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The Best Heritage

Large bequests of money handed down from sire to son are considered great achievements in the eye of the world. Men commend the wisdom and good fortune of fathers who are able thus to provide for their offspring. Yet it is a fact that oftener than otherwise such bequests turn out for the injury of the heirs. These legacies, by which fond fathers hoped to save their sons the tedium and labor and long service and economy and toil by which they themselves were enabled to succeed in their work of accumulation, generally become cause of indolence and indulgence and prodigality, which sap the manhood of the heirs and superinduce a process of degeneration pitiable in the extreme. Often thus transmitted fortunes become positive curses instead of blessings, as fondly intended.

So there are inherited intellectual strength and literary tastes and tendencies. This is a much higher and nobler form of legacy, and less apt to be attended by such direful, evil results, as the one just considered. Yet, when strength of intellect of parent descends to child, it does not necessarily follow that only blessing will attend the descent. There may ensue pride and haughtiness of spirit and a dependence upon mere mentality for strength and power, which, if real and useful, can only come of the bequeathal of God. If there have been no example of faith and spirituality and devotion left accompanying such mental inheritance, there can be expected no very positive blessings save bare and simple mentality which can become a curse as well as money.

There are also social and political bequeathments into which children can come. These are still more indefinite and even more perilous than the last mentioned kind. High social standing these days amounts to nothing but peril unless there is a strong moral and spiritual backing, by which the legatees can spurn it, and thrust it aside as filthy rags. Blue blood, or great name of ancestor, or high social realms in which parents moved, are nothing in the way of reliance. They are only a snare and a delusion. The blood of ancestors can not convey moral force and manly faith to descendants. These are a personal matter, and must be obtained individually. It is good to be well-born, but it is better to be twice-born. The first birth is generally of worth to one in proportion to the way he improves his second birth.

There is another heritage we must mention, of transcendentally greater worth and meaning than any one or all of the foregoing. We mean the heritage of a godly character and prayerful habit in an ancestor. A father who was recognized as a man pre-eminently of prayer, and whose life and spirit were Christlike, conveys in these facts to his children a true wealth and a fortune which will serve them better, and realize for them greater returns, than all other forms of inheritance. The influence of a really holy man of God is rich and sweet and gracious and divine. People can not get away from this. It lingers a sacred memory which will brighten and gladden the life of posterity, and trend them Godward, and become a charming force wonderfully potent and tender and uplifting. Such a memory has restrained many a boy from error's way, and guided safely into the harbor of hope and peace from the tempests of life and trial. Such a sweet memory of a mother-life has been the saving influence of many a girl from the whirl and swim of the debauchments of society and fashion, and brought them safely into the bosom of the Savior—Christ.

No father can leave his children better inheritance than

such a life lived before them. No mother can transmit to her offspring a richer fortune than such a character, on which her loved ones can dwell in memory. It will be like silken chords to hold, hallow, and sanctify and save those for whom she suffered, labored, and sacrificed and perhaps died.

The Preacher's Legacy

What a possibility stands out before the preacher in this regard. How wonderful the potencies of a life lived wholly in altruistic service. How rich the results of a minister's life in the way of streams of holy influence and blessings to distant generations. Truly do their works follow them even after they have gone to their eternal reward. There is the memory of a holy man of God which is the inspiration of the writer's life, and a sweet influence and memory from which he could not if he would get away. In life's young morn this holy man, by his seraphic spirit and holy fervor moved upon the wastes of the writer's heart and life and said "let there be light," and there was light. All along life's career, with its trials and conflicts and besetments, that holy life was either a rebuke or an approving voice, a silent monitor, or a spoken message of comfort or strength or encouragement. Now that he has passed to his marvelous reward, his memory is a mighty inspiration and a sweet constraining and restraining influence for which we will bless and praise God to our latest breath.

Rev. H. W. Hodge, writing in a recent issue of *Free Methodist* on "Prayer—the Forgotten Secret of the Church," tells of the worldliness of so many of the ministers of his acquaintance in the earlier days of his ministry—how prayerless they were, and how this contradicted his notions of what preachers ought to be. Finally, he met a little eagle-eyed preacher at a ten days convention, with whom he had to room by appointment of the entertainment committee. The first morning he was awakened by this brother's praying at four o'clock. Softly, but almost in a sob of agony, the little man of God was earnestly pleading in a low tone for the young preacher supposed to be asleep, who seemed indifferent and unspiritual. Daily this man of God spoke at the convention on prayer, and every morning at four o'clock was on his knees in intercession, and always included this young preacher. Hodge became greatly concerned, and was beautifully led to a consecration, and to that Secret of the Lord which He giveth to them that fear Him, and his life was transformed and his character transfigured. To quote his words: "At last I have found a man that really prays. I shall never let him go. He drew me to him with hooks of steel; I entertained him, rose up with him, prayed with him, brought him to New York City, at quite a cost of money, to have him pray for my people and for me."

This little preacher was a great admirer of David Brainerd, the missionary to the Delaware and Susquehanna Indians in 1745. His habit was to read Brainerd's diary for hours, and seek to impress his spirit upon others. He expressed a desire to visit Brainerd's grave at Northampton, Mass., one hundred and seventy-five miles distant. Brother Hodge took him to the sacred spot, and we give his own words of the scene. "We sat down beside the graves of Brainerd, Jerusha and Jonathan Edwards. There we knelt and prayed, thanked God for those lives; thanked God for the eminent saints; we also partook of the blessed communion while there; and placed an emblem of immortality upon the tomb and departed."

Hodge tells how after he had come into a sacred and congenial fellowship with his little preacher friend, his friend proposed

to change the hour for rising and praying to three o'clock instead of four. To this he gently demurred. After remaining with him thus for two months and the time came to depart for his southern home, Brother Hodge says: "On the 24th of October, 1912, at eleven o'clock, a. m., I took that dear, sweet, wrinkled face in my hands, and kissed him for the last time. That face lit up with the divinity of thought, those eyes gazing and peering into immensity—an eagle man, an intense man—yes, one of God's eagles. I shall never see him again in this world; nor the like of him, I fear. When his hand was growing cold in death he wrote me a farewell card, and these were the last words: 'I can't write, but in prayerful sympathy and love hold fast to the old truths, double-distilled; you are on the right line.'"

How these words of Brother Hodge about this little saint thrill our heart, awakening tender memories. An avalanche of reminiscences come rushing over memory's waste, bringing tears to the eye and throbbings to the heart. Why, do you ask? Brother Hodge closes with these words which is our answer to the reader's question: "If any one is interested in his life, read 'Preacher and Prayer.'"

Humility and Its Simulacrum

Thomas Carlyle says much of "simulacrum," or its plural form, "simulacra," in his writings. This word suited him admirably for he abhorred the artificial or unreal. The word means "a shadowy or unreal likeness of anything." It does not necessarily imply hypocrisy in the one practicing or exhibiting it, for one may be imposed upon by it and deceived. One can of course wilfully practice such a simulacrum but one may also have a counterfeit passed on him innocently so far as he himself is concerned. He thus becomes a victim and not a culprit.

We have thought that in the Christian life there was true humility and there was to be seen sometimes its simulacrum, or its counterfeit. Often the plea of unworthiness or unfitness we make is such a simulacrum, and not the genuine thing of humility which we dream it to be. The devil passes off this plea on us for humility, when it is only his counterfeit. Not that counterfeit involves us in guilt. We are the rather made victims by it. We are not half as unfit for service as we sometimes think ourselves to be. If we be really willing to be made fit, we are already fit in the sense God wants us to be. It is not for *what we are* in ourselves He wants us, but for what He proposes and *will make of us* that He calls us to His service. It is marvelous, when He can find such a willing soul, what He can do with and through it, regardless of the intellectual or social gifts or environment of that soul. The question of all questions is, are we willing to be as clay in His hands to be used by Him or to be laid aside and left unused by Him. That is the point of transcendent importance.

Dr. Alexander Hodge said, in his first pastorate the first person to apply for membership, was a little, simple-minded girl who seemed to be so very ignorant of religion that he hesitated to receive her. But she was finally received, and he said that in less than a year she had brought her whole family to Christ, and died in holy triumph. The Doctor said, "I never received one with greater fear and trembling. I never buried one with greater hope and assurance." Dr. Hallock, in *Herald and Presbyterian* says he is acquainted with a young lady under twenty years of age, brought up in a poor family and with limited education. A few months ago she offered to teach a Sabbath school class. She was given a few children from very poor families, many of them being exceedingly unpromising. Already he says her class has grown to twenty members, and cluster around her every Sabbath, hang upon every word she says, and so rapidly are they yielding their hearts to Christ, that ere long, he believes, there will not be an unconverted one among them.

Get this truth in your mind and heart, brother, sister, that it is not for your gifts or talents or ability God wants you. It is not for what you possess or are that He wants you, but simply and purely for what He will make of you, and accomplish through you. An emptied vessel is His only need and desire. Not full ones, not vessels gaily painted, or made of rich material, or overflowing with rarest wine or oil, but simply empty vessels, that He may fill and then use according to His will. He can not fill a full vessel. Remember that. It is only empty vessels that He can fill and use. Seek therefore to be emptied entirely, and come to Him thus emptied to be filled and used by Him.

Going Counter to God's Will

The first chapter of the epistle to Romans is an illustration and a demonstration of the fact that people who go counter to God's will will invariably decay and perish morally, physically, and intellectually. If one who has never heard of the Ten Commandments follows the habit of lying and theft and impurity and fraud he will as naturally lose out in his mental and moral nature and descend toward the animal and beastly as he follows this course. As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death. This death is a death of moral taste and appetency, of mental robustness and spiritual powers, and finally a death eternal in the hell that awaits evil-doers who repent not.

No man can keep in health who violates the laws of health. No man can retain mental sanity and vigor who violates the laws of mental integrity and soundness. So no man can be morally and spiritually sound and normal who violates the laws of moral and spiritual soundness and health, but must inevitably decay in these higher and nobler realms of possibilities. And this decay in the moral realm always drags in its wake the physical and intellectual nature. There is a very close relation between the moral and these lower powers. A thoroughly unsound man morally who runs roughshod over God's commandments—can not be a really sound and normal man either physically or mentally. Sin diseases the entire man, and carries the whole man downward and hellward in its ravages and ruin.

A man who loves and obeys God and thinks upon and seeks and loves the things which are true and lovely and of good report and pure will be a man normal in his moral nature and his very features and his mental powers will all bespeak that spirit of soundness and health which his moral obedience confers. There will come a joy into such a heart and life and it will reflect itself in his eyes and be seen in his whole demeanor. God puts His mark upon the obedient just as sin leaves its scars upon its victims. An observant man can separate the sheep from the goats here in this life.

Sacrifice for Others

The Premier of China had a demonstration of the worthy character of the true kind during a rebellion in his empire in 1911. He has expressed himself as of the opinion that a religion which teaches the strange duty of sacrifice for the benefit of others will do incalculable good to his nation. He was led to this conclusion by the following facts of his observation. After the first outbreak of the rebellion of 1911, the region south of the Yangtze River went over to the revolutionists. On account of the great number of soldiers wounded and slain on the field, many of the Hunan students, who had returned from Japan, organized a Red Cross Society, which proposed to enter the battle field and minister to the wounded. "I was invited," says the Premier, "to assist in the formation of this society. Sixty-nine persons decided to undertake this perilous mission. However, at this time numerous telegrams coming from the field stated that the engagements were always very desperate, and that large numbers of the soldiers were slain. Immediately the hearts of the volunteer Red Cross workers began to waver, and only about thirty of those who had promised to go actually started. Upon reaching the battle-field I found but twenty-nine remaining. I was very much surprised at this, and decided to make an investigation. It was found that these twenty-nine men were all Christians. By this incident I learned a lesson, namely, if we want to stand as a nation, we should not lack men of the quality above described."

What a testimony to the power and efficiency of the Christian religion was thus conveyed to the mind and heart of this Chinese state officer. What an object lesson of the truth and worth of true Christianity was this wonderful exhibition of the staying and enduring character of that altruistic spirit implanted in the soul of every truly saved child of God. This incident showed that true devotion to social service can only be secured by real and heroic dedication of the heart and life to Christ.

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WORK FAST FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS

IT IS A PITY if not a shame that there should be many times the number of petitions sent to Congress against the bill for nation-wide prohibition as are sent favoring the bill. Senator Sheppard is our authority. Let Christians bestir themselves and change this matter.

:: THE EDITOR'S SURVEY ::

Honoring Mother

Let no opportunity pass of honoring the mother who gave you birth. She was God's best gift to you, and to her you owe more than the longest life will give you opportunity to begin well to repay. Be thoughtful and careful to honor and cherish her, and let her know, feel and hear proofs of your affection. It is not enough to love her, and take it for granted that she knows and understands it. Words now and then, acts now and then, which bespeak your affection, will be grateful to her hungry heart, and will brighten and cheer her life wonderfully! O, the thoughtlessness of us children sometimes. How cruel we often are unintentionally these busy days! Young men, young ladies, I beg of you to think of the mother at home. If you are from home, write the parents and tell them you love them. If you are fortunate enough to be yet with them at home, never forget to let them know and hear from your lips of your affection for them. Frank T. Bayley writes in the *Congregationalist*:

A good man died one day, leaving his wife to struggle with poverty and to bring up several young children. She had to work very hard, for they were left poor. She took in washing and did every kind of work she could find to do. Her hands grew hard with toll. But she kept the children in school and some of them went to college.

Hard work broke her health after a while and one day the doctor said she couldn't live very long. Her children had never realized how she loved them and how hard she had tried to do her best for them. And they didn't know that her heart was hungry. But when they knew she was dying they began to understand. One day the oldest son said, "Mother, you've been a good mother to us all." She looked into his face with a sad smile as she replied, "You never said so before."

It was a pity to keep it from her so long, when it would have done her so much good during all the long hard years! At the funeral the casket was covered with beautiful flowers, and everybody said, "What a good mother she was!" She couldn't hear it then. But a few flowers and a kind word would have been so sweet to her heart while she was wearing herself out for her children. And they never thought of it until it was too late.

There are mothers in many homes who are working very hard for their children. I wonder if they all have the comfort and cheer of loving words from their children as the days go by. Some day it will be too late to tell Mother how you love her. Tell her now! And tell her often.

Criticising Father and Mother

No uglier or more unbecoming habit was ever practiced by children than that of criticising father and mother. This is the result of the want of sense, of lack of innate refinement, of love and reverence for their parents, and of a most despicable spirit of shallow conceit. Shame on any child thoughtless and mean enough to allow himself or herself to indulge in such criticism of their parents, because of inaccuracies of grammar or of anything else. Any child who has not gone far beyond their parents in educational advancement, in their age of far superior advantages, is a disgrace to the home which produced them. For this they are in no sense or degree entitled to credit for being superior in literary ability to their parents, but alone to their parents for having given them better opportunities than they themselves enjoyed. Base indeed is the ingratitude of children who would so far forget their debt to their self-denying parents, as to dare indulge in such criticism. We agree with the *Christian Intelligencer* in the following:

At a certain stage in the life of many of our young people they fall into an unpleasant habit of criticising their parents. Occasional lapses in English, trivial errors in scholarship—historical, literary, scientific, or what not—"old-fashioned ideas" in matters of caste, dress, manners and social usages, are freely commented upon. When daughters get to know more than their mothers, and sons begin to give points to their fathers, there is friction in the family machinery which causes many an unpleasant jar. This does not mean that our young folks are intentionally rude and ill-mannered. Such habits creep upon them unconsciously. They do not mean to be disloyal or ungrateful to the parents, whom they really love devotedly. They are merely careless and unthinking in the matter. On their side, the parents often feel too deeply hurt by these criticisms to remonstrate against them. They suffer many indignities in silence, when it

Mother-Hunger

If I could only find her, for the mother-hunger's on me;

I want to see and touch her, to know her close beside;

I want to put my head in the hollow of her shoulder,

I want to feel her love me as she did before she died!

In all the world is nothing, love of husband or of children.

In all the world is nothing that can soothe me or can stir,

Like the memory of her fragile hand from which the ring was slipping—

The hand that wakes my longing at the very thought of her.

The window in the sunshine and the empty chair beside it,

The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place—

O mother, is there naught in the unerring speech of silence

To let me know your presence, though I can not see your face?

