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DEATH OF DR. E. M. BOUNDS

THIS man of God has passed to his eternal reward. We have no words to express our sense of personal bereavement. He was our pastor in childhood, the first we remember to have known; he was our spiritual father, our conversion occurring at fourteen years of age; he has been our sincere friend and spiritual monitor during all the years which have elapsed since we first met him in the dawn of young life; he has been our inspiration in life's struggle and conflicts—a wise adviser and friend in crises, a comfort in times of trouble, a constant and faithful inciter to higher and nobler attainments in grace all along the changeful years of the checkered past.

Dr. BOUNDS was a marvelous combination. The very embodiment of profound humility, he was a hero, a Spartan, a Napoleon of calm and dauntless courage. Meek and self-depreciative to a point painful to his most intimate friends, he was yet one of the best and most widely-read men we ever knew, and wielded a facile and trenchant pen distinguished alike in forensic defense of the truth, and in the mysteries and glories of the depths of prayer and the deeper spiritual things of life.

He became entirely too religious and too intensely spiritual for his church. The time came when he could no longer consistently with a clear conscience accept work at the hands of the authorities of his church. So he quietly retired to his humble home in a Georgia village, without saying as much in explanation of his retirement inculpatory of his church as we have said above. During these long and lonely years he has lived in his books and on his knees. At four o'clock (a. m.) daily he was found on his knees agonizing with God for friend and foe in tears and intensity of earnestness. Then twice or thrice daily afterward he was at the same business of praying. And with him it was a BUSINESS. This was what he was pleased to call praying. It was the Christian's great business. Saturated constantly thus with the spirit of prayer and surcharged with the very oxygen of heaven, he pored over his books or delved with his pen. His book, *Preacher and Prayer*, was born thus, and no wonder it has become a classic in its line. It will live as long as men are found in dead earnest about the things of the soul and about reaching God for real help. Other books he leaves behind him unpublished. He was too poor to bring them out. He left that matter with God. We are sure God will bring out these books in His own time and by His own methods. We predict a rich heritage for spiritual believers in these unpublished books of our dear brother.

In 1894, when the holiness revival had come to the writer's city, and many of us had crossed over into Canaan, Dr. BOUNDS was at one time a visitor during a great holiness meeting, and the guest of the leader of the movement. One morning this leader came into our editorial office, and addressing us familiarly said: "Haynes, your man BOUNDS is a queer sort of fellow. This morning, long before day, I was awakened by an unusual noise like earnest, if not controversial, talking. It bothered me. I listened, and it seemed to be in or near my guest chamber, where Dr. BOUNDS was sleeping. Listening more intently I caught his words and heard my name called, followed by his earnest entreaty for me, as if I were in great danger and he was pleading for me. I listened from a little nearer position, and was dumbfounded to find he was in a great agony of prayer and tears for my soul, and was pleading with

God to awaken me to my real situation, and to lead me out into a larger place. He talked just like he believed I was a backslider or a hypocrite." This brother was in trouble. I told him he had better look narrowly within, for BOUNDS was one of the truest and most remorseless spiritual diagnosticians I had ever met; that he had camped on my trail for thirty years, and really had been the chief means of prodding me up and keeping me in line.

This brother was very prominent in the holiness movement and the acknowledged leader thereof. In a year or less he dropped this leadership and holiness, and quietly passed back into episcopal favor and into the finest appointments, and has ignored the holiness movement and people since.

Immersed in my labors, and letting my correspondence lag for long months at a time, often I have been summarily aroused by sometimes only a card from this holy man of God, saying something like this: "Don't get too busy to pray. Praying is your greatest, your chief business, and there is no substitute for it."

Our first sight of this great saint was at the close of the Civil War, when he was dropped into our village in Tennessee, with his gray rebel uniform on. We remember how our childish mind was particularly taken with the gray jeans jacket, closely buttoned with its brilliant brass buttons. He took charge of our little Methodist church. We remember with what soul-penetrating pathos and fervor he read those old classic hymns, "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned upon the Savior's brow," "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear," "In evil long I took delight, unawed by shame or fear," and many others, especially those great lyrics of Charles Wesley. Often as our childish feet would near the church door the hope would involuntarily arise in our mind that he would read one of those wonderful hymns we had heard him read before. Always he broke our young heart by the inimitably seraphic way of his reading of the opening hymns before he reached the sermon. And the sermon! Who can describe it? Simple, direct, soulful, it went where it was invariably aimed—to the heart of the hearer. He had this child under conviction for years before he felt he had a right to go forward, and he was too timid to talk with mortal man on the subject. Finally he felt he had the right and went to the altar, and was saved, and was amazed to find that nobody would have made objection had he gone years before.

The form of this holy, diminutive man, lying prone on his back with a heavenly smile on his face, while his voice shouted the praises of God, in the humble village prayer meeting, is a sweet and familiar picture in our childhood's memory.

Great in native intellect, great in spiritual insight, great in presenting the gospel in sermon, great in reading the gospel from hymn or God's Word, great with his pen and greater in prevailing prayer to his Father-God, great as friend, as father, as husband, as counsellor, greatest in simple faith, dauntless heroism for the right and truth and God, and in humility, uncomplaining submission, and in intercession, Dr. BOUNDS lived comparatively unknown for what he really was, but his works will follow him, and we believe his posthumous fame will grow with the years, and though dead he will continue to speak in broader lines and larger visible results than even during life.

B. F. HAYNES.

HOLINESS IN ITS RELATIONS

HOLINESS is exclusive in one sense: it excludes and forbids all sin. It must not be considered exclusive, however, in the sense that it causes to dwindle and retire to the rear all other evangelical doctrines and experiences. Holiness has a distinct relation to all these, and is indeed the great connecting bond or harmonizer of all. We must not get so narrowed in our vision by our great love for and absorption with this glorious theme and truth of perfect love as to lose interest in, and cease to give due attention to, all related truth. Few we believe commit this error. By far more people are guilty of the opposite error of not giving due attention to holiness and not admitting it to the controlling place in their creed and experience and life.

To the few who may commit the opposite error of neglecting related experiences and doctrines we have a brief word of caution. One who finds in himself a disrelish for delivering or hearing discourses upon any other vital truths, who becomes averse to an experience in others which comes short of conscious entire sanctification, or who discovers within a distrust of the religion of all who are not especially concerned or seeking this great blessing, who finds a distaste or disinclination for labors which aim especially at the conversion of sinners—those who find any of these inclinations or states should beware, for there is danger ahead for them. True holiness is a unity and a unifier in this matter of evangelical truth and experience, as well as of the brethren. It should render us rotund and symmetrical. Every truth God has regarded important enough to become a part of His revelation, must be dear to the heart of the sanctified. Every step in the route from sin to complete salvation from the very being of sin must be matter of vital concern and keen interest to every fully sanctified child of God. Every influence or means for the awakening of sinners and bringing them to repentance and conversion should be gladly sought to be put into operation by holy people. They should welcome and joyfully delight in the employment of means for arresting the sinner, reclaiming the backslidden, confirming the weak, and contributing to the growth of the regenerated, however unsatisfactory this growth may be. This is very generally the case. There is possibility, however, of this mistake being made, and the consequences are so grave that we urge earnestly for a consistent, comprehensive and symmetrical espousal and advocacy of all truth. Holiness is the grand center—the Gulf Stream of Revelation—the Gibraltar of Truth—the Central Tenet and very Core of Religion—the crowning and climacteric fact in the soul of the disciple. Yet this glorious centre has a periphery of beautiful, related truths, and holiness is best sought and experienced and lived and propagated by a due assignment to each related truth of its appropriate importance and prerogatives. Thus there will be found a beautiful harmony in sacred truth; a sublime unity in diversity; a blessed acquiescence in the divine method and plan which puts us in more complete touch and unison with God.

We insist upon an uncompromising position with reference to holiness of heart and life, but we deprecate retirement to obscurity or silence aught of truth which God has given a place in His revelation, or a residence in the heart of His children as an experience.

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INVITING MORE THAN THEY THINK

THE *Menace* is the name of a paper published at Aurora, Missouri, which has been unsparing in its denunciations of political Romanism and its encroachments and intrigues. These exposures have greatly incensed the Romanists, and the Knights of Columbus, a Romish organization, has taken official measures to induce the Post Master General of the United States to exclude this paper from the mails. We have not read regularly the *Menace*, and can not speak definite-

ly whether it has transcended the limits of journalistic ethics in its exposures. We know it had a dirty business in hand in exposing this hoary Monster, and to confine itself to the bare facts in the case would have been to incense the Romish hierarchy and all Romish sympathizers.

We have this to say as to transcending the proprieties in the case. If the *Menace* be guilty the laws of the land and the courts of the country afford ample means for redress against it for any such offenses. Slander or libel suits are the privilege of Rome as of other people in this country. Recourse to the means they are endeavoring to use will not for one moment be tolerated in this republic, and Rome had better understand this at once. This scheme of the Jesuits is a blow at the freedom of the press and freedom of speech, which is an insult to American patriotism and common intelligence. This will justly arouse resentment which will ere long show Rome that she is inviting a great deal more than she dreamed in the way of resistance and antagonism.

The blood of our Revolutionary sires has not run out. The valor and patriotism of these sires which led them to do, dare and die for this principle of free speech and free press is not dead. Rome reckons without her host in presuming that the gross materialism of the age, the absorbing commercial spirit which so widely prevails among our people has chilled this blood of heroic and historic memory and that this glorious patriotism and valor which made the world wonder by their exploits on so many bloody battle fields, have suffered so great an eclipse as to protect Rome from its ferocity in her encroachments upon this sacred, blood-bought heritage.

Every democratic citizen of this republic—and we mean by this every truly American citizen—must expect to stand up in defence of the saying and printing of many things he himself likes neither to see nor hear. The truly American spirit does this in the name and for the love of true liberty which must necessarily extend to speech and the press. Democratic thought and loyalty gladly and easily adjusts itself to this conception and this practice. Rome being undemocratic, being indeed fundamentally and essentially the most anti-democratic organization on earth, can have no appreciation of this spirit of liberty, and adjusts itself awkwardly and hypocritically to this American condition from mere necessity. All its pretensions to breadth and Americanism of spirit, and love of American liberty and traditions are essentially false and for effect only.

Rome must be watched with especial diligence in this matter of the freedom of the press. This attempt to procure an official exclusion from the mails of any publication because of alleged misrepresentations or abuse of her peculiar system or practices, is a thrust at this freedom of the press which should and will arouse universal condemnation and abhorrence among all true American citizens. If Rome wishes to precipitate a conflict by pressing such absurd and un-American and insulting efforts as the one under consideration, our nation will be found ready to enter the conflict. We notify Rome also that she will be profoundly amazed at the awakening spirit of Americanism and revolutionary ardor and fire which her folly will cause. She can have a speedy conflict if she wishes. In this step she is taking the very course to precipitate a conflict which can and will have but one solitary result when it does come. That result was foreseen and predicted by Abraham Lincoln many years ago. Discussing the impending clouds which threatened our country once during the war between the States with his advisers, he remarked that the darkest cloud which he saw was from Rome. He went on to forecast the coming conflict which he foresaw inevitable with Rome, but added that victory would come to America, though at the cost of much blood. He predicted final and complete defeat to Rome when her sinister and un-American power would be forever banished from American soil.

If Rome persists in her treasonable designs, and in her un-American plots and efforts, and precipitates a conflict, we believe this will arouse the slumbering lion of Americanism whose roar will reverberate around the world and whose on-

slaught will forever banish Romish Jesuitism from this country. "Romish Jesuitism Expelled Forever" will be the slogan which will rally the spirit of American patriotism for the fray and for the superb triumph.

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

A PREACHER'S INDICTMENT

It is truly sad to see the adoption of the modern attire of women by the women of the churches. It seems that no style is so abhorrent to good taste, or Christian scruples, but will find people to patronize it. Concerning the modern attire for women a prominent clergyman says:

Not in history were the modes so abhorrently indecent as they are today. One may study history and prints covering a period of 5,000 years and find nothing to equal the shameless styles worn unabashed in the crowded streets by hundreds of thousands of apparently respectable young girls.

A STRONG WITNESS

Frank J. Cannon recently made an address at a Chautauqua, in Kansas City, in which he said some very strong things concerning Mormonism. Mr. Cannon was once a Mormon, and ought to be familiar with this wretched system. Following his address in this city resolutions were adopted recommending the barring of Mormon literature from the mails, and asking the Attorney General to start an investigation into the investments and finances of the Mormon church under the Sherman anti-trust law. Mr. Cannon's utterances were patriotic, and should receive prompt attention. Among his statements were the following:

It becomes my duty to advise you that the Mormon chiefs are daily breaking the covenant made to the United States. I accuse them of teaching treason to this government. I accuse them of conspiracy to overthrow and supplant this government. The oath of bloody vengeance exists today as it did seventy years ago. Perhaps you feel secure from the awful power of the Mormon kingdom. It is gaining ground every day in every state in the Union. It is my conviction that there is more polygamy in the Mormon church today than ever in the history of the institution.

THE COILS TIGHTENING

We are happy to see the coils tightening on all sides on the Goliath of Rum. The use and the legalized sale of alcoholic stimulants is coming more and more to be seen to be an unmitigated curse. From all directions are coming protests against it. Churches of every name and order have, through their highest deliberative assemblies, spoken in no uncertain tones against it. The noble women of our land are organized for opposition to the traffic as well as the use of alcoholic drinks, and the marvelous work of the W. C. T. U. is proof at once of the splendor of their organization as well as the genuineness of their opposition, and the industry with which they work. Other voices come in from time to time in opposition, until it seems all classes are included among the warriors against this universal foe. We

welcome the following army who have entered the lists with a protest of no mean proportions, especially when we consider the learning and standing of the protestants. The Congress of Alienists and Neurologists which recently met in Chicago adopted strong resolutions which certainly will have very great weight. These resolutions were as follows:

We recommend to the railroads of the country generally the universal adoption of the rule requiring all employees to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages on duty or off duty, under penalty of discharge. The habitual use of any narcotic should be a ground for discharge from the service.

QUIETNESS OF SPIRIT

Some of the mightiest virtues are the humblest and least noisy and conspicuous. The mightier forces of nature are the se-

TROUBLES

Three kinds of trouble many bear
Those future, present, past
One at a time would seem enough
To have troubles thick and fast.

O'er troubles past why worry now,
Or think of them again?
They had their day and we survive,
Now treat them with disdain.

