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Paul's Solitary Knowledge

Paul's education was of the highest character possible to be acquired in his day. He sat at the feet of Gamaliel, the most advanced and astute scholar and teacher of the day. Paul's culture was recognized by friend and foe. He was never accused of ignorance, as numerous as were the accusations that were brought against him. Arguing before King Agrippa and Festus, the governor, he was interrupted by Festus with the declaration: "Paul, thou art mad; thy much learning doth turn thee to madness." Paul could never have been qualified for a seat in the Sanhedrim without vast and broad learning. These facts are undisputed by both friend and foe.

Vast and varied as was his erudition, and as trained as he was in the powers of analysis and close reasoning, Paul himself had such a profound conception and such a lofty admiration of the overmastering claims and abysmal depths of the Cross of Christ, and of the death of Him whom the Cross symbolized, that after his Damascus experience he felt that he knew that he had a right to claim to know naught else but this Cross. Hence we hear him saying to the Corinthians: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." And again, "I delivered unto you, first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures." Also he says: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation."

The profoundest and most reverent scholarship of the world gives to the Cross the same place of prime importance among the mightiest thoughts and achievements of the world. Hence we find in the "Resurgence of Faith," by Rev. Richard Roberts, these words: "Jesus is supremely Jesus on the cross." Also, "Human judgment has ascribed to the cross an easy primacy among the greatest moral achievements of history." F. W. Robertson says: "Christ's death was not simply the world's example; it was the world's sacrifice. He died not merely as a martyr to the truth. His death was the world's life."

Jesus came into the world primarily not to live a perfect life, perfect and flawless as was that life. He came primarily not to furnish the world's most marvelous and matchless exhibition of unselfish love and self-sacrifice, glorious as was His sacrifice and unspeakable love. He came not chiefly to teach a moral code, though He did that also. He came to die for the sins of the world. If this had not been the great object of His coming, these other ends and works He achieved would have been meaningless and powerless. It was the blood which had divine significance and divine saving power in the world among men. It seems that the whole Bible was written to record and emphasize the fact that He came to die a sacrifice for the sins of man. He came to die a vicarious death for us. His death seems to have occupied a large place in the mind of Christ Himself during His earthly ministry. The latter part of that ministry seems to have been signalized by special emphasis upon the necessity and meaning of His sufferings and death, that His disciples might be prepared to proclaim their vicarious nature, and be comforted in His absence with this thought; and that they might be able to proclaim the power of the shed blood to gain remission of sins to all who would believe. Those marvelous consolatory discourses in John's gospel, as well as other portions of the gospels, were especially devoted to attempts to interpret and impress upon the minds of the disciples the nature, meaning and infinite sweep of significance of His approaching sufferings and death.

The Cross

The Cross is our only plea. A gospel of love divorced from the Cross would be powerless and a triviality. The gospel of a matchless and perfect example would be but a mockery to men sunk in the depths of sin and degradation as men are by nature. That great Scottish divine, Dr. James Denny, says with truth and timely force, "Scripture converges upon the doctrine of the atonement. It unites in testifying to a love of God which bears the sin of the world. How this is done we do not see clearly till we come to Christ, or till He comes to us; but once we get this insight from Him, we get it for revelation as a whole. To Him bear all the Scriptures witness; and it is as a testimony to Him, the Bearer of sin, the Redeemer who gave His life a ransom for us, that we acknowledge them. This is the burden of the Bible, the one fundamental omnipresent truth to which the Holy Spirit bears witness by and with the Word in our hearts."

It took the Cross to accentuate and empower the Love Divine and render *even that Love* potent to the remission of sin and the renewing of human nature. Any proffered evangel short of this Cross, as its essential potent element, is a mere religious sentimental message, toothless, gripless, impotent, meaningless, and wholly inadequate to the needs of men's lostness and helplessness. The Doctor suggests another truth in the quotation above. It takes an experience of grace to personally and fully apprehend the full significance of the Cross. We know it as matter of inspired revelation, and are to propose and urge it upon men, but only when it has been applied to us as a personal experience of pardon and purity can we say "what we have seen and felt, with confidence we tell, and publish to the sons of men the signs infallible." We may and must accept it as God's word. But only that preaching which is backed by an experience of birth from above, and the implanted life of God in the soul through the power of the Cross can be efficient in winning souls to a like experience. Only thus can we really have an infallible inward assurance and knowledge of the truth, the nature, the necessity and the meaning and the preciousness and glories of the Cross. We need to enter into a fellowship with His sufferings.