Thank God that I have had you; that we held each other close,

As women and as sisters and as souls that claimed their own,

Than any tie of blood could bind! and now my heart is bleeding,

My heart is bleeding, mother, and yours is turned to stone.

Oh, no, I've not forgotten the triumph and the glory—

I would not bring you back again to struggle and to pain;

This hour will pass; but, oh, just now, the mother-hunger's on me—

And I would give my soul tonight to kiss your hair again.

—Exchange.

would be wiser to administer the deserved rebuke.

Each generation enjoys privileges unknown to the one preceding—better schools, larger opportunities for general culture, and a more complicated social life. The sons and daughters who profit by these good things have their parents to thank for them. It would be "more becoming" in them, as the old-time phrase has it, to remember their debt of gratitude, rather than to look for blemishes. The ideal relation between parent and child is that of perfect comradeship. When parents keep in touch with their children's interests, and children confide freely in their parents, harmony reigns in the home. Happy the family whose daughters are their mother's friends, and whose sons are father's chums.

Every Mother Holy

Some day, when you stand at the open grave of the mother who gave you birth, you will find out, if you never did before, that the best friend you ever had or will have is

gone from you forever. You will then, if you never did before, find out that she was holy, God's holiest earthly gift to you here below. Rejoice, O young man, now while she lives, that you have opportunity yet to do what is right and proper in the way of honoring her, before she has taken her long flight from your arms to the unseen world beyond the stars. So live, and so love your mother, that when she leaves you you will have no embittering regrets at neglect of this sacred Trust and holy gift. An exchange says:

The world has been worshiping at the shrine of the Virgin Mary, but Jesus said to His disciples, "Every holy mother is a glorified Madonna!" You remember the occasion; it was that day when one said to Him, "Thy mother and brethren desire to speak with thee," and Jesus answered, pointing to His disciples, "Behold my mother, for whosoever doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." What a wonderful fulfillment these words of Jesus have had, for if you were to search the world for examples of love and purity, you would find that the truest, best, noblest the world has to offer comes from Christian motherhood. And Christianity is the only religion which has produced this exalted and purified type of womanhood.

How to Rejoice Mother's Heart

Children should, from their earliest years, seek ways in which to rejoice their mother's hearts. There are a thousand little ways in the home by which mother's burdens could be lessened, and at the same time a better thing than lessening burdens be accomplished. These little ministries show the children's love, which is worth even more to mother than the positive helpfulness of the little acts performed. The heart gets tired as well as the body, and it needs rest and refreshment as much as the body. Everything which convinces her that she is remembered and tenderly loved, tends to rest and refresh the tired and hungry heart of the mother. There are so many ways in which this can be done, it is not necessary to attempt to enumerate them. You can scarcely look any where in the home that such opportunities will not present themselves to a thoughtful, considerate and loving child. The following incident illustrates how some children succeed in doing this very thing:

"Yesterday was mother's birthday," remarked Billy Stone as he walked proudly by the side of Miss Fowler, his Sabbath-school teacher. "We gave her presents."

"How nice! I suppose you love her very much, don't you?"

"Lots."

"Well, Billy, my man," said Miss Fowler, stopping a minute at the corner where she was to turn off, "don't forget your lesson last Sabbath. You know what our Bible tells us about how truly love shows itself."

Yes, Billy knew. He walked on thinking of it and presently his round face grew very sober.

"Yesterday we told mother that we gave her the present with our love. Today is only a day off, and I wouldn't get up in time for breakfast. I was late at school; I made the twins mad and I sneaked out of the back door so as not to have to go for the mail. I can't see how anybody, by looking at the way I've acted, could tell that I like my mother at all."

It was beginning to rain when Billy reached home. He and the twins, who had been playing in the yard, all went into the shelter of the kitchen together. Mrs. Stone at work in the next room looked out of the window with a sigh. She had so much to do, and there was liable to be trouble when the children must stay indoors.

Billy thought of this, too.

The twins were hanging their caps up with a shuffle.

"I say, Robin," asked Billy, abruptly, "how much do you love mother this afternoon?"

Robin turned around and stared at him. What a queer question; it was not a bit like a boy.

"Why," he giggled. "Do you want me to write some poetry about it?"

"Poetry!" sniffed Billy. "I want to know how much—just plain how much—that isn't poetry, is it?"

"That's arithmetic," said Dora.

Dora was the eldest of them all. She was bolstered up in big arm chair by the fire; she had been ill for a fortnight.

"How much?" repeated Robin. "How can you tell how much you love a person?"

"In plenty of ways," said Billy, wisely. "I'll tell you one right now. I love mother a boxful."

With that he picked up the kindling box and marched out into the shed.

A light broke upon the twins.

"Oh-o!" cried Harry, "that's what you mean, is it? Well, I love her a pallful," seizing the water bucket and starting for the pump.

"I love her a scuttleful," said Robin, and he plunged down the cellar after coal.

Dora looked at the clock. She had looked at it five minutes before, and said to herself:

"I do believe my darling mother is going to forget the medicine this time. I shall not remind her, that is one thing sure!"

"But I guess," she said now, reaching for the bottle with a wry face, "I guess at least I can love her a spoonful!"

There was a shout of laughter.

Mrs. Stone heard and glanced anxiously at the door.

"I hope there is no mischief on foot; I am in a hurry to get this sewing done."

Kitty Stone had roused herself from her book in the old-fashioned kitchen window seat to listen to Billy and the rest. So far she had said nothing. But when the kindling box was full and the pall and scuttle, and the medicine bottle a little less full, the covers of Kitty's book went together with a snap.

"Don't you think," she said, "that all of us together, if we hurried, could love mother this room full before she came in and caught us? I'll clean the stove out and blacken it."

They worked like beavers. The last tin was swung on the nail and the last chair set back to the wall when Mrs. Stone's step was heard coming rapidly down the hall.

"Dora, child, your medicine!" she said.

"Yes'm," she said, demurely; "I took it for pure love—to you, not to it."

Her mother looked round the tidy room, and when she saw how spick and span it was and when she saw the ring of smiling faces, she kissed them every one, and her own was just as bright as the brightest.

"There's no other mother in the country," said Mrs. Stone, "that has such children as mine!"

"There, now, do you see?" said Billy to Robin. "Can't you tell how much you love a person? It feels nice, doesn't it."

Circulate Tracts

There is great good accomplished often by circulating tracts. This is a means of Christian service too little employed these busy days. Yet it is a means of service suited pre-eminently to busy men in busy times, when they feel they have not time to stop often and talk to men about their souls. Many men and women have been saved through tracts handed out by earnest souls with a prayer for the divine blessing upon the printed page. Christian men and women should carry a package of tracts in their pocket constantly, and make a habit of handing them out to people. There are many striking instances of remarkable results from this habit. A gracious harvest has been reaped in the past from tract distribution. We are suffering now for need of a return to the practice. Incidents of gracious results we find in an exchange, and give to our readers:

Dr. Coke in 1785 gave a tract to a family in Virginia named Cowles. The family numbered fourteen, and that tract was the instrumentality used in the conversion of the family. A man saw the tract, "Repent, or Perish," floating in the Fraser River. He took it out, dried it, read it, and by it was converted to God.

A man refused to come to meeting, but consented to take a tract from the preacher. A few weeks later he stood up in the meeting and confessed that the tract led him to Jesus. A soldier found in his hospital bed the tract "Will you go?" and finally wrote on it, "By the grace of God I will go."

Passing through Switzerland, a tract distributor gave a tract to a man, in a town notorious for gambling. On his return, some days later, the man said: "I thank you for saving my soul and body." He was about to commit suicide on account of losses in gambling.

The dailies recently recorded the experience of a forger in Philadelphia. Sitting in a public square, meditating suicide, he was handed a leaflet with the words on it, "Come now, let us reason together," etc. He read it, put up his razor, went to the police station, and gave himself up.

Instances of this sort could be multiplied, for these little printed missives have been known to prevent crimes, to save lives, to heal the broken-hearted, and to bring the despairing one to Jesus. We never know, nor can we realize the good we are doing in distributing tracts.

Truth that Lifts

There are said to be poems that lift, but it is only the *truth of God in poems* that lifts. It is only the lifted up Christ that lifts men and women from sin and despondency and weakness. There is much of this truth which honors Christ to be found in poetic form, and it is always powerful, but it is not the power of poetry but the power of the Christ. We object to seeing the Christ robbed of His glory by ascriptions of credit to other agencies for results distinctively due to His power. We sometimes speak of the power of man, but really this is likewise but the power of the Christ working through the agency of man as its channel. Sometimes men or women have been stirred or moved strangely toward God by beauty or eloquence or the splendor of the works of nature, but these likewise are so many manifestations of the wondrous power divine communicated through these media for the uplift of man to higher realms, even to God himself. God is ever seeking to get men to Himself, and there is nothing which He can not use to this holy purpose if man yields to it. He watches ever for some avenue to the heart, and if He finds this to be by poetry or song or nature's beauty or art, or what not, He gladly seizes that means, and seeks to get into the heart and life through that channel. The *New York Advocate* gives a case where God found His way to a very hard heart through the medium of beautiful poetry as follows:

One might call it a strange punishment that was inflicted on a girl in the Woman's Reformatory Prison of Massachusetts. She was set the task of committing a verse of poetry.

The girl had given a great deal of trouble, both before and after she was sentenced to the reformatory. Rebukes, punishments, tasks, appeals were unavailing. In despair, after a sudden exhibition of temper on the part of her young prisoner, the superintendent, Mrs. Johnson, took her to her own room for a heart-to-heart talk. But her gentleness could not quell the raging storm. All tact seemed unavailing. At length her hand nervously and almost unconsciously opened a copy of Whittier's poems lying on the table. Her eye caught the title, "The Eternal Goodness," and she repeated the verse:

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my purpose clings,
I know that God is good?

"This is a beautiful poem," she said to her prisoner; "take it to your room and commit this verse which I have just read."

"It is beautiful," the girl responded, as she took the book.

The next morning she repeated the verse and six others with it. The day after she repeated the entire twenty-two verses of the poem, in a tone almost tender. A miracle had

happened indeed. Her face glowed with what might appropriately be termed a transfigured glow. One day she stopped the superintendent in the hall and said:

"When I wake in the night and the old rage comes over me, and I want to smash windows and kill people, I say those verses, and they quiet me and comfort me."

When the author of the poem, John Greenleaf Whittier, was told the incident by Mrs. Johnson, he replied, "Thy heart must be full of love for that poor girl." It was a heart full of love to God and humanity that made "The Eternal Goodness" possible in the first place, and that has given it its wide mission of helpfulness and comfort since. Eight verses were selected for the last edition of our Methodist Hymnal, and are known as hymn 472. The last four verses especially have become endeared to many souls. They make a beautiful companion lyric to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

BESIDE THE SILENT SEA

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

An Ever-flowing Well

Such is His mercy; His grace is a never ceasing stream. His river of blessing never runs dry. He gives us songs in the night. He is our strength by night, by day, in times of elevation and preferment, and in times of depression and disappointment and sorrow. His grace is perfectly adapted and suited to us always, everywhere, in all conditions and places and trying circumstances. The many-sidedness of His grace is the marvel of the universe. This baffles the devil, and amazes even the elect, and is the comfort and joy of His children in all ages. What a God is ours whose help is thus so marvelously suited to us and sufficient for us! How God thus sends us blessings in strange conditions, sometimes in our sleep, is illustrated by an incident in the life of Frederick the Great:

Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants. The king returned softly his room, took a roll of ducats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently that the page awoke, opened the door and entered.

"You have slept well," said the king.

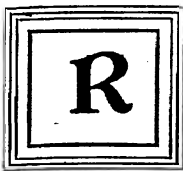
The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, happened to put his hand in his pocket, and felt with astonishment the roll. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

"What ails you?"

"Ah, sir," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

"My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep; send the money to your mother; salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and you."



RECENTLY I read two splendid articles in the HERALD OF HOLINESS, viz., "Missions — The Homeland" and "Aggressive Evangelism." To these heart-stirring messages my

soul said Amen! A conviction which has been struggling for expression was revived and intensified. Success for God in this age demands an aggressive church. The cry of the age is efficiency and progress. There never was a time in the history of the world when efficiency was demanded as it is today. The government is demanding efficiency in every part of its great system. The world of commerce demands efficiency in every department. It is no longer a question of political or religious opinions, but of competency and efficiency. Dreamers and idlers need not apply. Brethren, the day has arrived when we must be aggressive and efficient, or suffer defeat. Truly this is a warfare; war is declared; the battle is on. The devil is organizing, drilling, and training his forces as never before. He is using diplomacy, guile, and treachery. He is determined, active, aggressive, and wise; "and the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. We have had much light. High ideals have been expressed. We have approved them. We have said Amen. But we have not acted sufficiently. Let us harness our ideals, hitch them to the chariots of activity, and drive them into the land of success and victory. We have a great church government, and the very best machinery obtainable; but to me there is one piece of machinery which appears rusty from inactivity; this rusty looking piece of machinery is "Home Missions." It seems that we either do not understand how to run this piece of machinery, or we are not concerned about it. It needs to be financially oiled and put into operation, and now is the time to do it. Some of our District Assemblies are now in session.

Conservation

Written by C. J. QUINN

+ +

Before the next assembly, a year will intervene. Will the fact that our "Home Mission" work is far below the standard of efficiency go unnoticed? or will it be brought to the front and its true place be recognized as one of the important branches of our church work? It is true that there are many needy fields on the various Districts, with open doors and hungry souls. If we will interest ourselves in "Home Missions," and take hold with a will, we can create a fund on each district sufficient to send competent evangelists into these needy fields. Let there be "Home Mission" Boards, or "Commissions" created where there are none. But shall we be limited to evangelistic effort? Far from it. To do so we would be like one that beateth the air; much money, hard labor, and much valuable time would be wasted; many golden opportunities to establish and build up great and strong churches would be lost. Conservation is as important as Evangelism. It is not wisdom to organize churches and then forsake them; the pastor-teacher is essential to church success. He takes up the work where the evangelist leaves it; he instructs, feeds, and teaches. He organizes it into a working con-

dition, and sets it to working. It grows and becomes self-supporting, and contributes to the success of all our church institutions. He represents the various branches of our church work. Foreign missions, our Publishing House, schools and colleges, are continually represented by him. At this present time we have many churches in splendid locations, with great opportunities, with great prospects of becoming holiness centers, which are not now strong enough to support a pastor, but who would be able to do so in a few months, and also to assist in all departments of our church work. Could you take a trip around the District with your District Superintendent and behold the present needs, possibilities, and opportunities of some of these promising churches, where an efficient pastor-teacher would mean success, I am sure you would go to the District Assembly and urge the creation of a Board or Commission to take hold and push this important work.

All of these newly organized churches are able to raise from \$50 to \$400 per year to start with, and most of them can raise one-half the amount to support a pastor. An annual fund of \$1,500 would make it possible to supply five or six churches with pastors. The most of our weak churches, after the first or second year, would be made self-supporting, and be able to do unto others as they had been done by, where otherwise they may have been scattered and destroyed by modern heresies and doctrines of devils. If one hundred persons could be secured who will give \$1.50 per month for ten months in the year, this \$1,500 fund would be supplied. Or if the Board or Commission could secure one hundred persons who will give \$5.00 per month for ten months in the year, this would give a fund of \$5,000. This would help five or six promising churches to secure pastors, and leave a balance of \$3,500 for aggressive evangelism. This would be a great investment.

It can be done.
Will we do it?

Longing for Jesus

N. B. HERBELL

Come, Jesus, come, my Saviour be,
Remove this load of guilt from me,
That I may know thy pard'ing grace,
By faith behold thy shining face.

Come, Jesus, come, in gospel light,
Illumine all my path so bright,
That I may prove thy wondrous grace;
At last behold thy smiling face.

Come, Jesus, come, my Cleanser be,
Open my eyes that I may see
More clearly all thy will divine,
And know that I am wholly thine.

Come, Jesus, come, my Healer be,
Only that I might live for thee;
No earthly gain nor worldly fame
Can half compare with thy great name.

