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EDITORIAL

REFORMATION VERSUS TRANSFORMATION

THIS is an age of reformation. On every hand may be found some line of reform. The temperance question has been before us a long time, and it is a great question. No one who pretends to be religious can afford to think lightly upon so important an issue as this liquor problem which confronts the nation. The white slave traffic is before us. It demands courageous men and women to meet this modern demon and drive it from the land. Then we have many forms of social problems both great and small. The pulpit of the land is largely given up to some phase of socialism. Men vie with each other in their efforts to become reformers. We have heard some speakers who were greatly moved—we fear it was not by the same spirit that moved holy men of old. But these men were no doubt zealous, but it is possible to be zealous and yet un-Christian in our utterances. The spirit in which some reformers undertake to reform needs itself to be reformed. The thing we condemn may not be as bad as the spirit with which we condemn it. But the fact remains that this is an age of reformation.

WE DO NOT SAY that reformation is not needed. We say rather it is needed, and has a large place in the history of every progressive nation. But we do say with all the emphasis at our command that we are in great need of *transformation*. Have we not drifted from the divine to the human? Have we not discarded the old time reliance on the power of the Holy Ghost to transform men and women, and bring them into lives of righteousness and true holiness? Is not the gospel still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth? Men may be great reformers and know nothing about God. It requires no salvation to belong to the Prohibition party. Socialism does not recognize the importance of the new birth. All the human efforts men may put forth can not transform one soul, and no matter what may be the nature of the reformation, it is not reliable until there has been a change of heart in the individual.

OUR NEED TODAY is not reformation so much as transformation. Our God has made no mistake. He knew what He was doing when He prepared salvation for a lost world. He did not send a great Reformer, He sent a great Redeemer. He saw that if we were to have a clean world we must first have a transformed world. This must be done through individual salvation. *Ye must be born again* is one of the greatest utterances this world has ever heard. This solves all the problems of reformation. This will wipe out the saloon, the brothel, the slum, the gambling hells and every form of devilry known to the race. We may push our human reformations, speak loud and long about the evils of the day, and declare our purpose to reform this thing and that thing, but there is only one way this world can ever be put right, and that is by regeneration, or re-creation. This is the divine plan. Men must be made new creatures in Christ Jesus and then all old things will pass away as naturally as leaves fall from the trees in autumn.

THE PREACHER of the gospel of the Son of God is not called to be a reformer in the ordinary sense of that term. His mission transcends that as the sun transcends the moon. He is a man with a heavenly message, and his authority comes from the throne of God. He is to speak with no uncertain sound

regarding the need of being born again. He goes to the very foundation of things, and declares that men must put away every sin known. It is repentance, regeneration and sanctification. The man is made new and then made clean. This is the cure. This is the message the pulpit must deliver. It is "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and all these reformations and social problems shall be added. We are forever seeking for fruit before the tree has been planted. We want men to *do* good before they *are* good. It is quality we need. Men must be made holy before they will want to be good. Sin must die in the heart before we can look for the fruits of holiness. The pulpit must hasten back to the old Book or the church will be no more than a social club. Men of God must speak under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost if they will move their audiences toward God and righteousness. We need a fire-baptized pulpit from ocean to ocean, and men who know the transforming power of God in their souls. It is not information and reformation we need so much as *inspiration* and *transformation*. The need of the hour is heaven-inspired prophets who will speak with no uncertain sound regarding the transforming power of the gospel of the Son of God.—E. M. I.

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THE PRAYING CHURCH

IT IS difficult for us to learn that our victory must come by way of the throne. We as holiness people ought to excell in prayer. Not in that long public prayer that may be necessary at times, which is often long because the secret prayer was short—but we ought to excell in the inner chamber where we are alone with God. We usually mean business when we go into our closet and close the door, and there on our knees pour out our hearts to God. There are many things we ought to take to Him in prayer. We usually pray a little for ourselves, our family, and a few friends, but there is a great place for prayer. In fact it ought to have the supreme place in our lives. Every phase of the church work ought to be taken to the Lord in the secret chamber. There ought to be special pleadings for the pastor. He stands before the world and has many trials unknown to the average layman. He is a criticized man. Many are the enemies of the true servant of God. The world, the flesh and the devil seek his ruin, and he needs a special place in our intercessions. The finances of the church must not be forgotten. There are some very hard problems in a holiness church to be solved. As a rule our people are not rich. They do not all tithe. We will suffer in a most serious manner if we do not keep our finances before the Lord. Remember, the man who prays over money matters is usually the man who pays.

WHAT A LARGE FIELD the missionary work ought to have in our prayer. How many of us know where the missionaries are located? Do we know their names, and their field of labor? What blessings come to those who remember the missionaries who are often tempted most severely, and in ways unknown to us in the home work. Do not forget them the next time you pray. God will reward you for interceding for them. Then we have the Sunday school work. This is the important work of any church. We need to be aroused along Sunday school lines. Our literature is the best published, and if we use sane means, and do not convert the Sunday school into a prayer

meeting for old people, and remember that it is to be interesting and lively all the way through, we can succeed. But we must pray earnestly that God will give us the preparation needful for the work, and endue the teachers and officers with power from on high.

If we are to have great preaching and many conversions at our altars it will come as a result of the church tarrying in the secret place of intercession. Every Nazarene ought to be a prevailer with God. This is the secret of success in all church work if we are to be spiritual and aggressive for souls. It is not enough that we know this; we must act by walking in the light, and see to it that the secret place finds us weeping before our heavenly Father. The victory is sure for the praying church.—E. M. I.

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WHEN THE HOLY GHOST COMES IN

AS SURELY as the old man of sin may be crucified, killed, eradicated, and cast out from the heart of man, so surely does there come another One into that heart to abide. What the old man was not, He is. What the old man was, bears no likeness to Him. As the old man showed himself through your personality, so will He be seen, even using that which the world calls you.

HEAVEN AND HELL wage warfare for the soul of man: when the enemy has been routed, and He comes in, your will has decided for His occupancy, and His will thereafter directs your life.

WHEN HE COMES in, you will look out upon the world with the vision of Jesus. As He comes in He leads gently, yet persistently the thoughts from things carnal to things spiritual.

WHEN HE COMES in, you will no longer be your own, but be "in bonds unto the brethren;" more, be fettered with every prisoner, and a sufferer with all the afflicted. Yet, when He comes in, there is freedom from the bondage of sin and death, and the things you would do you can do, "through Christ which strengtheneth."

WHEN HE COMES in, trembling before the face of man is replaced with the calm fearlessness of one who stands in the presence and acts upon the command of All-Power.

WHEN HE COMES in, there is not only constant growth, but there is a mellowing and a sweetening in ripeness. Not only does He lead to the heights of rapture, but walks with you in lowly paths of simplicity where you will see God's little friends in all living creatures, and pity and gentleness will stay your hand from all harshness and cruelty and wanton slaying. You will find delight in the presence of children. Their harmless frolic, their simple faith, their courage toward life, and their quick sympathy reminding you that of such are the kingdom of heaven.

WHEN HE COMES in, wish-no-evil will come and stand by the side of think-no-evil; and you are glad as it appears that your brother's misunderstood action was without sin.

WHEN HE COMES in there is no more posing for effect. The Greek expression for that is *hypocrite*, and He classes hypocrites with liars. He brings in plainness of speech as well as sincerity of action. Not with enticing words of man's wisdom, high-sounding phrases, and words in other tongues to overawe the unlearned, but in the pure gold of simple speech, does He bring the divine message. He teaches the language of heaven, which is "Let me do this for you," that you may forget the earth language of "Do this for me."

WHEN HE COMES in He makes proof of His divine presence in longsuffering—neither strikes back nor runs away. He will point you to the thorn marks and spittle upon the face of Jesus, and you will be ashamed that your feet are not pierced.

WHEN HE COMES in, the future which has been filled with dark forebodings and terrors, bursts forth into bright certainties of eternal blessedness, between which and this present life there is no gulf fixed.

WHEN HE COMES in, temptation, however subtle and quick her approach, does not sit down upon the throne with desire, for He has taken desire to Himself, and holds her by the hand. But mistake He leads to the altar of forgiveness and warns her lest she, coming again, bear the face of sin.

WHEN HE COMES in He may bring a call to leadership, but you will remember that the greatest procession three worlds ever knew was led by a Man bearing a cross. When He comes in He has His way so long as He abides; and His way is the way of purity and peace and power.—C. A. McC.

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DON'T GET discouraged and run because that lick you gave the devil didn't kill him. Up! and thank God for the privilege of hitting him again.

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ALIKE BEFORE GOD

THERE is no bargain counter in salvation; Lazarus at the gate and the rich young ruler must pay the same price. God always refuses to recognize the distinction we put between the rich and poor. The rich are sent into this world as naked as the pauper, and the poor is welcomed as kindly as the king to the bosom of mother earth, for his last slumber. When conviction enters the heart of the rich man and the poor, each sees God, and they fall together at His feet. A poor man at the altar prays for the rich penitent, "Oh, Lord, have mercy upon this poor sinner," and the rich saint brings in an half-drunken outcast from the street, crying, "Jesus, my Savior, bestow upon my brother the riches of thy salvation."

IN THE JUDGMENT rich and poor shall stand before Him naked in their shame, or, redeemed and clothed in the robe of His righteousness, together shout through the ages the praise of Him who was rich, but who humbled Himself to the depths of the poverty of earth.—C. A. McC.

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THE EXPRESS train never stopped to find out what the fence posts said about it as it passed by.

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THE STREAM OF SALVATION

THAT salvation is "once and for all," is a blessed truth; no more yearly offerings by the high priest, but pardon complete and deliverance from sin. Yet there is, upon the human side, a sense in which our salvation may be represented as a continuous stream of blessing flowing out from the throne of God. The yesterday's manna never made a fat Israelite; Jesus taught us to pray: "Give us this day our daily bread." So our salvation is to be a thing "fresh every morning." This stream from God, with its life-giving, life-sustaining richness, comes to our hearts through the drawing gravitation of our love, faith, desire and will. Suspend this law by letting the love of worldly things bury your love for Jesus, by neglect of prayer—true communion with God, by ceasing to hold to Him with a living, active faith, and the tide of salvation stops, the flow decreases and finally turns back to God. Then ere long you wake up to the fact that your poor heart is dry and parched; and soon every grace planted there by Jesus dies in the desert waste. Let us not think of salvation as of the yesterdays alone; salvation is a thing for today to be received anew, or newly each hour, to keep us and to be kept by us each moment.—C. A. McC.

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THE MAN who boasts of his ignorance, is the fool the Lord has most trouble with.

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THIS IS THE moment God wants you to live your best for Him.

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

The Path in the Sky

The woods were dark and the night was black,
And only an owl could see the track;
Yet the cheery driver made his way
Through the great pine woods as if it were day.
I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
The road and the forest are one to me."
"To me as well," he replied, "and I
Can only drive by the path in the sky."
I looked above, where the treetops tall
Rose from the road like an ebon wall,
And lo! a beautiful starry lane,
Wound as the road wound, and made it plain.
And since, when the path of my life is drear,
And all is blackness and doubt and fear,
When the horrors of midnight are here below,
And I see not a step of the way to go,
Then, ah! then, I can look on high,
And walk on earth by the path in the sky.

—Amos R. Wells.

Sabbath Observance

The manner in which a community observes the Sabbath day is a certain index to its moral condition. A disregard of the fourth commandment inevitably brings with it the breaking of other commandments. Israel's evidence of covenant relationship, as a nation, was its observance of God's holy day; and today neither people nor individual can, in the light of the gospel, remain in the channel of His blessings and despoil that day of its sacredness. Ills physical as well as moral surely follow its desecration. Bishop Hogue says, in the *Free Methodist*:

A great array of facts can be produced to show that man needs a Sabbath for the best development of body, mind and heart. One of God's greatest gifts to men is the holy Sabbath. It is especially God's gift to workingmen. One of its chief objects is to preserve health, prolong life, and keep the human system in good working tone. The mind as well as the body needs a periodic rest-day, in which to find relief from the strain of steady thinking, planning, etc., and also reinvigoration and quickening for the further demands to be made upon it. Those who engage in mental employments, equally with those who engage in manual labor, need one day in seven for relaxation, and recuperation of wasted energy. "Sabbath-days are quiet islands on the tossing sea of life." Those who keep no Sabbaths are ceaselessly tossed on a tempestuous sea. They know no respite for their restless souls. But most of all man's spiritual nature requires a Sabbath of rest from toil and of devotion to the culture of the higher life. Sabbath desecration and moral deterioration keep equal pace.

Old Age

Perhaps the most repulsive picture ever limned by painter is that of the face of evil old age; a countenance where selfishness and passion have stamped their ugly traits. On the other hand, what sweetness, what beauty, what majesty shines from the aged whose walk has been with God, and whose days have been lived to bless. To such the time of their departure draws near, not as gathering gloom, but as the dawning of their perfect day. They approach not an unknown shore with storm-driven bark, "where the fearful breakers roar," but calmly, with sails all set, laden with eternal gain, glide through the mellow, golden sunlight into the harbor of the City of Peace. *The*

Christian Advocate gives us the following gracious thoughts:

The men and women who have come down to the eventide and still find life worth living are not those whose burdens have been easy, or even those who have not learned that life has its great sorrows. They have found something worth living for all along the way; and that which they have counted well worth the toil and sacrifice that the years have demanded has been not what the world could give to them, but what they were able to give. Such of these to whom God grants days of waiting before the final summons have found that at eventide there is light. They better understand now the words of one of old: "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon Jehovah shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Threefold Christianity

Practical Christianity rests upon three foundations: doctrine, experience, service. Knowledge of the truth is not a matter to be treated lightly; one of the devil's lies which has received general acceptance is that it makes no difference what a man believes, as long as he is honest in that belief. The Book declares, "Ye shall know the truth; and the truth shall make you free." There is no freedom in error. The man who despises doctrine, and will not be taught of the Word, walks in darkness, and his end is ruin. But a man may have a proper conception of the plan of salvation and yet be dead spiritually. Christianity is to be experienced as well as understood. It is to have conscious knowledge that the doctrine has proven itself true within you; that you have been born again, and that your heart, cleansed from sin, is the abiding place of the Spirit of God. To know the doctrine, and to experience the salvation of Jesus, is to bear fruit in service. The coming of Jesus in His life of suffering and final sacrifice was that we might be fruit bearers; that He should work out through His disciples His will of service to all mankind. Upon these three, doctrine, experience and service, stand the church of God. To attempt to build the church on service without doctrine and experience is to build upon sinking sands. *The Michigan Advocate* says:

Luther inaugurated the doctrinal reform, making conspicuous the doctrine of justification by faith as it had not been since the time of Paul. Wesley inaugurated the spiritual reformation, making experience and life the most important features of his revolutionary preaching. But in these latter days both the doctrines inculcated by Luther and the experience emphasized by Wesley have given way to a feeling that practical charity serves the purpose of both. If a man does good, he is considered good. Liberality with money is accepted in lieu of purification of heart. This is wrong, but such is the modern tendency.

