

HERALD of HOLINESS

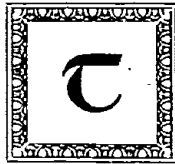
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Prayer and Gratitude



THE relation of thanksgiving to prayer is not as prominent in our thinking as it should be. There is a very vital connection between the two. Not only should the goodness of God lead us to repentance, but His goodness should lead us directly and unerringly to gratitude. Daily, hourly we are filled and surrounded and overwhelmed with the goodness of God streaming through a thousand channels. To be unmindful of the source of these many streams of blessing would put us on a plane with the irrational animals around us who feast and fatten on the bounties of nature with no thought of nature or nature's God.

Moved as we should be and as we must be to continual gratitude for such prodigal beneficences from the hand of our Father, we find in this, His goodness, a reason, a basis, and an inspiration for prayer to Him. Such a beneficent God, a Father of such wonderful and prodigal goodness to His children, can not fail to hear the cry of His child. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

His goodness leads to gratitude, gratitude prepares for and trends us toward prayer to the Father. The apostle combines thanksgiving and prayer very significantly in Philippians 4:11, where he says, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

No people have greater cause for thanksgiving and prayer than Nazarenes. Let our praises and gratitude, however, be given to God. We do not seek or desire a mere spasm of patriotism. The demand upon us is not for a mere spurt of numbering our blessings—material, civic, or what not. Let the state have its jubilation; let politics and parties celebrate to their hearts' content. We shall find no fault with them for all this.

We have a graver business than this. Let this annual occasion turn our minds to God—not to government, not to

parties, not to nature's generous response to agricultural skill. Turn we our thoughts to God in devout gratitude for the gift of His Son, whose blood is a complete remedy for all man's needs, including both his guilt and his pollution. Let our hearts ascend in gratitude to God for a church baptized with fire and committed to the promulgation of this wonderful evangel. Let our gratitude ascend coextensive with the ever-ascending volume of praise and exultation from happy souls as

they gain victory and send forth shouts of glory to a sin-pardoning and a sin-consuming Savior.

And as we praise Him for these, His wonderful blessings, let our praise be mingled with ceaseless prayer for the extension and broadening and deepening of this blessed work of salvation. Pray Him to multiply the agents and agencies for the spread of the light of full salvation the spacious earth around. Pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers that every post may be manned until every kingdom and tongue and people in all the wide world shall hear the great news and have opportunity to accept the offered Christ.

The Fundamental Law of Light Is to Shine

IT IS a fundamental principle in the divine economy of personal salvation that light is to shine. God is light and He shines forth savingly upon a lost race through Christ, and through the Holy Spirit. He saves us, putting His light within us, that we may shine. Hence the command is emphatically, "Let your

light shine." We are to "confess" Him before men. We are to be His "witnesses." "They that loved the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard."

Everything He does for us in the way of salvation we are to confess, let shine, witness to, among the children of men. Suppressing this light of His saving power is perilous in the extreme. Many a soul, by fear of men or cowardice under testing social conditions, has suffered a dulling of his experience, a dimming of his light, and some have even persevered

Translated

IN common with the ministry and membership of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene and numberless friends outside of our church we bow in reverent sorrow at the announcement of the death of our senior General Superintendent, Dr. P. F. Bresee, which occurred on Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock, the 13th inst. A good and great man has gone to his final reward. How difficult it is to get the mind to thinking of the actual death of Dr. Bresee! Yet the stern fact confronts us that the great founder of our church, a man of apostolic faith and force and fervor, is today in the enjoyment of his great reward in the heaven above. He has entered that "Eastern Gate," to wait for the hosts he has left behind while he enjoys the communion and fellowship of the hosts who have outstripped him in years ago.

We said to a friend, as we looked at the grand old man during our General Assembly, "Is it not a pity that he can not live among us for thirty or forty years longer?" We confess such a thought still strives to enter our mind, yet we know such thoughts must be banished and we must look at it in a different light. God doeth all things well. He was so good in giving this great and good man to us so long, and enabling him to do such a mighty work among and for us. We must let our gratitude overcome our surmises and imaginings of the blessing that might have been in such a prolongation of his career. We must bow sweetly to the Father's will.

In all the grief and feeling of bereavement which comes to us, our mind and heart go out to the widow left in her great age in sorrow and loneliness. Let us remember her as the rightful sharer with the Doctor in all the great and manifold work he did in life. Patiently and faithfully and sweetly she went with him and held up his hands, and by ten thousand ministries assisted him in the manifold work and trials and obligations and delicate problems which came to him. Let us remember her in this hour of grief. Let our prayers be for her and the family that God may tenderly guide and keep and bless all in this hour of sorrow.

Next week the HERALD OF HOLINESS will be a memorial number in honor of the lamented Dr. Bresee.

in this refusal to witness until their light has gone out and hope has died, and they have found themselves in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity.

We have a most useful lesson on this point in the experience of Frances Willard, that "Uncrowned Queen of America." We can scarcely mention her name without pausing to pay her a tribute. We were honored in numbering her among our personal friends. We revere our personal associations and correspondence with her as among the most sacred treasures of memory. She occupied our pulpit once in a large down-town city church, of which the writer was pastor. Never shall we forget how she thrilled that crowded audience of fifteen hundred people with her sacred eloquence and matchless power.

In her autobiography she relates definitely her experience of conversion. Some time subsequent to her conversion, we are informed in her autobiography of her seeking and obtaining, the blessing of holiness. She was brought under conviction for holiness by the reading of the "Life of Hester Ann Rogers," the "Life of Carvosso," the "Life of Mrs. Fletcher," "Wesley on Christian Perfection," and Mrs. Palmer's "Guide to Holiness." Dr. and Mrs. Palmer soon after this held a meeting at Evanston, in her home church. Kneeling at the altar, she sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love. She lived, enjoyed, and testified to this sweet experience for quite a while. Receiving a call to the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, New York, as preceptress, she accepted and prepared to go.

A distinguished friend of hers, the Rev. Dr. —, became at this critical moment her tempter and said to her, "Sister Frank, there is a strange state of things at Lima. The Free Methodists have done great harm in western New York by their excesses in the doctrine and experience of holiness. You know I believe thoroughly in and profess it, but just now our church, has suffered so much from the 'Nazaries,' as they are called, that I fear, if you speak and act *in this cause as zealously at Lima as you do here*, it may make trouble. Hold to the experience, but be very careful in statement."

At a Seminary chapel service she attended soon after arriving at Genesee her good friend, Professor —, replied to a student who rose to inquire about holiness; "It is a subject we do not mention here." This corroborated her other friend's admonition and led her to decide to heed their counsel. A fatal mistake was this counsel and it was extremely unfortunate that Miss Willard was misled and sought to be "prudent" in the matter about which she had been advised. She made the vain attempt to keep the experience and withhold her testimony. Hear her own words as she pathetically but eloquently relates the tragic consequences:

"Young and docile-minded as I was, and revering these two great and true men, I 'kept still,' until I soon found I had nothing in particular to keep still about. The experience left me. Since then I have sat at the feet of every teacher of holiness whom I could reach; have read their books and compared their views. I love and reverence and am greatly drawn toward all, and never feel out of harmony with their spirit. Wonderful uplifts come to me as I pass on, clearer views of the life of God in the soul of man. Indeed, it is the *only life*, and all my being sets toward it as the rivers toward the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me; the love of God is steadfast in my soul; the habitudes of a disciple sit more easily upon me; tenderness toward humanity and the lower orders of being increases with the years. In the temperance, labor, and woman questions I see the stirring of Christ's heart; in the comradeship of Christian work my spirit takes delight, and prayer has become my atmosphere. *But that sweet pervasiveness, that heaven in the soul, which I came to know in Mrs. Palmer's meeting, I do not feel. I love too well the good words of the good concerning what I do; I have not the control of tongue and temper that I ought to have. I do not answer to a good conscience in the matter of taking sufficient physical exercise, and the sweet south wind of love has not yet thawed out the ice-cake of selfishness from my breast. But God knows that I constantly lift up my heart for conquest over all these evils, and my life is calm and peaceful. No word of faith in God or love toward man is alien to my sympathy. 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' is the deepest voice out of my soul. Receive it every instant, voluntarily given back to Thyself, and receive it in the hour when I drop this earthly mantle that I wear today, and pass onward to the world invisible, but doubtless not far off."*

Could the brush of an inspired artist, with all the infinite colorings of heaven itself, paint a sadder picture than the foregoing? The greatest woman of her century, regally endowed by nature with

colossal intellect, with sympathy for humanity as broad as the universe; with invincible powers of impassioned, sacred oratory; with a personality modest, charming, beautiful, absolutely commanding; with a genius for organization equal to that of John Wesley; the head of a movement wide as the world in its scope and manifold as the needs of humanity in its adaptations—this superbly gifted woman had in her experience added to these phenomenal equipments, that other endowment which is greater and grander than all these combined, "a heart from sin set free," cleansed by the Spirit and filled with the Spirit—this marvelously gifted and beautifully sanctified woman, in a fatal moment of sad misfortune heeded the false counsel of a mistaken friend and consents to suppress the blazing light which God had put in her soul!

What confusion, what mental perturbation, what conflict of emotions, what sad retrospects, what fearful lookings forward to, what manifold and tragic losses made up the sad harvest of that one unfortunate step in her great career.

Let all take warning and learn the danger of failing or refusing to let our light shine. Let us be careful in listening to the advice of any friends, whatever be their profession, if their counsel in any degree or respect countervail the solemn injunctions of the Word of God, which commands us to confess Him, to witness to His work within us, and to let our light shine before men. We could easily trace a beautiful philosophy underlying this wonderful scriptural injunction, but this is needless. The Word of God settles the question finally and forever, and it were needless to add human philosophy, however sound and tenable, to the plain and express mandates of Holy Writ.

Let him that standeth in the sweetest experience in the divine assurance of the reigning Spirit within, spreading abroad perfect love within the heart—take heed to God's command to let his light shine; for, if he fail, the saddest and most tragic consequences will follow.

The Reason Behind the Enmity

A WORD needs to be said regarding the reason underlying the enmity of destructive critics against the Bible which they so recklessly assail. We do not mean, when we say their assaults are inspired by hate or enmity to the Holy Bible, that these men object to the virtue which the Bible teaches; it is not opposition to religion, or the provision for pardon which the Bible teaches. They are all religionists and would gladly favor a system of universal natural religion, involving morality, obedience to law and order, and all the social and domestic amenities and blessings incident to a wide-spread human religious system.

The enmity of these men to the Bible rests wholly upon its claim to supernaturalism. They will have nothing to do with any kind of a revelation claiming supernatural origin or supernatural authority. No book claiming to be divine, and abasing man and exalting God, will ever receive anything from these critics except the direst hostility and the most strenuous efforts at destruction.

They are in part the product of the spirit of this age and in part also the creators of that spirit. This is Man's Day (Rev. 13:18), a time or an age nearly all of whose material, intellectual, and religious movements tend to the exaltation of man and the retirement of God. The fight has always been against the supernatural, but in these last days the assault has been accelerated and augmented, not only by increased energy of the old forces, but by the introduction of new influences. Modern science, the new theology, our material civilization, and all the tendencies and movements of modern life are converging toward a preparation for the coming of the Anti-Christ. This is the same thought as is expressed in the declaration that this is Man's Day. God must be dethroned and man deified.

As a part of this gigantic movement higher criticism has stepped in and become a mighty adjunct. If it can succeed in discrediting and destroying the divine inspiration, the authority, and the reliability of the Bible what a wonderful contribution it will have made to the projection and the emphasis of preparing the world for the coming of the Anti-Christ.

Man still believes the Devil's lie told him back in the garden of Eden that "ye shall be as gods." He still seeks the wisdom and the worship belonging only to God. To get this he must unseat God; he must destroy the divine; he must obliterate the supernatural, that on the ruins he may erect the throne for the regnancy and for the worship of Man.

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

News and Notes

We note with pleasure that there will be a special Bible course conducted by Rev. R. T. Williams, A. B., B. D., at Peniel University, running through January 2-30, 1916. We are glad to see this special Bible instruction provided for in Peniel. Our holiness colleges can not stress Bible teaching too much. Its flagrant neglect for so long in the theological schools and seminaries of the old churches only emphasizes the fact that our holiness institutions have a special call to give an example of the true place of the Bible in the religious schools.

General Bramwell Booth, the head of the great Salvation Army, is coming to this country to begin his world-wide tour of inspection of Salvation Army work.

The Romish archbishop of Milwaukee, by the name of Messmer, has issued his lordly edict ordering all Romanist families to withdraw their sons and daughters from Beloit College. The high crime for which this drastic measure was taken was the mere fact that Beloit College requires its students to attend daily chapel services, where a simple religious service is observed. This service is entirely nonsectarian and undenominational, yet his lordship declares even this to be "a grievous sin against their religion." They will allow nothing whatever of a religious nature to reach any of their dupes unless it be given under priestly auspices. This is truly Romish. They care not for the religious or spiritual or moral welfare of their adherents. They exalt the ecclesiastical above the spiritual. Their business is to build up an ecclesiastical government and not to build followers into the kingdom of Christ.

