Youth's Companion* relates a little story illustrating this truth:

The ship had just arrived from Glasgow, and a number of emigrants had come ashore to the arms of their waiting friends. One woman stood apart from the crowd; she carried a year-old child in her arms, and an eight-year-old boy held fast to her skirt. Apparently she, too, had expected some one, but no one had come to meet her. It was in the early days of America, and traveling was not the simple matter it is now. Leaving her baggage to be called for, the woman, still carrying the child, started to walk to the place, twenty miles inland, where she knew her husband had built a home for her.

Before long a stranger overtook her. He was going to the same place to which the woman was bound, and he pleasantly but firmly insisted on carrying the child, who was a heavy load for the young mother. All the twenty miles he carried the child. It was a great treat, he said, to have the little one in his arms. At the town they parted, never to meet on earth again.

In after life, the little eight-year-old boy who trudged along that day at his mother's side became a clergyman, known to thousands for his numberless good deeds. "Never," he once remarked, "have I seen a mother in distress that I have not felt myself in honor bound to help her, because of what that stranger did that day. That one act of his has been the direct cause of hundreds of helpful things that I have loved to do for other mothers."

So is it that kindness spreads and grows. That one act of friendliness has multiplied itself a hundredfold. It has increased as the snowballs that boys roll upon soft snow increase. Long after the stranger had forgotten his act, long after he had been laid away to rest, his deed lives and grows, and sweetens and blesses the lives of men. Only God knows how much it will count finally for good.

Every One a Worker

God's picture of His church is not a fortress for refuge or retreat; not a home for rest; not a nursery; not a repair shop; it is of an active, aggressive army, each member keeping step, marching shoulder to shoulder with his neighbor, and each bearing his part and filling his place as ordered by the great Commander. There can be no excuse, as to lack of equipment—the promised Holy Ghost is all-sufficient; no need to wait for a call—"The fields are white unto the harvest;" "Go ye into all the world." He who sleeps or lags behind neglecting or shirking service, will soon find himself left by the army of our Lord, and surrounded by the forces of the enemy. Says *Zion's Herald*:

In our churches there are men and women who are well equipped for service. They possess natural gifts and fine qualities which attract our attention. We expect to see them giving generously of their time and talents to God's work, but they hold aloof. A canker is causing the havoc. Because of some real or supposed slight, or perhaps because of some secret sin, they have decided to withhold hands and heart. And the work lags. Instead of partaking of the rich privilege of sharing in God's plan for bettering this world, they have become a dead weight and a positive hindrance. Just so long as they preserve that attitude will they miss the blessing, and work at cross-

purposes with the heavenly Father's plans, and their lives will not know the joy of living and serving until in humility they fall upon their knees and ask God to renew within them a right spirit.

A New Year's Resolution

It is sad, but still true, that after these nineteen hundred years, not many mighty, not many great of earth acknowledge their dependence upon and duty to God. Not many of the rulers who will bow the knee to the heavenly Father and His Christ, nor choose the way of righteousness, rather than the way of expediency and worldly success. The deeply religious sentiments of William J. Bryan, expressed in the following New Year's resolution, give occasion for rejoicing in a man whom the glare of public life has not blinded to the light from heaven:

Conscious of my responsibility to God for every thought and word and deed, and in duty bound to render to my fellow men the largest possible service as the best evidence of my love for my heavenly Father, I resolve to strive during the remainder of my life to increase my capacity for usefulness. To this end I will give up any course of conduct that tends to weaken my body, impair the moral purpose, and I will not only endeavor to cultivate habits of industry in both mind and body, but will seek and follow worthy ideals.

Love in the Home

Truly, the great need of a home is love. Without love, there can be no home. And, not only must love exist between the members, but there must be a free expression of love, to insure the highest happiness. It is not enough that parents furnish food, clothing and schooling for their children; there is a companionship with parents which is the right of every child. Father and mother, made wise in many ways by the experiences of life, may save childhood from much that is evil through the confidences of mutual trust and fellowship. But there is that in many homes, which passes as love and tenderness, yet is no less than selfishness, destructive alike of the home and the welfare of the child. It is the shirking of responsibility of government, the turning of children loose to follow their own untaught wills and desires, that brings darkness and sorrow to so many homes. Says the *Michigan Christian Advocate*:

Love is the foundation of the home. But our own age has too much forgotten that on the parents' part it is love set in authority. The true home requires much more than a providing and acquiescent affection. It needs a love which guides and teaches and controls. And such controlling love is a blessing to those who are under its authority. Parental love which refuses this responsibility is but a form of selfishness. There are too many homes in America where the easy-going temper, which would be amazed if denied the name of love, is doing its worst to ruin the lives of the children.

CLEANNESS is power. Alloy is weakening. That was a wise injunction uttered by John B. Gough as he dropped dead in the middle of a public address: "Young man, make your record clean."

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

Nearer Than I Think

HALDOR LILLENAS

Perhaps the bells of evening
That ring in a twilight hour,
That softly chime their music
With mellow, entrancing pow'r;
Are pealing forth the anthem
Of a day that soon shall close—
And after the day of labor
Comes home and sweet repose.

Perhaps the gates of glory
That glitter as diamonds bright,
Shall soon to me be opened,
And shadows shall take their flight.
Perhaps the fields supernal
Soon shall to my view unfold
Where sweet scented flowers blossom
Beside the streets of gold.

Perhaps the throne eternal,
As white as the driven snow
And fair as the summer morning
Is nearer than I may know.
Perhaps the waves of glory
Rolling on the tideless shore
Are nearer than I may fancy,
Much nearer than before.

Perhaps the many mansions
That Jesus went to prepare
Will soon unfold their beauty,
Disclosing their treasures rare.
Perhaps the One I've worshiped
And have loved these many years,
Will soon speak His words of welcome,
And wipe away each tear.

REFRAIN

Perhaps I am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think,
May be my sun begins to set,
It may be near the brink.
Perhaps I am nearer home,
Soon I may reach the goal,
Soon in the distance I may see
The homeland of the soul.

POMONA, CAL.

Anticipating Heaven

E. A. GIRVIN

There is a sense in which we may realize, anticipate and enjoy here and now, not only God, but all that constitutes heaven. Jesus said: "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Some exegetes claim that "within" should be "among," but there are so many other Scriptures that present the same truth, that a literal acceptance of the Savior's words is justifiable.

The Bible plainly teaches that the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit all abide in the sanctified heart. In the 17th chapter of John, beginning with the 19th verse, we find these marvelous words: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for those also which shall believe in me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." This is a plain declaration that the Father and the Son abide in them who are sanctified. In John 14:16, 17, Jesus states explicitly that the Holy Spirit will be in His disciples. Here are His words:

"And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world can not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

Paul tells us that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Doubtless they are the outer temple. The soul of each blood-washed saint is the holy place, and his spirit the holy of holies. In his epistle to the Ephesians Paul makes it clear that we dwell in the heavenlies, or heavenly places with Christ; that He has raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. He states further that we are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.

In the 12th chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, we find these wonderful words: "But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

Observe we are not told that we will come, but that "we are come." It is not put in the future, but in the present.

If time would permit, I could give many other passages of Scripture which indicate that we are privileged to enjoy here in the spirit all the glories of heaven; that we may walk with God, abide in Christ, have the Holy Spirit dwelling in us; that we are come now to an innumerable company of angels; that we may sit now in the heavenlies; that we may enjoy now the water of the river of life, and have its fructifying and refreshing streams flowing now through our inmost being; that we may eat now of the fruit which grows on the tree of life, and pick its leaves for the healing of the nations; and that it is our blood-bought right here and now to live the throne life, not only overcoming the world, but being more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

God is Light

E. M. ISAAC

The one great theme that never dies is GOD. In Him lies all the mystery known. We speak of other mysteries, and we are stopped suddenly before a wall great and high in our searching after truth, and there we stand appalled, humiliated, speechless. But when traced back to its origin we find that every mystery ends in God. It is lost in the Infinite: "In the beginning God."

John lived in eternity. He seemed to forget that there was anything we call time. He was all soul. He knew

the deep meaning of holy reverence. He was not clever, not witty, knew nothing of jesting; but stood in awe before the Infinite One and meditated; dwelt long in His presence and came forth as one from some distant clime with a new revelation. He could not define; what he saw was too great for definition. He left that for some modern theological genius to do. He saw open heavens, thrones encircled with rainbows, worshipping elders, untold mysteries; he heard voices like the noise of many waters, great thunders, mighty trumpets; he saw lightnings which lighted the whole heavens, and many strange and wonderful things which were inexpressible.

Was John a theologian? He was in that broader sense, that all-inclusive sense. He knew little if anything about systematic theology. His was not a scientific mind, he was a seer, a prophet, one who lived in the higher realms, and yet knew the nature of the basest things on earth, and saw the remedy for mangled humanity. With John all theology is rooted in God. He could touch but the mere hem of it. We love him for this, it lends vastness to his vision, reverence to his thinking, and worshipfulness in every attitude of his soul.

But what will he tell us about God? Surely, if anyone is capable of throwing light on this strange mystery it will be this seer, this man who lived in eternity and dwelt in the presence of the Holy One. Theologians have made great efforts to define God, to in some way bring Him within reach of our poor little intellects. They have told us of His many attributes, and have used great words which sent us in haste to the dictionary, and we came away knowing less than we did before we made the search. Why this? It is impossible to bring the Infinite within the confines of our little speech. The very page trembles in an effort to carry the thoughts we try to express, or the thoughts we would desire to grasp had we the capacity. But surely this inspired writer will solve the mystery, he will make it plain to us, even though he must write volumes to do so. He will leave us in no doubt concerning all we desire to know, and we shall walk away satisfied at last that we understand God.

Let us hear him and thus bring this awful suspense to an end. Tell us, thou seer of Patmos, something about God, solve the mystery to us that we may be satisfied, for we are hungry to know, and thou canst tell us: "Then this is the message which we have heard from him [Jesus], and declare unto you, that God is light." Here we have it in three words instead of three volumes. Simple words they are, any child can understand them, and yet what can be profounder, for what is light? You say any one can answer so simple a question, and yet it stands unanswered, for no one has ever told us what light is. It is a mystery within itself, but if we linger in this locality there may be revelations for us, for light itself reveals. This being true we see at once that light brings things which are

far away from us, nigh unto us. The sun rises in the morning and darkness leaves. The hills and valleys were unseen, the flowers were hidden from view, and a great black wall stood all about us. We knew nothing of *distance* in that darkness. But the light was a *revelation*. The hills and valleys came to our vision, the flowers were things of beauty. Instead of standing before a great black wall, we see far out into the distance, and move about without fear, for we can see where to tread.

So God is light, revelation, distance, bringing comfort, security and joy to the one who walks in Him. Who does not welcome light! The morning is always a time of gladness. The children love the light, and as soon as it is day they are out at play. The birds love light, and the forests ring with their sweet melodies. Light paints all the flowers, adorns all nature with beauty, brings life and health to everything that walks, creeps, or flies. Without light there would be no summer, no harvest fields bending with golden grain, no fruitful trees laden with luscious fruit. Surely this writer has told us much about God. Do we not know that when He comes to the soul darkness must leave? Is it not a grand revelation to have the Sun of Righteousness rise within us? Is it not morning when Jesus comes into the heart with His pardoning grace, and high noon when he sanctifies the soul and makes it as pure as that of an angel? Do we not know that the birds of paradise begin to sing that very morning? It is then we begin to know God. This is a *theological experience* which transcends by far anything books may seek to convey to the heart or mind. This is summer, life, joy, beauty, fragrance, romance, poetry, ecstasy, and all that makes life worth while. It is all in God. Let us then walk while we have the light lest darkness overtake us. Blessed be His holy name! there is mercy with the Lord, love that never fails, light that knows no darkness, and He will fill us with light that will drive out all darkness and cause us to live in perpetual summer where every bird will sing, every field will bend with ripened grain, every tree will bear fruit in its season, and we shall know Him by the very light of His presence.

Burs and Burs Opened

C. A. MC CONNELL

The face of sorrow and of happiness so closely blend,

That, looking backward we can not say which was our friend.

When I reach the heavenly city, if I can get to where Jesus will take me by the hand, you may have my harp.

Brother, how is God to "remember them no more," when you keep reminding Him with a new batch of sins every day?

There is no shout in the joy of sin but that ends in the wail of despair and the shriek of the damned.

Child, when God says, "I will remember it against you no more forever," everybody in God's home forgets all about it too, and forever.

Salvation is the best politics I ever ran across. Jesus Christ votes for every man in the primary, and the Holy Ghost elects every candidate who has the Manager put his name on the ticket.