The Gentleness of Christ

Gentleness, like humility, is a trait not much sought after among the people of the world. To be mild and tender hearted is to be "soft," as real humility is made often to bear the name of cowardice. Not

all of us Christians, moreover, have graduated into that grace where we can say with one of old, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Such a blessed spirit, however, is the very heart of God, as shown in our Savior. Philologists tell us that the modern word "gentleman," as a term for one of high rank and birth, has for its root the Latin word *gens*—family, and that a "gentleman" is a *gens*—man—a man of family position. Yet, however obscure may have been our worldly origin, we, as Christians, may have a double right to the title. Certainly our birth from above has given us an illustrious *gens*—the family of God, our Elder Brother, the reigning Prince, and then we have a right to that characteristic of our Family as shown in Jesus of being gentle-men: a characteristic lacking sometimes among the nobles of this world. Of this characteristic of gentleness, tenderness, the *Way of Holiness* says:

It is the very cream of Christian holiness to keep the heart full of tenderness, that lowly, compassionate love which seeks to be just like Jesus. In a world like this, where we meet with treacherous, cruel, selfish and proud people on every hand, and where we are so frequently disappointed in our fellow creatures, it is very easy to imbibe a spirit of harshness, or bitterness, or a little tinge of resentment, almost imperceptible. But the least degree of retaliation or severity will harden the affection, and give a coldness and toughness in the inner life. It is not wise to reflect on the cruelty and unkindness of others, for keeping the faults in our minds, they will soon have the same evil tempers that we condemn in others. Getting sanctified, and professing the cleansing power of Christ, is not sufficient; but we must at any cost constantly surrender our own rights, our feelings, our dignity, and keep ourselves in the humble attitude of "resisting not evil," of not speaking against those that despise us, and keep in the place where we can "bear all things, hope all things, and endure all things." Tenderness of the Spirit is the essence of true saintliness, and the inward private mark of a Christlife. So let us beware of envy, or grudge, or unkindness, or else the fountains of religion will be poisoned. We can not keep full of tender love by accident, but must make it a matter of constant prayer, and cultivate daily gentle and loving thoughts, which are very acceptable to God.

Effectual Prayer

That men cry to God in the fear of imminent death proves two things: one, that there are more liars than infidels—more trying to believe God out of existence than have succeeded, and the other that, stripped of earthly props and diversions of mind, the soul of man likewise acknowledges his guilt and his fear. That such a cry wrung from one by the presence of death is true prayer, we have much reason to doubt; although of the willingness of God to answer the prayer of an eleventh hour penitent, we can but be assured. Prayer is the mightiest engine God could have entrusted to created intelligences—it is nothing short of co-partnership with Infinite Power. Prayer is communion—living with and in God. How shall men deliberately reject the life and companionship of God, and befoul themselves with all the sensual-

ities and frivolities of earth, and then when they see these things being stripped from them and their souls left naked, hope to be able to pray the effectual prayer? There is more to prayer than fear at the approach of death; there is more to prayer than forms of words or service. The *Michigan Christian Advocate* enforces this thought by an incident from the Titanic disaster:

A man who spent four or five hours on a life raft, with a score of others after the wreck of the Titanic, was asked what they did during these dreadful hours. He said: "We shouted, wept and recited the Lord's prayer in concert scores of times." Men who do not pay much attention to God or the church will pray when danger and death threaten. And such prayers, no doubt, have their value; but a prayer that is wrung from a soul in danger surely will not so please our Father as a prayer of thanksgiving that springs voluntarily from our hearts. George Muller and Hudson Taylor carried on great enterprises by prayer, and before his death Muller reported that he had had over 300,000 distinct answers to prayer during his life. Too many of us never know the floods of grace we might receive if we would only dig deep and wide the channels of prayer. Then God could come in a mighty flood of power and glory into our lives. Lord, teach us to pray!

Our Brother's Keeper

In action, if not in words, the question of Cain has place among men today, although many of us would be shocked if the charge should be brought against us personally. Yet, let us each ask the question of ourselves, if we are not exuding responsibility for the soul of our brother. Have we sought in tender, personal contact, the salvation of those of our own household? Have the servants in the home ever had from us words of encouragement or inspiration to true lives? Have we ever spoken to or prayed with our employes, or shown them that we were interested in their eternal welfare, as well as the service their wage would cover? Do your business associates, and your friends know you to be a follower of Jesus Christ, through your representations of the joy and peace in His service, and your solicitude for their like knowledge and enjoyment of Him? A Christian is a personal representative of Jesus Christ, and will not fail to present Him, wherever he is. The *Youth's Companion* relates an incident showing this individual responsibility:

A young man, with tears in his eyes, told his pastor of the great grief that had come to him, and the pastor listened sympathetically.

"He was my dearest friend. It is as if a brother had gone wrong. I knew he was spending a great deal of money, and once or twice I found that he was careless about obligations. But I could not believe that he would steal."

"I didn't know that he was your friend," said the pastor. "Did you ever bring him to church or Sunday school with you?"

"No, he didn't care for that sort of thing."

"Did you ever warn him when you saw him spending more money than he could afford, or when he had done something that was not quite honest?"

"No. A man can't meddle in things that are none of his business."

"Was it none of your business when your dearest friend was going to destruction?"

"But there are some things a man can't do. He can't go into the streets and ask every passer-by about the state of his soul."

"No, most of us can't do that, although

there are men of such spiritual power that they can ask a stranger about his soul without seeming impertinent. But we are not speaking of a stranger, but of a friend as close as a brother. I think you should have spoken."

He handed a Bible to the young man, and pointed to the third chapter of Ezekiel at the words, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman." The young man read aloud, and his voice faltered over the words, "Nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."

"I wonder if it is too late?" he said. "I thought I should never see him again. But I'm going to him and confess my fault. And when he is free again, I'll stand by him, and help him to keep straight."

"It is never too late," said the pastor. "You can yet save your friend, and deliver your own soul."

Wage-Earners and the Church

It is undoubtedly true that the exploitation of labor by greed, the "grinding the face of the poor," which marks our modern commercialism, is responsible for much of the sullen, apathetic mental and spiritual condition of the large body of toilers. Where the physical man is driven almost to the breaking point in the week days, when the Sabbath comes it is not strange that demand for physical relaxation and recreation becomes insistent. But the church itself is not blameless. We can not deny that in the average city church there is little real welcome shown, and almost no fellowship for the poor man. If he does happen to drift into a service, either he is ignored, or made to feel that he is a creature apart from these well dressed worshippers, who sing and preach of a Love, conspicuous for its absence in their lives. There is another reason why the poor man does not go to church, and that is the most vital. At a great "revival" held in this city recently the evangelist gave a list of reasons why the church of today was not reaching the masses. In commenting, the *Journal* said: "There is one reason Dr. — has not mentioned, and that is, the church no longer gives out the gospel that Jesus proclaimed." Therein is largely the failure of the church to reach the common people who heard Jesus gladly. The church that will proclaim a full gospel, that will make wage earners feel that this is their church, and whose members will carry into their daily lives the same gospel that the preacher proclaims, will not fail of a hearing among the laboring classes. Upon this subject the *Nashville Christian Advocate* says:

The truth is, the wage-earning classes have for some reason largely drawn away from the church, and so from those influences that tend to the maintenance of that high estimate of spiritual values and moral forces for which the gospel stands. It is needless now to dispute about who is to blame for this state of things. It is enough to recognize the fact that it exists and that there is sore need that it shall be changed. The church in carrying on her great work of spiritual regeneration and moral elevation needs the co-operation of the sturdy masses of industrial toilers, and these in turn need the help of the church to enable them to proceed wisely and sanely in their efforts to bring about their complete emancipation. All this brings us back to where we must always come in seeking for the solution of our problems. The chief trouble with the world is sin, and the essence of sin is selfishness. The only effective remedy for our

ills, therefore, is the gospel. Men must be brought into fellowship through faith with Christ Jesus in order that they may become partakers of His spirit, and then they must be acquainted with the principles enunciated by Him and taught how to apply them to the practical conduct of life. An enlightened Christian sentiment will correct our social and economic abuses, and nothing else can.

The Afflictions of the Righteous

The faults of the heart, God washes out with the blood of the Lord Jesus; but there remain other faults of training, habit and judgment, which He will let Satan and the folks thresh out. If we might understand this, it would bring balm to the wounds of the flail. God's purpose in our every affliction is our own completeness in His likeness. Why God did not wholly redeem man spirit, soul and body in one act of His grace, we do not know; the penitent is cleansed and perfected in love in another, while the body must wait for the final act of redemption in the resurrection. Each act of divine grace is effective and glorious and complete in itself, but there is much teaching, much discipline, much perfecting, needed all along the lives of most of us, before we shall be able to stand before Him complete. Let us not despise our chastening, but see in it the hand of a loving Father, and with a ready mind appropriate the lesson and its blessing. Using the symbol of cleansing fire, Rev. A. P. Lienard expresses this truth in the *Wesleyan Methodist*:

The integrity and loyalty of the soul along the lines of faith, humility, patience, sympathy, love, etc., are put to the strongest test as it is permitted to pass through the furnace. God would have a tried people. Daniel says, "Purified, and made white, and tried." It would not be wise to place the Christian under great responsibility before it is known whether he could stand the strain; a severe wreck might be the result, working havoc to many precious souls. All who are possessed of precious metals of such value as to stand the 'fire test,' come out of the flames, being found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. Whatever of dross may be in the metal is burned out by the fire. Fire consumes all combustible matter. Nothing but the gold and silver passed through the Jericho conflagration. There are a great many frailties peculiar to the person's individuality which salvation and the grace of holiness do not remove; and so long as they remain they limit usefulness and success in the Master's service. Peter's Jewish ceremonial prejudices got him into trouble at various times. God is not pleased to have His children suffer from these hindrances. All such weaknesses and infirmities of the body, mind and soul are burned out as the saint passes through the fire.

Him With Whom We Have To Do

The modern teaching, not only of science, but of the theologians, of the aloofness of God, has brought men to a place where He is left altogether out of their reckoning. A God who does not deal with men individually does not impress upon men the sense of individual responsibility. If He but framed general laws for the mass, there is every chance of escaping personal notice, and reckoning, and at most or best reach the goal ordained for all humanity. The deadening effect upon the spiritual nature from such teaching and attitude is beyond expression. The *Continent* well puts the matter of the

need of a personal consciousness of and personal dealing with God, in the following paragraph:

America today is forfeiting God-sense. God-belief stands; perhaps is growing. But God-sense is fading out.

This is not referring to anything in the nature of mysticism or spiritual ecstasies. Raptures lifting the soul to celestial dreamlands have never been the experience of more than

a few exalted saints. Doubtless they never will be ordinary Christians. But what is here meant was once almost universal with religious men—an everyday basis of life for the most prosaic lay people of the church. It was, in truth, counted the very essence of the thing called religion; a man was not supposed to have religion at all until he had some realization of personal dealings with his Maker. Perhaps this realization was more an axiom assumed than a distinct consciousness. But howsoever

the soul arrived at it, there came to dominate the Christian's whole mind a positive and never forgotten sense that life must be lived with God looking on—marking each action and the motive for it, approving each good deed, and reserving for judgment every evil work unrepented for. "Him with whom we have to do"—in all the stern necessity and inevitableness of those majestic monosyllables—was, to men so living, just as vivid and pertinent a description of God as it was to the apostle who first penned the words.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

My Lord and I

W. H. RAYMOND

We are walking in the valley,
Sun is rising high,
None are there to frown upon us
My Lord and I.

Silence all around us,
Birds sing in the sky,
We can hear the faintest whisper,
My Lord and I.

Leaves are fanned by gentle breezes,
Clouds are passing by;
None can hear what we are saying,
My Lord and I.

Sun in west is sinking,
Night is drawing nigh,
Blessed rest is coming,
My Lord and I.

Keep the Altar Ablaze

D. RAND PIERCE

A holiness church without a "mourners' bench" would be worse than a paradox. It would be not merely a *seeming*, but an actual contradiction.

There was a time in very early Methodism when this God-honored institution did not exist. Then the preacher, mightily anointed from heaven, delivered his message, mounted his horse and rode away to the next appointment, leaving the souls who had been struck with conviction to weep and pray it out in the woods or hay-loft.

But with the introduction of the "mourners' bench," or the "anxious seat," as Finney called it in his day, larger and more speedy results began to be achieved. Today the "altar" or "penitent form," as it has been more recently denominated, is regarded as an indispensable part and parcel of every organization where the salvation of souls is the prime object.

The altar marks the battle-line in every live church. The preacher and the people may skirmish with the enemy through the prayer and testimony meeting and preaching service, but the real red-hot, hand-to-hand conflict between the powers of heaven and hell is fought out around the altar-rail.

It has been said that the annals of nations are made up chiefly of the histories of their wars. These times of struggle have proved their times of conquest, when they have extended their borders and increased their population and influence among the kingdoms of the earth. This is being vividly illustrated by the present conflict between the Turks and the Balkan Allies.

