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EDITORIAL

THANKLESS PETITIONS

PRAYER should not be without thanks for blessings already received. Gratitude is a wonderful seasoning for our petitions to the throne of grace. It is possible to be very remiss just here, and to lose much of the privileged effectiveness of our prayers. May not this be one of the chief reasons for so many unanswered prayers? We are very sure that an earthly father would not long continue his favors to as ungrateful a child, as many of God's children show themselves to be, if they are to be judged by the omission of gratitude from their prayers and their worship.

If an earthly father were to give lavishly presents, and kind remembrances and tokens of love on every anniversary of his boy, and to hunt opportunities for such exhibitions of kindness and generosity for years, and yet had never heard one word of gratitude or of appreciation from his son, how long suppose you would he be able to endure such inappreciation and ingratitude? Suppose he persevered another year, hoping that the son might come to himself, and express in some way his gratitude for such prolonged gifts of love. Suppose at the end of this year of testing on the part of this indulgent father, the boy should come to him and ask earnestly for a much desired gift on which he had set his heart. He urges his plea with the father, still forgetful to express the word of gratitude so long past due for numberless favors. How much zest could the father put into giving the desired present, if indeed he got himself to the point of compliance at all? Would it not be time for the father to begin withholding requests to bring the thoughtless and ungrateful son to a sense of his dereliction? Could the boy complain if the father took such a course? Would not such a policy on the part of the father be justified by every consideration of propriety and justice, and the needs of the boy himself, for a reminder of his faithlessness to the demands of gratitude?

Read in this just refusal of the son's request, dear reader, the possible explanation of many an unanswered prayer. Thank the Lord for what He has already done for you while you are asking Him for more blessings.

CONFLICT OF GIANTS

IT IS not denied that men of great brain have taken the side of unbelief. Unfortunately, learning of itself does not necessarily trend men toward faith and truth. Often intellectual pride gets in its work, and causes men of real intellectual force to assume an attitude of hostility to truth and the Christian religion. This argues nothing whatever against truth, intrinsically. It is distinctly announced in the Word of Revelation that: "Not many wise men after the flesh are called." Also that "the world by wisdom knew not God." God is apprehended by faith. It is to the faith faculty that God appeals, and this is the highest and noblest of all the human faculties—the primary condition of all knowledge and worthy human achievement. It is at the same time pitiful and often disappointing to read the products of great minds, and discover how far they often careen from the truth. How really narrow such men can become! How they often exhibit this narrowness in the very breath in which they are decrying the narrowness of men who have admitted to their minds and their faith the being and the administration and the authority of

the Maker of worlds, and the Great Ruler of the destinies of all men of all ages of all the wide, wide world!!!

Buckle, who wrote the "History of Civilization in England," was a man of great brain. Lecky it was, if we remember aright, who said that when Buckle died the greatest brain of all the ages had disappeared. Yet Buckle's great work is essentially skeptical. He coolly reads God practically out of His universe and credits all progress and advance in civilization to intellectual development. He takes great pains to repeatedly deny to moral feelings or principles of goodness or virtue or sincerity and piety any credit whatever in the premises.

Buckle says that history proves "the inability of moral feelings to diminish religious persecution," but claims that "the great antagonist of intolerance is not humanity, but knowledge." To the same cause he attributes the diminution of the warlike spirit, utterly denying moral causes any place or causative relation. He says "One thing alone endures forever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil; the actions of good men only temporary good. But the discoveries of great men never leave us. The discoveries of genius alone remain." We might incidentally ask the author where is the genius by which the Pyramids were built? Can human genius or skill build us another Cheops? Whence came into the world death and all woe, if bad actions are only transient in their effects? What of the results of the good action of Saul of Tarsus in surrendering to the Great Voice? Or the action of George Washington, or the actions by which the great educational and eleemosynary institutions were endowed by Christian philanthropy, which for ages have stood, and still stand, as monumental proof of the enduring character of the good deeds of the good?

Mr. Buckle says that "although moral excellence is more amiable, and to most persons more attractive, than intellectual excellence, still, it is far less active, less permanent, and less productive of any real good." He also says: "the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity." But it is needless to quote further to show the views of the author which exalt mind above morals, the head above the heart as a means for advance in civilization, and which seem to ruthlessly eject God from the world He has made, and to confer upon the mental part of man the prerogative of running the universe, and to relegate to the rear by far the most important and the most influential department of man's nature—the heart. Such are the deductions of a cold-blooded philosophy which has not God in all its thoughts, and refuses to allow God any, the least, place in the world of His own making.

We turn with profound pleasure from this giant of intellect to another such giant whose great work, "Beacon Lights of History," shows him to be a man of acknowledged prowess in historical research and of intellectual breadth unsurpassed, and at the same time a man reverent and with faith in God and in God's power and place in human history. We refer of course to John Lord, whose fifteen volumes under above title deserve to be considered one of the few truly great works. Mr. Lord says, concluding his great lecture on Mohammed: "The grand conclusion is, that it is the mysterious, or, as some call it, the supernatural, Spirit of Almighty power which is, after all, the highest hope of this world. This is the power which Moses recognized, and all the prophets who succeeded him.

This is the power which even Mohammed, in the loftiness of his contemplations, more dimly saw, and imperfectly taught to the idolaters around him, and which gives to his system all that was really valuable. Ask not when and where this power shall be most truly felt. It is around us, and above us, and beneath us. It is the mystery and the grandeur of the ages. 'It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' Man is nothing, his aspirations are nothing, the universe itself is nothing, without the living, permeating force which comes from this supernal Deity we adore, to interefere and save. Without His special agency, giving to His truth vitality, this world would soon become a hopeless and perpetual pandemonium. Take away the necessity for this divine assistance *as the one great condition of all progress*, as well as the highest boon which mortals seek—then prayer itself, recognized even by Mohammedans as the loftiest aspiration and expression of a dependent soul, and regarded by prophets and apostles and martyrs as their noblest privilege, becomes a superstition, a puerility, a mockery, and a hopeless dream."

These noble sentiments stamp this great historian as a truly devout believer in God and His religion, but no less a great man intellectually. He belongs to a class of intellectual men who have not allowed their intellects to turn their heads and their hearts away from the God who gave them.

Let us suppose an earthly father, who lavished his gifts upon some favorite son. His every want is supplied, and then gifts are lavished upon him far beyond his needs or deserts. Then see this son invest the whole of his vast possessions in some scheme and system for the destruction and bankruptcy of the loving and indulgent father, and he keeps persistently at his diabolical task until he exhausts his estate in this attempt of the paternal ruin. This would be no whit worse than the conduct of many of the intellectually richly endowed men of earth. Their splendid gifts are prostituted to undermining the faith and reverence of the young and the old among men and women. They employ their God-given talents in aspersions of faith, in discrediting God and His claims upon men, in poisoning with their sophistry the repose of trusting thousands who read their productions. Many a hapless, unwary reader has had his faith to topple, and his hope to flee away, and his allegiance to God to succumb in the face of these subtle attacks which they had not the time or the training in the subtleties of false logic and the wiles of sophistry to withstand and answer. Thank God that the devil has not a monopoly of the intellectual giants of the world; that among these there are yet more than the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. It is still true, that although numbers of the learned thus pervert their learning, yet very many men and women who are leaders intellectually are devoutly reverent, profoundly humble, beautifully meek, and true and earnest believers in Christ and in God the Father and in the Holy Ghost, and worship this triune God in spirit and in truth. These are doing the bulk of the great thinking of the world today, and they read history as God's footprints along the sands of time. They are the truly broad thinkers of this and all ages, and the world is their debtor for unnumbered blessings.

F. Bettex, Professor of Natural Sciences at Stuttgart, Germany, said: "Many unbelieving scientists have accomplished great things in all sciences, even as specialists. But more epoch-making, more leading, more enlightening are the labors of the great Christians, the true princes of science."

Justus Von Liebig, the greatest chemist of his time, and President of the Academy of Science at Munich, says: "Do not forget that, with all our knowledge and investigations, with all our energy and spiritual greatness, we remain only near-sighted mortals, and that our real power must come from dependence on a higher Being."

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY

IT IS a fearful responsibility to decide against Christ. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," is the divine mandate, and choose you must for or against the blessed Christ. But remember that upon your decision hang eternal issues. And more than this, upon your decision hang temporal issues. A decision against Christ, after having seen Him, and had Him lifted to your view in all His loveliness and great sacrifice for you, is often followed by a life let alone of God—a life of unrelieved cloud and gloom, and pitiless woe and misery. This has been the turning point in many a life. At this fork in the road many a man has taken the road to desperation and debasement, and final hell, while he might have taken the road to probity, peace, happiness and usefulness, and final heaven. Many a man in a cheerless and wretched old age has looked back with unavailing regret to the tragic moment of an unfortunate decision against his Savior. Many men have come to the bitter point of unavailing repentance when they were tortured with that saddest of all reflections of what might have been. You will decide against Christ one too many times. Some day you will say for the last time "No" to the voice that sought to woo and win you: to that love which died that you might have life eternal; to that blood which was poured out for your ransom.

In the humble home of a poor old Scotch woman there died a harmless old man, in feebleness, in 1836, on Staten Island. Across the track of perhaps a half century this feeble old man could look back to the time when he was the most brilliant lawyer in America and was vice-president of the United States. He had the bitterness of reflecting that he might have been president if he had been true to the talents with which he had been endowed by the God of heaven, and to the light which had shone athwart his early life. At the age of fifteen a great revival had swept over the institution in which he was a student. Christ was on trial before him, and he had to decide for or against Him. The voice of conscience cried out "Accept Him, and give to Him your life." But, like Pilate, he played with his convictions, sought advice of those who mocked at experimental religion, embraced the teachings of Lord Chesterfield, and there ensued a life of failure, crime and misery untold, his duel with Hamilton, his trial for treason, his long wanderings in Europe as an outcast among men, and a grave among strangers where he was unhonored, unsung, and unwept, and finally a doom in the hell which knows no end. Let Aaron Burr's life be a warning to the reader.

Why will men turn away from light to darkness, from love to bitter sorrow and fruitless repinings, from liberty in Christ to enslavement to passion, debasement, lust and lostness, and to hell forever and forever!

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THE CHURCH turning away from soul-saving as its great business to bettering the social and economic condition of society, is tragic. Think of a mother turning away from her nursery which is full of immortal souls God has entrusted to her, and giving her whole attention to seeking for the best commercial jobs for her children which they can not need for some twenty years to come. Meanwhile the babies are starving or suffering from neglect and want. Get people really saved and you will have the best influences and agents for social amelioration and betterment to be found. For a church to abdicate her one and only calling is to surrender the only possible means for securing the best social reformers.

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THE HOME is God's factory for the making of good citizens, or it is the devil's factory for the making of anarchists, according as Christ or the devil is given the reign of authority in the home.

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

THE COMFORTER

That is a glorious title given the Holy Spirit when He is called our Comforter. It is certainly a Comforter we need in this pilgrimage we are making. We need ONE mighty as a Guide, as a Solace, as a Warning in times of peril, as Hands to help in our weakness, as Eyes to see for us in our blindness, as Ears to hear for us in our deafness, as Heart to feel for us in our hardness, as Wisdom to think and plan for us in our dullness, as Power to do for us in our impotence, and as Love to soothe and help us in our weariness and discouragement all along the journey. He is all this, and indeed everything to us we can possibly need anywhere and at any time and amid all the possibilities of the way. He is to supply our lacking or our injured or our limited faculties, and thus make us equal to any and every demand of all the way of life. One beautiful phase of this infinite supply afforded by this, our Paraclete, or Comforter, is illustrated by the incident of the little blind girl which we find in *Herald and Presbyterian*:

"While traveling a few months ago I saw a little blind girl come in the car. She was not more than seven or eight years old, and had a very bright face. She had been attending a school for the blind, and was on her way home, yet no friend or relative was with her. You ask how she could travel alone? Very well, indeed, for she was put in charge of the conductor, a kind-hearted man, who lived in the same town she did. When he was not engaged in collecting tickets he sat by her side and talked with her. She thus reached the end of her journey safely, and I saw her placed in the arms of her loved ones when she reached the station. That conductor was a comforter in the biblical sense of that word."

Do we realize that we are like this little blind girl? Yet in this world where we may not know the way, the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, has promised to be our ever-present helper, leading and guiding us to our heavenly home.

A TROPHY OF THE CROSS IN A COUNTY JAIL

Yes, blessed be God, they are found everywhere. In church, in mission, on the street corner kneeling in the mud, in county jails, in work houses, in the lofty cathedral, in the country, humble, log meeting house, in the quiet of the home, in the marts of trade, on the sea, on the land, far from home, among those dearest to one of all the world—everywhere and anywhere a hungry heart feeling its deep need, and looking to God in penitence and faith makes the Great Surrender, there is a miracle of grace performed. God, the Maker of worlds, the All-wise, Omnipotent God comes down, and vitally and consciously meets the prostrate penitent, and lifts him up in arms of infinite mercy and sweetly says, "Go in peace and sin no more." There is joy in heaven at the transcendent scene, as well as in the heart of the saved penitent. The New York *Christian Advocate* relates an interesting case as follows:

About a year ago a woman was sentenced to one of New York's county jails for intoxication. The sheriff's wife, Mrs. Christian F. Staver, who is a lovable and motherly woman, and who interests herself in all the prisoners, found this woman had been separated from her husband because of her habits. She not only was addicted to occasional intoxication, but was a slave to morphine. The doctor made an allowance of five powders a day for her while she was in jail. Mrs. Staver herself administered the powders and as well took her meals to the cell. She tried to help her prisoner by reducing the number of powders. Soon Mrs. Staver had brought her patient down to one powder a day, but the attempt to withdraw the last powder was followed by great suffering. The woman's agony seemed so great that the sheriff's wife allowed her to come out into the kitchen and finally handed her another powder, saying, "We will try one more powder, but this must be the last." The prisoner took the little paper in her trembling hand, and then threw it to the floor, saying, "No, I will not take it. I will make the fight." Mrs. Staver added a "God bless you," and promised to help her make the fight aright. They knelt and prayed together—the sheriff's wife and the prisoner in this county jail. They prayed that God, through Christ, might give her salvation. The chains were broken. A few

BE TRUE

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.

weeks after the patient was discharged from the jail, free from her habit and a new song in her heart. The home has once more been established. Every week she goes to visit the sheriff's wife, and her clear blue eye and complexion show that she is still a victor. There would be a different story in the record of our jails if there were such ministering angels as the good wife of the sheriff in question. This woman keeps in touch with many of the prisoners after they have gone out in the world again, and through correspondence tries to cheer them on to live once more a good and true life. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

A SAD, SAD LOSS

We have no language to convey our estimate of the untold loss to civilization in the decay of the family altar. It is now quite the fashion with many church people, who affect literary advance and intellectual breadth, to point with a sneer to this and kindred so-called Puritanical habits and usages of the past. It is like making sport by prodigal, lazy spend-thrifts, of the economy and honest toil by which their sires acquired the fortunes which they are ruthlessly squandering. These ingrates will sooner or later realize their brutality, and their fruitless repinings will come too late to repair their wicked blunders and base ingratitude.