Come, Jesus, come, my Keeper be
For time and for eternity.
Thou only, Lord, my heart's desire,
Thy love hath set my soul on fire.

retained by churches and preachers, the work of God will move on with increasing momentum, and thousands of souls will be gathered within the fold. Nothing will be able to stand against it. There will be no necessity of resorting to music and bands in order to hold the people. They will come, bands or no bands, drawn by supernatural power. The gospel is God's last and great plan to save a world of sinners lost, and nothing in the art or skill of human ingenuity will take its place.

The old guard, a hundred strong, that gathered in an upper room in Los Angeles on that memorable occasion eighteen years ago, with a consciousness of the divine presence thrilling through and through them, were bound together with immortal ties and with a determination to forever free themselves from the prevailing forms of churcharity, and follow the spirit and simplicity of apostolic times, firmly believing that old-time religion could be felt and enjoyed without elaborate forms

and ceremonies. And so long as we adhere to this and push holiness, the blessing of God will be upon us.

I repeat, these men who have fought on a hundred battlefields and have helped to plant the banner of King Immanuel on the highest ramparts of the enemy, are unusually interested in the onward progress of this glorious work.

They are now lingering along the shore waiting the sound of the boatman's oar to bear them to the land of the blessed. They have been leaders of the hosts of God, preaching, singing, and praying with an unction and power that was not of earth. When they are gone the links that bind to that wonderful past will be severed. They will not sing the old songs here, but yonder, with the blood-washed throng they will sing anew the immortal songs that will never end.

They love the cause. They have consecrated the few remaining years to this movement. They felt that it was in keeping with what they had been accustomed to in their earlier ministry, and hence were naturally drawn to it. They wanted a home where they could spend the evening of life in heart fellowship with those of like precious faith and experience. When opportunity affords and strength permits, they stand ready to help push on the battle. Give them an encouraging word. Show them that they are appreciated for their works' sake. We have often witnessed painful neglect on the part of preachers and others. These times will come home

Veterans of the Cross

Written by J. P. COLEMAN

THEY have come along the years bringing with them precious memories of a glorious past. They have given of their time and strength to help spread scriptural holiness over the land. They have gone through hunger and privation, gladly and cheerfully enduring all things that they might win men to God. They have passed through trials and have faced dangers that would appal many of the present day. Sweeping revivals followed their ministry, wherein great numbers of people were blessedly saved and added to the church.

Many of them, though weakened in body through excessive toil and hardship, still retain the old-time fire and enthusiasm of other days, and like an old warhorse, scent the battle from afar, and long to plunge anew into the fray. They still love the fight. They have heard the battle's roar on many a hotly-contested field, and are interested spectators of all that is going on. They are not disconcerted at the sneers and objections of men, nor do they tremble at the raging of the adversary. Those who came in at the beginning of the work, were conscious of that peculiar swing of victory which characterized the movement, giving it that supernatural power and influence which so mightily moved the hearts and lives of men. And wherever this old-time swing of the Nazarene movement is

again. They have their friends and exert large influence. No class of men are more loyal to the preachers and none more willing to sacrifice for their interests. And they are loyal to the cause for which they have given up all. Nothing is more dear to them than the church for whom Jesus gave His life-blood to cleanse and save.

With them the old-time friends are gone. They are not known now as they were when in the strength of manhood they went forth as heralds of the gospel that saves men from all sin. One by one, kindred spirits with whom they had sweetest fellowship have slipped away, leaving them to journey on alone. And yet they are not alone, for He hath said, "I am with thee always." The hills of the blessed loom up in the distance, and Eden Zepher fans their wrinkled brows. They catch the strains of music unfamiliar to earthly ears. They are in the dawn of that morning where the sun never sets. No shadows dim the sky and no storms can shake their faith. Heaven will recompense for all they have suffered here. Jesus who has been their constant Friend and Companion will receive them into His divine abode to go out no more forever.

The Sunday School Primary Class

Written by MISS MICKEY THOMPSON

WHILE different methods may be employed in teaching children the Sunday school lesson, nothing improves more than *object teaching*. Jesus was the great object teacher and used the common things of life to illustrate the great truth of His kingdom, namely, the sower, the mustard seed, the fig tree, the fish, money, a candle, the fatted calf, etc. These were common illustrations with Him by which He revealed spiritual truth.

Object teaching is a scriptural method of instruction, a large key representing faith by which the door may be opened to anything God has in His store house for us. A yoke whittled out in imitation of those used in the time of Jesus, a few heads of wheat showing the common way of satisfying hunger in Palestine, a glass of water with some dirt in the bottom, which can be easily stirred up at the moment desired; a small pot in which flowers and weeds have been allowed to grow together, seven sandwiches made from crackers. These are all simple, yet are suggestive of the truths to be taught.

Object teaching never fails to attract the attention and awaken an interest in children. A single crooked line on the blackboard will illustrate a lesson on sin, by showing the lack of harmony in crooked lines.

The parable of the Good Samaritan may be taught in a fascinating way by some rough ovals drawn half through each other to represent a chain of love, love to papa, love to mamma, to sister, brother, friend, teacher, and neighbor. How their little eyes sparkle, and eagerly they talk of this love that binds our hearts together. We must remember that the spirit of God works upon young hearts. I have used the blackboard successfully with this illustration:

Savior
scripture
line to
how the way to keep
somebody safe.

I have told the children of the different kinds of light in the world: the light set in the street at night to keep horses from run-

ning into something that was being built, or a hole where the street was torn up, of the red light on the engine, of the red light used as a signal of danger, of the miners' light worn on the front of the cap, of the great lighthouses at sea and on all coasts, and the light on the ships, oil lamps, electric lights, etc. Every one of these were shining to "show the way to keep somebody safe." Then I have told them of the Savior, the Light of the world. The Scriptures and Sunday school were shining to show the way to "keep somebody safe." The lesson was applied to the little ones themselves. Were they shining to help some one else? What were they doing for others, for their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, playmates and friends? How can you let your light shine? Try to lead them to higher and nobler conceptions of life than they have known before. "Jesus bids us shine" is appropriate here:

Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light; Like a little candle burning in the night, In this world of darkness we must shine, You in your small corner and I in mine.

Another day take the word Watch, in words, deeds, thoughts, looks, and steps. Tell the children something of this kind: Once a little boy set a watch over his house, his body. He locked the ear door so that he couldn't hear bad words, and watched the mouth door so that he couldn't say them, and so he wouldn't let in whiskey or tobacco. He wanted to keep his house clean. He watched the hand servants, and kept them so busy doing good things that they didn't have time to do bad things. You know Satan always finds work for idle hands to do. This little boy wanted to work for the Lord instead of Satan, so he kept his hand servants busy. He watched his feet servants to keep them in the right way on errands of love and mercy for others. He watched his eye servants to keep them from seeing things, ugly pictures, etc., but clean, and bright so he could look for chances to do good.

Children, watch your words; don't call one little playmate stingy, and another ugly or hateful. If you can't say something good of people, don't say anything. Watch your thoughts, because whatever you think about you will talk about. Watch your steps. Do they go where they should not go, or do they go on errands of mercy and love? Use this verse from the Bible: "Set a watch O Lord before my mouth. Keep thou the door of my lips."

A primary Sunday school teacher can often arouse interest by showing pictures illustrating the lesson with foreign scenes, as a picture of a man in his native costume that would stamp him as a Mohamedan, Chinese, or Japanese, asking the children to name the country he represents, etc. At any rate talk at least five minutes about the people across the water where the children may give their pennies to carry the gospel to these heathen brothers. One Sunday a pupil could be assigned the work of looking up interesting items on a particular field. Just one item a week will help. Talk frequently with your children, and let them know that you appreciate their effort to learn, and are interested in their personal salvation. Visit your pupils, pray with them, and constantly hold them up to God, and He will reward your effort.

Arkansas Holiness College, Vilonia, Ark.

"Start out for one day to see what kindnesses you can bestow, and you will be surprised at the doors God will open to you. Then sit down and try to figure up the results of a lifetime spent walking every day with Jesus."

Perfect Peace

Written by EARL D. HINCHMAN

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."—Isa. 26: 3.

THIS is not an "ideal"—a something to shoot at, that aiming high we may not fall too far short. This is a divine possibility, revealed by God to the prophet, and becomes a divine promise to us.

There have been two periods in my life when I did not know much of real, vital stress as concerning myself. One was when I was in father's house, and father was at the helm, and somehow I had an abiding confidence that bread and meat would be on hand from day to day, and that clothes would be forthcoming.

Of course I had some dim idea of mortgages, poor crops, and some such things; but back of it all was "father," and I was perfectly contented in the belief that all things would come as needed.

One reason for this condition was that I believed he could take care of me. The second was that I was his boy, and I had a right to expect him to do it.

But there came a time when these conditions changed. Still professing to be his son, I withdrew somewhat from under his authority. He still bore the same relationship to me, and doubtless would have helped me all he could, but I did not feel free to ask it, nor did I have faith to believe for it. My interests in my father's affairs were not what they once were, and I realized that my rights had waned.

Was I rebellious against father? No! but the personal equation had become dominant, and in saying "This is mine," I recognized that things that had been *ours* were distinctly *his*.

There was a time when I was a child of God; that is, I was not wilfully rebellious, and I loved the house of God and His service, when they did not interfere too much with my other interests, for almost unconsciously but nevertheless really, my interests as yet were not altogether yielded to Him. Like as with my earthly father, some things were reserved. Not that God's attitude toward me was different, but my attitude toward Him hindered my faith, and more or less troubled my peace.

When I asked for love, God said: "Lovest thou me more than these?" and I could not say; I did not know.

When I asked for prosperity, the question came: "Are the tithes all mine?" When I asked for peace, I was conscious of double-mindedness; I was not altogether stayed on God.

But, thank God, there came a time when all this came to an end. One night after God's Spirit had plead and urged and instructed, until my soul was coming out into the light of divine privilege, He whispered: "Doesn't the Father know best?" and immediately divine illumination flooded my whole being, consciously and unreservedly I went over into His will, and I was at rest.

Dear one, are you like Martha, troubled about many things? Lay them down at Jesus' feet, while you sit and learn, or go at His bidding.

Those daughters, that son—is the devil troubling you about them? Are they on your hands as it were? Yield them to God; He will care. Sometimes, yea, quite often, we yield our time, our talents, our money, and best of all our hearts to God, but we still insist on holding on to our burdens. "I have

made and I will bear," saith God. Let Him have them all.

PASADENA, CAL.

Redeemed Manhood

Written by R. T. WILLIAMS

MANHOOD is for use. It is for the street, not merely the parlor. It is for work. It is for toil. A thing so valuable must stand for action and for service. It can sweep with the strength of a cyclone. It can sing with the tenderness of an angel. It can fight with the effort of a soldier. It can weep with the sorrow and pathos of a prophet. Manhood stands for courage. It can not be cowed and subdued. In politics it has the courage of its convictions. Defeat for the right is sweeter than victory for the wrong. It would look into the fiery furnace. It will face the lion's den. It never shirks its duty. It stands with the intrepidity of Gabriel. Redeemed manhood manifests itself particularly in three ways. First, it obeys the law of justice.

Justice is the principle that governs conduct; the relation of one moral being to another. It demands proper dealings with ourselves, proper dealings with our neighbor and a proper attitude toward God. Justice is the bone, the framework, the steel of human life. Redeemed manhood will act justly everywhere. In commercial circles it will demand the right under all conditions. It demands conduct that is unimpeachable. Manhood that acts with justice can not be bought. In social life it stands like the Rock of Ages. In political life it stands without partiality. The man who is redeemed will be just at the cost of every human ambition and interest.

Again, redeemed manhood will manifest itself in obedience to the law of love. Love, sympathy, is the warmth, the glow, the fire of life. It makes up for the demands of justice. It goes the second mile. It puts the soothing hand upon the parched brow. It weeps with those that weep and rejoices with those that rejoice. It opens the doors of one's soul to receive the tired traveler to a place of comfort and consolation. It is a city of refuge for all who are in trouble. It is a telephone system that brings to its central office the requests, the sighs, the prayers, and the needs of the world. Love atones for the weak and goes out after the needy. This is one of the evidences of magnanimity. We love God most, not because He can throw the thunderbolt or shake to pieces the foundations of the earth, and fill the heavens with His wrath, but because He can stoop to paint the cheek of the flower, and to see the sparrow that falls, and protect the weakest of the lilies.

Love is the basis of civilization. It is the source of liberty and equality. Take sympathy and love out of human society and the mighty will crush the weak, human society will be unequal in its opportunities. The highest test for manhood is sympathy and love. This virtue manifests itself in the brush of the painter, in the tongue of the orator, in the chisel of the sculptor, in the voice of the musician. It is the hope of the future. It is the one thing that will cooperate with God in His effort to bring the world to salvation.

Redeemed manhood manifests itself by living humbly with its God. Here we have the recognition of God as supreme. Before Him does redeemed manhood live. While here one will strive to approximate the standard of his God. He will forever oppose sin and ignorance and long for the highest standard of manhood. Here he gets a proper viewpoint

for life. He does not make first rate things secondary, but all the interests of life fall into their rightful places. All of his hopes and purposes swing about God Almighty. This person who lives humbly with his God shall surely triumph. God knows no defeat. We can see His foot-prints through the ages. He is gradually moving on to eternal triumph. That man who seeks redemption, that man who acts justly, that man who loves mercy and lives for others, that man who lives humbly with his God, surely, he shall stand at the last day upon the mount of God clothed with eternal victory and crowned with immortality. Every soul can possess redeemed manhood. Will you not pursue what is good? Will you not take up your efforts to come into the possession of a kingly and a divine manhood? Do you not wish to possess fundamental truth? Do you not wish deliverance from every one of your enemies? Then co-operate with God in order to reach the highest good. You can fulfil God's requirements for you. Do your duty at any cost. But not only should you possess this steel of manhood, but you should have the warmth, the glow, the love, the sympathy that unlocks every heart you touch. Love mercy, then live humbly with your God. The Bible gives us examples of men who have possessed redeemed manhood and performed their mission. First, notice Moses. This man was educated in all the learning of the Egyptians. He believed in education. He believed in mental culture and he had the best. But he was not satisfied with this alone, he spent forty years in Arabia in communion with God and nature. After he was established in his manhood, he wrought out his life's work. Was he not a man of action? Was he not a man of courage? Did he not act justly? Did he not love mercy and did he not walk humbly with his God? He is an example of manhood fulfilling his mission. We have forgotten the great, crowned heads of his day, but Moses stands possessed with personal and impersonal immortality. Secondly, notice Daniel, that man who refused to be contaminated by the king's meat; that man who sought the higher forms of wisdom; that man who stood in the king's palaces. Did he not have in him an excellent spirit? Was he not a man of action? Was he not a man of courage? Did he not act justly, love mercy, and live humbly before God? Lastly, take for another example the Apostle Paul, who, on the way to Damascus caught a vision. He was an educated man, he was a student, he had a great mind, but his manhood was not complete. Here he came into the possession of eternal truth. He was clothed with divinity. Did he not go forth an example of redeemed manhood? Was he not a victor over ignorance? of sin and of his environments? The Apostle Paul was full of life and courage, and surely he did justly toward himself, toward his fellowman and toward his God. Surely he loved mercy; his heart went out after the hungry multitude; he gave his life for others, lived humbly before his God and died in triumph.

Life holds all the possibilities for us today and even more than it held for these men.

Nature breathes upon us a thousand inspirations. The murmur of the brook, the song of the bird, the sparkle of the dew drop, the shining of the sun, the flash of lightning, the glow of the landscape, the beauty of the sunset, all tell of the possibilities before us today. We have in us the possibilities of divine manhood and womanhood. We can be redeemed. We can perform our mission in our generation. We can move through life and be a power for good, an example of courage, an ideal for our associates. We can be delivered from our enemies. We can possess

truth. We can possess divinity. We can act justly, love mercy, and live humbly before our God.

True and False Religion

Written by T. S. MASHBURN

LINCOLN said: "You can fool part of the people all the time, and all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all the time."

Remarkable indeed is this statement, and yet some people seem to live and act as if they could fool God all the time; but alas! what a mistake on their part, for He both sees and knows our every thought and act, yea, He has said "Be sure your sins will find you out."