As truly may it be said of the real church of God that her battles for souls,

her sweeping revivals, constitute the great-epochs in her history. *What times of struggle and what seasons of triumph have been witnessed around her altars.* Where is the veteran soldier of the cross whose soul is not stirred to its depths when he reflects upon the mighty battles through which he has passed, when immortal souls have been rescued from the jaws of hell and the glory of God has brought the atmosphere of heaven down upon earth?

In the patriarchal age the altar held an important part in the relations between God and man. In the Mosaic economy it occupied a position scarcely second to that of the sacrifice itself. In the present-day reign of the Holy Ghost the altar has been transferred from the temple of stone to the sanctuary of the human heart.

In the old dispensations the altar failed of its purpose without fire. God commanded in Lev. 6: 13, "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out." If this were true in a day of mere symbolism, how much more should our altars be kept ablaze in this day of spiritual effulgence and glory. If the reign of the "letter" proved glorious, how infinitely more glorious must be the reign of the Spirit. If the altar of every heart is not aflame with the celestial fire of Pentecost, who is to blame? God will send the fire on every prepared altar today as surely as He did at Mount Carmel when Elijah prayed. God help us. We need it tremendously in these days of morbid worldliness.

The church altar holds a close relationship to the altars already mentioned. What a power it has been in the history of that sacred institution. *It is not a matter of little consequence in a holiness church as to whether the altar is used or unused.* On this question, to a large degree, hangs our success or failure. We may not have observed and weighed this matter seriously in relation to the ebb and flow of spiritual tide and interest. If not, it is high time we did.

When the fire is kept burning hotly on the church altar the spiritual thermometer will climb higher and higher. When for some reason the fire is allowed to burn low, or for a time to go out altogether, everything starts for zero. It will seriously dull the faith of the most aggressive revival church if there is a continued spell with no fuel for the fire.

Someone may ask, "What is to be done if such a state has already been reached?" *Get out of it somehow.* In some places it may, for the present, seem impossible. In others it may actually be impossible.

I say this to be reasonable and charitable. But I am convinced that many a church is in a lapsed and discouraged condition at times, and in some cases most of the time, because of two points of weakness in some of our pastors, viz.: they do not see and feel the state of things like Jeremiah did the desolate condition of Jerusalem and go into their closets with a mighty determination to bore a hole through the skies, if need be, to bring victory down on the situation; and they fail to realize the importance of rallying the church around the altar and arousing them to get hold of God and never let go in public or private till His infinite glory fills the sanctuary.

Inaction injures both physical and spiritual health. Vigorous knee-work is the best antidote for the latter. It may be necessary to call in outside help. But God help us not to lie down on the job of pastoring a flock in discouragement, when God Almighty is aching to bless everything blessable.

Tithing

REV. G. E. WADDLE

(Paper Read Before the Arkansas District Convention)

In discussing this great subject there are three things to be remembered:

1. God's absolute ownership in the tithe.
2. The sacred character of the tithe.
3. God's command concerning the tithe.

Let us first notice briefly the law of the tithe. When Abram was returning from the slaughter of the five kings he met that mysterious personage Melchizedec, priest of the Most High God, and voluntarily gave him a tenth of all the spoils; and when delivering to the king of Sodom all the persons and all the goods, he was besought to take all the goods for himself, but refused to take as much as a "thread or a shoe-latchet." A tithe for the representative of God, but nothing for himself.

Notice what follows: "After these things the word of the Lord came to Abram in a vision saying, Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." See how quickly God becomes interested in the man that honors Him and His law.

One hundred and fifty years later the grandson of this first recorded tither, while fleeing from his enraged brother, makes a vow unto the Lord, saying, "If God will be with me and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I

come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God; and this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." "If God will give me ten-tenths, I will surely give Him one-tenth." This is exactly God's proposition to us. He asks one of the ten-tenths He so freely gives us.

From a human viewpoint the tithe is unreasonably liberal on God's part. Much more was required of the ancient Jews under their peculiar administration. Listen to some of the demands made of them: "And thither ye shall bring your burnt offerings, and your sacrifices, and your tithes, and heave offerings of your hand, and your vows, and your free-will offerings, and the firstlings of your herds and your flocks; and there ye shall eat before the Lord your God, and ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand unto, ye and your households, wherein the Lord thy God has blessed thee." "For ye are not as yet come to the rest, and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you to inherit, and when He giveth you rest from all your enemies round about, so that ye dwell in safety; then there shall be a place which the Lord your God shall choose, to cause his name to dwell there; shall ye bring all that I command you—and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God," etc.

According to good authority, not only one tithe, but two tithes were paid, and every third year an additional third tithe; besides every seventh year was a Sabbath year, in which the soil was not tilled, but had rest. Surely a people so taxed would soon come to poverty! But no; on the contrary, they enjoyed a boundless prosperity, as the Lord had promised; and just so long as they did not "rob God in tithes and offerings," the windows of heaven were opened and blessings poured out upon them, such as there was not room to receive them.

It has been truthfully said that "the tithe is reasonable," but that is not the basis of the tithe. It is not after all a question of reasonableness or unreasonableness. We are not sitting as a jury to hear evidence pro and con, and to decide as to whether or not the tithe has a claim upon us in justice and right. The matter is not open for negotiation. Neither may we suit ourselves as to whether we tithe, or pursue some other method more agreeable to us. Nor may we plead that we have always thought of tithing as an old Jewish custom that had no force at the present day. And further still, we may not set up a defense that we are and have been liberal givers to all church and benevolent enterprises; doubtless exceeding in amount ten per cent of our net income. All these and any other excuses, or so-called reasons for not tithing, are fatally defective, for the reason that they ignore the law of the tithe. What is the law? Listen: "The tithe is the Lord's."

Not if we graciously or benevolently conclude to sign a covenant, or otherwise agree to the tithing principle; no matter what we do, or what we think, and entirely independent of our conduct relative to this matter, "The tithe is the Lord's."

"All the tithes of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's." The same authority that said, "Thou shalt

have no other gods before me," also said, "The tithe is the Lord's."

God has proclaimed it law that the tithe, having the same numerical value as the tenth, but meaning a definite, identical, specific *thing* that has come into our possession, *is His*. It does not belong to us at all. It is not in our possession as implying ownership, or in any such sense that we have the right to consider its disposition other than to deposit it where God commands us. Therefore we do not give a tenth to the Lord, but we bring our tithe, a definite, precise thing, into His storehouse.

One has said that "God's way is not only the best way, but the only way." This expresses a very great and important truth; but it does not apply to Christian tithing. The tithe is not a "way." It is not a financial plan or scheme: it is more than that. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" is not a mere announcement of penalty for violated law, or a method of moral administration, but a statement of an awful, all-inclusive, personal and present fact. So the law of the tithe is a statement of an existing fact in the universe of God, as real and as vital as the law of gravitation. "The tithe is the Lord's." It could not be more His; His title to it could not be more unquestioned, if in every instance it bore the stamp and sign of His ownership.

And furthermore, it remains His, and will always remain His, even if diverted forever from its lawful use.

The obligation of the tithe rests alike on all, not the less upon the meager, scanty income, barely sufficient, seemingly, to meet the pressing daily needs, or the more upon the millionaire's superabundance, but on both alike. Big or little, "The tithe is the Lord's."

The law does not stop with saying the tithe is the Lord's, but goes further and says this strange and impressive thing: "It is holy unto the Lord." It is His pleasure to lay this peculiar stress on *the devoted thing*. If our conception of God's ownership in the tithe, will not prompt us to an honest accounting to Him, let us refrain from laying unholy hands upon that which is consecrated to His use in such a sense, that He, Himself calls it holy.

All this, however, will not appeal to those descendants of Nabal who say, "Shall I take my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men, whom I know not whence they be?" But to those who are glad to believe that the Lord does take an interest in the affairs of men, and that our ownership in the things of this world are subject to a very large mortgage to Almighty God for His unnumbered mercies and boundless blessings; the great law of the tithe will be gladly obeyed, not as if it were a burden, but as another evidence of God's amazing goodness and condescension in taking us into partnership, and making us co-workers with Him.

If we admit the obligation of the tithe and are convinced of God's absolute ownership in it, and also of its sacred character, then comes the question, "What shall I do with it? Why bring it to Him?" The command is very clear: In Malachi we read: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." So that the tithe must not only be brought to a given, general place, but it must all be brought, even to the

last penny. We are taught in the Bible over and over again, to "Bring the tithes into the place which the Lord shall choose to set His name there."

God has evidently chosen the church of this age as the place in which He has set His name, although many may have crowded Him out to give place to worldliness and formality. Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it that He might sanctify and cleanse it.

Araham gave tithes to Melchizedec, who had no ancestry, "without beginning of years or ending of days, a priest forever." "Christ is a priest forever after the order of Melchizedec." He is not in the line of Aaron, or of the tribe of Levi, but of the tribe of Judah, after the order of Melchizedec. "Here men that die receive tithes, but there He receiveth them, of whom it is witnessed that he liveth." Here the word of inspiration puts the tithe on the ground that Christ is our High Priest, not after the order of Aaron, but of Melchizedec, grounding it, not in the law, but in the life of faith.

Let us honor our High Priest of our profession, by bringing all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in the house of the Lord, and in the great day we may hear Him say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you; for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye came unto me."

Concentrating of Forces

E. M. ISAAC

This is one of the laws of successful warfare. An army that is scattered in all directions will meet with defeat. Great victories have been won when the strength of the army had been concentrated in one place to defeat the enemy. To be sure the generals had located the enemy and knew where to march their forces for the conflict, and they gathered together the whole army if possible that victory might be assured.

The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene must learn this lesson. Our people must learn that we as a church have a great mission, to spread scriptural holiness, and we can best accomplish our work through the organized church. It is the one institution God has ordained for the establishing of His kingdom among men. Every other method has failed, and is forever doomed to failure so far as we can see. What we need is men and women who are loyal to their church. Those who will be found in their place no matter who comes to town, or what may be taking place somewhere else. There are those in the holiness movement who do not want the organized work for holiness. They will never be converted to it. It seems to give them great pleasure to say unkind and cutting things about the "little one-horse ecclesiasticism." We love them just the same for we have the blessing. But we need to stand firm for the church, for it alone will meet with the needs of humanity. We must have our Sunday schools, our preaching services, the morning worship, the great hymns of the church, and the *church home*. It is not possible to preserve the doctrine of holiness any other way. We need great preachers who will stay year after year in one place to establish the work and get

men and women fixed in the church of God. No little mission can do this. There may be a place for these little city missions (a very small place it is, too), but we can have no established theology among men who never will get beyond telling their personal experience before a few people in a little mission. We must have *preachers*, men who have some ability, and men who have personality, and a right conception of things. They must be trained in our schools, sent out by the church, properly equipped in every way to meet the demands of the age. It is nonsense to expect that men unprepared for the conflict can win today. God does not discard nor ignore the mind He created. But we must see to it that these men are trained and sent out to establish the work by pastoring churches that will demand the attention of men. Be it far from us to even imagine that a trained mind is sufficient. That is not our contention. But it is a basis for operation, and when the trained mind has back of it the baptism of the Holy Ghost which has sanctified the whole man we have the symmetrical preacher God desires.

Our contention is not for churchanity. That within itself is a huge failure. But we do need the organized church with its holy sacraments and all that pertains to the ministry of the word. We need true loyal people who will grasp the situation and come to our help with their money and influence as well as their prayer and testimony. We need strong churches in every city in America with established pastors who have some standing among men. We need to push our church literature, for we have the *truth*, and if we were one-half as zealous as the Russellites along this line we would have our church paper in every Nazarene home without delay, and then we would go to work and get it into hundreds of other homes as well. But the holiness people have a peculiar something we fear to name which makes them unsettled in their churches. They want to go here and there, listen to this one and that one, and when the pastor needs them most they are at some mission, or some hall, and when they return they have some new idea or some new light (?), or possibly the evangelist or preacher said something that reflected on the church to which they belong, and so they are unsettled for a long time, and of little use to any one or any thing. We need men and women who will come to the front and say, "This one thing I do," and then proceed to do it by standing firm and true to the church which pushes holiness first, last and always.

But we are glad to note improvement in many places. God is giving us young men and women who are steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. They are marching on, and soon their very tread will shake the earth, for the promise is that our "young men shall see visions," which means that they shall see great possibilities and then proceed to make the vision a realized fact.

Christian and Pliable

E. M. BOUNDS

A right beginning to the Christian is half the battle, the surest pledge of final success. A wrong beginning mars the whole work, and leads to miscarriage in the end. There is but one right way to

begin this heavenly life. It begins in conviction for sin. The character of a penitent must be distinctly marked by every true beginner. To ignore, refuse, or pass this by is to start wrong, however pleasant and promising the start may be. One of the evils always threatening the church has been the joining her ranks of those who had never truly repented of their sins, to whom the whole spiritual exercise and struggles of a penitent heart were strange. Modern methods, modern views, modern conditions, have greatly increased the exposure to, and the extent of, this evil.

In no uninspired book are the right and wrong religious beginnings set forth with more scriptural trueness than in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Christian and Pliable, they are familiar figures. We meet with them almost daily. They are companions with vital contrasts which seem to a superficial view to be but healthy individuals. Christian is serious, sobered by some heart trouble. His movements are slow, the pressure of a heavy burden retards his steps. Pliable is fresh and eager, his step quick, his movements active. He is impatient at the tardiness of Christian, has no sympathy nor understanding of his burden. We have the key to all this in their different startings which Bunyan has portrayed with the utmost fidelity to great spiritual principles. Christian started after this manner:

"I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, a great burden upon his back. I looked and saw him open the book and read therein, and as he read he wept and trembled, and not being able longer to contain he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying: 'What shall I do?' In this plight, therefore, he went home and brake his mind to his wife and children.