When Self dies you need not put over his grave such a fine monument that you will not be able to forget him.

Reverence is as beautiful in the pulpit as in the pew.

He who bears God's message sees no one, hears no one, knows no one, save Him only. Hard places, easy jobs, home, friendships, shrinkings of the flesh, appreciation, reproach, misrepresentation, weakness, honor, and love itself are unheeded, and stay him not. "My eyes see only the end of the way; I bear the message of God."

He who seeks God receives all. How wonderful a thing that God, the Almighty, should desire our love with an infinite longing: We can not fathom the full meaning of "God so loved," nor can we understand how He could rob heaven, humble Himself on earth, and fill eternity with undeclarable riches, that man might love Him. God made man for His companionship; made him like Himself; in His image. Oh the grief of the heart of God, when sin bade fear take the place of love, and man hid himself from his Friend. Every word of God shows His love for man, and His yearning for man's love. His constant pleading is, "Be holy that ye may love Me with a whole heart." Every prohibitive commandment is but His cry, "My love, go not that way! That is the way of death. Why will ye die!" My Savior and my God! Thy wooing breaks my heart. I kiss thy feet. My Master, my King, I love Thee.

Collins, the Sailor

D. RAND PIERCE

He was a hard case, this man, Collins. Drunkard, gambler, swearer and down-and-out sinner generally. Had a beautiful Christian wife and lovely young daughter, but could not live with them, he was such a low-down drunkard. Poor Collins had tried to save himself, but it was no use. Rum had him down with chains of steel. He felt life was not worth living and was tempted to end it all by some means.

He landed back in Vancouver last spring as hopeless a case as you ever saw. He was on the verge of despair. "Hark! what is that?" Singing on the street corner. "I will see what's going on," says he to himself. He draws near. What singing! All about Jesus and His mighty power to save. Hark! Someone is speaking. What is he saying? He is telling a crowd of wretched, blind, sinful men of the love of Jesus Christ for the worst down-and-out fellow, and how this blood has the power to blot out all the guilty past and give him dominion over all the power of the enemy. He tells how the Son of God saved him, a poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinner, lifted him up and made a man of him.

Collins listens, spell-bound. Others follow with ringing voices and shining faces. He sees a shimmer of hope at last. "There is yet a chance for Collins," he murmurs to himself. They say the blood of Jesus Christ can save a poor down-and-out drunkard. "That's me." He follows the crowd to the mission. At the invitation of the leader he, along with others is down at the altar crying for mercy. It comes. What a change! The old life goes in an instant. Rum, tobacco, gambling, swearing and all evaporate. A few

weeks later He is wonderfully sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost.

This man arrested my attention the first time I heard him testify. He had just recently been sanctified. How his face shone. He always held his right arm towards heaven all the while he spoke. He says, "God told me to lift up my hand when I was seeking sanctification, and when I did the blessing came." So he *keeps* it up. One day he stated in his testimony that he was to leave the city for some time and requested the prayers of the saints. I neglected to say that he now had a united and happy home. I was sorry to hear him say that he was to leave. His presence and unctuous words so blessed my soul. But he was missing next time I came.

Three months rolled away. One Sunday when I entered the place of worship whom should I see but Collins. I wondered if one saved from such a life would still be "happy on the way." I was not long left in doubt. When testimonies were in order Collins was one of the first up. I looked. The same shine illumined his bronzed face. Up went the right hand. With emotion the lips moved. "Friends, he said, "since I bade you good-bye and asked you to pray for me, I have been three months at sea, surrounded by the hardest of men. But I want to say that since I staggered into this mission last spring and gave my heart to God, the devil has had no more dominion over me. The men I have been among would say to me, "This experience you tell us about is only a passing fancy that will soon fade away." But I thank God, the fire is still burning in my soul. I have never lost it for one moment."

Several months more have passed, and Collins is still testifying with his face shining and his hand raised like a steeple to heaven. Other men who are as wretched as he was hang on his messages with breathless interest and request a chance to talk with him over this wonderful salvation. He tells them, "When I came to this city last spring I had a sore head, and a sore heart, and an empty pocket-book. Now I have a sane head, a heart filled with the love of God, and something in my pocket." There is no limit to the mercy and power of God. Oh, for more tenderness and unction with which to tell lost men of sin's one great remedy—the blood and compassion of Jesus Christ.

26 Tenth Ave. East, Vancouver, B. C.

America's Biggest Fraud

REV. C. E. CORNELL

A number of years ago Mrs. Della M. Gilbert, a Christian Science healer, belonging to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, was ejected. Some time afterward she asserted that Mrs. Eddy was being kept in seclusion because she was either dead or a "mindless puppet." To disprove these assertions a number of newspaper men were admitted to Chestnut Hill and permitted to see Mrs. Eddy pass them in her carriage at a distance of fifty feet. Note: they could come no closer than fifty feet. Why this caution? As the carriage passed, a feeble old woman, pale-faced and attired in a purple gown, waved her white-gloved hand at them and was announced by one of the students to be Mrs. Eddy. A statement

was given out by the Christian Science leaders at the time that Mrs. Eddy did exist in flesh, and also gave this illuminating(?) sentence as coming from Mrs. Eddy herself: "It is self evident that the discoverer of an eternal truth can not be a temporal fraud." But during the year 1908, *McClure's Magazine* published a series of articles proving conclusively that Mrs. Mary Mason Baker Glover Patterson Eddy was guilty of almost all the crimes in the calendar, and that she was the greatest known fraud in America.

Subsequently, Mrs. Eddy has really died. Now her deluded followers are expecting her to rise from the grave like Jesus Christ. Here is an extract from Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, a leading Christian Scientist, recently published in the *New York World*: "I know, and every true believer in Christian Science must know, that Mrs. Eddy will make a manifestation, will reveal herself to me and to others, to the outside world, the unbelievers, too. The same situation exists today as when Jesus of Nazareth died and was buried. After three days He manifested Himself, to prove that there is life after death. Mrs. Eddy will do the same, for she occupies in the world of today precisely the same position that Jesus occupied in His day." Note that Mrs. Eddy is made equal with Jesus Christ. What unadulterated blasphemy!

But Mrs. Stetson goes on and very clearly implies a doubt in her own mind. "It may take, will take, longer for Mrs. Eddy to pass through the experience of material death to the stage of demonstration of everlasting life. It may not occur for years, or it may occur tomorrow or next week. But she will manifest herself and all men shall know it."

Mrs. Stetson then proceeds. "Those in the church who profess doubt of such demonstration are like the disciples who doubted until they saw and felt Jesus. I shall see Mrs. Eddy again, and I shall walk by her side, holding her hand, along the path that leads to life which has no death. All men who will believe will be shown how they may, by spiritual means, demonstrate over death, but first they must await Mrs. Eddy's manifestation.

"Yesterday I would not answer questions relating to the expected demonstration of Mrs. Eddy—her resurrection as some call it. I felt then that the hour for me to speak had not come. Today I am convinced that the time is proper. From all quarters I am receiving reports of demoralization and sadness in the field of Christian Science because of the delay in the demonstration and because of the spreading abroad of declarations that Mrs. Eddy will not manifest herself."

"To say that Mrs. Eddy has gone forever is to deny the very principles of Christian Science, and to refute the teaching of her life and works."

The reader can rest assured that the old lady is gone forever; she will never return, but no doubt her dupes will make an excuse, or palm off some other quack or fraud on the unsuspecting and easily deceived public. Christian Science, with not a scintilla of truth for a foundation, denying the material body, sickness (why so many healers?), death, sin, the atonement, hell and the judgment, will very soon fall of its own weight.

How men and women of ordinary intelligence can be deceived by a palaver of

meaningless phrases is a difficult query. Recently in the city of Los Angeles, Hermann S. Hering, C. S. B., of Concord, N. H., a member of the Board of Lectureship of the mother church of Boston, said in one of his lectures: "Perfect God, perfect man, perfect being, is the basis of all Christian Science teaching, analysis and practice. Disease, sin, death, all discords, are therefore to be classed as errors of mortal consciousness, as mesmeric, illusory, mental conditions. On this basis they can be corrected with truth, while they can not be corrected so long as they are classed as either physical or mental realities. Even according to psychology and philosophy they are not objectified sense impressions."

These mystifying sentences are purposeful to deceive the unwary. They are high-sounding, with no sense; if sense, they are full of rot. They have but little basis in human life and are clearly inconsistent with the plain teaching of the Word of God.

Mrs. Mary Mason Baker Glover Patterson Eddy is now held to be equal with God, synonymous with the blessed Holy Spirit, and is now to be resurrected like our Divine Lord. Such sacrilege and blasphemy has never before been known. She was the biggest fraud the world has even seen. The church she established is little less.

The Master's Vineyard

H. M. CHAMBERS

In Isaiah 5:1 these words occur: "My well-bleoved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill."

We do not wish to deal with the first application of the text which is prophetic and applies to the Jewish people. We shall attempt a second, spiritual application to the individual heart life. "For he is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh: But he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God." The heart is truly the moral vineyard of the Lord.

The place of this vineyard is in a hill. The heart of man is in man, who is the most eminent of all earth's creatures. God said to him, "Have dominion," thus giving him authority over all other creatures. God also made man in His own image, and having so exalted him He has a right to expect from His highest creature the best results. The hill is to be very fruitful.

This vineyard is owned by the Well-beloved of the Godhead. It is the greatest delight of a sanctified man to acknowledge and to contemplate the purchased right of the Divine Vinedresser to his heart vineyard. It having been bought with no less price than His own blood freely spilt on Calvary, so he gladly affirms at all times the supreme right of his Lord to His own.

When the vineyard was first taken in charge by the Master, He found it to be all despoiled and ruined; full of brambles, thistles and noxious weeds. He proceeded at once in the work of reclamation and cleansing, uprooting and burning every hurtful growth, and repairing its walls for protection against the further inroads of enemies.

The soil of the vineyard is rich, productive and deep and therefore will justify a high state of cultivation. For this reason the Owner plows it deeply and pulverizes every stubborn clod. Then after the vines are planted and growing, He further tests its submission and usefulness by frequent and strenuous cultivation.

Everything in the vineyard is reduced to Divine order. No more insubordination. God places the plants, nourishes and trains them. The little shoots and tendrils, which are thoughts, words and acts, soon develop into gnarly branches which we call habits. Hence the need of regular and drastic pruning. New wood is required for fine fruit. God prepares to keep our heart experience fresh. He does not intend to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness for today from yesterday's experience. What is Jesus to your heart now?

The Divine Vinedresser has a sharp knife and an unsparing hand. If you submit to His method, He will keep folks hanging around your vineyard all the time with their mouths watering for your juicy clusters. Hallelujah!

When visiting the vineyard it is necessary to keep to the paths. We are not to overrun and trample the vines and clusters, i. e., in our meetings at times demonstration is not in the Spirit, but overrides the rights of others and hinders or defeats the best interests of the work. Jumping and shouting right in the midst of a sweet solo, or drowning out an unctuous testimony or prayer so it can not be heard may please Satan rather than the Lord. The Holy Spirit will not cause us to be ill-mannered. If the divine will and order is obeyed in the vineyard an abundance of luscious and fragrant fruit will result.

Another delightful fact is that the Well-beloved erects a tower in the midst of the vineyard, for His own abiding place, for protection, and comfort. What sweet assurance and rest results from the indwelling presence of the Master! Praise His name!

The quantity and quality of the precious fruit thus obtained make the erection of the winepress in the midst of the vineyard necessary. The winepress in the vineyard of the heart is the will to suffer for Jesus and the gospel's sake. Why? "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. For what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" To get the benefit of the grape it must be crushed. Life's great battles are heart battles. Real suffering is suffering at the heart. One may say, "I am having such a battle, such a struggle, suffering so." Yes, God is working the winepress in your heart. Again, "I am under a crushing responsibility, a crushing burden, a crushing sorrow, or a crushing disappointment." We answer, the winepress is doing its appointed work in your heart vineyard.

Now all this is that He may bring out from His vineyard the wine of the kingdom. And what is it? True fellowship. Paul prayed that he might know the fellowship of the sufferings of Jesus. For whom he had suffered the loss of all things and counted them but dung that he might win Christ and be found in Him. Those who suffer together have real fellowship if their motive is the

same. If one hears you speaking the peculiar language of the kingdom and understands you, it is because he has been under the same trying pressure of suffering adversity and self-sacrifice for Jesus' dear sake, and has learned the sweet language peculiar to the realm. Jesus promises that those who suffer with

Him here will reign with Him yonder. He said to His disciples at the last supper, "I will not henceforth drink of this fruit of the vine, until I drink it new with you in the kingdom of my Father." That is, the old wine of heart suffering here is to be turned into the new wine of

heavenly joy there: "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." The greater the quantity and richer the quality of the wine which He presses out of our heart vineyard here, the greater and richer the new wine of joy will be to us there. He that soweth in tears shall reap in joy."

