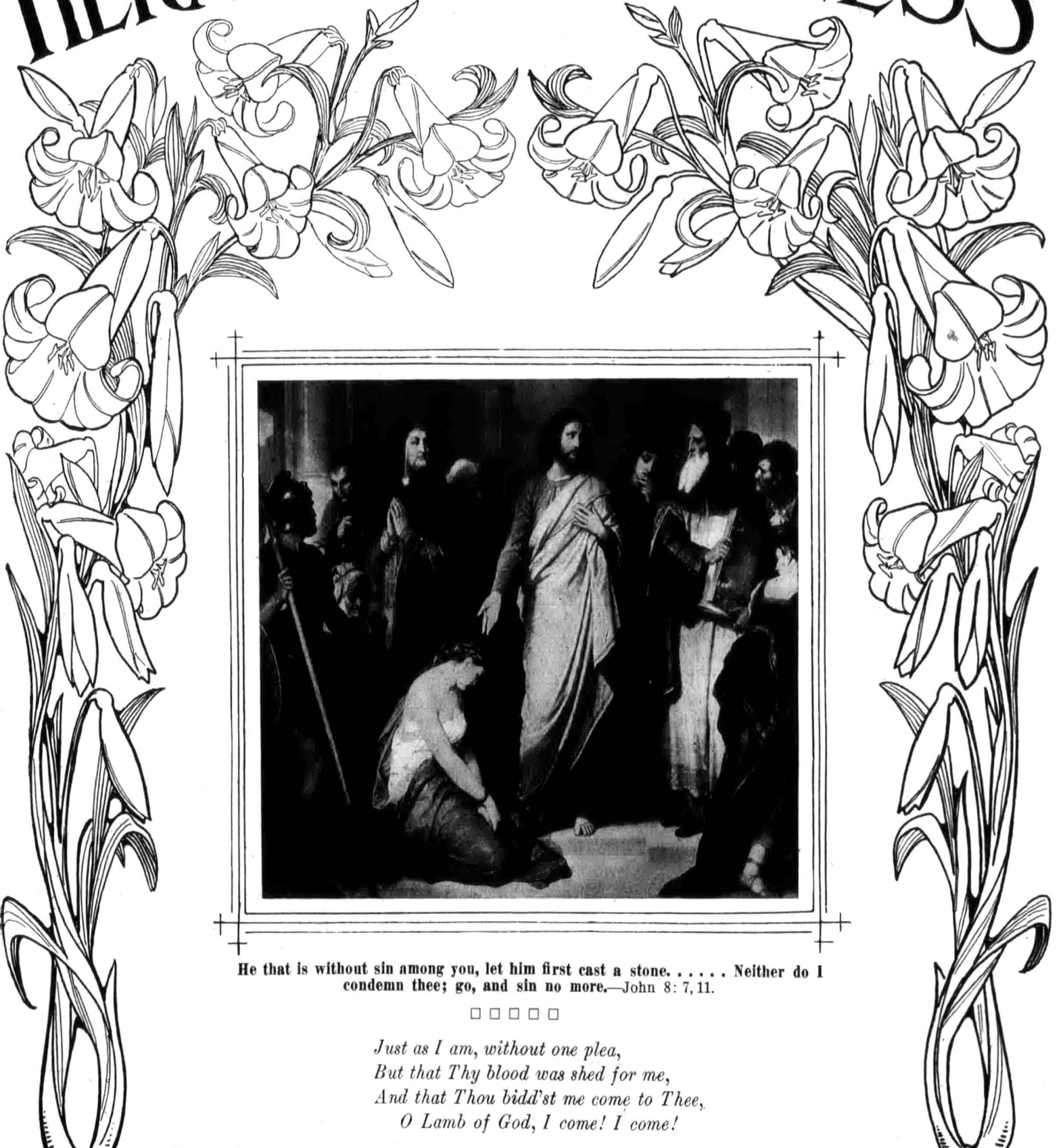


HERALD OF HOLINESS



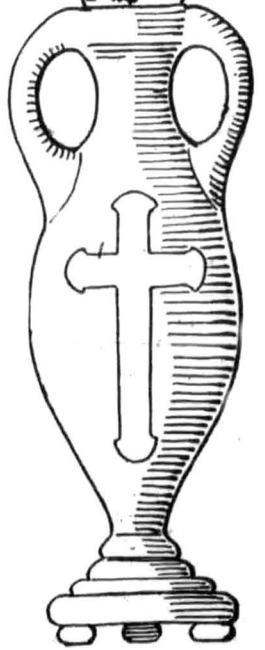
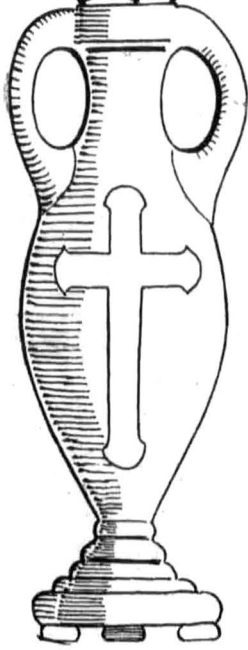
He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone. Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.—John 8: 7, 11.

□ □ □ □ □

*Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!*

*Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!*

*Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!*



Editorial

I have not words to express my gratitude to the friends who so kindly furnished matter for the editorial columns during my long illness. These were certainly friends in a time of need. To each I take this method of returning my sincerest gratitude for their kindness. I have had a long struggle for seven or eight weeks with serious sickness, but am now convalescent, just able this week to resume my work on these columns. I thank God for His goodness to me during this long affliction and that He has permitted me to take up my pen again to continue the delivery of the message to the Herald readers which He has written so deeply in my heart and conscience.—B. F. H.

A Proper Celebration

WE CAN NOT conceive a more appropriate manner of celebrating the resurrection of our Lord than by devoting the Easter number of **HERALD OF HOLINESS** to rescue work. There is no phase of Christian endeavor more absolutely in harmony with the very heart throb of our Savior than the work of rescuing these fallen, friendless, unpitied ones.

THAT GOD loves sinners is the most glorious truth that shines forth from the pages of inspiration. And this divine love of the Father includes all sinners—the most desperately lost and wicked and abandoned. We insist that the very heart core of revelation and of its divine Author is the glorious fact that God does hate sin but loves the sinner. We are in no degree shaken from this impregnable Scripture fortress by the misuse or abuse made of the truth by the new theology or any of the silly cults of the day. I am not to shy around or repudiate a plain gospel truth because errorists take that same truth and run it into wild excesses heading up in monstrous heresies like no hellism and the like.

IT WAS GOD'S love for the sinner which led to the gift of His Son to die for the lost. It is inconceivable how God could give His only begotten and well-beloved Son to suffer and die for a race of sinners whom He hated with all the intensity and virulence of His nature every day. Hate leads to no sacrifice, but rather to revenge. Love alone is sacrificial. It was the infinite love of the Father for His prodigal race which led to the wonderful sacrifice of His Son for its redemption.

TO CONCEIVE of God as hating sinners makes Him a monster without a parallel even among His intelligent creatures. What would be the public estimate of an earthly parent who would be filled with unutterable hatred for an erring, wicked son? Even earthly parents can discriminate between the sinning boy and his sins. While detesting with utter abhorrence the dissipation and debauchery which enslaved the unfortunate son, the parent heart is filled unutterably full of love and pity and tenderness for the profligate boy. Tell me that God does not and can not discriminate between the sinner and his sins? Tell me that in order to abhor the sins that He must hate the sinner? This is a species of savage theology unknown in the realm of the Bible and we believe unknown in the counsels of God Himself.

WHAT IS the glory of motherhood? Many things doubtless, but one thing in particular towers aloft above the others like some Pike's Peak or Mt. Shasta crowned with glory ineffable. Maternity is one of the peculiar glories of woman. The pains of parturition, the ceaseless vigils, the wearing self-denial, the practical immolation of herself upon the welfare of her child is divine as well as sublime. So in a thousand other ways motherhood attests its sublimity all through the lives of the children and the home experience. But wait! Would you see the climax of mother-love? See that child of these ten thousand cares and self-denials and sufferings grow to young manhood and become deflected into ways of vice and immorality.

Neighbors abhor and shun him. Parents warn their sons against his contaminating influence. Friends forsake him and he becomes solitary in his sins, debased, debauched and utterly abandoned. Not utterly, thank God! Though friends and relatives and even a father forsake him and turn away in disgust, one heart remains vibrant with the breath of heaven which still pities and loves him though sunken so low in shame. There is one love which can penetrate through all the incrustations of sin and shame and vice and reach the very abode of despair and touch the forsaken heart with the breath of life saying, "Let there be light." How often obedient to this sweet mandate of omnipotent mother-love has hope been born amid despair and a soul wrenched from the very clutches of the adversary.

IS A MOTHER'S love deeper, stronger, sweeter, more enduring than the love of God? If a wayward boy or girl must carry through all their wanderings the memory of a mother's tears and heart pang and undying love, is it not true that the sinner by the light of Calvary is compelled to carry with him evermore a consciousness of the fact of the Father's love he is abusing, a Savior's blood he is putting to open shame and ten thousand mercies he is trampling under foot every day, intended to save him from an awful hell? How often it is that the good Spirit uses just this remembered love and pity to awaken the sinner and bring him to surrender.

BUT WHAT saith Holy Writ? To quote all would be to transcribe much of the Bible. In the presence of John 3:16, the great Classic on the atonement, it would seem almost a sacrilege to think of God hating sinners. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." What conceivable meaning could be attached to the word "world" here except the sinful race for whom He gave His Son? It was the intensity, the depth and the desperateness of His love for this lost race of sinners which led Him to the gift of His Son for their salvation.

TAKE THE parable of the Prodigal Son. This is a galaxy of glories, a veritable paradise of flowers, but what is the loftiest and most luminous of all the charms in this paradise of beauties? Is it not the love of the father for his wayward son, though clothed in the degradation, filth and rags of great sinning? It can not be said it was the *returning* prodigal simply the father thus loved. The account represents the father as looking out for the boy and seeing him a great way off, thus showing the father's love for the boy in his absence.

CAN WE conceive of Paul feeling other than the most consuming love for lost Israel when he exclaims, "For I could wish that I myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh." And when he calls upon us, "Be ye imitators of me," is he calling upon us as haters or lovers of the lost? The Biblical injunction is: "Be ye imitators of God." If God hates sinners, then it is our duty to hate them also.

IT IS JUST because God does love the desperately lost and wicked that we propose to try to be like Him by going down into the purlieu of sin and plucking as brands from the burning these immortal souls so stained with sin. It is because we believe God loves them, Christ loves them and the Spirit woos and waits to save them that we feel impelled as a church to seek their recovery from sin and their restoration to cleanness and to God.