"I am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am certainly informed that this, our city, will be burnt with fire from heaven, in which fearful overthrow both myself with thee my wife and you my sweet babes shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape be found whereby we may be delivered.' At this his relations were sore amazed, not for that they believed what he had said to them was true, but because they thought some frenzy distemper had got into his head. Therefore, it drawing to night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brain, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day, wherefore instead of sleeping he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come they would know how he did. He told them, 'Worse and worse.' He then began to retire himself to his chamber to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery. He would also walk solitarily in the field, sometimes reading, sometimes praying. Now I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the field, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book and greatly distressed in his mind, and as he read he burst out, as he had done before, crying: 'What shall I do to be saved?'

Wife and children cry after him to return; he puts his fingers in his ears and runs counter, crying: "Life! eternal life."

Christian's beginning is in poverty of spirit, the filth and rags and burden of

sin are felt. The Book of God has much to do with his beginning. The law of God, its demands and penalties, awaken and trouble his conscience. The fear of wrath has broken his residence in the City of Destruction, his back is to his old life, his face is suffused with penitential tears and prayers. He has an experience of sin, its heaviness and guilt, which will issue in an experience of pardon, its relief and joy. He has the conscious beginnings of the history of God's dealing with his soul—a history that will make a witness for God, and enroll him among the martyr throng.

Pliable entered in after an entirely different way. Neither the burden nor bitterness of sin were felt. The beggary, filth, and rags of sin were not exposed. No legal fears nor penitential sorrow drove him from the City of Destruction. He had no consciousness of any such city, no apprehension of any such destruction. He entered on the Christian race with all the buoyancy and freshness of young blood, and of a nature unbroken by the throes of penitence—not crushed by the struggle at the straight gate, ungalled by the fetters of the narrow way. He was won to the gospel as Mohammed won his followers, by beautiful pictures of future good.

Pliable was an inquirer, not a penitent; he asked questions, but did not mourn over his sins. He could go fast because he had no burden of guilt to bear. He never saw his sins at all, either by the pains of hell nor by the light of the cross. Struck with Christian's description of heaven and its rewards, he said: "The things are better than ours, my heart inclines to go." He started, and has many questions to ask of Christian, who in answer describes the beauties and inconceivable glories of the heavenly world, its goodly and crowned company, its freedom from the toils and tears of earth, at all of which Pliable was ravished, and called to Christian: "Let us mend our pace."

We find the fatal defect in Pliable's religion to be that he never was a penitent; the degradation, shame and guilt of sin had never riven his soul, the marrow of his inner being had not been pierced, the sword of the Spirit had never gone to his heart. He got religion after an easy-going, fashionable way. He was won to it by promises, by pleasing prospects, by sweet, alluring views, by the beauties of heaven, and not by the fears of hell. He was not propelled by internal conviction, but by outward appeals and engaging pleas. He decided, but no sorrow marked the struggle of that decision, none of the repellant forces of the wormwood and the gall were there. All was flippant, bright, easy; a pang of conviction would be out of place, a needless cloud on his bright horizon, an unknown language to his heart. He decided, but the decision cost nothing, and carried nothing with it. His race was as short as the spiritual influences were superficial.

Our modern Pliables are too wary and wide awake to fall into the Slough of Despond—in fact, they are such an active and working set they have filled it up, till no traces are left of this old spiritual land-mark. The vitality and sameness of spiritual evils are evident from the fact that the Church of today is suffering greatly by this very evil which Bunyan

portrayed so vividly and truly over two hundred years ago. The Pliables who have been brought into our churches by

pleasant methods, attractive inducements and easy conditions, without conviction for sin, without sorrow for its guilt, without an experience of its par-

don, are the locks upon the wheels of our progress, the parasites which are eating out our spiritual life.

Mother and Little Ones

Things that Count

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but the good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.—Ex.

Claude's Captive

"I've been setting a trap," said Claude, coming in to supper, with a very bright face.

"Where?" said Aunt Ruth.

"Down by the big elm, just over the creek. Jason helped me to make it, and I've put a forked stick in it, with a nice bit of apple on its end. I'm sure I'll catch a squirrel before morning."

"Why do you wish to catch a squirrel, Claude?" said his aunt.

"O Aunt Ruth, a squirrel is such fun! And in the attic is a cunning little cage, with a wheel on purpose for the fellow to run up and down. It is a shame to have that cage and nothing to put in it! I'll be real good to my squirrel, auntie. He shall have fresh water and plenty of nuts, and I'll make a perfect pet of him."

"But he'll be a prisoner," said Aunt Ruth.

"Oh, he'll soon get used to that," replied Claude, taking another slice of bread and butter.

Aunt Ruth said no more, but she secretly hoped that Claude would not succeed in catching his squirrel. For several days he said nothing about it, returning from his little trips to the elm tree with a disappointed look. One evening, however, he came flying with great leaps over the meadow, and as he drew near the house, he called out gaily: "Hello, Aunt Ruth! I've got him!"

"Let me beg, then, Claude, that you will not shut him up after the free life of the woods, in that cubby-hole of a cage. Put him in the loft over the granary—that will be a splendid place for him."

But Claude shook his head. He was proud of his captive, and meant to be good to him, and every day he fed him plentifully—or tried to do so—though often the nuts were untasted. The sharp little teeth tore at the bars, and the bead-like eyes fairly snapped with anxiety to be free. "Let me out! Let me out!" Mr. Squirrel kept saying with all his might.

Aunt Ruth would stop and take a pitying peep at him now and then, saying, "Yes, you poor creature, I would, in a minute, if you were not my nephew's property—and perhaps I'll do it anyway."

She set her wits to work to see if she could not give Claude a lesson, and one day not a great while after, the little boy, who had gone to one of the upper rooms of the house on an errand, found himself to his surprise, locked in; somebody had turned the key on the outside.

He knocked, called, and listened; but no one came, and not a step did he hear. He

glanced from the window. Aunt Ruth, with her little velvet bag on her arm, was tranquilly walking down the road to a neighbor's. A party of boys were going nutting.

"If this isn't a mean shame!" said Claude.

He looked around as he spoke. He was in one of the prettiest chambers in the cottage, and as he began to notice things more particularly, he discovered that a basket of fine mellow pears and a plate of cookies were standing on the table. There was a china pitcher filled with cool water from the well. At another time Claude would have eaten the fruit and enjoyed it, but he now felt so angry that he scorned to touch it.

"I wouldn't have believed Aunt Ruth would play such a trick on me," he said, as he sat sullenly down beside the window.

Presently Tim, the hired man, crossed the yard below, and stopped a minute to speak to Sally in the kitchen.

"That 'ere poor squirrel of Claudse's is grievin' himself to death," were the words that reached the boy's ears.

"Tim! Tim!" cried Claude, leaning far out over the sill; "send Sally up here, won't you, please?"

Sally's slow, heavy steps came up the stairs. He could hear her panting with the exertion. When she reached the third landing, Claude said very pleadingly:

"Unlock the door, Sally; there's a dear, good woman."

She needed no urging, and after an hour's confinement, Claude was at liberty. He rushed down to the barn, set wide the door of Bunny's prison, and let the little victim go back to the woods and groves.

That night his Aunt Ruth told him the story of a great painter named Leonardo da Vinci, who used to buy cages and cages of birds in the markets just for the pleasure of setting them free. Claude's eyes sparkled, and he said:

"Aunt Ruth, that's just what I mean to do when I grow up."—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

"I'm Pretty Little, But I'll Try"

Here is a story which the press dispatches carried last winter, and if is worth while for every boy and girl to read and to apply the remark of little Eileen Martin to the plain work of a plain, everyday life.

Eileen Martin is the daughter of a section foreman on a great railroad line. She lives in Alta, Cal., and near her home the Overland Limited flashes past on its journey between the East and the West. Eileen is seven years old; and though she is a girl, she likes to watch the railroad trains go by as well as any boy does.

One day she had gone to the track to watch the Overland Limited whirl past, and, while waiting, her quick eye noted a broken rail.

She is only seven years old, but she knew that when the swift-flying train struck that rail destruction and death would sweep down on it. She also knew the semaphore signals. She knew that when the long arm on the high pole dropped, pointing downward, a train had entered a given space called a block.

When Eileen saw the broken rail, she at once ran to the telephone and called the station agent nearest her and told him of the disaster awaiting the train. In an instant's glance at the clock he saw that he could not reach it in time to save it.

"Can't you flag it?" he shouted to the little girl standing on a stool and listening at the other end of his line.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," answered

Eileen. Then calling an older sister, they ran together down the track. The long arm of the semaphore had dropped. The time was short and death was near. Yet on they ran, waving their aprons, desperately trying to stop the train.

And they did stop it. The engineer saw them, and with instant and quick action brought the long, heavy train to a standstill.

Now, this story is worth reading, because it is the account of a heroic act. It is worth reading for other reasons. "I'm pretty little, but I'll try."

This is what makes it worth reading. Eileen was little, pretty little, but she was alert. Her quick eye was not stupid, else she would not have known what these signs meant. She had listened when others talked of them. She had doubtless asked when there was no other way to find out. Her mind must have been always wide awake to observe things, to wonder what they meant, and to find out if possible.

Besides a quick eye, she had more. Here was something wrong. It must be told, and told without delay. She could not run and ask mother or father or teacher. What was done she must do at once. She was "pretty little," but she knew what a telephone could do. She knew that by its aid her voice could outrun the fastest horse, even the fast-flying train bearing down to destruction. She decided instantly what to do, and did it.

Then came the hardest strain of all. Past the agent the train had flashed. She alone could save it, if anybody could. "Can't you stop it?" came the demand over the wire. And without one moment's hesitation she replied: "I'll try."

It was the best she could do, little seven-year-old. But how nobly she succeeded! And the qualities that made her success are worthy of consideration by everyone. "I'll try!" That spirit will accomplish things when every other fails.

No matter how young, how little, how weak, there is always something to be done, and Eileen's spirit is the way to do it. "I'm pretty little, but I'll try."—Exchange.

The Buggies Sadie Bought

"Those baby buggies you may pack and send to the second-hand man," said Mr. Spencer. "Every one buys go-carts nowadays, and these are so hopelessly old-fashioned that we never could expect to sell them. If we get a dollar apiece I shall be glad to get rid of them."

"O, Uncle Frank, would you sell me one for a dollar?" asked an eager voice.

"What in the world do you want with a baby buggy, Sadie, and a green, plush-lined one at that?" laughed Mr. Spencer. "It's entirely too big for your dolls, even if you took the whole family out at once."

But Sadie was in earnest. She had come for a drive with her uncle to the little town where he had bought out a store and was making plans to dispose of the goods, and as soon as she saw the baby buggies a brilliant thought popped into her head. "I want to take Mrs. Adler's baby out riding in it," she said. "You know, Uncle Frank, they live in that big tenement house back of us, and the children have no place at all to play except right on the pavement; but if you will sell me the buggy, I can take the baby out in it every day."

"That is a fine plan," said Mr. Spencer. "But are you sure your mamma will like it?"

"Indeed she will," said Sadie. "She told me the next time she went downtown she would see the doctor about that poor baby. But all it needed, she thought, was just fresh air, so I know she would be willing to have me do something. I've got my dollar right here, uncle." And she took a shining coin out of a little bead purse that dangled from her belt.

"How many girls could you find to help you wheel the carriage? Or is there only

one poor baby in the tenement house?" asked Uncle Frank gravely.

"There's just lots and lots of them," said Sadie sadly, "but they couldn't all use one buggy. I know of a dozen girls who would be glad to help, and the babies can take turns, even if they can't all go at once."

"I'll sell you the whole lot for one dollar," said Mr. Spencer, taking the money, "and you and your little friends can have a regular parade every fine day. How will that do?"

"Really and truly?" said Sadie, jumping down from her perch to count the buggies. "Ten!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Thank you ever so much."

Strangers who walk through the beautiful shady avenue are apt to turn and look at the old-fashioned baby buggies pushed by little girls in pretty white dresses. The laughing babies are clean and sweet, but their clothes are often old and patched, so visitors in the town can not understand the meaning of the gay little procession. Once in a while a lady stops the big policeman, on that beat and hears this explanation: "Yes, ma'am," the blue-coated policeman says with a smile, "the little girls live on this avenue, but the babies don't. They come from the big tenement houses you can see over the tops of the trees. Every year there used to be lots of little funerals from that place, but there hasn't been one this summer. The mothers put the babies in the buggies, and the children keep them out under the trees hours at a time. And lots of folks are taking an interest in the babies since they have seen how pale they were at first. One lady buys fresh milk every day and keeps it on ice for them, another shows the mothers how to bathe them, and somebody else sees about the clean clothes, and this whole neighborhood takes a hand."

"That was the best bargain I ever made," said Mr. Spencer, watching the procession pass under the drooping elm trees. "That dollar has been too precious to spend, so I'll give it back to you, dear, for a keep-sake."

"It was my best bargain, too," said Sadie, tucking the robe about the dimpled feet of her charge. "I never get tired of pushing my buggy any more since Dr. Parks says we are keeping the babies alive and well. Don't you think it worth a great deal to hear that, uncle?"

"Indeed it is, and you girls deserve every word of it," said Mr. Spencer heartily. "When these old-fashioned buggies wear out, I will see that you have dear little go-carts for your charges; but I don't believe the babies will ever know the difference."

"There never were any nicer ones than these green plush ones," said Sadie decidedly. "Yes, Patsy, I'll catch up with the others in a minute. Good by, Uncle Frank!" And she joined the merry little girls farther up the avenue.—Hilda Richmond, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

Extraordinary!

"What became of that little kitten you had?" asked a visitor of the small boy.

"Why, haven't you heard?"

"No; was it drowned?"

"No."

"Lost?"

"No."

"Poisoned?"

"No."

"Then whatever did become of it?" said the visitor.

"It grew up into a cat," was the reply.—*Chicago Examiner*.

Confessing Our Faults

Charlotte and Dorothy were having such fun in Great-Aunt Helen's library. They were playing caravan and crossing the desert, with a gay shawl thrown over a hump-backed settee for a camel; and Charlotte, the Arab chief, was draped in a striped lounge cover, and had a silk handkerchief bound over her yellow head for a turban.