The agitation for union among the Methodists grows in interest. The sentiment favorable to union is increasing. The most notable feature of late is the production by Bishop Cranston of a book on the subject, entitled, "Breaking Down the Walls." This book is exerting quite a potent influence in both branches of Methodism in favor of union. The press of both churches gives unstinted praise to the spirit, the doctrine, and the force of Bishop Cranston's book.

William Jennings Bryan has taken issue squarely with President Wilson on the question of preparedness for war. He makes a very strong argument against it, declaring it to be, "A departure from our traditions; a reversal of our national policy; a menace to our peace and safety, and a challenge to the spirit of Christianity which teaches us to influence others by example rather than by exciting fear." The seemingly dominant sentiment of the politicians and statesmen and the press of the country is favorable to Mr. Wilson and against Mr. Bryan. The arguments of those favoring Mr. Wilson are most cogently stated in a very concrete form by referring to the mammoth Chinese government, which is an example of colossal unpreparedness, by reason of which it is claimed she has become completely dominated by Japan. Japan, it is urged, is many times smaller numerically than China, but she is superbly prepared for war.

The Way of Faith of November 4th contains the salutatory address of the new editor—

Rev. Thomas H. Leitch. Brother Leitch makes a graceful bow to his reading public in a discreet and chastely worded salutation. We welcome him to the tripod and wish him unbounded blessing in the great work he has undertaken.

Rev. L. Milton Williams is conducting a great salvation campaign, which began on Sunday, November 7th, to continue three weeks or more in the Grace Evangelical Church, Boyne City, Michigan. We promise the Boyne City people that they will hear some strong and vigorous preaching, and we may add that they were wise in preparing for at least three weeks of time, leaving the margin even to exceed that, if necessary. We think the time has come when all our meetings must be greatly lengthened to reap the greatest harvest possible.

We notice that Rev. C. F. Wimberly is bringing out a new book on the second coming of Christ, entitled, "Behold, the Morning." If Brother Wimberly keeps the same pace which he has started in his other books, the reading public will have something worth their time in the forthcoming volume by our brother. We are pleased to announce that the *HERALD OF HOLINESS* will be favored from now on by occasional articles from the pen of this facile writer. Brother Wimberly is a fine preacher, a great holiness revivalist, and a trenchant writer.

Billy Sunday's great revival campaign is now in full blast in Syracuse, N. Y. Thousands crowd the great auditorium built especially for his meetings. He is to begin in Kansas City, April 20, 1916.

Rev. J. T. Upchurch preached the opening sermon at the second annual convention of the International Rescue Workers' Association held at Colorado Springs. Brother Upchurch's message was declared "helpful and powerful." The convention was well attended and the power of God was manifestly present throughout.

Rev. F. E. Clarke, founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, who has been very sick with typhoid fever, has about recovered.

The Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States will observe their fiftieth anniversary from February 1 to March 3, 1916. They propose having a series of jubilee celebrations in honor of the event.

The National Abstinence Union is the name of a new temperance organization which has been projected under the direction of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. This organization is nonpolitical and nonsectarian and proposes to deal with the drink evil by getting individuals pledged to total abstinence. A committee of one hundred leading business men will have direction of the preliminary work of organization. The advisory committee includes nine United States senators, twenty-one members of congress, ten governors, and many of the leaders in church and temperance work.

The place of Dr. Gross Alexander, Book Editor and Editor of the *Methodist Review* of

the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who died recently, has been filled by the election of Rev. Horace M. DuBose, D. D. Dr. DuBose is a man of versatile scholarship and has great gifts as a preacher and writer. Like the deceased editor, the new incumbent is a personal friend of the writer, and we hereby extend to him the right hand of fellowship with best wishes for a useful career in his new position.

Dr. H. F. Reynolds, General Superintendent, reached home Tuesday, the 9th inst., from the session of the East Oklahoma District Assembly. He reports a hopeful outlook for the coming year in that District. The spirit of the body was fine, a sweet revival influence permeated the Assembly meetings and all seemed hopeful for a great year to come.

We regret not being able to have better news from Brother Jernigan's daughter. We are still hopeful for the best outcome and sincerely pray that God's healing hand may touch that precious girl's body and bring to her wholeness and health and a long life of happy usefulness in His kingdom.

Belief in One's Self

It is a very important truth that in a sense one must believe in himself for the best protection in life's conduct. It is not, of course, meant to convey the idea that we are to believe in self for forgiveness or for salvation. The self-trust of which we speak has no relation to saving grace or efficacy, but relates entirely to that degree and phase of help possible from one's personal resources for individual achievement. In this sense one must believe in himself. That is, he must believe in the possibility of achieving his aim in life, in the worthiness of it, in his own ability to win in the endeavor, and in the object's worthiness of the expenditure of his utmost energy. Enforcing this idea we append the following strong words from *The Watchman*:

There are few better protections against unworthy conduct than the faculty of believing in yourself, and taking a high estimate of what the future has in store for you. When men are discouraged and "down on their luck," and come to think that there is no future for them they are peculiarly liable to temptation. "What is the use," they think, "of trying? I do not amount to anything. I might as well take pleasure as it flies, and let the future take care of itself."

Perhaps there are comparatively few of us that do not occasionally have these low-toned moments. We lose sight of our ideals, or become skeptical about them. You do not know what you are doing for a fellow-man when you teach him to believe in himself by believing in him. You are bestowing a choicer gift than money or position. A good deal of power of the gospel lodges itself in its capacity to invigorate self-respect by showing men that God cares for them, and revealing to them the dignity of their own nature and immortal destiny.

It has been verified a thousand times that when a great responsibility or dignity is imposed upon a man his best energies are enlisted in becoming worthy of it. A man who believes in his worth and future has always the inspiration of that motive. More sins than we often think for can be traced to discouragement or the clouding of ideals.

The True Gentleman

We admire the word "gentle-man." It is so significant. A really gentle man is always one of nature's noblemen. He is likewise one of God's great men. "Thy gentleness hath

made me great," says the Psalmist. And is it not true that real gentleness inheres in the nature of true greatness? Over an English mantelpiece in an ancient manor may be found the following striking delineation of the true gentleman according to *The Michigan Christian Advocate*:

The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business; study, his recreation; contentment, his rest; and happiness, his reward. God is his Father; Jesus Christ, his Savior; the saints, his brethren; and all that need him, his friends. Devotion is his chaplain; chastity, his chamberlain; sobriety, his butler; temperance, his cook; hospitality, his house-keeper; providence, his steward; charity, his treasurer; piety, his mistress of the house; and discretion, his porter to lead in or out as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues and he is master of the house.

Grumbling

Cheerfulness is something great. A smiling disposition is to be coveted. If possessed in any degree it should be diligently cultivated. The opposite temperament or habit should be just as carefully guarded against and constantly resisted. Nothing is more disagreeable or offensive to the well bred, not to say the Christian and the spiritually minded, than the habit of fretting or grumbling. Illustrative of this trait and of one method of seeking to overcome it is the following from an exchange:

"I wonder how he ever got into this house. I am sure the front door was locked. Yes, and the windows shut, but he got in somehow!"

"Who, mother?" piped up May, as she lay on the lounge, complaining. "Who got into our house? Did he steal anything? Where is he?"

"Yes, child," replied the mother, looking grave. "He stole—let me see. Yes, his name was Mr. Grumble; he came to the face of my little girl and stole away the pretty smiles, and put deep furrows in her forehead, drew lines across her mouth, and made her lips pout. He changed the expression of her face so that no one, to look at her, would recognize her as my little girl, who usually has such a happy face."

"Oh, mother, you are making fun of me!" cried May, and the tears began to fall in earnest.

"Dear me! Now we will have rivers too, if we don't look out; run quickly and open the door, May, so that the horrid fellow can get out."

May ran to the door and opened it, and a nice, soft breeze blew in her face and tossed her pretty hair; and she came back laughing, and said: "I chased him out, mother, and he shall never get into this house again, if I can help it."

Led by a Little Child

Numerous are the illustrations of the truth of that scriptural declaration, "A little child shall lead them." The example of childhood is often potent, yea, irresistible, on mature manhood. The following incident illustrates how a little child's example nerved an adult to greater strength and courage in a time of testing. It was written by W. E. P., in *The Herald and Presbyterian*.

Some time ago a man arose in a prayer-meeting to give his Christian experience. He had just come home from a hospital where he had gone to have an operation performed upon one of his eyes. He said there were about one hundred or more patients in his ward, and most of them were not Christians. As the time came to retire the first night, he began to wonder what all those people would think about him when he would kneel down at his bed. He was determined, of course, that even in that public place he would not neglect his prayer for himself, his loved ones at home, and the people in the hospital; but he was a little disturbed at the thought that some of the men might laugh or sneer. "Just then," he said, "I looked across the room and saw a little boy getting ready to go to bed; and the moment he was ready he got down on his knees and said his prayers—just as he would have

done at home with no one but his mother. I tell you that helped me quit thinking of the people about me. It gave me courage, and I got a greater blessing."

Contempt Poured on Pride

Pride is always misplaced anywhere. Pride goeth before a fall. Pride is unloved, unloving, and unlovable. The life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ are a constant rebuke to every form of pride and should extinguish it from among the children of men. *The Indian Witness* furnishes the following phases of pride, to which the life and death of Jesus should be the death knell:

Pride of birth and rank. "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Pride of wealth. "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Pride of respectability. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "He shall be called a Nazarene."

Pride of personal appearance. "He hath no form nor comeliness."

Pride of reputation. "Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners."

Pride of independence. "Many others who ministered to him of their substance."

Pride of learning. "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"

Pride of superiority. "I am among you as he that serveth." "He humbled himself." "Made a curse for us."

Pride of success. "He came unto his own and his own received him not." "Neither did his brethren believe on him." "He was despised and rejected of men."

Pride of self-reliance. "He went down to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

Pride of ability. "I can of mine own self do nothing."

Pride of self-will. "I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

Pride of intellect. "As my Father hath taught me, I speak these things."

Pride of bigotry. "Forbid him not. . . . for he that is not against us is on our part."

Pride of resentment. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Pride of reserve. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Tarry ye here and watch with me." "The Son of man must suffer many things and be rejected."

Pride of sanctity. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

The Bible in School and Home

The most deplorable curse and outrage ever perpetrated upon the schools of the country was in the banishment of the Bible from so many of them. We are sorry to have to believe that there are many homes where the Bible is as flagrantly neglected as it is in so many of our schools. It is a misnomer to call any house where a family lives a *home* if the Bible is not read, believed, revered, and honored by the family. Bible knowledge has given variety to statesmanship, depth and courage to the heroes of earth, eloquence and power to orators, a subtle witchery and rhythmic charm to the writings of poets, fervor, flavor, and fire to the good and pious of all the ages of the world. Illustrative of the truth of the position we herein assume, we cite Dr. Guthrie's testimony concerning the influence of the book of Proverbs on the Scotch character in former days. Years ago in speaking on this subject Dr. Guthrie said:

"The day was in Scotland when all her children were initiated into the art of reading through the book of Proverbs. I have no doubt whatever—neither had the late Principal Lee, as appears by the evidence before a committee of Parliament—that the high character which Scotchmen earned in bygone years was mainly due to their early acquaintance with the Proverbs, the practical sagacity and wisdom of Solomon. The book has unfortunately disappeared from our schools, and with its disappearance my countrymen are more and more losing their national virtues—self-denial

and self-reliance, foresight and economy, reverence of parents and abhorrence of public charity; some of the best characteristics of old manners and old times." Alas, we too have banished the supreme Book from the schools, and we are paying the dread penalty, too.

The boys and girls who are not taught to read and study the Bible in the home are most grievously wronged and may thereby be handicapped for life. It is true, as President Wilson has so beautifully said: "It is very difficult indeed for a man or for a boy who knows the Scripture ever to get away from it. It haunts him like an old song. It follows him like the memory of his mother. It reminds him like the work of an old and revered teacher. It forms a part of the warp and woof in his life." Keep the Bible open in the home!

Answered Prayer

J. L. Gamble relates the following incident as told him by a widow who believed in prayer:

When I was a widow striving to keep my little children about me, we were in straitened circumstances, and sometimes scarcely knew where the bread for tomorrow was to come from.

One day the flour was gone and there was nothing in the house to eat, and no money to buy anything. We had but little dinner, and no supper; my children were very hungry, and my heart ached for them. In the evening I gathered my children around me for our regular season of family prayer. I read some of the precious promises of God's Word and told my children we must all ask our heavenly Father to supply our needs. We all prayed, as was our custom; and when the turn came to the youngest one, a wee girl, she told the Lord how hungry she was, asking Him to send us something to eat, and then added, "Please send me some gingerbread."