These family altars were a veritable treasure of the past, and much of the power and vitality of what religion prevails are the result of these family altars, and the Sabbath which they had in those old days. Men talk about the Puritan Sabbath, and the Blue Laws, and such nonsense, but the time hastens when they will pine for the fruitage of habits and customs of those days they now affect to despise. The blessing and the strength and the glory of our greatest institutions enjoyed today were the results of the moral forces of those ancient peoples, and those ancient austerities we now boast of despising. We agree with the *Herald and Presbyterian* in saying:

It is somewhat popular now to recall with a look of pitying amusement the religious austerities of former years, and even a prominent preacher, himself the descendant of Puritan ancestors and pastor of a church whose glory and strength rests upon the firm foundation laid by men and women of the stern convictions and immovable faith of earlier days, has seen fit to hold up to ridicule the frailties of others. Among these virtues of the past was the erection and maintenance of the family altar. The Christian father or mother of early days would as soon have thought of omitting the public as the family worship of God. Each day's work was hallowed by the invocation of the divine care and guidance, and each night's sleep made the more sweet because commended to the care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Family life was built up around the conviction that the God of the father and mother was a God at hand and not a God afar off. Childhood knowledge of and reverence for religion was systematically and continually fostered. The Bible was a familiar work, and an everyday companion. Well did Robert Burns, though himself neglectful of the religious faith of his fathers in his own early youth, voice his unalterable conviction of the value of piety in the home when, in his immortal poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," after describing the reverent and earnest family worship of the humble plowman, he exclaimed:

"From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur
springs
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

SENSITIVENESS WITH A CAUSE

Rome's sensitiveness, particularly of the present, has a cause. She resents criticism of her grasping after political power and financial grabs from public tills, simply because this grasping after political and financial advantage distinguishes her in this, as in all ages in the past. She resents exposures of her intrigues to discredit and break down the public school system of this country, simply for the reason that her treasonable designs are known, and these exposures hurt by their naked truth. Rome seeks by the most devious and persistent means to have eliminated from our histories and school books all the details of her infamous history of intolerance and bloodshed and treason and crime and persecution, simply because her record as an organization fairly reeks with such infamies and atrocities. Well might she be ashamed of such a record, if

only this shame meant sorrow or a change of heart or of purpose. But it is her boast that she never changes, and this is true. She does change for a season from compulsion, or from policy to gain advantage, and hasten the day when opportunity may return for the exercise of her innate and unchanging desire and purpose to enforce her domination, by the gibbet or the fagot or strangulation, or any of the delectable methods which have characterized her disgusting and hideous career of the past. We agree with *Evangelical Messenger* in the following:

The Roman Catholic church in our country as a political organization is making itself exceedingly offensive by its officiousness in political affairs, and by its relentless vigilance and scramble for offices in the gift of the nation. The Catholic church as a political organization would, if it could, banish every Bible from our public schools and eliminate everything from the textbooks of our schools that gives the facts of history referring to the bloody record of its own history. Yes, she needs to whitewash herself and purge herself from the awful guilt of having shed innocent Protestant blood to enhance her interests during the past. One need but recall the awful slaughter of Protestant lives on St. Bartholomew's Day, in Paris, and Orleans, when multiplied thousands of Protestants were slain until the blood flowed in the streets of the city. Yes, by all means this grasping political organization wants such ugly and bloody facts expunged from the pages of history. Let the facts stand where they belong; let this organization face its own record; let their children and Protestant children read it. It is time that there should be a nation-wide and concerted action taken by Protestant America against this officious and united political organization. Our public men should take the lead, the religious press should follow, and the Protestant secular press should show a bold front against this un-American organization. * * * No other church in America is so insolently aggressive, denouncing our public school system and our right to rule ourselves and run our national government. No other church in our nation attempts any such thing. Why an organization imported from Europe to America should do so is evident. It has lost its power, measurably at least, in Europe, and now it attempts supremacy on the soil of Protestant America and seeks to gain the position to have the Pope of Rome, not a citizen of America, a foreigner, control this nation.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

That is a great question: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Yet plain as is the proper answer to this question, men go on as if it could be answered differently. Men continue to live as though it were all of life to live—as if life consisted in the abundance of the things which a man possesses. The persistency of such human folly is startling in the face of the ten thousand evidences which swarm about us on every side to the truth of the Scriptures on the subject. Men will strive through a long life to accumulate and save, to the utter neglect of their own and their children's souls, and lie down and die, and in hell lift up their eyes in guilt and deserved torment, while their children probably walk straight in their father's footsteps, or, worse, choose a quicker way to damnation by squandering the thousands laid up by their neglectful fathers, in debauchery and self-indul-

ence, in all sorts of excesses, until they drop into Christless graves in young manhood. How hard for men to learn things of the highest importance to them! How slow men are to see truth in God's light and in eternity's light! It seems almost as if men are sometimes greedy for damnation, so foolhardy and so persistent they are in their career of indifference to the welfare of their souls. A striking illustration, or suggestion, of the folly of exchanging worldly profit for spiritual weal, is mentioned by an exchange in the following incident:

When the tomb of Charlemagne was opened nearly two centuries after his death, the body of the Emperor, it is said, was in a remarkable state of preservation, seated on a marble chair, dressed in royal robes, holding a scepter. On his knees was a copy of the Gospels, and a finger of the dead monarch was pointing to the words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" It is a striking circumstance that one of the greatest conquerors should thus be represented as contrasting the insignificance of his achievements with the vast importance of destiny.

A REPROACH TO CIVILIZATION

It is a reproach to civilization that the infamous legalized liquor traffic could have survived so long in its murderous ravage and wreckage of human hearts, human homes, human hopes, human prospects, human character and destiny. It should long since have been buried beneath an avalanche of aroused indignation and holy wrath, and the whole business should have been by now only a nauseous memory, which we would have been glad to shield oncoming generations from ever knowing. Yet it flourishes, and insolently dares to fight for a perpetuation of its bloody and reeking life of tragedy and woe. God has a controversy with our public men, and with church members who have had opportunity of hastening to destroy this wholesale destroyer of our people, yet who have refrained from using their ballot and their place and power for this purpose, for fear of losing the whisky vote for a return to their positions which they have thus disgraced by such malfeasance. Daily occurrences are going on record, any one of which is enough to condemn the whole black, dirty business as the universal enemy to the human kind, without one single redeeming element to alleviate or mollify the verdict of unmitigated infamy which deserves to be pronounced on the traffic. Dr. Chapman, in an address delivered in Melbourne, gives such a case:

We had in the city of Philadelphia a man who was a secretary and treasurer in one of our great institutions. I suppose there is scarcely a man in this city that would equal him as a financier. Certainly not one who could surpass him. He was a great university man with all the fine instincts of a gentleman; but strong drink claimed him as its victim, and he went out of his palace into a hovel not far from my church. When his little boy died, they had no clothing to put on the baby to make it ready for the grave. We furnished the clothes. Somebody said that, although the little child's feet were hidden by the dress, they were bare, and that we might put shoes upon the feet. I got some little white kid shoes and slipped them on the icy feet. An old-time

friend said, "Get the father and bring him in. Maybe if he sees the baby he will come back to himself." Clad in rags we brought the father in. He stood beside the little casket for a moment, and looked down into the little face. Then he began to shake with great emotion. The tears just ran down his cheeks. The friends said to us, "Leave him alone," and we went out and left him alone with his baby. He stood there for a moment. Then it seemed as if all the devils in hell came up and clutched his throat and said, "Drink, drink!" And he ran his fingers down over the folds of the little white dress and underneath and took off from those icy feet the little white kid shoes and crammed them in his pocket; and when I took his baby to the grave he was insensible from drink from the price of the shoes which he had pawned. I see you shudder. Hear me, you men! There is not a man in this city that had stronger will-power than my friend, dead and doomed as he is today. I tell you I have a right this afternoon to lift my voice against a sin that can take a man from his position and drag him to hell; and I do it.

GOOD CHEER

Cheerfulness is a great blessing. To see the bright or the humorous side of things is a blessing. We are not to ignore or discredit the facts of life which compel gravity and seriousness. Not for a moment. We are, however, not on this account, to refuse to see the bright, or the happy, or even the cheerful and the amusing things, which come across our path. Because of the very gravity of things in this serious age, there is reason for an occasional loosening of the tension and strain by such merriment or cheerfulness as innocently appeals to us in the legitimate tide of life. We should cultivate cheerfulness, and seek not to dwell exclusively on the sadder or more sombre side of life. There is in this food for reflection, and of getting and doing good, not only for ourselves, but for others as well. The following thoughts on "Laughter" we find in an exchange:

Laughter is a cheap luxury. Let us all laugh more. One good laugh is worth more than a thousand sighs. A sigh only takes a drop of life blood from the heart; a good laugh puts one more big red drop there. A laugh stirs up the blood, expands the chest, inflates the lungs, stretches the muscles and electrifies the whole system. Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. Animals may grin, but man alone can laugh. Pity the man who lets a day go by without a hearty laugh. "The man who can not laugh," says Carlyle, "is only fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." To be able to see the funny side of things is a faculty which can easily be cultivated. To appreciate the humorous in things is to live in constant happiness. Many a poor emaciated soul has laughed himself into avoirdupois. Laughter is a good medicine. Laughter is one of the most delightful sounds on earth.

"At all I laugh, he laughs no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out."

The laughers have been classed under five heads, "the dimplers, the smilers, the grinners, the laughers, the horse-laughers." The last of these bespeaks an empty mind. One may be a laugher without being a horse-laugher. Laughter is a thing you can learn out of school. It costs you nothing; try it.

"All of us most of the time and most of us all of the time, are influenced more by the heart than by the head. The affections furnish a stronger motive to the will than the intellect, in most of our decisions. Logic leaves the field to the affections. For this reason the warning is given: 'Set your affections on things above.'"

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

THE REVIVAL NEEDED

CHARLES V. LA FONTAINE

The revival needed throughout all churches of every name is such a quickening of the spiritual life of God's people, by the marvelous operations of the blessed Holy Ghost, as will bring genuine, deep-seated conviction for sin on the unsaved, and will cause them to stop sinning and make every effort for renewed life. It will be seen in

(1) *Reparation*, or the making of amends toward those whose good name they have slandered; whose character they have smirched; whose influence they have hindered or destroyed. Too light preaching on this point has allowed many people to slip through, whose loud mouth or insinuating sneer, or baneful talk has been used of the devil to do tremendous harm. If genuinely convicted they will see the awful error of their way, and seek out those against whom they have sinned and ask forgiveness. In too many churches the glib tongue and thoughtless speech have set in motion the forces of criticism until all hell has been stirred, and the devil has been pleased.

God is displeased by the unguarded words that slip all too easy from careless professors of salvation. If clean and forceful preaching is given, with the plain teaching of the Word on this subject, the Holy Spirit will surely work conviction. And there is a genuine need of this kind from the pulpit. It will be seen in

(2) *Restoration*, of the original article that one wrongfully possesses. That old ax stolen from the neighbor early on a frosty morning and that old plowshare will be returned. The harness taken in the dark will be replaced with profuse apologies. Women will return the forgotten borrowed articles that were so long in the home as to seem to belong to them. Clerks in stores will replace money to the cash drawer, and bookkeepers will fix the old account on the books and acknowledge it to the employer. Books will be returned and things generally will have a stirring up. What a commotion there would be if inanimate objects could assume legs and arms and walk off to their real owners. If money could really take to wings, what a cloud there would be as it would seek its rightful owner. It would resemble something like the "black Friday" of an early day. But many things can never be restored. They have been used or destroyed or worn out. There will be

(3) *Restitution*, or the giving in value of the article wrongfully taken. Truly where conviction is genuine it starts a commotion and a setting of things right. A revival that does not produce this, when needed, is not a revival, but a farce. The genuine revival will really see people thoroughly saved and regenerated. It will not be the card-signing or church-

joining affair, but there will be tears, and groans and strong crying to God for mercy, and the gracious Holy Spirit will really operate in salvation.

Two works of grace will always be seen: not only will sinners be converted, but believers will be sanctified.

These always go hand in hand where the Holy Spirit has right of way. Back-

perfect love, and will wage a holy warfare on hell, and become intensely interested in missionary and rescue work.

Such revivals do not come by chance or appointments. They are the legitimate outcome of faithful effort. The greatest will be real heartsearching, and heaven-reaching prayer of the agonizing kind, both public and private. There will be faithful preaching and pruning by the Word by a ministry not afraid to declare the whole counsel of God. Great conviction can not be produced without clear, faithful and forceful preaching of God's Word. Away with the preaching that does not bring on this conviction.