Great-Aunt Helen sat in an easy chair before the fire at the other side of the room toasting her feet at the fender, her back

toward the two little girls, and reading a big book. Apparently she was undisturbed by their rather noisy play and very deeply interested in her book, for she never glanced around.

Presently the fringe on Charlotte's drapery caught on the bronze antlers of an ornamental inkstand on the desk and hurled it to the floor. She picked it up quickly and replaced it on the desk but there was a damp black spot on the carpet.

"O," began Charlotte in dismay, "I've spilled—"

"S-sh!" cautioned Dorothy in a whisper. "She'll never know you did it. We'll just pull the rug over it; and when she does discover it, she will not guess who spilled it." And the unwise counselor drew the white rug carelessly over the spot.

But Charlotte hesitated only for a minute, her pink cheeks growing very pink indeed. Then she looked at her sister with a queer flash in her big brown eyes. "Dorothy Donaldson," she said indignantly, "I am ashamed of you. Didn't our last Sunday's lesson say to 'confess our faults one to another,' and wasn't that my fault? I shall go straight and tell Great-Aunt Helen, and she may send me right home if she wants to." Never mind, dear," said Great-Aunt Helen when she learned of the catastrophe; "while the spot is fresh I can easily clean it up with sweet milk. But if you had left it until I found it, I should never have been able to get it out, and my new carpet would have been ruined. Did you think of it, girlies?" she asked when the ink had been so nicely removed that not a trace of it remained. "It is just the same way with all your faults. If you go at once and confess them, some one is always ready to help you, and they are easily overcome. But if you hide things that you know are not right and go on and on doing them, they get more and more firmly established, and finally you can not cure them at all. But how was it, Charlotte, that you had the courage to tell me about this?"

"Because, Great-Aunt Helen, there is a little voice away inside me that would have kept me awake all night and spoiled our party tomorrow if I hadn't told you," answered Charlotte gravely.

Dorothy hung her head a minute, then she, too, came forward and slipped a timid little hand into Great-Aunt Helen's. "I must confess too, auntie," she said. "I am worse than Charlotte, because she only did it accidentally, while I wanted to hide it. I was afraid you wouldn't let us go to the party tomorrow. But I guess the little voice would have spoiled my fun, too."

"Bless your little hearts!" said Great-Aunt Helen, with a little girl in each loving arm. "We'll go to the party, but I am sure we will not forget the lesson of the ink spot."—Daisy W. Field, in the *Morning Star*.

The Policeman

To be caught by a policeman! Rudy, even though he had grown big enough to wear trousers, believed this to be the most dreadful thing that could ever happen to him. Hadn't the big boy who lived across the street told him that policemen were wicked men who put little boys in the lock-up and fed them bread and water?

There was to be a circus parade only two blocks away, and, without ever thinking to ask his mother if he might go, away went Rudy to see it. He had never seen anything like it in his life before. There were long strings of beautiful big horses, and the dearest little ponies besides. Then when the great cages came along and Rudy found himself so close to real live tigers and lions and big white polar bears that swung their heads from side to side, he gazed at them with open mouth as well as wide-open eyes.

"I'll walk just a little way after it," said Rudy to himself. So he kept as close to the bears' cage as he could, and on he trudged until the procession turned a corner. Pretty soon it turned another corner, for the parade was countermarching—that is, it was starting in the opposite direction to get back to the tents, which were only a short distance from where Rudy lived.

Long before the bears' cage reached the

tent, however, poor little Rudy's feet were too tired to take him any farther, so he dropped down on somebody's front steps and began to think to himself that maybe he was lost. He was too drowsy to think very much about it, though, and pretty soon he was sound asleep, with his head on the cold stone. In less than half an hour he waked up, perhaps because he felt a pain in the back of his neck, for his head was uncomfortably twisted. He glanced around him. Everything looked strange—everything except the sun, and that was shining brilliantly. Dear, O dear! he was sure that he was lost. Besides, he was so very hungry.

Well, it was bad enough to be lost and hungry; but a more dreadful thing was yet to happen to him, for, O horrors! who should be coming across the street but a terrible policeman, with a big club in his belt and a big badge on his coat that seemed to glitter wickedly in the bright sunshine. Even though Rudy was in his first trousers, he cried out loud; he just had to.

"Hello, sonny! What's wrong?" said the policeman in a deep voice.

"Sonny?" Why, that was what Rudy's father called him sometimes. Besides, when the policeman placed a big hand on the little curly head and peeped into the tearful eyes, he didn't look fierce at all, as Rudy thought he would. All the same, he sobbed out: "You won't lock—lock me up, will you? I only—only got lost."

"Lost?" said the deep voice again. "Let's see, you're Mr. Graeff's little boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, please, I'm Rudy Graeff," said the little fellow, who, as he noticed the pleasant smile and the kindly twinkle in the eyes of the big policeman was beginning to feel less afraid of him.

Without another word the policeman picked up the boy in his arms; and after they had walked a few squares and turned a corner, he said: "There, sonny, you're nearly home."

When the policeman rang the bell, Mrs. Graeff came to the door, and Rudy knew right away that she had been crying. "I've looked everywhere for him," she said to the policeman as she clasped Rudy in her arms and kissed him. "I just telephoned to the police station," she finished.

"I found him on my beat, up on Mulberry street," said the policeman as Mrs. Graeff was thanking him for his kindness.

Since that day Rudy thinks policemen must be among the very kindest men in the world.—*Christian Observer*.

The Cure

She was not an attractive girl in any way, and she knew it. She was restless and cross and unhappy and growing more unattractive in looks and manner as she became older. Then an aunt, visiting at her home after a long residence in a distant city, sized up the situation, and out of pity for both the girl and everybody with whom she came in contact undertook to prescribe the sure cure.

"Madeline, do you want to be a torment to yourself and everybody about you all your life?" was the blunt and astonishing question she put to her niece one day.

"No, of course not," was the prompt and half-frightened reply from the girl.

"You'd rather be sweet and lovely and happy?" came the next question, and it brought a sincere affirmative this time. The aunt handed her a folded paper and smiled as she said, very kindly now: "Follow this magic prescription, and you will be what you want to be."

Madeline read: "Every time you want to frown, smile. Every time a cross thought comes, think a pleasant one. Every time something nice is done for you, do something nicer for someone else."

For a few minutes she was crosser than ever. Then common sense saved the day. She tried the cure, honestly, sincerely, prayerfully; and to her lifelong joy, to say nothing of everybody else, there was soon no happier, more attractive, more lovable girl in the place than she.—Onward.

The Work and the Workers

Announcements

□ □

RALLY AT ALTUS, OKLA

Beginning Thursday night before the fifth Sunday in March, and continuing four days, we are planning to have a great occasion. The location being so near the Texas line we are expecting a goodly number of our people from there. Several have notified us they were coming, also a number of our pastors and workers from our home district. A hearty welcome is extended to all. Free entertainment will be provided for all who will notify us of their coming. Plan now to be present and enjoy the feast. Drop me a card at once and tell me of your coming. We have seating capacity for about 900; we want to see it all taken up during these days. Pray earnestly that the Holy Ghost will be an abiding Guest.

B. F. PRITCHETT.

MEETING AT BRILLIANT, ALA.

Please announce that Rev. C. H. Lancaster, district superintendent of Alabama District, will be at Brilliant, May 1-4.

J. N. RUSSELL, Pastor.

GOSPEL TENT NEEDED

Five years ago some of you helped us buy a tent, which we have used almost constantly, the most of the time in out-of-the-way and neglected places. This tent has served its time and now our work demands a new one, but we need some help to pay for it. Do you want a part in the continuance of this work?

P. L. PIERCE.

Box 339, Lufkin, Texas.

NOTICE: WASHINGTON-PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT

The sixth annual district assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of the Washington-Philadelphia District, will convene April 22-27, 1913, in Philadelphia, Pa. The first meeting on the 22nd at 7:30, p. m. Dr. Edward F. Walker, general superintendent, will preside.

N. H. HAAS, District Secretary.

TENT WANTED

Anyone having a good, second-hand tent or tabernacle for sale, please correspond with T. M. Guest, R. F. D. No. 1, Lingleville, Texas.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS HOLINESS CONVENTION

Are you coming? If so, send at once your name and the names of others coming with you, to Rev. C. R. Blevins, pastor Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Red Rock, Texas. Special workers are Revs. Allie Irick, J. P. Roberts, J. E. L. Moore, Miss Lillian Pool and others. Pray for this, the first holiness convention of southwest Texas.

Wm. E. FISHER.

605 Burnett St., San Antonio, Texas.

PLANNING NEXT SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN

Prof. Sutton of our faculty at Peniel University, some of our fine singers and preacher students and myself are planning to hold about twenty-five meetings next summer. We can come one alone, in twos or in larger bands, as may seem best. We feel that something extraordinary needs to be done. God is on the throne and the Holy Ghost is willing to give us a great campaign. Will you pray for us?

Let any pastor or community desiring our help write me; and we will arrange if we can.

Z. B. WHITEHURST.

Peniel, Texas.

Notes and Personals

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A personal letter from Evangelist J. E. Bates says, "You will see that I have joined the Nazarene Church. I mean to go through with a clean heart, in a clean crowd, to a clean heaven, to live with a clean Christ."

Brother J. Felton Legg, of Vinemont, Ala., R. F. D. No. 3, desires to correspond with some evangelist who needs a leader in song to help him in the summer services. He has had eight years' experience.

General Church News

□ □

FROM BUD ROBINSON

I left home about December 20th and made my way up the coast to Spokane and opened my year's work January 2nd. We had a splendid meeting. At its close I ran down to Troy, Idaho, to help our pastor there, Brother Blackman. We had fourteen days and nights of as hard a battle as I was ever in. We had snow from one foot to six feet deep, but the crowds came, and a few souls got the victory, though I have never seen people harder to move in all my ministry than they were. At the close of the meeting there I ran up to Pullman, Wash., and helped Brother Harry Elliott for two days. We had a splendid time, and at the close of the meeting they organized a Nazarene church with Rev. James Mailey as the pastor. Brother Mailey was the pastor of the Christian church, but he had the "misfortune" of getting sanctified, and of course that put him in a very difficult place with his brethren, so they felt that it would be best for him to get out of the Christian church, so their loss is our gain. From Pullman I ran down to Walla Walla, Wash., for one day and night and enjoyed the preaching of Brother J. B. McBride, and the kindness

of my old friends there. I went on to my own meeting that I was to hold at Caldwell, Idaho. Brother Clyde T. Dilley had secured a large hall and had it well seated and well lit. We had a fine meeting. I was with them ten days and did the preaching, and Brother Dilley had charge of the song service. When my time was up the Lord so arranged the work that Brother Dallas, of Peniel Texas, was coming across the country, and we arranged for him to stop off and carry the meeting on for another week. So I turned my face back to Walla Walla, and found that the McBride meeting was still under way. I wanted to meet Brother Wallace, and so I stayed over the last Sunday and had the privilege of helping to close up and enjoy the great time taking in new members. It was a great time in every sense of the word. The glory of the Lord filled the temple, the seekers filled the altar. We took in some twenty-five, I think. While there Brother Wallace had made arrangements with Brother C. U. Fowler, of Diamond, Wash., for me to run up there on Monday the 17th of February, and give them a day, and dedicate the new church. So in company with dear Brother Jack Sanders, of Pasadena, we boarded the north-bound train en route for Spokane and Diamond. We pulled into Diamond at three p. m. I lit, and Brother Jack went on to Spokane. Brother Fowler met me at the train and we went to the church and found it well filled. I preached to them and one young lady was at the altar. At night we were to dedicate the new church. They owed on it about \$75.00, and that was raised in about five minutes, and we were ready to preach the Word. God was on hand to bless it, and at the altar call twenty lined up. We had a hot battle and the Lord blessed us good. At the close of the altar service, I read a part of the third chapter of Hebrews and proceeded to dedicate the house to the Lord. At the close of the benediction we took four names for membership, and closed up at a late hour with a wave offering to the Lord. The next morning I preached to them again at 10:30 and twenty-one lined up at the altar. We had a fine altar service, and at the close we took two more names for membership. Then we took in six fine members and had another wave offering. I left at two p. m. I was in town twenty-three hours, preached three times, had forty-three at the altar, we raised \$80.00, and dedicated the church, and took in six new members. That is the way that I like to see things go.

BUD ROBINSON.

MIDWINTER MEETING AT PENIEL

This meeting which closed on Monday at 2 a. m., with the conversion of the last unconverted girl in the dormitory, was conducted by the great preacher and evangelist, L. Milton Williams. His preaching was strong, heart-searching and to the point. He made no compromises, preached his honest convictions, and manifested the loving Christ-spirit all the way through. Many of us are made to feel more than ever that a genuine, lasting revival must be attended by the pure Word of God. Brother Williams was no stranger to us, having held our midwinter meeting last year, and one campmeeting; but he is more endeared to us now than ever before because of the immeasurable good that he has brought to us. The best of all were the real spiritual results. All of our girls in the dormitory are now saved and all of them but one sanctified. There were very few in the school and community that were left, at the close of the meeting, without salvation. Men with families prayed through and came up with a shine and a shout. Praying through by the individual seeker was

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the route taken during the meeting. The Christians did an unusual amount of praying for souls to be regenerated and sanctified and that the meeting might be the greatest in the history of the school. Our prayers were answered in that we saw one hundred and forty or fifty get through in regeneration, reclamation or sanctification. The tide of glory ran high. There were shouts going up while the collection was taken Sunday morning, and after the collection while two of our sanctified students who will graduate this year, sang a duet the power came on the congregation, and seemed to sweep the wholehouse. Many came running to the altar without an invitation. No sermon nor exhortation was given; but two or three rows reaching almost entirely across our large chapel were filled with weeping seekers, many of whom prayed through before they got off their knees. This was the most powerful service that many of us, who have attended many great camp meetings, ever saw. From the character of our students and people and the manner in which the meeting was conducted and the manner in which souls got through, this was about the best meeting in the history of the university. The attendance and spirit at the conference, in the chapel, in the dormitories, in the recitation rooms, and everywhere about here demonstrate the greatness of the meeting.