The Cross displays the heinousness of sin, and the infinite sweep of divine love which would so suffer and die for our sins. Only the Cross affords the strongest incentive to men to forsake sin. They see by its light such a stupendous and unmerited gift and sacrifice, and one that bears so vital a relation to their desperate needs, that they feel that nothing less than an absolute surrender and whole-hearted yielding of their wills to Him, and the consecration of all their powers to His service would be an approach to a decent recognition of such transcendent love and suffering and self-abnegation for them. There can not be a more disastrous mistake than to cease stressing the Cross in our preaching. It was for this that Paul determined to make it the staple of his appeals to men. Such should we make it. Let us proclaim the Cross as our only plea, and our mightiest plea to dying men and women, to turn from sin to a sin-pardoning Christ, who paid their ransom with His blood on Calvary.

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A SALOONLESS nation by 1920, an effectual check on the aggressions of Romanism, a widespread revival of genuine religion over the nation, the destruction of the white slave traffic, and the wresting utterly of the government from the clutches of trust control, must not be a mere dream of optimists.

**Attitudes
of the
Spirit**

For safety and real progress of the body it is essential that there be proper bodily attitudes. It is just as essential in the matters of the spirit, that there should be the right attitudes of the spirit. Salvation is by grace and not of works. This is a truth of transcendent importance. At the same time the man or woman who would live the saved

life, or walk with God must assume and exercise the proper attitudes of spirit. Saving faith will, if unhindered, lead us to such attitudes of spirit. Paul gives us the statement of this truth in the injunction in Phil. 4:8: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Such are the necessary mental and spiritual attitudes, according to Paul, we must occupy as Christians, if we would grow and accomplish our destined work in His kingdom according to His purpose concerning us.

We must take advantage of the matter of habit in the religious life. We must accustom ourselves to thinking only on right and righteous things. The body follows the mind in its movements. It will not be long before the life or body will follow the mind if the mind dwell upon impure or otherwise wrong things. As a man thinketh so is he. If we would be pure and remain pure, after God has spoken the saving word and performed the saving act within us, we must think pure things and only pure. We are not to presume upon God's salvation, and conclude because He has saved us therefore we can risk thoughts on the impure, the dishonest, the unjust, the unlovely. We may rest assured that such thoughts will lead to their natural and legitimate results of wrongness of conduct.

There was a girl who was attractive in personal appearance, but restless and cross and unhappy, and growing more unattractive in these respects every day. Her aunt, visiting at the home, and who knew some of these deeper truths of God, said to her one day, having discovered her need: "Madeline, do you want to be a torment to yourself and everybody about you all your life?" "No," was the girl's response, with a surprised, frightened look at the blunt question of her aunt. "You'd like to be sweet and lovely and happy?" was the next question. This brought a sincere affirmative reply from the girl. The aunt handed her a folded paper and smiled kindly as she said tenderly: "Follow this magic prescription and you will be what you want to be."

Madeline read: "Every time you want to frown, smile. Every time a cross thought comes, think a pleasant one. Every time something nice is done for you, do something nicer for some one else."

For a few moments she was crosser than ever. Then common sense won the day, and she tried the remedy, and found soon that there was no brighter, happier, more lovable girl than herself. A faithful, prayerful, sincere trial of this simple prescription worked thus wonders for this unhappy girl. She tried out the experiment of right attitudes of spirit, and calling upon God for help, He mightily aided, and she was successful. It is worth a trial and will never fail if tried in the name of Him who is mighty to save and help.