Easter and a Lost World

P. F. BRESEE, D. D.

"THE Lord is risen." "The Lord is risen indeed." The sunlight of hope falls on the dark mountain tops of despair.

The sad tragedy of sin transcends all thinking.

The deep, dark woe is unrelieved, sin-cursed humanity knows no ray of hope. A living spirit under moral condemnation is in outer, rayless, hopeless night. The sad fact transcends all possible fiction. The deep waves have gone over us; out of the depths we cry—with no voice but a cry. No imagination can portray, no pen can write, no words can tell, the utter blackness of a world in sin. Inspiration itself has said, "Without God and without hope." Even divine imagination seems exhausted in trying to portray the unrelieved, utter, outer blackness of darkness, of a soul where hope never comes. What untold meaning in that word, "Lost." To be in a city where there are countless multitudes, but there are no guides, no police, simply running every way. I try to find my way in vain; no signs, nobody will tell me; if I ask I am mocked. I hasten on and on. I am exhausted, I am ready to sink down; no friend, no shelter. I can find no place I seek—I am lost. A condemned fugitive in the moral universe, bearing his condemnation in his own conscience and seeing it written everywhere, overwhelmed and ready to perish, is lost. No wonder infinite love broke forth in compassion.

The Star of Bethlehem, with the flashing of an angel's face, brought a ray of hope. There was a voice calling and a hand pointing the way; a light shining in a dark place. The Son of Man tempted, toiling, smitten, dying, filled the valleys with a voice of hope. It seemed far away, but it was a real voice calling, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The light was very dim and the best cried out, "Master, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way!" But it was genuine, it was real; light and guidance had come. Yet it grew dark in Gethsemane, and went into total eclipse on Calvary. It was again darkest midnight as He lay in Joseph's tomb. "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." But the whole thing fails, He is dead, stark and stiff in the tomb, and there is no hope. There was only bitter tears for those who had thought that hope had dawned. Some waited

to weep near the sepulchre, under the dark night. The hours crept on, the horologue of time never ceases to mark the hours. It was almost day on Sunday morning, when, quick as a flash of lightning, there was a streak of glory from the skies, and an angel was putting his fingers against the great stone door and rolled it back and rested himself upon it with expectant gaze. When the form of the Son of Man arose, folded the napkin and the enswathing lin-

There is sufficient power in the resurrection of Christ, of which we are made partakers, for all the needs of a human soul. As He manifests Himself to us and comes in and abides in us, all necessary grace and power are ours. No wonder the church celebrates with great joy this festival, as it is not only in remembrance of an historic fact, but the declaration of the greatest possible present glory. Not by argument but by experience we fully know that He is risen. Paul scarcely argued, but he drew near to the awful chasm of a supposition, that He was not risen, long enough to declare that then all was lost—no hope anywhere. But he turned with the shout: "Now is Christ risen from the dead."

The Traffic's Snare Line

F. M. LEHMAN

From meadowlands and purling brooks
To city with its miles of wires,
And churches with their dizzy spires;
Where politicians, thieves and crooks,
Red-handed rule by graft and greed,
All truckling to old Mammon's creed,
Waits she, perplexed and helpless, quite,
Some hand to guide her footsteps right.

Across the street a trained "cadet"
Ogles the girl with crafty eye—
Schooled, knows the import of her sigh.
His bull-dog jaw in purpose set
He suavely holds out every aid
And sets at ease the anxious maid.
Then, in a chartered taxicab
Enroute to "cousin" Madam Drab.

The fifteen-silver-dollar price
He jingles in his tailored jeans—
Then spends it with his Red Light queens.
The country lass—the sacrifice—
Must truckle to the hell-born trade
Where bolted door and low-drawn shade
Preclude the help of passers-by,
And stifles here her sob and cry.

The Traffic, iron-hearted, leers
Behind its coffers filled with gold,
Reaped from the girl the pander sold
And cares not for the prisoner's tears,
Where red lights glow in silver lamps,
There fallen manhood hellward tramps;
And Virtue must to vice-craft yield
Till buried in a potter's field.

'Tis time we crush the Traffic's head!
'Tis time to strike a fatal blow—
To wipe out ev'ry "Dollar Row!"
Is courage gone? Is manhood dead?
Let public henchmen of "the trade"
Give place to statesmen not afraid.
Vote clean! this is the fun'ral knell
That drives the Traffic back to hell!

en, and taking His robes of peerless light, He came forth triumphant over every foe, bearing in His wounded hands the gifts of eternal life for men and bringing to them eternal hope.

"The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." The hope comes to men by the manifestation to them of the risen Christ. Thus in its completeness the gospel becomes "Christ in you the hope of glory."

The power of His resurrection lifts the lowest to the highest. His presence can make the foulest clean and make pure and luminous any human soul. In His glorious life, we have life.

A Lesson of Easter

C. A. MCCONNELL

In its deepest significance, the tidings of Easter are the tidings of life; life brought back from the dead—life sealed as eternal. Jesus, in His death, purchased life, becoming Himself the first-fruits of redemption, and Lord of life everlasting. But, as incident to this glorious resurrection life, Easter carries a further message of a shattered tomb, of bonds broken, of prisoner released; not only life renewed, but life made free.

Jesus is dead—Jesus is bound.

But morning comes. The iron-visaged sentinels lie about with fear-blanching faces. The awful seal of Caesar is broken! The tomb itself stands open wide; and the new day looks in upon long wrappings as if the form of a man had slipped from them, leaving each folded orderly and undisturbed.

Jesus is alive—Jesus is free.

This is our Easter message: My brother, my sister, have you seen the face of the risen Lord, and realized that through His sacrifice and resurrection you

have received new life? Know this, that His gift is also freedom with that life.

Do you go about your daily task and mingle with your fellows, with lips all mute, as the lips of one yet dead? Do the grave clothes hang about your face so that you can not speak the wonders of your deliverance? Jesus wills that you be free.

Does His service seem a thing apart from your life, a thing to be desired, yet unattainable? Are you bound about with the wrappings of an old, dead past? This Easter day, His power shall make you free.

He Is Risen

E. M. ISAAC

THE resurrection of Christ was a great miracle. Within itself it was the one miracle of the ages. For Him to actually rise from among the dead and appear to a number of people was enough to silence every skeptic for all time. The fact is so well established we no longer waste time in trying to prove it. As well write volumes in an effort to prove that the sun rises every morning. How do we know it rises? It supplies us with light, heat, gravitation and all that goes to make up the central power of this solar system. It holds worlds in their course, sends out its light and power throughout all space, and never fails to shine and burn for one instant.

How do we know the sun has risen? Ask the flowers that bloom at your door whence they get their beauty and fragrance. Ask the forest whence it gets its foliage, the meadow its beautiful green, the waving wheatfield its golden grain, the bird its song of praise; ask nature whence it gets all its glory in hill and dale and in one voice they will unite in saying that these good and perfect gifts have come down from the sun. Without this great luminary death would reign.

How do we know Christ has risen? Because He is the great central Sun in the sky of God's moral universe. He is the Truth, hence from Him comes all truth. He is Life, hence from Him comes all life. He is Light, hence

from Him comes all light. He lighteth every man that cometh into the world. If the heathen philosophers had any light to give this world they received it from Christ. They may have been little planets in the moral sky reflecting a few rays of the light which came from the great Sun that had always been the First and the Last, the uncreated One, but the Creator of all that is. Men may boast of some light they bring to this world, and we may erect monuments to their memory, but remember that they were nothing but little momentary reflectors after all, and the glory we have sought to give them belongs to Him who is the Sun of Righteousness at the right hand of God.

How do we know He is risen? Ask the men whose hearts are burning while He walks in the way with them. Ask the poor soul who has been tossed by the billows of time, and has suffered the pangs of guilt, but who came to the Crucified One and there found rest. Ask the blood-washed pilgrim shouting his way up the steps of time, ask the mother whose aching heart He has comforted, the daughter whose tears He wiped away, the wayward son who found his way back to his Father's house and today is enjoying the heavenly music. Ask the host of mission-

aries who have given their lives in dark lands why they made the awful sacrifice and they will tell you with shining faces it is because He is risen, and ascended on high, leading captivity captive. They will tell you of hardships which make you stagger, but they will also tell of One who has never left them for a moment, but has comforted their hearts in every hour of grief, and encouraged them when the trials seemed unsurmountable. Ask the great army of mighty preachers why they have smiled at poverty, laughed at Satan's rage and pushed on into the heat of the conflict and they will tell you it is because He is risen, and that He has sent the Holy Ghost to lead, guide, teach and unctionize them in the midst of the battle. Ask that honored army of martyrs whose life blood was freely given, why they did it, and they will tell you it is because He is risen, and that they were only too glad to suffer with Him, knowing that to die was to begin to live the life that never dies.

We know He is risen because we know that He lives and reigns on the mediatorial throne to save to the uttermost all them that come to God through Him, because He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Every song, prayer, hymn, sermon and exhortation; every house of worship, every family altar, every bended knee before His throne cries out in one grand anthem of praise that He is risen.

Why the Church Should Engage in Rescue Work

SETH C. REES

THE following are some of the reasons why the church should engage in rescue work:

1. Because the uplifting of the fallen is the true genius of our holy Christianity. This is the object of our undertaking. If in this we fail, we have failed *utterly*. No matter in what else we may have succeeded, we have failed in the one and all important thing. We may have a reputation for learning, eloquence and piety; we may be esteemed for our courage in declaring the unpopular truths of the gospel, and for marking out the narrowness of the way to heaven; but if we fail in lifting the fallen, by giving the gospel to the poor, ours is a lamentable failure. Whatever we think, whatever men say, God writes us down a failure.

A fallen pulpit has grown eloquent discoursing about "self preservation is the first law of nature," forgetful that "self-sacrifice is the first law of grace." We are not to deny some things, but ourselves; we are to pour out our lives for others. He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall

find it. The same is true of our strength, our talents and our money. All we hoard is lost, all we give is treasured up forever.

There are no happier people outside of heaven, than those who live for others. No lines of beauty ever graced a human face, like the radiance worn by our slum missionaries. Next to the "comforts of the Holy Ghost" is the joy of lifting the fallen.

2. A second reason why the church should be interested in rescue work is the *enormity* of the need. There are five hundred thousand white slaves in America alone, and the number is increasing every year. This great army of beautiful women are white slaves. They are in the bread line and are members of the chain gang. No such slavery was ever known by the blacks of the sunny south. Slaves to the brutal passions of beastly men, an army a half million strong, they march to the morgue, the potter's field, the nameless grave, and a merciless hell.