KANSAS HOLINESS INSTITUTE.

Mother and Little Ones

There's a Call in the Air

There's a call in the air, and it comes from afar;
There's a message of peace and a gate left ajar.
And the call is for workers—for you and for me—
And the message is, "Come," for salvation is free.

There's abundance of work for the old and the young;
There are sheaves to be gathered and songs to be sung.
And the work is to tell of a Savior above,
And the song is the old, old story of love.

There's a field that is wide and a harvest that's white;
There's a noonday that's swiftly passing to night.
And the harvest is wasting, for reapers are few;
And the Lord of the harvest is calling for you.

There's a cross and a crown and a grave rent in twain;
There's a Victor o'er death who forever shall reign.
And he giveth the crown if the cross you will bear,
And He'll pilot you safe through the Valley of Fear.

There's a call in the air, and it comes from afar;
There's a message of peace and a gate is ajar.
And the call is for workers—for you and for me—
And the message is, "Come," for salvation is free.

—John Richard Moreland.

Margaret Deland's Giving

IONE KNAUER BATES

Pretty Minnie Soule had gone up to her shabby attic bedroom to escape from the sharp tone of her mother, who was wearily bending over the washtub in the one room below. Poor woman! Her heart was kind and loving and she worshiped her young daughter, but her life had been a hard one.

Once—how long ago it seemed—she herself had been young and blooming, careless and thoughtless of everything but to have a good time during the fleeting days of youth. Then she married "no-account Jim Soule," and had known nothing but trouble since. Children came fast, but all pined away and died early, except the youngest daughter.

Minnie, from her birth, had been healthy, lustily demanding her right to care and attention, and had grown daily in beauty and attractiveness. In her daintiness and wild-rose beauty she seemed a being of another world than that of her sordid home environment.

Her mother, by hard and constant labor, had managed to keep her in school and always daintily clad; but association with favored girls, from prosperous homes, bred discontent with her own lot and surroundings, and in her selfish little heart there was no appreciation of her mother's self-sacrificing, hard-working life; only the rankling memory of the sharp speeches that came as

the result of overtired nerves and a real desire to have this fair young daughter pleasing in character as well as outwardly attractive.

Minnie had intercepted the postman that morning and received a letter that now, safe in the seclusion of her room, she pulled from the folds of her shirt-waist and proceeded to read. It was from a girl friend who had recently gone to a near-by city. She wrote glowingly of the "good times" she was having; of fine clothes, theatres, automobile rides and the devotion of Mr. W—.

Mrs. Soule had never liked the sudden attraction and strong influence this girl, an acquaintance of only a few weeks, had exerted over her daughter, and had discouraged the growing intimacy. The intuition of a mother's love had caused her to read clearly the vain, shallow, evil nature of Sarah Langdon; but the daughter had not heeded the mother's wishes, and now a great wave of distaste for her uneventful life and poor home made her suddenly resolve to accept her friend's suggestion and join her in the city. She did not stop to weigh the letter's statements. How the fine clothes and good times were obtained she did not stop to reason about. She was going to get away from everything that she hated.

She had a cheap suitcase, procured for the short, infrequent journeys that she had made to an aunt's country home. Into this she hurriedly packed the finest of her clothing, after having carefully dressed herself in the neat, ready-made suit that her mother had washed many weeks to buy. She then carefully raised the window and reached down, dropped her suitcase upon her mother's gay flower-bed, crushing the bright bloom with no greater indifference than she was feeling for the headache that her rash, ill-considered act would cause the faithful, loving mother.

As she appeared in the lower room, dressed for the street, her mother looked up from her vigorous rubbing to say querulously, "Where are you going now? Seems like on Saturdays you might help me a little; not a single dinner dish washed and it is near four o'clock, and I with an hour's work here yet."

"I am going for a walk," the girl answered, as she opened the outside door. "I couldn't suit you if I tried ever so hard, so what's the use of trying?"

She secured her suitcase, and going in the direction less likely to be observed by her mother and curious neighbors, she walked slowly until out of sight of the house, then more rapidly until she reached the little station platform. She did not enter the building to buy a ticket, but waited in a retired spot until the train pulled in; then boarded it, paying her fare to the conductor. After doing this she had less than a dollar in her purse; but, with her ignorance of city life, this did not trouble her. She would find Sarah, and all would be well.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," Margaret Deland had heard her pastor give this text as the subject of his discourse the previous Sabbath. Not an unusual text, and Miss Deland had wondered what unusual presentation of the old theme would be brought home to the waiting congregation; for Dr. Whiting was a thought-

ful teacher of spiritual truths, with a magnetic power of oratory. Before the sermon was finished, she had been stirred to the very depths of her conventional nature by the earnestness and eloquence of the speaker. He had not talked of money-giving. But of giving one's self in little acts of thoughtful kindness. He had spoken of the Savior's ministry of service. It was not known that He had ever given any one money, but He had healed the sick, given sight to the blind, made the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, raised the dead, and, forgetting of weariness, had given words of wisdom and help to the multitudes who thronged about Him, eager only for the loaves and fishes.

It was now late Sunday afternoon, and all through the week that Sabbath morning sermon had aroused questionings and a half-conscious wish that she might make her life more worthy of the name of Christian. She was sitting in the waiting room of the city's great Union Station. She had driven down to meet her father and, in the gathering dusk, sat idly watching the crowd coming and going. As the electric lights were turned on, flooding the great building with light her attention was arrested by the evident anxiety and distress of a very young girl, with a sweet, babyish face, who was standing very near her seat.

The ringing sentences heard last Sabbath morning were fresh in her mind, and a voice seemed to say: "Here is your opportunity; this young girl is in trouble; perhaps you can help her."

Acting upon the good impulse, she approached the girl and said, with all the charm for which Margaret Deland was noted in society, "Pardon me, but I thought you appeared troubled. Can I be of any assistance?"

Minnie Soule, relieved at being addressed by someone who seemed to care and was not wholly taken up with her own affairs, poured out her tale in such a hurried, incoherent manner that it required both patience and tact for Miss Deland to get a clear understanding of the situation. At last she said, "O, I think I understand. You have lost the address of the friend you came to visit and can get no trace of her. Have you examined a directory?"

"Yes," Minnie answered, "the lady over there," pointing to the depot matron, "did that for me; but, you see, my friend hasn't been here long, and her name isn't in the book. She," nodding towards the matron, "said I'd better go to Y. W. C. A. rooms for tonight, and she would go with me as soon as she could; but, oh, I am so tired of this crowd, and it is getting so dark. If only I could find Sarah! Wouldn't you think that among all these people some one would know her? At home we know everybody."

Ignoring the latter part of this speech, for her father's train was due, Miss Deland said: "My car is outside, and I will take you to the Association's home. I am waiting for my father. I will go and tell the matron that I will take care of you."

Mr. Deland was a little surprised at his conservative daughter's action, but made no comment, and patiently waited in the car while the two girls went into the Association building and Margaret arranged for the care and comfort of her charge. When taking leave, she said: "I shall be over to see you in the morning, and we will then decide upon what it is best to do."

Early the following Sabbath morning, the elegant Miss Deland and the unsophisticated country girl were talking familiarly together. The city girl's tact and sweetness won the whole story from Minnie—of her dissatisfaction with her home life and her flight.

"And your mother does not know where you are! Oh, my child, how you have made

her grieve through the long hours of the night! Have any of your neighbors a telephone? Yes! Then you must let me send her a message at once."

After the message had been sent, Miss Deland carried her protegee off with her to morning service. That was a wonderful Sabbath day to the young country girl. The systematized work of the different departments of a city church revealed to her an earnest purpose on the part of the workers to help towards the world's betterment. She found that even a goodly number of the rich live for something besides "a good time."

The first train Monday morning carried Minnie to her home. The stately young lady, in her quiet dress and sweet manners, had helped her to see many things in an entirely different light than she had seen them before. She now thought with contrition of her mother's life of toil and slighted love, of the shallowness and possible sinfulness of Sarah Langdon's life that she had planned to share. She came back to her mother a changed girl. Margaret Deland did not forget her. An influence, through this brief acquaintance, entered her life that molded her character into fine, true lines, and she matured into wholesome, lovable womanhood.

Henceforth Margaret was watching for the opportunities of service, and her days were filled with loving acts of kindness, to the home people first, then stretching out in ever-broadening paths of cheer and usefulness.

"It is a joy just to be alive," she murmured, happily, one morning, as she opened her casement and listened to the caroling of the birds. "I must tell Dr. Whiting that I have tested its verity, and know that it is more blessed to give one's self and not just money. The motto for our days should be: 'Who gives himself with his gifts serves three—himself, his suffering brother and Me.'—Herald and Presbyterian.

Melvin and Mr. Goldfinch

ELSIE CAMPBELL

Melvin ran up the front steps, through the hall and dining room and into the kitchen, sniffing hungrily as he went.

Mother stood at the bake board, finishing off the edges of two fat apple pies.

"Mother!" exclaimed Melvin, in dismay, "are you only just making the pies? I thought dinner would be all ready. I most thought it was all over and you had forgotten to call me. When will dinner be ready, mother? It must be thirty hours since we had breakfast, and I'm so hungry."

"Dinner will be ready in two hours, lad-die," said mother. "It is just 10 o'clock now."

"Two hours," groaned Melvin. "I never can wait."

"Would a fresh biscuit with strawberry jam help out any?" asked mother.

"M-m-m-m" and Melvin smacked his lips.

Mother finished the pies and put them in the oven, then went into the pantry. Presently she came out, carrying the little tin A. B. C. plate that had been the delight of Melvin's babyhood. On it were two puffy, golden-brown rolls, the kind that Melvin called "pocket-books" because they opened that way. The rosy jam was oozing out at the edges and Melvin's mouth fairly watered.

"Give 'em to me quick, mother," he cried. "I can't wait. Now where shall I go to eat them?" I know—I'll go out to Maple avenue."

Maple avenue was two rows of large, shady maples between the lawn and the orchard. Melvin selected a shady spot, where the grass was soft and thick. He stretched himself out full length and attacked his first "pocket book."

Oh! how good it was! Could any one else in the whole world make such good jam and pocket-book biscuits as his mother, he wondered.

He was just finishing his second one when suddenly a little voice rang out just above him.

"Where'd-you-get-it, where'd-you-get-it, where'd-you-get-it?"

Melvin sprang to his feet and peered up into the branches, but could see nothing; a moment later the question was repeated farther down the avenue, "Where'd-you-get-it, where'd-you-get-it, where'd-you-get-it?"

Melvin walked softly in the direction of the sound and finally caught a glimpse of a gayly feathered little creature flitting among the branches. He crept on as noiselessly as a little Indian till he came at last to the tree where the little fellow was perched. What a handsome little fellow he was, too! He was dressed in a brilliant suit of yellow and black. His head was cocked saucily on one side, and his bright, black eye had an inquiring look as it gazed down at Melvin, as if he were waiting for an answer to his question.

Suddenly he twirled round on his perch and called sharply, "Look-a-here, look-a-here, look-a-here!"

Down flew another bird and alighted beside him. It bore a family resemblance to the first, but was dressed in the more subdued colors of gray and pale yellow.

Together they eyed curiously the little lad below, and exchanged comments through the medium of soft twitterings. Perhaps they were remarking about his very wide mouth, but if they had had the courage to go near enough for a close scrutiny they would have discovered that only about one-third of that red streak was mouth, while the remaining two-thirds was strawberry jam.

There was a sudden flash of yellow and black and the birds vanished from sight. A few minutes later the clear call rang out again, this time apparently from the plum thicket at the far side of the orchard.

And hark! what was the rollicking little fellow saying now? Melvin thought he must be sending back a challenge for a game of hide-and-seek, for surely the call this time could only be interpreted as, "Right-in-here, right-in-here, right-in-here."

Melvin did not accept the challenge, but raced to the house to tell mother.

"And he was just the 'beautifullest' bird you ever saw, mother," he concluded. "Yellow on his back and breast, and black wings and tail, with a few white feathers mixed in. And oh, the cutest little patch of black on top of his head! It made him look like Cousin Ralph does when he wears his golf cap—sort o' pulled down over his eyes, you know. What do you s'pose that bird's name is, mother?"

Mother smiled knowingly, but she merely said, "Suppose you get the bird book and see if you can find him."

"Why sure enough," said Melvin; "I never thought of the bird book."

In a few minutes mother heard an excited little shout from the sitting room.