A mustard plaster that does not draw is as good as corn silk and no better, and preaching that does not make a sinner smart on account of sin will never lead a seeker to the altar.

Strong and energetic Holy Ghost preaching can be done in a spirit of perfect love and secure immediate results. The preaching must be practical for the most part, as most people live in the every-day life, and few in the ideal. The so-called great preaching is the kind that pleases, but does not always lay the truth on the conscience.

People must be made to see their individual sin in such a manner that they will abhor themselves and repent and turn to God.

Prayer, faith, and preaching with a holy boldness and a holy burden and enthusiasm for souls, coupled with undying energy, will stir any community for God.

There are many other things that will help in a genuine revival, such as cottage prayer meetings to interest the unchurched; personal invitation and effort to get people to the services where they will be brought under the holy influence of the Word and people of God; writing letters of invitation, the distribution of printed matter can be legitimately and abundantly used. No real revival ever went forth without much of hearty, holy singing led by the Spirit.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the preacher who can lead a company of people to a successful battlefield, and engage the enemy and go through the fight and come off with colors flying and with genuine converts on the side of God, is the one that honors God, the people want, and the devil hates.

SPOKANE, WASH.

THE SMART IN THE COWL

F. M. LEHMAN

O, my soul had grown so weary in life's dreary wilderness,
And my heart was heavy laden 'neath the burden and the stress,
Sought I then with eager footsteps for some hidden, walled retreat
Where my soul should find a shelter from life's desert burning heat.

But the voice of inner tumult cloister walls sought to oppress
Would not hush its changeful clamor in the hours of this distress,
Man-made vows and charming ritual left an aftermath of fear,
For life's load was still unlifted, and the Lord would not appear.

All the days and nights of anguish brought no long-desired relief,
All the fearless forms of worship ne'er assuaged the bitter grief,
Spectered doubts came unadly trooping through the desert of my soul,
And I could not find the Fountain that would make my spirit whole.

I obeyed each iron dictum of those versed in fearless forms,
But this did not bring a shelter from the fury of life's storms;
For the smart was ever present, forms had promised to allay,
And my soul groped on in darkness, longing for the dawning day.

Thus I thought the cowl and cloister, and the disciplining rod,
Were the instruments that heaven chose to bring me back to God,
Till one day, like held lightning, came the consciousness to me
That by faith alone in Jesus my poor soul might be set free.

Bones of saints and ancient relics, piled about my prison door,
Have been left behind forever—I can worship these no more—
Since the great white light of heaven doth illuminate my soul,
And the tides of God's salvation in their fullness o'er me roll.

All the sighing, all the darkness, and the droning of the creeds;
All the mumbling of the churchmen, all the fumbling of their heads,
With the smart in cowl and cloister, and the ritualistic sheen,
Have been changed to faith and glory through the lowly Nazarene.

sliders will be reclaimed, old scores settled up, grievances forgiven and forgotten, estrangements healed, and friends long parted brought together. Some church board members will write to former pastors. Some preachers will do a little corresponding on the quiet, and a genuine work of grace will have a good effect on the whole crowd. The entire church will be edified and anointed, set on fire with

ESSENTIALS VS. NON ESSENTIALS

F. J. THOMAS

In the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, the law-makers have wisely seen to it that only that which is essential to salvation shall be the basis of fellowship in her ranks. It is further required of all who come into her midst, and who remain with her, that they be in hearty accord with her doctrines and polity, not

inveighing against them. This is prudential, and if properly observed by one and all would prove a great blessing indeed. Just to the extent that the membership, laity and ministry, respect their vows to the church, and their obligations to one another, just to that extent will harmony exist, and permanency obtain. Would anyone in his right mind enter a home, an institution, or organization, subscribe to certain conditions that were considered fundamental and then be discourteous enough to partake of their hospitality, of their fellowship, and break those fundamental requirements?

But what about breaking the laws that are laid down as fundamental in the church? What about the discourteous treatment accorded those who have entered into a mutual agreement to observe certain conditions and yet who are compelled to witness their violation, without any compunction of conscience or respect for contract on the part of the violator?

There seems to be but one explanation for all such conduct, and that is pride in the heart. How can it be otherwise when the person or persons know that they are violating a contract, breaking their church vows, and dividing the flock of Christ? It seems that the experience of other churches, of other organizations once powerful in the service of the Master, but now lifeless, ought to warn against such practices. It matters not that what is being said is truth. The question is, Is it essential truth? is it permissible truth? or, is it truth that divides the flock of Christ? Some truths Jesus would not tell to His disciples; He said, "I have many things to tell you, but ye are not able to bear them now." Is it not pride that causes such practices? Surely conceit, the product of pride, must be at the bottom of it. Could a humble, holy heart presume to know more than the fathers or the law makers of the church, more than her best theologians? How can such have rest of mind as they view the havoc they have caused, the divisions they have made? For the work, for the souls' sake, let all our people be true to their vows, to their church, to one another. Let us not promulgate anything that we have agreed to in our manual as non-essential; to do so is to betray her confidence, insult her membership, and hasten her destruction. The church has stated her essential doctrines: you and I have subscribed to them: it is a contract. Will we be honest enough to keep our contract, or will we break it, become anarchists and bring upon us the just criticism of all who observe? There is persistent and unlicensed teachings in many of our churches contrary to our manual and the basis of fellowship agreed to by our members. In our ranks are numbered post and premillennialists and those who do not believe in any literal millennium at all. And as to the doctrine of healing, numbers of doctors, holy men of God, reading our manual, have seen in it magnanimity on these non-essential ideas, and who, casting their lot among us, rightly look for an exemplification of what we have publicly

announced in our manual that we stand for. We are not a "four-fold" gospel church; we are "two-fold." We hold that justification and sanctification are the essential doctrines of the Bible. History and experience both testify that on other matters the best of men are divided. "Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself," saith the Scriptures: Do not permit your pride (possibly zeal without knowledge—ignorance) to wreck your church home as others have been wrecked. Give me your hand, let us ratify our vows to the church and to one another, and sing again fervently, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Bound by perfect love: united on essential truth, agreeing to disagree on non-essentials. Now all together for souls; no time to quarrel over whether this non-essential is right, or the other. Let us see the altars lined with seekers after justification and sanctification. Ah, that's better than debating and contending over that which has been the unsettled problems of the centuries.

WHEN GOD IS NOT SANCTIFIED HARVEY R. HANSON

"Ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel."—Numbers 20: 12.

God spoke these words to Moses and Aaron at the time of the smiting of the rock twice, and disobeying Him in the sight of all the people. The continual complaining of the children of Israel for once caused Moses to lose his temper, and forget who was the real leader of the host. First unbelief, then disobedience: "Must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Thus was God unsanctified: robbed by man of the glory due to His name. Although there is no record that Aaron said anything wrong, he evidently acquiesced, for he raised no protest against the act of his brother.

In how many ways is God not sanctified in the eyes of the people today! How careful leaders of His church and all His followers should be to have Him sanctified! The world is His parish: Christians are His representatives. Some professors are His mis-representatives. Even if you say nothing, your countenance is an index of your feelings. Are you sullen, or pleasant? gloomy, or glad? You may be sad, as a Christian, over the condition of the world, but never over yourself. There is a difference in appearance: in expression. One is of earnest crying to God in faith and hope; the other is of despair.

God is not sanctified by silence in prayer meeting. Especially is this true of new converts. You must testify and pray your religion to keep it: to grow stronger; and to let strangers who come in see that you are followers of the lowly Nazarene. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Belief and confession go hand in hand to sanctify God in the eyes of unbelievers. No words, as well as bad words, cause the world to say, "I see nothing in him." The

Christian talks about Christ as naturally as the business man talks about his business.

God is not sanctified by slang phrases. You must cease using them if you consecrate yourself to Jesus.

God is not sanctified by angry speech, even if you tell truth. The trouble lies in speaking the whole truth. Everyone is able to diagnose his neighbor's disease, but very few can prescribe the remedy. "Hear now, ye rebels!" cried out Moses, who was wholly unlike murmuring Israel. So may you not do what some sinners do, but if you show them their faults and not the cure, they will not see Jesus in you. "Speaking the truth in love," says St. Paul. I do not believe it is possible to speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth to lost souls without a spirit of humility and love. God's great sacrifice for sin makes man feel very small.

God was not sanctified in Moses' eyes, before He was not sanctified in the eyes of the people. If the first breach had not occurred, neither would the second. If you keep God always sanctified in your own eyes; if you never let provocation, disappointment, loss, or any happening in life come between yourself and Jesus, you will always sanctify Him in the eyes of sinners. What you are in your homes, alone, will surely be revealed to the world.

THE GREAT REFINER

NINA DEETER

"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."—Mal. 3: 3.

Christ is the great Refiner, and He came to distinguish men, to separate between the precious and the vile; and by His gospel shall purify and reform His church; by His Spirit working with it shall regenerate and cleanse particular souls. To this end He gave Himself for the church that He might sanctify and cleanse it, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people. Those whom He will purify are the sons of Levi; those set apart for God, devoted to His praise and employed in His service. In this sense all true Christians are sons of Levi.

The manner in which He will purify them is likened unto the purging of gold and silver. The precious metals are hidden away in ore, which has a great deal of dross and impurities in it, and in order to separate the metal from the ore it must go through a process of washing, and refining by fire, which separates and purifies it. Just so the human heart, or soul, is precious in God's sight, but it is so full of dross, impurities, and uncleanness, both inwardly from nature, and outwardly from contact with sin and the world, that He must take it through a process of washing and refining before it can be of any value or service to Him. So He sends the baptism with the Holy Ghost, who, working like fire, after the blood of Jesus

has washed away the outward filth and impurities in regeneration, separates from the heart all dross and indwelling corruptions, making it clean and pure, like refined gold, both valuable and serviceable.

We can not offer unto the Lord any right performances in religion, unless our persons be justified and sanctified. Till we ourselves be refined and purified by the grace of God, we can not fully show forth the glory of God. Therefore, He purges His people that they may offer their offerings to Him in righteousness. He makes the tree good that the fruit may be good.

DIVINE LOVE

CHARLES L. SNELLING

"Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friend. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John 25: 13, 14.

Locking closely at the text we see that the love of a man for his friend may be such as to cause him to sacrifice his life, if necessary, for him. Then Jesus puts Himself in the place of that man and says we are His friends if we do what He commands us. That includes the lowest of sinners, if they will repent and forsake sin as He commanded, when He said, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33: 11). He must have loved even His enemies with a love a thousand times greater than any earthly love, or He would not have come into this world to live, suffer and die that sinners, those who are His enemies, might have life through Him.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved (Jno. 3: 16, 17). O such love, such divine love that sent Jesus into this sin-cursed world to die that we might be saved through His blood. Is any trial, sacrifice, persecution, or suffering too great for us to bear when we think of what He bore for us? With such a love for us, that it carried Him through persecution, trial, sacrifice, and suffering, and finally led Him to bear our sins in that awful time of agony in the garden of Gethsemane: when, His Word tells us, "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground," and the burden was so heavy that it bore Him down. It was love that enabled Him to bear the scoffs and jeers of the multitude as they mocked Him, spat upon Him, and beat Him. A love that did not stop there, even though they platted a crown of thorns and put it upon His head. Ah! No. It went further. It led Him out on Mount Golgotha and suffered the nails to be driven. Through it all this love was so great that He prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Truly we can say:

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Oh, it does, it does! It demands all, and counts the loss of all as gain. O, the sacrifice is nothing compared with His for us. May God bring us to the place where we are entirely given up to Him; where we can suffer a little of what Jesus suffered, bear a little of what He bore, agonize a little for souls as He agonized. When we can love as He loved, then we can be of real service to Him, and are beginning to love others as He loved us.

Some one asks, "What price will it take?" It will take all that He demands. It will mean severing all worldly ties: it will mean giving up friends, hopes, ambitions, pride, possessions, time and self to His service. The price is nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with the gain. In place of earthly ties, He gives heavenly; in place of earthly friends, hopes, ambitions, possessions, and time, He gives heavenly ones; in place of earthly pride and self, He gives humility and Himself.

Divine love given to them that are willing to take the cross, costs everything, and receives everything; loses all, and gains all; suffers all things for Christ's sake, and endures the cross with its shame and persecutions, knowing that with Jesus the shame is changed to glory, and the persecutions to joy and peace. Divine love knows no limit. It will go down into the slums and put its arms around a lost soul that has sunk to the lowest depths of sin and degradation. It will go down into the gutter and lift a poor, fallen brother or sister. It will bury itself with the trials and privations of a foreign missionary field and be satisfied. It will sacrifice everything to bring one soul to Christ. It will go out of its way to comfort a soul in distress or sickness. Ah! what will it not do for the Master's sake.

They were sinners saved and sanctified by grace. They wanted to be more like Christ, and prayed to be so. They prayed for love, and it humbled them. They prayed for divine love, and it broke their hearts. It crucified them to the world with its fashion, pomp and pride; and gave them suffering, agony, and a travail for souls akin to that of the Lord. It buried them with Christ in God until they were entirely lost to the world. It made them the humblest of the humble. This is what divine love did for the saints of old. It is doing it today. The real consecrated life can not be lived without this divine love. It is a heart experience into which the sanctified soul can grow. It is only given to those who will consecrate their lives and all with which they have anything to do, for time and eternity.

Oh! that the church of God would lie on their faces until they receive this love, this divine love that will lose them in Christ: until this love is shed abroad in hearts all their efforts are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. But when they really get this love they become then as clay in the hands of the potter and

Jesus so moulds them into His own image that He soon brings them to a place where He can let His image shine out through them to bless and save a lost world. May God bring us all into this experience, so that we will gladly say, "Not my will, but thine be done." God bless these words to someone's heart and help someone through these words to come into this hidden life.

SECULAR OR HOLINESS SCHOOLS —WHICH?