Thousands of them are within barred doors, and behind walls thicker than any penitentiary wall. Their midnight cries and muffled groans never reach ears of mercy, and their bleeding hearts and pleading tears are never answered.

They are held in stockades, and sold from the auction block to the highest bidder. During the month of November, 1911, seventeen hundred girls disappeared from trains, running between New York and Chicago. Since the life of a girl in sin is about five years, one hundred thousand recruits must march to the slaughter every year.

3. A third reason why the church should be interested in rescue work is the fruitfulness of the field. For the money and labor expended no greater harvest can be gathered from any field on earth. If the church is wanting returns from her investments let her turn to the slums. That great sea of pleading, upturned faces ought to move a heart of stone. In the slums of New York I preached one morning to twenty-eight fallen girls, twenty-six of whom were confirmed drunkards. Before midnight twenty-four out of the twenty-eight were hopefully converted. Where can you get such returns on your investments?

Without earthly backing, without a church board, or committee of rich men, without an earthly promise, your humble servant founded and superintended ten rescue homes, which in a few years sheltered more than two thousand

girls. What a fruitful field for the Church of the Nazarene. Oh! that she might rise up and embrace her opportunity.

4. Space forbids my giving more than one other reason. Tens of thousands of these girls came from the church or its shadow. The Epworth League, the Christian Endeavor and the Sunday school have furnished a great army. Many were started downward through church entertainments, card parties and the social dance. Many and strange are the stories of girls who have been ruined by the chorister, pastor or some church official. These girls do not come from the slums. They go to the slums, but they come from good homes, Christian homes, country homes, and broad boulevards. An apostate church and a fallen pulpit is largely responsible for the conditions in the slums. The church should arise, shake herself from the dust of this world, and redeem her wayward daughters.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live."
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valliant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right—
Was it you?

—Selected.

Is Rescue Work the Church's Work?

REV. R. PIERCE

WE DO not mean, "Ought rescue missions to be supported by the church?" but is this great work, that has assumed so large proportions of late years a legitimate branch of the church's work, claiming just as close relationship and fostering care as the Sabbath school or young people's society? Has the rescue mission a right to claim that the church feel its responsibility—spiritually and financially—for the reclamation and salvation of the drunkard, the harlot, the thief, as it does the more respectable members of society? This is the thought we would have our church seriously ponder. The financial aspect of the question is an important one, but not the most important. Rescue work needs and ought to have, the deep heart support and fostering care—as well as financial support—of every church.

The rescue mission, till recently, stood in the relation of a stranger to the church instead of that of a member of the family. No mother will do her duty by simply paying a stranger to care for her own child, while she withholds from it that love and tender care which the child needs, and which it is her duty to render.

With but few exceptions, in one or two of our large cities, the great work of rescuing the fallen and depraved has been carried on independently of church organizations; but we believe that the time is at hand when the Nazarene Church, at least, must make it

an arm of its activity, and just as close as the arm is to the body, so must this work be to the heart of the church.

We are aware that very few individual churches can support a rescue mission; but where there are three or four of our churches in one city or its surroundings there ought to be no difficulty as to its support—either in reference to its financial needs, or to the supply of godly men and women to carry on its work; then, if that is not possible, there ought to be one or two at least in each assembly district, located in the most populous cities.

The children, young people and older ones of our families are tenderly cared for by the church, and that is right, but I make a plea for the other end of the line—the sinking and submerged tenth. I believe this great and trying work belongs to the church, which it has so long neglected; or at least has not felt its responsibility for. What church is better able to undertake this work than the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, with its deep spiritual life and bright, joyous methods. Let the church arouse and put into operation—where it has not already done so—such efforts that will reach those who have put themselves beyond the usual church ministrations. Let there be a deeper bond of sympathy between the church and the rescue mission, and the financial question will take care of itself.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell

Qualifications of a Rescue Worker

LUE MILLER

Rescue work is an expression which is applied to the uplift of the fallen, both among men and women, but in this article we will consider only that phase of the work as applied to erring girls and women.

To those who are at all familiar with the work, it is needless to say, it is not an inviting field of labor. It is, indeed, a work of sorrow, fraught with many difficulties. Testings come along so many varied lines, that the rescue worker needs above all things else, to be fully panoplied for the conflicts. It would seem as consummate folly to enter into this work without a good experience of full salvation. Some do, but the outcome, in many cases, is too sad to relate. A good experience is a necessity, but a good experience alone does not qualify for rescue work. There must be divine guidance, in this matter, a definite direction by the Holy Spirit. The burden of the work must be laid on the heart, until the heart is

lost in divine compassion and sacrificial love for their redemption.

Intensity of desire without a heart full of divine love would fall short of meeting the demand under heavy pressure. For what rescue workers have not felt their very beings revolt and draw back repulsed in the presence of "mentionless sin."

Then it takes love, compassionate love, to deal tenderly with the erring, to value the soul, to discern between the sin and the sinner, to withstand the powers of darkness with a dauntless courage and an indomitable will.

It takes more than that; it takes a vision of the limitless possibilities of divine grace and a laying hold on the resources of infinite power in behalf of those bound in this awful thralldom of sin. It means a relentless war and nothing short of real victory in the soul and a continual abandonment to the Holy Ghost will assure success.

One has said of labor among the unfortunate that no one ought to be in it unless they would consider *one soul* an abundant reward for a life of labor.

The clouds are often so dark and so many that they obscure the vision to a remarkable extent. For such hours as these we need to be strongly fortified. How sweet to the soul to be assured of the presence of the great Rescue Worker and to hear some gracious message of sacred inspiration. It enables the worker to face apparent impossibilities with perfect forbearance.

Another vastly important thing, aside from the maintenance of Christian integrity, is a proper, intelligent conception of the war to be waged, a general knowledge of existing conditions among the fallen.

The rescue worker deals with a class whose lives have been wrecked on the low plane of sensual indulgence, either occasional in the life of the unfortunate girl, or continual in the life of the abandoned woman. To counteract this and withstand the recurring temptations to the rescued, the worker must live on a plane above this and with the help of God lift them from the sinking sands of sensual gratification, debased appetites, and false conceptions of true living.

To become one with them in the conflict, yet not one of them, to exhibit true friendliness without familiarity, to baffle the power of inordinate affection and unholy love requires keen discernment of character as well as tact, in using the right methods to bring them back to God.

What wisdom, what patience is needed to pull them from the fire of their own corrupted nature, more especially those who have been a long time in sin. But *God is able*. He is still the Redeemer of them who turn from transgressions, whether they be few or many. We have dwelt much on spiritual qual-

ifications. Those are absolutely essential to any degree of success, but we believe the advantages of educational training greatly increase the usefulness of the worker.

In these days of specialists, we are in great need of specially trained workers for this field of activity. It is true many have gone out with only the call of God upon them as their equipment, and have made glad earth and heaven. We rejoice in every victory won, but we need to be progressive in our methods that the greatest good may be brought to the greatest number.

In spite of sorrow, loss, and pain,
Our course be onward still
We sow on Burmah's barren plain,
We reap on Zion's hill.
—Adoniram Judson.

Why Have Rescue Homes?

MRS. JOHNNY HILL JERNIGAN,
Superintendent Nazarene Rescue Home.

I CAN best answer this question by relating a bit of my experience since God sanctified me and called me into His work.

In the early part of my ministry I was addressing a meeting for women only, while husband was talking to the men. At the close of my sermon a young woman arose weeping, while she held the hand of a little flaxen-haired girl of two summers, and asked to speak. She told how she had been deceived by a man, and her life wrecked. She was turned away from home and disowned by her father and mother, and cast out as unclean by her old friends. The man was not ostracised, but was soon to be married to one of the best girls in town, while she was a homeless, friendless wanderer.

This broke my heart. I rushed down the aisle to her, and kneeling by her side prayed until the Christ of Magdalene forgave her. I did not know what to do with her, nor where to take her; but God in His mercy raised up friends who cared for her.

I at once began to hunt up the out-cast girls in the scarlet districts of Greenville, Texas, where I then lived. Here I met a beautiful girl who had been well reared, but who was living an awful life of sin. I begged her to quit sin and become a Christian. She looked me straight in the eyes, while her own soft, blue eyes filled with tears, and said, "Where will I go if I do? Nobody cares for a girl like me. The world hates me; the churches won't have me; nobody cares for me." Then she turned and walked into her room.

I went home, but these words rang in my ears: "Where shall I go? Nobody cares for me!" I threw myself across the bed and wept before God. While alone in my room the telephone bell rang. Answering, a voice said, "There is a helpless woman in this

part of town; a poor, fallen woman, without friends or money."

I had never heard of a Rescue Home—did not know that there was such an institution in the world. I threw myself across the bed again in despair. "Why did she call me? What can I do?" I sobbed out again to God. Still those blue eyes looked into mine and said, "Where shall I go? Nobody cares for me." I could not stand this. I was the most miserable woman on earth, with those blue eyes looking at me and the voice still echoing—"Nobody cares for me!"

I got into my buggy, determined to do what I could for that poor, lost woman. I found her a penniless, friendless, deceived widow, with two baby boys. I put the children in an orphans' home, and tried to find a home for the woman; but "nobody cared for her." I went home broken-hearted, and husband and I wept before the Lord until I felt that I must take her into my own home and care for her myself. We went after her and brought her home with us. We had to sell the organ out of our home to pay her doctor bill; but this was the best investment that we ever made. Thank God! she soon was saved, and then sanctified. Afterwards she married a well-respected citizen, and all these years has lived a pure, Christian life, and is an honor to society.

This work soon became known, and I was besieged on every hand to take some lost girl. Many poor wasters would call for help. What was I to do? An invalid mother to care for, and children of my own to look after, I could not take them to my own home. But that voice still cried, "Where shall I go? Nobody cares for me!"

About this time some friend placed in my hand a tract telling of Charles N. Crittenton and his work, and of Rescue Homes; and of the work of Mrs. Whittemore among the fallen girls in New York. I determined to see them and learn more about their work. About this time, also, there was a Rescue Home started at Arlington, Texas, and God gave me the privilege of taking the first two girls to that Home. Both were saved, sanctified, and one lived seven years to tell the story of the Christ that saved Magdalene. The other lives to praise God for His cleansing blood today.

When a fallen man wants to reform, he is cheered by all who know him; but the poor girl who has lost her way is scorned by those who ought to be her best friends. Her only friends are those of the baser sort, who would use her for gain and intimidate her with threats. True friends she has none, unless some kindhearted Rescue Worker, as a Good Samaritan, chances to come that way. There is absolutely no hope for her unless you can change her en-

vironment—give her a new home and new friends.