Our troubles yet to come may seem
A proper load to bear,
But should those troubles never come,
How foolish all our care!

With present troubles be content,
Nor give them anxious heed.
Help from above is promised us
According to our need.

Robert Hoosick Washburne, in Zion's Herald.

cret or silent forces. So many of these most potent forces of the soul are the unseen and noiseless forces. In the matter of character building or of spiritual aggression these forces are strong in their operation and work. Quietness of spirit, or meekness as it is called, is one of these marvelous forces which is unobserved and noiseless in its work but is wonderful in its results. Possessing the soul in patience is a great thing to do. Ruling one's own spirit is declared to be a greater victory than the conquest of cities amid the clash of arms and the blasts of bugle. The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* says on this point:

Those who indulge fretful feelings, either of anxiety or irritation, know not what an opening they thereby give to the devil in their hearts. "Fret not thyself," says the Psalmist; "else thou be moved to do evil." And in entire harmony with this warning of the elder Scriptures is the precept of St. Paul against undue indulgence of anger: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath: neither give place to the devil." Peace is the sentinel of the soul, which keeps the heart and the mind of

the Christian through Jesus Christ. So long as this sentinel is on guard and doing his duty, the castle of the soul is kept secure. But let the sentinel be removed, and the way is opened immediately for an attack upon the fortress.

INFLUENCE OF GOOD BOOKS

We have long felt and deplored the failure of so many to realize the power of good books. It is a sad fact of this rapid and materialistic age that the reading habit has declined. It is sad that such transcendent agencies for good should ever be neglected. What the church and the world owe to the reading of good books will never be told in human language. It is a sum which can only be measured in the scales of eternity. God is keeping the record, and some sweet day will astonish the wondering world before Him assembled with the marvelous and matchless disclosures. No man who puts a good book in the hands of another and gets it read knows the possibilities of good influences set in motion by that simple act. Let pastors and Christian workers be encouraged and persevere in the circulation of good books and good papers and tracts. Dr. B. Carradine, in the *Witness*, says on this subject:

What such volumes have done in leading to Christ, forming character, and in innumerable ways affecting the life for good, could easily make in itself the largest of libraries. When a young man we heard for the first time the marvelous history of a tract which a converted gypsy laid on the doorstep of a farmer named Baxter, who lived in England. His son, a boy of twelve, read the pamphlet and was converted. The lad's name was Richard Baxter, who wrote "Saint's Rest" and other religious works which led many thousands to God. One of these fell into the hands of a boy named Phillip Doddridge and brought him to Christ. He in turn led many thousands to God, and wrote "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Human Soul." This book was the instrument under God of bringing Wilberforce to salvation, who in his subsequent life added a host to the armies of heaven. And so the work went widening on, down the years and all through a tract laid by a converted gypsy on a farmer's doorstep.

THE TRUTH INCENSING THE DEVIL

A few weeks ago W. H. Anderson wrote a paragraph about the licensed liquor business and those who conduct it which was so full of truth and point that the liquor lords were greatly incensed, and one of the degenerate wretches attacked Mr. Anderson and horsewhipped him. It is nothing uncommon for men who stand by the home as against this nefarious business to have to pay the penalty in indignities or brutalities, or even death at the hands of this government-and-police-protected infamy. All honor to Mr. Anderson for having dealt a blow against this murderous business which

was so forcibly felt as to induce a personal attack from the scoundrels engaged in the business. The words used by Mr. Anderson were as follows:

Before long, when a brewer buys an automobile, people will figure out how many little children were robbed of carfare to the parks before the price of the auto filtered to him in profits. When some distiller contributes to charity, or builds a church, or finances some similar enterprise, folks will begin to wonder how many men were robbed of the hope of heaven by the stuff which he sold for profit, knowing it to be injurious, to enable him to pose as a generous patron of the church. When the wife of some distiller or wholesale liquor dealer or prominent grocer who makes a specialty of liquor blossoms out in a diamond necklace at the theater, the margins of programs may be covered with calculations of how many children and mothers have gone without decent clothes in order that she may shine resplendent. And the day is not far distant when the socially prominent wife of a man who has made his money out of the liquor traffic, upon giving some lavish entertainment in a palatial home, will find that even the guests will involuntarily trace the connections between that luxury and the hovels in the slums, and the pitiful sight of household goods on the sidewalk where a drunkard's family has been evicted for non-payment of rent, and regard her as a social parasite.

CHRIST'S COMPLETE WORK

We have no sympathy or appreciation for the most fulsome eulogies of the character of our Savior by men who reject His essential divinity, the necessity and reality of His death, or the truth of His resurrection and ascension. It takes all these as well as His matchless and marvelous life to tell out all the work and virtues of our adorable Savior. We are unwilling to be a party to allowing any man or set of men to barter off acceptance of the indispensable and supernatural features of His life and atoning work for the puny tributes of mere rhetoric and the soulless cadences of verbal praise. Human pride and natural unbelief must bow and take our Christ for all that He was and all He did, and for all we needed in Him and which He so graciously did and became. We will consent to no truce on this question or compromise. We are essentially and eternally and properly intolerant and uncompromising here as the Holy Bible is. Men may crawl and bite the dust before the infidelity of Unitarianism or any other ism, but there are some essentials imposed in this Book, and which we accept intellectually, and which have been corroborated by Christ's revelation within us. On these we have no parlying with any kind or character of enemy. The higher socially, the prouder, the more pretentious the sources whence come these solicitations, the quicker we are to announce and put in practice our intolerance and exclusiveness. Christ—His life of course, but likewise His passion and death, His resurrection and ascension—these are all but parts of one beautiful whole in His glorious work. Exclude the resurrection—no! not for one moment or for one million shining worlds greater and grander than ours!! We endorse the words of S. E. Wishard in the *Herald and Presbyter*:

Though we should abandon the gospel of cul-

ture, of naturalism, and concede that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures," and yet reject the truth "that he was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures," we would have no gospel. The good news of salvation for the lost is the gospel of a risen Christ. "He was delivered (to death) for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification." His bodily resurrection was necessary for the completeness of His redeeming work in order that He should be exalted to the right hand of God "to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. 9: 24). His death for us, His resurrection and exaltation to the right hand of the Father according to the Scriptures, is the good news, the gospel we preach, and the pledge that our sins are gone, put away through the crucified and risen Christ. The apostle further affirms that the resurrection of Christ is the keystone of the arch of all our hopes; for "if Christ be not risen, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. 15: 17), and there is no gospel of redemption—we have nothing to preach.

GENUINENESS

Genuineness is a cardinal, crowning, fundamental virtue in human character. It is not simply an optional adornment, or an attribute possible to only a chosen few among the children of God. The genuine man is the true, the simple, the uniform, the absolutely reliable, the ever consistent man. The double-minded, the sinister, the politic, the hypocritical, the designing man is uncertain, doubtful, unreliable, unreal and undependable man. Selfishness is the seat of the trouble in this ungentleness. The fall of man was the genesis of this trouble with the race. Grace through the Lord Jesus Christ is the only remedy. This should and does, where allowed the right of way, go to the root of the matter, and effectuate a cure which renders one truly genuine. The *Continent* says on this subject:

Reality is more, however, than simply an attribute of other qualities in a life. It is much more than a first-premium ribbon to be tied on this or that merit of a man. Reality is a virtue on its own account. It is in itself a note of personality. There are not merely real and unreal qualities in people; far more distinctly there are real and unreal people. A real virtue has a mighty hard time maintaining itself in an unreal man. Insincerity "will eat as doth a gangrene." If the cancer has begun anywhere in a man's thinking or his actions or his words, it is almost certain to spread till it involves all of him. The only sure defense from forfeiting all genuineness is to watch with fear and trembling against the intrusion of the least spot of ungentleness into any phase of living. The only safe reality is the realness which is real all the way through. The man of real reality pretends to nothing which he is not, affirms nothing that he does not believe, professes nothing that he does not feel, assumes nothing for sake of appearances, claims nothing as due his own merits, yields nothing demanded by his own conscience, undertakes nothing half-heartedly, does nothing triflingly and withal in the whole of life day after day lives up to the watchword "Thorough!"—giving a hand of honest brotherhood meanwhile to all who live by the same rule.

HIS GREATEST VICTORY

Men are accustomed to think of the greatest victories as the mightiest aggregation of the results of superior forces over the inferior strength or skill of opposing forces. There are greater triumphs than these physical or military achievements. These greater ones are inward and moral, and are not attended by

the glitter and glare of the spectacular which attract notice and elicit applause. Often they are unseen and unknown save to the eye of God who never fails to take note of these greatest triumphs in the annals of time. Sometimes they become known, and be it said to the credit of the race, mankind always uncovers its head in their presence. The following incident in the thrilling life of Abraham Lincoln can not fail to elicit praise from every man—north, south, east and west—and on whichever side of the great Civil War his sympathies may have been. Courtland Myers tells the incident in an exchange:

A telegram, which announced that Lee was about to surrender, came to the White House in Washington during the stormy days of the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln left Washington immediately to go to the front, and when news finally reached him that Lee had surrendered and the officials began to make preparation for the entry into Richmond, just as immediately Lincoln put his foot down and said, "There shall be no triumphal entry into Richmond. There shall be no demonstration just now." He made his way to Richmond and walked through the city alone. There never was such a triumphal entry as that in all the annals of history. He walked with his head down, with heavy step and sad heart, and when he reached the southern capital and went to Jefferson Davis's room, he bade his two officials step aside and leave him alone. After a few minutes had passed by, one of them, out of curiosity, looked to see what had taken place, and there sat Lincoln, with his head bowed on Jefferson Davis's desk, his face in his hands and his tears falling. And I say that the angels of God never looked down from the battlements of heaven on a holier scene than that. His great sympathetic heart saved the republic. That was the greatest victory in the Civil War; that settled the struggle; that bound the north and south together, and Abraham Lincoln, like his great Master, died of a broken heart. It burst with sympathy. The greatest victory in those days of struggle was that Christlike sympathy. The greatest victory that is ever won on any battlefield of human life, in the hour when the struggle goes on, is won through the wonderful element that comes down from the heart of Jesus Christ—His own divine sympathy for struggling humanity.

AN UNTENABLE DEFENSE

The defense of the secular press for emptying into our homes such slICES of filth and slime daily is that they are meeting a demand of the public taste. First, they have no right to try to meet a putrid and demoralizing demand, but should act as public educators, and strive to educate upward and not downward. Secondly, they must remember that they are far more largely the creatures of this wretchedly debauched taste than they are the mere suppliers of the filth to satisfy it. They create the morbid taste they try to meet. Dr. J. E. Godbey says in the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*:

We grieve to say that the secular press offers no barriers to the bad direction of social morality. They make the exploitation of the follies and frailties of women a large factor in their daily news. Consequently we have in the papers the pictures of divorcees in high life and the stories of their domestic infelicities. The cases are recited without shame or blame, as matters of news and social happenings, to be expected. These stories of domestic corruption furnish the most sensational reading for the women of the world. The press seldom consider any question in their menu of news except to prepare their dishes for the varied appetites of their readers.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

THE NATURAL CONDITION OF MAN

REV. C. H. LANCASTER

The natural condition of man is very far from righteousness. When Isaiah, through his prophetic vision, spake in regard to the natural condition of man, he surely saw in the human family something besides what is called "Infantile Purity." He speaks without respect to infant or adult and says: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider" (Isa. 1:3). Now the ox and ass are two of the dumbest of dumb brutes, but as for knowing in this particular case they are classed above Israel.

"A sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corruptors; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward." Indeed they had gone away, backward; having fallen into vile practices—forsaking the Lord.

Of the sad and grievous picture of the whole family of the children of men he further says: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." What an awful picture—but how true of a fallen race. Man once in the image of his Maker, not so much as subject to a shadow on the spiritual side—full of perfect spiritual health—in the image of his Maker; filled with God's righteousness and holiness: not a scar of sin to be found upon him; not one single cloud to overshadow his bliss and happiness—living in Eden surrounded by nothing except that which is pure and holy, with a sound body and mind; with the perfect favor of God; right up near the tree of life where he might listen to the music of the birds of paradise as they ascended to Him who is the giver of this pure life and holiness; living with God himself.

This man, who was once all that is mentioned above and more, if possible, sinned; and God drove him from the garden one day. Now the prophet Isaiah sees him thus: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment" (Isa. 1:4-6). What a sad picture.

Sin is a principal and figures in the sacred narrative under various names, such as: "The old man," and the "Body of sin" (Rom. 6:6). Here it is called "sin" (Rom. 7:11). It is called "another law" (Rom. 7:23). Again it is called the "carnal mind" (Rom. 8:7). In Gal. 5:17 it is called "the flesh." Heb. 12:15 calls it the "root of bitterness." In Acts 8:23 Peter calls it the "gall of bitterness" and the "bond of iniquity."

Since the fall of our father Adam, all who have been born into this world have in them a fallen nature known in theology

as depravity. Every descendant of Adam has this fallen nature.

Before man fell he was free from all taint of sin and imperfection; therefore in the fall he lost his moral perfection as well as his spiritual perfection; and hence the change from perfection to imperfection, from holiness to sin. An infant is not a sinner by transgression, but it does possess a fallen nature. David says: "I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Psa. 51:5). If David was conceived in sin he was born with it in him, and so are all others. Original sin is naturally engendered in the offspring of Adam. Man in his natural condition has been evil and that continually. The Lord said: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth" (Gen. 8:21). Again he says: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desper-

"They are all under sin." We all become subject to sin through the fall and not only did we become subject to sin but we all became sinners. "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. 5:12). Therefore all must be redeemed from the fall.

That God created man holy no one denies. "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions" (Ecc. 7:29). "So God created man in his own image" (Gen. 1:27). Man knew good when he was created but did not know evil. In Genesis 2:29 man is seen in his original holiness. "And they were both naked, the man and his wife." How would this compare with present conditions? Their bodies and spirits were holy. They were pure and holy, free from all the taint of sin; their animal natures, affections, appetites, desires, intentions, ambitions, etc., were of a high order; not debased in the least; but were pure and holy. Men are no longer created; they are now born of woman. Man in the likeness and image of God was given procreative powers. That means to reproduce his own likeness in offspring. God said in creation that all things were to bring forth "after his kind."

The blood can restore us.

JASPER, ALA.

"JESUS"

S. L. FLOWERS

"And she shall bring forth a Son and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1:21.