"Here they are, mother—both of them! Looks just 'zackly like 'em, too. They are sitting on a big thistle and their name is g-o-l-d-f-i-n-c-h. What does that spell?"

"Goldfinch."

"That's a dandy name. Just suits him. Here is the name again on the next page, and a lot of reading. I guess it must be about him. Will you read it to me, mother?"

"I'll tell it to you, while you set the table, if you like. I think I know about what it says."

Melvin skipped to his task, and soon knives, forks and spoons were clinking softly while mother talked.

"He has other names besides that of goldfinch," she began. "He is called the Wild Canary because of his sweet song, and Thistle Bird because of his fondness for the seeds of that plant."

"That is how he came to have his picture taken sitting on a thistle, isn't it?" said Melvin.

"Yes. The bird that is with him is his wife, Mrs. Goldfinch. Like most other little bird wives, she dresses in much plainer clothes than her husband. Probably because her chief duty is staying at home, mothering the babies, while he must often go abroad on business and singing tours and needs a handsome suit for such occasions.

"The finches are a very friendly family; they are often found in flocks, especially at mealtime. Their food is chiefly seeds, and they are especially fond of sunflower

seeds. I remember once when I was a little girl Aunt Nettie came up from Kansas for a visit, and she told me that when she planted her sunflowers, she always put in some extras for the little wild Canaries to feed on during the winter. She said the sight of the merry little band, who came regularly every morning for their breakfast, more than paid for her trouble.

"I never found but one goldfinch's nest. I was walking along the elder bushes near the brook on grandpa's farm, when suddenly I heard a call that sounded like 'Look-a-here, look-a-here, look-a-here.'"

"Oh, mother, did it sound like that to you, too?"

"Yes, very much like it," laughed mother. I stopped and listened and waited. Soon I caught a glimpse of a little fellow in yellow and black flitting from twig to twig. I stepped into the bushes for a better view of him, and there before me was the nest. It was a tiny thing, made of grass strongly woven together and lined with the softest thistle down. There were four little eggs of a pale, bluish color. The mother bird was nowhere in sight. I imagine Mr. Goldfinch was keeping house while she was off to a sunflower tea. He was so proud and happy he just had to call me to look at him and the nest."

Melvin laughed gleefully. "That's just like him," he said.

"And now it's time to ring the dinner bell," said mother.

"So soon!" exclaimed Melvin. "What a short morning it has been.—Selected.

The Boy

The boy looked just like any other boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, as he walked carelessly down the street, whistling Yankee Doodle.

"I'm so hungry," exclaimed a voice, and he looked down into a pair of big pleading eyes. "I'm so hungry," the eyes said, although their owner had not spoken.

The boy was about to pass on, when a sudden thought made him turn and dig both hands into his pockets, only to draw them out again—empty. He looked ashamed.

He thought of the candy and the nuts he had eaten that very day, but he had no money now when he needed it.

He gazed thoughtfully at the little girl. She was selling flowers, but the day was hot, and they were all wilted.

He seized a bunch and waved them in the air: "Flowers! Flowers! Buy my fresh flowers!"

Someone laughed. The boy's cheeks burned, but he saw his mistake, and tried again.

"Buy a bunch of these fine flowers," he called; "place them in water, and see them pop open."

A lady stopped. She looked, and smiled. But she bought two bunches. Then a man bought one, and two little girls each took two. For a long time after that none bought any.

The sweat stood on the boy's forehead in great drops, but he did not give up till they were all sold, except a few which were too badly wilted.

He gave the money to the little girl, with the promise that he would be back the next day.

Early next morning he appeared bringing a great bunch of chrysanthemums.

"For every bunch of violets you buy you may have one chrysanthemum!" he called to the hurrying people.

Soon the flowers were all gone, and they sat down to divide the profits.

"You take half, please," cried the little girl.

"All right; here's your share," and the boy just had time to stuff it into her hand, and jump onto the car for home.

The little girl did not look at her hand until she was halfway home. Then she gave a loud cry—she was holding a twenty-dollar bill!

A few weeks later the boy's father had the little girl and her mother sent to a cottage in the country.

But it was all because of the boy, who, as I said before, looked just like any other boy twelve or thirteen years old.—Arlene Putnam

Making Progress in Our Work Over the Sea

Good News from India

"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Such tidings as come to us from Brother and Sister Eaton from Calcutta, India, will refresh the heart of the church. There are some sad notes, but the Lord is leading on in His own wonderful way. This mission was so providentially, if not miraculously laid in our lap and has been so marvelously watered by such great outpourings of the Holy Spirit that the heart and prayers of the church has been drawn close about it, and their special offerings have been poured out to begin the founding there of a great missionary center to be known as "Hallelujah Village," where Hope School, homes for missionaries, etc., should be provided. The call of Brother Jacques to close out his business in this country and go at his own expense, to assist in its business affairs, as well as to help care for and push the work in every way, was such a special providence; the going of Sister Eaton, two or three years ago, to examine into and supervise the work, and her and her husband's recent going, to reinforce and help the work, together with the two young ladies recently sent; have all so called the attention of the church that news of the working out of the plans has been eagerly awaited. It is well known that a plot of ground called "The Summer Garden" was purchased by Brother Jacques sometime ago, but that there had been much delay in regard to the perfecting of the title. Though often assured by the attorneys that it would be all right, they were at last obliged to admit that a perfect title could not be given. All of which has been strangely overruled to the furtherance of the work. I insert here in full Sister Eaton's letter bearing upon the matter.

"At last we have reached our desired haven. It was a long, tiresome trip and we are delighted to again be on land.

"We found Brother Jacques, Sister Banarjee and all the workers reasonably well in body, and joyful in the Lord. We were distressed to learn that many were quite ill at Hope School. Malaria fever has carried off eight of our dear children in the last two months, and several others are still suffering from the same malady. The crowded condition is, no doubt, at least in some measure, the cause, and God has heard and answered our cries for relief. It is another proof of His marvelous love to-us-ward and to His dear, little, suffering ones of this dark land.

"We did not secure the 'Summer Garden,' as Brother Jacques had hoped, but our God knew of our pressing needs and gave us something better to suit our necessities. After Brother Jacques had patiently waited over a year to settle for the land which he had actually bought, the big law firm finally admitted that the title was not good, although they had assured him over and over that it was all right. Just at this trying juncture God miraculously opened the way for him to secure fully the same amount of land in a more healthful place, in an European district, a little closer in, and best of all, with several buildings already on it, so that with some re-adjustments and a little repairing, we can have our 'Hallelujah Village' in full swing shortly. We have practically a ten-room house. There is one very large room which we will use for an assembly room. This one house could not be built for less than \$4,000. Then we have two large one-story buildings of two rooms each, which will make fine sleeping rooms for the children. Another still larger building across a pretty grass plat, will provide fine school rooms. A long row of smaller rooms, we call 'go downs,' connect the sleeping rooms and school rooms on the north side, and in the last one of these we have arranged a native kitchen with three brick stoves, or cooking places (such as the natives use) to cook the children's food, being conveniently close to our large school room, which can also be used as a dining room. Thus we have ample room for all our



□ □

Hope School

□ □

We would again call the attention of our friends to our work in connection with Hope School, Calcutta, India, and of all those that would like to assist in caring for these widows and orphans, and in paying for the land purchased for Hallelujah Village, and erection of the needed buildings on the same. At the meeting of the general foreign missionary board last October, Mrs. E. M. Tanner was elected to take Sister E. G. Eaton's place as the "American Mother," and is taking care of the departments of the work that Sister Eaton attended to. Now that the board has sent Sister Eaton to assist in the work of Hope School, in Calcutta, India, all funds for the above named work should be sent directly to Mrs. E. M. Tanner, 574 Spokane Avenue, Portland, Ore., who will see that the same is forwarded direct to the object for which it is given, by our general treasurer, who will report the same in his monthly and annual reports.

H. F. REYNOLDS,

General Missionary Secretary.

needs. We are building a good brick wall around this part, containing Hope School buildings; but later on will enclose the whole compound, as our 'Hallelujah Village,' which in this country must be enclosed.

"On either side of the mission house are rooms or 'go downs' suitable to shelter all our preachers and Bible women. Just a little to one side of the entrance is the stable 'go-downs' and also a long narrow room, not so narrow either, when considering its length, for it reaches nearly to the south boundary line; which will make a fine boys' department, either for a school or an industrial department. No doubt this will be our boys' school unless we receive means to build upon a foundation already in, for another building, but which, for some reason, was not built. Thus you see how God has gloriously overruled and given us more than we scarcely dared hope for.

"We were wondering where we should live, for the \$5,000 secured for buildings would have only provided our school building, with no provision for a missionary home. Already the young ladies here were distressed, for their board was costing them \$22 per month, and their salary being \$25. Rents are also very high in Calcutta, and it surely would have been a problem for us all to live. Our Father knew, and so provided some better way. Now with only a little extra outlay, we can all be comfortable, with room for more. It will take time, but that is no consideration in this country. It simply tries our patience to the very limit, to get anything accomplished. So you folks will need to be patient with us. However, with Brothers Jacques and Eaton to watch, plan and urge, I am sure we shall have a real 'Hallelujah Village' that will be a credit to the cause we represent, and glorify God.

"The grounds are beautiful, with ponds, one of which is a veritable little lake containing fish and affording a fine bathing place. There are a number of fine fruit trees and cocoanut trees, with space for gardening. We are inside the city limits, about three miles from the heart of the city. The street car is about a mile, with

prospect of extension bringing it near. The railroad station is close, with a less fare than on the tram. Then we have two gharries and horses, so we can manage nicely.

"This beautiful place with all its buildings, cost the previous owners 80,000 rupees, and this was the price they asked for it over a year ago when Brother Jacques tried to secure it. On account of the price and the discouragements just then upon him, he gave it up and began negotiations for the 'Summer Garden.' Thank God, it is now ours, and a copy of the deed will be sent to the Board. This beautiful place with all the buildings of brick, plastered inside and out, with cement floors throughout, cost us 55,000 rupees. Brother Jacques paid 35,000 000 rupees, leaving a balance of 20,000 rupees (\$6,666) as a mortgage at 8x per cent interest. We hope to move the children in a few weeks; so by the time this reaches you we will all be in our new home. It seems too good to be true. Of course it will take time to get everything in order; there is so much to do and the climate is so trying; we dare not rush about and we must be careful of the sun. Then the sights here are sickening. O, the poverty and distress of these people! It works on our nerves tremendously. It is hard to manage without the language. I am sure I never can master it, with all my other duties. O, these poor people! how we long for their salvation! Sunday, at the hall two sought and found Jesus. Thus our first service was a joyful one. The Misses Hargrove and Mangum are delving into the language, and their teacher says they are doing fine.

"After reading the above to Brother Jacques he says it is not really strong enough; that my description has been very mild. I only wish you could see for yourself what God Himself hath wrought for us. I make this plain, positive statement of genuine facts, that the friends man know what has been done, especially in reference to 'Hallelujah Village.' Later on I will send pictures of buildings and of the rooms which have been named for the donors. We owe everything in this matter under God to the untiring zeal of Brother Jacques."

P. F. BRESEE.

Buldana, Berar, India

The mission work in the Marath's District is progressing well. Jamner is again resumed after temporary suspension of work on account of Miss Simmon's death by smallpox. The heathen never seemed more favorable to the gospel than now. Brother Campbell reports great interest in Mehkar. We have missionaries who will get the message to the people if they have to walk many weary miles daily. Only sixty dollars would provide a pair of oxen so Brother Campbell could ride. Who will refuse the yoke of oxen? General conditions encouraging and our faith is rising.

L. S. TRACY.

From Japan

The past few weeks have been ones of keen testings and repeated onslaughts of the enemy, but, praise God, His is the victory. We greatly rejoice in the fact that a good number of earnest seekers have resulted from the services, that the Bible classes continue to increase in attendance and interest, and the attendance at Sunday school keeps up well. The Lord has given us a fine interpreter who is an earnest, consecrated young man. It rejoices our heart to see with what interest he does personal work.

In a few days Brother Nagamatsu will be with us to push the battle and how the heart rejoices as the burden lifts and we see help near at hand.

We are sad to know of the cause of Sister Williams' delay. May the dear Lord sustain her in this hour of affliction. We will gladly welcome her as soon as she can come.

Yours for the lost,

CORA G. SNIDER.

Carrying the Glad-Tidings to ALL People



I have much that I could write of all that concerns the work, but can not in a short letter, but I will endeavor to give you some account of the Lord's dealings and leadings since I last wrote.