T. E. HARDING

Do you believe in a holiness school? Listen to this: The foot ball teams of the Illinois and Indiana State Universities met in the beautiful city of Indianapolis last Saturday. Mid the college yells, and the cheers of the people, these words of blasphemy were oft repeated. One would shout, "Will we get beat?" with one voice they all would cry, "H— no." Again, "Will we beat?" "H— yes." And again, "We don't give a d—."

Our hearts were sad as we looked on this bright, intelligent crowd of young men, who were using such blasphemy. How appalling when such things come from our state schools, where the standard should be the highest, and yet so low. What a different condition to be at the Illinois Holiness University where the college yell, "Glory, glory, glory, hallelujah," strikes the heart strings and vibrates through the soul.

REVIVAL TEXTS

JOHN NORBERRY

How would it be for us to preach from more revivalistic texts these Sundays, during this fall and winter, in order to get a greater move on our people and among the sinners and backsliders? Have you ever preached from these texts?

1. "Give me children, or else I die" (Gen. 30: 1).

2. Forgive their sin—: and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of the book which thou hast written" (Ex. 32: 32).

3. "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh" (Rom. 9: 1-3).

4. "No man cared for my soul" (Prov. 14: 4).

5. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion" (Amos 6: 1).

6. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion" (Isa. 52: 1).

7. "Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord" (Hosea 10: 12).

8. "As soon as Zion travaileth she brought forth her children" (Isa. 66: 8).

9. "He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11: 30).

10. "When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then shalt thou bestir thyself, for then shall the Lord go out before thee to smite the hosts of the Philistines. And David did so, and smote the Philistines" (2 Sam. 5: 23).

Mother and Little Ones

WHEN FATHER IS "IT"

When it rains all day and the weather it rough.

And dull in the house we sit,
There is fun to be playing blindman's bluff
When father is "it."

We tie the big handkerchief over his eyes,
He moves very quickly for a man of his size,
And he knows where we are by our laughter
and cries,
When father is "it."

The little girls creep up and tickle his ear,
When father is "it."
He doesn't quite catch them, but comes prettily near,
When father is "it."

They pull at his coat tails—he gives a great start,
Then spins around twice and is off like a dart,
We dive 'neath his fingers with loud-beating heart,
When father is "it."

He whoops and he prances, he capers, and bounds,
When father is "it."
We're a set of wild heathen, to judge by the sounds,
When father is "it."

Tom laughs till he has to lie down on the floor,
And Archie and Joe—you should just hear them roar,
For we feel that we simply can't stand any more
When father is "it."
—Youth's Companion.

"MAKE IT SO PLAIN THAT I CAN GET HOLD OF IT"

So said a wounded colonel to his father, who had been sent for to come and see him die, with only three or four days to live, after the battle of Gettysburg, adding: "I am not prepared to die; tell me how to be so, so I can see it plainly. Make it so plain that I can get hold of it. I know you can."

He did and in this way an incident of years before came back to aid him.

"My son, I see you are afraid to die."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I suppose you feel guilty?"

"Yes, that is it. I have been a wicked young man. You know how it is in the army."

"You want to be forgiven don't you?"

"Oh, yes! That is what I want. Can I be father?"

"Certainly."

"Well, now, make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

At once an incident which occurred during the school days of his son came to mind.

"Do you remember that you came home one day and I had occasion to rebuke you, and you became angry and abused me with harsh language?"

"Yes; I was thinking it all over a few days ago."

"Do you remember how, after your anger had subsided, you threw your arms around my neck and said, 'I am sorry. Won't you forgive me?'"

"Yes, I remember."

"Do you remember what I said to you?"

"Very well. You said, 'I forgive you with all my heart,' and kissed me."

"Did you believe me?"

"Certainly. I never doubted your word."

"Did you feel happy again?"

"Yes, perfectly; and since that time I have loved you more than before."

"Well, this is just the way to come to Jesus. Tell him, 'I am sorry,' just as you told me and He will forgive you. He says

He will. You must take His word for it, just the same as you did mine."

He turned his head upon his pillow for rest. I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done my work, and committed the case to Christ.

I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word "father," in such a tone of tenderness and joy that I knew the change had come.

"Father, I don't want you to weep any more, you need not. I am happy; Jesus has forgiven me. I know He has, for He says so, and I take His word for it, just as I did yours."

The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy—looked at him—felt his pulse, which he had been watching with anxiety, and said: "Why, Colonel, you look better."

"I am better, doctor. I am going to get well. My father has told me how to become a Christian, and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I want you to become a Christian, too. My father can tell you how to get hold of it."

The colonel still lives, a member of the church of Christ. And I resolved never to forget that charge he made me, in his extremity: "Make it so plain that I can get hold of it."—Presbyterian.

ONE HEART MAKES GLAD

It was an uncomfortable, windless day. The sun shone through a mist of haze and heat; the road and the roadside grass and bushes were gray with dust, and the car was nearly filled with weary-faced people. The previous car had jumped the track and some of us were anxious and cross, fearing the delay meant missing the train at the junction.

Another stop, this time to take up two passengers at a crossroad, one of whom was a stout old lady who said, "Thanky, dear!" to the conductor who helped her on. Her hair was silver-white and her face was wrinkled, but, oh, the sweet beauty of it! She beamed on us, one and all, as if we were welcoming friends, and then settled happily in her seat.

"La, now! ain't this 'ere car nice, Lizzie? The last time we went from your house to visit Carrie we rode in a wagon! It's truly wonderful how things is improvin'. I wisht we had cars up our way! But, land sakes! one can't hev ever'thing!"

Soon we halted at a switch and some one said:

"Oh, dear, another wait! And isn't it hot?"

"Prime weather for corn!" answered the dear old grandmother. "We've got a patch nigh onto an acre, with three plantin' in it, so we'll hev 'billin' corn clear up to frost; this sun an' heat is wonderful sweetenin' to the ears! An' we've got melons, too."

Every one of us smiled, and wished that she was our grandma, and that we could visit her in her up-country home, have a feast of that sweet corn, and better still, forget our world-frets and hurts in the presence of simplicity and overflowing loving kindness!—The Delineator.

THE BRAVE FISHER GIRL

On the coast of Normandy, near Grandville, the rise and fall of the tide are very great, being about 44 feet at spring tides. It comes in very rapidly, and in particular places may be seen making up in a great wave two or three feet high. In a book on Normandy, the following adventure is narrated of two English gentlemen:

They had been out on the sands watching the manner in which sand eels were caught, and examining the structure of the rocks, which were like sponges, when of a sudden

one of them, whose name was Cross, shouted: "I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

His companion, whose name was Hope, turned toward the sea, and saw a stream of water running at a rapid rate, and replied quickly: "I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," replied Cross. "By crossing the rocks we may yet be in time."

They hastened on, but had not gone far when they found that the sand was now in narrow strips, with sheets of water between, but seeing a girl before them who was familiar with the beach, they cried:

"We shall do it yet," and ran forward.

The girl, however, instead of going towards the shore, was running to meet them, and almost out of breath, cried:

"The wave! the wave! It is coming! Turn, turn—run, or we are lost!"

They did turn, and saw out at sea a large wave rolling toward the shore. Out of breath as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps toward the rocks they had just left. The little girl had passed them and led the way. The two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for as they neared the rock the wave still rolled toward them, the sand becoming gradually covered. Their last few steps were knee-deep in water.

"Quick! quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave comes we shall be too late!"

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill sluice. "We are lost!" said the girl; "I can not cross—there is a passage to cross; it will carry me away."

"Is it deep?"

"Not very," she said; but it is too strong."

Cross lifted the girl in his arms, plunged into the stream, and, though the water was up to his waist, he was soon across. His companion followed, and all three stood on the rock.

"Come on, come on!" cried the girl; and she led the way to the highest point of the rocks, and on reaching it, cried: "We are safe now!"

"What made you forget the tide?" said Cross; "you must know the coast well."

"I did not forget it," she replied; "but I feared as you were strangers you would be drowned, and I ran back to tell you what to do."

"And did you risk your life to save ours?" said Hope, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I thought at any rate I should get here," she replied; "but I was very nearly too late."

Hope took the little girl in his arms, and kissed her, and said: "We owe you our lives, you brave little maid."

Meanwhile the water was rising rapidly, till it almost touched their feet.

"There is no fear," said the girl; "the points of the rocks are always dry."

"Cold comfort," said Hope, looking at them; "but what shall we do for our young friend?" he said to Mr. Cross.

"If we put all the money in our pocket into a handkerchief and tie it around her neck, it will warm her, I warrant, for she looks cold enough." One of them had twenty and the other seventeen francs, and binding these in a knot, Mr. Hope passed it around her neck. On receiving it, she blushed with delight, kissed both their hands and cried:

"How happy mother will be!"

Just then a wave rolled past, and the water began to run along the little platform they were sitting upon. They rose and mounted on the rocky points, and had scarcely reached them when the water was a foot deep where they had just been seated.

"It is a terribly high tide," said the girl; but if we hold together we shall not be washed away."

On looking to the shore, they saw a great many people clustering together on the nearest point; a faint sound of cheers was heard, and they could see hats and handkerchiefs waved to them.

"The tide has turned," said the girl, "and they are shouting to cheer us."

They had some hours to wait before they could venture on the sand, and it was quite dark before they reached the beach; but at

length, guided by the lights on shore, they gained their own home in safety, not unmindful of Him who says to the proud waves, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The friends handsomely rewarded the little fisher girl, whose name was Matilda, for her bravery.—Our Messenger.

WHY SHE WAS HAPPY

The small girl of the family was busy over the flower beds. She pulled the weeds and grass out carefully, so that not a flower root was disturbed. She dug and watered and trimmed, and all the while she hummed a happy little tune to herself. A passing neighbor paused, looked and listened for a moment, then said:

"You must like your work, Bessie. You seem very happy over it."

Quickly the child looked up with a laugh. "I'm doing it for mother, and I'm always happy when I'm doing things for folks, aren't you?"

Her reply was the key that will unlock the door of happiness for anyone who will use it. Her question holds a challenge to the world of selfishness.

Who can honestly say that the thing they did because they wanted to—for their own personal gratification—ever "panned out" as much real heart glow, as much genuine, lasting pleasure, as the thing done for "other folks"—the thing that brought a smile and good cheer and renewed hope where they were lacking and sorely needed? Can you?

Are you not sure? Try both and see. You will find that the child was wisely right in her happiness theory; that he was right who said, "Christmas is the happiest time of the year, because we are thinking for others and doing for them"; that the Book was right when it said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; and that giving means not alone material things, but also the gifts of a helpful sympathy and loving services.—Onward.

THE RUNAWAY

"Tell Frank that I want him to come and ride the horse while I cultivate. There are so many stumps in the new ground that it takes me all the time to watch the rows. That mischievous gray is always wanting to bite off the corn tops."

Mrs. Avery's face wore an anxious look, as she replied, "He isn't home yet."

"Not home!" exclaimed her husband in irritation. "Where did he go? Isn't it enough to have little Elsie stolen without losing the only child left us?"

Her face grew very pale at these words. "He went away without telling me. After searching for him from cellar to garret, I found this note on the table, written by him."

Seizing the scrap of paper, he read: "Gone to pick blue berries." Then he uttered an audible groan. "Did he take the gun?" he inquired with apprehension.

"No. There is hangs in its accustomed place."

"It is a fighting chance between the Indians and the bears," he said, giving directions about the chores to be done in his absence. Later, as he mounted the horse for departure to the mountains, tears glistened in her fine gray eyes.

"I overheard Frank praying last night," she ventured. "Mere child that he is of eleven years; he was asking for Divine Guidance to find Elsie. He has never ceased to give her up since the Indian chief rode away with her. Perhaps he would have taken it less to heart if we had not left her in his care when we went to market."

Mrs. Avery watched her husband gallop over the hill out of sight. Then she turned back to the lonely vigils of the wilderness with a little sigh. The prowling about of wild cats and mountain lions made it necessary to shut the cow and chickens inside of the stable at an early hour.

As Mr. Avery rode along, his glance was arrested by a bear's trail. Swift rising soon brought him to the edge of the blueberry bushes. Suddenly his eyes fell on a boy's

footprints. Not far away was a tin pail, familiar in their own kitchen.

"His first impulse would be to run for safety to a tree," he thought, as he reasoned that beyond a doubt his boy had been attacked by a huge brown bear. Whirling his horse toward the woods, he started forward with all possible speed. Although he rode fast and far, still the forest that seemed so near at first, ever appeared to vanish mysteriously away in the dim distance. And always the print of the bear was just behind that of the boy's.

The sun was slowly sinking in the west, and the somber shadows were growing longer at every thud of the horse's hoof. Now the purple twilight fringed the horizon, and an evening star twinkled kindly down. As he rode at last under cover of the solemn trees, a new fear took possession of him. Perhaps his boy was lost in the woods. There were venomous snakes that attacked their prey from overhanging branches. As he was about to call aloud for his son, the limbs moved, and the warm breath of a living creature fanned his cheek. Was it a serpent? He shuddered and drew his gun.

"Pa, is there room for me, too?" came the eager whisper to the astonished father. "Not a loud word. There's a pack of Indians asleep within a stone's throw."

Almost speechless from amazement he helped his boy to a place in front of him, wondering all the while what he held so carefully in his left arm.

The rustling of the leaves aroused a squaw, and she shook the nearest Indian out of his slumber. The others were soon awake. The howling of the wolves heard in the distance, now came nearer, and all at once surrounded the red men. With hideous war whoops, they turned upon them furiously.

Mr. Avery and Frank made good their escape. "Give Dick the reins, and he will find his way back," he said. On and on they rode in silence, until to their great relief, the candle flashed its cheerful light in the window of their log cabin home. It was almost midnight when they returned. Mrs. Avery was waiting for them, and as she swung the door open, Frank dismounted with a papoose that he placed in his mother's arms.