In order to change her environment you must have some place for her to go, where she will believe that she has a second chance at life, with friends to help her. She must be made to forget the past, a new hope inspired, and visions of womanly modesty shown her and urged upon her. To do this we have opened Rescue Homes in sequestered places, filled them with cheerful workers; surrounded them with beautiful flowers, and lovely landscapes. Our one object is to make them forget the past and look into a golden future filled with hope. Here they have access to good books, good music, kind friends and cheering words.

Why take her to a Rescue Home? There is no other place for her. The people she meets pass her by in scorn. Some may chance to sympathize with her, and possibly help her in the hour of distress; and possibly say, "I would love to take her to my home, but"—well, you know they can not. She believes the world hates her, and feels her guilt keenly. She longs for real love, just like other human beings, but hardly dares believe that it exists in any heart. She has seen so little of it of late years.

In the Rescue Home she is met by a band of cheerful, redeemed girls who have traveled the same road as she; they tell her that they have been saved from sin, and with the joy of a new life they have started life over. Their smiling faces inspire hope and encourage her almost fainting heart. She at once realizes that there is a second chance offered her, and feels that she yet has something to live for.

In these Homes we have two prayer meetings a week and often preaching. Here the girls are given a chance to get saved; and ninety per cent of them are so sick of sin that they at once fall on their faces and pray through to victory. They are not like respectable people who can hide behind their respectability; they are confessed sinners by their coming there, and are easy to get to pray. In fact, a Rescue Home is about the only place that you can get one of these poor, lost girls to pray. The surroundings in a house of shame are not at all congenial to prayer; and should she get sufficient conviction to pray, she would be laughed at and mocked.

In a Rescue Home there is an atmosphere of prayer that inspires hope in her fainting heart, while the clear, ringing testimonies of the saved encourage her to press on.

The churches will not take her case; in fact, they can not until she changes her surroundings and moves away from the old crowd. Her only hope is in new surroundings and new friends.

There is little hope for the old, hardened sinner to reform; but there

are thousands of young girls who have made their first step down, who can be saved and helped to a life of respectability. These we bid welcome to the Nazarene Home, where nearly three hundred have been led to Jesus and gone out to lead a new life.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend,
To choose, some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

—L. W. Reese.

Traffic in Girls

F. M. LEHMAN

Before a mahogany desk, drawers labeled "America," "Europe," "Asia," and "Africa," sits THE TRAFFIC—low-jowled, double-chinned, lust-eyed, merciless, cruel, cold. On its putty-colored fingers gleam stones that reflect the tears of outraged Virtue. Its cash-register totals run highest where dainty beauty has been snared for *the trade*. Its card index shows heaviest consignments from sun-kissed countrysides.

The yellow fingers of Madam Lust grip the milkwhite throat of Virtue—for shekels. The stranglehold of the withered, broken-fanged old Hag never loosens until every ounce of profit has been extracted, and the victim lies, stiff-stretched and still, on a marble slab at the undertaker's. The outraged clay is handled with less concern than dead, cooled-with-care hogs in stockyards slaughter houses.

The writer has seen the Outcast lying in a glass-top case in the hospital morgue awaiting burial. Some time before the glass had been carelessly broken. Large blue flies crawled hungrily over the exposed form. The gray face, bruised and battered from many a fall or blow, seemed to look up to heaven in silent appeal for vengeance. Who could behold all this and remain passive? Mother, it may have been your girl? Who can tell?

In the next case, wrapped in swaddling and roughly piled like cordwood from bottom to top, lay perhaps twenty to thirty *infants*—the not wanted, the strangled, the murdered, the diseased offspring of the Lust Crone's trade. Could we set these glass-topped cases out and let our American Christian fathers and mothers pass by to view the ghastly wrecks of the System, would not something be done?

This weak-kneed, devil-directed passivity should stop. There must be action soon or not a girl is safe without an escort. If such things as above related do not make our blood boil, what is there that will do it? If such sights would not stir fathers' and mothers' hearts—if they would still remain inactive—then they will have to let their daughters be damned.

This White Slave Octopus works under cover. The smoothest and most conscienceless villain is best fitted for a

"white slaver." She who has lost every womanly virtue is the most successful seductress. A puff of powder with a dash of rouge on sin-blanching cheek, an occasional application of peroxide to bleach the hair a sickly yellow, a few yards of silk, scant and short cut, with a strand of imitation stones hung around her open throat transforms "a bone, a rag, and a hank o' hair" into the System's suavest temptress.

Heavy with perfume, and armed with the Street's catch-vernacular, such as "dear" and "kid," this scaly old snake slips along the highways of travel to draw into her hole the innocent loves—our daughters. For this demon-despised work this she-serpent gets less than a farmer realizes for a knock-kneed horse or a scavenger receives for a shipment of old rags. You ask, Who makes the heaviest shekel haul in the transaction? The sallow-faced jade of Lust behind THE TRAFFIC's painted window—with Mammon at the till.

The dividends? These are duly declared, sure enough! The fifteen-to-one-thousand-dollar-for-a-dove cadet or panderer gets his when he "delivers the goods." The Madam's profits gather as the "business" continues. The policeman-with-the-left-eye-wink calls for his regularly. The beer-bloated politician draws his share from the blue-coat's weekly outshellings. THE TRAFFIC forces its per centum from them all, and—

The girl? O, she is Lady Beautiful in a select apartment overlooking lovely mountain ranges and the deep blue sea. On the wall hang costly, suggestive oil paintings. The sunbeams play shine-and-sheen on heavy silver ornaments. On the mantelpiece ticks an ormolu clock. Gauzy lace curtains sway lazily in the soft sea breeze. From tall Japanese vases a rare collection of red and yellow roses fling their rich perfume through "Green" and "Gold" and "Blue" bedrooms. Shall we consider *these* inviting dividends?

A low knock at the door, and the maid announces "company." Then comes music and laughter and gaiety. Rich, red wine gurgles from long, slim-throated flagons into silver goblets, and the laughter and hilarity increases. Look! The curling Turkish cigarette smoke silhouettes the lecherous leer of Madam Lust. Crowding to the fore behind her we catch Mammon's purple visage and the System's trailing retinue. Hist! Even now Death shifts the keys of the automatic adding machine, its bony hand whirls the crank, and—we shall soon have the girl's total dividends!

The luxurious "Copper Parlor," the "Rose Room," and the "Green Parlor Bedroom" have given place to cheap quarters on "Dollar Row." Hollow-chested and faded now, and unmistakably in tow of the "white plague" tombward bent, our Lady Beautiful is

here known by the sobriquet of "Sorry Sue." There is no low knock on the door here. Her "company" stalks rudely in unannounced, beer-and-onion scented, the verbiage explosive Greek, low-caste Italian, or guttural Chinese. A cheap pine box, the sexton's spade, and *the last dividend* lies sightless and still under her nameless mound on the moonlit hillside.

Do any or all of these heartbreaking facts disturb, shame, check, or frighten the White Slave Traffic? Not in the least! Does this light-and-shadow life size pen painting, "Daughters for Dollars," stir feelings of pity and righteous indignation in *our* breasts? Is there not enough iron in our soul to throttle this thousand-tentacled Thing—this croaking, crawling old Crone? This—(let hell furnish a fitting epithet!).

The question is, Shall we save our daughters from the ravages of the White Slave Traffic? A money-from-graft politician, a smile-for-your-share mayor, or a wink-for-your-dividends policeman will never do it. Who and what will do it? What did an aroused populace do in Paris on July 14, 1789? If we imitate them, you have the answer. THE TRAFFIC *will be demolished before the spirit that pulled down the French Bastille!*

The world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty
It might be full of love.

—Gerald Massey.

fallen Men vs. fallen Women

J. STUART MARTIN

THERE is much agitation today as to the question of White Slavery, and ways and means are called for and being used to rescue the "fallen girl;" but we almost lose sight of the fact that fully twenty men must give their means and lives to keep one "fallen girl" in the life of shame.

What about these men? Being guilty of the same sin as the "fallen girl" makes them "fallen men" in the same sense of the term. These "fallen men" are not held by the White Slavers as are the girls, but have their liberty. They come and go just as they desire, with no one to stop them. They come from the best residence districts of the cities, and it is known that the segregated vice districts could not exist were it not for the "fallen men" from the "best" parts of our cities.

In Indianapolis and Evansville, Ind., and Chicago, Ill., where recently raids have been made in the segregated vice districts, the ministers and others are making their objections to the raids and the scattering of the "fallen girls"; for, they say, these girls may move into the "best" districts.

I wonder why such an objection is made? I do not see why, if these

CONCLUDED ON PAGE ELEVEN

From the Bar-Room to the Pulpit

The Life Story of Rev. C. H. Dauel. Told by Himself

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Rom. 1:16.

Many things occurred in my life before I was saved that I am ashamed of, and it is not a pleasant task for me to speak of them now, but I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, and what my Lord has done for me. As I write this little sketch of my life, I am praying that the Lord may make it a great blessing to those who read it, and that it may be a warning to many precious souls to give their hearts to God, and not to go into sin as I have done.

I was born the 13th day of February, 1878, in Ham-sen, Providence Hanover, Germany. My parents were members of the German Lutheran Church, and I was brought up in that faith, and confirmed at the age of fourteen. Father died when I was nine years of age, leaving mother with five children to care for, of whom I was the youngest. My mother was a Christian, and tried to train us in the right way the best she knew how. She is still living in Germany, and happy because God has heard her cry and saved her baby boy.

When I was twelve years old I began taking confirmation studies from my pastor, and during this time I set up tennpins in a bowling alley connected with a saloon, in order to help mother along with the finances. Sometimes I would have to serve drinks to the customers, so at an early age I received training which later led me into the life of a bartender and saloon-keeper. My pastor was a member of this bowling club, and during the two years I worked there I saw him stagger home twice under the influence of drink. This poisoned my young mind against Christianity, and I lost all my faith in God and man, as I had looked to my pastor for an example, and saw the inconsistency of his life. So for ten years I was a confirmed infidel, never going to church, nor mingling with Christian people.

After my confirmation, mother sent me to Bremen to learn the machinist trade, and there, away from mother's influence, I formed habits and appetites that led me deep into sin. After I learned my trade, I made up my mind that I would see some of the world, so I traveled through several countries of Europe, all the while going deeper and deeper into sin. My sisters often told me that I was a disgrace to the family, but mother held on to God for me, and pleaded with me to straighten up, even after I had caused her hair to turn gray in one night, through my wicked carousal.