The printing work: This has been signally blessed. I have had Brother Gay see my books and the business that has been done since last June till the end of the year. I have begun the New Year with an inventory of stock of \$362.16. I started last June with \$137 worth; from this the paper has been printed, gratis largely, for seven months, and several thousand tracts also. Many have gone out. One thousand copies of the paper go out every month; four pages have been added this year to its size. I have a force of four in the shop, all boys, the eldest seventeen, and myself. We are now at work printing the Manual into Spanish. This will be paid by the copies bought by the workers and others who may want it. I have a nice list of subscribers in the Argentine Republic, and send to all the missionaries that I can get in touch with who are working among the Spanish speaking peoples. I have had encouraging words from some of the workers and different Christians from all over.

The mission in Tuxtla: I am of the opinion that this is a good time for us to acquire property in Tuxtla, and that the way is open for us to occupy that very important center of this state. Brother Stafford writes me that he has the money to buy a mission there. The Presbyterians have left the field and the town is now without a preacher of any kind. Brother Gay is now on a trip to Tuxtla and will be able to give you a good account of its needs and importance for us to give out the light there. Also as a place for our missionaries to go and get out of this hot malarial district a short while every year.

The mission at San Geronimo: I am very much in hopes that we will soon have this very important station occupied by our Brother Spake and Delgado from the state of Guerrero; the conditions of war that have created such havoc among that people are such that they are forced to seek a new field of labor and at my invitation they are coming to San Geronimo. They are selling out what they can to help them get there, and I expect that by the middle or end of February they will be with us. I have consulted Brother Gay, and he is of the same mind. These brethren are well fitted for the work and are ready to go at it. Brother Spake has acquired the language and can preach and teach and sing. Brother Delgado has a good experience of holiness, and has stood for God, and will be a blessing to that people. They have not questioned as to support, but I believe that you brethren will do what you can to help them while in the work. I have put in a petition to the Board for \$12.50 a month towards the support of our brother Francisco Sanchez to go out as colporteur. He has stood the seige well and been faithful to God, and his life surely proves the truth that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all that believe. The Bible agent in Mexico City will furnish all the Bibles he wants and give him the proceeds for expenses.

At Jalisco: I was there last week and made arrangements for the renting of the little field north of the mission, in payment for the taxes during the year and the repairing of fences. There is need of a school there, and place for a good man and wife. The Lord will provide in due time. I shall go and preach there as I can get away from here, about once a month. There is no membership there, and no interest at all. The work has to begin again. Much harm was

Report of General Missionary Treasurer

Of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene
October 1, 1912 to February 1, 1913

RECEIPTS

DISTRICTS		
Abilene	\$ 548 18
Alabama	13 00
Alberta	85 00
Arkansas	300 00
Chicago Central	349 75
Colorado	174 64
Dakota and Montana	139 28
Dallas	297 28
Idaho	13 00
Iowa	33 17
Kansas	175 79
Kentucky	23 71
Louisiana	81 45
Missouri	51 23
New England	522 69
Northwest	384 90
Oklahoma	210 25
Pittsburgh	230 51
San Francisco	140 36
Southeast	142 81
Southeast Tennessee	117 12
Southern California	832 00
Washington-Philadelphia	50 00
		\$5,170 41
MISCELLANEOUS		
Africa Famine Fund	\$ 74 44
Africa Chapel	65 50
Africa Special	1 10
Eunice Crick Estate, Mexico	680 65
Hallelujah Village	524 45
Hitchens Estate, India	100 00
Hope School, Calcutta, India	1,309 70
India Native Workers	34 50
Japan Native Workers	57 00
Miss Myrtle Mangum	100 00
Monroe est't, to be held in trust	1,602 49
Miss Daisy Skinner	125 00
Interest from Bank	12 83
		4,687 66
Total Receipts from all Sources	\$9,858 07

DISBURSEMENTS

GENERAL FUND		
Africa	\$ 260 00
Brava, Cape Verde Islands	140 00
Calcutta, India	896 00
Western India	600 00
Japan	631 80
Mexico, D. F.	175 00
Northern Mexico	350 00
Southern Mexico	200 00
Mexico Specials	256 84
Incidental Fund	139 55
Rev. Herbert Hunt	233 32
E. G. Anderson	166 64
Rev. H. F. Reynolds	166 64
Contingent Fund	185 00
Miss Julia R. Gibson	200 00
Rev. J. A. Chenault	30 00
Transportation J. W. Thompson and wife	300 00
Transportation L. S. Tracy and family	583 33
Traveling expenses Gen. Sec.	50 78
Traveling Expenses Miss Pool	13 65
Interest from bank	6 33
		\$5,584 88
SPECIAL FUND		
Africa Famine Fund	\$ 49 60
Crick Estate Expense	42 00
Hallelujah Village	3,294 50
Hope School	1,301 45
Miss Lela Hargrove	25 00
India Native Workers	27 00
Japan Native Workers	45 00
Miss Myrtle Mangum	50 00
Monroe Estate Expense	563 00
Miss Daisy Skinner	100 00
		5,497 64
Total Disbursements All Purposes	\$11,082 52

done by the retreat of the missionaries.

At Tonalá: The work has not been fruitless. I baptized a lady, the wife of an Englishman, several weeks ago. She was saved here. There are two more that are ready for baptism, having given proofs of a changed life; some interested ones that come and go, but do not yield. The school is small, as Sister Penuel will have a select school, and I do not blame her. She is not the one to battle with a mixed school of these children. Till a teacher is provided we shall have to get along the best we can. There is great interest among the people for a school, and we could have all the children we could tend to, with a good teacher. The people throughout these parts are at peace and have had no special disturbance, and the work can go on without being disturbed more than at any other time. Of course there is always danger, and the devil is always sending some of his agents around to meeting. A few weeks ago there was one that drew his machete at the door and said he was coming in to chop me in the head, but he didn't. CARLOS H. MILLER.

From Africa



"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength and my Redeemer."—Psa. 19: 7-14.

Amen! With the above as a text the writer steps out into the new year with real victory ahead and a determination to do her best to make this the best year of her life in the blessed Master's service. The old year has passed into eternity with its testings and many hard battles and leaves us closer to the bleeding side of our Lord, and knowing Him better than before. Praise His dear name!

We spent a precious Christmas this year; the presence of the Lord seemed so real to us all. By some extra sacrificing for a few months on our part, we were able to feed about 300 of these famine-stricken Swazies in two days. And, best of all, they all heard the gospel story at the same time, and many or most of them heard it for the first time in their lives. On Christmas day after a blessed spiritual feast in the church, with about 250 natives, most all raw heathen, they soon got rid of an ox and 60 pounds of rice, after which all of the Christians marched about five miles with us to the river where Brother Schmelzenbach baptized three girls and one man and his wife. As they were taken down into the water we sang in Zulu, "I surrender all," and one of the girls who was baptized said she could hardly keep still, her heart was so full of joy. She did surrender all, and Jesus was so near to her. The shekinah of God seemed to be in our midst during the whole service. The sacredness of such a scene in a heathen land must be witnessed to be understood.

These are some of the first fruits of our labors in Swaziland. We are not discouraged, but say with Livingstone, "Five good ones are better than five hundred bad ones." Pray that these may be true to their trust and be the means of gathering in many others.

Last Thursday Brother Schmelzenbach was sent for to come and bury a little baby in a heathen kraal about five miles away. Having no boards to make a box, he took a white sheet with him and on his arrival he found them all waiting for him with no grave dug nor anything done toward the burying of the corpse. They said they knew nothing about burying a Christian, and left it all to him. So he first wrapped the corpse in the white sheet and prepared it, and then with the help of the father of the child he dug the grave. They were hindered in this by a heavy thunderstorm, and by the time it was finished, it began to get dark. So he came home and went back and buried the baby the next morning, with only four other Christians present, three children of the same kraal and one woman of a nearby kraal, all converts of Peniel mission. The father of this kraal never comes to the mission, but through Brother Schmelzenbach's visits to the kraal reading the Word and praying and preaching to him there, his heart has been touched, and he allows all of his children to come to the mission. Three of them have been sweetly saved and are now in the class preparing for baptism. His wife, who wants to believe, refused to mourn for her baby after the custom of the heathen, but sent to us for a black cloth to wear on her head. Pray earnestly for this head man to be saved, as that will mean a whole kraal for God. Just keep praying for us and dark Swaziland and we will keep doing our best to help answer your prayers.

Yours in His glad service,

LULA SCHMELZENBACH.

The Easter Number of the Herald of Holiness will be a **RESCUE NUMBER**

We as a church have officially recognized the Rescue Work as a part of our church work. Our General Assembly appointed a National Rescue Commission, and made provision for the recognition of this work. What subject could be more appropriate for Easter than Rescue Work? ¶It is our plan to make this paper of such an excellent character and fill it so full of the real gospel of salvation that it will create a great interest in Rescue Work. At the same time the character of the matter will be such that it will be an excellent agency to promote a revival spirit in the church, and arouse sinners to their need of salvation. ¶Do you BELIEVE IN REAL MISSIONARY WORK? If so, you should do all in your power to help circulate this number of the HERALD OF HOLINESS. We will do our part by producing a most excellent number of the paper, and also by making the price so low that everybody can afford to give away several copies, at least.

Contents

¶ Besides the editorials, which will be in keeping with the day and the subject, there will be an article by DR. P. F. BRESEE, on

EASTER AND A LOST WORLD

¶ One special feature of this paper which no one can afford to miss will be the

LIFE STORY OF REV. CARL DAUEL

who was saved in a marvelous way through the agency of two girls from the Seth Rees Rescue Home in Chicago. The wonderful story of how God saved this bartender, and made him a preacher of the glorious gospel will thrill your soul and cause you to sing praises to God.

¶ AS AN EVANGELIZING AGENCY THIS STORY SHOULD BE SCATTERED BROADCAST IN EVERY COMMUNITY !

A PARTIAL LIST

¶ There will also be a number of special articles from the pens of those who are familiar with this great work, and whose words will be a blessing to the church.

WHY THE CHURCH SHOULD ENGAGE IN RESCUE WORK.
By Seth C. Rees, Pasadena, California.

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.
By J. T. Upchurch, Arlington, Texas.

DOES RESCUE WORK PAY?
By J. P. Roberts, Pilot Point, Texas.

WHY HAVE RESCUE HOMES?
By Mrs. Johnny Jernigan, Oklahoma City

The Herald of Holiness

is our church paper, and its sole aim is to help the church to fulfill its mission. We are fully convinced that to flood every community where our church is located with salvation literature will not only be a means of salvation to many, but that the church will immediately feel the stream of influence thus set in motion.

¶ No community is too small to need this paper and no church is too small to scatter at least a few.

¶ We can easily scatter 50,000 extra copies of the Rescue Number if *all* our people will only do a little. Brother, sister, we pass this way but once. Let us leave a mark on the world showing we have passed through it.

¶ Begin now by presenting the matter to your church, and plan to help circulate this special paper.

¶ ORDERS SHOULD BE IN IN PLENTY OF TIME TO GIVE US OPPORTUNITY TO PROVIDE FOR THEM. WE WANT TO MAIL THIS PAPER IN TIME TO REACH EVERY POINT IN THE U. S. BY EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 23D

A PARTIAL LIST

TRAPS FOR GIRLS.
Mrs. Jennie Hodgkin, Seattle, Washington.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR RESCUE WORK.
Miss Lue Miller, Kansas City, Missouri.

TRAFFIC IN GIRLS.
F. M. Lehman, Kansas City, Missouri.

HINDRANCES TO RESCUE WORK.
G. W. Schurman, Haverhill, Massachusetts.

¶ We expect to have some other special articles, which are not yet definitely arranged for.

A Remarkable Offer!

¶ In order that this paper may have the widest possible influence, we have decided to make the price exceptionally low.

PRICES

Single Copies mailed to separate addresses:

3 cents each; two for 5 cents

In packages to one address:

12 copies for.....	\$.25
25 copies for.....	.50
60 copies for.....	1.00
100 copies for.....	1.50
1,000 copies for.....	13.50

¶ This is *your* opportunity to stir up the community around you. Do it!

**Publishing House of the Pentecostal Church
of the Nazarene**

2109 Troost Avenue

Kansas City, Missouri

The Work and the Workers

Notes and Personals

□ □

Rev. L. N. Fogg, district superintendent of the New England District, was a much appreciated caller at the Publishing House last week. Brother Fogg has been holding some successful revival meetings in the west.

On January 1st, at the Nazarene parsonage in Bentley, Kas., Mr. Claude C. Loveall, and Miss Edna Godsey, both members of our church, were united in marriage by their pastor. May God bless them in this holy estate.

Announcements

□ □

EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN FOR CANASTOTA, N. Y.