"Humph!" exclaimed his father. "What do we want of that?"

"See how pretty it is," replied the boy, with deep emotion.

After the horse was stabled, father and mother unwrapped what they supposed to be an Indian baby. Mrs. Avery gave a great, glad cry. "Thanks be unto God. It is our darling Elsie. Truly, all things work together for good to them that love God."

"My brave, noble boy," exclaimed the father, as he clasped the infant to his heart. "Tell us where you found her."

"There isn't much to tell," began Frank, modestly. "A bear chased me out of the blueberries, so I ran and climbed a tree to get out of its way. Pretty soon the Indians came along and settled down along the edge of the woods. They swung their papooses in hammocks among the branches, and while they slept, I investigated the cradles in the tree top, and found a tiny white face among the others. By the scar on its arm I knew it was our baby, and took possession of her. So here we are. I know God hears and answers prayers."

"He has certainly heard your prayer," exclaimed his mother, while grateful tears ran down her cheeks, mingled with happy smiles.—New York Christian Advocate.

BERTIE'S PATIENT

In his little brass bed, among the downiest pillows, lay Bertie Stuart. He was getting over the measles, and was, as nurse said, "as cross as a little bear."

Nurse suggested reading "Swiss Family Robinson," but Bertie "didn't care to hear about that family a hundred thousand times," so it ended in her telling him of another little boy in the same city, who had to lie all day long in a tiny, cheerless room. He had no pretty flowers to look at, not even a nurse to amuse and care for him, and yet he was such a bright, patient little chap.

That evening when mother came in to kiss

Bertie good-night, his eyes were fixed on the roses on the table.

"I want those roses 'taken to a sick boy tomorrow, mother," he said.

"All right," said the mother, "and we will see that he gets some chicken broth, and a little jelly, also."

And so day after day, a basket of good things went to the other sick boy. Bertie's mind was kept so busy planning new pleasures for the "other one" that he quite forgot his own troubles.

One morning, some weeks after, the postman brought a letter addressed to "Mister Bertie Stuart," which read:

"Dere Bertie: I kin sit up. Kin you? The flowers is prime an' the jelly an' stuff's just elegant. Much obliged.

"Yours truly, Tommy Gray."

"Oh, mother!" cried Bertie. "I never in all my life was so happy!"

"I think," said mother, "that my little boy is just beginning to learn the secret of happiness."—Sunbeam.

A MOTHER'S CREED

I believe in little children as the most precious gift of heaven to earth. I believe that they have immortal souls created in the image of God, coming from Him and to return to Him.

I believe that in every child there are infinite possibilities for good or evil, and that the kind of influences with which they are surrounded in early childhood largely determines their future character.

I believe in play as the child's normal effort to understand himself through free self-expression.

I believe, too, in work suitable to childhood, and that the joy in doing such work should come to the child largely from doing it well.

I believe in freedom, but not in license.

I believe in wisely directing rather than stifling activity.

I believe in prompt, cheerful obedience, self-control, self-forgetfulness.

I believe in cultivating the intellect and the will, and I believe, too, in soul culture, and that out of this cultivation comes the more abundant life, bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit—kindness, gentleness, joy, peace, hope, faith, love reverence.—The Vanguard.

FOLLOWING CHRIST

Would you follow Christ? Then follow Him in self-denial, in humility, in patience, and in readiness for every good work. Follow him with a daily cross upon your back, and look to His cross to make your burden light. Follow His as your Guide and Guard, and learn to see with His eyes and to trust in His arm for defense. Follow Him as the Friend of sinners, who healeth the broken in heart and giveth rest to the weary souls and casteth out none that come unto Him. Follow Him with faith, resting your whole acceptance with God and your title to heaven on His meritorious blood and righteousness. Lastly, follow Him with much prayer. For, though He is full of compassion, He loves much to be entreated; and when He is determined to give a blessing, you must yet wrestle with Him for it. Thus follow Jesus, and He will lead you to glory.—Bogatzky's Treasury.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

Right-minded Christians rejoice when they are enjoined to enter the place of worship. They go gladly to meet and commune with the finest society in the world. If there is a decadence in church attendance, as some declare, it is because "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." The house of the Lord is the highest seat of culture.—Selected.

There is many and many a single praying soul, poor men and women in obscurity and poverty, that God's angels dwell with more abundantly than with those who stand in the conspicuity of exhibitive holiness. The higher life is very low. "He that would be chief among you, let him be your slave: let him be minister of all."—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Work and the Workers

ANNOUNCEMENTS

BUSINESS MANAGER—In the advertisement of the Illinois Holiness University, in the issue of the *HERALD OF HOLINESS* for November 19th, the title of *Financial Agent* was given to Rev. L. Milton Williams, when it should have been *Business Manager*, to conform to the charter.

STATISTICAL REPORTS WANTED—The following Assemblies—some held months ago—have sent in no report: Alabama, British Columbia, Chicago Central, Clarksville, Dallas, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Nebraska, Northwest, Southeastern, Wisconsin. Please send in your report at once.—**J. W. GILLIES, Statistical Secretary, Bath, Me.**

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION—The Ministerial Association of the Southern California District will meet at the First Church, Los Angeles, on Monday, December 8th, at 10:30 a. m. A thirty-minute paper will be read by Rev. G. A. Hodgkin, of Long Beach, on the topic, "The Relation of the Pastor to the Church Board." Discussion of the paper, limited to five minutes each, will follow. The members of all church boards are invited to attend, and to take part in the discussion.—**HOWARD ECKEL, Secretary.**

NOTICE, WESTERN OKLAHOMA DISTRICT—You are requested to send all missionary offerings to Miss GERTRUDE NORRIS, Bethany, Oklahoma Co., Okla., by the end of each month. Send money by postoffice money order, if possible, and state when said offering is for a particular purpose, and when for the general foreign missionary work. Please observe that Miss Norris is District foreign missionary treasurer in place of Rev. W. H. Roberts, former treasurer.

NOTES and PERSONALS

Rev. W. T. Batchelar, president of the Holiness College at Clarence, Mo., made the Publishing House a fraternal visit Saturday. He, in common with all real Spirit-filled men, is praying for a drawing together in the bonds of perfect love of all holiness people.

DISTRICT NEWS

PITTSBURGH

Our meeting at Tarentum, Pa., was a success in many ways. The pastor and his good wife worked faithfully throughout. We had but few seekers and small crowds, but the general good the church received was evident. The pastor was greatly encouraged, and will continue the meetings. We closed with two seekers at the altar, and a house well filled with people. We begin a meeting at Lincoln Place, Pa., Thanksgiving evening. Let all the people praise Him.

N. B. HERBELL, Dist. Supt.

ARKANSAS

I organized a fine class last Sunday at Calamine camp. It was a bad day, but a very good crowd out in spite of the rain. We organized with thirty-two charter members. They are going to build a church at once, so you are sure to hear from them. I am on my way to Almyra, Bro. S. H. Clemens' work, then home for Thanksgiving; then to Brother Francis' work. I am hurrying over the District, trying to visit all the churches as quickly as possible. Our people seem encouraged.

B. H. HAYNE, Dist. Supt.

LOUISIANA

DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

This Assembly has just closed its annual meeting at Lake Charles, La. This is a beautiful city of sixteen thousand people, situated beside a lake of the same name. This sheet of water, which is about two and a half miles wide and three and a half miles long, is one of a series of lakes, one of which is about twenty by thirty miles in extent, through which the River Calcaurien flows to the Gulf. The river is very deep, and but for shallow places in the lakes would be navigable for the larger steamers. The country is beautiful, though low in some places and marshy.

Our work in Louisiana is new; the churches are small and mostly widely isolated from each other. The attendance therefore of preachers and delegates was not large, but there was a sound of a going in the midst. The little companies of heroes here and there are evidently corn planted in the tops of the mountains that will soon shake like Lebanon. The sessions began early in the week, and the Assembly being comparatively small, it was possible to give more than usual time to de-

votional services, and the blessing of God was, in a very precious way, upon the people. The attendance was good, there was awakening among the people, and souls prayed and wept their way to Calvary, and blessed anointings were on the saints. The love-feast on Sabbath morning seemed to me almost ideal. There was liberty and unction and triumph, and amid the shouts of the redeemed souls found their way to the altar and were blest.

Sunday night, after a triumphant altar service, six new members were received into the church. The work in this city—Lake Charles—is new. It began about two miles in the country, two years ago. Recently a lot was purchased in a very eligible part of the city, near the car line, and a nice church built, which will seat two hundred and fifty people. It is finely furnished and seated, and lighted by electricity. This is a Roman Catholic city, but the Spirit of the Lord is awakening these people, and they are being saved. The pastor, Rev. C. E. Woodson, is a devoted and competent man, who rolls up his sleeves and goes at whatever is to be done. He can, like Philip Embury, of early Methodist fame, build a church with his own hands, and then get into the pulpit and dedicate it and get the people saved.

The pastors generally seem intrepid heralds of salvation sent to take the country, and determined to accomplish their mission. Rev. T. C. Leckie was re-elected District Superintendent, and expects to be all the time in the field. Arrangements are being made to purchase a good tent, and thus many places can be invaded where no proper building can be had for services. A great forward movement is planned, and great conquests expected. There are many difficulties, but they only invite the sword of the conqueror. Holiness is needed by and fits the people of Louisiana.

P. F. BRESEE.

ALABAMA

DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The Fifth Annual Assembly of the Alabama District met at Jasper, November 20th, with General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds in the chair. Dr. Reynolds was delayed about six hours on account of a train wreck, but God was good, and brought him to us safely, for which we gave Him special thanks.

Every member of the Assembly came to us with victory and a glorious report of the past year. Some pastors and evangelists could not be with us, but our membership numbered sixty-nine. Thursday was given to making up the Assembly Roll and committee work, and at night Dr. H. D. Brown spoke on our publishing interests, after which an offering was taken, amounting to \$150.

Friday was a blessed day. The very air seemed to be permeated by the Spirit of Christ, and there was a spirit of unity among all. Saturday was devoted to business, but on Saturday night Dr. Driver, of McDavid, Fla., preached the funeral of Cornelius (Acts 10:1-4), giving him twelve bouquets, for twelve good traits of character. The election of District Superintendent had been set for Saturday, 11:00 a. m., but was postponed until a committee on division was heard from, which resulted in the division of the District into the Alabama and Mississippi Districts. Rev. C. H. Lancaster was elected District Superintendent of the Alabama District.

Sunday was a great day in Zion. General Superintendent Reynolds preached for us at 11:00 o'clock with power, from Luke 6:35, "Give and it shall be given unto you." In the afternoon Rev. I. D. Farmer, of Mississippi, preached a helpful sermon on "The Crowds at the Cross." Bro. C. H. Lancaster brought us the message Sunday night.

The people of Jasper wish to extend their thanks to the entire Assembly for their kindness and the blessing they brought to us.

A. L. PARRETT, Reporter.

The Assembly was full of fire and business. We now have on a school project, of which we expect great results. As a result of the division of the District, the two new Districts will build the school together. Rev. I. D. Farmer, of Pontotoc, Miss., was elected Superintendent for the Mississippi District. Our people are much interested in the school, and we are going to build it. We do not propose to build a college, but we will go as high as the tenth grade, and include Bible and Theology and Music.

It was a great pleasure to have Dr. C. C. Driver, of McDavid, Fla., with us at the Assembly, and

DALLAS ASSEMBLY

LUFKIN, TEXAS, December 1, 1913.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Dallas District Assembly closed last night with victory. W. F. Dallas was elected district superintendent.

H. B. WALLIN, Secretary.

he is simply delighted with the way we Nazarenes are doing things.

Rev. P. C. Ramsey, of Blocton, Ala., was with us as a fraternal delegate from the Alabama Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. We have up a courtship, and I believe we will get married.

C. H. LANCASTER, Dist. Supt.

KENTUCKY

DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The Kentucky District Assembly convened at Newport, Ky., in a wave of glory. Preachers and delegates were on fire for God, and every one was glad to meet again. The Assembly was not so well attended, as it was a great distance for some of our folks to come; but we had great victory. Our General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds presided over every session with such a godly spirit that everybody could not help but love him. Every business session was a blessing to those that attended, and we believe the folks at Newport were greatly benefited, as their hospitality was greatly appreciated by every one. Praise the Lord for the blessing of sanctification, which makes us one great family, and not at all strangers.

The Lord has wonderfully blessed our District by giving us a God-fearing and fearless District Superintendent, Rev. Will H. Nerry, and also a most blessed District Deaconess, Rev. Sister L. B. Nerry. You can see we have a good team to do the work on our District, which we believe the Lord is going to build up for us. We have two new churches on the District, and expect by next Assembly to report several more.

On Saturday night we were delighted to have the folks of God's Bible School, Cincinnati, with us. Rev. M. G. Standley preached a heart-searching sermon, which we believe helped every Christian. We are to meet next year with our brethren at Creelsboro. Our Assembly closed Sunday night with a sermon by Brother Reynolds.

The arrangements are as follows:

WILL H. NERRY, Dist. Supt.
Louisville.....**W. W. HANKS**
Highway and Whetstone.....**I. T. STOVALL**
Lacy's Chapel and Creelsboro.....**L. T. WELLS**
Naomi and Deimar.....**F. V. TAYLOR**
Newport, Owensboro, and Burnside were left to be supplied.

W. W. STOVER, Dist. Secy.

KANSAS

Gracious victory at Iola; thirty-six professions of pardon or purity to date; more seeking. Organized a fine class of thirteen real Pentecostal Nazarenes today; plans under way to purchase a place of worship. Meeting still continues with much interest and conviction. Pray for us, and praise the Lord with us.