**Unre-
moved
Hind-
rances**

Very often revivals are hindered and defeated by unseen or even sometimes unknown obstacles. These must be removed before any great work of God can be expected. Oftener than otherwise it is some broken relations among members, or unworthiness or unfaithfulness in some of the membership. In such cases by faithful, searching

preaching of the Word or by prevailing prayer these things must be probed and purged before any mighty outpouring of the Spirit comes in saving power. J. Wilbur Chapman tells of such a case in his ministry. For four days the church had been crowded but no results had come. The heavens were like brass and the crowds listened and retired without a hand lifted for prayer or a single sign or token of the least interest manifested. He called the ministers together and requested permission to close the meeting. One of the ministers asked that the request be held up for a while as he believed he knew where the difficulty lay. One of the prominent members of this minister's church was the leader of Dr. Chapman's force of personal workers. This man was well known throughout the state, and was a prominent judge of one of the highest courts. When this man went through the audience it seemed to send a chill through the house. The pastor of this man from the conference of ministers

went straight to this prominent member and had a heart to heart talk with him. Said he: "I have for a long time been hearing rumors on the streets that your life is not clean, and I have come to say: if these rumors are untrue I desire to take some public stand with you to contradict them; but I have also come to say that, if they are true, I will stand nearer to you than a brother, and help you to get free from the power of your besetting sin."

After these faithful words from his pastor the old judge looked a moment at him, and then put his head on his arms on the desk, and sobbed out: "They are all true, and more." In a moment they were on their knees in prayer, and soon the judge rose a delivered man. With sobs he made a full confession at the next meeting, and it can be better imagined than described the tremendous influence the confession had. There was no benediction at the close of that service for it continued all the afternoon, and there was wonderful power throughout the service. When the evening service came, and the sermon was preached, the atmosphere was like heaven, and souls swept into the kingdom, for the stream of salvation had no dam athwart its current, and it flowed on unhindered in its sweep.

This is the need in many a place, but it requires tact and prayer and persistence and patience and great kindness to rightly handle such conditions. Seldom if ever will sledge hammer methods succeed in such cases. Kindness and love are the best weapons to use, mixed with much and mighty prayer and waiting on God to work in His own way and power to bring about results.

**More
About
the Great
Fish**

As was not unnatural some of our readers were a little hard pressed to give full credence to the marvelous recital of the facts and measurements of the monster fish caught in June 1912 in the vicinity of Knights Keys, Florida, as published in these columns. While in Washington City recently we took pains to seek to verify our facts and

figures which we obtained from what we esteemed a perfectly reliable source in the first instance. We always seek to be perfectly accurate in such matters and had not a doubt of the correctness of our statements in this case, but felt we would be glad for corroborative proof from the great new Museum at Washington if it were possible to obtain it there. So we called at this institution and met Mr. Bean who was one of the official heads in charge. He showed us every courtesy and informed us the Washington authorities had not been able to secure the fish, but that the facts and figures as generally published were correct. He gave us a card containing the figures, facts, and measurements of the monster, and they agree in every detail with those we gave in our first article. A few items this card supplies which we did not give. For instance the fish in the process of being killed smashed a boat into thousands of pieces and crushed the rudder and propeller of a 31-ton yacht. The exact measurements as given on this card are: Weight 30,000 pounds; length 45 feet; circumference 23 feet 9 inches; diameter 8 feet 3 inches; mouth (open) 31 inches; mouth 38 inches wide; mouth 43 inches deep; tongue 40 inches long; several thousand teeth; had swallowed an animal weighing fifteen hundred pounds; the liver weighed 700 pounds; tail measured ten feet; pectoral fin 5 feet long, 3 feet wide; dorsal fin 3 feet long, 2 feet 9 inches wide; gill 4 feet long; hide 3 inches thick, no scales; it was towed 110 miles by a tug.

On this card is a note from Secretary W. J. Bryan dated Washington City, July 16, 1913, which reads as follows:

"DEAR CAPTAIN THOMPSON:

"I had the pleasure of seeing the monster fish which you caught south of Miami and can recommend it as a most interesting curiosity, well worth examining.

"Yours truly,

"W. J. BRYAN."

There is no sort of doubt about this monster fish having been caught and about it being a hard blow to higher criticism. Most of the leading religious papers have published the leading facts as we did some time ago and in some cases the publication brought forth incredulous queries from readers. In one case, that of the paper from which we first obtained our facts and figures, the editor detailed his assistant editor to make a personal investigation, who reported after a personal inspection of the fish, that the facts and figures were correct.