An evangelistic campaign will open in Canastota, March 2d, with a mass meeting at 3 p. m. Arrangements have been made to have Rev. C. E. Roberts and wife, of Pilot Point, Texas, and Miss Leonora Taylor, of Mooers, N. Y., conduct the campaign. They will be present at the opening mass meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 2d, and speak and sing every evening during the entire series of meetings. We cordially invite all holiness workers in this vicinity to attend these meetings, and so far as possible we will furnish entertainment. The meetings will continue for two or three weeks.

D. GRANT CHRISTMAN.

REVIVAL MEETING

Rev. W. F. Dallas, of Peniel, Texas, will begin a revival meeting, March 15th, with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Oak Cliff, Dallas, Texas, running over three Sundays. Take the South Loop car for Oak Cliff, get off at Tenth street, go one-half block south to church on Lancaster street. We welcome all of God's people coming to Dallas to our meetings.

MRS. B. FREELAND.

221 East Eighth street.

HOLINESS CONVENTION

There will be a two days' meeting at the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Clayton, N. J., February 22d and 23d. The praising band quartet of Brooklyn will be with us both days to play, pray, preach and shout. We are expecting a great time in the Lord. We are about twenty-two miles from Philadelphia, on W. J. and S. S. road. We have a nice new brick church building. There are only a few of us, but God is with us in power, sanctifying and healing.

JOS. B. BOWEN.

ALL-DAY MEETING AT LONG BEACH

Remember that the all-day meeting at Long Beach, February 22d, is to be University Day. Dr. E. P. Ellyson, president of the University at Pasadena; M. Emily Ellyson, dean of the university; Professor Wiley, dean of Deets Pacific Bible College; Prof. Fred Mesch, teacher of oratory, and the University Ladies' Quartet are all expecting to be present, ready to give out the very best that is in them, if the occasion is made such as to demand it. Brethren, it is up to us to create the occasion. Let us make it a great day. Your presence will help do it. Come in the Spirit. Come praying.

J. H. ALLEN, Pastor.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS HOLINESS CONVENTION

There is to be a convention of the holiness people of southwest Texas at Red Rock, Texas, the fifth Sunday in March, beginning Friday night before. Some prominent workers will be in attendance. Among those expected are Rev. Allie Irick, "Round the World" evangelist; Miss Lillian Poole, returned missionary from Japan; Rev. J. P. Roberts and helpers from Rest Cottage, Pilot Point, Texas; Rev. F. O. Burdick, Houston, Texas, and others. A rich

A Day of Victory

□ □

VANCOUVER, WASH...

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

The four weeks' meeting at Walla Walla closed last night gloriously. Evangelist J. B. McBride preached morning and evening and Bud Robinson in the afternoon. We had a great Hallelujah march offering and a wave welcome for twenty-three new members in the afternoon. J. F. Sanders, of Los Angeles, related a portion of his life experience in the evening. There was a goodly number at the altar.

DE L. WALLACE.

program is being arranged, and a "feast of fat things" awaits you. Come and help us make this a glorious occasion. Let all the saints help us pray down the fire. Free entertainment for all from a distance. Make your arrangements now to come, and notify Rev. C. R. Blevins, pastor Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Red Rock, Texas, when you expect to arrive. Don't forget the date—March 28th-30th.

WM. E. FISHER.

605 Burnett street, San Antonio, Texas.

General Church News

□ □

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

It was my privilege to spend last Sabbath with our church at Indianapolis, of which Rev. C. W. Ruth is the pastor. I preached thrice, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, baptized a number, and received eight new members into the church, besides altar services at two of the meetings—quite a full and very blessed day. The congregations crowded the house. Brother Ruth has been hard at work since he took charge of the pastorate about three months ago, and his good work has told well. The congregations have grown steadily, so that now there is a full church every Sabbath, and the newcomers seem to be

valuable additions. Every way the work has grown very encouragingly. When Brother Ruth took charge, it was with the promise to remain only for six months; but action has been taken by the church board, urging him to continue permanently as pastor. He can not see how it can be done, as he has a number of quite important engagements for camp meeting work next summer. But I am persuaded that we as ministers must get down to work as pastors. I know from experience how hard it is for men who have continued long in the evangelistic field to settle down in a pastoral charge; but somehow we must get a stronger interest in the work of the pastorate. "He gave some to be pastors," as well as "to be evangelists." Our churches are suffering for the want of real, steady men and women whom the Head of the church calls to settle in this great work. As a denomination, we profess to believe that the Lord has raised us up for the conservation as well as the spread of scriptural holiness. One of our apologies for existence as a denomination is that the work of the so-called "interdenominational" holiness evangelism does not stand, owing to the lack of holiness pastors to shepherd the flock. This very day I have a letter from another state, in which the writer presents this as the main consideration for joining the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. We who have for many years been in the evangelistic field know that our work has not been well cared for after we have departed for another field. Our church has many and pressing needs; but there are few if any so great as the need of a real, settled pastorate. Even many of us who go into the pastorate do not remain long enough in a community to get deep into the work of a pastor. Our sermons, even, are the same as when we were in evangelistic work, and after we have about exhausted the supply on hand we do not get down to the business of "the Pastor's Study" as we should. Very few who have been evangelists for years can settle down and make good, steady, plodding pastors. In a short time they get restless, and want to get out into the field again. And our people themselves, alas! seem to prefer frequent changes; and they almost demand a species of sermons all the time such as the evangelist uses in his revival meetings. Certainly we must remain a revival church, and at least one sermon each Sabbath as the rule should be "evangelistic"; but our pastors must also become adepts in caring for the flocks over which the Holy Ghost has made them bishops, by giving them regular and strong feeds of doctrine that they may be upbuilt on their most holy faith, and there must be constant visitation, and other care given to Christ's sheep.

'Tis not a cause of small import

The pastor's care demands;

But what might fill an angel's heart,

And filled the Savior's hands.

HERALD OF HOLINESS

Official Organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

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

2109 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

In the messages to the seven churches of Asia (Rev. ii and iii), those who are the heads of the churches—the pastors—are called "angels." When I told Brother Ruth's people that he was the "angel" of that church, the people looked a little surprised; but such He is, by divine appointment—the Lord's messenger, in a true sense. He is constantly on "the go," attending to the flock, looking after the lame and lost and endangered ones; besides he is to be ever at work preparing spiritual food for them. Brother Ruth seems to be approving himself as a true pastor; and the good results are clearly in evidence. Certainly he is also a good evangelist, and as such is much in demand; but Indianapolis is a very large city. There is plenty of need for aggressive pastoral and evangelistic work combined, and it seems to me almost a pity to have him forsake the work so very well begun, especially as it will be so very difficult to find a man to take his place as pastor of that very important church and evangelist of that very great and important field. Even if we could find any one to be a worthy successor to him in that work, we would have to rob some other field of a good man, and we ought to quit doing that, if we are to settle down to our work as we should.

Pardon these observations; but I do very much feel the importance of this question, and long that both our ministers and people become more settled in the harness and steady in the work of the evangelistic-pastorate and the pastoral-evangelism. Let us pray the Lord of the Harvest that He will give us more laborers such as our church and His needs; to care for the flock as well as to seek and find the lost. The Lord continue to richly bless Rev. C. W. Ruth and the good church over which he is now the successful and happy pastor.

EDWARD F. WALKER.

SPOKANE, WASH.

The spirit of revival is still among us here in Spokane. Souls are seeking and finding the Lord every Sabbath. The last few Sabbaths since our meetings with Bud Robinson have seen a goodly number of hungry, seeking souls at our altar, and many are rejoicing in His love today. We are to have Brother Robinson with us again from February 17th to the 26th, when he goes to the Scandinavian church in Portland, Ore., for a week or so, commencing there the 27th. We are to have an all-night of prayer next Wednesday night, for the coming meetings, and ask you to join us at the throne. We are having a very hard winter, with lots of snow and very cold weather, and many people in Spokane are finding it all they can do to keep soul and body together, with so little work to be had; but the Lord is helping our good people through in a blessed way.

A. O. HENRICKS.

FIRST CHURCH, LOS ANGELES

Rev. W. F. Dallas gave us a good meeting. He preached with sweetness and unction, and the Lord gave him the hearts of the people. About one hundred and twenty-five persons were at the altar in the two weeks. Brother Dallas went on his way rejoicing with a comfortable freewill offering. We pray for his largest usefulness.

Sabbath, February 9th, was ideal. Great crowds filled the tabernacle. The people were anticipating a great day, and the Lord was on hand to fulfill His promise. The pastor, Brother Cornell, began a series of sermons in the morning on the "Ministry of the Spirit." His text was, "Tarry ye." There was unusual spiritual liberty, and the preacher was greatly helped. Waves of heavenly glory swept the audience time and again. At the close fifteen persons came to the altar from all parts of the house; the church fell on her knees, and there was a mighty cry for the public outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It was a veritable pentecost, and the old-timers said the scene surpassed anything they had ever seen in this church before. Cold type can not portray it.

In the afternoon Rev. W. E. Shepard fairly outdid himself, and five more came to the altar. He preached again at night on "Be filled with the Spirit" to a great audience. It was an unctious, convincing, masterly sermon. Six or eight more seekers, so that we saw nearly thirty at the altar during the day, and some wonderful cases of salvation.

Old First Church is marching up the King's highway, and God is prospering. There is mighty prayer, unity and expectancy.

HUTCHINSON, KAS.

In our work at Pekin the Lord is blessing. Brother Cochran was with us for a few services, which we greatly enjoyed. Then Bro. Thomas Keddle, who knows both how to preach and pray, poured on the truth while the Holy Ghost bore it home to hearts. There was not a great crowd of seekers at the altar, but the few who went seemed to go through. And every one, so far, is growing in grace. I would rather have a few who get through and have the glory on their lives than to have a lot of professors who have no fire. R. S. BALL.

BLACKWELL, OKLA.

Sabbath, February 9th, was a great day at Blackwell, Okla. It was missionary day. Brother Reynolds was with us, and God very greatly used our precious brother, and our little band of loyal Pentecostal Nazarenes responded beautifully, giving over three times our regular apportionment, and of course we all got blessed over it. God's blessing is manifestly upon us, and we feel that God is giving real victory. C. A. IMHOFF, Pastor.

"She Hath Done What She Could"

In reporting the subscription to the Publishing House fund we have one letter which we would like to present to our readers. The writer surely sets an example of self-sacrificing devotion. If only one in ten of our people would do as well according as the Lord hath prospered them, the Board of Publication would immediately receive sufficient funds for the full equipment of the Publishing House. The dear young sister who sends this letter and offering is a member of Brother John Short's church, which in some degree at least, accounts for her excellent spirit:

Dear Brothers:

I was very glad to receive the pamphlet and will do what I can to spread the joyful news. I am just a house-work girl

and have not been able to do but a little work for three years. Last winter I was not able to do any work but I continued to pray to the Father. He healed me and restored me back to my work. I know He healed me for a purpose so I am going to try the five dollars a month. I like to try the hard things and if I am able to keep at work I will do what I can. You see I have no education, but I have the love of God in my heart. You will find enclosed the five dollars. I hope to begin the first of March with my five dollar pledge and by His help I will go through.

Your sister in Christ,

MISS _____

Friends, it is going to take such love and sacrifice on the part of many to make this work go. May the Lord bless this young soldier and may He raise up a thousand others of equal devotion.