Between the lids of the Bible there is listed 367 titles, all belonging to Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb of God. Each of these titles, when understood, unfolds some new virtue in His character. This gives us one name or title for each day in the year, each one adapted to the special needs of the hour, and then at the end of the year we have two left to begin the new year with. Thank God, "He is able to make all grace abound toward us, that we always having all sufficiency, in all things, may abound to every good work."

Do you need a savior? He is that. Who can take His place as the Savior of this fallen race? Who can lift a poor, fallen worm of the dust to the entrancing heights of the glorious liberty of the sons of God but He?

Do you need a redeemer? He is that. He can redeem from the lowest depths of sin and place the wanderer's feet so firmly on the Rock of Ages that he is more than a match for the trying ordeals of life, and is made conqueror in every hard fight.

Do you want a shepherd? He is that. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." He can feed the hungry soul, and satisfy the longing heart with good things

THE CAT'S PRAYER

CHARLES ALLEN MCCONNELL

W'en I comes in der kitchen
Ter cook de mawwin' steak,
My ol' black cat hit foller
An' all the houshol' wake,
Hit yowl at me an' pester
Entwil' hit has me beat
I say, "Come heah, yo' beggah,
Come git yo' piece ob meat."

But folkses dey is diffunt—
Dey wants some t'ing right bad—
Perhaps dey pray er little
'Nen goes off lookin' bad,
But w'en my cat want beefsteak
Hit don' go take er seat,
No! hit done keep er yowlin'
An' spectin' fer dat meat.

Why caint weall has eat sense
W'en we gits hongry? Say,
We mus' bellebe our Marster
Lak cat do w'en hit pray;
Lak my ol' cat up-reachin,
An' Jumplin off he's feet—
Fo' cats what keeps er yowlin',
An' spectin', gits de meat.

ately wicked" (Jer. 17:9). Some say they do not believe in a change of heart, but if the heart is as wicked as the Bible says it is it surely is in great need of divine grace. The reason that the heart is so wicked is that the serpent being so subtle and deceitful in the fall implanted his very nature into Adam and Eve—sin. Hence this sin has been handed down through all of their posterity. Sin is a principal as well as an act. Here are some of the fruits of the sin principal: "From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these evil things come from within, and defile the man" (Mark 7:21-23).

The fall affected the whole human family "They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable: there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. 3:10-12). There is no man that can do good as long as he is in bondage to sin.

Do you need the water of life? Thank God, He is that. "The Spirit and the Bride say come, let him that heareth say some, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

Are you hungering for the hidden manna? He is that. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna."

Do you need the bread of life? Then feed on Him, for "I am that bread that cometh down from heaven." He is the bread of life. When every thing else fails He can satisfy the soul with Himself.

Do you need a safe retreat from the storms of life? He is that. He is the "Rifted Rock of ages," He is the safe hiding place, and when hid in Him we need not fear.

Alone with Thee, O blessed Jesus, How I long my soul to hide,
Sweet communion with Thee holding, I would with Thee e'er abide.
Alone with Thee, my soul confiding, trusting Thee to bless my life,
In Thy blessed bosom hiding, from a world of toil and strife.

Are you in darkness of any kind and want light? He is the light of the world. "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." O, why is this true, when He is so full of light? in fact He is light. If it were not for Him, where would we poor mortals wander? Out into the great beyond without a ray of light. Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou art more than all to Thine own, for Thou doest give Thyself as a light to this sin-benighted world without which we would perish in the darkness.

Is there a doubt in your heart, and you are in need of a counsellor? He is that: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God." When we have done with advising with our superiors and with friends and turn to Him how quickly He straightens us out and gladdens our souls with His wise counsel.

Are you in sorrow and need a comforter? He came to "comfort the broken-hearted." How we need to learn to take our troubles to Him. "Jesus knows all about our troubles: He will guide till the day is done," and then on through all eternity.

Are you lonely and need a friend? He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. "When father and mother have forsaken you I will take you up."

Do you need defense? He is the Lion of the tribe of Judah. There is nothing that can stand before Him. He can conquer every foe.

Do you need power. "He is the mighty power of God." He it was who made this world out of nothing. As Cook has it:

Away out there, alone above, without a thing to make it of,
The world was made without a flaw, without a hammer or a saw,
Without a bit of wood or stone, without a bit of flesh or bone,
Without a board or nail or screw, or anything to nail it to,
Without a foothold or a trace of anything at all but space,
The only thing the Lord could do, was simply speak a word or two,
And then without apparent cause, a thing that was not then now was,
And as the story told is true, the world came boldly into view.

The Lord knew that we would like

variety so gave us a name to draw from each day of the year, and as before stated, each one bearing on the special needs of the hour. The Word does not exaggerate when it states that "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." And that "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." He is the capital stock of heaven.

Having all this wealth and glory He gave Himself a ransom for us, the righteous for the unrighteous, the holy for the unholy, the good for the bad, the innocent for the guilty.

We are told that during the plague in France it was decided that unless a dissection was made the plague would never be checked. A doctor named Guyon said, "I will proceed tomorrow morning with a dissection." He made his will, prepared to die, went into the hospital the next morning, dissected the body, wrote out his findings and in twelve hours died of the plague. Beautiful sacrifice, you say? It is, but Jesus did more than that for you and me. He looked down from heaven and saw a race dying with the plague of sin and came to the reeking hospital of earth, laid His hand to the work and died because of our plague: the just for the unjust. He left His will to the human race, and each one can have his inheritance if he wishes. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."

He will save, sanctify and keep all who put their trust in Him. "He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." "Yes," says some one, "I am thankful that He has saved and sanctified me, but how about tomorrow? Will I be able to stand the tests that shall come then?" Listen to what He has to say to you: "Lo I am with you alway even to the end of the world." Is that not long enough? Then He has promised to prepare us a mansion where we shall "ever be with the Lord." He is all sufficient, for

He looks and then thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His Word,
He speaks and eternity filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

We are to walk as He walked, live as He lived, act as He acted. In fact, we are to live out the life He began on earth. Complete the things, "that Jesus began both to do and teach." If He were here He would be about His Father's business. Are we? He would be continually striving to win souls. Are we? He would hate sin to the extent that He would "Shun the very appearance of evil." Do we? He would spend whole nights in prevailing prayer for the lost of earth. How many have we spent in this way? He would deny Himself that He might have to give to others. Do we? The dear Lord help us to be as He would be if He were in our place, and this done there will be no difficulty in obtaining an inheritance into the city of God where we will ever be with the Lord.

WHO CRUCIFIED JESUS

F. M. LEHMAN

Popular opinion holds that a mob of society's lowest degenerates nailed Jesus to the cross; that the angry storm-mutterings were first heard where gathered the debased and debauched, and that under the human-and-hell hate they crowned the Hill with the world's bleeding Sacrifice: but this is not true.

With rouge on her hollow cheek, penciled eye-lashes, and short robes clinging to protruding hips, a woman shambles out from her den on the street to try her lure on fops and fools and fashion's dandies. Her purse is as empty of coin as is her heart of grace. Lust-art must draw the jingling sheekles from the pockets of the wanderers on hell's long thoroughfares. The sin-drain on her vitality is telling on the tottering outcast. The the sexton of the potter's field will soon dig another grave—unless!

Unsteadily, panting for breath, she pauses for rest on the frazzled edge of a crowd. A Voice that has in it the sweet croon of a mother's lullaby falls on her ear. Her heart thrills under the melodious benedictions that fall from His lips. Who is this sad-faced man? Whence that supernatural glory on His brow? that indescribable love-light in His eye? Ah, it is He—the Messiah! The lure-arts are forgotten as she passes up to His side. Deaf to the churchling's muttered murmur of disapproval she leaves the scene moved into a new life by the gracious words: "Daughter, go, and sin no more!"

From a low barrel-house staggers a red-nosed specimen of humanity. Disheveled hair sticks, wind-blown, through holes in a battered hat. A tattered coat hangs on his gaunt frame like a loosely laid shroud on a corpse. The heels of his shoes are worn off by drink's low shamble in the mills of brothel and booze. His eyes are cast in a bleak close kin to death. But Jesus comes across his path. Instantly the heart pulses quick, hope revives, tears wash the glassy eye-balls, the guttural voice clears under the cry for pardon, and another miracle of grace adds lustre and glory to One the world's lowly never crucified.

A tall athlete, with mortar-board and scroll, insignias of intellectualism, moves with nervous step along life's highway. Yellow parchments from ruins old absorb his attention. "Safe" and "sane" on all theological theses, he is in great demand where "crankification" rears its head. He, too, has met the Lone Man but only to sneer at His simple philosophy; to attribute His miraculous demonstrations of power to the prince of devils: this, and then he hurries on to his lecture at the Sanhedrin.

Let us conclude our somewhat modern-ancient character depiction and discover who nailed the Savior to the cross. Marshall the Magdalenes—the outcasts from the cribs and dens and sewers of life. Did these do it? Call the roll from Barrel-House Lane and ask them who did it. Ha! who is this springing to the front, the rouged face furrowed by tears and

wreathed in smiles? Ye learned doctors, roll up your tradition-stressed parchments, draw close your broad phylacteries, curb your fault-flung irony, and see how the lowly, lately-delivered, praise. From a slender flask flows rich perfume on the Master's feet, the rare odor rising sweet above the musty smell of priest-thumbed vellum. Glad tears fall and mingle with the costly ointment and fall on His feet. With marked feminine tact and devotion she stoops to wipe away the telltale pearls with her unbraided jet-black hair. This woman never drove a nail through the outstretched hand of Jesus.

Above the railing crowd and the darkness a thief asks to be remembered by Him as the world's saddest drama is about to close. "Today shalt thou be with me!" is the malefactor's reward. The "common people" never made the cross upon which the Prince of Glory died. That was left for the fallen church, busy with her vaunt and tradition, garnished tombs and dead men's bones. On her anvils of hate were forged the nails that transfixed our Lord between earth and sky. Jewish doctors of depravity trumped up the hollow charge that gave impetus to the Roman soldier's hammer-swing.

When the last awful earth-rocking crash came, and the churchlings stood with blanched cheeks under heaven's livid lightning shafts, those whom His gentle hands had touched and His words had healed stood huddled together on yonder hilltop, loving Him to the last. The heavy pack on Isaac's or Jacob's back typifies the granted request: "His blood be upon us and our children." The Jewish churchling has never had a national home since. God has never forgotten that a fallen Church nailed His Son to the cross.

One question. Comparing the fallen Church of the then with the fallen Church of the now, were Christ among men today, would He get a crown or a cross?

SATISFIED TOO EASILY

C. H. STRONG

Prizes are withheld until the victories are won. The goal is often obscure until reached. "Alas!" said a poor widow of her brilliant but careless son, "he has not the gift of continuance." The spirit of the age is to take things easy. Men are seeking the line of least resistance, and because of this they live in retirement and die in obscurity without proving to the world their full worth. A student asked the president of Oberlin if he could not take a shorter course than the one prescribed by the institution. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "but it depends upon what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but when He wants to make a squash He takes six months." God has a purpose for every life. We ought not to be satisfied without attaining to it whatever the cost.

Paul exhorted Timothy to stir up the gift that was in him. Peter said, "As long as I am in this tabernacle, I think

it meet to stir you up." They fully realized the tendency was to let strength lie dormant. The condition that is evidenced in the world and that the apostles encountered threatens the Christian professors. There is a tendency and always a temptation to not put forth the best effort, to only attend meeting when most convenient; pay as little as possible, and just pray enough to ease the conscience, while multitudes are dying because of no intercessor. Can you be content with an experience that is not so bright and clear as it was in other days? True you are sticking to the holiness crowd and saying "Saved, sanctified and satisfied," in that parrot-like manner, and are perhaps a member of one of our churches. But that sweet communion with the Holy Ghost, how about it? God has called us to grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth. Nothing short of it will please Him, or satisfy the soul.

Are you satisfied to see others carrying burdens for your loved ones, church members and friends who are rushing on to death and despair, and you never speak a word of warning, never spend an hour in prayer?

There is danger of becoming at ease in Zion; being satisfied with no revival, no heavenly visitation, no shout of victory from new-born souls, and no accessions. We need not hunch our neighbor—we are the needy ones. If some of our churches do not have a glorious awakening and that right soon they will lose that aggressive spirit that characterizes a holiness body, and when this is gone the day is lost. If people would quit their quibbling over little things and awake from their awful lethargy and cry day and night for victory their spiritual thermometer would strike the 212 degree point, the devil would be defeated, God be honored and the Holy Ghost enthroned in the hearts of men. Christ said, "He would avenge them speedily that cry day and night unto Him." The prophet Isaiah said, "As soon as Zion travaileth she brought forth." The promises of God are true, the Scriptures can not be broken. Oh, for a lingering in the presence of God until He answers by fire.

Satisfied to lose your zeal and fervor in the cause of holiness and turn your interests to merchandise, stocks and farms? Satisfied to spend more money on clothes, pleasure, dogs and jewelry than you do to carry the gospel to heathen millions? Yea, we say it thoughtfully and reverently, are you satisfied to go to hell? There is peril and defeat here and hereafter in being satisfied too easily.

GARDNER, MASS.

"NO MIGHTY WORK"

REV. J. F. THOMAS

To listen to some folks, one would think that the healing of the sick is a mighty work. I speak now of miraculous healing, for all healing, natural or supernatural, is divine. To all such we call their attention to Mark 6:5: "And he could do no mighty work there, save that he laid his hand upon a few sick folk and healed them."

To heal the sick is a work, a glorious work, and whether the agent be the gift of faith, God-endowed men, or divinely provided remedies, the healing of the sick is a good work. But the work of the Savior was and is to do something more for the human family than that; something far greater. He said, "Greater things than these shall ye do, for I go to my Father." The physical blessings are but for a day; the blessings of the atoning blood of Jesus are for eternity. Physical healing abides with us for today only to give way to some other ailment tomorrow. The revived Lazarus again found his way to the tomb, there to await the last trump. Those whose ears Jesus unstopped, whose withered limbs were made whole, have gone the way of all the earth. The miracles wrought by Jesus testified to His omnipotence, His sovereignty. He suspended the operation of law in their particular cases but not forever. In a short time they proved the laws of God are immutable and though through His mercy, His omnipotence, He did suspend sentence, His justice demanded that penalty be visited. "It is appointed unto man once to die" is the voice of God. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," "The wages of sin is death." Death is the penalty. God has spoken. Stave it off if you can, change climate, and suspend the sentence: use the God-appointed means and obtain a day's respite; but death is the heritage of the sons of Adam. True, in Jesus we all have life, but it is life through death. To this our beloved brother Paul testifies when he speaks about the body sown in dishonor and raised in honor, etc. Jesus has not as yet put the last enemy under foot; that enemy is death. His power did Christ weaken by His death and resurrection; the sting is gone; him will Christ destroy when He comes again.