We are not superstitious, yet it does seem that the cold iron hand of fate, sometimes follows and overtakes hardened criminals who evade the clutches of the law for a time, are in this manner captured and made to pay the penalty of their crime.

It is said that "Murder will out." We remember of having read of the Bender family, who in the early settling of the state of Kansas, doubtless committed many murders, when fate seemed to expose their hellish crimes and cause them to flee from the country.

A counterfeiter, whose trunk fell from a transfer wagon to the street, burst open and with its contents of spurious coin, exposed its owner, who was promptly arrested and brought to justice.

Truly your sins will find you out. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy."

A young man, bookkeeper in a bank, stole \$150.00 in small sums, at various times and kept the matter so well covered as to deceive expert accountants for several years; but eventually his sin was uncovered, and now he is paying the penalty of law by serving a term of years in state's prison.

"If ye sow to the flesh, ye shall of the flesh reap corruption, but if ye sow to the Spirit, ye shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Again, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked," and man must meet his own personal record, and receive his reward according to his deeds done in the body.

Sin is the one and only thing to fear. It must fail and go down, while right and justice will triumph. Sin caused the American people last year to drink 70,000,000 gallons of whiskey and smoke more than 4,000,000,000 cigars and 8,000,000,000 cigarettes. Sin caused the expenditure of \$75,000 to \$100,000 on the funeral and floral decorations of Adolphus Busch, the multi-millionaire brewer, at whose head was placed a crown of God's most beautiful flowers, while in striking contrast, a beer bottle adorned his feet.

To both our sin and shame be it said, that nation spends more money each year in picture shows than all of Rockefeller's income amounts to.

Again, let us look at the enormous amount of money spent in our public schools, where the Bible is ruled out, and the dance admitted; and then look at our colleges and universities, with their higher critics and infidel taint; all of which would seem to parallel the days of Paul at Athens as he stood on Mars hill. So we need not be surprised that people are not falling over themselves to get to God and make their home in a holiness church.

We are not pessimistic; it is just simply a case of worldly, Babylonian spirit which predominates in the hearts and carnal minds of

Concluded on page sixteen

Mother and Little Ones

The Way of It

A little boy made him a wee snowball
And rolled it about in the snow;
And it gathered the crystals and clung to
them all,
And oh! how that snowball did grow!
You've made one, of course, so you know.

A little boy whispered a word one day
Unkind of some one he knew,
And each one who heard it repeated his
way
The story till oh, how it grew!
Oh! my!
And a heartache was caused by it, too!

Two little red mittens the small ball rolled
That grew in a magical way,
And the little red tongue was the one that
told
The tale that grew big in a day.
Oh! my!

Be careful, wee tongues, what you say!
—Pauline Frances Camp, in Child's Hour.

A Party and More

Christina Howell's mother taught a Sabbath-school class of little girls. They were not the girls that Christina knew. In fact, the girls that Christina knew went to another Sabbath school.

But, you see, Christina felt positively sure that no teacher in the world could possibly be as nice as her own mother; so she went to the strange Sabbath school with her.

"What kind of girls are those in your class?" Katharine Bridges asked her one Monday.

"Poor," Christina told her. "All their fathers work very hard, and a lot of their mothers do. They live in a row of tiny little houses on a little narrow street that mother and I pass through every Sabbath."

But after a few Mondays Christina had more to tell.

"They are poor," she said. "Their houses and their street and their clothes are different from ours. But they aren't different themselves, really. I mean they have the same feelings. I like Kitty Fry and Molly Mulholland a lot."

When Christina's birthday drew near she thought of a new plan for her birthday party.

"Would you girls mind," she asked Katharine and the others, "if I asked mother's and my Sabbath-school class to it instead of you?"

"Of course we'd mind, but it's a fine idea! Such ideas ought to be coming out of Sabbath school all the time," said Katharine. She was comfortably emphatic. When Katharine was as emphatic as that most of the girls were apt to agree with her. They did now. So Christina had a great deal of interest and advice from them in getting ready for the party, which helped along very much.

When she gave her invitations the news spread up and down the rows of little houses and back and forth across the narrow street in a whirlwind of excitement and delight. The eight girls who belonged to Mrs. Howell's class were of immense importance in the eyes of their neighbors. On the eventful day they were escorted well on their way to Christina's door.

"Be sure," Sally Delaney exhorted them on parting, "to tell up every single, solitary word of it when you get back. Don't you forget a thing—not what's to eat, mind you, or in the house or anything."

It was late when the eight, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, returned to the corner where Sally and four more had collected to await them.

"We thought you were never coming!" began Sally, impatiently. Then, "Oh!" cried she and all the four more in a breath. And five small, rapturous noses sniffed at the spicy carnations, of which each of

Christina's guests had brought one away from the party with a feathery spray of fern tied with a pink ribbon.

"My, but they're sweet!" said Sally. "It must have been a swell party!"

"Sure it was," said Kitty Fry. "We're going to tell you every separate thing that happened at it, the same as we promised. But first, I guess"—she paused and telegraphed a question about her, to which she received seven nods in answer. Rather wistful some of them were, but each was a genuine nod. "But first," resumed Kitty, "we thought it was fair, since we've had the party, not to be piggy about the flowers. We are going to give them away to you, for your share, for presents. And I guess we'll get it over and done with. Sally Delaney, you can have mine."

Sally stared for a moment to make sure, then clutched her fragrant gift with a joyous murmur of thanks.

Five of the carnations changed owners at once. One of the other three was to go to Miss Euphemia Watts, who had the rheumatism, and one to Mrs. Cole, whose baby had died last month.

"That just leaves Molly Mulholland's," said Kitty. "She might as well keep hers. Pretty near every family on the street will have some benefit of the party. Mrs. Baudy has a geranium already. Mrs. Martin has a begonia. They needn't get any carnation. Molly can keep hers."

Molly was a shy, soft-voiced little creature; everybody liked to pet her.

But now she laughed and shook her head. "I guess not. I won't be piggy either. I am going to give my carnation to Mrs. Clifton."

"Don't! Don't you ever! She won't appreciate it. You'll waste it!"

"But she's so lonely!" pleaded Molly.

"What makes her lonely?" snapped Kitty. "Isn't this street full of the neighborliest kind of neighbors? Mrs. Clifton is a spot on it, with her closed up windows and her closed up ways. She's snubbed everybody off from her since the first day she came."

"She don't look cross," said Molly.

"Well, isn't she? Looks are nothing to actions. But," said Kitty, seeing that Molly was distressed as well as firm, "it's your carnation. If you choose to give it to Mrs. Clifton, go give it to her."

Molly went, alone. All the others went in a body to deliver Miss Euphemia's and Mrs. Cole's carnations. Then they waited.

It was a long time before Molly came, with flying feet.

"Oh, it's too lovely! cried she. "I am so glad! It's such a beautiful ending off to the party!"

"What is it? Was Mrs. Clifton pleased?" asked Kitty.

"So pleased she cried," said Molly. "Oh, girls, she's got a girl that's our size that's been blind! Her only hope was to stay in the country and grow strong. Her mother had to work, work, work all the time to pay for it, and the doctors wouldn't promise her a cure, and they never had been separated for a night before. Mrs. Clifton said she has been thinking day and night how to save a penny or how to work harder. And it was a mercy, for it took her mind off some. Last week Prissy (that's her daughter) went to the hospital; this week she had the operation—and she can see!" Molly laughed because she was so near crying—if not entirely. "Isn't it perfectly splendid?"

"Perfectly!" said Kitty. It was all even she had to say. Nobody else said anything.

"Tomorrow, early," Molly went on, Mrs. Clifton is going to the hospital and Prissy's bandages can come off for her whole visit. She was wishing she could afford something nice to take her to see, only Prissy said it would be plenty nice enough and all she'd ask to see her mother. And of course it would. But Mrs. Clifton liked taking the carnation beside; she was tickled."

"You did well!" said Kitty, one of whose good points was that she was not sorry when things turned out better than she had expected. "It was fine!"

"Mrs. Clifton said it wasn't only the carnation," said Molly; "it was having a neighbor for Prissy when she could come home. Prissy is sociable, she said, and maybe would be lonely while she was off working. But now Prissy can have me, and she was good and thankful."

"She can have us all," promised Kitty, quickly.

"I told her she could!" shouted Molly, with a giggle and a hop of satisfaction. "I told her so by faith! And it came right true, like the Bible. So our street is nice and friendly from end to end; there isn't any house any more that's a spot on it. Christina's party cured it."

"Say, don't folks like Christina put you in mind of Golden Texts in the lesson?" said Sally.

"I'd like to send my carnation to Prissy, too. I'll keep it at home in water for the family till morning and then send it."

In the morning there were five more carnations for Prissy. There was a happy-faced little woman, starting early for the trolley, talking hard to an escort of a dozen or more girls.

"Tell Prissy we'll be waiting for her!" cried Kitty, at the last.

"And tell her we're glad!" cried Sally.

On this morning Christina went early to school to report to the others all about the party.

"Well, it's very interesting," said Katharine. "Hearing about it is almost as good as going—for some reasons."

"Mother says I may have a party on Tuesday," said a girl named Anne Appleby. "I invite you all to it now. And just because Christina has been so good I am going to be good, too."

"How?" they asked.

Anne shut her eyes and drew a long breath. "I am going to invite Lucia Meredith to it! She scares me to death, she is so grand and dressy. Her father has an automobile and her mother has a butler. And my parties are perfectly home-made."

"They are perfectly nice!" said Christina.

"You know you are proud of them, Anne; you couldn't help it," said Katherine. "We all love them."

"That's because you have been acquainted with them ever since we were so little we didn't know what butlers were. Tom kept saying that Lucia must be lonely," said Anne, "but I didn't pay attention. But Christina's party made me think. I will ask her. I just hope she'll have an engagement at the White House or Windsor Castle or somewhere."

"Did she?" the girls asked, with much interest the next day.

Anne was all smiles and cheerfulness. "She had two. She said if they'd been ten she would break them all to come. She has been just longing for us to let her in to our good times. I am not a bit afraid of her now."

"Ideas are very spready, aren't they?" said Katharine. "See what good you have done, Christina. I suppose when anybody begins to make a little more friendliness they never know how much they make."—*Congregationalist and Christian World.*

Little Faithful

Father was very proud of his girl. "Just give Sylvia anything you choose to look after, and she'll see that it is done," he said.

Cousin Lella came one spring for a visit, and the two girls had great fun together. Lella wanted to gather wild flowers; she wanted to visit the mill, to see the head of the brook.

"Fact is," said Joe, the hired man, "she's allers a-wantin' to be somewhere else or do somethin' else—no more rest to her than there is to a gadfly."

One evening father went to town, and the next morning mother woke up with a sick headache. Sylvia hurried downstairs and got the breakfast for Joe, then carried up a cup of coffee to mother, and set about dish-washing and straightening up in good earnest.

Lella fluttered about. She helped a little and hindered a good deal. Every little while she would say, "Aren't you most done?"

At last, when everything mother wished attended to was done, and the girls were ready for the brook trip, Sylvia declared, "There! I've forgotten the chickens."

"Oh, let 'em wait!" Lella pouted. "Sylvia Dayre, I think you're real mean. You'd rather do anything than please me."

Joe was close by, and he waited to hear what "our girl" would do. But Sylvia only laughed as she ran back for the feed. "Guess the brook isn't as hungry as the chicks—why, Joe!"

"Go 'long there!" Joe said, laughing; "I'll feed 'em. I've lots of time today."

Father heard all about it from mother and Joe, and the next time he came back from town he brought Sylvia two pairs of beautiful white pigeons. "For Little Faithful" was on the box. Wasn't Sylvia happy?—Children's Companion.

Commonplace Compositions

Belle's face was thoughtful and not altogether happy when she came home from school. "I think Miss Hill is the most peculiar person I ever knew," she announced decidedly.

Mother looked up in surprise. "Why, Belle!" she exclaimed. "I thought you liked Miss Hill better than any teacher you ever had."

"O, I like her well enough," Belle answered. "But what would you do if your teacher wanted you to write a commonplace composition?"

"A what?" questioned mother.

"Well, all she said was that people, ordinary people, could tell stories about things that had happened to them that were just as interesting as the things one reads in books. We each have to interview some ordinary person and then write our composition about what that person told us. What shall I do?"

"Go right down in the kitchen and interview Olga," her mother answered promptly, "although I can promise you that you will find that she is a most extraordinary person. You might help her pare the potatoes while you talk to her."

"Tell you a story that happened to me once?" Olga repeated when Belle came in to the kitchen with her request. "O, surely," she laughed heartily and went on in broken English: "I tell you what I think of when I sit down this afternoon. I think of first time I had a pair of shoes made of leather. It was Christmas, when I was twelve years old."

"But what were your shoes made of before that?" Belle interrupted.

"Wood, of course," laughed Olga. "Did you ever see pictures of little girls in Sweden with their wooden shoes? When I was a little girl about so big as you I wanted leather shoes O, so bad! I go to school with a little girl that had a rich father; and she wore shoes made of shining black leather. I cry and cry and make my dear mother very sad that I am so naughty and do not want to wear my wooden shoes. She said she wore such kind and so did her mother, but I am all the time cross about it. I go to my father and tell him what I want. He laugh and say if I am good girl until I am twelve years old I shall have a pair for Christmas that same year made from shining black leather. I was just eleven, and I thought it was too long to wait. So one day I think of something bad to do. I knew it was naughty; but I did not care, for I think I get my leather shoes quicker. What do you think?"

"I don't know. But go on, Olga," Belle urged excitedly.

Olga laughed. "It is funny now when I tell it," she said. "But I do not see how I thought of such a thing. I said to myself that if my wooden shoes were broken father would have to buy me shoes of leather. So I made up my mind to break them. I took one and threw it hard against a rock, but it would not break. Then I took a big stone and pounded the toe of it, but it was not even the least bit cracked. Then—O but

I was bad—I took it to the woodpile and with the big ax I chopped off the toe of my wooden shoe."

"O Olga, did you really?" gasped Belle.

Olga nodded her head. "But this is a story with what you call a moral to it," she went on merrily. "I picked up my poor shoe, cut in half, and I ran to the house crying: 'O father, my wooden shoe is broken! May I have one now made of leather?' My father picked up the two pieces of the shoe and very seriously he said: 'I will see what I can do for this poor shoe that has been cut in half by the girl who wears it.' My, my, but I was ashamed of myself! I ran to my room and cried, and I cried harder when my father goes to the blacksmith and has him mend the shoe by fastening it together with little strips of tin, that I might wear it to school again."

"And did you have to wear it to school that way?" asked Belle.

"Indeed, yes," Olga answered. "And it was good for me. But when the next Christmas came I find my fine leather shoes under the Christmas tree, and my kind father smile at my pleasure. Excuse me now; I must start supper."

"Thank you, Olga," Belle replied, as she started upstairs. "I guess Miss Hill knew what she was talking about when she said that ordinary people's lives were more interesting than storybooks. Though I don't think," she added, "that a person who once chopped her wooden shoe in two is a very ordinary person."—Annie Louise Berray, in Churchman.

Going Shares

"Oh, mamma, Nannie Evans has invited me to go drivin' with her this afternoon—a lovely, long ride in the country. May I go?" Effie's face was radiant and softly colored, like the early fruit blossoms.

Her mother smiled. "Why, yes, dear; and it was very kind of her to ask you."

"Yes, wasn't it?" cried the little girl. "Nannie can do lots of kind things—she has so much money."

Mamma looked a little grave and would have spoken to Effie, but the little maid had danced away to get ready. And when presently Nannie Evans and her big sister called for Effie, she was in such a flutter of excitement that she could hardly keep still.

"Oh, mamma, please hurry. Does it matter to fasten all the buttons, and isn't my hair smooth enough? Good-bye. I wish you were coming."

Mamma smiled and waved her hand as the stately footman helped her little daughter into the victoria. And Effie waved back delightedly as the handsome bays started.

It was almost dark when she burst into the room, bringing the odor of fragrant blossoms with her. Her arms were full of roses, lilies and carnations.

"It was the loveliest ride, mamma! And look at my flowers! Did you ever see such beauties? We went to a florist's, and Miss Katie—Nannie's sister, you know—bought such a lot of flowers. She gave me these for my own self." Effie was quite out of breath.