We closed our meeting at Iola Wednesday night with three at the altar who claimed victory. There were forty-one cases in all at the altar. Of these thirty-eight professed to be forgiven, reclaimed, or sanctified wholly. We left the work well organized; a fine class of thirteen, and a number of others friendly to the work and hungry. A good property has been purchased, in a fine location, and at a bargain. A safe plan for paying out in installments is in operation, and the dwelling house on the lot is being remodeled for a temporary house of worship. Bro. F. B. Rupp, who came to us from the M. E. Church, was licensed to preach, and was elected Sunday school superintendent. Many of the Free Methodists rendered fine help in the meetings, and showed a brotherly spirit. Religiously there is a peculiar situation in Iola. Almost any religious taste ought to be satisfied there. In addition to plenty of cold formality, "Tongue folks," "anti-ordinance holiness," "Christian Science," "Adventists," "Millennial Dawn," "Latter-Day Saints"—in fact, I think nearly every modern heresy and false doctrine has "taken a shot" at Iola. Before we had been long in town one man came to meeting and asked me, "What kind of holiness is this?" I an-

swered. "There is but one kind, thank the Lord! We are on the main line." Rev. J. G. Demoret gave fine assistance for about two weeks of the meeting, and Rev. J. M. Cole preached well the last two nights.

From Bronson I go to Chanute. Howard, Winfield, then home for a few days' rest.
H. M. CHAMBERS, *Dist. Supt.*

NEW ENGLAND

The unity of the Spirit, as was seen by the various branches of the holiness movement in Chicago during October, was another demonstration of the truth in the prayer of our Lord, "Sanctify them . . . that they may be one." Glory!

Rev. George J. Kunz, of Syracuse, N. Y., president of the New York State Holiness Association, is now in Providence, R. I., assisting Pastor Norberry in Emmanuel church, in his Thanksgiving convention.

Editor Hillery spent a recent Sabbath with Pastor Beebe and his people at the Lynn (Mass.) Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Brother Hillery reports progress concerning the work of holiness at our Lynn church.

We were glad to see the name of Rev. W. H. Hoople, of Brooklyn, N. Y., associated with Dr. Fowler, Dr. Morrison, and Dr. Bresee, and others, who constitute the committee that is to arrange for the next great international holiness convention at Cincinnati, in 1914.

Brother Hatfield writes he has opened his meeting in Philadelphia, Pa., and desires the prayers of the saints that God may shake things up in that old Quaker city.

Rev. Joseph H. Smith recently held a holiness convention in Philadelphia, Pa.

Evangelist Charles Babcock is at present holding forth in the Evangelical Church at Cambridge, Mass.

The report comes to us that there are good crowds and a good interest in Pastor Truman's church at Cambridge, Mass., and the outlook is good for a gracious revival.

Evangelists Lewis and Mathews are being used of God in the salvation of souls on the Pacific Coast. These young men are likely to come East in the not distant future.

Rev. George E. Noble, of Providence, R. I., talked to the Trinity M. E. Church Sabbath school at noon on November 9th. At night he preached for Mount Pleasant Baptist Church.

The blessing of the Lord attended the open-air service of the Emmanuel Church on Sunday night of November 9th, many coming into the church later, as a result.

Four persons asked for prayer at the first regular service in Pastor Bryant's church, following the long series of meetings just closed.

Those desiring Sister Curry for evangelistic meetings after the holidays will do well to communicate with her at once. Address Sister Curry at East Palestine, Ohio.

Bro. George Jeffery, Providence, spoke for the Men's Bible Class of this city at the Tabernacle Methodist Church, November 9th.

Surely sanctification makes us one in Christ. We were glad for the number of Pentecostal Nazarenes in the Holiness convention at Chicago, and expect more to be present in Cincinnati next year.

President Angell of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute writes us that God is blessing the work at the school. He says the tide of salvation is rising among the Faculty and students.

God mercifully preserved Brother Edwards from what might have been a fatal accident, on Nov. 10th. Brother Edwards is one of the most aggressive members of Emmanuel Church.

"KEEP ON BELIEVING."

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FIRST CHURCH

We have just closed a very successful revival meeting with Rev. Andrew Johnson, of Kentucky. The meeting lasted two weeks, and was fruitful from first to last. Rev. Johnson is a prolific and versatile preacher. He attracted large audiences, and usually held them with marked attention. About two hundred and fifty persons were at the mourner's bench, and there were many notable cases of salvation. The last Sunday was especially epochal, the audiences numbering from twelve to fourteen hundred, and fifty or more persons praying through. Brother Johnson gave his great lecture on "Boodle and Booze, Blood and Thunder, and Liquor and Lucre." He goes to Ontario for a two weeks' siege. First Church is in fine shape for our great January meeting with Hull and Hodge.

Brother Cornell, the pastor, preached two after-revival sermons Sunday, November 23d. The

INTERNATIONAL HOLINESS CONVENTION

The Holiness Commission instituted at the Chicago convention wishes to get the following widely before the people, and asks for a careful reading; and where it calls for correspondence, that it be attended to as promptly as practicable.

We expect to begin the tour suggested by the convention, the 15th of January; and to begin it, probably, in Michigan. The route will then be, in the main, as follows: Toledo, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Des Moines, Iowa; Omaha, Neb.; Topeka, Kas.; Guthrie, Okla.; Colorado Spgs., Colo.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Walla Walla, Wash.; Seattle, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; San Francisco, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Flagstaff, Ariz.; Albuquerque, N. M.; El Paso, Texas; Dallas, Texas; Little Rock, Ark.; Memphis, Tenn.; Birmingham, Ala.; Nashville, Tenn.; Louisville, Ky.; Columbus, Ohio; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Philadelphia, Pa.; New York, N. Y.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Providence, R. I.; Boston, Mass.

As we have said, this is not a perfected itinerary, though as to its geographical outline, is correct. Later we expect to publish exact dates for the entire trip.

As to some of the places mentioned, we have been obliged to consult convenience, such as the geography gives, rather than any providential openings for meetings; i. e., we do not know that some of these points will have an open door for our work. Hence, if certain ones want a meeting in these localities, or should chance to know that no chance would be open to us at certain points, it will be a favor if they will communicate with us concerning these matters.

This notice is the first of many notices we shall expect to publish in all the holiness papers, and in other sheets open to this work. We are grateful to know that multitudes are interested in this enterprise, and that they will carry it on their hearts. Let us urge this, and that all co-operate with local committees to have the fullest advertising of individual meetings, and interest all to attend them as far as possible.

It will be useless for people to write us urging longer meetings than our plans contemplate. We are commissioned to get this matter before the country as a whole, so far as possible, in a limited time. The general plan was outlined and ordered at and by the Chicago convention, and appears upon further deliberation, to be a sane one; though the meetings will be far shorter than usual, yet they can be made intense, and by the divine blessing, of greatest power and usefulness.

Let all communications be addressed to the chairman of the commission, REV. C. J. FOWLER, West Newton, Mass.

REV. C. J. FOWLER,
REV. H. C. MORRISON,
REV. C. W. RUTH,
Executive Committee.

crowds were good, and the messages seemed to grip the people. They rushed to the altar in the morning, and a number ploughed through. In the afternoon Rev. Fred H. Ross gave an inspiring address about the great holiness convention at Chicago. At night the subject was "The Shut Door." Seven responded to the altar call, making nearly a score for the day. It was a great day, and the people were much blest. We rejoice and push on.

CHURCH REPORTER.

NASHVILLE and CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

From Sale City, Ga., we came to Nashville and met wife, looking upon her face for the first time in over five months. To say we were glad does not half express it. We spent a day and a half in Nashville, and visited the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson. We drove out, Mrs. Kitty Campbell More and son being with us. We ate our noon meal at the spring where President Jackson drank from the gourd. The appearance of the Hermitage shows that a master mind lived there. He had eight thousand acres of land, all of which, except five hundred acres, has been sold. In visiting a home such as the Hermitage, we are reminded of the words of the Apostle Paul, "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment. I have visited the homes and looked upon the graves of many great men and

women gone to their reward—Presidents, great soldiers, great preachers, statesmen, authors, philosophers, reformers—but the most beautiful thing I ever saw was a poor sinner, coming through at the altar with tears and prayers and laughter and shouting all mingled together, because he had unloaded his burden and had found Christ.

We went from Nashville to Clarksville, to attend the Tennessee District Assembly. We met a fine crowd, and to our glad surprise Father and Mother Bresee and Bro. H. D. Brown, who is representing the Publishing House and the HERALD of HOLINESS, and doing a nice book business. Dr. Bresee was master of the occasion. He is at home in a District Assembly. His great sermon on Sunday morning, on the Prophet Isaiah, was grand. I preached every night, but one, after I got there. Quite a number were saved, and several taken into the church. The meeting continued for four days after the Assembly adjourned. Bro. C. R. Pollard, the pastor, is doing a great work at Clarksville. They entertained the Assembly in fine shape.

BUD ROBINSON.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

God is answering our prayers and giving us stirring revival services. On Sunday evening, November 9th, the Holy Spirit came upon the people during the song service, and the shouting reminded us of campmeeting times. There were six seekers during the day. November 10th was a continuance of the revival, and there were nine definite seekers. One young man, a Catholic, was brightly converted, and most of the others professed either regeneration or sanctification. On Thanksgiving day we are to dedicate the new parsonage, and at Christmas we are to have a four days' convention, conducted by Bro. W. C. Wilson, Edward F. Sherman, and Brother and Sister Lillenas.

ALPIN M. BOWES.

SALEM, MASS.

Brothers Roberts and wife are here, pouring in red-hot shot and shell. Some hard cases are getting through to God, and the church is getting a wonderful awakening, and climbing for higher ground.

A. H. HIGGINS.

SEYMOUR, IND.

We haven't noticed any report from Seymour since the Assembly at Olivet, Ill.; but we are delighted to say God has been doing great things for us. Soon after our return sixty-five of our parish and friends met at our home and gave us a pleasant reception, and welcomed us back for another year. The revival that is now on began in a cottage prayer meeting in the southwest part of this city. Two men were converted there, and the house soon became too small for the crowds. We then moved to the Second Baptist Church (colored), and that building was soon too small. We then secured the M. E. Church (colored), and it is crowded each night. Last Wednesday night there were twenty at the altar—nineteen young women and one young man. The majority of these girls work in the woolen mills. Fifty-eight bowed at the altar last week. We conduct services in that part of town through the week, and then on Sunday we consolidate our forces and all come to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

Sunday truly was a great day with us. In the evening the church was crowded, and some standing. There were forty seated on the platform, most of them being young converts. We are marching on, and expecting greater things this week. The evangelists in this meeting do not have to leave in ten days to fill another engagement, so we continue the meeting indefinitely.

We are simply delighted with THE NEW SAMARITAN. It certainly is the best rescue paper that we have ever read.

M. T. and LIDA BRANDYBERRY.

WOODWARD, OKLA.

We have a good work out here, and some fine folks. The Lord is blessing in every service. The attendance is small, but we have a great time. We have a nice Nazarene church.

H. P. HUFFMAN, *Pastor.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EMMANUEL CHURCH

The God of all grace continues to own and to bless the work at Emmanuel church. Yesterday was another day of Pentecostal outpouring. As Sister Tubbs sang at the morning service, there were shouts of victory and tears of joy. The pastor's subject was "Soul Faintness" (Isa. 40:29). At night "Some Eternal Things" was the solemn message. There were four seekers during the day.

The Emmanuel private school is more than we had thought or asked a year ago. This fall we registered eighty-nine pupils, with the promise of oth-

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The Story of Jael and Sisera.	Not Die. The Story
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A series of Bible stories, illustrated with beautiful colored pictures. They are especially good for rewards or presents for the young children in the Sunday school. We have the following titles:

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Stories of Jesus.	Old.
Sweet Stories of Old	Children of the East.
Bible Parables.	Favorite Bible
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Best stories for mothers to read or tell the children.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL JOY BELLS

Just the book for the Sunday school! Contains 133 songs, including a number for the Junior Department.

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ers for the second semester. Every Wednesday morning a half hour is devoted to testimony. Last Wednesday forty-six pupils gave blessed testimony to the saving grace of God. Several have been saved after school hours.

Our assistant pastor, James Proctor Knott, was the victim of a complete surprise in honor of his birthday. On Friday night the church assembled at his home, bringing with them a handsome sectional bookcase. Brother Proctor was in his study when the doorbell rang, and he was called to the door. There he faced a host of loved members, who crowded the rooms, singing as they entered. Bro. H. M. Best was master of ceremonies, and after earnest prayer he presented the beautiful gift in the name of the Emmanuel Church. Brother Proctor's reply evidenced both his unfeigned humility of spirit, and his great appreciation of this token of love from the church. A literary and musical program followed.

LUCY P. KNOTT.

We had no entertainment in Montfort for Bro. F. J. Thomas, when he came; but with Bro. J. C. Livingston's horse, and borrowed harness and old buggy, four of us traveled back and forth each evening five miles across country. We prayed and sung in our hall, or "church," and Brother Thomas preached with the blessing of God on his soul. The people came to hear, until on Sunday, the last night of the meeting, we turned away quite a number for lack of room. God gave us the hearts of the people, and on Sunday evening we organized a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, with seven charter members. Services will be held on each Sabbath. Let all Pentecostal Nazarenes pray for us in Wisconsin, as practically all of our work will have to be pioneered in this way. We start meetings in Livingston, November 20th. Expecting great victories there also.

L. W. BLACKMAN.

A GREAT NEED

In the city of Dallas there is need of a City Mission which will do a thorough mission work among the multitudes of wrecked and homeless men. Truly the harvest is great, and I believe the time is ripe for such a work, as we have nothing in the city along this line. The organizations now doing work in Dallas, do not meet the need. We have a work started, known as the Berachah Mission, located near the Union Depot, in the central part of the city, in the heart of the saloon district, where, with the right kind of workers, the hall can be filled nightly. This mission was founded fourteen years ago by Rev. J. T. Upchurch, and services have been held three nights in the week ever since. Since the sale of the Berachah Home at Arlington he with his band will work here no more. The Board of Directors have recently elected the writer as superintendent, with Rev. Charles Rose, who long served as the faithful superintendent, as his assistant. I see a great need for running every night. We can get a rooming house across the street, and fit it up with everything necessary for a thorough work. We need money to operate until we can get the work before men of means. It will require \$100 a month.