After we arose from our knees I rebuked her gently for asking so definitely, and told her we should ask God to supply our wants and leave Him to send what He thought best. I feared my child's faith would be shaken when she found the Lord did not send the gingerbread which she seemed so much to desire. What right had we to ask for luxuries? Was it not enough to ask for substantials, without thinking of little delicacies?

But the prayer had been uttered, and had come before the throne above; and the Father was going to teach me a lesson of his love and care.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, as no relief had come to us in any way, I thought maybe it was God's will that I accept the offer of a merchant who had told me he would trust me for a sack of flour at any time I needed it and had no money to pay for it. I disliked to go in debt, but thought perhaps this might be God's provision for us at this time. So I sent my oldest daughter to see the merchant and ask him for the flour until I could pay for it.

On the way she met him coming to our house with a sack of flour on his shoulder and a basket on his arm. When he put them down on the floor, he said he had been troubled about us through the night, and this morning he told his wife he feared Widow — and her family were in need, and he believed he would take her a sack of flour; and his wife replied, "I would like to fix up a basket of things for them if you will take it with you."

When the covering was removed from the basket, the first thing that appeared was a large cake of gingerbread. The simple desire of the little one was gratified, her childlike trust was confirmed, and I was rebuked for my littleness of faith in God's tender love. I learned then more of the father heart, the mother heart of the great God above us than I had ever conceived before. "He careth for you."

In the Home

The following from an exchange is worth reading:

Fathers and mothers perhaps never feel the joy and power of Christ's promise to be with His people more than in the responsibilities and joys of the home. That is our privilege, to make our places of living the kind of homes where God can work along with us. If our children can be made to feel this joyful sense of God's presence in the home, all its ways will be made pure and its joys deepened and multiplied.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

ONE in a certain place has declared it is a good thing to praise the Lord. We believe it with all our hearts. We practice it with all our might. The first thing a sanctified soul does is to praise the Lord. It is born with a song and dies with a shout. Therefore, we do not wait on the mandates of President or Governors to tell us to praise God. We do it every time we kneel to pray or meet to worship. If officers are needed it would be rather to stop us than to start us. He gives us praises in the day and songs in the night.

Of all people of earth we have most reason to praise God, for He has given us a real experience of grace. Our sins are all under the blood, and our hearts are filled and thrilled with the Holy Ghost. We are heirs of salvation with the angels to wait on us; with the Bible to guide us; with the Spirit to live in us; and with Jesus to intercede for us. We are in a land where the sun never goes down, with a people whose hearts are pure, whose mission is holiness, whose home is heaven. Isaiah saw us coming and said, "The ransomed of the Lord shall come with songs and everlasting joy on their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." He was talking about us though we had never met. The songs and the joy are ours. Sorrow and sighing have fled like a dream of the night, and we are in the highway of holiness. Every day is a Thanksgiving Day!

We thank God for our church with organization sufficient to conserve us, and liberty enough to bless us. We praise Him for this mighty movement for holiness He is flinging across the century, now forty thousand strong,

WHEN the early Puritans landed upon the soil of this new continent, so impressed were they with the value of Christian education, that in 1636, but six years after the founding of Boston, the General Court of Massachusetts voted four hundred pounds, an amount equal to a year's tax of the whole colony, toward the erection of a "school or Colledge"; two hundred pounds to be paid the next year when the work was finished. We are further informed by those early records that this school was ordered located at Newton, "a place very pleasant and accommodate" and "under the orthodox and soul-nourishing ministry of Thomas Shephard." This was the beginning of Harvard College. When we take into consideration those awful winters — when the little band through cold and hunger were one by one laid to rest on Cole's Hill, and their graves carefully smoothed over that the Indians might not know how many had fallen, we are filled with admiration for those sturdy Puritans, who, while so few in number, and surrounded by such difficulties and dangers, should turn their attention to the great problem of education.

The schools of the earlier period in the history of our country were all founded by religious bodies for religious purposes. The first advertisement of Columbia was as follows:

"The chief thing that is aimed at in this College is, to teach and engage the Children to know God in Jesus Christ, and to love and serve him, in all Sobriety, Godliness, and Righteousness of Life, with a perfect Heart, and a willing Mind; and to train them up in all virtuous Habits, and all such useful Knowledge as may render them creditable to their Families and Friends. Ornaments to their Country and

Thanksgiving

Written by Rev. JOHN MATTHEWS, D. D.

with its eight hundred churches, its pastors and evangelists, its teachers and missionaries, its officers and workers. We praise Him that He is putting new wine into new bottles, and making new garments from new cloth. We praise Him that He has drawn from every clime, and many races, and from many organizations a band of pilgrims to march hand in hand and heart to heart along the shining highway of holiness.

We thank Him for our mission. It is to tell men everywhere that Jesus baptizes believers with the Holy Ghost and fire even yet. The prophecy of Joel and the experience of Peter may be ours. Multiplied thousands are sighing and crying for rest and reality. Our mission, born of God and baptized with the Spirit, is clear before us. We thank God for it. We praise Him for the difficulties attending the proclamation. We bless Him for a way of blood and sorrow and the cross; for the shame and sacrifice and struggle; and for the prayers, often with strong crying and tears. We praise Him it calls for the martyr spirit, and life, and death. Praise God, He

Our Nazarene Schools, a Cause of Gratitude to God

Written by H. ORTON WILEY

useful to the public Weal and their Generations."

Since those early days, educational institutions have multiplied until there are at the present time nearly eight hundred colleges and universities in the United States, over five hundred of these being located in the east and middle west. Of this number the large majority still owe their origin to some religious organization, especially those institutions which exist as substantial private foundations. So closely related to religion is education, that one educational board of great influence has declared that "an effort to develop a system of higher education in the United States requires, therefore, constant and sympathetic co-operation with denominational organizations."

The close relation between religion and education is to be found in the fact that both are concerned with ideals or standards of life. A recent writer asks the question, "Why are schools necessary?" His answer in brief is, first, because the race includes individuals who are incomplete but capable of developing, i. e. children; secondly, because there are different aims or ideals as to what is the supreme good of life. Children are schooled for something; finally, schools exist because adults possess the accumulated results of experience, which may be imparted. With these three factors, an immature being, a goal or ideal, and an older human being, we can readily see that the question is not, "Shall we educate?" but "How shall we educate?" Religion gives us our ideals; to mold and shape young life in harmony with these ideals is the task of education; and these must ever be closely bound together. As long as religion gives us

has accounted us worthy to suffer for His name!

We give thanks for the vision. We are seeing as He sees, and the vision splendid is bursting on the eye of faith. The task is worthy of heaven. The field is the world. The battle is to the death, and the end, everlasting life, with its robe and its crown, in the city of gold, with its gates of pearl, whose maker and builder is God. Before we lay aside the mortal and rise to the vision of God, we are to tell all mankind of the fulness of the blessing of the Christ. Thank God for a church that neither hedges nor halts. Thank God for places where the sanctified may tell their testimony. Thank God for Sunday schools where the teacher is free to utter the whole truth. Thank God for pulpits and houses and arbors and open patches of sky where holy brethren proclaim full salvation. Praise God for freedom to preach and to write, and liberty to live holiness unto the Lord.

In conclusion, we give thanks to Almighty God for the victory and the glory. We can but win. If men preach for holiness, some will be sanctified. If men preach against it, others will get sanctified. Holiness is a sharp, two-edged sword, that fights the battle of the Lord whether opposed or endorsed. There is victory now, there is victory ahead. We win every battle. Already the glory that shall be ours is on the pathway. We hear the angels singing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Whether Isaiah in his vision of prophecy, or John in his chains of Patmos, it was glory and victory then, it is victory and glory now, and for evermore. For which we render thanksgiving, glory, and honor. Amen.

ideals, there will ever be a large place for private schools under the fostering care of the church, and the more intense the spiritual life, the greater will be the interest in such institutions.

The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is face to face with the great problem of the education of her young people. The ideals formed in youth are the ideals that are bodied forth in life. The conditions which have made the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene a necessity are demanding a type of education which only our own schools and colleges can furnish. Others may educate their own according to their ideals, but the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene will be able to perpetuate her high ideals of Christian experience, her intense and enthusiastic loyalty to Jesus Christ, her unswerving faith in the authority of the Scriptures, and her aggressive type of evangelism and missionary effort, only as she instills these ideals into the minds and hearts of her young people. Without this there can be no future for us as a church.

At this Thanksgiving season there are two things which should be the occasion of profound gratitude to God; first, our interest as a people in the work of education — for this interest shows how deep-seated is our ideal of Christian experience and life; secondly, our educational institutions, where these ideals are steadily but surely being wrought out. With a multitude of schools and colleges, having wealth, scholarship, and prestige, our church sets out bravely to establish institutions where our ideals may be perpetuated in the lives of our young people, and God has graciously come to our help. To plan and

nourish such schools is a work worthy of the best thought of our ablest men, and to send to them the choicest of its young people will always be the ambition of a far-seeing church. When the thousand young men and women now in our Nazarene institutions shall go forth in the fulness of the blessing of Christ, thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of our church and perfectly familiar with revivals of great depth and power, with an ideal of aggressive evangelism ever before them, our church will take on strength immeasurable and move forward with the tread of a mighty conqueror—as fair as the moon, as clear as the sun, and as terrible as an army with banners.

Hidden Reasons for Thanksgiving

Written by R. PIERCE

THE reasons for thanksgiving at this season of the year in the minds of the multitudes cluster mainly about temporal things. This is right, so far as it goes, but it does not go very deep. It would be pure ingratitude if we did not say, "Thank you," for any blessings, however small, which we receive. The world does that, does it to its own to whom it is often more courteous than it is to God, the real source of blessings.

It is not so, however, with the child of God. While he is truly grateful for all temporal benefits, his gratitude for spiritual blessings turns into joy and praise. He has hidden reasons for thanksgiving that the world knows not of, which do not require presidential proclamation to remind him that it is the time for an expression of his thankfulness, but which bursts forth in praise continually. Some of these reasons have been running through our mind and heart recently, and we feel that it will do others good to give expression to them at this time.

First, I am real thankful that when I read or hear of God's gracious work in any place, by any agency, there is a glad response in my soul. This response to the progress of my Lord's kingdom produces a pean of gladness, as it gives to me the evidence that I am in harmony with divine things.

Again, the joy bells begin to jingle in my soul when I have revealed to me greater possibilities in the divine life; illuminations by the Holy Spirit of the sacred Word, with fresh and brighter meanings of passages read many times previously, but now aglow with new beauty and marvelous possibilities of soul advancement. Oh, how they do refresh! How they pull the heart away from the world and anchor its affections on things above! It is a source of thanksgiving continually to have a real love and holy reverence for the precious Word of life.

I am greatly thankful for that within me that is capable of receiving new visions of my Lord's beauty and glory, which produces a real spirit of adoration and worship. How there is flushed on the soul in harmony with Him fresh revelations of His wonderful character; His tenderness, gentleness, compassion, and self-sacrifice, the visions of which melt the heart into the same divine tenderness! These seasons of softening of the human spirit by the visions which the Holy Ghost gives are very precious and gracious and fill the soul with thanksgiving and praise.

There is also a note of praise in my heart for the faith that makes the things of God so real and present; that brings the future into the present and makes the unseen visible; a faith that makes the unfulfilled promises of the Word as sure as though they had already

come to pass, because they are of God; a faith that sees the triumph of righteousness, even though now surrounded with the ravings of the Devil; a faith that sees the promise of Joel and Pentecost fulfilled, that "I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh," so that those "sitting in darkness" shall "see great light," and rejoice in the salvation of our God. Hallelujah! I see it now.

Other hidden reasons for thanksgiving are the unexpected and unasked-for touches of divine glory from the skies. Sometimes when in the midst of ordinary duties flashes of heavenly light and floods of holy love sweep down upon the soul as quick as a gleam of light. These are all of grace, and are the precious reminders from our Lord that He is with us. How assuring, how strengthening, how uplifting they are! and by them how the petty annoyances of life are put under the

Our Thanksgiving

Written by F. M. LEHMAN

We are thankful for the blessings
Thou hast scattered o'er the land:
Blessings rich, unmeasured, precious,
Falling from Thy Father hand.

Yellow corn from prosperous farmsteads,
Wheat from rolling prairie fields;
Pumpkins and potatoes plenty,
With a wealth of other yields.

Gold from our Alaskan ice fields,
Silver from our Western mines;
Cotton from the dear old Southland,
Lumber from the Northern pines.

Coal and iron from earth caverns,
Fish from lake and brawling brook—
Blessings, blessings without number
Everywhere we pause and look.

Deep blue skies and golden sunsets,
Moonlit nights and starry main;
Frosty fingered, silver fretwork
Where the dew has lately lain.

Ice-locked stream and snowy whiteness,
Then the Spring and Summer flowers:
Manifold Thy blessings, Father!
How we thank Thee they are ours.

And we thank Thee, precious Father,
That the red-bathed horse of war
Has not snorted o'er our homeland
As he did in years of yore.