"Yes, they are indeed lovely," said her mother, lifting the masses of exquisite bloom.

"And so many!" cried Effie. "We'll have some in every room." And she ran to get vases and water. "Nannie's sister Katie sent a whole lot to the hospital," continued Effie. She paused a moment, and then continued wistfully: "It must be so easy to be good and do kind things when one has a lot of money, like Nannie."

Mamma smiled. "Do you think so, dear?"

"Why, yes," said Effie, slowly. "If I had lovely things, I know I'd go shares."

"Are you quite sure you would, Effie?"

Something in mamma's voice made Effie look up, puzzled. Mamma was looking at the great bowl of crimson roses on the table. Then she turned and looked at the lilies and carnations in the tall vases. A flush crept over Effie's face. She understood. "I know what you're thinking, mamma—that I could share my flowers. Oh, but I do hate to part with them!"

"It isn't always easy to go shares, you see," said mamma, gently.

Effie was silent for a moment, then she began to sort out the roses. "I'm going to carry these beauties to old Mrs. Lane. She loves flowers so dearly, and never has any. I'll leave a bowl for you, sweetest mamma, and take the rest."

And Effie hurried off with her arms full. When she came back her little face was very grave.

"Oh, mamma! she cried when she saw them. She used to live in the country, and it made her cry; but she was glad to get them."

It was a day of two later that Effie rushed in like a whirlwind. "What do you think, mamma. Miss Katie Evans knows Mrs. Lane. She took her some fine washing to do, and saw our flowers; and then Mrs. Lane told her about them and how she loved the country, and Miss Katie is going to take her to drive every single week, and I'm going, too. Isn't that lovely?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, kissing her. —Boys and Girls.

A Boy's Curiosity and What Came of It

Boys and girls and little people are often responsible for great results, and maybe you do not know that the discovery of that important instrument, the telescope, may be traced to the curiosity of a little boy, and this is how it came about: The little boy I telling you about was the son of an optician who lived in Holland. He and his sisters loved to play about their father's workbench, and often they amused themselves looking at the sea through the little smooth concave glasses which their father used in his work. Now, one day it happened that the boy, while playing with two of those glasses, chanced to hold them before his eyes in such a way that the face of the cathedral clock seemed very near. This surprised him, for the clock was so far away that he could scarcely see the hands with his naked eyes. He stared at the clock and then at the glasses; each of which he tried in turn; but the clock was as far away as ever, and so it remained, turn them as he would, until by chance again he held both up together, when, lo! as if by magic, the clock stood beside him. "O, I know, I know!" he cried aloud. "It's the two together." Then in great joy he ran to his father and told him of his remarkable discovery. The father tried the glasses in his turn and found that the boy had spoken the truth when he said he could bring the great church clock nearer. So this was the way the people learned that putting a concave and a convex glass together in just the right position would make distant objects seem near. Without this knowledge we should never have had the telescope, and without the telescope we should have known little of the sun, moon, or stars. So if you ever have a chance to look through a telescope and see the wonders it has to reveal, just remember the little boy who once lived in far-off Holland.—Exchange.

Little Things

A raindrop is a little thing,
Many make the showers;
Little moments flitting by
Make up all the hours.
One little star at close of day
Vainly seems to twinkle,
Till at length the shining hosts
All the blue besprinkle.

A smile is but a little thing
To the happy giver,
Yet it oft times leaves a calm
Over life's rough river;
Gentle words are never lost,
How'er small their seeming;
Sunny rays of love are they
O'er our pathway gleaming.

Ah! it is the little things —
Little joys and trials,
Little pleasures little griefs,
And little self-denials,
Little hopes and little fears—
Fill our morn and even;
And little beams of love and faith
Light our way to heaven.—Sel.

The Work and the Workers

Announcements

AUCTION SALE—The Orleans Seminary, including two large three-story brick buildings with furnishings, will be sold at public auction, at Orleans, Neb., May 29, 1914. For further information, address L. GLENN LEWIS, Orleans, Neb.

NOTICE—Will those who subscribed toward the expense of the New England Assembly at Providence, R. I., please send money at once to G. A. Rounds, 40 Baker St., Providence, R. I.—O. L. W. BROWN, Treasurer.

WANTED—Consecrated Christian men and women to work on the Pacific Coast; also consecrated women not under twenty or over forty-five years, for maternity, nursery and delinquent girls' homes. For terms write The Pacific Coast Rescue and Protective Society, Front and Burnside Sts., Portland, Oregon.

REVIVAL MEETING—We are expecting a great time in our summer meeting, which begins June 19th. Our pastor, Fred H. Mendell, who has had considerable experience in evangelistic service, will conduct the meeting, assisted by A. K. Bracken, of Peniel, Texas.—A. B. BRACKEN.

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING—The next meeting will be held at Lowell, Mass., Wednesday, June 3d, at our church on First St. This will probably be the final meeting before the campmeeting season, which is so near. Let all the brethren make a strong effort to rally. Remember the cordiality of this church and the precious fellowship that so characterizes our preachers' meetings, and come.—C. P. LANPHER.

NOTICE—Mouse River Holiness Campmeeting will be held July 5th to 19th; three services each day. Evangelists I. F. Hodge, of Wichita, Kan.; A. F. Ingler, of North Attleboro, Mass., will be in charge, assisted by Rev. Lyman Brough and other local workers. All wanting to rent tents must notify Sec. William Hodges, Sawyer, North Dakota, at once. Let us all be there the first service and stay through. We are anticipating one of the greatest camps yet held.—LYMAN BROUGH, Dist. Supt.

EVANGELISTIC—I am at liberty to assist any of our brethren in evangelistic meetings during the summer and autumn months. Address me at Burlington, Vt., Gen. Del.—REV. R. S. PHILLIPS.

NURSES WANTED—We would like to get in touch with a sanctified graduate nurse; also, if some of our holiness young ladies desire to take training in a city where they can do a great deal of good for the Master, write me for information, enclosing stamp for reply.—J. W. OLIVER, Pastor, Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, 1319 West Third St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

EVANGELISTIC—The first part of July and the last of August I can give to some place that wants an old-time holiness meeting.—J. W. BOST, Meridian, Texas.

HOLINESS MEETING—Rev. B. F. Neely, of Peniel, Texas, will hold a holiness meeting at this place from June 20th to July 5th. We are expecting God to do great things for us.—I. W. McDONALD.

REQUEST FOR NAMES—I want to get in touch with the holiness people in Houston, Texas. Kindly send your names to REV. L. S. REDWINE, Chester-ville, Texas.

HOLINESS RALLY—A holiness rally will be held at Ada, Okla., beginning Thursday, May 28th, and continuing over Sunday. Free entertainment for preachers and workers.—A. F. DANIEL, Pastor.

EVANGELISTIC—I have re-entered the evangelistic field, and would be glad to correspond with any one wanting a meeting. I prefer to work in the southern states. Will be at Donaldsonville, Ga., June 1st to 8th.—DR. A. O. BRANNON, Princeton, Florida.

DOUGLAS CAMP—This camp will be held July 17th to 27th, with Revs. C. J. Fowler, C. A. Dunaway, and Bessie Larkin, as workers. Other New England preachers, such as Revs. J. N. Short, J. C. Briggs, A. B. Riggs, and others, will be with us.—H. N. BROWN.

District News

ARKANSAS

Since last reporting we preached at Vilonia the first Sunday. The Lord gave us a great day. After preaching we received two into the church, a Methodist Protestant preacher and his wife, from Louisiana, Brother Johnson. We put him to work immediately, and we expect to hear of things coming to pass from his work, as he is a pusher and a prayer, and you know that is a good combination. In the evening we had another good time; baptised five babies. We were home

the following week, then the second Sunday went out to Brother Green's new church to dedicate it. That night some eight or ten were in the altar. On Sunday we had quite a few of the students out from the Arkansas Holiness College, the orchestra and a part of the band, with two or three of the teachers, and they did fine work in song, prayer and testimony. The writer preached the dedication sermon, and the fire fell, and one was sanctified, one reclaimed and one saved. At the afternoon service the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, with crowds standing around the doors and windows. We went over to Eureka Springs, Ark., to the little church that Brother Hamric organized two years ago; they have been without a pastor most of the time, but they have a grip on heavenly things. Rev. L. L. Isaacs, wife, and Miss Nellie Ferguson, were with me there. I preached six days. Many received conviction; quite a few found Jesus. Men staggered like drunken men under the power of God. Old feuds were straightened out. We are now home for Commencement.

B. H. HAYNIE, Dist. Supt.

KANSAS

Since my last report I visited Brother E. S. Lang's charge, known as Excelsior, near Little River. We had good services Saturday night and Sunday. In spite of many removals, the work is in good shape. Brother and Sister Lang are abundant in labors. I went from Little River to Marion, where for a little more than two weeks we held meetings in a roomy store building, centrally located. The battle was very hard, but a number of God's saints stood by us in the fight, nobly, and God gave victory. There were four clear professions, one case of divine healing, and another one, a traveling man who happened into the meeting one night, earnestly praying for salvation, but did not get through clear. At Marion I received five into the church. Brother B. B. Reimer, his wife, and three sons. These, with any others who may join, will be placed for the present under the care of our pastor at McPherson. I feel assured that the time is not far when God will give us a good, strong organization in Marion. It is much needed. I am more than ever determined to push organized holiness. I will spend Sunday at Lyons, at the Rice County Holiness Camp.

H. M. CHAMBERS, Dist. Supt.

DAKOTAS, MONTANA, MINNESOTA

The work is prospering over the District. Brother Will M. Irwin, at Norma, N. D., is doing fine; Brother Jacob Luchsinger, of Nashua, Mont., is battling away up there, and Brother Earl Pounds, of Sawyer, N. D., is successful in the pastorate. The Surrey work is moving on nicely, under the pastorate of Sister Patee. Brother D. P. Wolf is pastoring the church at Minot, N. D., since Brother Trager has gone back east. He is reporting victory. Brother Allen, of Triumph, Minn., is sticking to his job. We want, up in this great western country, men that will stay and stick. Last Sunday, May 17th, we were with Brother Prine, at Velva, N. D., and he is coming on fine. We organized a church out south from Velva, with a membership of eight. Brother Prine has three preaching places now. Came to Duluth, Minn., May 19th, to be with Brother Plumb in his mission. We are planning on a tent meeting here, June 17th to 28th, with Brother Plumb, R. J. Kunze, and Lyman Brough, evangelists. We are looking forward to a blessed victory for our God and the salvation of many souls. Expect to be here over Sunday, preaching in the mission, thence to Fergus Falls, Minn., until June 8th. Let us pray much and look forward to the Sawyer camp, July 5th to 19th.

LYMAN BROUGH, Dist. Supt.

MISSISSIPPI

Our meeting closed Sunday night, May 18th, which was the fourth Sunday of the meeting. The Lord was present to bless in every service. Many were in the altar, and a goodly number found the Lord, either in pardon, reclamation or sanctification. The meeting was conducted by Rev. W. P. Jay, I. D. Farmer, and workers. We feel that we have gained a victory here for our cause, as this was the first holiness meeting to be held there. We are to return this fall and hold another meeting for them in the large courthouse. Our work-

TELEGRAM

OAKLAND, CAL.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

A great assembly. We deeply regretted the absence of Dr. Walker. H. E. Miller was elected District Superintendent. He ably presided during the assembly. Every department well represented showing increase in nearly every one. More than met apportionments. A spirit of harmony prevailed. Closed with salvation flowing.

GEORGE J. FRANKLIN.

ers divided at this place, Brother Jay going with his band to Columbus, Miss., for a meeting, and Brother Sanders and myself to Haulka, Miss. Both will be tent meetings. We are so glad that we stayed at Houston four weeks, for the last week of the meeting was the best. If any of the people want a meeting, don't be afraid to call Brother Jay, and he will stay for victory. We took twenty-four subscriptions to the HERALD OF HOLINESS. May God bless the paper! If any young man would like to join our band as organist and singer, please write to me.

I. D. FARMER, Dist. Supt.

DALLAS

Just in from Milano, Chesterville, and Batson. The meeting at Batson was a hard pull from start to finish, and as far as visible results but little was done. Brother Pierce did his best for the meeting, and I believe God will take care of His Word. Brother White is moving on with his work at Milano, Pin Oak, and Oak Hill. Will remain at home over the Commencement, and then to Denison for our Preachers' Meeting, May 28th to 31st. Let all come who possibly can do so. Am glad to say, notwithstanding rains, mud, and the devil, God still gives victory.

W. F. DALLAS, Dist. Supt.

PITTSBURGH

The Assembly closed in a blaze of glory. Rev. A. D. Buck preached from the text, "Ye are yet carnal." After the sermon the altar was soon filled, with some at the front seat. There were about twenty-five professions of either pardon or purity. This has been one of the best Assemblies the writer has ever been in. We go to our fields of labor with renewed strength to push the battle for God and souls.

N. B. HERBELL, Dist. Supt.

ECHOES FROM THE NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

Everything went off quickly and sweetly during the entire session.

A motion was passed that Dr. Breese be returned to our eastern Assemblies next year, if it be those in power 'cap do so.

While all expressed their pleasure in the unity and sweetness in all of the deliberations of the Assembly, they desire to see a greater evangelistic and revivalistic tone at the next Assembly.

While there is much business, and important business, that must be attended to at our District Assemblies, still we must insist that we can not get along without Pentecostal power falling upon the Assembly, that shall give us seeking souls at all of our evening services. This is indispensable to us as a holiness body.

One of the blessed features about the New England Assembly, is to see the white-haired veterans of the cross. May God spare these aged saints to many years in active service!

The church entertaining the Assembly did everything in their power for the comfort of all the delegates.

Pastor Nerberry was made press reporter of the Assembly, and will try to give the readers of the HERALD OF HOLINESS most of the important news items.

There were about six visiting preachers to the New England Assembly, aside from our general superintendent, Dr. E. F. Walker.

The Publishing Interests and HERALD OF HOLINESS had the right of way, as did all the other interests.

One of the many good qualities our general superintendent, Rev. P. F. Bresee, possesses as a good moderator, is that of expediting the matters of an Assembly. He allows no time to go to waste.

The face of Sister Bresee was inspiring to the people of the Assembly. We hope God will spare her life to be with the Doctor at our next Assembly in Malden.

Dr. Haynes was welcomed by the Assembly. He did well in presenting the work of the Publishing Interests. He preached the closing sermon of the Assembly.

Pastor Norberry had Dr. Haynes and our brother, Evangelist W. E. Shepard, to preach for him on Assembly Sunday.

There were no complaints and no murmurings heard from any preacher's lips, over any disappointments, as they went to their new appointments.

Dr. Fowler's sermon Sunday afternoon was a masterpiece. The differences our brother showed between the temptations of the unsanctified and the sanctified Christians were clear, logical, convincing, reasonable, and scriptural.

General Superintendent Walker was warmly received at the Assembly, and his words of counsel from time to time were heartily appreciated. He came to the Assembly directly from Scotland, and brought us greetings from the Pentecostal (Nazarene?) folks across the sea.

Thanks to the Malden and Lynn churches for their kind invitations for the Assembly to be held at their churches in 1915. The Assembly voted to go to Malden next year.

Former District Superintendent Fogg was at the Assembly. Our brother is doing evangelistic work at the present time, but has not lost his interest in the pastors and their charges.

Rev. P. C. Thatcher, son of Rev. O. C. Thatcher, who has been preaching with the Methodists for some years, is now "one of us," and has taken up work at Leicester, Vt.

Brother Beers begins his work as associate pastor to Pastor Riggs, at our Lowell church, as soon as he can. Brother Beers will give his entire time to the ministry to which he feels God has called him. But he will continue his business for some weeks to come.

Sister Cassie Smith has left New England to look after her work in Ocean Grove, N. J.

Several of our deaconesses were in charge of the Young People's Meeting at the Emmanuel church, the last night of the Assembly, and left good results behind them.

Sad news comes to us of the death of Rev. J. W. Manning, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Brother Manning was a good friend to our Pentecostal church at that place. He will be greatly missed.

Sister Mary Woodbury, of Southhampton, Mass., was unable to be at the Assembly this year. Her character was passed and her relations were continued. Sister Woodbury is one of the "old guard."