The reviving of Lazarus was not like unto the glorious resurrection which is to come; had it been so he would not have died again; it was merely a suspension of the operation of divine law. The sovereign Christ called back into his body the departed spirit; by His omnipotence stayed the agencies of decomposition; restored him whole; but his was not like unto the glorious resurrection; he was not the first fruits from the dead. Jesus was the first fruits from the dead; He is the sample of our resurrection; not Lazarus; not the son of the widow of Nain; not the daughter of Jairus; not the young man that fell out of the window; but Jesus, our Savior, our adorable Christ, our worshipful Master. Let us go on in his name doing the greater things, and when our work is over let us lie down and sleep until He comes to put the last enemy under foot.

Jesus said, "Have I not forgiven your sins and put them as far from you as the east is from the west? And I replied, "Yes, Lord, but this grievous load is my mistakes." And Jesus said, "Cast ALL your burdens upon me." And I was glad and free.—C. A. McC.

Mother and Little Ones

HIS COMPENSATION

I'm kep' in when I'm tardy
An' I'm kep' in when I'm late;
I'm kep' in for "position"—
That means not settin' straight.

I'm kep' in on my joggerfy,
My readin' an' my writin'
An' I'm kep' in some for laughin',
But I'm kep' in most for fightin'.

I'm kep' in when my marbles
Comes rollin' from my pockets
An' sometimes when my matches
Gets mixed up with my rockets.

I'm kep' in ef I whisper,
An' I'm kep' in ef I chew
The piece of gum I've borrowed
An' am warmin' in my jaw!

The truth is, at I'm kep' in
Most everything I do!
But one jolly thing about it
Is the teacher's kep' in too!

—Eva Williams Malone, in Frank Leslie's.

HER BROTHER'S KEEPER

Helen Egerton was going out home on the 6:30 train. Just as the train was about to start, a flashily dressed girl of about Helen's age came hustling in, laughing and talking loudly to some one outside.

"That girl works in your store, doesn't she, Burnham?" said a gentleman in the seat in front of Helen to the one beside him.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"O, I would watch her a little if I were you. I see a good deal of her, and I do not like the company she keeps. Besides, she dresses more than I should think she could afford, for she has nothing but what she earns."

"I have thought of that myself, said the merchant, "but I supposed she had help at home. I will have my eye on her hereafter. I do not like her manner."

Somehow Helen found it difficult to fix her attention on the notes of her afternoon's work after this. She knew the girl in question—Hester Morgan by name. She had been in the same class in Sabbath school with her. Why Hester had dropped out some little time before was more than Helen knew, or cared, if the truth were told.

"But you ought to have cared and to have found out and brought her back," whispered her newly aroused conscience. "You have had everything to help you and make you happy. Aren't you ashamed to be so selfish?"

"But she isn't nice. She dresses too showily and talks so loud and goes with a fast set. I do not want to have anything to do with her," pleaded Helen impatiently to herself.

"How much better would you do if you had never had any more chance than she has and if 'nice' girls let you severely alone?" said the relentless little monitor sharply. "Have you lifted your finger to help her? Since she has been put in your way, aren't you in a measure responsible if she goes wrong? Will your Father in heaven hold you guiltless?"

It was very vexatious, to say the least. "I wish," thought Helen, as she strapped her books up, "that Hester hadn't come home on this car, or those men hadn't sat where I could hear what they said."

"But you see she did, and you heard every word of their conversation. Don't you think perhaps God meant you to? If even not a tiny sparrow falls to the ground without His notice do you suppose He is unmindful of the danger of one of His children?"

These questions followed Helen all the next day; and when it happened that she was detained again, she felt no surprise to find Hester on the same train. "I must help her if I can," she thought. "God has surely

put her in my way." It was hard to go to her. Helen was ashamed to find how hard, but she did. "Good evening," she said pleasantly. "May I sit with you? I haven't seen you for a long time. I hope you have not dropped out of our class entirely. Have you?"

Hester looked thoroughly surprised for an instant; then she smiled brightly. Unknown to Helen, she had always cherished a great admiration for her though she had not thought or hope of ever being in the least intimate with Judge Egerton's daughter. "Well," she answered, really trying to speak lower than usual, though Helen winced in spite of herself. "Well, I'll tell you just how it was. I didn't care so much about going, and I didn't see as any one cared any more about having me."

"Didn't I tell you so?" whispered conscience triumphantly.

"But I care, for one. Won't you come back to please me?"

"Sure," was the unhesitating response.

That was the beginning, and Helen, once enlisted in the work, would not give up. Often she was discouraged; many and many a time it seemed to her utterly hopeless, but still she prayed and struggled on seeking to uplift and strengthen her weaker, more unfortunate friend.

One night Hester came to her, her eyes shining brightly through tears. "I want to tell you what you have been to me. Mr. Burnham has just given me a much better position than I have had. He told me that I had changed very much for the better last year, and that if I kept on he would do better yet for me. You have reached down and tried to lift me up, and I can never tell you how much I thank you and bless you for your help."—Zion's Herald.

A TESTIMONY ON THE CARS

I was riding on the train through the eastern section of North Carolina. The rain was pouring down fast, and for a person so inclined not a better day and place for the blues could be found. Looking out of the car window brought nothing more interesting to view than pine trees, bony mules and razor-back hogs. Groups of men, white and black, gathered at each station to see the train arrive and depart. Each passenger that entered brought in more damp, moisture, and blues.

Two men at last came in and took the seat in front of me. Shortly after, one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink and the smell of liquor filled the air. Then the first one took a drink, and back and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full. Then one of them commenced swearing, and such blasphemy I never heard in all my life. It made the very air blue—women shrank back, while the heads of men were lifted to see where the stream of profanity came from. It went on for some time until I began talking to myself.

"Henry, that man belongs to the devil."

"There is no doubt about that," I replied.

"He is not ashamed of it."

"Not a bit ashamed."

"I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Are you glad or sorry?"

"I am glad—very glad."

"Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?"

"Everybody knows that, for he has not kept it a secret."

"Who in the car knows you belong to the Lord Jesus?"

"Why, no one knows it, for you see I am a stranger around here."

"Are you willing they should know who you belong to?"

"Yes. I am willing."

"Very well, will you let them know it?"

I thought a moment; and then said: "By the help of my Master, I will."

Then straightening up and taking a good breath I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus the passengers had crowded down around me and the blasphemer had turned and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder cloud. As I finished the chorus, he said: "What are you doing?"

"I am singing," I replied.

"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."

"I am glad you understand it."

"What are you singing?"

"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus."

"Well, you quit."

"Quit what?"

"Quit singing your religion on the cars."

"I guess not," I replied, "I don't belong to the Quit family; my name is Mead. For the last half hour you have been standing by your master; now for the next half hour I am going to stand up for my Master."

"Who is my master?"

"The devil is your master, while Christ is mine. I am as proud of my Master as you are of yours. Now I am going to have my turn if the passengers don't object."

A chorus of voices cried out: "Sing on, stranger, we like that."

I sang on, and as the next verse was finished the blasphemer turned his face away, and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head. He left the train soon after. I've never seen him since. Song after song followed, and I soon had other voices to help me. When the song service ended, an old man came to me, put out his hand and said: "Sir, I owe you thanks and a confession."

"Thanks for what?"

"Thanks for rebuking that blasphemer."

"Don't thank me for that, but give thanks to my Master. I try to stand for Him wherever I am. What about the confession?"

"I am in my eighty-third year. I have been a preacher of the gospel for over sixty years. When I heard that man swearing, I wanted to rebuke him. I arose from my seat two or three times to do so, but my courage failed. I have not much longer to live, but never again will I refuse to show my colors anywhere."—Rev. C. H. Mead, in *The Christian*.

ROBERT'S CURE OF AN EGG THIEF

"Something must be done with Belle. I simply won't have an egg-sucking dog around." Mrs. Evans brought her foot down decisively.

"But I don't believe Belle sucks eggs," defended Robert rather weakly. He found it hard to make anyone agree with him in the face of such damaging evidence. There had been three eggs in a nest when Mrs. Evans had gone to the barn. In an hour there were none. Belle had been seen coming from the direction of the barn with her tail between her legs. More than that, Belle was getting unusually sleek and fat.

"I'll just have Bud take her off some place," threatened Mrs. Evans. "An egg-sucking dog may as well be killed first as last."

"But there's ways to break them of it, isn't there?" asked the boy miserably. "She hasn't ever had anything—anything done to her yet."

"Well, I haven't got any time to train dogs myself. 'Twouldn't be worth the trouble if she was a good dog, which she isn't. She's nothing but a mongrel pup."

Robert threw a protecting arm around Belle's white throat. It was true, she was nothing but a mongrel, but her big brown eyes were soft and tender, and every spot on her soft fawn body was precious to the boy.

"They shan't do it," he whispered into her ear. "Oh, Belle, you didn't suck 'em, did you? Or if you did eat just one or two, you won't do it again, will you? No one ever told you it was wrong to suck eggs and they shan't kill you—they shan't!" He got up

and shook his little fist at the house vehemently. Then he set his head to work to think out a plan for her safety.

"I'll tell you, Belle, I'll try and fix you a nice place out in the sugar house. I'll take my old coat and make you a bed and you can stay in there all the time, but just when we're gone some place 'way off where they can't get you. I'll bring out just bushels of bones and biscuits."

But though Robert fixed her up as snug as you please at night, Belle scratched her way out before morning, and three nest eggs were missing from the chicken house. He tried leading her around wherever he went, even slipping her up the back stairs to bed with him at night; but his mother soon caught him at that and put a stop to it. She took the case to higher court, Robert's father.

"The boy is just wasting his whole time fooling with that dog," she complained. "He even takes her up to bed, and I won't have that—a dirty dog messing up my carpets. I'm convinced she sucks eggs, and if she does you can have Bud take her out and kill her."

"But give me one chance! Give me a chance to break 'er of it!" wailed Robert. "Nobody ever tried to break her!"

"Well, supposing we give him one week to break the dog of sucking eggs," suggested the father.

After the morning chores were done Robert took an egg out of the egg basket and a box of cayenne pepper and a tin cup and went out to the tool house. He punched a hole the size of a pea in one end of the egg, and a tiny hole in the other end, then putting his mouth to the tiny hole he blew the greater part of the contents into the cup. This he sprinkled generously with the pepper, then beat it up well with a rusty nail. Then he fished a package of court plaster out of his pocket and carefully cutting of a piece he pasted it over the smaller hole in the shell. Rolling a piece of paper quite small at one end, he made a funnel that fitted into the larger hole and through this he poured the egg back, sealing this hole also with court plaster. After the shell had been carefully washed it looked quite the same as ever, and he started for the barn with it.

Belle came bounding after him as usual, barking and wagging her tail. Robert stopped and threw his arms about her guiltily. "I hate to do it, you know I do, Belle! But I just have to break you of sucking eggs!"

Robert selected the nest most frequently robbed and taking out the good egg, slipped the doctored egg in its place.

The next morning the nest was empty. Belle was gone, too. Though Robert whistled and whistled, he heard no answering bark, and he was filled with remorse. Perhaps so much pepper had killed her.

Bud came along about noon, but he did not stay long. He seemed to be in a great hurry. Something in his manner aroused Robert's suspicions. He had felt unfriendly toward Bud, anyhow, since he had been selected to dispose of Belle when the time came. He stepped out of the shadow of the barn and began to follow the older boy's trail, far enough behind so he couldn't be seen.

At the turn of the road two other boys joined Bud, and then all three struck off across the fields, following a faint path. This, Robert knew, led to the creek, and to a small cave under the hill, where the older boys had one time had a camp. Robert was not mistaken in his guess that this was their destination.

Giving them plenty of time to enter, he crept around to the ledge above, where he knew there a small crevice in the rocks below. Lying flat on his stomach, he watched and listened.

"Guess we must have a dozen apiece, all right!" Bud chuckled.

"Got a match, boys?" One of the others gathered some dry sticks and leaves. "Hard boiled eggs, eh?" The third boy took the old kettle that had served on many a camping expedition and went down to the creek for water. Robert lay as still as a mouse among the bushes above.

They weren't long building the fire and cooking the eggs, then right merrily they began to eat.

"Ever taste eggs as good as these?" asked Bud as he reached for a second one. "Done just to a turn! Whew! What ails this one? My! but it's hot! Wow! Wow! Wow!" He put his hands to his mouth and danced about wildly. "Water, boys!" he gasped. "Water!"

Robert had all he could do to keep from laughing outright. Something soft and cool touched his hand, and there was Belle all doubled up in contrition because she had run away, her sides scratched with the brush that had torn at her in her mad chase for a rabbit.

"Sh-h, Belle! Come on, let's get out of here!" Robert whispered into her ear. "This is no place for us," and together they fled noiselessly away.

"Seems like that dose cured Belle of sucking eggs all right," Mrs. Evans remarked a few days later. "I haven't missed an egg since. You must have fixed up a good one."

"I fixed up a dose that cured the egg thief, all right," said Robert, as he reached down slyly to pet Belle under the table. —Maud Morrison Huey, in *Continent*.

JUST UNDER THE SURFACE

SEEN FROM THE HOUSE BESIDE THE ROAD.

It was on an Arlington car coming into Boston. We had been spending a day in the sanctum sanctorum of American liberty, Lexington and Concord. We had wondered at the power of French's Minute Man at the bridge, compared it with Captain Parker's monument at Lexington Green. We had reverently doffed our hats in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in the presence of Hawthorne's and Emerson's dust. But the most heroic thing we were yet to see—in common, human clay, and we were to bare our heads to a boy from the North End of Boston. When we first saw him Joe was in the middle of the car seat holding by main force a screaming, struggling child of eighteen months. The noise seemed to come partly from pain and partly from total depravity. The tears welled up in the boy's face as the baby clutched his throat, but he kept back the tears and gripped his temper and his charge with equal resolution.

"Where's the baby's mother?" said the conductor on his round—not unkindly.

"Dead," whispered Joe, hoarsely, as the child beat a tattoo with her heels on the seat.

Then the woman on the seat behind took the screeching little girl—but that made Bedlam redoubled. "Be a good child" she cautioned the little girl as she gave the child back to her brother. "Be a good child, or I will take you!"