At this particular time a desire came into my heart to live right, and I thought if I could get away from my old companions and associates, I could break with sin, so I hired out as fireman on one of the big steamships. After seven months of sea life, I failed of my purpose, and finally landed in New York City. Here I got work as a machinist, but soon a strike broke out, and we were without work, so two other young men and myself began roaming about over the country from place to place, following up gambling and the races. While we were traveling through Texas, Frank S— took sick until he became so weak that he finally said: "Boys, you will have to lay me down. I am going to die. I am going to hell, and you boys are to blame for it." We found an old watering trough and buried him in it, on the plains of Texas. Oh, if we had had

some one then to point us to Jesus while our hearts were tender and broken!

We went to Chicago, and I got work as a bartender in a saloon. By this time drugs had such a hold on me that I went to the Keely Institute and spent one hundred and sixty dollars trying to get rid of the morphine habit, but no deliverance came.

On December 6, 1903, Christiana and Dicie, two girls from the rescue home, came into the saloon where I was working, with their Bibles and tracts, and talked to me and the men around the bar were laughing and jeering at them, but my heart was touched, and conviction got hold of me right there. The girls asked me if I would not kneel down with them while they prayed for me. I was just about to do so when the devil said to me, "If your boss was to come in now and see you kneeling down on the floor with those missionaries, you would get fired sure." So I stood there with tears running down my face while they prayed for my



Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Dauel

poor lost soul. As they were leaving the saloon they gave me a little invitation card to the mission they were attending, and asked me to come some night and see what kind of folks they were with, and I promised that I would go sometime.

Conviction kept getting deeper all that week, but I did not know then what was the matter with me, and I went to a doctor. He said there was nothing the matter with me, but that I soon would be sick if I did not quit dissipating so much. On December 11, 1903, I felt so blue and miserable, and my life had been such a failure that I decided to drown myself in Lake Michigan. At 6 p. m. I hired a man to finish my shift, and I left the saloon and started for the lake. On my way I passed the Moody church, and remembered there was a revival going on there. There came over me a homesickness to see mother, and a desire came into my heart to go to church once more before I ended it all. It was too early for services, and while I stood there waiting, I found the little invitation card to the mission that the girls had given me, and remembered I had promised them I would go some time. So I got on a street car

and went to 499 State street, where the mission was located, and found a little band of people on the street in front of the hall holding street meeting. I stood and listened to them, and when the street meeting was over, one of the workers invited me into the hall. I went in and sat down in the back seat next to the door. Sister Stromberg (now Sister Hodgkin), preached that night from John 3:16 and Revelation 22:17. If she had known me and all my past life she could not have told it any plainer than she did that night. While she was preaching, I said to myself, "Some one has told her all about me," and four times I started for the door, but one of the workers who was doorkeeper that night asked me to sit down and stay until the service was over.

The sermon touched my heart, and when the preacher was through she gave an altar call and said, "Is there anyone here who wants my Jesus I have been preaching about?" I fairly ran to the altar, forgetting all about my suicide, and everything else but that I was a poor, lost sinner on my way to hell. I went down to rock bottom, and prayed through that night, and God for Christ's sake forgave my sins and saved my soul. Every habit and appetite was gone, and I walked to my room that night the happiest man in all Chicago. Praise the Lord!

Just before my conversion I had taken over sixteen hundred dollars from a man in a gambling game, and had already spent one hundred dollars of it, but the next morning I took back the fifteen hundred dollars, and asked the man to forgive me, and told him I would pay back the one hundred dollars as soon as I could. As I told him how Jesus had saved me, he broke down and cried, and said, "Carl, I don't want the hundred dollars." Later, while holding a meeting in his home town in Minnesota, I had the privilege of seeing him converted, and also his family. The Lord helped me to make restitution, and right wrongs, and led me on step by step.

How I thank God for those faithful mission workers, and for dear Brother Rees, who was such an encouragement and help to me during the first year of my Christian life.

The third day after my conversion the Lord helped me to get work again at my trade as a machinist. There I started noonday prayer meetings which resulted in the conversion of several of the men in the shop where I was working. Soon after I was saved a great burden came on me to go down into the slums and tell the boys what Jesus had done for me, so one Saturday afternoon I got a drygoods box for a pulpit, and with my Bible and song book I went down in front of Hinky Dink's, on Clark street, to hold a street meeting. I knew but one Bible verse in English, John 3:16, and two songs, "There is power in the blood," and "Down at the cross." I prayed a little in English, and a little in German, sang my two songs, and soon had a big crowd around me. Many of the men had known me before I was converted, and the Lord helped me to tell how Jesus had saved me. At the close of my meeting twenty-two hands were raised for prayer, and fourteen men kneeled with me on the curbstone. Some of them are in the Lord's work today.

The mission workers told me I must go right on and get sanctified, but the Lord was blessing my soul so much, and I had such sweeping victory, that I told them, "If I get any more religion, I will burst sure." But about four months after my conversion the Lord showed me my need of heart cleansing, so one Sunday morning, after hearing Charlie Weigle preach, I went

to the altar, and the Lord sanctified my soul. Hallelujah!

One night I went with some missionaries to one of the saloons I had worked in before my conversion. The proprietor said, "Well, Carl, I hear you are a preacher." I said, "I am not much of a preacher, but I am trying to tell people what God has done for me the best I know how." Then he turned to me and said, "If you will preach from that whiskey barrel I will stop the orchestra and we will listen to you." I got up on the whiskey barrel and said, "Well, praise the Lord, I have gotten the devil under my feet for once, anyhow." What a precious service the Lord helped me to hold in that saloon! Four young men knelt around that whiskey barrel for prayers, and I am sure the saloonkeeper will not forget that meeting soon.

In August, 1904, I received a definite call to preach the gospel and go as a missionary to Japan. The way soon opened for me to go to God's Bible School, in Cincinnati, where I spent a part of two winters. After leaving school I started out as a school-house evangelist, and God blessed my labors and gave me souls. Before I left school I had told the Lord I was willing to go to places and hold meetings where other preachers and evangelists did not want to go, and the Lord took me at my word. In all the difficult places He has never failed me once.

In the early part of my ministry, while holding meetings in Nebraska, a presiding elder came to me one day and asked if I would go out into the country to Haven Chapel and hold a meeting. After praying over the matter I felt that the Lord would have me to go. When I arrived at the place I found things in a sad condition. The last two pastors who had been there had gotten into trouble, and had to leave. Most of the members were backslidden, and had lost all confidence in preachers. No provision had been made for my entertainment, and my money was about gone. So, after visiting around among the farmers, and inviting them out to the meeting which was to begin the next night, as no one invited me to stop with them, I went back to the church and slept on the floor. The next day I visited more homes, and that night a big crowd turned out to see and hear the ex-bartender from Chicago. Three nights I slept on the floor, and three days I had only one meal a day. Thank God! the victory came the fourth night, and then more homes were opened to me than I could go to. During the three weeks meeting there about eighty souls knelt at the altar, and most of them prayed through. After the meeting was over, a holiness pastor was sent to the place and the work was built up and established.

At another time Brother B—— and myself were engaged by the pastor of one of the churches in a certain town of Nebraska to hold a revival meeting for him in his church. When we arrived at the place this pastor took us into his study, and after talking a little while, he asked us what we were teaching, and when we told him we preached sanctification as a second work of grace, he said, "Well, brethren, I don't feel it would be wise for you to hold the meeting in my church." As we walked down the street Brother B—— said, "Carl, I know that the Lord sent us to this town to hold a meeting, and we are not going to be so easily whipped by the devil." We saw the school board and got permission to hold the meeting in the school house. This was on Saturday afternoon when a big crowd was in town, we held a street meeting and advertised the meeting which would begin in the school house that night. Brother B—— and I each had fifteen

cents in our pockets after paying our car fare to the place, but we felt sure that we were in divine order, and that the Lord would take care of us. After the service that night, and no one had invited us home with them, we slept on the school room floor, with one of our Bibles under our heads for pillows. For three days we lived on five cents a day, each, and slept on the floor. On the fourth night of the meeting the class leader of this pastor's church got reclaimed, and five others were at the altar. After the service the class leader asked us where we were boarding, and we answered, "Right here, in the school house." He said, "Where are you sleeping?" We said, "Right here on the floor." Then he broke down and cried and took us home with him that night.

The next morning the pastor who had refused to let us hold the meeting in his church, came to see us, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Brothers, I want you to forgive me for not letting you hold the meeting in my church. I backslid over the thing, but the Lord has reclaimed me, and now I want you to come into my church and finish the meeting." He had some bills printed and given out, and that night the church was crowded. After I had finished preaching, this minister got up and asked if he might say a few words.

He turned to his audience and told them that he had not preached the truth to them as he should have done, and that he had been reclaimed that morning, and now was going to the altar to get sanctified. And he asked how many of his members would go with him. Thirty-three went with him that night to the altar, and what a time we had! This was a marvelous meeting, and when we left we had more than fifteen cents in our pockets.

The Lord has been so good to me and has led me on in such a marvelous way since my conversion. Five years ago, while holding a meeting in Denver, Colo., the Lord gave me a precious wife, who has been the backbone to our concern ever since. She has been with me in every meeting we have held since our marriage, and has been a great blessing to me and the work. Soon after our marriage we united with the Nazarene Church, at Greeley, Colo., and held meetings on the Colorado District, for a while. A year ago last October we came to California, and since that time have been holding meetings on the San Francisco District, under the leadership of Brother Isaac, our district superintendent. At the present time I am pastor of the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Fresno, Cal., and the Lord is blessing our labors, and giving us souls.

Traps for Girls

JENNIE A. HODGIN

MANY are the snares and pitfalls made for the young, innocent, and unsuspecting girl of today.

The White Slave trader is ever on her track, seeking his prey. When we first entered the Rescue Work, several years ago, we were often confronted with arguments by those who persisted in denying the existence of a well-organized traffic in girls, but we missionaries knew only too well that poor, innocent girls were bought and sold like cattle in a stockyard.

Today there is hardly a person who does not believe that the traffic exists. Prominent men have written on the subject. Nearly every day we read in the newspaper of some White Slave trader being caught or the detective on his track. Only too often, however, does he escape justice. We have seen him at the railroad depot and on the train, watching the young, healthy-looking country girl.

This is her first trip to the great city. She has become tired of working at the farm, and wants a change. In the newspaper advertisement she has read of a position which she thinks will just suit her. He sees that she is not used to traveling alone, gets acquainted with her, and tells her he knows the very place where she wants to go. She trusts him. He takes her to a house of ill-fame, where behind heavy walls her cries are never heard, and she is forced to a life of shame.

There are many traps for girls. I think the dance hall, which nearly always has a wine room connected with it, is one of the worst. Here many a

poor girl dates the beginning of her downfall. How true it is that the wine room and prostitution go hand in hand!