Evangelist Greenwood is having good crowds in his meetings at Columbus, Ohio. He is there laboring in connection with the railway men under the Y. M. C. A.

Dr. William McDonald, son of the late Rev. William McDonald, is one of the professors at the Brown University, Providence, R. I. His father was for many years the president of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness, and editor of the *Christian Witness*.

Pastor Brown, of our Danielson church, raised nearly \$300 last year for his church debt. Let all our pastors do what they can to clear their church mortgage off our churches this Assembly year.

Now that we have opened up a work in that large city of Worcester, Mass., why not some persons help our District Superintendent Washburn to open up a work in that other Queen City—Springfield Mass.? We ought to have a good flourishing church in that great city by the next District Assembly.

After the Assembly, what? To go back to our church refreshed to do better work for God and lost souls. More revivals! More power! More glory on us! More and greater victories! More churches! More church members added to our numbers! More church mortgages lifted! More of the real unction and power of the Holy Ghost in our lives and ministry! Let us have "much more" on every line.

A committee of preachers were appointed by the Assembly to see what steps may have to be taken to make the Portsmouth Campmeeting our New England District Campmeeting. They will

The GREAT Song-Book

"Canaan Melodies"

Arthur F. Ingler

Editor

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Contributing Editor

Those who have seen "Canaan Melodies" are delighted with it. It is a delightful surprise to many to find such a strong collection of songs.

Yes, it is a holiness song book, and really has songs which emphasize the "second blessing."

As Others See It

The following card from a well-known holiness evangelist shows how it appears to those who are competent to judge it by its merits:

Lincoln, Neb., May 28, 1914.

Just received the copy of "Canaan Melodies." IT IS FINE. You have made a fine selection. Give my compliments to the compilers. It will surely have a large demand.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. PRESCOTT.

P. S.—Send me 100 copies by express.

The round note edition is ready and the shaped note edition is in preparation. We expect to have it ready before June 1st.

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consider other camps if they are open for such a proposition.

This scribe appreciated the very kind words spoken in public and private at the Assembly to him for the "Notes and Personals" of this department.

"KEEP ON BELIEVING."

General Church News

SALISAW, OKLA.

We closed our meeting near Wapanucke, and came on to Stuart for three services. Three souls prayed through. We came on here to assist the Nazarene pastor, Brother Savage, in a meeting at Price's chapel. God gave us a good meeting; several prayed through. Brother Savage is one of our best pastors. While he is a young preacher, and this is his first pastoral charge, he has the confidence not only of his own folk but is gaining the confidence of others, who are beginning to see that holiness is not fanaticism. We are now in the Methodist church here, and the interest is good. Several came forward for prayer the first service.—L. H. RITZER.

OWENSBORO, KY.

I am here to open the battle with Rev. W. Dugins, pastor of our Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, so pray for us that God may give real victory.—B. T. FLANERY.

GARND ISLAND, NEB.

Just a few lines from this hard battleground. Hard in the first place because of its twenty-four

saloons; secondly, because of much utter disregard for the Sabbath; and thirdly, because of prejudice against "them holiness people." Pleased to say, however, that patient, consistent holiness is gradually winning its way. We are facing a serious situation at present, for the church building which we have rented must soon be given up and suitable quarters in our section of the city can not be secured. We have the entire northwest section of the city, practically, to ourselves—a good sized territory. To give this up would be a sad mistake. We don't intend to do so, but are praying to the Captain to lead us on, and the prayer takes definite form—we must have a new building. Already we are formulating plans, but for our little flock alone to undertake the financial burden will be too great. Outside help must be solicited. Some help will be secured here, but we shall also appeal to our friends at large. In a word, God has blessed us this year with souls at the altar for pardon and purity. I am informed that we have the largest Sunday school on the district. We must not let these future Nazarenes slip from us, and fear is entertained that they will unless we get suitable quarters soon.—C. E. RYDER, Pastor.

WICHITA, KAN.

Sunday was a very gracious day. Since the Assembly the Lord has provided us with a nice 28 x 44 ft. wooden tabernacle to worship in. Sunday we had a hallelujah march and raised enough money to pay off the note which lifts all indebtedness from the building. The sermon was blessed of the Lord and the services sealed with the return of a backslider. Two souls were saved at the service in the afternoon at the Rescue Home, and the Russellites stirred at the night service. We are now on the skirmish line preparing for the coming Assembly. Let us pray the Lord to give us a precious outpouring at the Assembly.—J. H. ESTES, Pastor.

JASPER, ALA.

Just closed a ten days' revival with Rev. S. E. Galloway in charge, a man of God, who preaches with power and the demonstration of the spirit. As a whole we had a good revival. For the first few days we had sweeping victory and souls were saved and sanctified. Owing to inclement weather the latter part of the meeting was hindered. We feel that the church has been strengthened, work built up, and West Jasper church is beginning to stretch herself and rub her eyes from a long spiritual drowsiness. We are a thousand paces up the road from where we were when I first came here, August 16th. The attendance has increased from a mere handful to a large tabernacle well nigh filled. The West Jasper Nazarene school closed May 6th, with high honors, after running the full nine months. We have a new church building proposition on foot, and expect to begin the excavations in a few days.—A. J. PARRETT, Pastor.

FROM EVANGELIST J. E. BATES

The meeting in the Nazarene church at Malden, Mo., was a hard-fought battle. We had considerable trouble with the devil. He seems to have changed his tactics some since we went there one year ago. But we had some fine services. Four people prayed through to victory, and I am praying God to help them stand. I am now in a fine meeting at Piedmont. We have a nice new church nearly completed. The flock is being shepherded by Brother A. J. Mitchell, and God is with them. We are trying to lay a foundation for larger things here, that we will speak of later. God is with us. Large crowds, deep interest, and some salvation work already.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The first of a series of monthly all-day meetings was held Friday, May 15th, in the Bedford Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Manhattan Ave., corner Ainslie St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The morning service, 11 to 12, was devoted to prayer, and surely "Heaven came down our souls to greet while glory crowned the Mercy Seat." In the afternoon, Rev. J. C. Bearse, of John Wesley Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, gave the word; the blessed Lord watered and refreshed our souls as he delivered the message. The evening service was in charge of our pastor, Rev. John Caldwell, who gave the word with power. The next all-day meeting will be held Friday, June 9th. Morning service, 11 to 12, devoted exclusively to prayer for the work in the neighborhood. The afternoon service, 2:30 to 4, will be in charge of Rev. S. A. Sands, pastor of Woodmen Methodist Episcopal church, who will also give the message. Sister Julia Gibson, returned missionary from India, will give a talk on India in the evening. We are expecting a great day.—LOUIS B. REED, Clerk.

ON THE WING

Dr. Bresee's Interesting Summary of the Work of the Church in the East



New York District Assembly

The New York Assembly met in Utica Avenue church, Brooklyn. Rev. J. A. Ward had served this church for seven years, and felt it best for him to change, and had so notified his church board. Considerable pressure seemed to be brought upon him to continue, but he felt led to go elsewhere. The church has grown and been strengthened during his pastorate. The last two years he has been also district superintendent, and has given much time and service to it. He was convinced that the district should have a man who could give his whole time to it; that such superintendency and aggressive work can not be done and a man at the same time serve a church as pastor. As he felt especially called to the pastorate, he declined to be considered for district superintendent. Brother Marvin was elected by the nearly unanimous vote of the Assembly, who will probably devote his time and strength entirely to it. This is a necessity for success. The Assembly was excellent and the outlook for the future is for still greater things. Brother W. E. Shepard, here again, greatly helped by his ministry of the Word.

New England District Assembly

The New England Assembly is one of the largest Assemblies of the church. There is a fine mingling of age—old and young, in its ministry, and its membership seem full of enthusiasm. There was a large amount of routine business and some very important general affairs to be looked after, but alertness and close attention to business enabled the Assembly to get through on good time. The anniversaries were excellent and effective. New England is especially awake to the importance of our great connectional interests. Miss Snider, who arrived from Japan during the session, and to whom the Assembly gave hearty welcome, spoke at the Missionary Anniversary with much interest, and Dr. Walker, who had just arrived from Scotland, threw his almost matchless strength and enthusiasm into it. The interest of the Educational Anniversary very properly gathered around the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, which is situated among them, and located at North Sicutante, but a few miles from Providence, where the Assembly was held. Miss Curry, who had been connected with the school during the last few months, and Miss Winchester, who had just returned from Scotland, where she had been in service for a time, to take charge of the theological department of the Institute, were the earnest and enthusiastic speakers and expressed large expectations for the school.

Publishing House Anniversary

The Anniversary of the Publishing Interests aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Brother Peavey and Dr. Haynes were the principle speakers, and the representatives of the various leading Sunday schools pledged to try to raise their full quota of the money necessary to pay off the debt on the Publishing House property, several naming amounts—some \$100, some \$50, some \$25, and others less, but still as great for them. These people appreciate something of the great necessary work the Publishing House is undertaking, and that it is the church's work and business, carried on by her, and not by any private parties, and they are determined to make it as greatly effective as possible. No Assembly is more entirely determined or more pleased with the church's arrangements in reference to this, than New England. General Superintendent Walker, who could tarry but a few days, was enthusiastically received, as was the editor of the HERALD OF

Again, accompanied by my wife—as I am not, seemingly, yet old enough to travel alone—we have been permitted to attend our eastern Assemblies. We left Los Angeles April 6th.

Had a joyful meeting at Deming, N. M., with a number of our people who had gathered at the depot to greet us. Though strangers, they impressed us as the kind of people who make churches and build empires. Their greeting was as from those long loved, and the thrill of joy was such as is only felt by the Children of the Kingdom.

At El Paso we were met by our sturdy missionary, Brother Athans, with whom we tarried for twenty-four hours, speaking at night at our Spanish mission—he interpreting—and then being taken quickly in an auto to the English-speaking holiness mission, where Brother and Sister Cagle were holding evangelistic meetings, and preaching for them. There seemed considerable interest in both of the services. The Spanish mission hall was filled and a good degree of interest manifest. At the English-speaking meeting there was a good attendance and a good general rally at the altar after the sermon. The few holiness people in El Paso seem to be mostly in different churches where there is little or no hope for doing anything. They have been driven to this effort, but there did not seem a great amount of enthusiasm or united expectancy. There are some earnest souls and we hope that the meetings in progress may help the work and bring something to pass.

Our Church and Publishing House at Kansas City

At Kansas City, we met with the Executive Committee of the Foreign Missionary Board, which for two days looked into and cared for the various interests. Sabbath was a precious day. Dr. Matthews, who had recently received the blessing of full salvation, was holding a series of meetings. His humble, earnest spirit and able presentation of the truth was winning its way. We earnestly pray that his fine promise will be fulfilled. We were deeply grieved at the serious illness of Brother Cochran, our excellent pastor there. We had the privilege of visiting him and found him in victory and hope.

The Publishing House was overflowing with work. This is and must be more and more the great center of the church life. Its heart throbs are already felt around the world, and as the church provides the necessary means for its rapid development, its influence and power for good will be incalculable. Let us praise God, pray heaven down, provide the money, and obey the forward command to largest conquests.

Washington-Philadelphia District Assembly

From here, in thirty-eight hours, we were in Philadelphia, where we were met by Brother Chambers, pastor of our church in Camden, N. J., and were conducted by him across the Delaware river—which seems to be the line between the two cities—to Camden, the seat of the Washington and Philadelphia Assembly. This was well attended, harmonious, and spiritual. It was held in Wiley Methodist Episcopal church, a commodious edifice which was kindly placed at our disposal, the pastor and people rendering every courtesy, which will not soon be forgotten. Rev. H. G. Trumbauer, the district superintendent, has wrought during the past year with great wisdom and patience, envied by peculiar difficulties, but has led on to unity, spiritual triumph, and victory, and he was re-elected with great unanimity. The Assembly was regarded as, in every way, the best they have ever had. Business was well attended to, and there were great tides of blessing and salvation. Conventionality does not rule among these people, but the fire falls and they shout their way through. The ministry of the Word by Brothers Ruth and Shepard was effective and appreciated.

HOLINESS, Dr. Haynes. Miss Snider was welcomed with peculiar tenderness and love—as one of their own children—coming as she did from such peculiar sacrifice and service in Japan, with broken health, but dauntless spirit. It would be timely to say much of the heroes of this Assembly. None of the Pilgrim Fathers surpass them, but of this cup our brethren everywhere drink. Dr. C. J. Fowler received loving welcome, and preached ably on Sabbath afternoon. Our New England brethren especially love and honor him.

Pittsburgh District Assembly

The Pittsburgh District Assembly convened in Pittsburgh, in the beautiful church on Mount Washington, of which Rev. J. H. Norris has been the pastor from the beginning. The people were considerably perturbed because of their pastor's election to the presidency of the Illinois Central Holiness University. The matter of his successor has not been definitely settled. All may agree as to the necessity of changes, but even then they can not be made without pain. There will be much prayer for Brother Norris' great success in his new work. The district superintendent, Brother Herrell, was unanimously re-elected. He has done a good work and had matters well in hand. The work of the Assembly was done with dispatch, in harmony and love. There had been a good advance in the churches, and seven new churches added. The anniversaries were good, large emphasis being given to the work of the Publishing Interests, the editor of the HERALD OF HOLINESS, Dr. Haynes, meeting with an enthusiastic reception. All of these Districts are doing increasingly well in the missionary work.

Taking everything together, the work has never before been in so satisfactory a condition in these Districts as now. One of the most hopeful things is the increased unity and loyalty to the whole work of the church. Any narrow vision of individual church life has been swallowed up in the brightness of the larger possibility of the whole.

Side Lines

It was our privilege to spend twenty-four hours between the New York and New England Assemblies, at Hartford, Conn. Mr. F. E. Sherman, of Los Angeles, who is helping to plant our church in this city, had requested us to visit it and look in upon the work, and at the same time meet his mother who resides here. Brother Dixon returned to this city from the University at Pasadena about two years ago, beginning work here soon after. He has a fine mission, in which I had the privilege of preaching, into which he has gathered some fine people, and which seems to be a real center of power. He expected to organize it into a church soon. He hopes to secure suitable church property. It was in this interest that Brother Sherman especially desired me to see the work, as he expects to help in this matter. Hartford is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen in America and I trust that our church here may be a great center of holy fire.

Between the New England and Pittsburgh Districts, a few days of respite had been arranged for, when we might look again upon the scenes amid which we first opened our eyes, where were the first experiences which memory recalls, where childhood was spent and heavenly grace first tasted. We visited again the home of earliest childhood, went again into the chamber where the baby bed was made, where a mother's face waited so near in prayer. We strolled again together where our youthful feet had trod, waited again beside the springs and under the pines, and went again to the old parlor and stood in the same place where fifty years and more ago we plighted our vows, and agreed that we would be glad to start for another half century of life together. We rejoiced in the grace and blessings of all these years, and that our eyes are not dim nor our strength abated, but that we can still go forth to the holy war.

JONESBORO, LA.:

I am glad to report to the sanctified family and friends scattered through New York, of my safe arrival at Jonesboro, La., my present field of labor. The Lord gave us a pleasant trip by the steamship Artilles, arriving in New Orleans, whence we traveled by rail to our new charge. We met a clean band of Nazarenes extending to us a cordial welcome. Since our arrival, God has given us three seekers for salvation and one for the blessing. We are now holding special services and believing for great results. We seem to fit into the place, and with a godly superintendent, as Brother Leckie, we see no reason for not doing some good for the Master.—C. KIRBY.

CORSICANA, TEXAS

We are here preaching full salvation. We came here from Hester, Okla., where we had been engaged as pastor for one and one-half years. We are with Rev. Eugene Hudnall, and will start a campaign in town soon. We are expecting to hold three or four tent meetings in Corsicana before we enter other fields. We ask all the brethren passing through to stop with us and give us a call. We are expecting great things from the Lord. We especially ask the prayers of the entire family in behalf of the work here. Opposition is great, but God is on the throne.—S. C. PRITCHETT.