Many of the parents of our students and other friends to the university were visitors here during the meeting. They were not mere strangers looking on; but real brethren and sisters entering into the battle and gaining victories along with the rest of us; and they go back to their homes with the glow and glory on their souls to fire their own communities. It seems that we have never seen our school and community in better condition. The teachers all seem to love their work and throw themselves completely into it. The students are delighted and are doing unusually fine work; and as I am among their parents away from here, I find that they too are pleased with the work that their children are doing and the Christian instruction and attention they are getting. It has been my pleasure and a rest to me to travel as financial and general field agent for the Peniel University for the past seven and a half months. I find a hearty interest among the holiness people and many others in the work of the Peniel University. They are contributing liberally to make the school the best. God is blessing us and we sometimes shout with the givers while filling out their pledges and receiving their money. Since the Peniel Development Co. has sufficient assets to cover all its liabilities, and more than half the lots yet unsold, and we have nearly enough in pledges to pay all our indebtedness on our buildings, and nearly all our students are sanctified and full of holy zeal, we are in the finest condition by far that we have ever been in.

Z. B. WHITEHURST.

CAMPAIGNING ON THE COAST

Madras, Ore., is situated in central Oregon, one hundred miles south of the Columbia river. There is but a small depot here and there on a siding, between the Columbia river and Madras. Some three years ago the two great railroad systems, Hill and Harriman, fought each other in building up the Des Chutes river to gain an entrance to that wide and fertile section in central Oregon that before had no railroad. It engendered much strife; blood was shed, men were killed, but they both succeeded in building up the crooked, deep, and in places very narrow gorge. For a hundred miles they follow the winding of the swift, steep, rushing stream. Madras lays out upon the open plateau near the edge of the great wheat section. The country had been settled for some years prior to the building of the railroads. Churches were a scarce article and that kind of preaching that awakens and arouses and makes lost men and women see and realize their awful condition was almost

Two New Missionary Churches



On February 16th the Mexican Mission of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was organized into a Mexican Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. God gave a great victory and blessing. There were forty-five charter members, and about half as many more are shortly to be received, some by baptism. Rev. W. C. Wilson, our district superintendent, was with us, and directed in the organization. Brother S. D. Athans, who was here for a few days from his field of labor in El Paso, Texas, gave added inspiration, as he is so well known and greatly beloved for his faithful labors among us. He brought the message from Ephesians 5: 25, 26—"Even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it."

There were sixty-seven in the Sabbath school in the morning. Good services all day, with a number of seekers at the night service. The students in our school are being greatly helped of the Lord. Some are fasting and praying and God is answering for other students, and in the services. Classes for Bible study are profitable, with increasing numbers and interest.

Our hearts are dumb with pain at conditions in our beloved land, and we wonder what the end will be. O Mexico; sad Mexico! thy land is stained with blood—thy widows' tears and orphans' cries and martyrs' fate all ring from shore to shore the sad, despairing wail. "No Christ of Peace! No goodwill to men! No light to show the Better Way!" Oh, if they had had the Light before! Alas! too late. What shall we say to Him who said so long ago, "Why tarry ye? Behold, the field already white unto the harvest." And thousands now have passed beyond all hope or mercy. Beloved, let us besiege the throne for help, right speedily,

and for the thousands of our people in the United States. Surely this is now our opportunity and responsibility.

MRS. M. McREYNOLDS,
Superintendent Mexican Work.



The organization of the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Japan will take place Sunday, March 30th, in Kyoto, the ancient capital of the Sunrise Kingdom. It will be a day of great rejoicing, for it marks one more victory over the powers of heathen darkness. Our mission building is undergoing much needed repairs, and will be in readiness for the occasion. We do not wish to rejoice alone, but hope all the churches of the homeland will remember the date and unite with us in praise to God. Pray that we may have a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit; but remember that we are seventeen hours ahead of California in time. Begin praying before Sunday, and on that day you can give thanks, for the organization will have been consummated the previous day. Faith is our watchword, and God is surely giving us more and more. In praying let us ask largely. Already there is a "Sound of a stirring in the tops of the mulberry trees." Friends, victory is ours.

Nearly every service brings earnest seekers, and the interest in Bible study is keen and increasing. We are greatly rejoiced that God has given us an interpreter who is one among a thousand. He is a young man of sterling character, well educated, and a devout Christian. Brother Homma will be a source of much strength to our work.

Yours in His service,

CORA G. SNIDER.

unheard of. Some one had given money enough to the Methodists, and they had erected a memorial church building. The Campbellites had a building, and recently the Free Methodists had also put up a small place, but nothing much had been done in the way of saving men. The last conference had sent Rev. Israel Putman there as its pastor. Brother Putman immediately on his arrival got his few together and had them vote to secure an evangelist, and as soon as they agreed to do so, informed them that he would have none but a straight out-and-out holiness evangelist and he wanted a man of national reputation. The church agreed to his wishes and he began corresponding to that effect. Brother Putman had written us from a former charge, but we had not been able to accept his invitation. However, his call greatly appealed to us, and after a good deal of changing and rearranging we landed in Madras on January 18th, and the next morning set the battle in array. We arrived after dark, being on the way nearly four days. When we got a good look about us and took in the situation, we wondered and felt somewhat amused to find ourself in such a small out of

the way corner of the earth. Not once did we feel sorry for coming; neither did we have the slightest doubt for we had prayed long and earnestly for divine direction in the matter. We were scheduled for fifteen days, so we began by putting down the old gospel plow and looking for soil that was hidden beneath. On through the first week we went from Sunday morning until the following Saturday night before we invited seekers to come and then they came from all parts of the house. Some of them never came back, but the majority did; some many times until they got what they were seeking. We have had many experiences in revival work and know about what to expect from straight preaching along the lines of repentance, restitution, confession which will lead on to regeneration, and heart cleansing. We also have had folks confess and confide in us until sometimes we have felt we were a whole big secret society in ourself, but of all the confessing and kinds we ever listened to, none has been worse than at Madras, and it was neither "put on" nor a "sham," but earnest, anxious, sorrowful trying to find God. We would listen in amazement, horror and dis-

gust, get down and weep and cry with them and pray for them. It would take a good sized book to tell all that took place during the last week. The high school dismissed and teachers and scholars came from the school building to the services and many of them to the altar. What a fine bunch of young people these were. Sometimes we found ourselves wondering how they got there, but they were there and many of them were converted and some sanctified in the meetings. Some would be at the altar perhaps several times and then pray through at home, at school, out on the ranch and in various places, but they always knew when they were through. Conviction settled down deep. One day a man drove up to the door and hurried in, wanting us to pray with him. He said, "I have come eight miles and I have been vomiting out brimstone all the way." White as a sheet, his looks rather backed his words. At another time a precious wife came for us to go to the bedside of her husband. We found him on his back fairly panting for breath. He said, "I can only breathe through my mouth. My nostrils are stopped up with brimstone." Well, he looked like it sure enough. The people came from somewhere and packed and jammed the building, and God did not withhold His presence either. Brother Putman kept urging us to go ahead; preach the straightest we knew how, and we did and he stood by us to the very last minute. There was no collection taken until the last Sunday, but Brother Putman had those matters in hand. He said he found the people glad to give, some offering and asking when it was to be done. They looked after our interest in every way and sent us on our journey with a light heart and happy and rejoicing that we had been allowed to visit Madras. May God bless those folks and may the fire that has been started spread all over that part of the country.

L. MILTON WILLIAMS.

GREENBRIAR, ARK.

Jesus is giving victory here. A few are coming to the altar, and one has been saved. Conviction is deep. We are expecting a break at any time. Brother Frank DeBoard and wife are with me, rendering good service.

ORCUTT, CAL.

This place is a small town of about four hundred inhabitants, with two or three saloons, one grocery store, and one church building, the M. E. church. It has been our privilege to hold a two weeks' meeting in this church. The people tell us they have never had a convert in the church or in the place in its history. But God has been giving the people a chance to hear the old-time gospel. Some have accepted. The interest from the first service steadily increased; deep conviction rested on the people, and our God answered prayer. A man who confessed that for twenty years he had tried to see how mean he could be, came asking for mercy. Presently he arose and ran around the church shaking hands and exclaiming, "I have found Him." A young girl claimed to be converted in her seat about the same time. Others came to the altar during the services. The Methodists of Orcutt had never seen it on this fashion before, so they have invited us back in the course of three months. Our home address is Nazarene University, Pasadena, Cal.

ELSIE N. CUNNINGHAM.

LULA A. HORTON,

UHRICHSVILLE, OHIO

We just closed a very successful twenty-three-day revival meeting with good results. A number were saved and many sanctified. Some at the altar nearly every night. The Holy Ghost was poured out upon preacher and people, and at some of the services, when the power and glory would fall, it gave us some conception of the day of Pentecost. The people of the town turned out in numbers to at-

News From the Districts

DAKOTAS AND MONTANA DISTRICT

Preachers in the Course of Study—Attention!

At the session of our District Assembly at Surrey, N. D., last August, a Board of Examination was elected, as the Manual directs, and the course of study for licensed preachers, as arranged by the general superintendents, was assigned to the members of the board, as examiners, as follows: Bible (for the entire four years' course), H. G. Cowan; Theology, Lyman Brough; Church History, C. D. Norris; Essentials in American History, the Church Manual, Making a Sermon, Argumentation, Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Jacob Ruchsinger; Practical English, Psychology, C. D. Norris; All About the Bible, H. G. Cowan.

These are the examiners, and the Course of Study may be found on pages 89-91 of the Manual. The next examination will be held at Sawyer, N. D., the day preceding the meeting of the next assembly, which is to meet at Sawyer, August 6-10, 1913. The board will meet for the examination of students in the course at 9:00 o'clock a. m., of the day appointed. All examinations will be in writing, and there will be not less than ten questions on each study and book.

There are seven students in the course, and it is to their interest now to prepare for examination, to continue the preparation until the day of examination, and to appear promptly there at the place appointed, with writing materials, before the examiners in the year prepared for. Let the students get the books at as early a date as possible, if not already procured, and give as much time as possible to their study. While our preachers are primarily soul-winners, let them see to it that they are intelligent soul-winners, "Workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

H. G. COWAN, Secretary.

□ □

PITTSBURGH DISTRICT

We began evangelistic labor with Warren church on February 9th. The pastor, Rev. Will H. Nerry, had all things ready. The Lord blessed from the beginning. This truly is a grand church to labor with. They are loyal Nazarenes in every way. About seventy-five souls were at the altar seeking pardon or purity, mostly young people. Many seemed to get through bright. May the Lord bless them and keep them true. Brother Nerry is equipped with the qualities necessary to make one successful in the pastorate. He has showed himself approved of God: for "By their fruits ye shall know them." He knows the value of our church paper. Every family in his church takes the paper. He sees that they do. Thus his people are well

tend the services. The church was filled to its full capacity. The music and singing was in charge of Miss Lillian Parker and Mrs. O. L. Bendeum, and the messages of full salvation were brought by the pastor. This meeting has been a great blessing to the saints, and the church has been much benefited by it. The people of the town

look on holiness in a different way than heretofore. The victory in this meeting came on account of much prayer on the part of both church and individuals. We will assist Rev. Howard Welsh at his Terrace (Pa.) charge for a few weeks. Pray for us that God will give the victory.

WILL H. HAFER, Pastor.

informed as to our church and its work. All other pastors can do the same if they but think so. This silent preacher will help the pastor lead his flock on to victory. This church practices the tithing system, so they have the means to carry on the work of the Lord.

From Warren we went to Corydon, Pa. Preached one night, with two at the altar. This is some more of Brother Nerry's fruit for his labors.

Next we stopped at Bradford, Pa. Here we were met by Brother Skuse, pastor of this circuit. He had things well planned. We had four services in two days, drove eight miles, walked four; eleven souls prayed through.

Our next place was Oil City, Pa., where we met the faithful few. They are arranging to make a forward move. They have a great field and a hard one to work in.

We then came to Troy and Dayton, Ohio. The Lord was with us, and gave us a salvation time. At present we are at home for a few days, Olivet, Ill. An old-fashioned revival is in progress at the school.

N. B. HERRELL,
District Superintendent.

□ □

ABILENE DISTRICT

Missionary Treasurer's Report for December, January and February

Hamlin	\$116 20
Lubbock	5 00
Memphis	7 85
Swedonia	11 00
Dublin	7 00
Trickham	10 00
Indian Creek	5 00
Pilot Point	7 00
Buffalo Gap	1 25
Artesia	17 25
Deming	2 85
Germany	1 00
Snyder	1 00
County Line	1 00
Bangs	75
Beattie	1 00
Yates	1 00
Mt. Zion	1 00
Wichita Falls	3 00
Plainview	7 26
Wellington	3 39
Dodsonville	25 90
Childress	14 40
Claude	2 05
Roscoe	70
San Antonio	5 00
Jud	3 00
Mingus	2 25
Hutto	1 00
Roby	1 00
Miscellaneous	22 25 \$288 35

Home Missions—

Indian Creek	\$ 5 00
Assembly	3 75 \$ 8 75

MRS. W. F. RUTHERFORD,
District Treasurer.

look on holiness in a different way than heretofore. The victory in this meeting came on account of much prayer on the part of both church and individuals. We will assist Rev. Howard Welsh at his Terrace (Pa.) charge for a few weeks. Pray for us that God will give the victory.

A Pentecost at Olivet

We are having here a remarkable visitation from the Lord. It is of the Holy Ghost. It began especially a week ago last Sabbath night. I had appointed a young man and a young woman of my class in Homiletics to preach in the chapel, Sabbath night; both from the same text. This they did with manifest tokens of the anointing of the Spirit. When they got through one of our young men exhorted. The break came, and a great work of grace has been going on ever since, though we had not had any special meetings up to this time.