Then we saw that the baby's neck, face and arms were scarlet with sunburn, after the day in the country, and the little starched bonnet was hurting it cruelly. The offending millinery was handed to another brother in the seat in front. We put the child's head on our lap; its body lay across Joe's lap and, sobbing in complete exhaustion, the perspiring little sister dropped to sleep.

Then Joe had brief peace and rest, not before he needed it, for he was almost as exhausted as the baby.

Then after a few sympathetic words of appreciation on our part, we extracted Joe's story. He looked ten years old, but he claimed to be "going on twelve." The mother had been dead five months.

"What do you do with the baby at home?"

"Oh, we take her to the day nursery then!" Joe replied.

"And are there any more children?"

"Yes! two," and he pointed to two girls, aged five and four, on various other seats of the car.

"You've been taking them out for a day in the country?"

The boy nodded assent, and then there was Sullivan Square and a wild, mad rush as we changed cars.

A woman with her one hand in a surgical dressing took the baby in her other free arm until Joe could get off the car.

I have wondered as I have seen a mother partridge call her scattered brood from un-

der hussock and bush, after they have been scattered by her warning cry at the approach of danger. More wonderful still was the way in which that boy of eleven rallied his five little chicks out of that crowd and crush and put them all aboard the car for the North End and home.

My boy, yours is a far bigger burden than mine, and you bear it far more bravely than I ever did. I'll never again despair of these folk in the North End, "the menace of our civilization." Joe, you and Mary Ann make me uncover my head in sheer admiration for the way in which you "take up the white man's burden." But oh, Joe, my heart aches at the tragedy which you so unconsciously revealed, and only last Sunday I preached on Contentment. What do I have to put up with, what are my trials against these things which are all in a day's outing to you?—T. C. R., in *Congregationalist*.

THE REVISED FAILURES

The boy's face was a dull red under his tan. He would rather have taken any kind of punishment than face his father; but he went straight to the office.

"I've failed," he said briefly. Then he turned his back and stood at the window trying to whistle.

"Dick!" his father called.

The boy turned, the whistle dying on his lips, his eyes full of surprise. He knew how much his father wanted him to pass, yet there was no reproof in his voice; he was even smiling a little, and his grip brought a rush of dumb gratitude to the boy's throat.

"Began to 'make up' too late, didn't you?" his father asked.

The boy nodded.

"Well, it was a failure, of course. Whether it was a real failure or not depends upon what it has done for you. Failure is one of the commonest things in life—failure in a man's business, in his ambition, in his hopes. Mr. Jewett failed the other day. Do you know what his creditors—the people he owes are going to do?"

"No!" the boy answered eagerly.

"Set him up again. It was a magnificent failure—conditions he couldn't hold out against without dishonesty; so he let everything else go and kept his honor; and his creditors are going to help him on his feet because they believe in him. Now Dick, I believe in my boy, and I'm going to let him decide for himself. I'll find you a position, or you can take the year over and try again. That would be tough I know; perhaps too tough for you. I shall not say a word if you choose business."

But the boy's head was up now, his eyes clear and determined, looking straight into his father's. "I'm going to take it over," he declared.—*Youth's Companion*.

CARELESS AND BUSY MOTHER

She was careless and busy; that was all. She loved her child, but the weeds grew in the child's heart while the mother was careless and busy. Then he was a youth. Before the mother realized it the child was a big boy. The mother continued to be careless and busy. Then he was a man, and the mother grieved because she had no influence over him. He had gone to the bad while the mother was careless and busy; that was all. No, that was not all. The young man's sins and dissipations resulted in a premature death. He went to eternity without hope of reward, his mother having been careless and busy. The world was cheated out of a life that might have been of great worth to man and God because a mother was careless and busy. The influence of a life of sin is to go on for untold ages making it more difficult for others to be good because a mother was careless and busy. A mother's heart is broken; she will go down to her grave in sorrow because she was careless and busy. We judge not, but we can not drive away the thought: Better that she had never been born than to have been all her life as a mother careless and busy. Only careless and busy.—Rev. R. S. Satterfield, in *Christian Advocate*.

The Work and the Workers

ANNOUNCEMENTS

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

At the last General Assembly of our church, some one suggested that there be a general statistical secretary elected to serve during the interim of the assemblies. It was put in our report, and the undersigned was elected to that office. Thus far the work done has not been very satisfactory owing to the carelessness, or the wilful neglect of duty by the different district statistical secretaries.

It was printed on the blanks in large letters, "A certified copy of this report should be mailed immediately after the close of the Assembly to the general statistical secretary." "Don't fold. Roll and forward in mailing tube." But more than one-half of the district secretaries ignored the advice entirely, and of those who sent, some folded up and placed it in an envelope; others with but few churches, cut them off, thus making it hard to file them away properly; others ignored the advice entirely. Of the remainder, after repeated requests in the HERALD OF HOLINESS and by personal appeals by letter, I secured some kind of a report, usually a page torn from their printed Minutes, and that not like the blanks sent out.

It was February of this year before all the reports for 1912 were secured, though some assemblies were held eight months before. Up to the present time (August 26th) the following Assemblies have been held:

By Dr. Breesee—San Francisco, Southern California. Only the first has sent in a report.

By Dr. Walker—Washington-Philadelphia, Colorado, Northwest, Idaho, Alberta, Dakota-Montana. Only the first named has sent a report; but Dakota-Montana has reported that they did not receive blanks, and will send them as soon as received.

By Superintendent Reynolds—New York, New England, Pittsburgh. All of these have sent in their report.

Number of Assemblies held, eleven. Number reported, six.

Quite a little money was spent, and not a little time spent last year in writing to the delinquents, begging them to do their duty so that we could report to Dr. Carroll, of New York City, who publishes the statistics of all the denominations; and of course we needed it for our own denomination. To these requests some replied in anything but a courteous spirit. It seems to the writer our District Superintendents ought to have enough respect for the presiding officer of their Assemblies to see that their request in this matter be complied with.

J. W. GILLIES,

BATH, ME. *General Statistical Secretary.*

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the General Foreign Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene will be held at the headquarters in Chicago, Ill., October 9th to 12th. The preliminary meeting will be held in Chicago, and the board will then adjourn to meet in Kansas City, Mo., at the Publishing House, 2109 Troost Ave.

REV. WM. H. HOOPLE, *President.*

REV. H. F. REYNOLDS, *Gen. Secy.*

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A WORTHY APPEAL—No doubt many of you know of Bro. James W. Pierce. Well, Brother Jim has broken down, and his health has failed, and he must stop and take a little rest, or we will lose him from the field. We need him, the church needs him, and his family needs him. There is but one way to save the man, and that is to let him stop for a while and take a good rest. He must do it, or he is a gone man. You all know that when a holiness man stops that the bread wagon stops and Brother Jim hasn't anything to rest on. Now I want every man that reads these words to set down and write to Brother Jim and send him an offering. If all hands were to lift a little we could put Brother Jim back on his feet and back in the field. Any mail sent to him at Ryan, Okla., will reach him; he is living there now. Beloved, don't throw this notice to one side and then forget it, but the very day that you read this, set down and send him an offering, and I will join you in this good deed.—BUD ROBINSON.

IOWA DISTRICT RESCUE BOARD—The chairman of the District Rescue Board desires the presence of all of its members at the District Assembly, Marshalltown, Iowa, September 17th-21st. We should meet and take steps to secure the property that has been offered us. This property Dr. Ellyson, former General Superintendent, said was ideal for the work. It consists of a fine large house located on nine acres of ground, with barns, grape arbors, etc., inside the corporation, within two blocks of the proposed car line extension. The owner will give it to the board upon condition that there be raised for its permanence an endowment of \$20,000. No doubt this is of the Lord, and if so, God will show us some way to meet the requirement and secure this place. There is no Protestant Rescue Home in the state of Iowa.—F. J. THOMAS, *Chairman*, Marshalltown, Iowa.

EVANGELISTIC—Mrs. Anna M. Cooley, of Evansville, Wis., who has been a Nazarene for twelve years and has been doing much evangelistic work along interdenominational lines, feels it her duty now to give herself up to the work of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Any one desiring her services can communicate with her at the above address.

ATTENTION—Anyone having a copy of Watson's Theological Institutes, and willing to dispose of same, please write me, giving price, and I will undertake to find a purchaser.—H. G. COWAN, Cowan, Mont.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS

CEDAR HILL, TEXAS

The meeting at Cedar Hill, Texas, closed Sunday night in the midst of shouts of victory. There were about thirty professions. The Nazarene church there is doing its best. They have nearly completed a beautiful church building. We raised in cash and pledges, on Sunday, five hundred dollars, which amount will about or quite clear the church of debt. T. A. Boaz, a sanctified merchant, and he has the blessing good, knows how to make things go for holiness; also Bro. Web. Cox, who lives out of town and owns a fine farm, knows how to get under a thing to make it move. A number of others love and push the cause of holiness there. The writer held a seventeen-day meeting there last year, but the one just closed we think was far ahead of last year in many respects. God is still on the throne, hearing prayers and saving and sanctifying those who meet conditions.

J. E. GAAR.

PONCA CITY, OKLA.

As we are nearing the close of this Assembly year, we look back over our year's work and see how God has so wonderfully blessed our work, and carried us through with such victory in our church. We can say, Surely this has been a blessed year for our church at Ponca City. We have a noble band of people, who know how to pray and work until things come to pass. The last two Sundays services have been great. Ten at the altar last Sunday, six or seven the Sunday before. Our church is on fire for God. We are looking up and expecting greater things in the future.

J. I. HILL, *Pastor.*

DURANT, OKLA.

The Lord is blessing in every service. We are planning for an old-time revival in October, commencing the 10th. Rev. A. G. Jeffries, of Peniel, Texas, will be the preacher in charge. The work at Caddo is doing well. We are having a good meeting there. Bro. T. L. Taylor is doing some fine preaching. Bro. C. B. Jernigan will come tomorrow and take charge of the meeting and continue until the first of September.

H. P. HUFFMAN, *Pastor.*

THANTON, MISS.

Our meeting closed last night with great glory. The meeting was one of results, and I believe the most victorious in the history of the church. Prejudice gave way, and holiness is gaining ground. There were twenty or more professions, either saved, reclaimed, or sanctified. We received seven good, Holy Ghost-filled members into the Nazarene church. Rev. C. H. Lancaster, of Jasper, Ala., and Rev. H. H. Hooker were with us. They were both at their best and gained the confidence of the people. Brother Lancaster was a great uplift to the church, and we are encouraged to press the battle.

ALICE HAWKINS, *Pastor.*

LA PLATA, MD.

The campmeeting at this place was a success. More than a score of souls sought the Lord, and all but two professed either to be saved or sanctified. We had Evangelist E. R. Crocket, of Roanoke, Va. The Spirit of God rested on him from the beginning. We did not have a barren service. Some over forty years of age prayed through and got victory, and went many miles home to tell the good news. Praise the Lord! The last night of the meeting there was deep conviction on the people, and we believe that the fruit of that meeting will be seen and gathered after many days.

I find many of our people don't know we have a church paper. I wish you would urge all the pastors to put this paper before the people. It is not right to take an independent paper, and let our child stay out in the cold. Many of our people are doing just this thing.

C. J. PENN.

CAVE CITY, ARK.

The campmeeting at Gray's Spring closed last night after a tarry of ten days. Evangelist I. M. Ellis, of Hamlin, Texas, had charge of the preaching, and his way of presenting the truth as it is in the Bible made everybody like him. Yet he withheld nothing; hit sin in every form. He broke down the walls that seemed to divide the churches, and they came together. What a meeting! You never saw anything like it. On Wednesday night the break came, and twenty-two were converted at once, and the God of heaven only knows how many thereafter. We could not keep count. A score or more prayed through and got sanctified. The committee has called Brother Ellis for next year, beginning Friday before the last Sunday in July, and embracing the first Sunday in August. Rev. W. S. Brewer, of Cave City, led the singing, and the committee has retained him for another year. On the last Sunday the free-will offering was double their expectation. Order prevailed throughout the entire meeting. There was one hundred and twenty-seven dollars given to raise the tabernacle higher, and to make it larger.

T. A. GRAY.

BRIGGS, OKLA.

After three weeks' battle we closed at Gore. The large tent was full most every night. Over one hundred bowed at the altar, and a number prayed through. Among the number was the police judge -- and you could see the peace all over his face while he shouted. The last Sunday we had dinner on the ground. A large crowd spent the day with us. Sunday night people came from far and near. The tent was crowded to overflow. The people laughed and shouted, and the floods of glory rolled. We were invited back for a meeting in the future.

G. O. and BERTHA CROW.

WEST POINT, ARK.

In our meeting west of West Point several found Jesus in pardon and sanctification. We did not have the time to pull through, as it was a place where holiness had never been preached. The ten days' revival is altogether too short now. There was a time when it might do, but as a rule it isn't

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long enough now. We were entertained in the home of Sister Tard, who called us to hold the meeting. She certainly has the fire on her soul. We go Wednesday four miles north of Morrillton to help Bro. G. H. Harmon in the meeting at his church.

F. N. DEBOARD.

MILLCREEK, OKLA.

I just closed the greatest meeting of my life, about five miles from this place, at Bellwood. Bro. Lum Jones was my co-laborer, and he did fine work. The Lord gave victory from the beginning. Folks confessed out and prayed through, and such shouting I never heard before. One sister who had been testifying that she was sanctified when she was converted, was struck down under conviction at one o'clock in the morning, and prayed till four in the afternoon, when she got victory. The Lord did wonderfully bless all through the meeting. There were nineteen saved or reclaimed, and eighteen sanctified. We organized a Nazarene church with sixteen members. They called me as pastor until the Assembly.