We rescued a most beautiful girl from just such a place, but not until she was robbed and spoiled of all that was dear to her. She had had a good bringing up, and was a member of a church. After a while the influence of the church socials gave her a liking for more worldly entertainments, and now and then she found it convenient to take a glass of wine.

One evening while with a party where she thought her virtue was in perfect safety, a drug was slipped into her glass of wine. Soon she became unconscious. When she awoke her ruin was already accomplished. Then with a broken heart and feelings that can not be described, she decided to commit suicide, but was rescued in time and brought to our Rescue Home, where she was soon soundly converted to God, and afterwards sanctified wholly.

Thank God for our Rescue Homes! This girl is today the honored wife of a minister of the gospel, and is spending her life in the service of the Lord.

A few months ago I spent part of the night in the slums of San Francisco. Barbary Coast, as the redlight district is called, is without a doubt the worst slum district in this country. I have done slum work in nearly all our large cities, but I have found nothing to compare with Barbary Coast. It is simply hell let loose. I have never before seen so many dance halls, saloons, and low dives packed together as here, and the sin, vice, and

wickedness that was committed right before our eyes can not be described.

I mention this particular vice center, as I wish to sound a note of warning to the girls and to the mothers of our girls on this Pacific Coast especially. San Francisco is getting ready for her great World's Fair. Her Little Hell, or Barbary Coast, is enlarging itself to receive your innocent girl. The White Slave trader is scouring this country for recruits. His traps are many. He works through the newspaper advertisements, the social glass of wine, the dance hall, the mock marriage, etc. Often we read in the papers, "Girl Missing!" and that is the last we hear of her.

Thousands of beautiful girls are sacrificed every year, and go to a nameless grave, and there must be others to fill their places. I have labored with and heard the story of the downfall of many hundreds of these poor, unfortunate girls, and I am safe in saying that nearly half of them have come from Christian homes and Sunday schools. Mother, watch your girl. She is not safe. Let us as true watchmen on the wall, put up the danger signals, sound a note of warning, and above everything else preach the gospel of full salvation to a perishing world.

"Dig channels for the streams of love;
Where they may broadly run,
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.
But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love to thee
Will soon be parched and dried.
For thou must share if thou wouldst keep
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to share we cease to have—
Such is the law of love."

Fallen Men vs. Fallen Women.

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"fallen men" can live in the "best" districts, the "fallen girls" may not be granted the same privilege.

What more treacherous character can we find than a man who leaves a wife and family of children at home, and deliberately goes into a house of shame, playing the part of a traitor to his wife, and goes out as capable of scattering disease as is the "fallen girl"?

The double standard of morals seems to be universal; the girl goes down, the man is uplifted. But by this standard only, for in the sight of Almighty God he is as guilty of harlotry as she, and will suffer the same fearful penalty of eternal damnation. Men harlots are the same as women harlots before God. The difference in the sex does not make any difference in the penalty. We are sure that the woman, the weaker sex, deserves as fair a chance as the man; and while homes are open and supported to rescue the "fallen girl," let us preach the same gospel to the "fallen man," who is living in good circumstances, surrounded by friends and loved ones. Let us tell him that he, too, needs a personal Savior from all sin.

Praise God, we have One who will save to the uttermost all those who will come unto Him by Jesus Christ!

Hindrances to Rescue Work

W. G. SCHURMAN

THIS article is far too short to speak of all the hindrances that confront the person or persons intent on Rescue Work, but I shall, in the space allotted me, give as briefly as possible what, in my judgment, are the real hindrances.

Indifference, I think, is the greatest hindrance. We get used to hearing of terrible happenings these days, and when we hear that one hundred thousand drunkards die every year, we are inclined to say, "Awful! Awful!" and then forget it; yet many, if not all, chose that road. But sixty thousand prostitutes die each year in the United States, which means that sixty thousand more must take their place, and because there is not enough to fill the demand who choose this life, and as much money can be accumulated by dealing in white slaves, many are forced into the life against their will.

So unthinkable and revolting is the thought of man becoming so base as to conduct this kind of a business, that William J. Bryan says it is hard to make people believe such conditions exist when confronted with the proofs.

Few stop to think that every week over eleven hundred girls must be seduced; that every day 165 daughters sacrifice virtue; that every hour seven

virgins lose their virginity; and that every eight minutes in this "Land of the free and home of the brave" some father's daughter, some mother's girl parts with that which had made her a lady though clothed in rags, and compels her to forfeit that title though dressed in silk. Yet though every city contributes toward this number, and no home is exempt from possible invasion, yet parents continue to close their ears, and feel satisfied that it will be some other person's girl and not theirs that will be sacrificed.

Nor is this indifference confined to the non-church member; but worldly and professed Christian alike, though they may be informed, seem to evince little if any interest. We are constrained to believe this may be due to ignorance of what the White Slave trade really is. Many think a bawdy house is a place where lewd women, too lazy to work for an honest living, are congregated together and have no desire but to earn easy money and plenty of it. This may be, and no doubt is, true in some cases; but no less an authority than District Attorney Sims, of Chicago, says not one in ten enter this life from choice. The reader will do well to remember that not every girl who willingly leaves the path of virtue for one she loves has any desire to minister to the lust of every drunken, diseased brute that desires her. This is not all: It is known that many a girl, as virtuous as a newborn babe, has been sold into this life, and compelled to do just that in order that some male hellhound, nursed at the breast of a she-wolf, might be supported in idleness. Then some professor of religion, or converted or sanctified fool (pardon the expression. I get stirred when I treat this subject), will tell you that any girl in such a place is there from choice! We grow eloquent over the burdens of the black man of our southland, yet few will deny their condition is better than in the days when the debased and cruel Simon Legree could be induced to purchase the colored girl on the auction block with white blood in her veins at a greater price than had been offered, when his licentious eyes were permitted to gaze upon her well-rounded limbs with the lifting of her skirts by the auctioneer, who argued that such a figure should bring a larger price. Yet the worst form of barbarous, dark-souled, hellish, iron-hearted slave tormentors, rich in cargoes of despair, was a white-winged messenger of mercy in comparison with this diabolical traffic that deals in the body and blood of outraged womanhood; this devilish thief of virtue, this stony-hearted syndicate that has made the scalding tears of broken-hearted mothers' daughters burn their way up to the throne of God.

To the pastor or member of the Pen-

tecostal Church of the Nazarene who thinks these words too strong, let me refer you to the Minutes of the Second General Assembly, held at Pilot Point, Texas, October 8-14, 1908, page 44: "We recommend that our ministers hold one or more rescue services each year throughout our whole church."

Did you hold any? Have you had any for the last four years?

When tempted to feel the article is too radical, think how *indifferent* you have been, and bear with me when I ask,

Is there not a cause?

"Whatever dies, or is forgot—
Work done for God, it dieth not."

What to Do and How to Do It

J. T. UPCHURCH

Secretary Rescue Commission of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene and President of The National Berachah Society

WHEN this subject was assigned me I was informed that it was intended I should discuss the subject of practical homes for the redemption of erring girls and victims of the white slave trade. Therefore it presupposes that the reader has been informed by other writers of the terrible conditions regarding the social evil which brings forth the query, "What to do, and how to do it?"

The articles which appear in this issue are supposed to tell us that hundreds of thousands of girls have been robbed and spoiled, and their blighted lives appeal to us for help, therefore I shall confine myself to discussing, not preventive methods, but practical rescue work.

First: *What to do.*

Inasmuch as thousands of fallen girls have no homes or parents to whom they can look for assistance, and inasmuch as it is not wise to take them into private homes to associate with pure young girls and boys until they are fully restored to chastity, and inasmuch as no door of honorable employment is open to them, hence it is *absolutely necessary* to have homes specially equipped for their redemption.

Second: *How to do it?*

In order to successfully deal with unfortunate and fallen women it is absolutely necessary for us to realize that the underworld has its degrees and ramifications of intelligence and social standing the same as the "upper world."

To enlighten your mind as to my meaning I wish to say that for ages polite society has designated all fallen girls and women as low down, debauched degenerates, with no distinction whatever. While it is true that all fallen girls and women are "sinners" I think it is also true that there is a very wide and marked distinction between many of them.

To illustrate: Yonder is a tender young girl from a quiet country home who, for lack of maternal protection, has been basely betrayed and foully robbed of her virtue by some designing betrayer of innocence. That girl is thrust out by society as an outcast. To my mind this is the most pitiful of all outcasts.

Next is the girl who, for the love of some man, deliberately chooses the life of immorality; she does not think that she is so bad because she is true to one man; nevertheless she is a "sinner," and is an outcast from better society.

Third, is the girl who feels that she is forced into a life of shame through poverty and sells her soul for the glittering baubles of worldly fashions.

Fourth, is the victim of white slavery, betrayed and destroyed by the wiles of white slavers, she is hid in prison houses of shame and is the pitiful chattel of designing devils. Many of this class are not bad at heart at all.

Fifth is the girl or woman who is too lazy to work and had rather live the loose, careless life of the fallen than put forth an effort for honest support. Many of these women and girls have no idea of the horrors of the life until they find themselves entangled in its meshes and then are too lazy and indolent to break away from the life even if the opportunity is offered.

From all of the above classes comes the sixth class, the reckless, debauched, abandoned profligate woman. Discouraged, disheartened, dreading to live and afraid to die, she is a criminal and plies her mad, losing game desperately. She is the product of perverted conditions, a menace to society, and should be redeemed; but it is not wise to place her in company with the tender, young, betrayed girl on the same level and association.

It is my candid opinion, after years of experience, that the first and greatest need of a practical rescue work is sanctified men and women of good common sense.

A home should be established, light, airy, roomy, attractive, home-like, with flowers, poultry, cows, fruit, garden and such industries as can be operated to give employment, entertainment and instruction to those to be assisted. Nothing is more attractive, entertaining or exciting than a deep spiritual atmosphere fired by live, enthusiastic religious services.

The old life of sin was exciting with its rounds of dances, games, theatres, moving picture shows and debauchery, *but it was a failure*, therefore we should avoid all such amusements and provide a good, wholesome, entrancing substitute for them.

If a woman is to be redeemed, she must be *redeemed* from all those things which helped to wreck her.

Avoid the idea of commercializing rescue work, for it can no more be made

self-supporting than the wrecking crew of a great railway system can be made self-supporting. Rescue work deals with the most hopeless of human wrecks, and its hope is not in getting an immediate financial return from those assisted, but it expects to bless the world and pay a debt of honor to the helpless, and discharge a solemn duty to God, by helping to restore virtue and establish character.