The following Pledges and Offerings have been received:

PLEDGES	
MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR	
P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.	\$10 00
C. J. Kinne, Kansas City, Mo.	10 00
F. A. Gray, Harrisburg, Pa.	2 50
C. A. Dent, Washington, Ia.	2 00
Silas Cushman, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
R. L. Roberts, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
Rev. Michael Knopf, Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
N. D. Crumly, Hamilton, Ill.	2 50
L. J. Whitson, Jeffersonville, Ind.	1 00
Mrs. W. Dlesworth, Chicago, Ill.	3 00
Miss Nellie Thurman, Cambridge, Mass.	5 00
J. L. Sanders, Friendship, Tenn.	1 00
Miss Jessie Meek, Kansas City, Mo.	1 00

CASH	
C. L. Rider, Los Angeles, Cal.	\$ 3 00
J. A. Sanders, Randolph, Texas.	2 50
E. W. Chambers, Riddleton, Tenn.	5 00
J. M. Shelton, Columbus, Miss.	1 00
T. G. Hendricks, LaFayette, Colo.	2 50
Mrs. Tom Akin, Chilton, Texas.	1 00
Mary E. Dornier, Centralia, Wash.	4 00
H. M. Bassett, Sylvia, Kas.	7 00
Mary E. O'Flying, Dexter, Iowa.	3 00
H. G. Winder, Winchester, Mass.	3 00
O. F. Ross, Los Angeles, Cal.	10 00
S. C. Brillhart, Peniel, Texas.	5 00
Dora Brown, Montoza, N. M.	2 50
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Clarry, Los Angeles	2 00
R. L. Brown, Leslie, Mo.	5 00
Mrs. Phoebe VonSeggen, Farmington, Ia	5 00
G. B. Burkholder, Detroit, Kas.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. C.C. Beatty, Davenport, Fla.	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Mauch, Ballard, Cal.	4 00
Mrs. Grace McFadden, Deer Park, Wash.	2 50
J. R. Parham, Toccopola, Miss.	1 00
Mrs. V. G. McFadden, Deer Park, Wash.	\$ 2 50
Geo. Middleton, Woodbine, Kas.	5 00
A. J. Ammons, Tolbert, Texas.	1 00
Mrs. E. Bardwell, Tropico, Cal.	2 00
Blanche Shaffer, Gray, Ia.	2 50
E. Stelow, Hammond, Ind.	1 00
Flora E. Fullwood, Adamsville, Texas	7 50
Mrs. H. G. Land, Coleman, Texas.	1 00
H. D. Stocum, Indianola, Ia.	5 00
W. H. Garrett, Parker, Texas.	5 00
Lydia A. Thomas, Mendville, Pa.	1 00
Mrs. M. V. Turnage, Beebe, Ark.	2 00
Dora Carpenter, Chicago, Ill.	1 00
Mrs. A. F. Shingler, Donaldsonville, Ga.	2 50

A. L. Smith, Boulder, Colo.	3 00
Mr. Groothuis, Boulder, Colo.	2 00
A. H. McLain, Lehigh, Ia.	2 00
G. W. Adams, Council Grove, Kas.	25 00
J. H. Vance, Ft. Scott, Kas.	1 00
Mrs. Sam Spalding, Tallula, Ill.	1 00
W. R. Smith, Cuervo, N. Mex.	5 00
Chas. Bauerle, Grinnell, Ia.	25 00
A. E. Snyder, Windom, Kas.	2 10
Mrs. Almena J. Snell, Bemidji, Minn.	3 50
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Pearson, Inglewood, Cal.	2 00
I. W. Brazelton, Soldier's Home, Cal.	1 00
Fred Speicher, Pasadena, Cal.	10 00
G. E. McGhee, Ruskin, Tenn.	1 00
Emma Mathis, Appleton, Ark.	3 00
Henry Becker, Tuckahoe, N. Y.	10 00
C. W. Reynolds, Columbus, Miss.	2 50
Bertha Welch, Terre Haute, Ind.	2 00
A friend, Olathe, Kas.	5 00
Rev. C. A. Brown, Evansville, Ind.	3 50
Mrs. Minnie S. Rehman, Evansville, Ind.	2 50
Chas. Bushnell, Sequim, Wash.	2 50
B. A. Moores, Rocky, Okla.	2 00
Irene R. Wolaver, Norwich, N. D.	10 00
Winifred Jordan, Redlands, Cal.	5 00
Jas. Howk, Blakesburg, Ia.	1 00
Kate Abbott, San Diego, Cal.	3 00
Henry Reinschmidt, Osceola Mills, Pa.	2 00
H. L. Vesper, Velva, N. D.	5 00
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Edmonds, Wash.	5 00
Mrs. E. S. Colborn, Seattle, Wash.	2 50
Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Brown, Seattle, Wash.	5 00
Mrs. A. G. Washburn, Ontario, Cal.	3 00
Mrs. E. P. McCormick, Columbus, Kas.	4 00
Rev. L. N. Fogg, Sanbournville, N. H.	5 00
J. A. Brawley, Hillsboro, Texas.	1 00
J. W. VanArsdel, Sallisaw, Okla.	2 00
P. P. Lucas, New Boston, Texas.	1 00
Geo. A. Metsch, Woodbine, Kas.	10 00
K. A. Darbie, Danielson, Conn.	5 00
Mrs. Sallie Tolbert, Dill, Okla.	1 00
C. E. Nottingham, Portland, Ore.	4 65
Sarah J. Doyle, W. Liberty, W. Va.	19 30
L. F. Wiggins, Haverhill, Mass.	1 00
Mabel G. Bradley, El Centro, Cal.	4 00
Mrs. L. H. Andrews, Lynn, Mass.	2 00
R. J. Yates, Macedonia, Ill.	1 00
N. A. Gam-Buda, Texas.	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Childress, St. Joe, Texas.	3 00
Mrs. B. R. Erickson, Warren, Pa.	5 00
P. E. Shepard, Chicago, Ill.	2 00
Watson Evans, Pasadena, Cal.	1 00
U. E. Ramsey, Cucamonga, Cal.	5 00
Beulah Kinsey, Deport, Texas.	2 30

Send offerings or pledges to A. S. COCHRAN, Treasurer, 2109 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Your pastor is authorized to receive and forward money for this fund.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Yesterday was indeed a "high day in Zion" in our church in Indianapolis, it being the conclusion of our special revival services. We had with us for the day our dear general superintendent, Dr. E. F. Walker, who preached us three masterful sermons, which proved a great blessing and spiritual uplift to us all. In connection with the morning service we observed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when more than a hundred partook. It was a most beautiful and melting service. In connection with the afternoon service we administered the ordinance of baptism to seven candidates, and in connection with the night service we received a class of seven members into church fellowship. This makes a total of about twenty-five during the last three months. Also had a number of seekers in the fountain for pardon and cleansing, in both the afternoon and

night services. The house was filled at the three services, and the glory of God filled the house. This day will long be remembered as a "red letter" day. We are glad to report that all departments of our work are increasing and prosperous, all our assessments and financial obligations are fully met, and all seem to be full of hope for the future.

C. W. RUTH, Pastor.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

We are still at the front of the battle with victory through the precious blood that our Christ shed upon the cross for us. (Gal. 6:14) He is with us and is manifesting Himself in the regenerating and the sanctifying of precious souls. Last Tuesday and Wednesday evening, February 4th and 5th, Bro. J. S. Martin, of Chicago, who had just closed a splen-

did revival at the Fulton Avenue mission across the city from us, was with us and gave us two splendid services. At the close of the Wednesday evening service three came and knelt for prayer, and were converted. Last Sunday evening, February 9th, after giving us good services all through the day, God again poured out His Spirit on the people. At the close of the sermon six or eight stood for prayer, four came forward, and knelt at the altar, one was sanctified and three were saved or reclaimed. At the Sunday school hour our precious people gave their pastor an elegant new fountain pen, something he had needed and desired for these months. Last Monday evening, February 10th, about thirty-six of the members and friends came, took the pastor and his family completely by surprise, and marched in on us to the tune of "At the front of the battle you will find me," took the parsonage by storm, and for at least three hours we were entertained by this happy company.

CHAS. A. BROWN, Pastor.

OAKLAND, CAL.

Sunday, February 9th, was a blessed day in our church in Oakland. God gave us victory in all the services. The morning audience was one of the largest we have had since coming here. Many strangers are seeking a place where oldtime salvation may be heard and enjoyed. There were three seekers at the morning service, and they seemed to get through good. In the evening we had a real oldtime break, and seventeen came to the altar for pardon or holiness. They were not old chronic cases who have been seeking for years, such as are often counted every altar service; but nearly all of them were at the altar for the first time. It was glorious. Thank God for the oldtime power that saves from sin. We are going on in the name of our King with no other expectation than victory all the way. It is for us if we claim the promises. E. M. ISAAC.

PONCA CITY, OKLA.

We are still here in a real revival of oldtime power. In spite of a snowstorm and rain the meeting rolls on to greater victory. This church is alive. They are not afraid to shout the victory. Many backsliders have been reclaimed. The altar was full last night. There have been about thirty-five professions so far. Several additions to the church.

C. B. JERNIGAN.

LITHOPOLIS, OHIO

Rev. C. F. Stroup, a Friends evangelist, of Columbus, Ohio, the Lord sent to us, and with assured victory in our souls, we opened the battle against sin January 19th. From the opening service God was manifestly with us. Conviction seized hearts, and souls began to seek the Lord. Scarcely a service without seekers. Hardened sinners found peace at the mercy seat. Several men and women, past middle age, were converted, who had never before experienced a change of heart, though they had been church members for years. Our church could not accommodate the crowds, and scores were turned away. Many came an hour and a half before the services began in order to get a seat. A men's meeting was held on Sabbath afternoon, and every one in the house knelt, with at least twenty-five requests for prayer. Over fifty souls have professed to touch the Blood, and at the closing service, sixteen united in fellowship.

MARY GOSSETT, Supt.

TERRACE, PA.

We have recently closed a successful revival meeting at my Tarentum charge. Mrs. W. E. Donnelly, one of our licensed preachers, from Lisbon, Ohio, was our co-worker. Seekers began to pray through from the very first, and quite a number were saved and sanctified. One man started for the altar, threw his hat one direction, and pulling his overcoat off as he came, threw it another direction. He struck the altar, and the glory struck him. Now he is going on his way rejoicing. The saints at this place are much encouraged, and are pressing on. We are gaining ground at the Terrace church. Souls are being saved, believers sanctified, and the children of God are rejoicing. We expect to begin a series of meeting here on March 2d. Will H. Hafer, our pastor at Uhrichville church, will be our co-laborer. H. W. WELSH, Pastor.

REDLANDS, CAL.

Truly the Lord is with us. Sabbath was a precious day. It closed with an altar service at which one soul sought the Lord in the pardon of her sins—one of our Sunday school girls. Our Sabbath school has nearly doubled in the last four months. Some new ones coming in each week. Our recent revival under the leadership of Rev. C. V. LaFontaine and Rev. W. E. Shepard, was blessedly owned of God. About twenty sought the Lord at the altar, and nearly all seemed to get through into a good experience. It was a deep meeting. The church was much benefited spiritually. Six have recently united with us in church fellowship.

For several months past God has been laying a burden on my heart for the Japanese boys of this part of the country. During the fruit season there are from two to four hundred in a community like Redlands, and generally nothing being done for their salvation. It came to me in this way: We are sending our missionaries to the foreign field to convert the heathen, when there are hundreds at our very door. About three months since, through the help of Sister Staples, from Upland, and Hiroshi, one of her Japanese helpers, we held a meeting in our church here, to which service seventeen Japanese came. From this beginning I was able to start a class in English. They have been meeting in my home three nights in the week. God has helped me to help them. Last week we had two evening meetings for their special benefit. Sister Staples and one helper was again with us. Seven came to the first service, and listened attentively to the gospel of Jesus Christ. At the close four of the boys expressed a desire to be Christians. On the next evening, in spite of the fact that it was raining hard, nine came to my home. We sang and prayed with them, and Sister Staples preached the gospel with precious unction. And the entire nine knelt as seekers! Four of the number seemed to get a real experience. One man was present who said he had been in this country for eleven years, and this was the first time he had ever heard the gospel. I dare say many others of the dear boys could say about the same thing. Pray for this work, and for me that God may help in this new field. L. H. HUMPHREY, Pastor.

PILOT POINT, TEXAS

Since the assembly there has been a revival on here in the church. About thirty have been saved and sanctified, and eight have united with the church. I only put in half of my time with this church. I could devote the other half of my time with some other church, or do evangelistic work. If you need help write soon. C. PRESTON ROBERTS, Pastor.

WILLOW CREEK, PA.

We closed our special meetings here on February 9th. Rev. Frank Skuze was the leader, and preached the Word with no uncertain sound. Our meetings have been the means of edifying the saints and strengthening the church. Our Lord is leading us on from victory to victory. Praise His name!

JENNIE JACKSON.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Lord is giving us constant victory in this place. Sunday, February 9th, was a great day in the mission. Nine seekers came to the altar during the day, and we had a real shout in the camp. Our dear Brother Sherman, who is now in California, is helping to support this work. We are pushing on to get good material to organize a church in this city, and we trust in the near future that God will give us a building to worship in. Pray for us.

R. J. DIXON.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

We were blessed and delighted this week with a brief visit from our dear old friends, Brother and Sister Dearn. Our brother is Nazarene pastor at Calgary, Alta., Canada, but has just closed a very successful evangelistic campaign at New Westminster, B. C. They were on their way to Victoria, where they are now holding revival services with our Nazarene church there. Their visit was like a breeze from the upper world. Recently another of our old friends paid his respects to us. This was Brother Blakney Peel, of Calgary, one of the staunch members of our church

Illinois Holiness University

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We have received several more boxes of books and pictures for our library, the gift of Brother George Hurd, of the First Church, Chicago. We have also received a donation of very valuable books from Rev. J. W. Waltz, pastor of the M. E. Church, of Elkhart, Ill., whose son Olin and daughter Lois are students with us. These books from Brother Waltz are of high quality and goodly number. We need and still solicit many more, and they are still coming.