FROM DR. W. B. PINSON

I have just returned from a trip through Oklahoma; had a glorious time with the saints at Caddo, Ada, and Kingston. I found the pastors at each place with heart, mind, and hands, full of labors, and many of God's brightest jewels as members of our great church, faithful in the work of the Master. I am glad to be able to inform the saints that Mrs. W. B. Pinson will travel with me this summer, and we will have the pleasure of evangelizing together. We would be glad to communicate with those wishing meetings anywhere in the United States. We are free to go where we feel led of the Holy Ghost in the great work of the salvation of immortal souls. Many old friends of the south, north, and east, will remember Mrs. Pinson as the wife and co-laborer of Dr. David Tasker, her former husband, who passed to his reward July, 1909. Any one wishing to write me, can address all communications to Box 131, Peniel Texas. I have nothing but words of praise and highest esteem for the HERALD OF HOLINESS.

MINDEN, NEB.

The Lord's work prospers in Atlanta. We have a small band of as dear and faithful souls as can be found in many places. God's blessings are upon us. He is keeping us in love and blessed fellowship, answering our prayers and putting conviction on the unsaved, and saving and restoring some. Our district superintendent was with us last Sabbath, holding services Saturday night and Sunday night. The communion service Sunday was one of melting power. At night one soul came to the altar and found peace by believing.—A. C. HOLLAND, *Pastor*.

KEENE, N. H.

God is with us. Sunday, May 17th, was a blessed day. God wonderfully used our pastor, Brother Jones, in preaching from Mark 13:37 to a full house in the evening. There was deep conviction on the meeting. Interest is increasing, and we are believing for victory.—SCRIBE.

PATCHOGUE, L. I.

We arrived at this beautiful Long Island town and received a warm welcome from the Pentecostal Nazarenes. On Tuesday, the 12th, they gave us a reception, and after a pleasant evening spent in song and prayers, said good-night, leaving a lot of good things behind them. The work looks encouraging. The Sunday school shows a healthy growth over last year. God is blessing, souls are seeking, and victory is ours.—C. A. RENEY.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

Our beloved district superintendent, Brother B. H. Haynie, has just paid our little church at Pleasant Ridge a visit, which proved a great blessing to the entire community. Many who had been standing out against the doctrine of holiness, were brought into sympathy with our work. Great conviction was on the people, and a goodly number prayed through to victory. Two were added to the church. Brother Haynie won the hearts of the people, and we are looking forward for greater things in the future.—L. L. ISAACS.

BUCKLIN, KAN.

We just closed a meeting at Ensign, Kan., where Brother Hipple is pastor. We had the privilege

The Passing of "Jim" Pierce

J. T. UPCHURCH

Rev. Jas. W. Pierce was born in Cook county, Texas, in 1866. He was converted at the age of eleven, but backslid through the influence of associates and was reclaimed some years later. At the age of twenty he was married to Miss Zuella Brown. In his twenty-first year he cast his first vote and cast it for prohibition. After being reclaimed he became an active member of the church, and at the close of three of the very best years of his religious life he was sanctified wholly, March 25, 1898. To his last moment on earth he was an uncompromising advocate of holiness as a second work of divine grace. For several years after being sanctified he traveled as a song evangelist, and was always ready with his life and money to push the cause of Christ. His call to the ministry sent him with the "sweet gospel story" into some twenty states, and wherever he went the people knew a man had been there who believed in the old-time gospel of full salvation.

For some nine years he pastored the holiness church at Ryan, Okla., which later became the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of that place. Some three years ago he fell in the pulpit at Vashti, Texas, while holding their campmeeting. Last year, at the Berachah Anniversary he received a stroke of paralysis and became almost helpless, but, notwithstanding that fact he struggled on, and did his best to push the work of holiness.

Being as honest as he knew how to be himself, he despised shams and hypocrisy and always denounced crookedness with such scathing words as to make the wicked tremble in his presence.

He passed from this world Sunday, May 10th, at 3:00 a. m., in the sanitarium at Norman, Okla., and the funeral was conducted from the Nazarene church in Ryan, Okla., by the pastor and this writer. The house was crowded with representative people of the town and many from other communities. Complying with his request we held a song and testimony service after which this writer preached from the text: "Follow peace with all men and holiness without which no man shall see God." The Spirit was present, and at the conclusion of the sermon two persons knelt by the casket to seek the Lord.

Among those who are left to mourn his departure are his wife and several boys, four of whom are quite young.

Those of us who have been blessed by his ministry will sympathize with his family in the great loss they have sustained, but, friends, we must do more than that, we must help Sister Pierce and the children in a material way, for Brother Pierce spent his life and money freely for the cause of God, and actually wore himself out preaching the gospel which is so dear to our hearts.

The last months of his life were spent in suffering, and in the struggle for life he consumed about all he had, which left his family in straightened circumstances. Please read the first chapter of James and ask God to help you measure up to the standard of "Pure and undefiled religion," then send your offering at once to Mrs. James W. Pierce, Ryan, Okla.

of seeing a goodly number pray through, either being saved or sanctified. This is a place where the rule is not excepted, that the Nazarenes are the most spiritual people in town. We found some real saints of God at Ensign, and they love the truth. This meeting was not held without disappointment. The third day of the meeting Brother Hipple was called away by the death of his father, and was not able to return till after the meeting had closed. But God helped us to get under it with all our strength, and, thank God, He honored His word. While being away from the work at Bucklin, Sisters Ruth, Rollins and Hipple preached for me, and truly their ministry was blessed of God. Our faith is in God and we are believing for greater things.—R. S. BALL.

PASADENA, CAL.

The work at the First Church, Pasadena, is moving on to victory. We have received fourteen good members into the church since our recent revival with Rev. Bud Robinson. The Lord is

giving us precious souls along the way, for which we praise Him. We never enjoyed salvation more and loved the Lord better than we do right now.—A. O. HENRICKS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MEXICAN CHURCH

We are very sorrowful for the terrible conditions that exist in our nation. Yet, we rejoice in the confidence we have that God is working out a plan through which light, life, and liberty, through the gospel, shall be the possession of those who have so long dwelt in darkness, and we make haste in preparation for our part in God's plan for Mexico. God is blessing us in salvation. Russelism, anarchism, and every other "ism" contrary to our gospel, must bow before the power of Him who is mighty, to save our people. We have recently licensed a young Mexican, through whose efforts a new Mexican work has been started in Pasadena. At a recent meeting three sought salvation through the blood. In the last two months we have had about forty seekers at our altar, a number of whom have been really saved. We covet the earnest prayers of our church for Mexico in this time of her great need.—MRS. M. McREYNOLDS.

EAST HUTCHINSON, KAN.

We just closed a successful meeting in East Hutchinson, where nearly thirty souls knelt at the altar. God poured out His spirit and made it easy to preach and to pray. I was assisted by J. C. Walker in the preaching, and R. H. Parker rendered valuable service in song. Both are faithful advocates of the whole gospel. I go next to Marquette, Kan., for a meeting.—CHAS. F. CRITES.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

SUNNYSIDE CHURCH

How we praise God for every victory won in Jesus' name, for the upbuilding of His kingdom! We have had a hard pull this year, but the Lord has given us tokens of His approval. Of late both pastor and people have been blessed and edified through the ministry of some of God's faithful ones. Miss Laura E. Wallace, one of our Nazarene University teachers, gave us a Sunday, bringing the message both morning and evening. A band of University students gave us an all-day meeting, April 19th. It was a day of much blessing, one that we shall not soon forget. Miss Edith Van Dusen, matron of Elida Orphanage, of Ashville, N. C., spent the month of April with us, and was made a great blessing. Miss Van Dusen was an old schoolmate of the writer. The last Sunday she was with us, she was invited to speak in the Methodist Episcopal church. Our church united with them in the service, and we had a very profitable time. We are closing up our work with this people. Our address for the present will be Los Angeles, Cal., Route 4, Box 507.—LAURA A. HOBSON, *Pastor*.

SANTA ANA, CAL.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory," is the expression of many happy hearts in the Church of the Nazarene, in Santa Ana. God is marvelously answering prayer. Things are coming to pass. Sunday, May 10th, was a remarkable day indeed. Our district superintendent, W. C. Wilson, preached both morning and evening, and Rev. George Teel preached in the afternoon. At the close of the morning meeting the Holiness church in this city was received into our church, becoming one with us. A fine class of people, Spirit-filled and in blessed fellowship with the work here. They bring with them also their church property, valued at between \$1,800 and \$2,000. This means much added strength to the Nazarene work in this city. All through the year the church has been steadily growing; souls have been saved; a number have been received into the church, and the Sunday school almost doubled in numbers. Our faith looks up for still greater things in the coming days.—EDWARD M. HUTCHENS, *Pastor*.

MERIDIAN, TEXAS

Our meeting with Brother and Sister Irick was great. For days the battle went on, the enemy contesting every inch of the ground, but our God gave victory. A goodly number found the Lord either in pardon or purity. A cyclone wrecked the church and courthouse and several other buildings and blew down the tent, twice. But great crowds came, the largest that have gathered here. The finances were all provided for, the evangelists, the Orphanage and Rescue Home, and incidentals, and at least the debt that was due on the church came without an effort of taking an offering. We are expecting a great year on all our work this year.—J. W. BOSE, *Pastor*

CHENEY, WASH.
GREEN SCHOOL HOUSE

Our little band of Nazarene workers, organized in March by Clyde T. Dilley, are still holding on to Jesus with the crown in sight, and will march on to victory by the grace of God. The people here have been wonderfully blessed in having for our pastor William S. Rice, a man greatly blessed with power from on high in winning souls for the Master. Now that the work is well started here, he feels called to new fields, and while we feel keenly his departure, our prayers and heartfelt wishes go with him and his good wife, wherever they may be in the work of our blessed Redeemer. May His infinite love and mercy be round about and over them is our prayer!—ELIZABETH LOCKHEAD.

MONTEAGLE, TENN.

Jesus continues to bless our work. On the first Sunday in May, Brother Mooney, of Roark's Cove, was with us and preached some strong sermons. The second day was a blessed one at Cowan. We baptized two young converts, Brother Farris and Brother Hill, and took Brother Hill into the church. A large crowd witnessed the baptizing, among them saints from Dechard, Winchester, and elsewhere. The Cowan work continues on fire for God. As they give to foreign missions, God adds to that church those that are being saved. A more loyal, zealous flock I never saw. We expect great times there this year. On the third Sunday in May we held an all-day rally at Beulah, five miles from Dechard, where God richly blessed us. Brothers Turner and Tucker brought us two splendid sermons, while the saints praised God. We expect to have some special services at Monteagle soon, so please pray for us. On July 1st Brother John B. Golin will hold a tent meeting. When we came here, the devil said that the holiness work was dead, but instead, the work is growing.—R. H. FUSSELL.

WAELDER, TEXAS

In February our little church was organized by Revs. C. C. Cluck and Sam Bozarth, with twenty-two charter members. Since then we have built another Nazarene church, and God has blessed us by providing the means to build with. Our beloved district superintendent, William E. Fisher, was with us on the 16th and 17th, dedicating our church. He preached some fine sermons. We had also the pleasure of meeting and receiving our pastor, Brother Blevins. We are proud of our shepherd, and pray that God may keep him filled with the Holy Ghost. Brother Blevins preached Sunday evening and four souls prayed through to victory. At five o'clock Sunday evening Brother Blevins baptized six persons.—VANNIE HILL.

MARINETTE, WIS.

Sunday, the 17th of May, was a blessed day because God so wonderfully poured His spirit upon a little company of His children. Eight years ago I knelt at the mourners' bench in a school house in Sawyer, North Dakota, and while Rev. Lyman Brough and a number of holiness people prayed, God forgave my sins. After a time He also cleansed my heart. Coming back to this place, I was given work in the Sunday school, and was afterwards elected superintendent and Bible-class

teacher, but did not join that church. I organized an interdenominational Sunday school at Porterfield, about four miles from our home, about a month ago, but the teacher, a Catholic, complained, and the school board closed us out. I heard that Superintendent Thomas would be at Oconto on the 12th, and with Brother Otto Matz planned to go and hear him. We wrote to him about this place, and the result was that he came here for four nights. Yesterday Brother Blackman and wife spent the day with us. I cannot express my gratitude for these dear friends, for the uplift they have brought to us. Brother Blackman's letter will tell you about the prospect of organizing a church here.—F. C. VOELKER.

FROM EVANGELIST FRED ST. CLAIR

We sure had a time in Visalia. Scores were saved and sanctified. A new church was organized. I took eleven subscriptions for the HERALD of HOLINESS. I preached to crowds ranging from 125 at the beginning, to 500 at the close. Never saw it on this wise in Northern California. Rev. Charles Smith is our new pastor, and he is a hustler. Our splendid new district superintendent, Brother Miller, started the work, preaching ten days, and then I preached twenty-four. My address: 2318 Webster St., Berkeley, Cal.

"WITHOUT SPOT OR WRINKLE"

The Lord called, led, and opened up our way to come to Marysville, about two years ago. We were not here long before was revealed the fact that members of the little church were following a wrong standard; that come-out-ism, prejudice against their own church name, "independence," coldness, and direct rebellion and opposition, marked their experience. Especially one was a real enemy to the Nazarene church; a come-outer and fanatic, running with the tongues missions, and teaching that we are saved and cleansed all at the same time, but the "filling" comes afterward. He was directly responsible for the state of affairs we found. He would come and visit nearly every one of the members about once a month, hold meeting in some private house where he had access, many times without our knowledge, and leave a trail of disaster behind him, sowing seeds of discord, openly opposing the onward march of the organized church, and holding up demonstration as a sign of acceptance with God, instead of holy life. All this was a means of deep heart sorrow to us. God would send through us message after message, holding up the true standard, and exposing the false, but which would be met with frowns and rebellion of heart. "I am a Nazarene by name, but not in heart," was openly declared, and actions proved it, even louder than words. About eighteen months of faithfully standing by the Word of God, He laid upon our hearts a week of prayer, and He came to our rescue. How we were enabled to wrestle mightily before a throne of grace! We knew God must do something, that the condition could no longer go on as it had existed, that a mighty change must take place, and only God could do it. One Friday night we closed a remarkable season and realized a great victory was gained over the enemy. Then in a few weeks, God laid upon our hearts another week of prayer, sometimes praying an hour at

a time and far into the night. These prayer weeks continued from time to time, until there were eight of them. We never saw such marvelous power displayed in prevailing prayer with God. Sometimes the light from heaven was so clear that deceived souls saw their condition uncovered before God, and cried out for deliverance. It seemed the devil had them deluded so long it took all of their determination to become free, and right with the Lord. Even those who were unable to attend the prayer weeks, on account of distance and sickness, saw their condition, and came to the altar on the Sabbath and really got saved, and afterward sanctified. Every member who went down before God, received a clean heart. But four refused to walk in the light, when they found out what it would take to follow the Lord. One was so mixed up with Russellism and tongues that she failed to cut loose, and requested her name taken off the book; another requested the same, when God showed her the narrow way; and two others God made clear must be cut from the congregation. So it became my painful duty to expell two people from the Marysville church. Their example and presence in the church was such that progress was impossible while they were inside, and God made it so clear, that I would have forfeited my own salvation to have disobeyed. So that is why the devil hates organized holiness. He knows that fanaticism, false doctrine, and sin, is "organized" out, and holiness, holy living, and righteousness, is organized in. Glory to the Lamb forever! Now we have a loving, aggressive little band, who have their eyes on Jesus, and who allow nothing to come between them and God. They have called us back for another year, and we expect it to be the greatest year of our life. God has a plan for Marysville, and we are holding on to Him for a mighty outpouring from above, which will mean the salvation of many precious souls.—BROTHER AND SISTER FEE.

FROM EVANGELISTS ALLIE AND EMMA IRICK

It has been our happy privilege to return to this beautiful little city and engage with Rev. J. W. Bost and the loyal, faithful Nazarenes and their many friends. There were many hindrances, some opposition, difficulties not a few, rains, floods, storms, and blown down tents and the like, yet, amid this, the power of God came upon the Word, the workers, and the work, and salvation rolled. Souls were saved, reclaimed, and sanctified. Among them the county tax collector was most gloriously converted. We were treated with great kindness on all sides. At the closing of our campaign, on Sunday noon, we felt much impressed that an indebtedness should be lifted from the church, and remarked that we would be one of ten who would give ten dollars to lift the burden. This was raised in less than five minutes. Great rejoicing followed. A goodly number will come into the church. They urge our return for 1915, but we are much impressed that Rev. C. E. Roberts' band should go next year. Rev. Bost is "a good man full of faith and the Holy Ghost," makes an excellent pastor and the folks love him. Many dear friends of the city and country stood nobly by the meeting. We have opened a tent meeting in Roscoe, Texas. Great victory is in sight. Our next engagement is for Rev. M. J. Guthrie, at Benham, Texas, June 5th to 15th. Our slate for 1915 is filling.—ALLIE AND EMMA IRICK.