:: THE EDITOR'S SURVEY ::

The Joy of Contentment

One of the greatest boons of our religion is the spirit of contentment it confers upon those who possess it. There is nothing like contentment for true happiness. Not riches, not fine health, not friends, not fine position and splendid prospects, not good children and influential neighbors, not auspicious surroundings and outlook—not these things, good as they are in their place, can be depended upon to insure happiness and contentment to the soul. Contentment springs from an inward state, not from surroundings. It comes from a state of mind and heart, not from a happy environment or favorable outward conditions. God is the author of contentment, and it can only come from a right adjustment to God and His kingdom. Out of harmony with God there can be no true contentment. Man was made for God, and man can be contented only in God. Like fish to water, so is man to God. God is his right element, and only God can satisfy the soul. Until the soul finds its rest and peace in the bosom of the Infinite, man is not contented, for he has found his true place, and is contented and happy. In *Jewel* we find the following which illustrates this truth:

The other day I read a beautiful little story about a shepherd boy. He was keeping the sheep in a flowery meadow, and because his heart was happy he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed his song. One morning the King, who was on a hunting trip, spoke to him and said: "Why are you so happy, my boy?"

"Why should I not be happy?" answered the boy. "Our King is not richer than I."

"Indeed," said the King. "Pray tell me of your great possessions."

The shepherd boy answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the King; the flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take one hundred thousand dollars for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too. Am I not as rich as the King?"

"You are right," said the King with a smile. "But your greatest treasure is your contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy."

Neglecting the Best and Feeding on the Worst Food

It would be charged to a species of racial insanity if a people were discovered somewhere on this planet where corn and wheat and the most nutritious vegetables and meats grew spontaneously, but where the inhabitants took great pains and expense to contrive a species of diet positively detrimental to physical vigor and the best mentality, and which tended to deterioration physically and intellectually. The universal neglect of these great staples of life and health, and the adoption of these false and damaging kinds of food, would justify almost any conclusion as to the mental caliber of such people. We have this case right in our midst and among ourselves. We have the Bible, which history proves and which God declares to be any nation's best and most essential food for personal and national development and advance and security. This book suffers wholesale neglect, and a spurious and vicious and poisonous substitute is used in the daily press and the secular papers which are debauching and materializing and corrupting to the last degree. Any nation or people who are guilty of such an insanity are pursuing a policy of sure self-destruction. It does seem that only a dethroned reason could lead any people to such a fatal blunder. This is our

case today in America, and perhaps in other countries as well. This sad fact is pointed out by the *Evangelist*:

Alas, for the mind, the heart, the home, the shop, the office where the Book of God has been dethroned! Look out! Something unpleasant will happen some day. It may be a sorrow, a calamity, a soul-tragedy. Where the Bible is not on guard, there is no defense.

The editor of the London Christian, referring especially to conditions in England, raises a warning cry which may be even more applicable here than beyond the sea: "The gradual and insidious way in which the daily newspapers are superseding all serious reading on the part of many professing Christians, is a fact fraught with serious and lamentable consequences. The Bible is fast becoming the most be-praised and the least be-read book in the world. Its august message, its spiritual appeal, its open windows of insight into the great mysteries of redemption are very little known to the rising generation compared with those of the days gone by. Religious people of old knew their Bibles from cover to cover; nowadays, many who would be shocked not to be called Christians know it only at second-hand, and that very imperfectly."

"Lean Christians," says one, "own Bibles, but feed on newspapers." Another writer laments: "How few there are who constantly feed on the Word of God. How few who are familiar with the Scriptures as a whole. How few who commit to memory any considerable portion of God's Word. How few who are so filled with it that it is like fire shut up in their bones."

This is a glimpse of a dark side. Thank God, there is another side, too. No one can say, with Elijah, "I alone am left"—of those who give the Bible the supreme place. God has more than the seven thousand of Elijah's day who have not surrendered the Bible. But the fact of Bible neglect remains, nevertheless, unspeakably sad and full of evil omen for the land that owes all its blessings to the God of the Bible.

To Lean or to Lift—Which?