First Church, of Chicago, have presented us with their old pulpit and chair, very good, but do not match their new and beautiful church building. We highly value them both because of their richness and historic interest. The pastor of that church, Rev. I. G. Martin, presented us with a set of new and beautiful collection baskets. We deeply appreciate these kind remembrances.

On February 15th, 16th and 17th we will dedicate our new and beautiful chapel. Prof. J. W. Akers, of Chicago, who is one of our licensed preachers, "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures," will be with us and will lecture on "Christian Education," and will preach the gospel to us. Also, Mrs. Mabel W. Ward, of Chicago, a daughter of the president, will be with us for the ministry of song. We are expecting a blessed time, and cordially invite all within reach to visit us on that occasion. We are receiving some small donations of money to help along the good work of Christian education on the Pentecostal Nazarene line; but we need and are praying for larger things than these. Those who have the means among us, please help. Again I wish to express my gratitude to members of other denominations, who believe in Pentecost and in the Nazarene, for their kind and practical remembrance of us.

Brother W. M. Creal, of Warren, Pa., who is a member of our Board of Education, and also a member of the Board of Trustees of this University, recently spent several days with us, to our delight and encouragement. I wish he would write for the Herald his impressions of this our new school, and, if he can consistently do so, urge our people to stand by us. We need it all and more.

More and more this writer is being convinced of the almost necessity of educating our young men and women for the ministry of holiness. I could almost wish for another life to spend here, or the prolongation of this one, in the interest of holiness. How I would double my diligence and always do with my might what would be possible for me, willing, as I am, to lay down my life for this dear cause of my God, the full salvation of my fellows.

EDWARD F. WALKER.

President I. H. U.

there. We first became acquainted with this dear man of God in Oxford, N. S., it being our delightful privilege to have been entertained in his home while there for evangelistic services. Our friendship with Brother Peel and his family has been precious ever since.

A cheering letter from Brother Gould, Lynn, Mass., reminds us that our New England Assembly is not far away. We hope to enjoy its sessions along with our beloved brethren. My health is excellent in both body and soul. Mrs. Pierce is gaining. We have had a vacation long needed. I shall be ready for the work in a way I have never been. Stronger physically and mentally, and better blessed spiritually, praise the Lord! The latter is always most important. We will give prayerful consideration to calls for the pastorate.

D. RAND PIERCE.

26 Tenth Ave., East, Vancouver, B. C.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Victory is still inscribed on our banners in this city. Gracious times of salvation are common. Preached yesterday (Sunday) in the Crittenden Home; one was saved and one

sanctified and one other seeking the Lord. A fine young man united with the church at night. We are planning for a great holiness rally over the fifth Sunday in March. District Superintendent Waddle and perhaps other strong preachers and workers will be with us. then.

JOS. N. SPEAKES.

BLOOMFIELD, IOWA

God has given the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Bloomfield, Iowa, a gracious revival of salvation. About fifty bowed at the altar to be saved or sanctified wholly. Most all prayed through to definite victory. Men gave up their tobacco, confessions were made and restitutions, and as a result conviction rested on other souls who have not yet yielded to God. Ten have joined our church. Rev. B. D. Sutton and wife, of Olivet, Ill., and F. F. Horne, of Marshalltown, Iowa, assisted in the meetings. There were three seekers at prayer meeting Wednesday night following, with others asking for prayer.

W. D. MERRYMAN, Pastor.

BENTLEY, KAS.

The Lord continues to bless us here, sending a revival spirit among saints and sinners. Many are looking forward to our special meeting, the saints with intense expectancy for an oldtime revival, and the unsaved seem anxious to attend a revival meeting where the full gospel is proclaimed. We expect Rv. J. W. Dibbens, of Winfield, Kas., to lead in the battle from February 20th until victory comes. Let every Pentecostal Nazarene pray with us for a mighty outpouring of His grace.

NOAH W. KING, Pastor.

TEXARKANA, TEXAS

Last Sunday was a day of precious seasons of grace from above. At a previous meeting of the church board we had tendered our resignation as pastor here in order to accept the unanimous call to the Dallas pulpit; but when we came to preach what was supposed to be our farewell sermon last Sunday night, the Lord visited us with a very encouraging revival wave, which resulted in four conversions and two sanctifications, among whom was a Romanist. The people rallied, shouted, wept and begged us to reconsider the matter, which reconsideration resulted in the retaining of the retiring pastor. Nearly everything was packed and ready to ship to Dallas, but we sang "Blest be the tie that binds," and unpacked and will remain with this congregation. The church is looking with great expectancy to the meeting which begins the second Sunday in next month, with President R. T. Williams of Peniel. H. B. WALLIN, Pastor.

COLLINSVILLE, OKLA.

We have just organized a little Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in this place, with ten members, rented and furnished a hall in the last two weeks, a good revival is now on and souls are being saved and sanctified. Yesterday we organized a Sunday school with thirty members, a goodly number of them children of very poor parents. We must have literature, and we are in hard financial lines, as our beginning expenses are heavy.

W. H. BARLOW, Asst. Supt.

BETHANY, OKLA.

Yesterday was a good day at Bethany. Our people had the privilege of listening to two strong sermons from our district superintendent, Rev. S. H. Owens. We also had a good meeting at the Rescue Home. Rev. F. W. Johnson was the preacher. In the morning service we received ten into the church, making thirteen for February, and six in January—in all nineteen since the first of this year. Some came by letter, more by profession. The church and the college are doing well. God is with us.

E. J. LORD, Pastor.

LOWELL, MASS.

The New England Deaconess Association met at the Emmanuel Church, Providence, R. I., February 11, 1913. From the beginning God's Spirit was felt. The morning was spent in prayer around the altar and a message by Mrs. Alice Robinson, followed by testimonies. The afternoon meeting opened with a praise service, Scripture reading by Mrs. Arletta Martin, and a paper on deaconess work by Mrs.

Superintendents' Directory

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GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

P. F. BRESEE Los Angeles, Cal.
1126 Santee Street

H. F. REYNOLDS, Oklahoma City, Okla.
R. F. D. No. 4

E. F. WALKER Glendora, Cal.

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DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS

ABILENE

I. M. Ellis, Box 175, Hamlin, Texas
Ballinger, Texas March 4-5
Coleman, Texas March 6-7
Glen Cove, Texas March 8-9
Bangs, Texas March 10-11
Trickham, Texas March 12
Rice, Texas March 13
Bethel, Texas March 14
Dublin, Texas March 15-16
Bunyon, Texas March 16

ARKANSAS

G. E. Waddle Box 245, Beebe, Ark.
Beebe, Ark. February 20-23

ALBERTA (Canada) MISSION
W. B. Tait Room 413 Grain Exchange,
Calgary, Alberta

ALABAMA

C. H. Lancaster Jasper, Ala.
Red Bay, Ala. February 28-March 2
Nauvoo, Ala. March 5-9
Gamble Mines, Ala. March 12-16
Thaxton, Miss. August 8-17

CHICAGO CENTRAL

J. M. Wines, 724 Nelson St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Fithian, Ill. February 22-23

CLARKSVILLE

J. J. Rye Clarksville, Tenn.

COLORADO

C. B. Widmeyer 212 N. Walnut St., Colo-
rado Springs, Colo.
La Junta, Colo. February 16-March 2

DALLAS

W. M. Nelson Texarkana, Texas
Paris, Texas February 19-20
Bonham, Texas February 21-23
Prairie Point, Texas February 24-26

DAKOTAS AND MONTANA

Lyman Brough Surrey, N. D.
Montana and Dakotas District Assembly,
Sawyer, N. D., August 6-10

IDAHO

J. B. Creighton Boise, Idaho

IOWA

B. T. Flanery, Olivet, Ill.
Grinnell, Iowa, 317 S. Park St., February 7-23
Stockton, Ill., Care E. J. Fleming, Feb. 26-Mar. 9
Olivet, Ill., March 11-19
Sioux City, Ia., 1314 Newton Ave., Mar. 21-Apr. 6

KANSAS

A. S. Cochran, 3446 Wayne Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Kismet, Kas. February 18-20
Kingsdown, Kas. February 21-23

KENTUCKY

Howard Eckel, 2303 Madison St., Louisville, Ky.

LOUISIANA

T. C. Leckie Hudson, La.

MISSOURI

Mark Whitney Des Arc, Mo.
Caruthersville, Mo. February 18-March 2

NEW ENGLAND

L. N. Fogg R. F. D., Sanbournville, N. H.
New England District Assembly, Haver-
hill, Mass., May 7-11

NEW YORK

J. A. Ward, 1710 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
New York District Assembly, Bedford Pen-
tecostal Church of the Nazarene,
Brooklyn, N. Y. April 30-May 4

NORTHWEST

DeLance Wallace, Box 304, Walla Walla, Wash.

OKLAHOMA

S. H. Owens, Altus, Okla.

PITTSBURG

N. B. Herrell Olivet, Ill.
Pittsburg District Assembly, East Pale-
stine, Ohio May 28-June 1
Warren, Pa. February 9-23

SAN FRANCISCO

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

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

W. C. Wilson, Rt. 1, Box 235A, Pasadena, Cal.
Pasadena, Ca.

SOUTHEASTERN

W. H. Hanson Glenville, Ga.

SOUTHEAST TENNESSEE

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

WASHINGTON-PHILADELPHIA

H. B. Hosley, 307-9 D. St., Washington, D. C.

Cora Hudson, with reports from each deaconess. Many times the glory rested upon us. What a wonderful work God has raised us up to do! At the night service Mrs. Olive Gould preached, with several souls responding to the altar call. The church had been newly painted inside and out, ready for a real spiritual time, and the Lord did give it. These dear people welcomed and entertained us like good Nazarenes. Amen! So let it be.

MRS. ALICE ROBINSON, Secy.

PENIEL, TEXAS

To my great disappointment, owing to a severe attack of lagrippe and pleurisy, I was forced to cancel my dates on the Pacific coast for the present and return to my home at Peniel, Texas, for recuperation. I held meetings at Milton, Santa Rosa and Whittier. I never labored with more congenial men than the pastors of the above churches. God heard the midnight cries of His children at each of these places, and honored His Word in the salvation of souls. At Whittier the meeting was simply powerful; some of the most definite cases of sanctification I ever saw. While I am sick in body, yet my faith takes hold on God for great things. Those wishing to correspond with me relative to meetings may address me at Peniel, Texas.

J. E. GAAR.

CUCAMONGA, CAL.

Wife and I have had quite a siege of the grip and fever. We were fortunate in being able to secure the services of Rev. Jeff Rogers during our illness. He is a splendid preacher, a good revivalist, and a very sweet-spirited man. We had a special rally day for our Sunday school, the first Sunday of this year. There was an increased attendance of thirty-five for that day, and an average increase since then of about ten to twelve. Two splendid people—man and wife—joined our church that day. We have had three professions in our regular services recently.

We are expecting Rev. Bud Robinson to hold special meetings for us the last of April or first of May. Pray God to give us a great revival. We hope our people everywhere will rally to the support of our Publishing House. Let us establish a great publishing plant that will send streams of holy literature to all parts of the world. I do not think I ever read such editorials in any religious paper as in the Herald of Holiness, and the business management of the Publishing House is wise, safe and aggressive. Let us all help in this glorious work. Let us as a church keep united, on fire for God and a lost world; let us pray mightily for a great pentecostal revival in our own land, and that it might break out in all the mission fields till the globe is encircled in a holy flame.

U. E. RAMSEY.

MADRAS, OREGON

Rev. L. Milton Williams was with us January 19th to February 2nd. Great meeting; from twenty-five to fifty seekers at the altar each night. As nearly as I am able to state, about fifty were converted, reclaimed or sanctified. Brother Williams is one of the strongest evangelists in the field. We recommend him to all. We want him again.

ISRAEL PUTNAM,
Pastor M. E. Church.

BRENTWOOD, ORE.

We are in the midst of a great revival meeting and the Lord is giving victory. Souls are saved at every service, and the interest increasing. Thus far this has been the best meeting we have ever held here. People who have been opposing us ever since we started the work in this place are coming to the services and are getting saved. Many are coming who never came before, and the Lord is saving them. Some have gotten under conviction at the meeting, and have called for us to come and pray for them at the home, and one has been saved there. The work generally here is in the best condition it has been in, and the people are on the firing line and going in for souls. The congregations are good, and on Sunday our building will hardly accommodate them. We are praising the Lord and pushing the battle to the very door of the stronghold of the enemy, and God is giving us the victory.

A. WELLS.