FRANK DANIEL,
416 N. Bishop St., Dallas, Texas.

PILGRIM POINT, TEXAS

The Lord gave us a great revival in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Ballinger, Texas. Rev. E. W. Wells pastor. The interest increased from the beginning, until we had a veritable salvation campaign in full blast. The attendance was remarkable, and the results extremely gratifying to both pastor and evangelists. The church is young, clean, aggressive, and unusually effective in winning souls to the Lord and His kingdom. The saintly parents of Sister Myrtle Mangum, who is pushing holiness in India, live here, and are strong, stalwart characters for God and the Pentecostal Nazarene work.

Rev. E. W. Wells, the efficient pastor, is doing an admirable work for and with the church and the cause of holiness in these parts. His church called him for another year. They love him, and he and his wife love them. With the counsel, sympathy, and fellowship of such souls as Father Raby, Dr. Mangum, Mrs. Harrell and Jeanes and others, this pastor, by divine help, will succeed.

They have a splendid church and other property, with a total valuation of \$4,000. We raised a goodly offering to finish paying off a remaining debt on the church. We raised a love offering for the pastor, and received nearly \$50 cash. The church and friends gave a most excellent offering to the evangelists. A dozen swept into the kingdom at the closing service. Nearly a dozen united with this bloodwashed church. We are called back for a meeting next June. Brother Wells writes, saying the revival is going on and souls are finding God.

ALLIE and EMMA IRICK.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Great day here yesterday, the fourth Sunday. Good crowds morning and night. Four saved in the children's service at 2:30, and two grown people saved at the night service. The pastor preached both morning and night from John 10:8. "When he is come, he will." Sunday school and prayer meetings pulsating with life. That new church building is coming.

JOS. N. SPEAKES.

ONTARIO, CAL.

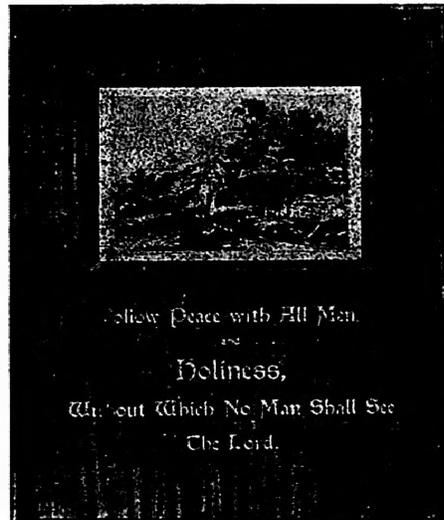
The revival at the First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., closed in a blaze of glory. Rev. C. E. Cornell is planning, pushing, and praying for an unparalleled midwinter campaign for souls. He is to be

MOTTOES

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The cut represents a beautiful wood panel, printed in natural colors. The pictures are from masterpieces of quiet life.
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TEXTS:

1. Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.
2. If we walk in the light . . . the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.
3. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

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The set of three for FIFTY CENTS

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UNION GROVE, OKLA.

Our work is moving on at this place. Our revival meeting closed last night. God blessed the preaching of the Word, and souls prayed through to victory. There were some clear cases of sanctification. We go from here to Prairie View, Okla.
J. W. CHISUM.

MONTFORT, WIS.

On October 31st Bro. J. W. Schooley and the writer came to Montfort, one of the oldest towns in western Wisconsin, at one time a trading fort. The population is about six hundred. We had been praying and believing for souls in this place, and that perhaps God would allow us to plant our work also. We rented a suitable store building for six dollars. We had confidence in God, the people, and ourselves, knowing that whom God calls He sees them through. The building was cleaned, a stove secured, lumber for a platform was donated, and chairs and lamps hauled five miles to seat and light the place.

assisted by Revs. Huff and Hodge. First Church has done, is doing, and will do a great work for the spread of scriptural holiness all over the country. With the completion of the Panama Canal and the focalizing of the world at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Los Angeles, the mild-climated, cosmopolitan city of palm trees, prodigious enterprises, and prosperity, will become one of the largest and most desirable cities in the United States. The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in this section will therefore have enlarged responsibilities, greater opportunities, and broader fields of usefulness; and if true to its trust is destined to become one of the greatest organized forces of Christianity. May God bless the HERALD OF HOLINESS in its splendid work of spreading scriptural holiness throughout the world.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

AUBURN, NEB.

Have just closed here, with about fifteen saved and sanctified, besides the work with the children. The Lord has been very good to us again. Have some open dates after the holidays, and for next summer, if you know of any who need help.

J. W. FARR.

PASADENA, CAL.

The work is moving on nicely in Pasadena. A goodly number have been seeking and finding the Lord, and quite a few have united with the church since we last reported. Our five weeks' of tent meetings, which closed a week or so ago, resulted in much good. Quite a few definite seekers, and some were happy finders. Unity and perfect love prevails in every department, which is a most essential thing for any church.

A. O. HENRICKS.

HOWARD, KAS.

We were highly favored in having with us for ten days, at our Elk City charge, Rev. W. R. Cain, of Wichita, Kas. He is a bold, fearless preacher of God's Word. Satan never slept under his preaching in Elk City. One church in town had been having a stereopticon protracted meeting, or moving picture show, as many called it, for four weeks, and upon Brother Cain's arrival they carried their meeting on, ending with a lecture, illustrated, on Ben Hur, with music furnished by the town band. Then on the last night a banquet was held at the pool hall for the converts (?). Brother Cain kept sweet, praised the Lord, preached the Word, and moved right on with his meeting, and the hungry and truly spiritual came to hear him. Some received spiritual help, and the holiness people were edified. To hear Brother Cain is to love him and be strengthened by his stern, yet gentle, character and submissive spirit.

CLINTON and MARY CALHOON, Pastors.

HUTCHINSON, KAS.

Last Sabbath was a great day here at the church and Bible School. Sixteen persons at the altar as definite seekers in the evening service, and great power on the meeting. The chapel, hall, and every available space filled with people, and some turned away that could not get in. Our success here is largely due to the good condition of the church and school, and the work of my predecessor.

C. A. IMHOFF.

EVERETT, WASH.

We closed at Everett on November 20th, with victory in the salvation of a few souls. The work was clear and definite, and the church took on new life. The work in Everett along Pentecostal Nazarene lines is quite difficult, as others who have been here can testify. There is an existing prejudice among some holiness folks against the church there, that ought not to be, and for which we are sorry. There have been more than fifty holiness meetings held in Everett in the last fifteen years, by many great men. Surely this city has had every advantage along holiness lines. Brother and Sister Culbertson and the few noble-hearted saints stood by me on all lines as far as they were able. They are true-blue holiness folks, but like most of our small churches, they are handicapped in the work for the want of finance to push the work. Sister Culbertson (nee Figg) is the loyal pastor. She and her husband make a good team in the work of God.

We began with Rev. J. C. Scott in Seattle Second Church last night, and God blessed us with seekers. We hope to see a good revival here. We begin for the Holiness Association in the Seattle First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, December 1st, and close the 14th. We expect to turn our face southward December 30th. We begin in Elysian Heights Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Los Angeles, January 4th; Walla Walla,

Wash., January 22d, and then hold a convention in Topeka, Kas., for the Holiness Association, February 6th-10th. If the Lord opens doors, we would hold a meeting or two while there. We hope to spend the spring, or part of it, on our home District, the Southern California, as we would like to be at home a little oftener and get better acquainted with our brethren. Pray for us that we may win souls for Christ.

J. B. MCBRIDE.

Rte. 1, Box 225, Pasadena, Cal.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Just closed a fine meeting near here, in which several were gloriously saved. We closed our year's work as pastor at Atwood, Okla., and will go into the evangelistic work.

L. H. RITTER.

MOTTOES

GOOD SHEPHERD SERIES

This series is a representation of an oak panel, which is printed in natural colors, and is very effective.

Size, 8 x 12.

Price, FIFTEEN CENTS



Not My Will, But Thine.

Be Done.

—Luke 22:42

TEXTS:

1. *Not my will, but thine be done.*
2. *This is the will of God, even your sanctification.*

SPECIAL OFFER:

The two mottoes for TWENTY-FIVE CTS.

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HENRYETTA, OKLA.

Sunday, November 23d, was a blessed day. We had the privilege of having our new District Superintendent, Bro. D. H. Humphries, with us. He stayed three or four days, and preached every night. On Saturday night he met the church board. We were again delighted to learn of the systematic way he has in looking after the business affairs of the church. Sunday night Brother Humphries preached. The saints rejoiced while the fire fell and the altar was filled with seekers. Brother Humphries left us with greater determination than we have ever had. Let all in the Eastern Oklahoma District hold up this man of God. He will do us good.

G. F. HAUN, Pastor.

BARNESVILLE, GA.

Had a gracious victory at the cotton mill here. Then we spent three days near Meansville, Ga. God gave us a tremendous time. Began our second meeting here Sunday, November 23d, to run to December 7th. Then I go to Maiden, Mo., De-

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From Four of Our Colleges

ILLINOIS HOLINESS UNIVERSITY

Since attending the Assembly at Olivet, I have been profoundly impressed with that institution. For some years it has grown upon us that we simply *must* create and sustain such schools, if we expect to be free from the blood of the young host in our midst. It is simply freezing to the blood of a sanctified father to realize that he must send his children to public schools. He may as well plan on their coming home absolutely robbed and shorn of the faith, and very often the virtue which he would gladly lay down his life to preserve to them.

There are some things about Illinois Holiness University that are akin to the miraculous. I question that since the apostolic days has such sacrifice been manifested as has been the sacrifice of the men in whose heart that school was born, and from whose emptied purses it was made possible. Now, after some years of desperate struggle, God has given the Pentecostal Nazarenes this magnificent school to foster and sustain and reap the results in multiplied thousands of sanctified young people, preachers, and workers to send into this wicked old world to lift it to God and holiness.

Bro. L. Milton Williams has had it laid so heavily upon his heart that he has, in connection with his other duties, consented to assume the office of Business Manager of the school. No one could be found who will give it a better service in that capacity. Splendid success has thus far attended his work, and there is every prospect of gracious victory. But, brethren, from coast to coast we simply *must* wake up and give our attention to this great institution right in the center of this country, for the next few weeks. Let this school be named at every family altar. Let every true Pentecostal Nazarene mightily pray God to give Brother Williams success. Let us burst the vaults of God's millions by mighty intercession. Let every pastor add fuel to the fire by doing something definite for the school. In his hands lies the ability to put 300 students and \$150,000 into that school. There are many interests claiming our attention, but among the highest peaks in the range stands the Illinois Holiness University.

JAMES W. LAWRENCE.

CENTRAL NAZARENE UNIVERSITY

We are now in the midst of the fall term of the third session of Central Nazarene University, Hamlin, Texas, with a splendid body of students. Our present enrollment surpasses that of previous years, at the same time of the term, and new students are entering every week. One marked feature, gratifying alike to parents and Faculty, is that the students, as a body, are studious and are advancing rapidly. The spiritual condition of the school is unsurpassed, as almost all our students are Christians, and many of them are sanctified. Our Sunday services are times of great spiritual power, and souls are converted or sanctified at almost every service.

The missionary department is preparing a series of rallies in the surrounding communities and nearby towns, where they expect to make prominent the needs of the missionary field, and also to sow full salvation seed, which we trust will yield an abundant harvest in the salvation of the lost, and the sanctifying of believing children.

By an urgent request from the people of the city of Hamlin, we are preparing to open a musical studio in the city for the benefit of those who live in the city.

The Lord has blessed us with a good crop this year, for which we praise Him and take courage.

Quite a number of families have moved here this fall for the benefit of the school.

Our future was never more promising than at the present, and we trust and urge our pastors, evangelists, and Christian

workers to plan now to attend the midwinter Bible course, conducted by Rev. Andrew Johnson, of Wilmore, Ky., beginning January 24th and continuing through February. Write for a catalog.

J. E. L. MOORE, Pres.

W. F. RUTHERFORD, Bus. Mgr.

MISSOURI HOLINESS COLLEGE

We are enjoying a prosperous year in Missouri Holiness College. We are glad to announce that Rev. Andrew Johnson, of Kentucky, will be with us from December 29th to January 21st, for a special Bible course. Work will be given in Homiletics, Theology, oratory for preachers, and lectures on the Bible. A marvelous opportunity for young preachers and Christian workers. Avail yourself of this opportunity, and come and spend a few weeks with us. A midwinter meeting will be held the last ten days of the special course. All special students will have the privilege of taking work in any of the classes in college free of charge. We are expecting a great time. Do not miss the instruction given by this noted orator and preacher. Board for entire time, \$10; tuition for special course, \$3. Let us hear from you. Address, A. S. LONDON.

PENIEL UNIVERSITY

It was my privilege and pleasure to spend Sunday, November 16th, at Peniel. It was a blessed day, well spent. One of our daughters is attending school here, and is well pleased. By invitation of President Chapman I preached in the morning and at night. Both services were "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." There were sixteen at the altar seeking pardon, reclamation, or sanctification at the night service, and several prayed through to victory. There seems to be a sweet spirit of unity prevailing throughout the school and community. While the student-body is not quite so large as during some former years, there are several strong reasons for this.

First, the crop conditions in Texas for a number of years have been very poor; and this past year many parts of the state suffered intensely from a prolonged drouth, which made it impossible for some former students from farming communities to return.

Second, the change in president of the school prevented some from being enthusiastic regarding its future. The citizens of Peniel, with the students and Faculty of the school, thought it would be next to impossible for any one to fill the place of Rev. R. T. Williams, who was president last year. However, President Chapman, though young in years, is rich in experience, and has proven himself to be a splendid disciplinarian, has already confirmed the expectation of his friends, and is winning the entire confidence and respect of the few who were skeptical regarding his ability to direct the institution.