We have also had a most remarkable case of divine healing. Miss Eula Wilson, a student from Chicago, four or five months ago went to bed with a very grievous sickness—a terrible abscess on her side. Much prayer was offered for her, and everything that could be done by human agency was done for her; but she grew worse and worse, until several times we judged she was at the very point of death. She was given up by the physician, who declared that it was not possible for her to live. For weeks she could eat nothing; and for about six weeks the only nourishment she could take and retain was orange juice. For the last two months and more that she was kept alive in answer to the prayers of God's people. At midnight last Saturday she felt that the Lord was about to heal her. She sent for several students, who came and prayed with her, and suddenly her eyes opened and she exclaimed, "I see!" the first time that she had been able to see for months. The Bible was brought and she turned to Psalm 108, and read, "O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise even with my glory." She began to shout, and immediately arose from her bed, and soon the whole school and neighborhood rang with the praises of God, not only from her throat but from the throats of many others. That morning she came down stairs and ate heartily of the regular meals, and went to two services in the chapel that day. There was no preaching at all; could be none, the people were engrossed with prayer and praise and the altar was filled with seekers. Miss Wilson the next day went on a business trip to a neighboring town, and has ever since been attending services, and is growing stronger and stronger, not ceasing to praise the Lord. The physician, who months ago had declared it impossible for her to live, is struck with wonder; and declares it a great mystery to him. It seems as if one were raised from the dead, and it is a benediction for one to look upon this dear person so suddenly and victoriously restored to health by the power of God. Great grace is upon the people, who marvel at this modern miracle, and glorify God for His healing power as well as His saving grace.

GARFIELD, WASH.

The church at Garfield is marching on and shouting the victory. Some souls have been saved and some sanctified, and have come into the church. The Lord is leading on while the devil is still on hand.

GERTIE BINGHAM.

WELLSVILLE, OHIO

On February 2d I began a meeting with Rev. C. H. Kern, one of my preacher boys, at the Shepler church on the Blissfield circuit. We had a stubborn, hard fight, but the Lord gave gracious victory, and a number of souls prayed through. One remarkable case was that of the class leader, who got dug out, confessed up, prayed through, and got victory the last Sunday morning.

I was called home from this meeting on account of the death of my precious mother, who died suddenly, on her knees, in prayer,

The good work of conversion, restoration and sanctification goes on in the chapel. Yesterday morning we were not able to attend to our regular school duties, because of the glory that came down upon the chapel services. Last night the leadership of the work, under the Holy Ghost, was turned over to the pastor of the church, Rev. U. E. Harding, who continues this week with special services from night to night. The attendance is large and interest is deep. The work is genuine. Great heart-searchings among the students and people, and great glory is coming to Jesus, the Head of the church, and the Supreme Head of this school whose it is.

We are receiving communications from all over the country inquiring with regard to the school, and the prospect of enlarged attendance is good. We have a number of encouraging things that we might say regarding the school if time and space would permit; particularly we have had some financial encouragement, so our hearts are lifted up and we are expecting greater things than these, for much prayer is being offered. Jesus is in our midst and He will bring it to pass.

We have met with much that is called "interdenominational," but in connection with which there seems to be a very strong leaning toward some particular denomination, if not a very rife sectarian spirit. The following note, unsolicited, was just handed me by a student who has attended one of the so-called "interdenominational" schools elsewhere, and was a student here while this was called "interdenominational:"

"I am enjoying full salvation and thanking the Lord for the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit here at the present time. I am a member of the Lutheran church, and I have been attending this school. I can say for the benefit of those of various denominations who are looking this way that the school is run on less sectarian lines now than before. The Lord is blessing us in a marvelous way. We are praying for a continuation of this feast from the Father.

"JOSHUA BRENNINGER,
"Student I. H. U."

Whilst this school is under the watch care of a particular denomination, we have unsolicited testimonies from many sources that it manifests less of the sectarian spirit than it ever before showed. We are out for Jesus, and all for Jesus, and for all who are in Jesus and would serve Him and advance His glory.

Brethren, pray for us that the Lord's presence may be realized more and more in this school of Christ.

EDWARD F. WALKER,
President I. H. U.

leading the prayer meeting in the old home church, Sunday morning, February 16th. She died at her post of duty, with the armor on. Sunday, February 23d, I began a meeting in the Evangelical church of this place, with Rev. E. L. Fox, the pastor. Brother Fox is a true yoke-fellow, and a man of God. The Lord is with us. A number of precious souls have prayed through already.

H. C. BAKER.

SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.

Things are moving along, God is working, and the devil, of course, is wide awake. We do not mean that he shall get the inside track, for God is on our side, so we are sure of victory. Have been trying to awaken new interest along missionary lines. The last Sunday night in each month is being used for a missionary service, occupying the hour preceding preaching service. Sunday, February 23d, the subject was "India." The service was very helpful.

January 26th the committee took for their subject "Japan," making a specialty of Sister Staples' trip and experience, as found in the Christmas number. So few of our people, we are sorry to say, support our church paper by their subscription so this wonderful news from Japan was gladly received by all and stirred the hearts of those present—giving new light to some and a stronger determination to become enraptured with the missionary spirit.

Rev. J. A. Ward was with us on the night of February 26th, and preached a powerful sermon, which did us all good. The Holy Ghost abides today, and we are going through with Him, trusting Him to give us souls in this place to shine throughout eternity.

JOHN R. NICOLL, Pastor.

LEICESTER, VT.

The Goshen Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene held its sixth annual meeting the 22d of February. It was a blessed time in the Lord. We gave our pastor a unanimous vote to stay with us another year. Congregations are increasing every Sabbath, and members are being added to our number.

MRS. C. W. PHELPS, Clerk.

BRILLIANT, ALA.

The work here is on the upward go. There is a set of true Nazarenes here that mean to bring things to pass through the power of Him who redeemed them from sin and death. We are having good success in our weekly prayer meetings, and especially the Sunday afternoon meetings. Brother B. A. Perry is the principal leader.

J. N. RUSSELL, Pastor.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

After being under quarantine with smallpox since January 7th, we are grateful to our Father to be at liberty again. My entire family and self had the disease, two of us having severe cases. But the dear Lord was with us, and brought us through. We love Him more than ever. It was a lesson of trust and patience. But we are satisfied with anything that leads us to a closer association with Him. The church has been closed. We began anew the first Sabbath of March. May we have your prayers that we will be able to gather the flock together again.

R. L. WISLER.

NEWTON, KAS.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." He has given us a very blessed season of revival here in Newton. Rev. E. A. Lewis and wife and Rev. Ernest S. Mathews were the human leaders. The Lord answered prayer. There were in all about sixty-five professions of pardon or purity. Seven have already united with the church. We are looking up.

FRED H. MENDELL, Pastor.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

Yesterday, March 2d, was a glorious day in the church here. God gave us four souls at the altar. How we rejoice that the Lord's arm is not shortened that it can not save! There has not been one barren week in many months. We also took in ten new members. This makes a total of ninety-five new members that we have taken in since we came here eighteen months ago. There have been some withdrawals, some transfers, and some dismissals.

F. J. THOMAS, Pastor.

DANVILLE, ILL.

We have just closed one of the most victorious revival meetings of our life at this place. We opened fire the second day of February, with Evangelist U. E. Harding in the lead. The first two weeks was hard pulling, but we held on in prayer until God answered.

There were probably seventy or seventy-five seekers at the altar—for pardon or purity—and many of them were happy finders. The last Sunday of the meeting was a day long to be remembered by all who were present. Large crowds all day. We opened the doors of the church, and took in thirty-two new members. My soul says, Glory! Surely God is with us at Danville. I had taken in nine new members before this meeting, making a total of forty-one since the assembly. The Lord is blessing all departments of our church, and we are looking forward and expecting great things for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Danville. Nazarene preachers who are passing through are invited to stop off and give us a lift. Pastor's address is 905 Oak street.

IRA R. AKERS, Pastor.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

Have been assisting in revival meetings in Concord and Manchester, N.H. We have a fine piece of property in Manchester, the result of the indefatigable labors of Miss Cora L. Knight and Miss Effie M. Jodrey. The membership is small yet, but the congregations are excellent, and every member shows interest in the work in a practical way. Never saw such workers and givers in my life. The members seem to have partaken of the zeal of the two ladies above mentioned, who have held services about every night for the last three years—on the street, on the common, in the mission hall, and in the church. Threatened with arrest by the police, after changing their position on the common twice, to comply with the request of a weak-voiced preacher whose church was situated near the common, they appealed to the chief. "Go ahead," said that executive. "If I had a voice like you, I would resign my position, and go preaching myself." We are winning out in Manchester. The work at Concord, N.H., is the result of the work in Manchester. Pray for this field so needy.

Good services continue at the First church in Haverhill. Seekers and finders is the order of the day. A new feature which gives much promise of future success is the Ladies' Prayer Meeting, held each Tuesday afternoon at the home of Brother I. W. Hanson. Praise the Lord!

W. G. SCHURMAN.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

In this city there is a beacon light burning for full salvation through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It is known as the "Berean Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene." This is a city of culture, ethics, and classics, where the devil goes around in sheep's clothing. But I thank God that we have a pastor, Rev. J. N. Short, who is not afraid to tear off the devil's mask and preach the burning truth to poor, lost and dying sinners. This is one of the pioneer churches of New England, and from week to week full salvation is being preached with an unction and power which can not be surpassed. I want to say that the fire of the Holy Ghost is burning and glowing, and I am believing that in the special meetings, which are to be held for two weeks, beginning April 1st, it will burn to a white heat, which will stir this city for God. Brother C. E. Roberts, his wife, and her sister, Miss Taylor, are the evangelists. He is a wonderful preacher, and filled with the Holy Ghost. His wife and her sister are beautiful singers. If you live within easy distance, we invite you to come and partake of the feast with us. The church is located at Trade Association Hall, Central Sq.

A. R. S.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

We had a hard battle at Enville, Okla., but God gave victory. We go back July 15th to August 1st. We have real victory in our soul; expecting great things of our God in the salvation of souls this year. May God bless all the Herald family.

D. J. WAGGONER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sunday, March 2nd, Rev. L. N. Fogg, our district superintendent, was with us at the People's Church, and preached three strong sermons. There was an excellent attendance and deep conviction was on the people. In the afternoon we officiated at the funeral of Rev. W. H. Tilley, a godly preacher and mission worker of this city. He was a believer of the second work, and, better still, he had the blessing. He will be greatly missed in Providence. From March 18th to 31st Rev. C. E. Roberts and wife and Miss Lenora Taylor, of Pilot Point, Texas, will be with us in a series of evangelistic services. We are expecting an old-fashioned revival. Will the readers of these lines please remember us in prayer.

A. K. BRYANT, Pastor.

UHRICHSVILLE, OHIO

The series of evangelistic services in the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of Uhrichsville, Ohio, closed Wednesday night, February 27th, after continuing from February 2d. The church was crowded to the doors many nights, and though the special services are over, they have left an impression on the people that will last a long time, and with some who yielded their lives to God it will last for ever. People who came through curiosity at first, and whose levity was apparent, became vitally interested, and awakened as they never had been, and we have faith to believe that more of them will eventually be saved.

The pastor, Will Hafer, insisted that ALL the church pray, and that without ceasing, for the success of the meeting. Each afternoon at 2:30 o'clock found the church at prayer, and some wonderful services were the result. God was glorified, and His Holy Spirit was present with power. It seemed that heaven was taken "even by violence," so great was the burden for souls upon the people. After such prayer meetings, souls were always born into the kingdom. Some were reclaimed, some who had been seeking the blessing also found the Sanctifier. A goodly number of children were saved, and some sanctified. The bells are ringing joyously in many hearts. Nearly seventy were at the altar during the series. The pastor emphasized the fact throughout the meetings that we were not in a campaign for members, but the saving of souls and sanctification of believers was what was desired, and members were a secondary matter. He was tireless in his efforts to help souls to be saved. His excellent sermons bristling with facts and pointed texts of the Word, together with his plain illustrations, unctonized by the Holy Ghost, drove the truth home, till sinners were convicted and some could hardly wait till the altar call was given, but sat with tears of repentance on their faces. These soon found the Savior. The Sinai gospel sermons with hell-fire and brimstone attached, were too much for some, who came not again, but sin was uncovered until the whole town is aghast at the revelations. Miss Lillian Parker and Mrs. O. L. Benedum had charge of the music, and brought many sermons in song, which brought conviction to many, and reached the hearts of all. We have victory all along the line. Praise the Lord!

I. K. PATIN, Sec'y.

LOWELL, MASS.

This has been a great week to our church. Tuesday night the prayer meeting was unusually deep and spiritual. Sunday, March 2d, was but a continuation of glory and power. Such an humble, melting spirit on the communion service! The afternoon meeting seemed to exceed any, with a sweep of heavenly glory. This meeting was led by one of our young men, seventeen years old, a high school boy. The young, with the old people, were triumphant in the Spirit of God. Four of them lost sight of all else, and with radiant faces, marched and glorified God. Three were at the

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* *

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"CLEMENT C. CARY."

Atlanta, Ga., December 17, 1912.

* *

DIAGNOSIS

"Is the great need of the hour. I heard, recently, a minister of liberal education say, in a sermon, that children are born as pure as Jesus and that they remain so till they fall by their own transgression, and that acquired depravity is the only depravity.

"Brethren, diagnosis is the need of the hour. A failure at this point means failure, not only in the treatment of sin here, but failure in the final results hereafter.

"I feel constrained to recommend to you 'Beauty for Ashes,' written by Dr. B. F. Haynes. It deals with sin and its cure. It is clear, succinct and strong. The chapter on depravity is worth many times the price of the book.

"Your fellow servant,

"F. W. JOHNSON."

* *

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altar at the evening service. To God be all the glory. Mrs. Martin and I will be in Fitchburg, Mass., for a week's meetings. Victory!

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. MARTIN.

PATTERSON, MO.

After my campaign in California I spent three weeks at home, the last week being the midwinter meeting, where God poured out His Spirit mightily upon His people. I began

here in the Presbyterian church Saturday night, with splendid crowds and good attention. Indications are good for a real revival. Pray that God may send it.