Doves of peace, with olive branches,
Coo around our nation's dome:
Sitting 'round our peaceful hearthstone
We still love our "Home, Sweet Home."

But above all earthly blessings
There is one we prize the most:
It is that of free salvation
Through the blessed Holy Ghost.

This is our emancipation
From the awful power of sin;
This impels sincere thanksgiving—
Let our praises now begin!

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Laud His praise with voice and pen
For the thousand, thousand blessings—
Hallelujah! and, Amen!

feet! They are little installments from the "exceeding abundantly above" reservoir of glory.

There is a constant joy in my heart with thanksgiving for the great movement in which God has permitted us to take a little part; for His blessings upon the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in its wonderful development in the past and for the glorious victories which await us in "girdling the globe with salvation," if we remain true to Him.

Oh, beloved, the greater reasons for thanksgiving lie not in material prosperity, but in the verities and glory of the unseen kingdom.

"Let us sing:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Rescue the Fallen

Written by W. G. SCHURMAN

But this is a people robbed and spoiled
They are all of them snared in holes and they
are hid in prison houses: they are for a prey
and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none
saith, Restore. Who among you will give ea-
to this? Who will hearken and hear for the
time to come? (Isaiah 42: 22, 23).

HAD the prophet lived in red-light dis-
trict of some of our great cities he
could not have framed sentences that
could better describe the conditions of that
despondent, despairing, derelict of society, the
fallen woman.

There is, there must be a cause for every
effect and a careful investigation into the cause
for the selling of virtue will show other than
just because the woman wants to be bad.

While superintendent of our Florence Crit-
tenton Home in Lynn one of our national
solicitors entered a large department store to
ask aid for the work. She was ushered into
the private office of Mr. S., the senior member
of the firm, and making known her request
was greeted with, "To the D— with it; if
a girl wants to go to the bad she'll go, and no
one can stop her." The solicitor was a south-
ern woman and drawing herself up to her full
height she reminded him that he was talking
to a lady, and also to one who was not in his
employ. He apologized, of course, and gave
her a check for five dollars. I relate this
incident to show the general idea of the great
mass of people with reference to this condition
of society. I am not an authority but I have
been in touch with this work, more or less, for
ten years and I want to say that while there
are some girls who will go wrong in spite of
all that can be done for them, they constitute
a small, a very small minority. In this article
I want to say something that will help to
awaken good people to the great need of rescue
work, as we help awaken good folks to mis-
sionary needs or any good enterprise. Choice,
instead of being the cause of the greatest num-
ber of victims to this vice, has been proven to
produce the least. There are many causes but I
wish to treat of just one in this article and that
is poverty. Low wages has done much to get
recruits for this army, in my judgment. I
hear some one say a girl may be poor but
she certainly can be pure. I grant that, but
facts are stubborn things. The following is
from Homes Commission report, Senate doc-
ument No. 644. Cases examined, 2,000; be-
longing to the servant class, 931; dressmakers
and seamstresses, 285; earning \$1.00 per week,
534; \$2.00 per week, 336; \$3.00 per week, 230;
\$4.00 per week, 127. Do not these figures
read why? Some one sees that girl coming
from the factory or office and in imagination
sees her entering her home and sitting at a
well-filled table with parents and brothers and
sisters, also wage earners, but I see her the
sole support of a widowed mother and a
younger brother who attends school. A pot of
tea, a loaf of bread, and three sausages com-
prise the evening meal. She is a pure girl but
she sees others in the same office no more ef-
ficient than she promoted and wages increased.
This is what made her write to Dr. Wilbur
Chapman, when he was holding meetings in
Boston (I heard Mr. Chapman read the letter
publicly), "Dear Mr. Chapman, will you please
say something in your sermons to men that
will encourage them to respect their poor
but pure stenographers who desire to remain
so, but who are subjected to indecent proposals
while receiving dictations. For my mother's
sake I can not afford to give up my position."

For my own sake I can hardly afford to keep it. Sincerely yours."

The judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side; before we judge let us be sure the evidence is all in.

Two Kinds of Missionary Warfare

Written by L. S. TRACY

ARE possible. The first is like the South-sea Islander. He decks himself in war paint and feathers and provides himself with a knarled cudgel (human effort). Before he starts from his island home, he gathers together the women and aspiring young warriors and with swelling words and great demonstrations of prowess, vehemently strikes his club on the ground detailing in a loud voice what he will do to the enemy on the distant island. Then with a final whirl of his club in the air and a blood-curdling whoop, he rushes to the boat, followed by the greatly impressed women and envious young warriors—and so is off.

Arriving at the enemy island, he rushes ashore wildly shouting, dancing, and whirling his club in a most menacing and frightful manner, knocks on the head a half hundred promiscuous travelers, aimlessly tears around until his strength is exhausted, when he crawls back to his boat and rows to his island home.

There he is praised and lauded as a mighty warrior. The women folk extemporize songs and music as they vie with him in recounting his great deeds, and the aspiring young warriors long for the day when they can do likewise. If any one dares to question his permanent success, he indignantly relates how he with his own mighty club hit fifty on the head and saw them fall (though they came to life again). What more evidence could be desired? Indeed, what more?

The second kind of missionary warfare is like the "North-sea Islander." He provides himself with a uniform of neutral color that will harmonize with the landscape, a machine gun (the power of God) and a haversack. His departure, though bringing out the best heroism among his immediate family and friends, is quite private.

On arriving at the hostile shore he spends considerable time spying out the land and learning the position and strength of the enemy. He takes time to entrench. He conceals his machine gun and maneuvers until he has the enemy where he wants him, then he pours torrents of bullets into their ranks, slaying by the hundreds. But he always keeps behind his gun and well out of sight.

In due time he also is exhausted and returns home. Some praise him, but praise is distasteful to him and he does not encourage it. When

fearful and bloody wars that are sweeping over the greater part of the earth, and I thank God that Rome and Rum are on the run and that the American people are getting their eyes open to see that either or both of these liberty-destroyers are being driven back and that God's hand is with those that love liberty and freedom. We thank God that there is wheat and barley and corn in the granaries and hogs and cattle in the field and meat and bread and butter for the great multitudes that we meet from day to day. Well, thank the Lord, we see red apples on the trees and we see the red cows on the hills and we see the potatoes in the hills. We thank God that we are in a church where we can preach Bible holiness and no man is allowed to put his hand on the ark. Well, amen! I had been free so long that I did not think but what every other preacher was as free

Thanksgiving Day

EDWARD G. WILLIAMS

Thanksgiving Day! 'Tis here again
And makes the earth rejoice and throb
In turning hearts of men away
From things that perish and decay,
To speak with gratitude to God.

Most gracious Lord, we give Thee thanks
That we are friends of one and all;
That Thou hast spared us tears and pain,
And given stores of golden grain,
Without the curse of dread war's pall.

We thank Thee for the birds and flowers;
The mountains grand and oceans wide;
For all real beauty to be found;
For friends, who to our hearts are bound
By cords that can not be untied.

For peace and plenty; strength and health,
And richest gifts that shall endure;
For Thee, O Christ, Companion, Friend;
For every blessing Thou dost send;
The greatest boon, "the double cure."

May every day be one of praise
For all mankind, on land and sea;
In bright, warm sunshine or the storm
May all behold Thy shining form,
And render thanks in love to Thee.

A Thanksgiving Note

By BUD ROBINSON

To the saints scattered abroad; greetings! Well, just a word on thanksgivings. We read for our scripture text 2 Cor. 2:14, "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." Well, amen! If there is anybody that lives on earth that should give thanks it is the man or the woman that God always causeth to triumph in Christ Jesus. First, we thank God that we were born in a Bible land and that we were redeemed by the blood of Christ, and that we have been washed from our sins in His most precious blood, and adopted into the heavenly family, and that we are today sons of the Lord Almighty, and we are praising God for full salvation, on a rock foundation, and we are going to preach it all over creation, glory to God! Dr. Jones says that man was formed in the image of God and that he was deformed by sin and that he was informed by the gospel and that he was reformed by the new birth and that he was transformed by the incoming and indwelling of the Holy Ghost. I say amen to the onward march of scriptural holiness and to the defeat of the Devil on the earth.

We thank the Lord today that so far our nation has been kept from the awful and

as myself until last spring when two fine Methodist preachers came to me and told me that their bishop had just forbade them going to a holiness campmeeting, and that their presiding elder had done the same thing. Then I woke up to the fearful fact that all men, even good men and holy men, are not free men. I said, "Men, I would go or die on the spot," but the dear brethren did not go, and then away down deep in my poor little old heart I said, "Thank God that precious old Dr. Bresee was ever born and that God, in His divine providence has raised him up to make a way for us poor struggling holiness people to have a church home where we can preach a full salvation to all men from all sin, under our own vine and fig tree. Well, glory to God! we have the best thing in the world in the way of salvation and the best thing

he does refer to his warfare in the distant land, he magnifies the merits of the wonderful machine gun (the power of God), and speaks of himself disparagingly as only the one who turned the crank.

If any one questions his success, he shows them the empty cartridge belts, the worn rifling of the gun, the old trench and takes them to the field cemetery, where are the graves of the fallen with a helmet on each. To clinch the whole truth, he produces the number-plates that he has cut from the uniforms of the fallen enemy soldiers.

The moral is not hard to see.

If

Written by N. W. PHILBROOK, D. C.

THIS little word of two letters holds a very important place in the New Testament, for it emphasizes the fact that the gifts of God to men are subject to the fulfilment of conditions on their part. A study of this word in its various connections brings us very near to the heart of the Gospel.

If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. Matt. 19:17.

If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. Matt. 6:14.

If a man love me he will keep my word. John 14:23.

If a man abide not in me he is cast forth as a branch and is withered. John 15:6

If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you. John 15:7.

If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love. John 15:10.

And you hath he reconciled, If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled. Col. 1:21-23.

For we are made partakers of Christ, If we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end. Heb. 3:14.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us of all unrighteousness. 1 John 1:9.

If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him. 1 John 2:15.

If that which ye have heard from the beginning abide in you, ye also shall abide in the Father and the Son. 1 John 7:24.

If our hearts condemn us not then we have confidence toward God. 1 John 3:21.

If God so loved us we ought also to love one another. 1 John 4:11.

If we love one another God dwelleth in us. 1 John 4:12.

If we walk in the light as he is in the light, the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. 1 John 1:7.

If we ask any thing according to His will He heareth us. 1 John 5:14.

on earth in the way of a church home. Is n't that something to make us shout and throw our old hats in the air and praise God from whom all blessings flow? Talk to us about a thanksgiving day! That is wonderful; but bless God, we have three hundred and sixty-five thanksgiving days in each year. That is greater. Dr. B. F. Haynes says that botany is a fine thing but that it does n't compare to a great arm load of beautiful cream roses and that theology is a great study but it does n't even begin to compare to a heart filled with the love of God, and I say, amen to all of that. Well, let's keep all that we have got and let's get all that we can; the more the better. And I say, "O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever and ever." Live on both knees and work with both hands and you will make the landing.

THE windows rattled as though some one were determined to gain admittance to the room. In the great throat of the chimney whose wide fireplace opened into the living-room adjoining, there were moans and sobs and stifled shrieks, as the wind brought its message to the old house.

The sleeper stirred uneasily, and shivered in the unwonted chill of the air. The day which had preceded had been soft and balmy—one of those golden days of late fall, when, after frost had decked all nature in riotous color, the heavens seemed to bend to earth in long caress. In other years this sleeper had declared such Indian summer days typical of the growing old of godly manhood. Then the heat and burden of summer past, the harvest garnered, the present filled with beauty and content, and the future without fear.

Again the windows rattled. The man's hand reached over to touch the wife sleeping at his side, but met vacancy. There was no head upon the pillow, but a sound as of quiet sobbing seemed to come from where, in the deeper shadows of the room, stood the ancient walnut dresser which great-grandfather Harper had brought from the old Culpepper home back in Virginia, out to the wilds of Missouri, seventy-five years ago.

The man raised upon his elbow and peered into the darkness. Yes, there was the wife huddled down by the side of one of the open drawers. What was that little red thing in her hand? A baby shoe! What?—who?—Then memory came in, even as the blast of storm upon the perfect day, to beat upon and moan in and freeze his heart.

Nathan Maury was the youngest son of a large family who had opened their eyes upon life in the old farmhouse. Charles studied law, and before his death had graced the Federal bench. James and Oliver, after sharing the vicissitudes of war with Cousin Sterling Price, had become prosperous merchants. Lewis, the rover, had last been heard from in Constantinople, after the news reached him that grim old Father Maury had cut him off in his will with a single dollar. The girls of the family had "done well" in marriage, reared their broods, and entered into their rest. Nathan alone clung to the soil. Motherless from the first week of his babyhood, he alone of the children had seemed to be able to enter into the silence in which the stern old father lived. One of his earliest playthings was his father's mule whip, and when, a little larger, he rode with him upon plow and seeder, the old man would quietly

"Phil sprang upon the half-wild animal"



chuckle as the baby hands would reach out to grasp the lines ahead of the guiding hands of his father. And the hands of Nathan had reached to grasp the reins ahead of the Driver ever since.