In my judgment the home should be located convenient to the city, yet far enough away to separate it from the city; however, local conditions will have to determine that. Do not call it a "Rescue Home;" give it some nice, attractive name and by all means avoid making it a reformatory. *Make it a home.*

To do a practical work several buildings on the same premises will be needed.

First, a receiving home to which all applicants should be taken to be examined by a lady attendant to ascertain her moral, mental and physical condition, and to have all her belongings carefully fumigated to prevent diseases entering the institution.

Second, the main building. To be occupied by all inmates of good morals, sound minds, and healthy bodies.

Third, a maternity home for those girls who are to become mothers; and I think a lady physician should preside over that home.

Fourth, a special building for those who come from the slums or underworld.

Fifth, an infirmary for the sick and diseased.

Sixth, a children's home. For a practical home should provide for mothers to keep their children.

Seventh, a building for those of more feeble mind and weaker morals in order that they may be given special attention.

In addition to the above it is well to provide as many industrial buildings as necessary. I would advise that one of the main features of the institution should be to teach domestic science.

Last and most important, would be a nice attractive chapel or place of worship. Keep the religious atmosphere on fire.

In most cases up to the present time nearly all of the above work, in homes for the redemption of erring girls, has had to be done under the same roof and in many instances in the same room. The work has greatly suffered for the lack of means and wise, consecrated workers.

I do not think it at all proper for men to take much part in the personal management of the girls. There are many dangers which should be avoided. Let the men raise the money, finance the work and bear the heavy burdens while the women deal with the inmates

of the homes. This does not mean to exclude ministers from preaching to the girls or a man and his wife from doing the work together.

In connection with a practical rescue work it is wise to keep creating public sentiment in favor of the redeemed girls so they can find employment on being dismissed from the institution; in fact, the institution should attend to securing them proper positions.

Experience teaches us that no girl should be admitted into the institution for less than one year, and from that up to three years; but of course it should be left optional with the management to let them go sooner under certain circumstances which make them worthy of an honorable dismissal.

RECAPITULATION

Get saved, sensible workers. Get the neatest, best equipment possible. Segregate the girls. Endeavor to impress them that the Home is not a prison or reformatory, but a chance for them to make good. Let your aim and constant object be to *restore character*.

Do not allow young men and young women to go to the slums in company with each other, and do not allow them to go at all unless they are specially called of God to the work. Many lurking dangers lie across the path of the curious and the sightseer.

No man or woman should engage in slum work alone: always go two and two, or more, in the company.

Remember that a prodigal girl has the same right of forgiveness and restoration that a prodigal boy has. It is my candid opinion that it is wrong to make more over a returned prodigal boy or girl than we do over the "elder brother" and sister who are true to righteousness all their lives: for if it were not for the latter class there would be no homes to which the prodigals could return.

YOU MAY HELP

Any person anywhere may help in this glorious enterprise known as "Rescue Work."

Ministers may assist by encouraging the people to adopt a single standard of morals for men and women. Cry out, brother, against immorality in boys and men the same as in girls and women. Teach the people that prodigal girls should be given an equal chance with the prodigal boys to be saved and restored to lives of usefulness.

Publishers may help the work by turning on the light and ever keeping before the people the necessity of doing something.

Any individual may help by talking in favor of it, by contributing money and material for the support of the Homes for the redemption of erring girls, by circulating literature on the subject of the work.

Suppose you send for a number of

these papers and distribute them among your friends and see the result. It will open their eyes and stir their souls. A few dimes spent this way will bring a harvest of results in years to come.

In conclusion, friends, let us look over the field, hear the heartbroken cries of the lost girls of the land, remember time is short, eternity is long, and then join the late General Booth of the Salvation Army and shout with all our might: "For God's sake do something!"—and *then do it*.

"No service in itself is small;
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will."

"None to Help"

MRS. ANNIE T. ARMOUR

They fell down and there was none to help.—Psa. 107: 12.

To no other class of wrecked humanity in all the world, are these words "none to help" so applicable as to the ruined and straying girls in our land. Their condition is deplorably helpless and appallingly hopeless. Public sentiment has placed its scorching brand upon the girl who goes astray, and when there comes to her "the awakening" to a sense of from whence she has fallen, and what she has lost, the agony, in many cases, is unbearable. To the sickening and condemning sense of sin, and sold-out womanhood, is added blank despair, seeing she has forfeited all, and there is "none to help." She knows how loathesome to respectable people such as she have made themselves, and her heart and hope falter and faint. At this juncture, in many instances, at least, if there was some one to help, dear betrayed girls could be snatched from the awful vortex before them, who are never heard of again. Despair in matters temporal and material is often terribly crushing and saddening, but when it comes to the heart of a fallen girl, it is fearfully enhanced, not alone by the consciousness that she has lost her good name, and that she has no one to look to for help, but far beyond this in the depths of her being, she feels her condition takes on the awfulness of the loss of her soul as she realizes she is a bankrupt before two worlds. She feels like the prodigal, "I've sinned before heaven." Words are too cold and shallow to portray the misery and despair that haunt her, even as viewed by the one seeking to save her blighted life. No one who has not been in her case can fathom the unspeakable depths of her grief, or taste the bitterness of her cup of self-lashing torment; albeit she is filled with the bitterest contempt and fiercest anger, at the monster who has wrought her ruin. It is often in the case of such utter despair that self destruction is sought as the only escape (?) from what

is worse than death to her, because she feels there is "none to help."

While things move on in the moral and social world, and often under the shadow of the church, as they do, and the heinous sin of seduction is not treated as a crime, and the aggressor is allowed to go free and mingle with good society, covering up his lecherous nature and black deeds under the garb of good clothes and the serpent's smile, it will still be too often true that there is "none to help" his ruined victim, because people have not the moral courage to espouse the cause of the ostracised one. How Christian people, and especially women, can look on and know these conditions and not be moved with divine compassion to save these most helpless of all wrecked ones, is past comprehension.

The writer would not be understood as ignoring or depreciating the work being done by the noble band of rescue workers and white slave exposers among us, who are all but laying down their lives in this awful fight against terrific odds. But my plea is for a great increase of Spirit-endued helpers, that will be something commensurate with the awful need. It is manifest today that the Lord of the harvest is calling upon His holy people to put on His panoply and to go forth to definite and desperate warfare against this soul and body destroying evil.

It is needless to add that nothing but love divine can nerve the heart and fire the nature with the consuming zeal that "will not fail nor be discouraged," in the search for our lost sisters. Calvary love burning in human hearts alone can love deep enough and long enough to win them and "turn them to a pardoning God, and quench the brands in Jesus' blood."

May the rescue number of the HERALD OF HOLINESS be made a world-wide blessing in presenting something of the appalling needs as well as the glorious possibilities of full salvation rescue work.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head winds right for royal sails.
—R. W. Emerson.

Does Rescue Work Pay?

J. P. ROBERTS

SO OFTEN the above question has been asked, and each time our answer has been, "Yes, rescue work pays." Not in dollars and cents, but a thousand times better, for God has given us diamonds from the rough, and polished them, and His promise is that they shall outshine the sun.

Rescue work is no longer an experiment, but it has become a settled and fruitful department of Christian effort. Only a few years ago, rescue work, as it is known today, would have

been thought impracticable, if not altogether impossible, but summer and winter, in wet and in the dry, and beside all waters, earnest workers have been sowing precious seed, watered by tears of sympathy, supported by their prayers and faith, and the means of God's people; these have sprung up into abundant harvest. Considering the difficulties peculiar to this line of work, we do not think there is any department of the Lord's work that pays a better dividend upon efforts invested, than does that of rescuing mothers' precious unfortunate daughters from a life of sin and shame. The marvelous success attending the efforts of those engaged in rescue work and the manifest fruits of their labors, is the strongest force in breaking down the longstanding prejudice against the work itself. These have been so abundant that even now rescue work numbers its friends by the hundreds if not by the thousands, especially among the holiness people, who are truly the pioneers in this work. And God is stirring up the nations in behalf of mothers' precious, unfortunate daughters, who have been trapped and become victims of these white slave procurers. We have in possession papers from one of our missionaries in India, showing how the English government is stirred, and how officials over there are lending a helping hand to bring them back and give them another chance to be restored to lives of virtue and purity. Oh, how we thank God for hearing and answering prayer, as many of us rescue workers, with others, have prayed to God to in some way get hold of people with means that they might lend a helping hand. It is with great thankfulness to our heavenly Father that we note His gracious favor in hearing and answering prayer. He has touched the hearts of men like John D. Rockefeller, Jr., J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and other millionaires of the United States. Recently a conference was held in New York by a number of men of wealth, including these whom we have mentioned, to devise plans to create sentiment and to raise funds to build and maintain a thousand rescue homes. We would call the people throughout the bounds of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene to make this year one of prevailing prayer that God will break down the stronghold of Satan and bless these men's efforts.

There are hundreds of precious girls going down the dark way to eternal destruction, having stepped aside from the path of right and missed their way, and now wander about going farther and farther from God and heaven. Such ones need a Savior, and our helping hand, and must be sought for. Yes, we must hunt them up and carry them to Jesus in our arms of faith and love. Such work from a human view, is not pleasant, but oh, *it pays a thousand*

times, praise His name forever and ever.

We never realized so much, until we were brought face to face with the lowest, the marvelous power of God and wonderful transformation in lives. To listen to their story, "saved by grace," thrills our hearts with joy and inspires us to press forward, and we cry out, "It pays, it pays!" We praise God for rescuing, sheltering and saving hundreds of precious girls; for the work of God's Spirit in leading them out into useful lives, reconciling many to their homes and relatives. During the ten years since Rest Cottage, at Pilot Point, Texas, was opened we have rescued about five hundred girls. God has laid His hand on scores of them, and many have been called into His vineyard to work for Him. A few have gone to their eternal home, while scores are married, and today are living happily. Praise the Lord! He has done wonderful things in our midst. Our girls are dear to our hearts. As we are writing these lines we feel like repeating again and again, "Rescue work pays a thousand times."

In the last hours of this dispensation, we are obeying Christ's command: "Go out into the streets and lanes, highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that the wedding may be furnished with guests." Many are hearing and coming into the kingdom, not only being saved from their old life of sin, but being sanctified by the blood of the Lamb. Their old appetites and habits have vanished away, and the things they once loved they now hate. As we, the servants of God, hear our dear girls testifying over and over again, thanking and praising God for the wonderful transformation He has wrought in their lives, it inspires us to go on, and gives us a greater longing to hear Jesus say, "Well done, good and faithful servants," "ye found me naked and clothed me; ye found me in prison and ye came unto me, hungry and ye fed me." This describes our girls as they come to us, hungry, for the world has fed them on husks; in prison, for Satan had bound them; naked, for sin had stripped them of their virtue, friends, home and all that is good and true; sick in body and soul, they are tired of it all. They come to Rest Cottage, for it is a Bethel to their souls, and a new and heavenly life begins for them. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." We give Him all the glory, for all the work Rest Cottage has done. We see no man save Jesus only; He is faithful and faileth not. Two words are very dear to our hearts in Rest Cottage, and it is in obedience to them that we find God working "Let God" is our cry as we seek in the work to keep constantly out of God's way and give Him all the glory.