Possibly there has never been a brighter future for the school than now. President Chapman has accepted the presidency for the next five years, which will eliminate the disagreeable unsettledness of bothering constantly over a change, and will enable him to build with definite plans and clear purpose.

Professor Arnold, and his entire family are here directing the department of music. The splendid work they do speaks for itself.

Peniel University has accomplished a truly wonderful work; but is destined to accomplish a far greater, if its friends will stand by it.

In the afternoon I was given a special rescue service, at which we organized a local Berachah Rescue Society with seventy-two members, and others to be added. Officers were elected, and we believe a forward move will be made for this work.

Altogether it was a great day, and I am glad to have enjoyed it.

Arlington, Texas.

J. T. URCHUCH.

December 14th to January 4th; Fredericktown, Mo., January 11th to February 1st. We hope to reorganize here.

FRED ST. CLAIR

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

More and more we are getting on in old Michigan. Some splendid new churches have been formed since the Assembly; many more in the making. The battle is raging, and we are all shouting on to victory. All over the state we hear good news. The brethren are in the battle and keeping busy. Some places are hard, but we are undaunted; bound to burn through or die trying.

Without question the greatest six-day meeting I ever attended is just gone into history. We arranged a six-day rally for all the churches and preachers in Michigan. Brother L. Milton Williams, our District Superintendent, was with us, and spoke three times a day. What a time we had! A program with subjects discussed, covering every phase of our mission and work, was carried out. The only disappointment was that a few of the brethren could not get away from their work to be with us. Quite a few laymen from various parts of the state, however, were present, and gave us quite a large representation.

This was Brother Williams' first official visit. What a luxury to have such a man as our leader! You feel like you could follow him to the pit of death as he leads on in the battle. While free from officiousness, he is nevertheless our superior officer by virtue of his God-given generalship. He won the confidence of the people of the community as well as of the church. It is a good thing to have such a man to introduce to the crowd of inspectors who are usually gauging a movement by its leaders.

The Grand Rapids church reaped a great result from the rally. The church was too small to house the crowds. The altars were many times crowded. Many prayed through, and some are making restitution, which, all told, may run up into thousands of dollars; besides the many other petty things that come to exist where the devil is boss. Many were the sleepless nights, but glorious the results. The old gospel is yet the power of God unto salvation. Many are joining the church. The church building has been thoroughly renovated; electric lights, new carpet, varnished and kalsomined throughout. Finances fine (the banker intimated to us that we outshine the largest churches in this section of the city). We have some real battles to fight, and we *could* go to the bow-wows if we *would*; but by the grace of God we will keep humble and at our job.

J. W. LAWRENCE, Pastor.

CLINTONDALE, N. Y.

God is good to us, and answering prayer. These days are among the best to our souls and our ministry of full salvation. Our seventeen days' meeting here has closed. It was a battle indeed. This is an old holiness center, so they knew what to expect. Some things had entered in here to spoil and scatter the flock; but God graciously revived and renewed, and we closed with blessed victory. Only a few were pardoned and sanctified; but we, in the name of Jesus, won the confidence of the people, and the saints were strengthened and settled in the Word.

People came for miles around, some an hour ahead of time. Bro. E. G. Williams, their new pastor, is doing good personal work. Clintondale is coming up the road. Plans were talked of and money pledged to put up our tent next summer for a big campmeeting. This is a small church, but with great opportunities. Some of those who had gone out and belonged nowhere or joined other churches were made homesick. They stood by us nobly in a financial way. We leave for the West Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. F. E. MILLER.
Lowville, N. Y.

Just closed a siege with Brother and Sister Miller, of Lowville, N. Y. The Lord was with us and gave seekers, and a stirring up of the professing Christians. The meetings have had a good effect upon those who were not clear, and those who did not have light on the experience of sanctification. The ark is coming up the road. We seem to be able to hear the lowing of the cows. Victory is in the air.

EDWARD G. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We closed out in Brooklyn with a splendid break. We had a four weeks' siege with District Superintendent J. A. Ward. There was not a fruitless service. We began in Haverhill, Mass., November 18th, with Pastor W. G. Schurman. Large crowds have continued to come since the

first service. Yesterday, the first Sunday, forty were definitely blessed at the altar, and we have two weeks yet. We are expecting a genuine revival here before the close.

C. E. ROBERTS and WIFE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

We feel to thank God that the time for dedicating our beautiful church edifice is near at hand. As our pastor, J. G. Nickerson, has the building near completion, we will dedicate it, the Lord willing, Sunday afternoon, December 7th, at 2:30. We want you to consider this your special invitation. We expect a great crowd, and a great day, and are praying that it may be as it was at the dedicating of Solomon's Temple, when the glory of God so filled the house that priests could not minister. Why not? We expect Brothers Ward, Hoople, Angell, French and other preachers to be with us. Our members are as busy as bees, preparing for this event, which doubtless will be the greatest epoch in the history of this local church. We expect to retain some of the preachers for our revival service, which will last until Christmas. Come, and enjoy this feast with us.

A. I.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Our work in the city is doing well. Accepted the pastorate the 9th of November; seventeen additions since that date. We are trusting God to build up the strongest work in the state in this city. We have the material, the workers, the opportunity, and God has promised to supply the grace.

Sister Welch is one of our deaconesses, and is making herself felt in the city. She is in touch with two of the best hospitals, and practically all the city officials, who are in line with our work. If any of our folks or friends come to the hospitals of the city, drop us a card, and we will see about you as best we can.

Sister Wallace is doing fine work at the county and city jails. She well deserves the prayers and assistance of our people. If your boy is in the city, drop us a card, and we will endeavor to look after him. This will apply to your girl, father or mother or any friend or relative. It is a part of our business to "look after" folks.

Then again, when any of our preachers are passing through the city, drop us a card, stop off, and give us a lift. God will bless you for it. This is a great city, the work is great, therefore the work-

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Jehoiakim's evil reign.

II. KINGS, 24.

Jehoiachin succeedeth him.

25 And Jê-hôî-â-kim gave the silver and the gold to Phâr-âoh; but he taxed the land to give the money according to the commandment of Phâr-âoh: he exacted the silver and the gold of the people of

B.C. 610.
* Jer. 21.
† Called Jeconiah.
‡ Jer. 24, 1.
§ Jer. 24, 1.
|| Jer. 22, 24.

8 ¶ Jê-hôî-â-chin was eighteen years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jê-rû-sâ-lêm three months. And his mother's name was Nê-hûsh-tâ, the daughter of Êl-nâ-thân of Jê-rû-sâ-lêm.

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generations; they call their lands after their own names.
12 Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not: he is like the

* Gen. 4, 27.
† Jer. 20.
‡ Eccles. 3, 19.
§ Ps. 80, 13.
|| Heb.

10 For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

11 I know all the fowls of the

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ers must be great workers with great faith in a great God. Cut out this address, paste it in your Bible for future reference; for it will save you and us time and trouble. May the blessings of God rest richly on our great family.

1319 W. Third St., J. W. OLIVER, Pastor.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

LINCOLN, NEB.

Just closed a meeting at New Market, Iowa. It seemed that God gave such liberty and power in preaching the precious truth to the people. Old-time conviction got hold on many, and while four sought and found Jesus, others stood trembling and could hardly talk for weeping; others left the church to get away from the fire. Some said as we left on the train that they never would forget the meetings because of the scriptural truths which they heard. This was the place of my boyhood days, and of my spiritual birth; where God put His hand upon me and anointed me to preach the gospel; it was a precious place to me.

Evangelist J. R. HUNTER.

WESTMINSTER, CONN.

God is wonderfully blessing the work at Westminster. When we came here in May there was only one service a week, and that poorly attended. It has been worked up to three services a week. I have lately formed a young people's society, which proves to be a great benefit to the community. Five have been added to the church membership. One young lady baptized. Nine others have been soundly converted, and more coming. Last Friday evening we had thirty present. Sunday evening between seventy-five and eighty were present at our young people's meeting. This means a great deal for a farming district, as the houses are so far apart, and some had to travel fourteen miles. God certainly was with us. One soul was saved, and others deeply under conviction. Have been especially blessed in personal work in this vicinity. If folks ever expect to get to heaven, they have got to quit the sin business here, and stop compromising with the devil. He's a tricky fellow,

and a hard master to serve. No matter what comes our prayer is, "Not my will; but thine be done."

EDITH M. RAYMOND.

DAVENPORT, OKLA.

I am in a hard battle, but God is with me. While preaching at the morning service on the man that was borne by four, the power came upon the saints in a way seldom seen. Holy laughter and wave upon wave of glory swept over the congregation for ten minutes or more. I was somewhat affected myself. I finally got the man through the housetop to Jesus. He was a man about fifty years old, the only sinner in the house. His will power was just about gone; he seemed almost helpless, but there were some of the saints who would not give up. I go from here to Chattanooga with the M. E. people. My present address is Altus, Okla.

B. F. PRITCHETT.

DECATUR, ILL.

Following the last District Assembly, L. G. Milby, of Ashton, Ill., was called to the Decatur church. God has united pastor and people in love, such that backsliders and down-and-outers, who could stand the gospel guns, can not stand. They are falling in with Jesus; He is shedding the love of God abroad in their hearts. We have good congregations, and shouts of praise and victory are heard, accompanied with Pentecostal fire.

W. TROESCH.

BETHANY, OKLA.

Thanksgiving season was joyfully celebrated. The local holiness interests gave District Superintendent S. H. Owens a Thanksgiving surprise on Wednesday evening. It was a pleasure to all. We are glad to have him with us, and enjoyed his sermon on Thanksgiving day very much. The good people of this place made it possible for the students to have a nice time on November 27th. We had an afternoon and evening service, and at suppertime all sat down to lunch together in the school dining-room. God's blessing was upon us,

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and we are grateful. It seemed appropriate to take our monthly missionary offering, and have a missionary talk in the evening. The collection was the largest taken thus far, \$18. Together the church and school are going forward in the work of the Lord. A. G. N.

MALDEN, MASS.

We have just returned from a very blessed meeting in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Wicklow, N. B. It was a great privilege to the writer to labor with my esteemed friend and brother, Edgar Grant, who is the successful pastor of our church at that place. Brother Grant was renewed in his experience in my meeting at Caribon, Me., some years ago, and from that meeting until the present day he says he has never broken with God once. He is one of the cleanest, hottest workers we have.

The church is located in the heart of a well-to-do farming section, and bids fair to be one of our strongest churches. I never met a people whom I loved more, and who used me better. I was requested to return and hold a meeting with them next summer. I was royally entertained in the

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

H. F. REYNOLDS,.....Kansas City, Mo.
Residence, 3519 Paseo; Office, 2109 Troost Ave.
Sailing date (on S. S. Tenyo Maru).....December 16

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

□ □

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McKeesport, Pa.....December 12-21

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Pelham, Tenn.....December 11
Shelbyville, Tenn.....December 12
Himesville, Tenn.....December 13
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F. J. THOMAS.....Marshalltown, Iowa
Menominee, Wis.....December 2-5
Madison, Wis.....December 6-15
Groggin, Iowa, R. F. D.....January 8-18

fine home of Bro. Sidney Smith, and I will always thank God for that brief sojourn in a place so marked by the peace and presence of God.

This is the only church we have in that section, but several other places were stretching out their hands to us for special work while there, and we believe there is a great need of our hot, distinctively second blessing, evangelistic and revivalistic movement in that great country. Large crowds attended the meetings. There wasn't a service in which there was an invitation given, but what several souls came to God. May God richly bless, guard, and protect this infant church.

We were delighted to meet our old friends, Brother Knox and Bro. Zacheus Munson, of Caribou, Me. They were with us the last Sunday. How they did sing, shout, cry, give, and bless the meeting!

God is greatly blessing our work in Malden. We hope to see our \$5,000 mortgage entirely liquidated by January 1st. We are having the best attendance, perhaps, in our history. We thank God for the past and present, and eagerly press forward to meet the golden opportunities and blessed privileges of the future.

M. EDWARD BORDERS.

PARKMAN, OKLA.

Have just closed a three weeks' meeting near this place. Over fifty souls were saved, and some of them were sanctified. We baptized about twenty, and organized a class of forty-one Pentecostal Nazarenes. A number of lodge men and tobacco users prayed through, and restitution of various kinds was made. Ten souls saved at the last service. Those joining the church were mostly all heads of families. We organized a good Sabbath school. Sixty persons partook of the Lord's Supper at about midnight. The Spirit of the Lord came upon us, amid great rejoicing. Much love was manifested among the saints during this meet-

ing. Rev. G. M. Willcox, of Aline, Okla., was with us, and much used of the Lord. He recently united with the church. Many who had been church members for years were converted for the first time. Nearly every family wants a church Manual.

Gage, Okla.

J. H. GRAY.

SACO, ME.

We are in the midst of a Holy Ghost revival. Full house last night; deep conviction; ten souls at the altar. One man who had resisted God once too often, was suddenly cut off, and we fear without remedy. The city is moved; the devil is stirred. We have no evangelist, but the writer is preaching.

J. J. BURNS, Pastor.

ANNAPOLIS, MO.

We are in evangelistic work this year. Rev. C. P. Roberts, of Pilot Point, Texas, took our place at Jonesboro, Ark. We start in here tonight for a battle for the Lord. Rev. Mitchell is pastor. This is our second meeting in this state since the Assembly. We go from here to Irondale, Missouri.

J. E. LINZA and WIFE.

KELLOGG, IDAHO

We are now engaged in the most spiritual revival Kellogg has ever seen. Evangelists Lewis and Mathews are ploughing deep, with the unction of the Holy Ghost and power from on high. Twenty seekers already at the altar; nearly all prayed through.

ALFRED E. DEBBY, Pastor.

Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15: 57.