As the lad grew, his training in the ways of the farm fell behind in nothing of the teaching received at the district school. When the time came for college, Nathan, to the old man's secret delight, elected to spend his time at the best agricultural school in the land. Although book learning and farming were, in the general mind, wholly incompatible, and book-farming not to be mentioned among things of sanity, yet Nathan got his book learning, and when by the father's will the broad acres of the old homestead came to him as his share, he put the book learning to practice upon the farm. That he had prospered was inevitable, as knowledge, industry, frugality, and uprightiness joined hands with him in companionship.

While as a young man he had been kept from the follies of youth through the strict principles and close companionship of his father, and had early joined the church, Nathan Maury was religious rather than spiritual. Scrupulously honest in his dealings with his fellows, he demanded the same from others. Accepting the God of his fathers as the Ruler of the universe, and acknowledging the Bible as the Word of God, he gave and required strict adherence to the demands of the church, even in respects to its prohibitions. Not once had Nathan Maury, even in his most effervescent days, joined the other young people of the community in the social dance; never once even in his college days had his companions been able to entice him into a theater. What he required of himself, he would insist as a rule for others, where his will could have its way.

After the death of his father he had married pretty Martha Noyes, whose love and worship of her husband had remained tempered with awe, if not fear. Nathan loved the gentle little woman who so quietly did his bidding—loved her in his own way—depending upon her more than he might admit, even to himself, but he loved her, having his own way. To the children that came he was a model father—all the country round about would aver that. There was good clothing and abundance of food, of course—everybody in the community enjoyed those blessings. There was good schooling in their youngster days, and always books and magazines and music in the home. There was church and Sunday school on the Sabbath for all, great and small—for, should one of the Maury family be absent from one of these services, an inquiry would at once be made as to the health of such an one.

The eldest son, Henry, was now writing M. D. after his name, and had a growing practice in Montgomery City. The twins Richard and Robert, were just beginning their studies at the state university, while Phyllis, little Phil, the only daughter—

Was that a groan from the bed? or was it the hoarse, choking sob of the wind as it fed back up the great chimney? The little woman holding the shoe glanced up quickly to where the form of her husband lay, but there was no movement there.

Baby Phyllis's red shoe! He could see her now, hopping about like a robin, demanding of every one immediate admiration of the "pitty wed shoes what daddy hwinged me." There was an almost audible chuckle as the father saw again his own Sunday gaiters well daubed with the red, barn paint, so that daddy could "have nice wed shoes like Phyllis."

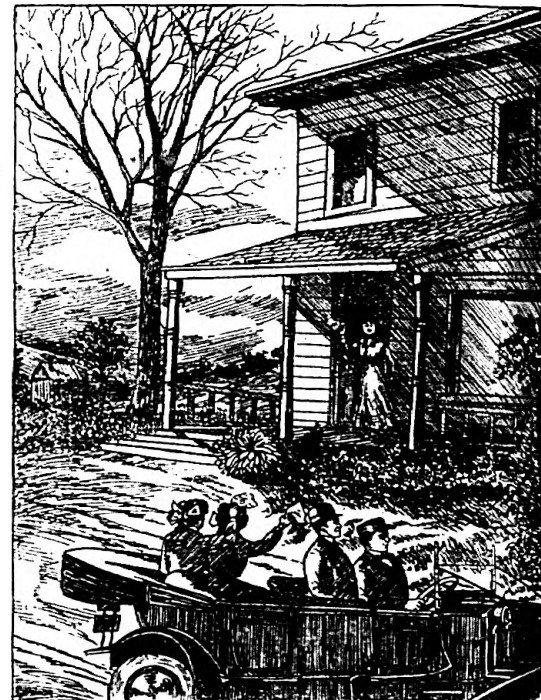
The man turned his face toward the stormy window—he would not think. But then came unbidden the vision of a little girl sobbing over a stark fledgling, pushed from an over-crowded nest, high up in the old, Baldwin apple tree. Now

Aunt Deenie

A Story of Gr

By Charles

it was Sara's prim little maids from Montgomery City, decked out in all their summer finery of wide-standing, stiff muslin, being taught by the effish country girl to make "faery rings" with their whirling dresses by squatting in the dust of the big road. How cold the wind sounded out of doors! The patter on the window panes surely was like that of snow. Again the vision; this time of a school girl, stockings and shoes in hand, trudging through the snow on the way home from school, because an unwise teacher had said that no Maury had known what it meant to suffer as the poor. He remembered yet the look in the brown eyes, as she



"The gay farewells were sounding from the auto"

declared it was worth the whipping to be able to tell the teacher that she could not say now that she did not know. He wondered shuddering, if Phyllis now knew—

How like the whir of a mowing machine the whine of the wind about the old house! The slender, active maid that now came before him was the same little Phil, hoydenish yet, but taking queer little half-womanish ways—daddy's close companion, even in harvest and haying. Was that the crash of a swinging shed door? or was it an echo from that past summer day? that day the fiery young colts which he had been obliged to put to the mower that the boys might have the older, steadier teams for the hauling wagons, and so save the valuable lower meadow cutting, had jumped from a feeling colt-tail, and, swerving sharply, thrown him in front of the sickle bar, to receive a ghastly cut in the leg. It was Phil who caught the colts, called the boys, tied the wound as best she could, and then seeing the urgent need, took out one of the colts and without waiting to go to the house for a saddle, sprang upon the half-wild animal, and sped down the road to Montgomery City. She had found the doctor just starting upon a trip, and in five minutes would have been too late to have caught him—and

Thanksgiving

Forgiveness

Connell

late to have saved the father's life, as the doctor declared, when he had examined the wounded man.

Was it the old wound that now brought forth the stifled moan, or was the pain nearer the heart?

How like his Phil it had been, as soon as he was assured of the safety of her father, to throw the boys back to the meadow while she herself mounted the mower, and with the colts sheathed the cutting.

The clatter that old Aunt Deenie was making in the kitchen accompanied the faint but

forward to by the second and third generations of brothers and sisters and cousins. What blessed occasions those old-time Thanksgiving days were. How we miss them in these days of depleted home life and lightly held family ties. Given by Abraham Lincoln as a day of thanksgiving for national preservation; given to the New World by the Puritans as a recognition of the God of harvests; yet its observance is as far back in history as the life of the children of Israel.

It is good for man to stop, on occasion, and praise the Lord. There is more petition than praise—yea, more demanding than thanksgiving these days. It were well that we gather to worship and give thanks by families. Salvation in Bible times was often spoken of as by families, and Revelation pictures similar scenes in the last times. We need to check, once in awhile, the individualism now pressing hard upon us, and realize that we have fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters—that we are members of families. It might help us to recognize the "family of God." Sad indeed is it when son and daughter are content to live their own life, and let the old home and the old folks become little more than a vague memory.

With the growing old and the passing away of brothers and sisters, the observance of Thanksgiving Day had lost as to numbers of merry feasters since Nathan Maury became master of the old homestead, yet, as his children grew up and began to go out into the world, no school duties or business matters would be considered too important to keep them away from this annual reunion.

Thanksgiving Day! Well, there would be no Thanksgiving in that house this day, grimly thought the unhappy man upon the bed. He had fixed that. He had written Rich and Bob that they would not be expected at home until the Christmas vacation, and the day before he had phoned Doctor Henry that the twins were not coming, and that he and mother might drive in and call at his office during the day. And old Aunt Deenie—he could see the blank look of astonishment and incredulity upon the face of that faithful, black servitor as he gave his wife the order early in the week that no Thanksgiving dinner was to be prepared. "What's dat y' say, Mars Nat'n? Ain't gwine mek no dinnah, an' dat tuckey jist er spillin' fat! What y' reckon Miss Annie say 'bout dat? Ol' Miss gwine turn ovah in her grave—dat what she do. What young Mars Doctah Harry an' de twinses gwine eat? Tells me dat. An' 'll' Miss——"

A stern look from the master checked the name. "Ain't comin'!" The old negress gazed from the hard, flushed face of the man to the white, downcast countenance of her mistress, as if unable to credit her own hearing, and then, in a daze, turned and left the room.

"Daddy, daddy! why have you locked the house? Open the door. It's your daughter Phil."

"I have no daughter. Begone from here, you shameless creature."

The voice that came to Phyllis Maury from within the house, even as the gay farewells were sounding out from the departing auto, was so changed as to be scarcely recognized as that of her father. The doors bolted! When had such a thing occurred before? Not since the Yankee soldiers infested the neighborhood, terrifying the women and children. And locked to her! To be sure it was late, but she could explain if only daddy—The windows were unfastened; but why should she make her way into her father's house like a thief? his only daughter! What was it that he had said? He "had no daughter"! What did he mean? And that other, "shameless creature." Was that what daddy thought?

As some wounded animal of the forest, that seeks to hide itself to die, the girl who, but a moment before was the life of the careless, fun-seeking crowd, crawled away to the cabin of the old negress who had been her own as well as her father's nurse.

One does not easily lose the effect of early training; not quickly is the anchor weighed which has been grounded in the Rock of Ages, but once a life begins to drift from its moorings, the question of its drifting lies in the sport of all the winds of evil. To the demands of her father's religion Phyllis Maury had yielded an unquestioning though uncomprehending obedience. In the school which trained its youth for their life service, the church which was raised up to conserve vital godliness and purity of heart allowed this young girl to be taught to question the authenticity of the Bible; to place the measuring stick of a crude science upon the infinite; to balance man's will against the will of God; to give the interpretation of convenience and desire to the stern commands of righteousness.

There the social dance, in "perfectly respectable" associations, was not frowned upon—the bishops had laughed the old, obsolete church rules out of court. The drama was to be included in the course of any really educated person—and the theater, judiciously chosen of course, was really a means of grace—that is, of mental stimulation and elevation.

Not at once did Phyllis break away from her anchorage; not at once did she come to discard her father's religion, and find in her heart contempt for his "old fogy notions." Perhaps, had Nathan Maury known the sanctifying grace of God in his heart, giving him a life of unbroken victory, the faith of his daughter might have held steadfast. But Phyllis drifted; drifted into carelessness; drifted into doubt; drifted into and along with the giddy, worldly set, whose life was the present hour, and whose aim was pleasure. At home during her vacation, her keen wit, her beauty, her overflowing spirits, as well as the social standing of her parents, made her the center of the young life of the nearby Montgomery City. How was she to know that some of the young men of that gay set had records that would blanch the cheek of their mothers were they known to them? They were received without question in all the "best" homes. How was she to know why the face of her father turned dark, and he had sternly demanded that it never happen again, after Ned Bascom brought her home in his auto?

But this night Phyllis had never meant to
continued on page 12

"Dis Book say yo' ouc mis'ble sinnah right now."



"A noisy rush of the twins into the breakfast-room"

ether delicious fragrance of coffee to the as of the man upon the bed. What day was winter? Was it Christmas? Ah, Thanksgiving Day! And his stern orders had gone that never more should there be a Thanksgiving Day in that house. Thanksgiving! What was he to be thankful for? Why should he go through the mockery of saying thanks and giving, when—and the heart of the poor man might burst with its bitterness. — Though a Southern home, Maplewood had adopted this "Yankee Christmas," as the neighbor had called this festive day, ever since Miss Maury had come from her New England home to rule the heart and home of William Maury. Even before Lincoln had set apart the day as one of rejoicing over Yankee victories, since, the day had been scrupulously observed in honor, not of the Puritan fathers, nor of Lincoln's soldiers, but of the woman whose hand touched in blessing every soul of the time, white and black. — Long as the old man had lived, the Judge, the soldier-merchants and the daughters religiously kept this season of family gathering and festivity under the old roof-tree, more than their Southern week-long celebration of Christmas was this gathering looked

Daniel, the Redeemed African

Written for the Herald of Holiness

By

Mrs. Lula Schmelzenbach

Missionary to Africa

Many have an idea that when a missionary goes to a foreign field he finds the heathen waiting for him, ready to accept the Gospel message and yield their hearts to God, the first time they hear the voice of the messenger. This, however, is far from being the true situation.

In Africa, as it may be in other heathen lands, the raw heathen are very suspicious or afraid of the white man. Whether he be a missionary, trader, or traveler in the country, he must prove himself to them, win their confidence, and work his way into their hearts before he can deal with them.

A little more than four years ago, when we first came into Swaziland, we found ourselves confronted with this problem of first winning the people. We set ourselves about this task at once by visiting from kraal to kraal, teaching and preaching the Gospel story. It was upon one of these kraal visits that we first met "Daniel." On the way from one kraal to another we had gone through a field where many men and women were tilling the soil in their rude, primitive way, as it was plowing time. We soon learned that they belonged to the kraal to which we were then going, and after a short talk they agreed to go with us.