Surely it is God's will to look for the sheep in the desert and waste

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places; it is treading the lonely highway, the foul and darksome street, but we feel some way, as if that day we had caught a glimpse of the Master's feet, and we gladly seek the scarlet districts of our cities and compel them to come in. Brother and sister, the natural heart turns from such a way, and we feel that without the grace of God none would ever enter such places to seek and save the lost. Beloved, does it pay to obey God's command and rescue the fallen? Yes, when we meet Jesus with trophies to lay at His feet, then we can sing with the poet,

It will pay, it will pay,
On the last great judgment day,
It will pay, it will pay,
On the last great judgment day,

"He falls who climbs to power and place
Up the pathway of disgrace.
He falls not who makes truth his cause,
Nor bends to win the crowd's applause.
He falls not, he who stakes his all
Upon the right, and dares to fall;
What though the living bless or blame,
For him the long success of fame."

from Tempest-Tossed to Haven

Some years ago an humble home in eastern Pennsylvania was made glad by the advent of a little baby girl whom we will call Ruth. Shadows early crossed her young life and did not cease as she grew to young womanhood. Poverty made hard the life of the family and the father grew more intemperate as the years passed by.

At twelve years of age, little Ruth suffered her greatest loss up until that time. The fatal "white plague" claimed her mother and one year later the fatal black plague had laid her father in a drunkard's grave.

This left her to the care of an aunt who died in the course of another year and little Ruth was adrift in the world with symptoms of her mother's dread disease. She lived with first one relative and then another until her health necessitated hospital care. She was placed in a hospital for treatment under the care of some benevolent society. For days she sat in the sunny windows, gathering strength and wondering what the future held for her.

Visitors came to a house across the way. They were attracted to the little sufferer. Their home was childless. Why not take the child back to their western Iowa home?

Ruth was delighted. She was glad to go. She lived with them for four years and then she yielded to a restless longing to leave the quiet life for the busy marts of a large city. Oh, what a mistake! Could she have only known what awaited her just a little ways on ahead.

She secured employment and after working hours were over, she mingled with the gay throng of pleasure seekers.

She found, among these, one acquaintance who made her sad life sad-

der by his perfidy. He wooed her and won her heart's affection. She thought the happiest of all days had come to her. The marriage vows had been plighted, a little cottage had been furnished, and the joy of a home was her portion. The happy dream was of short duration.

Five weeks elapsed since the wedding day. A hasty knock at the door in the late evening necessitated an answer. The husband refused to go. The wife went down reluctantly to open the door. Imagine her surprise as well as her grief when she was informed by officers of the law that she had married a man who not only had a wife in an adjoining state, but was also the father of two children. They took her husband with them. Despair filled her heart. She packed her trunk and left her little home, also the city.

She returned after her husband had been prosecuted, fell in with questionable company, sank to their level, fell in with their ways, abandoned herself to the life of a public woman.

While thus engaged, she suffered a stroke of paralysis in her arms which only made life take on a darker hue. No home, no friends, no money, no health, no future.

Two weeks later she left for another city to follow what seemed to her the only livelihood with paralyzed hands. Four weeks after her arrival there, the house she lived in was raided and she appeared before the magistrate. The judge was attracted by her sad face. He questioned her as follows: "Would you like to lead a different life? Would you accept help? Would you work?"

"Yes," she replied while she lifted up her helpless hands with the question, "What can I do with these?"

Great tears rolled down his kindly face and in a voice trembling with emotion, he said, "Take this child to the matron. Something must be done."

Arrangements were made to send her back to the city from whence she came, to a rescue home. The hard affliction was heavy upon her, but it became heavier still. She suffered another stroke of paralysis which rendered her entirely helpless by the time she had reached the home. The bright June morning had little attraction to her, as she lay upon the couch with hot tears coursing their way down her cheeks. The worker in charge sat down by her bedside, wiped the hot tears away and told her of the help God could give her. She was too worn to make a reply, but in her heart she was saying, "Have I really come to a place where somebody loves me?"

It was not expedient to care for her in the home and she was placed in a hospital where medical attention could be given her. After eight long months she returned to the home, much better in health and able to walk about.

More than one struggle entered into

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the weeks and months of convalescing, but one day the Lord got a hold upon her life, and she yielded to the mighty strivings of the Holy Spirit. Many times the enemy has come in like a flood upon her life, but with the help of the Lord she has been enabled to turn away from the allurements of sin.

Years have passed since she entered the home, but gratitude still fills her heart for friends, for home and most of all for Jesus.

MISS LOU MILLER.

Is the work difficult?
Jesus directs thee.
Is the path dangerous?
Jesus protects thee.

Fear not and falter not;
Let the Word cheer thee:
All through the coming year
He will be near thee.

—Selected.

Sheltered and Saved

MARY LEE

When sinful and lost in a life of despair,
No light in my pathway did shine,
Till Jesus then found me and made me an heir

To mansions of glory divine.

I am not very old, only a little past seventeen, but old enough to know the awful power of sin in my life.

I was born of Christian parents in the sunny southland, who, as long as they remained in my native state, were true Christians, but on moving to an adjoining state, they ceased to attend religious worship and forgot their covenant with God. They drifted on from bad to worse until my father and my mother both became addicted to drink. Not only this, but my father became a bootlegger, as we lived in a prohibition state.

At the age of thirteen, I was allowed to visit an aunt, and from that time I began to go in the company of boys and young men. When I was a few months past sixteen, I began going in company with a young man who in a short time left me in the sad state of expectant motherhood to bear my shame alone. My mother was rather considerate, but my father with bitter oaths bade me leave the home I had disgraced, saying he never wanted to see my face again,

It was with a heavy heart I left home, not knowing where I should go and having very little money, but feeling I must go somewhere. I bought a ticket to a distant city where no one would know me, and though I was only a sinner, I prayed God would direct me to some one who could help me.

The morning of my arrival in the city I sat in the depot waiting and wondering and I finally summoned up enough courage to tell the depot matron my sad plight. She proved to be a friend indeed, and directed me to a Christian home for penitent, erring girls. With a grateful heart I entered its doors, and the workers told me that Jesus could lift the heavy load of sorrow from my heart. For days, I tried to get saved,

A New Rescue Journal

We trust that a great many people will be interested in rescue work through the influence of this special paper. Every Christian who reads its contents will surely be fired with a new zeal and will desire to enlist in this great work in some practical way. The question has been how to reach the Christian people who are in the country and the smaller towns and give them an opportunity to help in this work. Since we have been working on the details of the rescue number this thought has been in our minds and we believe the Lord has providentially brought to light a plan which can be used to conserve the interest which this paper will arouse and which the rescue workers arouse as they go from place to place.

A short time ago some rescue workers of wide experience were conferring about the work in the presence of the writer and after an exchange of ideas all agreed on the following propositions:

1. We need and ought to have a monthly journal which will definitely represent all rescue homes of good standing which desire to work together to create and foster interest in rescue work in general and represent their respective institutions in particular.

2. This journal should be undenominational so that homes of various denominations may use it in their work. The denominations which definitely push rescue work are so few and the field so wide that they can easily work together in such an enterprise without any conflict of interests.

3. Inasmuch as no one home can support a paper large enough to effectually present its work, this union of effort would add strength to and facilitate the work of all institutions which will thus co-operate.

The plans are being discussed and worked out and before a great while the particulars may be announced. At present they are not far enough along to announce editors and correspondents, etc. We felt that we could not let this golden opportunity pass without announcing that the movement had started.

Would you like to keep posted on the progress of rescue work in general? Would you like to be in a position to act intelligently and wisely in your efforts? If you desire these ends we would like to have your name and address.

A postal card costs only one cent. Will you not write one and tell of your interest? Would you subscribe for such a journal if it is well edited and well printed (16 pages, monthly, 50 cents a year)? Would you help get subscribers for it? Come on, brother; enlist in this great work.

Address your card to "The Good Samaritan," in care of C. J. Kinne, 2109 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

but one week later I was wonderfully saved in a church service, in a Pentecostal-Nazarene church. Life looked different to me after that and I could understand the Scripture, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." This brought me great comfort.

Ten days later I was sanctified in one of our home prayer meetings.

Since God has saved me and given me a clean heart, I long to do those things which please Him and those who have the rule over me.

The home has been a place where I have found rest to my weary soul and more than that, God has heard my prayers and my parents have also forgiven me.

Publisher's Notes

THE RESCUE NUMBER

It is not too late to send in an order for the rescue number. It will be a great paper to use in an effort to enlist all our people in rescue work. It will also be especially valuable as a tract to give to unsaved families. You do not often get an opportunity to buy or give away as much as is in an ordinary fifty-cent book for two cents. You will not miss the few cents it will take to send a copy to each of your special friends. We will send copies of this issue postpaid at the following prices: Single copy, 3 cts., two for 5 cts., or \$1.50 a hundred.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

If any of our readers have money which they can put out at a fair rate of interest and they want to put it where it will earn interest in two worlds, we would like to correspond with them. This applies to any sum from twenty-five dollars up. Let your money work for the Lord and yourself at the same time.

HOLINESS BOOKS

We carry a fine assortment of holiness books and had intended to insert a full list in this issue. We found that we could not do so without crowding out some of the matter relative to rescue work. If you are interested in securing the best of such literature, send for our price list which will be sent free.

PENTECOSTAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LITERATURE

We publish a series of Sunday school literature which is second to none. We will be glad to send samples to any one who is interested in getting the best Sunday school literature. We call special attention to "The Pentecostal Bible Teacher," which is thought by many to be the greatest teacher's journal published anywhere.

CARL DAUEL'S STORY

We are having some special drawings made to illustrate this remarkable story. We will immediately issue it in the form of a booklet which will retail for five cents, postpaid. Special price in quantities. It will make a great tract to use in reaching men with the gospel of salvation.

Herald of Holiness

Official Organ Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

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

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

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DISTRICT RESCUE HOME

The Southern California District of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene has a regularly organized rescue commission, and is establishing a home. Full particulars have not yet reached us. For anything concerning this home, write Rev. Seth C. Rees, 660 Elizabeth St., Pasadena, Cal.