L. R. BUTCHER.

WICHITA STATE CAMP

The twenty-fourth annual camp of the Kansas State Holiness Association has come and gone, and truly marks an epoch in our history. It was easily the greatest camp we have witnessed. People from all directions were present. It required 250 tents to accommodate the 1,500 campers. The workers were Dr. H. C. Morrison, of Louisville, Ky., and Rev. Bud Robinson, of Pasadena, Cal. Rev. W. B. Yates, of Marion, Ky., leader in song. Such preaching, singing, praying, testifying, altar work, and mighty manifestations of the Spirit reminded us of apostolic days! We have heard Brother Morrison many times, but never did he preach as well, go so deep, nor plead with such passion for the lost. It was Brother Robinson's first time at our camp. How wonderfully the Lord used him! Hundreds were at the altar, and from all indications the majority of them were rewarded. It can be truly said we had by far the best corps of altar workers ever on the campground. They stuck to their job as though it would be their last chance on earth. Often the shouts of newborn or newly sanctified would be heard long after midnight. The finances to the amount of about \$4,500 came easily, and certainly did not give evidence of any drouths on the globe. This amount covered pledges for our new campground. God was on hand to convict for whatever was needed, and we had it. To Him be all the praise, honor, and glory for evermore. The tide was high from the beginning, and seemed to rise higher and higher until the very last service. Both Brother Morrison and Brother Robinson declared it was the greatest camp they ever saw. We so loved and appreciated the services of Brother Yates that we engaged him for 1914 and 1915. He was assisted by three violins, two clarinets, two cornets, two

Campaigning in Alberta

L. MILTON WILLIAMS

If the reader should think the preaching and propagating of the doctrine and experience of a "complete deliverance from sin" is an easy task in this country, a trial will soon convince him of his error. To find a church with its doors open to the preaching of such truth is an exception. This is the third summer the writer has spent in this wonderful country, and he can count on his fingers the individual church doors that are open to such, and two of them have been organized since he held the first meeting in this province. Revivals are unknown. Recently one of the oldest and largest denominations held its annual meeting, and the Committee on Evangelism had no report to make, giving as an excuse, "there had been no revivals." Again, anything in the line of religious work that is not carried on under the direct supervision and in and by one of the older and established denominations, is looked upon with suspicion, and given but very little, if any, attention.

Our third meeting of this season's campaign in the province was held at Castor. What a time we did have to make the people understand that we were not monstrosities. Rev. Allie Traub, pastor of a small Mennonite charge out in the country several miles from town, had invited us to come to Castor. There was no such thing as homes for the entertainment of our three workers. We fixed up a smaller tent, and Brother and Sister Traub moved in, and we had "family gatherings" three times a day at the "cook tent." Brothers Bell and Thomson slept in the tabernacle, while the writer found a small one-room "shack" across the road. After we had replaced the glass in the windows, and Sister Traub had visited it with broom and scrubbing brush, we moved in. The mayor did not meet us with brass band and hand the key of the city over to us, neither was there a mass meeting or reception held in our honor. We simply set up business and "ran our own show," and show it certainly was for a time. A few ventured in and the majority of them perched themselves on the rear seats and we began. It reminded us of Israel's flock of kids in the valley. For ten days we sang, prayed, and preached, giving the first altar call the second Sunday night, when nearly fifty came to the altar as seekers; that was about half of our audience, the largest we had seen up to that time. They wept, cried, prayed, but none seemed to make headway. We shouted over our prospects and went to our "shack."

Some of those seekers never showed up again. Queer how some folks will come steadily, and finally come to the altar, and then never put their head inside the place again! But some of that crowd did return as far as the back seats, some to the front seats, and on to the altar, and later they became "finders."

On through to the third Sunday we sang, prayed, and preached, and met regularly for our "family gatherings." Nearly every night there would be seekers at the altar, but it seemed almost impossible to get them through, though a few — just one here and there — would strike bottom and come to the top with radiant face. We gathered for a "council of war" and decided to go on over another Sunday. The third Sunday night saw a

break, and victory in the meeting, and on through till the fourth Sunday we plodded along with souls finding God in nearly every night service, and a few during the day. One party had to take back a log chain he had stolen, and haul back a load of wood also. One night a young man, living a score of miles in the country, said to one of the workers: "For me to get right with God means that father and I both go to the penitentiary. Father forged paper to the extent of some thousands of dollars, and I swore to the falsehood." Quite a number quit the use of tobacco. The Sunday school superintendent of the Methodist church came to the meetings, grew interested, saw the need and the jewel of purity and freedom from inherited sin, sought the experience, said yes to God's condition, and got a downpour on his soul. He said, "I never even dreamed that there was such an experience for mankind." Shades of Wesley! We wonder what those preachers that he had been listening to and supporting with his money had been preaching about all through his church life. He was a local preacher in that denomination, yet had never heard that there was such an experience for him, and yet, and yet and YET — what was it that Wesley said the Methodists were raised up to do?

Brother Pratt was not present the night we spoke on the evil of the tobacco business, neither was it mentioned, that we remember, in any meeting when he was present; but the day after he was sanctified the tobacco went out of his store. He said, "I can not sell to others what is harmful to them, nor what the Word of God forbids me to use myself." Exactly! And yet we know of cases and individuals who will stand up under the most searching tests, and at the same time their lips are stained with the juice and their persons have the foul odor of the baneful thing about them, even when they come into the house of God; and those persons are members in a denomination that makes great boast of holiness of heart and life, and still nothing apparently is done to make them cease the use of the dirty stuff, nor take their names from the roll of membership. Thank the Lord, we know of one denomination that were they members of it they would cease the use of the dirty stuff and get down and be saved, or "cast out as a profane person." Again we say, *Thank the Lord for such a church!*

The last night of the campaign was fine. Some twenty-two were at the altar, and nearly if not quite all of them prayed through to victory, and rose with shining faces.

Some were members of the Methodist church, some Free Methodists, some Mennonites, and Baptists, and some members of no church at all. On Monday night we organized them into an association, with Brother Traub as their human leader, with Wednesday set as the date of their weekly prayer meeting night. Brother Traub secured the opera house for Sunday nights. A letter just to hand from him states they had a blessed sunburst from on high in their first weekly prayer meeting, and a fine meeting on the first Sunday night, and that things looked hopeful for the future. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon Castor. It was a "hard nut," but it cracked at last.

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In order to induce every member of our church to own a MANUAL, and to encourage the circulation of it among enquirers, we have reduced the price. We have not considered the question of profit in this matter, but have sought to do what would further the interests of the church. We can not give discounts from the prices quoted.

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cellos, two pianos, a large chorus, and an audience of from two to three thousand voices, which made the music heavenly.

The camp is to be National next year with Dr. Fowler in charge. Already 250 tents have been arranged for and other plans accordingly. And while we thank God for this year's work, let us not forget to pray much for the camp of 1914.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Rev. J. E. Wilson, Arkansas City,

Kas., president; Rev. H. A. Treiber, Bushton, Kas., vice-president; Rev. W. R. Cain, 415 South Vine Ave., Wichita, Kas., secretary-treasurer and field secretary, and Rev. R. E. Gilmore, Olivet, Ill., campground manager.

W. R. CAIN.

ADAMS, ILL.

Sister Bea Bell and Sister Cora Ryan of the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of Chi-

cago, held a ten-day revival meeting here in the Burton Memorial Presbyterian church, in which seven souls sought the Lord. We expect to have these sisters with us next year and go in for greater things.

HATTIE MEYER.

DES ARC, MO.

The battle at Ellington was victorious, despite all demon darkness and opposition. God came in great power. The precious blood-covered promises prevailed. Jesus manifested Himself in majesty and glory. Saints rejoiced. Souls saved and sanctified clearly. Bible readings on prayer, by Brother St. Clair, were blest of the Holy Ghost to many hearts. Meeting began well here last night, the 21st. The Lord came in the first service. God is with us.

ED. B. GALLOWAY.

JASPER, ALA.

Revival at Jasper Nazarene church in good way for some excellent results. Bro. A. L. Parrett, as pastor, and Rev. L. L. Pickett and Sister Stratton as evangelists.

C. C. BUTLER.

CADDO, OKLA.

Praise God for hearing prayer, and sparing my wife from death out of the accident of being run over by a big two-ton motor truck in Oklahoma City last week. She is much improved, and out of danger, although she has suffered much and may be a cripple for life from the hurt on her thigh and left limb. At present I am assisting our pastor, Rev. H. P. Huffman, in a good meeting in his church in Caddo, and the fire is falling. Six prayed through yesterday, and one last night, and two today. This is my third day here, and we are looking for great things yet.

C. B. JERNIGAN.

GARDNER, MASS.

We closed the first holiness tent meeting ever held in this city Sunday night. It was a stiff fight. Some of the people reminded us of the sons of the prophets who stood and watched Elijah from afar, while the rowdies came up to have it out—and did. They brought rocks and bad fruit, but no one was hurt or soiled. Three times we called the police to quiet their antics. The third time proved sufficient for them, and we said Amen! Bro. L. D. Peavey and W. G. Schurman were each with us a few services, and did some glorious preaching. The saints proved to be great soldiers, and were always at the front of the battle, ready to stand guard one minute and pray down fire the next. It was the best meeting I was ever in to grow in grace.

C. H. STRONG.

HUDSON, LA.

The fire is falling here. Thirty souls claimed salvation in the service last night. About forty in the altar. There are more campers on the ground than have been in seven or eight years. Brother Leckie, our superintendent for this state, has helped me much in this camp. He is a strong, fearless preacher and enjoys the confidence of all. God willing, I go next to Pilot Point, Texas, to hold their missionary camp.

A. G. JEFFRIES.

MALDEN, MASS.

Glory to God for ever! Salvation full and free! Rev. S. W. Beers, of New Bedford, was with us last Sunday. It was a hot day, but God gave us victory. Souls were seeking. Pastor Borders is in New Brunswick, taking a much-needed rest; but the church work goes on. Our open-air meetings are eminently successful. We must go to the masses—not wait for them to come to us. They then follow to the church, and great good is thus accomplished.

Last Tuesday evening the writer delivered an address on "The Business Man and the Bible" for the Gideons at Old Orchard campground. They are raising \$30,000 to place 75,000 Bibles in New England hotels, and the writer was pleased to help them. Those in charge were certainly "live wires" for God, and we had blessed success in presenting the appeal for the blessed Word of God. Thank God for this wholesale distribution of the Bible! It will do untold good. Amen.

LEROY D. PEAVEY.

DALLAS, TEXAS

My address for the fall and winter will be Dallas, Texas, 416 North Bishop. Wife and I have been out for nine weeks and have had some glorious meetings. She will be with me for one more meeting. Then I will go as the Lord opens the

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way. My dear wife is still on crutches, and may never be better without the Lord helps her.

FRANK DANIEL.

KELLOGG, IDAHO

The Lord gave us another glorious day on the Sabbath, August 17th. Sister Goldie Kingsbury, our Sunday school superintendent, is leading the children on to victory. Brother Derby gave us another Holy Ghost message to a good-sized audience at the morning service. The pastor, with a number of the saints, went to Dudley, a little country place, twenty-five miles from Kellogg, in the afternoon, where God again gave us a blessed time. Two young women were sanctified, and one man was wonderfully saved. We returned in time for the evening service, to find the best audience Brother Derby has preached to since coming to Kellogg. One young woman was blessedly sanctified at the close of the service.

ALFRED E. DERBY, *Pastor*.

GORDONSVILLE, TENN.

Our tent meeting at this place was a glorious success. We began July 4th with Tom and Lulu Rogers, of Los Angeles, as evangelists, and they are among the best in the land. Salvation characterized this meeting from the first until the last day of the meeting. We closed out on high tide with eight earnest seekers in the altar. While this was the first holiness meeting ever held on these grounds, the people came in great crowds, prayed, cried, sang, and shouted in the good old-fashioned style. They liked this one so well that they decid-

ed to make it an annual affair. Praise God for the victory.

HAWTHORNE, TENN.

I am glad to say that for the first time since my call and visit to Japan, I had the pleasure of joining two of my comrades—Weaver and Grisson—in a battle for lost souls. The tent was pitched and the meeting started August 9th and closed August 20th. I got there August 11th. The attendance and attention was fine and about fifteen souls claimed victory, either for salvation or sanctification. Amen! Bro. Lige Weaver has a great work in and around Shelbyville, and has the confidence of the people. He has a beautiful church almost completed in Shelbyville, with fifty or more members. I enjoyed preaching to them Wednesday night, and spent that night pleasantly with Brother Weaver and family. At Hawthorne I was delightfully entertained in the home of Brother and Sister O. D. Gammill. On to victory.

J. A. CHENAULT.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Sunday, August 17th, was a day long to be remembered by the saints, for the God that fights all of our battles was with us in great power; it was a day of victories. The enemy was on the run, and we as a church expect to keep him running. Praise the Lord for real victory. This is an age in which we must always have it. We had our dear Dr. E. P. Edlyson with us, and he was at his best. The saints were wonderfully blessed, and the sinner was made to feel that there is power in the blood of Jesus to wash away sin.

W. W. STOVIER, *Scop.*

A BARN MEETING

A large barn was recently built near Gadberry, Ky., and before it was put into use the proprietor invited the writers to come and hold a revival in it. The barn was large and well equipped for the occasion. The services were well attended. The fire began to fall, and a few souls prayed through to real victory. The nearest Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was about twenty-five miles away, but there were about five Nazarenes in this part of the country who had united with it last year. This time Brother and Sister Austin Loy came to us. Brother Loy came from the Baptist church and Sister Loy from the Methodist. We took three orders for the **HERALD OF HOLINESS** and sold eighteen Manuals. The people are getting interested in the Nazarene doctrine, and the time is near when a strong church can be organized in that community.

L. T. WELLS
I. T. STOVALL

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The blessing of the Lord is on the work in this city. Our Sabbath school reports show a steady increase in attendance, and much interest is manifested. Sabbath mornings the house is always filled. Our church building can scarcely accommodate our congregations, and we are planning to build an addition to the church this fall; also a parsonage on the lot next to the church. We have had seekers at almost every service; sometimes two or more seeking at our mid-week prayer meetings. We have great times of refreshing at our prayer meeting. I suppose we have the largest audience to prayer meeting of any church in the city. Sometimes the house is almost full. We have received about fifteen into the church this summer. Our street work has been owned and blest of the Lord. We have had from two to four seeking the Lord around the drum. We use a gospel wagon and several instruments of music. Last Saturday night two men prayed through on the street. One of them was down and out and up against it; had gone to drinking and gambling and ran away from his wife and children. He came to church Sunday morning, testified to what the Lord had done for him, and got a job Monday and went to work, and says he means to make it all good now.

We had a good tent meeting in July. Brother Ruth was home, and did most of the preaching. His labors were owned and blessed of the Lord, and several found the Pearl of great price, among them the husband of one of our members. He had been the subject of prayer of many for a long time. We are going on.

U. E. HARDING, *Asst. Pastor*.

BUCKEYE CHURCH, CASTLE, OKLA.