While standing among them and telling of Jesus and His love and power, an old man in the crowd asked the Missionary "if the Jesus, of whom he was speaking, could heal that boy," pointing to a place back of where we were standing. As we both turned we beheld a most pathetic figure. There sat a boy of about nineteen years. There was a healthy look in his face, and there were broad shoulders upon a heavy-set body, but he was paralyzed in both limbs from his hips down. The Missionary did not at once answer the question of the old heathen, but turned to the boy and asked him a few questions about himself. The lad told him that the only method he had of getting about over the hills and valleys, and across rivers and plains, was on his hands and knees.

The Missionary then turned, and replying to the old man, said, "Yes, there is nothing too hard for our God, but it would take great faith for the healing of such a body, and then the lad must be willing for God to answer the prayer not according to his wishes, but according to His own wisdom." Then he turned and preached about the soul of the lad, which was of far more value in the sight of God than the body.

Several months afterward the Missionary came home one day and asked if I yet re-

membered the paralyzed boy. He told me how he had seen him many times since that day, and had preached to him whenever he met him. Now the crippled lad was becoming interested, he was sure. He had agreed, the Missionary said, to attend church services at the Mission, but that it was too far, being five miles distance from his kraal, and



Daniel reading his Bible

he could not walk. The Missionary said, "I have promised him that if he really meant what he said, I would take him back and forth on the donkey myself. After some hesitation he agreed, and tomorrow morning I am going after him with the donkey to bring him to church."

This the Missionary did, and kept it up for many weeks. Every Sabbath morning he would take a donkey and start out early, preaching at all the kraals on his way, and then stop and pick up his afflicted charge, arriving at home in time for the 11 o'clock service. After a few weeks the lad became enough interested to wish to study in our school. It was too far, however for him

to go back and forth every day, so we offered to take him into our home.

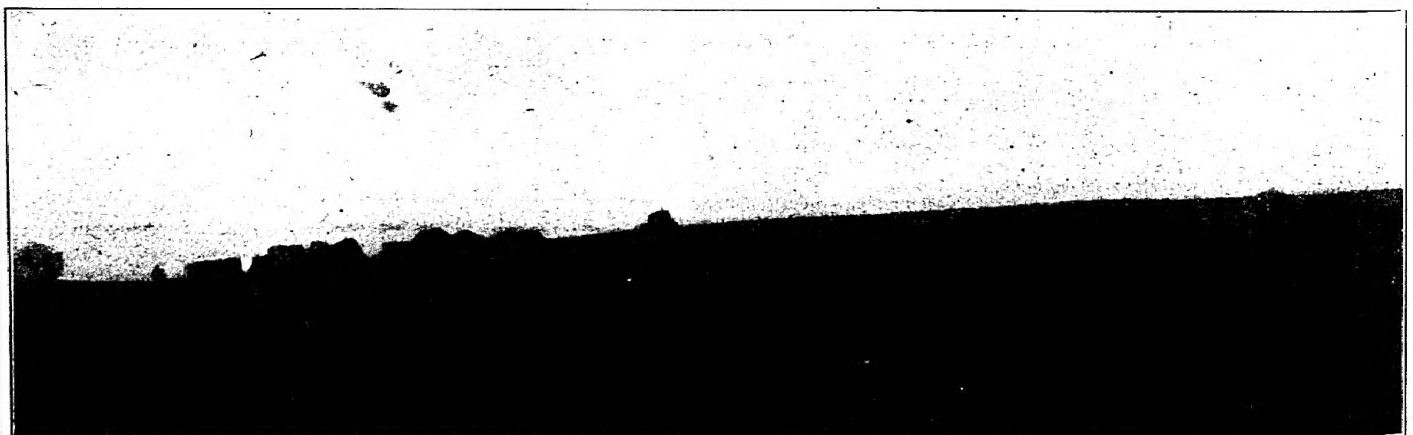
He came, and studied for one week, but at the end of that time he did not know A when he saw it. He became discouraged and went back home. By this time, however, real conviction for sins had begun to grip his heart, and he became restless at home. Once more he started in to study in school, only to give up again in discouragement. Of course we did not cease to pray for him, and God was answering our prayers. The third time our afflicted boy came back, and this time he yielded his heart to God for Jesus to save him.

Of course it took several weeks for him to pray through, but by the time he got through, he was cleaned up right—we believe inside and out, for he began to bring forth the fruits of true repentance. The old habits of drinking and smoking and swearing, and all his other heathen practices, began to disappear as the light broke in upon him. Now he did not think that five miles was too far for him to crawl to church, and many times when the donkeys were all at work and away from home, he would be the first one at the Mission station for services, crawling the entire distance on his hands and knees, and crawling back again after the service.

During the school session he stayed with us, visiting his home at his own pleasure, but he made it a rule never to miss school or the Gospel services. My readers will know of course that the Devil did not let him off easily. The lad had a hard fight from the very beginning. His elder brother, who was at the head of the kraal, would not speak to him for months. This almost broke his heart. Then others of the family made it as hard as possible for him. But this persecution only seemed to drive him closer to God, and he wept and prayed his way through to victory.

While Dr. Reynolds, our General Missionary Superintendent, was with us last July, the lad had the privilege of being baptized by this great man, and receiving the Christian name of "Daniel." He was one of the first four converts to be baptized here at Peniel Mission. He has now lived at the station for three years, and is a real inspiration to all the Christians, and a spiritual help to us in many ways. He is no respecter of persons, but preaches the Gospel to man, woman, and child, to many or few—all that is necessary is for them to cross his path.

Native Kraals. Daniel's Home.



Often Daniel will ask for a donkey, and he goes out among the kraals to preach to his heathen neighbors. Sometimes he goes to his own home on Saturday evening in order to hold a service among his own people on Sabbath morning, and then gets back in time for the church service at the Mission.

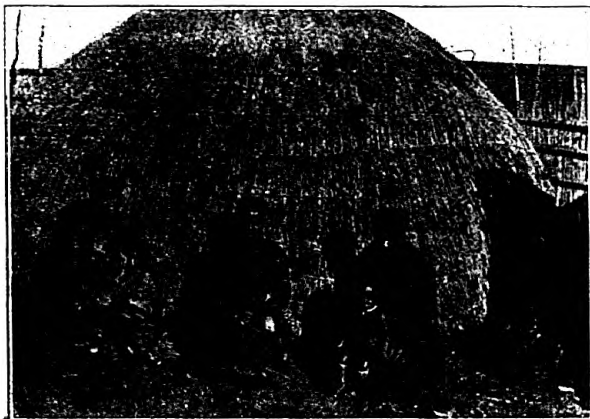
Soon after he was so blessedly saved from his sins, God touched his mind, and his understanding began to open so that he got along fairly well in school. Now he is going through his Testament the second time. He hopes to help in the school as well as preach. Often at 4 o'clock in the morning, and some-

times earlier (for he has no clock) we are awakened by the voice of Daniel in prayer. And just at sundown daily you can hear his voice somewhere off in the grove, or in the cornfield, or in the high grass, calling on God for his lost race. Anywhere hidden from the world outside, is his closet of prayer.

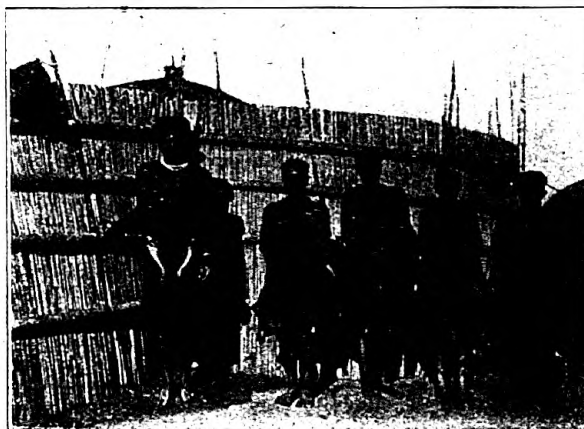
Some one may ask how Daniel is supported. Well, he is not supported. We have supplied the most of his wants for over three years, but as some of God's saints may want to have the joy of this burden, I will

say that it will cost to clothe and feed him, \$25 a year.

We expect, when we get to heaven, not only to find Daniel there, but also many others whom he has led into the kingdom. Already there are three promising Christians here at Peniel station who have been brought in by the influence and preaching of Daniel. Do missions pay? Do you think our first two years of seed sowing here paid? We would have felt well paid if Daniel had been the only one to be baptized at the end of that time. Pray for him and us, who are in His glad service.



AUNT MOTHER GRANDMOTHER AUNT
Daniel's relatives with their "bedroom" in background



COUSIN MOTHER GRAND- AUNT AUNT
MOTHER
Daniel's relatives outside their kraal

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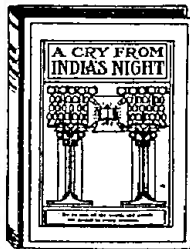
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OUR DAILY BREAD

When we pray "give us this day our daily bread," we not only pray for food for the body but for soul food. It is written, "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Jesus said, "I am the bread of life." Anything that helps to keep the Word of God constantly before us, is a help to spiritual life. Many Christians have found it a great help to each day start out with some special passage of scripture in mind, and by meditation get real daily bread.

Our Scripture Text Calendar, "Bible Gems," is designed for just such people and to encourage others to follow this plan. Besides having a scripture text for every day in the year, it gives the reference for the daily readings on the Sunday school lesson. Those who follow these readings will find it a great help to have this reference always at hand without having to look in a Quarterly or other book.

There are also texts for each month, which keep before the mind the great truths of the Word. One can not see them daily without becoming interested in the thought and fired with a purpose. It is said that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Certainly beauty has its influence. The beautiful pictures on our Calendar are from many lands and represent the work of our Creator. These of themselves are a means of blessing and have a healthful influence on the mind and heart. Those who desire to send gifts to friends and want something which will surely please and gratefully their love of the beautiful and at the same time bless and enrich their spiritual life, can select nothing better than this beautiful and wonderful production.

Aunt Deenie's Thanksgiving

continued from page 9

disobey her father. She loved her "old daddy," even if he was "back in the past century." She had not known that at the social evening at the home of the banker, the chairman of the Board of Stewards of her father's church, a "quiet little dance, to learn the new steps" would be indulged in. Nor was it without her protest that the party stopped afterward at the show on their way home. Nor did the father know all the truth when a mischief-making neighbor dropped in on his way past to let fall the information that he had seen Phyllis dancing with Ned Bascom, and afterward going to the show. Neither did Nathan Maury know that the machine in which the gay party was bringing Phyllis home had "gone dead," and one of the young men had been obliged to walk back to town for another auto to finish the journey, while the balance waited long. He knew that midnight had come, and one o'clock, and two—and then he had grimly bolted the doors of the old house, and of his heart, as he thought, for ever against her who had covered him no less than herself with shame and disgrace.

The summer dragged its weary length, and autumn came with its glory of frutelage and garnered harvest. In the old homestead the routine followed its deep-worn grooves, for lives go on even where joy is fled, and hope feeds on Dead Sea apples. There was a timid mother who grew more wan and shrinking. There was a stern father, the lines of whose face deepened, and who often failed to respond when spoken to. The boys were again off at school, and Phyllis, little Phil, was as one dead—nay, as one who had never been, for of the dead one may speak in loving remembrance.

Thanksgiving Day! No, there would be no mockery with empty form for the old home on that day.

The reading of the Word had never in the history of the home been neglected, as the family gathered about the morning meal, and no day's labor had been begun without a prayer offered to God for protection and guidance. But on this Thanksgiving Day, as the master of the house, at the breakfast table, opened the Book and began mechanically to read from the 136th Psalm, "O give thanks unto the Lord," he faltered, and his eyes sought the second verse, but that said, "O give thanks"—and the third verse, also, "O give thanks." He closed the volume, and in words indistinguishable mumbled the prayer.

The amber coffee and streaked bacon and fluffy omelets of old Mammy Deenie, had been pushed aside scarcely tasted, when there was a boisterous banging at the front door, and a noisy rush of the twins into the breakfast room, followed more sedately by the eldest son—the doctor.

"We just couldn't wait till Christmas, Dad. We're starved for some of Mam Deenie's muffins," cried Rich, while Robert passed around the table to put his arms about the little pale mother.

"Folks seem to be distressingly well over at the city," explained Doctor Henry, "so I wired the boys to come on, and we'd give you a Thanksgiving surprise. Hope there's enough on the place for three hungry youngsters."

The face of the father lit up for the moment with the pleasure of having his strong, manly boys about him again, as he assured them of their welcome. Old Deenie prepared them places at the table, and from where and how, only an old-time colored cook could tell, shortly set before her boys a bountiful breakfast.

Out over the farm, and deep into the plans for its management, the father was tempted by the boys, but of the nature of the festal day there was no word spoken, for the dark shadow lay on all hearts.

The time for the noon meal came—the meal that upon this day for more than half a century had been honored in that home with joy and thanksgiving. A faint wish passed through the father's heart that he had not forbidden the usual preparations for that meal—the boys were at home. Then his heart hardened again. No! He was not thankful. Bitterness, anger, sorrow—and was it also remorse, filled his soul.