J. E. BATES, Peniel,

MC PHERSON, KAS.

Our meeting from January 3d to February 16th, was in many respects the best we have ever had at this place.

The pastor, Rev. Demoret, was assisted by Rev. Charles M. King, of LeLande, N. M., who did most of the preaching, and Brothers Everhart and Lang also helped for a short time. Brother King's messages were straight and searching, and some of us had to dig to keep up with the light. About eight or nine souls were saved or reclaimed, and ten or twelve sanctified; others are still under conviction. A class of six was taken into the church at the close of the meeting.

One of the blessed results is the feeling of love and unity existing in the church. It has never been better. The time has arrived when the Lord seems to be saying, "Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," so we are looking for a location on which to build a little church, where the Holy Ghost can have right of way. There isn't much money in sight, but we have a little faith in a great God, and we're marching on! Pray for us.

Mrs. E. R. and RAY BURKHOLDER.

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

The work here is moving up some. We have an interesting Sunday school, and a good mid-week prayer meeting. Two have been sanctified, and there have been three additions to the church. Conviction is upon the people. Some want to be sanctified and a number have asked for prayers. The congregations have increased from just a few to nearly a housefull. We are praying for a great revival; already we see signs of its coming.

B. R. GOLIGHTLY, Pastor.

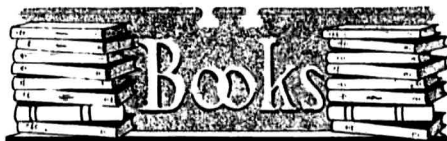
VILONIA, ARK.

I am just home from Jonesboro, Ark., where I had been for three weeks. Numbers came to the altar and wept their way to Calvary's cross and found their heart's desire. One preacher was restored to God. Several heads of families were saved or sanctified. We ran three weeks without a break; this is what I call a protracted meeting. Sunday, the 16th, was a red-letter day in the Nazarene church in Jonesboro. As we preached on holiness God's power came so upon the people that the saints could not be quiet. Such shouting and rejoicing they did, as wave after wave of the presence and power of God swept over the audience! Brother and Sister Linza, the pastors, stood faithfully by the meeting and the evangelist. Sister Addie Ennis presided at the organ and she did her part well. Our labors and stay with these good people will never be forgotten.

LEE L. HAMRIC.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

We have good news to report from this place. The Lord is with us and is working on hearts. In our meeting just closed seven were reclaimed and two converted. Many are under conviction and we are praying they may soon reach the blood. The blood cure is the only cure for a sin-sick soul. Nothing else can for sin atone. Nothing but the blood of Jesus. The little Zion in this place is taking fresh courage. God is meeting with us from time to time and strengthening His children. We are praying the revival spirit may continue all summer. The saints have buckled on the armor a little firmer saying, "Give us souls—give us souls." We will be glad if any of God's ministers could stop over a day or two while passing through this part of the country,



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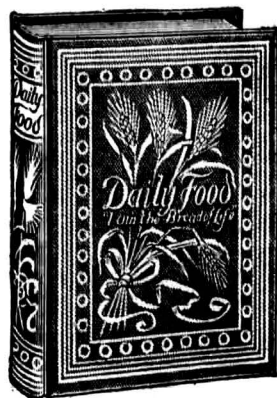
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and give us a lift. We like a feast and need encouragement as well as any one.

F. E. PUTNEY.

KANSAS DISTRICT

Another new church in Kansas. Rev. A. L.

Hipple held a meeting last fall or early winter in a new town southwest from Dodge City, out of which a church was organized the first of this week. They have a church building enclosed, and we hope to dedicate early in May. Brother Hipple is to care for the work at present.

A. S. COCHRAN, Dist. Supt.

BAYSIDE, TEXAS

We have a Nazarene Sunday school here in the school house, and a small band of holiness folks meet on Tuesday, Friday and Sunday nights to have prayer meetings and to praise God. We have no regular pastor as yet, nor organized church, but are determined to go all the way. The field here is white unto harvest, but true laborers are few.

TOM PHILEN.

JONESBORO, ARK.

We have just closed a fine meeting at Jonesboro, in which many souls found God. Rev. L. L. Hamrie, of Vilonia, Ark., did the preaching. This was the first time we ever had the pleasure of laboring with Brother Hamrie. We love him good. He preaches the truth, uncovers sin, and has power with God and man. When the time appointed for the meeting to close arrived, the altar was full of seekers, and Brother Hamrie stayed another week with us. Truly God was good to us in this battle. We are gaining ground. Jesus is leading. Our faith is in Him.

J. E. LINZA and WIFE.

PEARL, TEXAS

A good day yesterday at Pearl. God is blessing us abundantly since the assembly. Last third Sunday at County Line the saints cried and shouted for joy while the writer preached to them from Jer. 6-16, on the old-time religion. May the day soon come when we will have more family altars where father and mother will gather the children around the fire side and pray the blessings of God down upon them. We are building us a nice Nazarene church at Pearl. Will soon have it finished and the first Sunday in May our beloved superintendent, Brother I. M. Ellis will hold our dedication service. We are expecting great things from the Lord at this time. The saints on my work are sacrificing people and know how to make things go. T. J. CARPENTER.

SPOKANE, WASH.

The meeting with Brother Bud Robinson has come and gone into history, and will surely be a pleasant spot in our memory and that of the church in years to come. Brother Robinson could only be with us nine days and over one Sabbath, but more than a hundred people bowed at the altar during that time, some being converted, some reclaimed and others sanctified. We took twenty-four into the church during the meetings and two the Sunday before. As fine a set of people as you ever saw. About that many more have handed in their names for membership which we will receive in a week or so. There are still many others looking our way and there is no telling what the Lord will do in Spokane. The four or five new churches just started in the last year in and around Spokane are all pushing the battle and some are doing fine. We are to have Rev. Seth C. Rees for our annual camp meeting this summer, July 11th-21st. Plan to come. We are praying the Lord to help us open up our own private school next fall, in order to save the children.

A. O. HENRICKS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The membership of the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, San Francisco, are progressive Christians and happy on the way. There is a most blessed spirit of unity pervading the whole church. There is an increase during these years on all lines, spiritual, finan-

Superintendents' Directory



GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

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

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

Corsicana, Texas March 12
San Antonio, Texas March 16

E. F. WALKER Glendora, Cal.

Philadelphia, Pa., Washington-Philadel-
phia District Assembly April 22-27

Colorado Springs, Colo., Colorado Dis-
trict Assembly June 12-15

Boise, Idaho, Idaho District Assembly June 18-22

Portland, Ore., Northwest District As-
sembly June 24-29

Didsbury, Alberta, Campmeeting July 4-13

Calgary, Alta., Alberta District Assem-
bly and Campmeeting July 14-22

Portland, Ore., State Campmeeting, July 24-Aug. 4

Sawyer, N. D., Dakota-Montana District
Assembly August 6-10

Gaines, Mich., Campmeeting August 22-28

Cleveland, Ind., Campmeeting Aug. 29-Sept. 8

First session of all District Assemblies at
7:30 p. m. of the first day advertised.



DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS

ABILENE

I. M. Ellis, Box 175, Hamlin, Texas

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.

Ozark, Ark. March 12

Hartford, Ark. March 14

Waldron, Ark. March 15-16

Mena, Ark. March 17

Grannis, Ark. March 18

DeQueen, Ark. March 19

Wicks, Ark. March 20

Vandervoort, Ark. March 21

Cherry Hill, Ark. March 22-23

Corinth, Ark. March 24

Little Rock, Ark. March 27-30

ALBERTA (Canada) MISSION

W. B. Tait Room 413 Grain Exchange,
Calgary, Alberta

ALABAMA

C. H. Lancaster Jasper, Ala.

Gamble Mines, Ala. March 12-16

Dora, Ala. March 22-23

Townley, Ala. March 28-30

Corona, Ala. April 19-20

Brilliant, Ala. April 24-27

Sargossa, Ala. July 2-13

Thaxton, Miss. August 8-17

CHICAGO CENTRAL

J. M. Wines, 724 Nelson St., Indianapolis, Ind.

CLARKSVILLE

J. J. Rye Clarksville, Tenn.

COLORADO

C. B. Widmeyer .. 212 N. Walnut St., Colo-
rado Springs, Colo.

DALLAS

W. M. Nelson Texarkana, Texas

Burrows Chapel, Texas March 15-16

Whitesboro, Texas March 17-18

Denison, Texas March 19-20

Callis, Texas March 22-23

Richland, Texas March 23-25

Wolfe City, Texas March 26-27

Alba, Texas March 28-April 13

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.

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.

Bentley, Kas. March 10-12

Wichita, Kas. March 13

Wellington, Kas. March 14-16

Hutchinson, Kas. March 18-20

Yaggy (P. O., Hutchinson, Kas.) March 21-23

Kingman, Kas. March 25

KENTUCKY

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

LOUISIANA

T. C. Leckie Hudson, La.

MISSOURI

Mark Whitney Des Arc, Mo.

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.

Okmulgee, Okla. March 10-13

Henryetta, Okla. March 14-16

Oologah, Okla. March 18-20

Wann, Okla. March 21-28

Sunset, Okla. March 25-26

Pawhuska, Okla. March 27-30

PITTSBURG

N. B. Herrell Olivet, Ill.

Pittsburg District Assembly, East Pales-
tine, Ohio May 28-June 1

Olivet, Ill. March 4-12

Troy, Ohio March 14-23

East Liverpool, Ohio March 24-25

Newell, W. Va. March 26-27

Lincoln Place, Pa. March 28-April 6

McKeessport, Pa. April 7

Terrace, Pa. April 8

Tarentum, Pa. April 9

Claytonia, Pa. April 11-20

SAN FRANCISCO

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

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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

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.

New England District Assembly

The assembly will soon be here and we are expecting a bigger and better gathering than ever. The assembly treasurer reported last year that it cost \$568.36 to entertain that body, and the district was entitled to 256 members. An average of \$2.00 for each delegate from every church would meet the need and leave the members of the assembly free to contribute more largely to a needy pastor or the different interests that may be presented, besides doing away with the usual twenty minutes or half hour Sunday morning plea to meet the need. Brother pastor, will you do this and thus assist in making the sixth New England Assembly the best on record?

W. G. SCHURMAN,

Pastor of entertaining church.

ing, and had a bad record in town. The Holy Ghost convicted him. He came to the altar without urging and got saved. You ought to hear him pray and testify in our meetings. We are praying that God will send this people a Spirit-filled shepherd to care for them, as our pastorate ceases on May 11th. We are open to calls as the Lord leads.

W. H. RAYMOND, Pastor.

CORNISH FLAT, N. H.

God is blessing us through the consecrated labors of our two sisters, Custance and Allen, from Saco, Maine, who are giving us the full gospel message and song. Some are getting saved and some sanctified. Our sisters are praying for hours at a time daily and we are all holding on to God for the salvation of these poor lost souls.

VERNIA R. HAINES.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

The work of our church is progressing and a hopeful spirit has seized us. We are blest in preaching and singing to the faithful few and are looking to God for an increase in victory. Satan has certainly entrenched himself thoroughly in this section, but by persistent, patient toil and faith, we expect to make good and raise the banner of true holiness. God has spoken encouragingly to us and assured us of blessed victory if we walk carefully, think hopefully and work energetically. At our last all-day meeting Rev. D. C. Thatcher, of Providence, R. I., preached twice with the unction of God upon him and his hearers. It is important that our ears be uncluttered as well as our tongues. Brother Fogg, our district superintendent, was present at the evening service and cheered us with his hopeful smile and helpful words. Our next all-day meeting will be held at our church, known as the Guild Memorial Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, in the Guild Block, on Wednesday, March 26th, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Rev. E. E. Martin, of Lowell, Mass., is to be the speaker. We expect to have special music and the presence of the Lord.

A. F. INGLER, Pastor.

KENESAW, NEB.

Our work is going along. God is with us. We are looking forward and looking up. Expect to push the battle in another meeting here soon. Mrs. Ludwig is in a meeting near Gordon, Neb., at present, where many people are getting very anxious for this kind of gospel preaching. Some are getting saved, and expecting great things from the Lord. Our prayer meetings here are blessed seasons of waiting on God and refreshings for the soul with the presence of the Holy Ghost. All glory to Him who is our Captain. Yours in perfect love.

THEO. LUDWIG.

cial and numerical. Sinners have been saved and believers sanctified. The church was never in better condition to work, pray and pay than now. We are situated where Satan's seat is, among an alien population of Jews and Catholics, the membership, most of them living so far from the church that they must ride on the street cars. Nevertheless we are marching on, shouting glory. The battle is on, but the victory is assured. The immanence of the World's Fair and the oncoming peoples who will be flocking to this city, in the next two years, increases the possibility of a great work in the salvation of souls. And as this church is the strategic point for the whole district, we will continue to look for great things from God.

THOMAS MURRISH, Pastor.

SHREVEPORT, LA.

Just closed a good meeting in the Nazarene church in this city in which several professed to get through to victory. Brother Leckie, our district superintendent, was with us in this meeting, preaching the Word with the Holy Ghost sent from heaven. One woman who had dipped snuff for seventeen years parted com-

pany with her idol, and is determined to go with the clean folks; others did likewise. It was our privilege to have our beloved General Superintendent Reynolds with us for one service. The Lord blessed the preacher and filled the altar with seekers. During this meeting we also were privileged to have with us that old soldier of the cross, Dr. Godbey, for two days and one night. The Lord used Him to edify the saints with his store of "things new and old." By the help of the Lord we are standing firm for a clean, uncompromising church in Shreveport, and a salvation that saves to the uttermost.

W. EVANS BURNETT, Pastor.

DANIELSON, CONN.

The spiritual tide is rising, and we are having victory. Our finances are in good shape; just paid the six months interest on our mortgage, and no fuss over it. Had the money in the treasury to meet it and some left over. Our people are serving the Lord with joy. Last Sunday night a man came in on the invitation of one of the young ladies; he had been drink-