Bro. H. D. Humphry, pastor at Hugo, Okla., has been with us for a meeting, and has given us good service, though he was sick for two days in the middle of the meeting. In spite of great hindrances—diphtheria, whooping cough, much sickness, a distressing water famine, dust, devils, and unreasonable men—about thirty were blessed at

the altar, and ten united with the church. Praise the Lord! We are feeling fine.

L. F. CASSLER, *Pastor.*

DAVENPORT, FLA.

Sometime ago a severe storm visited this place and blew our church off its pillars and badly damaged it. At first we thought the building would be a total wreck, as it was in bad shape. Some of the brethren thought, however, that they could pull it together, and after securing some cables and jacks went to work. The task looked almost hopeless, but the Lord gave them wisdom and help, and they succeeded in getting it back in shape and on a new foundation, really better than the former one, and with the assistance of friends from outside we are making such repairs as will make the house better in every way than it was before. We have thus learned by experience that "All things work together for good to them that love God," even a windstorm. We praise God for His goodness, and thank the saints everywhere who, by their prayers and otherwise, have helped us in this time of need.

C. C. BEATTY, *Pastor.*

MARLOW, OKLA.

I closed Wednesday night at Hedrick, Okla. Twenty-three souls plunged into the fountain. Began here Friday night. The meeting was well planned and a good arbor erected near the home of Bro. J. C. Short, five miles north of Marlow. They have been having their annual meetings here for some time. Good interest and good crowds. Six prayed through last night, which was the third night of the meeting. One man preached us quite a sermon after getting blessed. Let all the saints remember us in prayer.

B. F. PRITCHETT.

BALLINGER, TEXAS

The Lord is blessing us as a church in a special way. Yesterday was a blessed day. At the morning service thirteen came to the altar and five prayed through, and four united with the church. The Lord has given us about fifty-two souls in the fountain and twenty-seven additions to the church. We are looking for great things from the Lord. We have some fine people. They stand by us with their prayers and their money. We mean by the help of the Lord to make the landing.

E. W. WELLS, *Pastor.*

BYERS, OKLA.

We closed a meeting near Magazine, Ark., August 17th, with blessed victory. There were fifteen professions of conversion and two of sanctification during the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. WILL REAVIS.

ROSCOE, TEXAS

We are glad to report victory. Just closed our meeting at Sanco, Texas, with great victory. It was a hard-fought battle, but God came to our aid and the devil was defeated. I don't suppose the folks at Sanco will ever forget the last Sunday night of the meeting. God not only came in saving power, but Methodist, Baptist, and Nazarene all shouted alike, as wave after wave of glory swept the audience, and it seemed that there was no stopping place. Sanco has a few of the salt of the earth. Many blessings on the HERALD and its large family.

J. C. HENSON.

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LINN GROVE, IOWA

The ten days' meeting held at Linn Grove, Iowa, was a success, with Sister M. Southwick to declare the truth of God's Word and the power of full salvation. Sisters Levi and Cowland sang as unto the Lord and the truth goes marching on. Prejudice was destroyed, feuds settled, church members made to see themselves, and saints blessed. Sisters Southwick and Levi left us singing "I believe the Bible," and with souls aflame for God. All praise to Him.

Mrs. PETER PETERSON.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Our God is giving victory in this city. We have come against some hard problems along some lines, but our faith is anchored in One who never lost a battle, and we are assured He will lead His people on to certain victory. Had some precious meetings with Rev. J. W. Gillies, of Bath, Me. No seekers at that time, but the saints were built up, and our hearts refreshed under the inspired preaching. Had one young man sweetly saved at our week meeting, and deep conviction is on some others. The writer preached twice last week at the Pentecostal Rescue Mission in Albany, and had three souls born into the kingdom. We need your prayers for this city and work that God will uphold us in the conflict.

L. HENDERSON.

HUGO, OKLA.

My first meeting was at Mineral Wells, Texas. God was truly with us. The people said it was the best meeting for a long time. A number prayed through. Brother Peach was with me. He is a great singer, and a fine man. We went from there to Castle, Okla., to hold the Buckeye camp. Here we were met by Brother Cassler, who is a fine man and a splendid pastor. He has a fine people to stand by him. God gave us a good meeting at

this place. People were saved and sanctified and reclaimed. This was more like the old-time holiness meetings than any I have been in in some time. There were ten additions to the church. Our next camp will be at Idabel, Okla.

D. H. HUMPHREY.

DES ARC, ARK.

The meeting at Johnson Chapel church was one of the most successful meetings of my life. Souls were saved or reclaimed and believers sanctified wholly. Some stayed in the altar all night. Much confession was made; misunderstandings and differences were settled. The church was built up. We all became of one mind and one accord, and God gave us a real Pentecost. The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at this place is made up of the very best of the earth.

A. G. RIDOUT, *Pastor.*

RINGGOLD, LA.

Wife and I are engaged in a meeting at my old home in Louisiana. Bro. W. Evans Burnett and wife are with us. We are having one of the most remarkable revivals it has been my privilege to engage in. The people are being stirred as never before. They are coming in buggies and wagons and automobiles for miles around. A scope of country for about twenty miles is being reached. Old grudges of many years' standing are being straightened. Many have already been saved, and the revival sweeps on with great power.

EUGENE HUDNALL.

KAPOWSIN, WASH.

We are in a battle here against sin and infidelity, and with a great opposition; but with hungry hearts on every hand. The dear Lord is blessing and crowning our efforts.

NEOMA ENDRES.

NAZARENE UNIVERSITY

The writer has just returned from a visit to the San Francisco District in the interest of the Nazarene University, the trip being both delightful and profitable. We visited the churches at Fresno, Stockton, Milton and Berkeley, arriving in Oakland in time for the opening of the Beulah Park campmeeting.

The churches which it was our privilege to visit are in charge of able men, and they all are in thriving condition. Brother and Sister Dauell, at Fresno, have in a short time built up an excellent work, and have an attendance exceeding that of many of the larger churches, even during the excessive heat of the summer months. The church is practically filled every Sunday with earnest, spiritual men and women.

Brother and Sister Bancroft have lately been sent to Stockton, and already have matters well in hand. They have rented a church building formerly used by the Seventh Day Adventists, and have gathered together quite a congregation of spiritual people. They are making heroic sacrifices, and success is assured.

We also had the pleasure of meeting Brother and Sister Dutton for the first time. Brother Dutton is pastor of the Milton church, and is all on fire. From all of these churches we met young people who are planning to attend the university this fall.

We also visited the church at Berkeley, where we served as pastor for three and one-half years, associated with Bro. E. A. Girvin. Some of the faces, which were so familiar to us, were missed, for they had gone to a better and heavenly country. Others who were such a help to us in this our first pastorate in the Nazarene church were still aflame with the love of God, and it did our hearts good to again join with them in prayer and praise. Dr. Miller, the pastor, showed us every courtesy and invited us to speak to the congregation concerning the work of the university, which we were glad to do.

The Beulah Park campmeeting, held at the old campmeeting grounds in East Oakland, was a success in every way. It was largely attended, and from the first a spirit of earnest prayer prevailed. The evangelists in charge were Dr. P. F. Bresee and Rev. Seth C. Rees. Dr. Bresee gave a series of lectures on Isaiah at the morning services throughout the entire camp. These lectures dealt especially with the teachings of Isaiah concerning holiness, and were scholarly and unctuous. To say that they were enjoyed is putting it very mildly. Under the searching truths presented every one was greatly edified, and a number were led into the blessing of entire sanctification. Brother Rees was at his best, and moved the people mightily by the great truths which he uttered in the power of the Spirit. The long altar was sometimes filled with seekers. Brother and Sister Lillenas were the leaders in song, and never sang better or with more unction than in this meeting. The special selections which they rendered at almost every service were a great blessing. Rev. Isaac, the District Superintendent, presided with grace and wisdom, and the secretary, Dr. H. H. Miller, had the campmeeting affairs well in hand.

It was the privilege of the writer to have some part in an educational rally held on Monday afternoon, July 28th, the other speakers being C. E. Jones, the financial agent of the university; Dr. Bresee, and Rev. Seth C. Rees. The people on this district are very much alive to the importance of the great work which the university is doing, and the pastors are urging their young people to attend at any sacrifice. This district, while small, is furnishing a goodly number of students, and every church on the district is represented.

Applications for admission are constantly being received, and the number of students will doubtless greatly exceed any previous year.

H. ORTON WILEY, President.

DUKE, OKLA.

We are in the midst of a revival with Bro. Joe Ingle and Bro. T. M. Scott. Several have prayed through. Great crowds with deep conviction. We expect the Lord to give us many souls. Will continue another week.

REV. J. M. SCOTT.

OZARK, ARK.

The meeting at Almyra, Ark., closed August 24th, running eight days. I had to play the organ, lead in song, and do the preaching. The crowds were large and interest good. Some real salvation work was done. Will be at Ozark (Ark.) camp August 28th to September 7th; Shiloh, Okla. (Sallisaw P. O.), September 12th to 22d.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

You can add one more "Baby" to the Nazarene family. We started a meeting here the 10th of July and continued until the 17th of August. The meeting was held in the Southern California District tent, at the corner of Eagle Rock avenue and Crestwood Way. We had a regular old-fashioned meeting, such as we used to read about. Sinners were saved and Christians sanctified. Whole families were saved; some of them prominent church members who had never been converted. Regular hypocrites were saved, who stood up and publicly confessed and asked the folks to forgive them. A number of children were gloriously converted.

We organized a Nazarene church at the request of the people, with thirty-five charter members. A sister, who was sanctified in the meeting, gave us a corner lot valued at about \$1,400. We are planning to build a church that will seat 150 people right away, and expect to have Dr. Bresee dedicate it about the first of November. We expect to spend about \$2,000 on the building, all told, and don't expect to be much in debt for it either. We have accepted the pastorate of the church until the building is built, and may stay the whole year. Every family in the church subscribed for the HERALD OF HOLINESS. At the present we are attending the great Southern California Nazarene campmeeting at Pasadena. Andrew Johnson this morning preached the most wonderful sermon on holiness we have ever listened to.

AUG. N. NILSON.

BOWIE, TEXAS

Victory here! Great crowds; altar full of seekers; some are getting blessed in the old-time way. Will be here another week yet. I am getting some new subscriptions for HERALD OF HOLINESS. I go next to Ilico, Ia., September 5th.

W. F. DALLAS.

RUTHERFORD, TENN.

The eleven-day meeting at Zion Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, conducted by Bro. W. F. Collier and E. F. Cox and Sister Annie Fain, as organist, was a meeting blessed of the Lord. The meeting closed with eighteen seekers at the altar; the greater part heads of families. While there were only eighteen definitely blessed in salvation and sanctification, I do not remember of ever hearing so many testify that they were benefited in their souls and had moved up in their Christian life and practice in the way of establishing family altars and being more determined by God's grace to go on and know Him better.

W. P. YOUNG.

LAPLATA, MD.

The tenth annual campmeeting of the Southern Maryland Holiness Association has just closed in a blaze of victory. Bro. E. R. Crockett, of Ronoke, Va., was in charge of the spiritual part of the meeting. He is a good man, strong, forceful, and hews to the line. There were twenty-one souls bowed at the altar of prayer, and all but two professed to get what they were seeking. It means much in these days of skepticism and unbelief for souls to come out and definitely seek the Lord. The prejudice here in this town among the churches is so high that many of the people have been unable to see over. But, thank God, we believe the walls are falling.

J. H. PENN.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

A ten days' tent meeting was held at Linn Grove, Iowa, August 8th-18th, under the auspices of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, with Sisters Southwick, Levi, and Gowland in charge. Sister Southwick did the preaching, Sister Gowland held children's meetings and helped generally, while Sister Levi had charge of the singing. This is largely a Welsh settlement. God helped us to win the hearts and confidence of the people, and pave the way for a permanent work in the future.

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One writer may present as many stories as he or she desires, but they must present true literary merit, on the following subjects on the conditions found at the close of this article.

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On any Old or New Testament character, either single or in pairs, as Adam and Eve; Cain and Abel; Jacob and Esau; Samuel and Eli; David and Jonathan; David and Saul; David and Goliath; Noah; Abraham; David; Solomon; Isaiah; Hannah; Rachel; Apollos; Rebecca; Mary, the Mother of Jesus; John, the Baptist; John, the Apostle; James; Peter; Paul; Stephen.

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All stories must be typewritten, double spaced, on one side of paper only, on regular size of typewriter paper with pages numbered and tied together, and mailed in large sized envelopes. The manuscripts must be left unsigned, but the name and address of the writer must be in a sealed envelope accompanying the manuscript with the corresponding name of the story so that the manuscript and envelope may be filed together.

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If you desire the return of manuscript that is not accepted the writer must enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

The material for the story may be secured from any legitimate source, but must be based upon fact. The Scripture story of any subject should use as much of the language of the Bible as will make a good, easy, readable story.

Address all communications to

CHARLES V. LaFONTAINE.

712 Nora Ave., Spokane, Washington.

A number were brought into newness of experience, among whom was a stalwart Indian who was sanctified wholly.

Mrs. LENNA LEVI.

WINDOM, TEXAS

The meetings at Dodd City and Prairie Point have come and gone. Several were blessed, some for pardon and some for purity. Bro. Frank Daniel did the preaching. He is as straight as a gun barrel. To know Brother and Sister Daniel is to love them.

J. W. WARD, Pastor.

KEENE, N. H.

We are still on the march to victory. Glory to God! A brother that was saved last Sunday, was on hand Sunday and gave in a good, clear testimony of God's saving power. "He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11:30).

H. REESE JONES, Pastor.

WILDA, LA.

Have recently organized the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at this place. We are only a few in number and our people are poor, yet possess all things, and are marching on in unity of love. Have seekers at the altar at each service, and we are expecting new members at our next meeting in September. We are anxious that this young church shall advance in divine things and become a strong body, standing firm for God and holiness. Bro. S. D. Slocum preached for the people yesterday (Sunday) on "Obedience." Hope to have him and also Brother Leskie with us in September. We have much opposition, but God is with us and we are going through.

Mrs. JOHN WALDING, Secretary.

ON THE WING

The meeting in Baltimore was good. In Washington we met an old friend, Bro. H. G. Trumbauer. Spoke at a mission with eleven at the altar. The next meeting was at Indianapolis with the Young Men's Holiness League. God blessed and saved one dusky son of Ham. We stopped off at Minot, N. D., enroute to Portland, preaching for Sister Pattee at Surrey, N. D. Then at Brentwood, Ore., with Brother Wells. Brother Wells surely has a fine people. The meeting at the Portland Commons was a hard battle. God helped and many came up to the help of the Lord. At the close of this meeting I made Seattle, Mukilteo, Marysville, Everett, and Monroe, Wash. Had refreshing seasons preaching and singing. Returned for a Fourth of July rally at Brentwood.