The bell sounded, and the twins, each with an arm about mother, with the eldest son upon the arm of the father, following, passed out into the dining-room. The table was dressed as for a Thanksgiving feast. Every detail of the well-remembered arrangement was there, headed by the great, brown turkey. A quick, sharp glance was shot at the wife, but her trembling lip and

blanched cheek told that she had not been responsible for the disobeyed order. The boys approached their accustomed seats—but there was an extra place and an extra chair!

With a face glowing with passion, while the hoarse voice trembled, the master of the house called to the old black who stood a sable statue behind her mistress.

"Deenie, remove that plate and chair!"

"Deed an' I won't, Mars Nat'n. Hit gwine stay right dar."

"What—what—why! you—" gasped the man in almost speechless fury.

"Now chile yo' sot right where yo' is. Dis am de time what Ol' Deenie gwine say some tings, an' y' all jes gwine lissen. Year me!"

"Mars Nat'n who it am what tek y' po' lil, scrawny sef, an' nuss yo' an' keep life in dat lil' body w'en Ol' Miss die? Who? Yas suh, me, Ol' Deenie!"

"Who Ol' Mars say, 'Deenie, y' tek keer my boy for Miss Annie, w'en de Yankee sojers run off Ol' Mars? Yas suh, Ol' Deenie! An' Ol' Deenie bin tekin keer ob yo' ebber since."

"Whah y' run hide w'en y' all pappy gwine whup y' lak y' 'sarve? Undah Ol' Deenie's skirts! Yas suh. Who mek de cracklin' bread, and bake de possum and taters in de fat w'en yo' friens come home long yo'? Ol' Deenie, dat's who."

"Now y' lissen what Ol' Deenie say, Mars Nat'n. See dat Book?" Drawing from beneath her apron a well-worn, big-print Testament. "W'en Miss Annie, y' maw, know she gwine die, she puts her own purse in dese black han's, an' she say, 'Is gwine away, Deenie—gwine leave my lil' boy. Yo' tek dis money in dis bag, an' buys a Bible—I done larn ye how ter read—an' yo' all learn dis lil' boy ter walk 'cordin' de way dis Book say.' Yas suh. Yo' Mammy mek Ol' Deenie promise dat. An' dis yere de very Book. An' dis Book say yo' one mis'dle sannah right now! Lissen what hit say: 'Cept yo' fergib y' all kaint git fergiben.' No sah. Yo' got one ha'd ob heart, Mars Nat'n, but Gawd gwine bust hit. Yo' strike fust, an' tek yo' time ter git sorry. Gawd's time fer yo' ter git sorry am right now. Nuffin' ter thank Gawd fer! Look at yo' home. Some folks I kin gib de names aln' got no home. Look at dem boys, an' dat Missus, what nehah raised a lil' feng boy 'gin yo' word. Some folks I kin name got no folks whah dey kin sit down an' eat. Mars Nat'n, yo' kin thank Gawd He done kep' yo' out er hell. Ain't gwine gib Him any thanks?"

The man's face was buried in his hands. The boys and the pale-faced wife had slipped to the floor, and were kneeling at their chairs. The old negress went on:

"Yo' mind dat filly yo' pappy git ye w'en y' come home from school? Paid a t'ousan' dollars for hit; yas suh. An' dat filly so full ob life hit jst dance, ah' mek bleeve skeer at de lil' bl'igs on de fence. An' yo' all fret; an' den yo' strike dat filly cross de back wid de whup, an' hit spring up in de air, an' fall back an' brek hit's neck. Yas suh. An' Mars Nat'n—Mars Nat'n,—yo' done strike our lil' Phillie one ha'd, cruel blow w'en she all don't tend no harm. She ned good drivin', dat's all; but yo' strike fust. Mars Nat'n, reckon y' done brek de neck ob dat lil' gal?"

The father was down upon his knees, sobbing: "God forgive me. God be merciful to me a sinner." No sound was heard at the opening of a door, but there was a rushing of feet and a girl's cry, "Oh, daddy, I've come home! Forgive me, oh, forgive me! I was silly and foolish and ignorant, but not wicked as you thought. Take me back, daddy."

There was no chance for further words, for the daughter was close-folded in her father's arms, while mother and brothers—and black old Deenie—crowded about to share in the welcome embrace. With smiles and little catches of laughter mingled with the sobs, Phyllis told how she had gone to the city and sought work. "I don't know what would have become of me, but for the purse Aunt Deenie put into my hand as I left her cabin. The city is not kind to girls who are out of work and have no money. And it was hard, oh so hard, all the time to stay good, even after I got a place where the pay barely kept me alive. You remember, daddy, the time I walked in the snow? Well, there is a Maury that knows better than ever what it means to suffer as the poor. Daddy, they taught me in college things that made me think possibly the Bible was a human book sady out of date, and if there was a God He did n't have much of anything to do with human affairs. So in my trouble I had n't gone to church. But one Sunday as I was walking on the avenue, almost ready to give up, I saw on a bulletin board in front of a little church:

Subject Today: "THE PRODIGAL SON"

I thought as I read, 'Well, that would strike me if I was a boy.' I am sure it was the Spirit of God who whispered, 'Go in and listen.' I went in, and even as I entered, the preacher was saying, 'I will arise and go to my father, and I will say, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.' All at once it began to thunder in my ears, 'I will arise and go to my father.' I did n't hear another word of the sermon—just the words, 'I will arise and go.' I went back to my room, and daddy, I got to where I could say it: 'I will arise.' And God forgave me—and now you have."

"Hallelujah! Praise de Lord fer dis Thanksgiving Day! Now dinner's all ready, an' de tu'key jst spillin' to git carved."

Again the father took up the old Book, and again it opened at the 136th Psalm. This time he could read with all his heart:

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: For His mercy endureth for ever."

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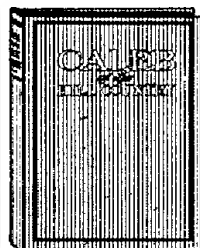
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Five Steps to Entire Sanctification

P. F. BRESEE, D. D.

[Our beloved General Superintendent Dr. Bresee, has just been called up higher by the great head of the church. Knowing that all of our readers will especially appreciate something from his pen, we republish this article which has been a blessing to thousands. We know of nothing clearer on this important subject. By reference to our tract list, you will see that it can be had in tract form.—EDITOR.]

One of the most difficult points, both for the seeker and for those who are helping, is when the place is reached where the question is really and earnestly asked, "What shall I do that I may be sanctified wholly?"

It is to answer this question that we write. It is now presumed that the seeker is a child of God, and has a clear experience of His pardoning mercy and justifying grace. There must be no doubt in reference to this; if there is, this must first be settled. No one but a child of God is in a condition to seek entire sanctification. What makes it so difficult for many who undertake to seek this grace, is that they have not been living up to the light which God has poured upon their pathway, and are not in a state of justification. They have kept up their profession and have not given up hope, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father, has departed. It is true they are in trouble and under conviction; but it is not for holiness, but that they may come back to God, and for the return of the sweet Messenger of rest, whose absence causes them to mourn. They sometimes come under this conviction to seek holiness, and by penitence and faith get back to God. Happy for them if they are then clearly taught, and at once go on to seek and to enter into the "grace wherein we stand." But the place to start from is a clear experience, through the witnessing Spirit, that you are a child of God and therefore an heir to the inheritance among them who are sanctified.

THE FIRST STEP DEFINITE BELIEF

"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." As a child of God you have come to know that He commands you to be holy; that it is His will, even your sanctification; that Christ gave Himself for you as a part of the Church—a Christian—that He might sanctify and cleanse you; and that without holiness no man can see the Lord. You recognize your need. Every newborn child of God soon finds that while in connection with the new birth condemnation is removed, and there is a new, loyal, loving heart given, yet there are the remains of sin—the carnal mind—with its desires and ambitions and passions left, and that these war against the new life, and bring it great limitations and danger. With this need you have come to the Word of God and have found under the light of the Spirit, that it is the provision of the atonement, and is also the will of God that you be made "thoroughly clean." It is with you a settled fact that you need it—must have it—and that God has it for you, the purchase of Atoning Blood, and waits to give it to you. This *clear belief* is the first step.

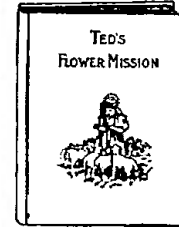
THE SECOND STEP ENTIRE DEVOTEMENT TO GOD

As His child, being thus made a priest unto God, you act as priest, being also yourself the offering, and present yourself a living sacrifice unto God; mark, *unto God*, to be made holy. Be careful not to mistake and make the sacrifice unto usefulness, or unto happiness; the offering of yourself is *unto God*—to be in His will. This devotion, or consecration of yourself to God, is all-embracing. It was unconsciously, in your surrender to God in the beginning, so far as the yielding of yourself up to be for ever in the will of God is concerned, and you can never fail to carry it out without forfeiting the grace which came through surrender. But, now, it becomes an art—a living experience. You offer yourself as a whole burnt offering unto God, to be His holy one for ever. Into this devotion everything goes. The things which are gain are counted loss; the things that are valuable are reckoned as dung, that you may know Christ and the power of His resurrection. You die unto

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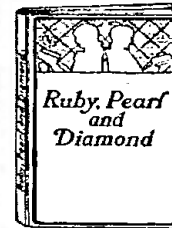
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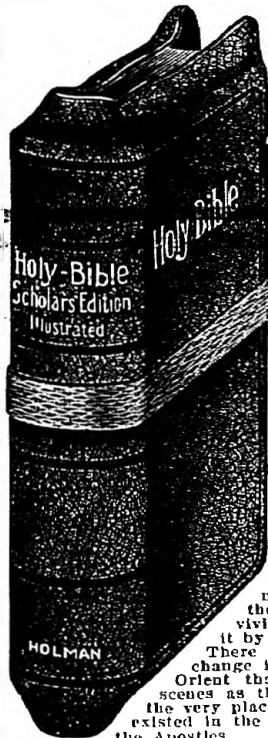
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27 And the boys grew; and Esau was a cunning hunter: 5 And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.

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the world, so that you too say, "The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." You render up yourself, all you are, and all you have, all the present and all the future—your being—unto God, to be made holy. You have now come to the end of your own works. You will never have another thing to consecrate or give to God for this is all-embracing—now and for ever. You rest, as you have reached—God helping you—the end of your own possibility. This is the second step.

THE THIRD STEP RECOGNIZING THAT THE WORK IS GOD'S

You can do no more. It is as impossible for you to make yourself holy as to create a universe. "He that ministereth to you the Spirit and worketh miracles among you"—He must do this great work of cleansing your heart. You have already believed that He would do it, and now you are the diligent seeker. You have desperately abandoned everything to be made holy; you have sold everything to purchase this great pearl of a clean heart.

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

Now you recognize that it is God's work to make you holy, and that you have fully given yourself to Him for Him to do it. You are as "clay in the hands of the potter." You have abandoned yourself to God that He may work in you and through you His own blessed will. This is the third step.

THE FOURTH STEP TO BELIEVE GOD

To rest your case upon the immutable promises of God. Not now to trust in experiences, or feelings, or what has or may come to pass in your soul; but upon the pledged troth of God. Having put your case in His hands, and absolutely left it with Him, you are now to believe that according to His word He attends to His own work. If you have fully committed the case to Him, you will have little difficulty in trusting Him to attend to it, and to do it at the time it needs attention, which is now. You will be able to believe Him that He doeth it. You will hear Him say that as you now walk in the light of God in a complete yielding of yourself according to His will into His hands for Him to do it—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth you from all sin"; and you will say, "Yes, Lord, I believe what thou sayest. Not to believe That would be to make Thee a liar. I know that Thou art truth, and I believe Thou doest it." You do not look to see whether anything has come to pass or not; you are not trusting in what comes to pass, but in God; in His will, which is "your sanctification," and in His Word, which declares that "the Blood cleanseth." You seek nothing but the will of God; you rest upon nothing but the promise of God, and there is quietness and peace in thy soul. As the child of Abraham, you have followed in the footsteps of the "Father of the faithful," and believed God, and to you also it is counted for righteousness. You have learned what it is to "obstinately believe God." And you have the assurance of the Word—God's Word—that He doeth the work. This is the first witness. God testifies to thy believing heart by His own living Word—that He doeth it—the Blood cleanseth. You realize now the infinite import of the Word of God. You recognize that upon that Word, which can not fail, you stand and can stand for ever. You rejoice that God talks to you in assurance through His Word. The sin of the Almighty has come to thy soul in His own utterance that "The blood cleanseth"—"T is done, the great transaction's done." There is a great calm and quiet in thy soul. This may be called the fourth step.