NORTH BILLINGS, MICH.

In my last letter to the HERALD of HOLINESS I spoke of starting services in a little log schoolhouse in a byway settlement. After attending services at our little church at North Hope, my wife and I started for the schoolhouse, about five miles distant. As we were driving along, over the sandy road, around hills and ravines, now and then making a short curve to dodge a pine stump or rock, at times we would be in sight of the Tittabawassee river, a beautiful stream with its high banks on either side. As we drove slowly over the rough road, sometimes through long strips of low marshy ground covered with water, the frogs were having a revival all around us. In some places the brush had grown in so close to the road and arched it over, that it made a very pleasant driveway. During this time the writer was thinking of the little log schoolhouse and his congregation and what a wonderful blessing we might receive in that humble little house, surrounded by poplar brush and large black pine stumps, with only two humble little cottages in sight of it. By and by we caught sight of its roof. As we came over a little hill my heart burned within me. I began to feel anxious to see my little crowd. As we drove up to the front of the little building we saw four or five boys sitting outside whitting. I told my companion if that was our crowd we would have a Sunday school

Envelopes for the Church Offerings

PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

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DATE..... AMOUNT.....

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Kansas City, Missouri

anyway. But after hitching our faithful horse to a pole fastened to some posts for the occasion, we went inside and found the seats almost filled with mothers and dear young people. I was sorry to not see more fathers there, but soon two or three men came in, and took seats near the front. The little house was full; probably about thirty-five. Their faces looked as though they had passed through hardships, and on some sin was deeply stamped. When I looked at those men who had shared with me in the hardships of a lumberman's life, and had cut down the forest of green pine which we had driven over on our way there, and how we used to blaspheme the precious name of Jesus, and persecute those who would hold Him up in a crew of wicked lumber-jacks, and then thought how gracious God was to us. One of these dear, old, white-haired men in those days was an infidel and we younger boys would bother him to hear him curse. But now, praise God, his dear, old face was shining with the victory in his soul. I took my singing books from the valise, and passed them around the house. The walls were white-washed and cracks well-filled with plaster. Over the door hung our Stars and Stripes and the walls were decorated with foliage which the children had gathered in the woods near by. A hymn was given out, and all did their best, though we had no choir or organ. We preached from John 3:16. Soon some could be seen wiping their eyes, as their minds were carried back to the cross. How the dear Lord blessed us all! When the altar call was given, a dear old German lady came and poured out her heart to God for deliverance from sin, and He did forgive her. How she did rejoice when she got the witness from above! My heart goes out for those dear people. They are so in earnest and so humble. I love to preach to them, and tell them about our loving Christ and his suffering for us. Well, the news spread over the woods from home to home, of the wonderful meeting, blessed by the Holy Ghost. All came back last Sunday, and some from other neighborhoods and from our little band at North Hope, until the house was filled. The Lord met with us in power, and gave us a glorious service, with good results. May the dear Lord send good holiuess men through North Michigan and bring the sweet messages of the pure gospel that can save the hardest sinner from his wicked ways and clean him up and make him a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.—A. H. LEVELY.

MALDEN, MASS.

Praise the Lord! Our work moves on! Rev. W. E. Shepard, of California, is with us, and he is God's man. If you want an evangelist, try him. Souls are seeking, and we believe for a glorious revival. Prayer will do it. I don't know how it can be done without prayer. Our Sunday school will give \$100 this year for our Publishing House, and I feel sure that New England District will do its part. Nearly half the schools have taken hold already, and let me say to all the others on New England District: Notify the Publishing House at once what you will do this year. Now, all together! We can do wonders!—LEROY D. PEAVEY.

CLINTONDALE, N. Y.

Last night at our regular cottage prayer meeting, we had eight seekers. On our return a short distance from the home where we had the meeting, I heard something dropping around me, and soon something struck my mandolin case. After coming to the light further on I discovered it was an egg. There was not the least particle of stirring up within me; the "old man" is gone. I was satisfied with the night's work, in every way. It is a good thing to have the devil stirred, if we can get him out of our hearts.—EDWARD G. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

WHETSTONE, KY.

We have just returned to Highway, after spending a month with our church at Whetstone, Ky. During this time we took some out-door exercise, and had a good rest and plenty of fresh air and sunshine, all of which was needed after finishing a very busy school year at Highway. While there we preached, held prayer meetings, attended Sunday schools, prayed, sang, and testified, and visited and prayed in the homes. We were blessed and helped and feel that the people were. There are some true Nazarenes at this place. They are handicapped by having to worship in a union church, of which they own part. They see the mistake in helping build such a church. Having to worship in a union church where divers doctrines are preached, it is hard for any department of our church to prosper like it should. We are doing the best we can, and holding on to God that we may be delivered.—L. T. STOVALL, Pastor.

SPARTA, TENN.

Rev. Lige Weaver and Brother Benton Anderson, of Shelbyville, Tenn., came to Sparta on May 7th, and pitched the old gospel on the public square, and went in to a great fight against sin, which lasted for eleven days and nights. Brother Weaver did the preaching. Some few got saved and sanctified. We are very thankful for a few faithful soldiers here who are always ready to work and do their best for God and the lost. We are expecting Brother Bud Robinson here the two last Sundays in August, to hold a meeting, and we wish to ask all the readers to pray for us that we might have a great revival.—G. W. PIRTLE.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Sabbath, May 17th, was "Publishing House Day" with us, on account of Brother Brown desiring to reach this point on his way to the Idaho Assembly, which meets at Troy, Idaho, next Wednesday. We had planned for this at a later date, when we believed it would have been profitable for the cause, as our people are quite heavily burdened just at this time. However, we are glad for this visit, and were pleased to hear Brother Brown report on his trip to the churches. He preached for us very acceptably, and presented the matter of the Publishing House, at the Sabbath school. One hundred mite boxes were taken by the children below the Bible classes. They will have their money in ahead of time, as many of them have made rapid progress on the first day. At the public offering, \$237 was subscribed, besides the \$200 from the pastor and his wife, who had previously sent in this pledge. Others will bring up the offering to \$250. We were happily surprised at breakfast time as the bell rang, to find our dear friend from Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Brother "Railroad" Brown, at the door. He was more than welcome. He had been in attendance at the Southern Pacific Pensioner's Reunion, at San Francisco, and took the opportunity of going farther north and spending a few days in this great northwest. His seventy-five years rest lightly upon him, and the way he hopped around the meeting house in the joy of the Lord at the Sabbath evening service, made one think that he had renewed his youth. The blessing of the Lord was surely upon the people, and every one was made to rejoice in the fullness of the blessing. The pastor preached on "The times in which we live and the ministry required to meet it." Surely the Pentecostal Church has come to the kingdom for such a time as this. "All we need to do is, to keep the fire burning on every heart, and there is nothing that can stand before the saints of God.—CHAS. V. LA FONTAINE, Pastor.

PENIEL, TEXAS

God is blessing the ministry of Brother Gaar, our pastor, and giving souls to shout and shine for Jesus. On his first Sunday this month, at the night service, eight souls prayed through. The next Sabbath not so many prayed through, but the victory was even more wonderful. Two young people at the altar answered the call to preach, and one of them was saved and one sanctified; two young ladies settled the call to the mission field, one to India, the other to China; another young lady was sanctified, and "Mother" Sieber, our matron of the girls' home, testified to her call to rescue work at Arlington. Another young lady was saved the next morning in our cottage prayer meeting.—MAUD BRILHART.

DAYTON, OHIO

Just returned from our Pittsburgh Assembly, where the Lord gave us a glorious time. The Assembly year closed up here with a great day of victory, and souls praying through. District Superintendent Herrell was with us, and his messages were a great blessing to our souls on that day. We have received six more new members since our last writing. We go to Greensboro, N. C., for a few weeks at our old home.—J. W. SHORT.

FROM EVANGELIST R. T. WILLIAMS

Since my last report to the HERALD of HOLINESS, God has wonderfully blessed me in five revivals. The first was at Little Rock, with Jos. W. Speake, pastor of the Nazarene church. God gave us a very precious meeting. A goodly number of souls were saved and sanctified. Several joined the church and about \$1,000 was promised toward the building of a new church. Brother Speake is doing a great work in Little Rock. He knows how to organize and conserve his work. I consider him one of our strongest men in every way. His members are among the best in the movement. From Little Rock I went to Atlanta, Texas, where I was associated with Brother Elliot, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. Brother Elliot was sick in bed most of the time,

but in spite of this serious difficulty, the good Lord gave us a precious meeting, reclaiming, saving and sanctifying quite a few souls. Our next meeting was at Colfax, La., with Brother Lee, who is a precious man of God, and has a royal people to stand by him. The break came here at the last of the meeting. Another week was needed very much, but as our time was promised, we were compelled to close. A number of souls found God, and a nice class was received into the church. It was a great delight to see Sisters Bartlett, Perdue, Wardlow, and Gambal, blessed saints of God, who visited and greatly aided in the meeting. Next, we went to Alba, Texas, with Brother Virgil Fisher, pastor of the Nazarene church. God greatly blessed us in the fight. A few prayed through. Brother Fisher is making us a fine pastor. He is a bright young man, and is destined to be one of our strongest men. We have a class of loyal souls here. Brother Denson, one of our local preachers, was a great help to us, for he is a fine man, full of good works. From Alba, we went to Sodus, La., to be a worker with Rev. J. S. Saunders in conducting a meeting in the Methodist Episcopal church, South, with Rev. S. S. Holliday, pastor. This was a stubborn battle, but the Lord gave a most wonderful meeting. Some said they had had nothing like it in twenty years. Crowds were good and grew larger and larger; interest was fine, attention perfect, and conviction deep. The break came at the end of one week, and from then on through the next week souls prayed through almost every day. I kept no account of the number of professions, but there were some remarkable cases of salvation among whom were two Roman Catholics, who became great soldiers. We go next to Dodd City, Texas, May God bless the HERALD of HOLINESS family!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Our special meetings, held May 5th to 17th, were a success from every standpoint. The attendance was excellent; the preaching powerful in the Spirit; there were thirty seekers at the altar; four joined the church, and the finances came easily. Evangelist W. E. Shepard did the preaching and grew to be much loved by our people. He will do any church good that may engage him. We were pleased to have the editor of the HERALD of HOLINESS, Dr. Haynes, with us two nights in the meeting.—J. T. MATRUBY, Pastor.

ALTUS, OKLA.

Have been at home for the past three weeks on account of sickness. Will soon be ready to enter the field again. My first meeting will be at Idabell, Okla., beginning June 6th, Rev. Coons, pastor. I have one open date between June 21st and July 10th, which I would be glad to give some church in southeastern Oklahoma or Texas. My address after the 25th will be Sherman, Texas.—B. F. PRITCHETT.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

We have just closed the first of a series of tent meetings, which we have planned to hold in different parts of the city. Brother and Sister Dael were the evangelists. The meetings have introduced our church well throughout the neighborhood where the tent was pitched, and will substantially help the growth of our church. It was a great pleasure to work with Brother and Sister Dael again, as we knew them well in Colorado. Brother Dael is improving much in his preaching, and is an earnest, hard-working Spirit-filled evangelist, especially adapted to revival work. His wife carries the burden of souls with him. The greatest demonstration we have had in the reception of members was seen the closing day. There were six in the class, five men and one lady. One of the young men is a member of a large grocery firm and an excellent violinist; another the manager of the Keystone, a leading hotel; another a business man of gifts and experience. There were seekers in almost every service, and quite a number definitely helped. Two men were saved from drink. The services closed with six forward, and most of them prayed through. Brother and Sister Dael will hold another meeting for us in July. Our school is making preparation for the closing exercises of this the fourth year. God is favoring us with an excellent faculty for the next year, and we expect the attendance to be much increased.—ALPINE M. BOWES.

PORTLAND, ORE.

The First Church of the Nazarene is closing the best year in its history. Truly we have much to thank God for! This church is very fortunate in securing the Rev. C. Howard Davis as pastor for the past three years. At a recent meeting he was unanimously called for another year, and has accepted. Every department of the church is in a healthy condition. The Sunday school was never

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H. F. REYNOLDS—Kansas City, Mo.
Residence, 3519 Paseo; Office, 2109 Troost Ave.

E. F. WALKER—Glendora, Cal.

British Columbia District Assembly, Victoria, B. C. June 25-28

Alberta District Assembly, Red Deer, Alta., Can. July 1-5

Edmonton, Alta., (Camp) July 10-19

Dakotas-Montana District Assembly, Surrey, N. D. July 23-28

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

The morning sermon Sunday was preached by the assistant pastor, Rev. J. J. Ballinger, from the text, "God is a Sun." The unction of the Holy One was upon preacher and people. One new member was received into the church. Rev. J. F. Sanders, of Los Angeles, related the story of his life, at the night service, and we caught anew the vision of the love and power of our Christ. One seeker came to the altar. Our congregation is using the new song-book, Canaan Melodies, and are greatly pleased with it.

True and False Religion

Continued from page seven

the masses of people, who do not care for the old-time religion, but are drifting off in search of something they know not what, which they would call a new religion. Paul saw in Athens the inscription "To the unknown God," which would seem to fit the case perfectly in this age.

Oh, we must stand for the whole Bible, and an uttermost salvation from the least and last remains of sin, for all the people, all the time.

It may be necessary in some sense to give our gospel a new setting, and yet we plead for the old Book, the whole Book, and nothing but the inspired Book. Give us the Holy Trinity, the tragedy of the cross, the agony

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S. H. OWENS—Bethany, Okla.

Skedee, Okla. May 23-31

Ponca City, Okla. June 1-4

Blackwell, Okla. June 5-7

Mangum, Reed and Heater, Okla. June 12-24

Lubbock, Texas. June 25-July 5

Comanche, Okla. July 31-Aug. 9

PITTSBURGH
N. B. HERBELL—Olivet, Ill.

Pittsburgh, Pa. May 12-17

Homewood, Pa. May 29-June 10

Dyesville, Ohio. June 12-14

SAN ANTONIO
Wm. E. FISHER—San Antonio, Texas

1811 North Flores Street

Red Rock District Preachers' Meeting, May 27-31

Found's Chapel. June 1-2

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SOUTHEASTERN
W. H. HANSON—Glenville, Ga.

TENNESSEE
J. A. OHENAU—South Tunnel, Tenn.

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835 North Sixteenth St.

WISCONSIN DISTRICT
F. J. THOMAS—Livingston, Wis.

Chicago, Ill., 7035 Prairie Ave. May 28-31

Racine, Wis. June 1-

921 Superior St. June 2-

Milwaukee, Wis. June 2-

729 Muskego St. June 3-

Edgerton, Wis. June 3-

Montford, Wis., tent meeting. June 4-21

and suffering, and all mockings endured by Christ, who gave Himself a vicarious offering for us. "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." "The Jews seek after a sign and the Greeks for wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness."

One great preacher said recently in speaking of the new religion, "If it's true it is not new, and if it is new it is not true," and with this we quite agree.

"Oh give me the old time religion,
Oh give me the joy I can know;
I believe in the old time religion,
Like our fathers received, long ago."

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Most men make friends easily enough; few keep them. They do not give the subject the care, and thought, and trouble it requires and deserves. We want the pleasure of society without the duty. We would like to get the good of our friends, without burdening ourselves with any responsibility about keeping them friends.—HUGH BLACK.

Wall Texts!

We have just received a stock of imported cards with gospel texts, suitable for use in churches, halls, school rooms, or business houses.

The cards are white bristol, size 8 x 15 1/2 inches. The texts are beautifully lithographed in red, green, and gold.

The set consists of six texts, as follows:

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

"Casting all your care upon Him . . . He careth for you."

"This is a faithful saying, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"O Lord, I am oppressed . . . Undertake for me. Underneath are the everlasting arms."

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