Passing through San Francisco we again called on our Nazarenes, and God blessed. At Long Beach the scene of many battles found us once more among the Quakers on the East Side. The Lord is blessing our people wonderfully in this beach city. Spoke for Brother Eckle and his church. God was on hand closing up with a blessed altar service. The meeting at Sawtelle, the National Soldier's Home city, was, we believe, a beginning of things. 'Twas held in Taft's temple. Soldiers old and young came. Some so feeble they were assisted up the stairs. Brothers Franklin, of Venice, and Green, of Santa Monica, were great helpers. Brother Scheidman, of Pasadena, came in and inspired us with his prayers. Sawtelle is to be heard from. We speak and sing at our new mission on Fifth street tonight, at the C. E. mission and Baptist church in Pasadena, and then to Portland and Boise, Idaho.

WILL O. JONES.

PASADENA, CAL.

Last Sabbath was another blessed day at First Church, Pasadena. About a dozen seekers during the day, and three more united with the church, making about thirty new members since the Assembly. We have been helping in a tent meeting the last two weeks in the north part of the city, in charge of Mrs. Gordy and Brother Seefarth, and the Lord gave real victory. We have closed our church for two weeks so that all many attend the great campmeeting at Nazarene University Park.

A. O. HENRICKS, Pastor.

BANNING, CAL.

Evangelist James Elliot just closed a four weeks' meeting here, which was held in the district tent. The attendance was good, considering many people are very busy working with fruit. On Sunday nights the tent was filled, and a great many standing outside. Brother Elliot preached full salvation clear and definite under the power of the Spirit. A number of souls prayed through to victory, and some of them have gone out to carry the fire to other places. While this town seems to be spiritually dead, we find many people here

who are hungry for the truth. The writer came up to help a little during the last two weeks of the meeting. As the tent meeting came to a close we seemed to all be of one mind. We rented a small dwelling house, close in with two large rooms

thrown together, which we will use for a Nazarene mission. "And the end is not yet, praise the Lord." We have an organ and fifty chairs, and we are expecting God to give us folks to preach holiness to. I have the heart burn right now as I

"The Man in Black"

By F. M. Lehman

This is a new and unique presentation of a subject which is as old as the race. Nothing like it has ever been produced. The characteristics of the "old man" are admirably portrayed, and in addition to the word pictures the book is illustrated with eighteen original drawings. Any one who reads the book will have no trouble in recognizing "The Man in Black."

The book locates the disease which troubles the Christian and the church, and also presents the perfect cure.



"Even the milk-stool seemed to have turned accusing eyes upon him."

The above is one of eighteen original drawings illustrating THE MAN IN BLACK

"Nothing Like It"

DR. B. F. HAYNES, editor of the HERALD OF HOLINESS, writes as follows concerning "The Man in Black":

"There is nothing like Bro. F. M. Lehman's book, THE MAN IN BLACK. It is a graphic and very original portraiture of the doings and freaks of the "old man," which must be read to be appreciated. It is difficult to describe it. Inbred sin needs to be stressed in our teaching, and this book gives us lessons on the subject which will not be forgotten by those who read it. Get the book and read it, and pass it along on its great mission of usefulness."

"Uncovers Carnality"

REV. C. E. CORNELL, pastor of the First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., writes as follows:

"I have just completed reading THE MAN IN BLACK, by F. M. Lehman. It held my attention with something like thrilling interest. It abounds in entrancing word pictures, it strikes hard, has dagger-points, is uncompromising, uncovers

carnality, and is a book of 'peculiar' type because of its striking illustrations and story-telling effect. I predict for it a very large sale. The carnal professor or the compromising preacher who reads this book will quiver and grow faint as they view the awful picture of themselves. It will awaken any honest soul, and I believe will lead many into the way of holiness. God grant that it may be so. I say, 'Good for Brother Lehman!'"

192 pp; illustrated; cloth, gilt stamp 50 CENTS postpaid

PUBLISHING HOUSE of the PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

C. J. KINNE, Agent

2109 TROOST AVENUE

KANSAS CITY, MO.

think about it. There is a great deal of work to be done among the sick here, who have been neglected. The Lord blessed Brother and Sister Elliot in this work. Bro. W. E. Yocum, who has just come to us from the Oklahoma District, preached for us a few times in demonstration and power.

PLEASANT CASE.

WARREN, PA.

We announced some time ago that a tent meeting would be held in connection with our Warren work, from July 31st to August 17th. It is our privilege to report one of the most blessed meetings it has been our fortune to be connected with. Evangelist Rev. C. E. Roberts and wife and Miss Leonora Taylor were in charge, and to say they did splendid service is to put it mildly. Brother Roberts was mightily used of God in preaching, while the singing of Sister Roberts and Sister Taylor was much enjoyed by both saint and sinner. We are unable to say just how many were saved or sanctified, but the number of those who were at the altar went beyond the one hundred mark, and all the churches in town have occasion to rejoice, if they only knew it; for all the churches were represented at the altar. Praise God! The last Sunday afternoon was given over to the subject of White Slavery and rescue work. At the close of the service a free-will offering was made amounting to about \$90.

JOHN GOULD, *Pastor.*

HAMMOND, IND.

We are moving onward and upward. The Sunday school is growing in numbers and interest, so we will have to enlarge our borders, and are planning to do so. Prayer meeting largely attended during the hot weather. Last Sabbath a day of victory and power. Great street meeting at night. Several of the brothers and sisters from Chicago came down to help us push the battle for God. Our praying bands are doing good work, and our God is answering prayer. We have had souls seeking salvation at our regular services, as also at the close of the church board meeting; and sometimes when there was no meeting. Several new members have come in with us. The finances of the church were never better. All bills paid up to date, with pastor's salary overpaid.

C. L. FELMLEE, *Pastor.*

PINE FOREST, FLA.

Our work is moving on. Since our last writing we have had a good meeting in a neighboring community, conducted by Rev. W. O. Self, of Port Aransas, Texas, and the writer. Last Sunday we spent with our home church, and had a good day. Our annual campmeeting at the campground, Pine Forest, Fla., will be held September 11th to 21st. Rev. W. O. Self and Rev. C. H. Lancaster, our District Superintendent, and Sister Barker will be the preachers. This is a new field for our church work with many open doors.

HENRY COOK, *Pastor.*

Atmore, Ala., Rte. 1.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

The eighth annual campmeeting of the Eastern New York Holiness Association came to a close August 17th. It was beyond doubt the best ever held on the ground, in every way. The Spirit of love and power was manifested all the way through in every service. There were more people attending than in previous years. A large number who were never there before expressed themselves as delighted with the meetings. There were seekers at nearly every service, to be saved or sanctified wholly.

Bro. T. C. Henderson, of Columbus, Ohio, is one of the best preachers and evangelists I ever met. He endeared himself to our people. Bro. H. N. Brown did splendid work, and was highly appreciated and enjoyed by the people. These two brethren, with the writer, were the engaged workers. Others came in from time to time, and helped us push the battle for souls. The prospects are good for the future of this camp. This is the only holiness camp in this section of New York state, and deserves your prayers and hearty support. This was our sixth visit to this camp, and we are engaged to take charge again next year.

F. W. DOMINA.

ANOTHER PRIVATE CHURCH SCHOOL

A private school was taught in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of Highway, Ky., last winter. It was a small school, but very successful, and much good was accomplished. This year we are making plans for a larger school. We have had printed some small bulletins which are being

Superintendents' Directory

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

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

Missouri District Assembly, Ellington, Missouri.....October 16-19
Southeast Tennessee District Assembly, Sparta, Tenn.....November 6-9
Southeast District Assembly, Donaldsonville, Georgia.....November 13-16
Louisiana District Assembly, Lake Charles, Louisiana.....November 19-23
Dallas District Assembly, Lufkin, Texas.....November 27-30
Abilene District Assembly, Bowie, Texas.....December 3-7

A preparatory service will be held the evening preceding the first day announced. All members of the assembly are expected to be present at the beginning and remain until the close.

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

Kansas District Assembly, Kansas City, Missouri.....September 3-7
Iowa District Assembly, Kewanee, Ill.....September 10-14
Oklahoma District Assembly, Ada, Okla.....October 22-26
Kentucky District Assembly, Newport, Ky.....November 13-16
The New Iowa District Assembly, Marshalltown, Iowa.....September 17-21
Clarksville District Assembly.....November 5-9
Alabama District Assembly.....November 20-23

For further information, address Rev. H. F. Reynolds, Bethany, Oklahoma City, Okla.
The first service in connection with each assembly will begin on Tuesday night, 7:30 o'clock. Let all the members of the assembly plan to be present at the first service.

E. F. WALKER.....Glendora, Cal.

Cleveland (Ind.) Campmeeting.....August 29-September 8
Olivet, Ill., Opening of school.....September 10
Kansas City, Mo., Missionary Board, October 9-12
Olivet, Ill., Chicago District Assembly.....September 29-October 5
Delight, Ark., Arkansas District Assembly.....October 14-19
First session of all District Assemblies at 7:30 p. m. of the first day advertised.

DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS

ABILENE
I. M. ELLIS.....Box 175, Hamlin, Texas

ARKANSAS
G. E. WADDLE.....Box 245, Beebe, Ark.

ALBERTA (CAN.) MISSION
W. B. TAIT.....Box 691, Red Deer Alta, Can.

ALABAMA
C. H. LANCASTER.....Jasper, Ala. Millport, Ala.....August 22-31
Brilliant, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.....September 2-10

CHICAGO CENTRAL
J. M. WINES.....Greenfield, Ind., R. F. D. No 9
Falmouth, Mich., All-day meeting September 10
Harrietta, Mich.....September 11
Hope, Mich.....September 13
Grand Rapids, Mich.....September 15
Chicago, Ill.....September 17

Hammond, Ind.....September 17
Mansfield, Ill.....September 18
Fithian, Ill.....September 19
Fairmount, Ill.....September 20
Butler's Ford, Ill.....September 20
Danville, Ill.....September 21
Georgetown, Ill.....September 22
Olivet, Ill.....September 23
Seymour, Ind.....September 24
Indianapolis, Ind.....September 25
Connersville, Ind.....September 26

CLARKSVILLE
J. A. CHENAULT.....Chestnut Mound, Tenn.

COLORADO
C. B. WIDMEYER.....Colorado Springs, Colo. 225 N. Chestnut St.
Colorado Springs, Colo.....September 5-14
Stigler, Colo.....September 28-October 5
Loving, Okla.....October 8-19
Little Rock, Ark.....October 22-November 2

DALLAS
W. M. NELSON.....Texarkana, Texas Nash, Texas.....August 28-September 15

DAKOTAS AND MONTANA
LYMAN BROUGH.....Surrey, N. D.

IDAHO
J. B. CREIGHTON.....Boise, Idaho

IOWA
B. T. FLANERY.....Olivet, Ill. Kewanee, Ill.....September 2-14
Iowa District Assembly, Kewanee, Ill.....September 10-14

KANSAS
A. S. COCHRAN.....Kansas City, Mo. 3416 Wayne Avenue

KENTUCKY
WILL H. NERRY.....Louisville, Ky. Care W. W. Stover, 234 W. Chestnut St.

LOUISIANA
T. C. LECKIE.....Hudson, La. Homer, La.....September 6-8
Caula, Ark.....September 14-21
Pitreville, La.....October 11-19

MISSOURI
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J. A. WARD.....1710 Dean St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

NORTHWEST
DeLANCE WALLACE Box 304, Walla Walla, Wash

OKLAHOMA
S. H. OWENS.....Sulphur, Okla. Sallisaw, Okla.....September 4-5
Wann, Okla., (Dedication).....September 7
Bethany, Okla.....September 8-10
Sulphur, Okla. (At home).....September 11-12
Amos, Okla.....September 13-15
Lone Grove, Okla.....September 16-17
New Burg, Okla.....September 19-21

PITTSBURGH
N. B. HERRELL.....Lisbon, Ohio Millersport, Ohio.....August 28-September 7
Celina, Ohio.....September 8-14

SAN FRANCISCO
E. M. ISAAC.....1020 Tenth St., Oakland, Cal.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
W. C. WILSON.....Rt. 1, Box 235A, Pasadena, Cal.

SOUTHEASTERN
W. H. HANSON.....Glenville, Ga.

SOUTHEAST TENNESSEE
S. W. MCGOWAN.....Rt. 3, Santa Fe Tenn.

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given out to speak for the school. Highway is in the center of a ten thousand square mile railroadless territory. This gives us a large field from which to collect material for the school. The session of school will be two months longer this year. It begins November 3d. Several have expressed their desire to attend. We have a great deal of advertising yet to do.

I. T. STOVALL, *Pastor and Teacher.*

GEORGETOWN, ILL.

I have just closed a tent meeting with Rev. R. L. Morgan of the Fairmount circuit. The meeting was held out in the country near the Butlerford church. It was a very helpful and in some ways a most remarkable meeting. The members who compose this church are a poor people in this world's goods, but they are rich in faith and love. They have all been saved through Brother Morgan's ministry. He first held a tent meeting in the community, and afterwards built a neat little church, and now where there was once profanity, drunkenness, gambling, and Sabbath desecration, there is prayer, praise, and the worship of God. I have never been among any people upon whom the Spirit and blessing of the Lord was more than this people. It was truly refreshing. No foolishness nor frivolity, but genuine old-fashioned salvation. This is all largely due to Brother Mor-

gan, under whose ministry they have not only been saved but have been built up in righteousness and true holiness. May the Lord give us more pastors who are not only well saved, but who are wise in their administrations. It is delightful to be with such a pastor and such a people.

J. F. HARVEY.

BARHAM, LA.

The battle is on here; good interest; altar full of seekers. Six professions last night. Meeting continues until the 31st. Good day at Ellis, Sunday. Organized a class with twelve. Many things to encourage. By faith we press on.

T. C. LECKIE.

LIVINGSTON, WIS.

We closed our tent campaign here. Misses Angle and Ryan of the Nazarene University, Olivet, Ill., did most of the preaching, which was done in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. Souls were saved and sanctified, and the work was genuine. The visible results alone have more than paid us for this meeting, to say nothing about much seed sowing which eternity alone will reveal.

J. W. SCHOOLEY, *Pastor.*

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