THE FIFTH STEP THE HOLY GHOST MANIFESTATION

There is also a second witness. "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." The believing heart waits peacefully, thankfully, trustingly, expectingly, with great assurance of faith the manifestation of the presence of the Holy Ghost. He is sure to reveal Himself, according to His own infinite wisdom. It is a time of holy, intense, expectant waiting; gazing into the face of God through His promise. Whether you should seek the witness of the Spirit is questionable. You have the witness of His own utterance to you—you rest upon it, you are lovingly, thankfully, expectantly waiting His manifest presence,

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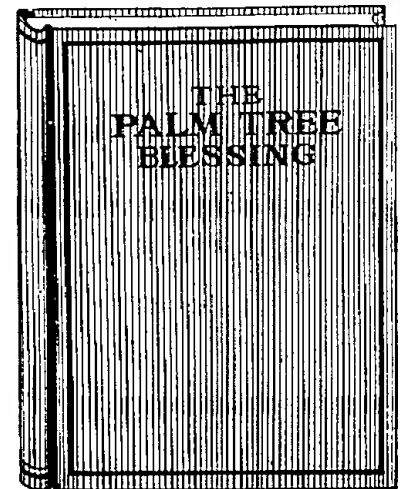


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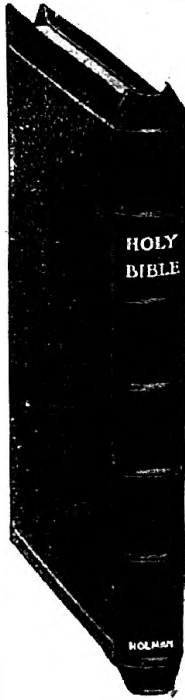
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AND it came to pass, that when Isaac was old, and his eyes were dim, so that he could not see, he

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with His own assurance that He will come suddenly to His temple, and you are resting in His assurance. He makes known His own coming. He sheds abroad His own light. You will not be left in doubt; He will illuminate the whole temple of thy being, which He has come to possess and make His abiding place. The obedience and trust of faith merge into the knowledge of experience and you, too, know the Lord. The mystery of the gospel, "Christ in us," is unveiled to you. This is the fifth step, and you stand cleansed and endued by the Holy Ghost which is given unto you.

*"Jesus, full of love divine,
I am thine and thou art mine.
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.
More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame;
All my heart to Thee aspires,
Yearns with infinite desires."*

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WHAT IS IT?

The real product of the Church of God is holy manhood. If men and women are not saved and sanctified, all is in vain. That money is raised and machinery run, and that people are busy, is nothing more than is attained in these days in club and lodge life. That educational and culturing influences and social life are advanced is nothing more than is done by worldly institutions. The question is, Are men and women "born again" and "baptized with the Holy Ghost"? When this is not the case, there is no real church—the called out—of God. If there are only forms and ceremonies and ritual, there is no more real life than in the clothes of a dead man or woman.

This is the test which we desire all men to apply to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene:

First, it entered an open door. It did not seek the rich. It remembered the Master's words, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." It has been found that few, very few, rich men and women will pay the price, and give all to follow Jesus. Some "go away sorrowful," but they usually go away. These Nazarene people heard Jesus say in evidence of His own Messiahship, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." They saw that there was a multitude of people trying to maintain homes who were often in affliction and distress, who needed sympathy, and often help, whom it was possible to serve, and that their hearts could be opened to the message of infinite love, and they could be gathered to the arms of Jesus. To these people they went.

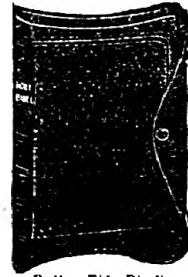
Secondly, they preached a gospel of full salvation. Recognizing that so many of the churches have fallen and are falling into worldliness, because of the lack of that second definite work of grace, known as being sanctified wholly; and knowing that there is a grace for justified souls where they may stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and that it is the privilege and duty of all Christians to walk in the light and prove the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse from all sin; feeling so deeply that they must bear this message to men and create a center where the fire of Pentecost should so burn that men and women would be saved from sin and preserved blameless; they were ready to abandon all for this purpose. They were convinced that the dispensational truth—that which makes this a dispensation—is, that Jesus Christ baptizes with the Holy Ghost, cleansing human hearts and enduing them with power for testimony.

With these convictions, and by the impulse of the Holy Spirit, they went forth, "in the fulness of the blessing of Christ," to preach and witness to men.

Like the mustard seed in the parable, there were small beginnings; a few men and women standing and covenanting together with holy awe and sacred thanksgiving unto Him who had called them to be partakers of His holiness, that they would preach and testify this gospel of perfect love to all men as they had opportunity, and seek souls for Jesus Christ. From a few small churches in the east, west, and south, the work has grown until there are over eight hundred churches where this glorious gospel of holiness is constantly preached and the experience of sanctification is enjoyed and witnessed to. The Pentecostal churches of Scotland

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Specimen of Type

Christ is tempted. He beginneth to preach

13 ¶ Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.	A. D. 28.
14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?	JAN. 3.
15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.	Feb. 2. 28.
16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the	Mar. 2. 28.
	Apr. 1. 28.
	May 1. 28.
	Jun. 1. 28.
	Jul. 1. 28.
	Aug. 1. 28.
	Sep. 1. 28.
	Oct. 1. 28.
	Nov. 1. 28.
	Dec. 1. 28.

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and England have recently joined this movement and we can truthfully sing:

"We'll girdle the globe with salvation,
With Holiness unto the Lord."

The Church now has its own Bible Schools, Colleges, and Universities. It also has its Publishing House, where it publishes nine periodicals, numerous books and tracts, and all such literature as will spread scriptural holiness over the world. It has missions in many lands with over fifty missionaries in the field. Wherever it is established, the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene preaches Jesus as the divine Christ, and that through faith in Him alone, men and women can be converted or "born again" and afterward, by faith in the same Jesus, they can be sanctified wholly.

WHAT DOES IT BELIEVE?

The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene stands for apostolic purity of doctrine, primitive simplicity of worship, and pentecostal power in experience. The dispensational truth being: that Jesus Christ baptizes believers with the Holy Ghost, cleansing them from all sin, and empowering them to witness the grace of God to men, this church stands especially for this truth and this experience. We recognize that the right and privilege of men to church membership rests upon the face of their being regenerate; and would only require such statements of belief as are essential to, and the maintenance of, that condition and experience. Whatever is not essential to life in Jesus Christ may be left to individual liberty of Christian thought; that which is essential to Christian life lies at the very basis of their associated life and fellowship in the church, which there can be no failure to believe without forfeiting Christian life itself, and thus the right of all church affiliation.

While emphasizing the baptism with the Holy Ghost as a second experience of divine grace, we do not set aside, but emphasize the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity. We believe:

1. In one God—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
2. In the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures as found in the Old and New Testaments, and that they contain all truth necessary to faith and practice.
3. That man is born with a fallen nature, and is by nature inclined to evil, and that continually.
4. In the sure loss of the finally impenitent.
5. That the atonement through Christ is universal, and whosoever hears the Word of the Lord, and repents and believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, is saved from the condemnation and dominion of sin. That a soul is entirely sanctified subsequent to justification through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.
6. That the Spirit of God bears witness in the human heart to justification by faith, and to the further work of the entire sanctification of believers.
7. In the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting.

This church regards as more especially its work to preach the gospel to the poor and to organize people into church life, where holiness unto the Lord shall have full right of way. With malice toward none and love for all, it lifts the cross in the full meaning of the words: "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin." "This is the will of God, even your sanctification."

All persons who believe in and stand for these great doctrines, are invited to join hands with this church to preach and testify to the whole world that the Gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto salvation.

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We publish a complete series of Sunday School literature. Quarterlies, Leaflets, Teachers' Journal, Little Folks' paper and Young People's paper. Samples sent free on request.—PENTECOSTAL NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

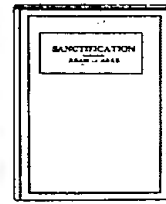
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Specials for Christmas

Bound in Cloth, Gilt Letters

Sanctification

By ADAM CLARKE

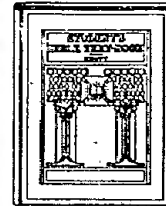


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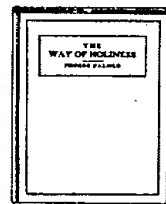


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Size, 8 x 10 inches; price **15c**

- Texts:**
1. The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.
 2. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
 3. This is the will of God even your sanctification.
 4. He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.

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4. Commit thy way unto the Lord. (The Windmill, Itzysdale.)



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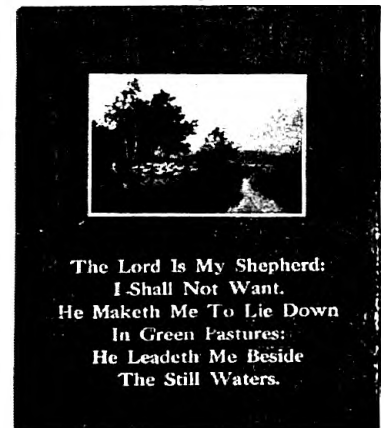
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The Good Shepherd

Size 13 x 17 in.

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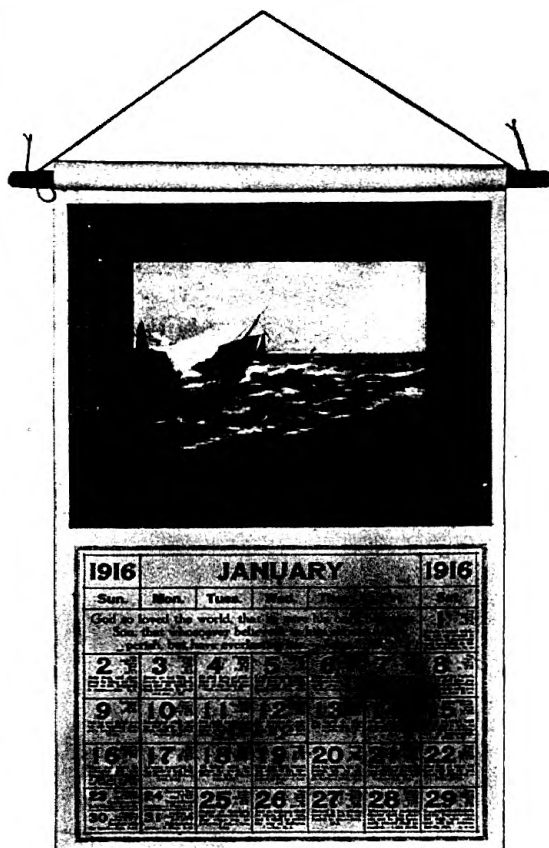
Texts:

1. He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one.
2. It is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy.
3. Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.
4. God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness.

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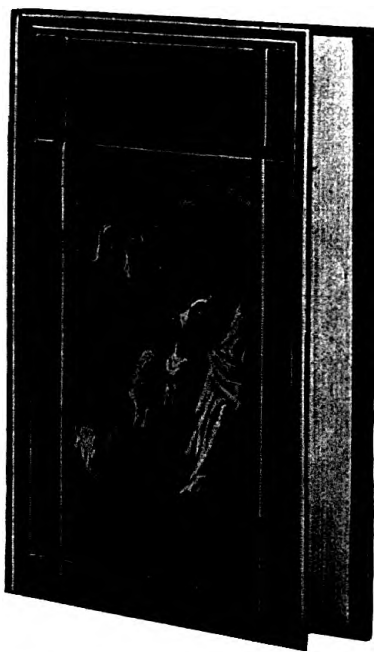
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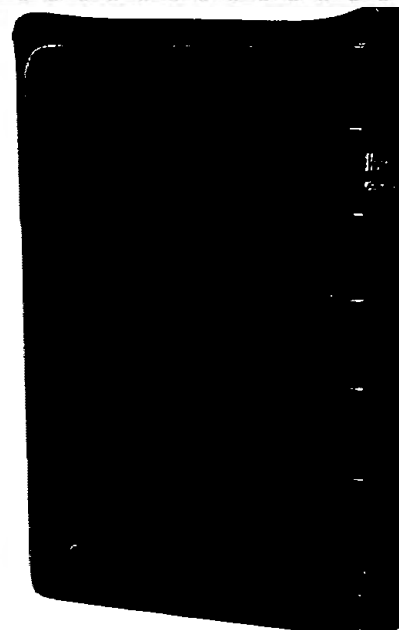
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No. 3664 X—Same Bible, without concordance—\$4.50, postpaid.



Jehoiakim's evil reign. II. KINGS, 24. [SPECIMEN OF TYPE] *Jehoiachin succeedeth him.*

23 And Jē-hōi'-ā-kīm gave the silver and the gold to Phār'-ādḥ; but he taxed the land to give the money according to the commandment of Phār'-ādḥ: he exacted the

B.C. 610.
* ver. 23.
J' o'uzā,
Jer. 24, 1,
and
Thirā.

8 ¶ Jē-hōi'-ā-ḥīn was eighteen years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jē-rū'-sā-lēm three months. And his mother's name was Nō-hūsh'-tā, the daughter of

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