There is a time to lean, and there is a time to lift. Life is not all for leaning, and it is not all for lifting. In childhood there is a deal of leaning to be done, unavoidably, but one should not forever remain in his swaddling bands. He should get to the time of the shoe and the pants and the top or the ball. When this time has come, the time has come to lift, and the opportunities are numerous for the exercise of this activity. In the church there may be a very limited time for the leaning of babyhood for the saints, but it should not last forever. The time should quickly come for some lifting. It is for lifting they are admitted into babyhood—to be trained for lifters, and not for leaners. The leaning is a necessary introductory and temporary stage for the larger, longer and more glorious stage of liftings. So many saints fail to see this, and we have the spectacle, too often, of a church made up of dependents—the helpless and the paralyzed who do nothing but wait for somebody to come to their help. It is a pitiful picture when the membership is so entirely made up of leaners that there are no lifters but the pastor, and he is then of all mortals here below most to be pitied. He is the solitary and the universal lifter in his church, and may be in his community, and this gives him no time for anything else. The Rev. S. U. Lifter is his name—the Reverend Solitary Universal Lifter. Poor fellow! No wonder he looks so worn and wan and dejected, and seeks an early severance with his church; and there is no wonder that it is hard for that church to find another preacher willing to assume the name and the burden of the retired pastor. An exchange has some suggestions

which we pass along to our readers on this subject:

Life is not all opportunities, it is often obstacles. People and things are not crutches, by which we hobble slowly to the beyond. They are opposing forces that must be breasted and overborne.

There are two classes of people in this world—those who lean, and those who lift; people to be waited on, people who busy themselves to wait on others.

There are men who start out with the promise, "the world owes me a living," and seek to collect that debt off every son of the world. Some measure success by what they can get out of their fellowmen, and not by what they can do to help others on.

There are times when we must lean—in our infancy and helplessness, in our times of preparation, in overwhelming calamities.

Leaning when we ought to lift is ignoble in the rankest degree. It marks a weakening from start to finish. It develops the spirit of parasitism. It is the sign of dead wood, this fungus of living on some one else.

It shows the craven spirit. It is the white flag of dishonorable surrender. It betrays the whine of a whipped soul.

Leave the leaning for the infirm, the invalid, the unprepared, the helpless. "Act well your part in life's battle, even if defeat stares you in the face."

There is far too much leaning in many a family. Father and mother are doing a tremendous amount of lifting, and rightly so, but those children whose sole idea is to get all they can, without lifting hand to the burdened parent, are ignoble in heart. Mothers sometimes educate their daughters by saying: "Oh, let them have a good time and go, they will have burdens enough to bear some day." Very bad way of training them for the day of burden-bearing, though.

In many a church there are too many who are willing to lean on the pastor and few faithful workers. They enjoy the advantages and privileges of the sanctuary, but ~~the burdens~~ they do not touch.

The Joy of Shifting the Shoe

The admonition, though homely, to put the shoe on the other foot in adjudging our neighbor, is timely, and often is attended with beneficent results when tried. It is easy to always arrive at most favorable judgment when ourself is the one on trial, and we are the judge and the jury. The charge and the verdict is always favorable, or there are always an abundance of mitigating circumstances to modify the offense, and to shield from an adverse verdict. Not so when the party on trial is some one else and not ourself. Then the trial proceeds according to the strictest rules of jurisprudence, and evidence is hunted with a microscopic scrutiny and allowed the fullest weight, especially if it be against the prisoner at bar. No mitigating evidence is particularly sought, and there is manifest an indisposition to encourage the bringing in of such testimony. There is really present a disposition to seek an adverse verdict, as if the reputation of the judge were involved in such a verdict. How pitifully true this disposition is to be unduly severe on the other fellow, and too lenient with oneself, is a sad commentary on the innate selfishness of human nature. Some very painful facts are given concerning this tendency in the *Continent* which we reproduce here for the benefit of our readers:

Have you ever noticed—
When the Other Fellow acts that way he is "ugly;" when you are, it is just "firmness," remarks Life.

When the Other Fellow doesn't like your friend he's "prejudiced," when you don't like his you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature.

When the Other Fellow tries to treat some one especially well he is "conspiring;" when you try the same game you are using "tact."

When the Other Fellow takes time to de-

things he is "dead slow;" when you do it you are "deliberate."

When the Other Fellow spends a lot he is a "spendthrift;" when you do you are "discriminating."

When the Other Fellow holds too tight to his money he is "close;" when you do you are "prudent."

When the Other Fellow dresses extra well he's a "dude;" when you do it is simply "a duty one owes to society."

When the Other Fellow runs great risks in business he's "foolhardy;" when you do you are a "great financier."

When the Other Fellow says what he thinks he's "spiteful;" when you do you are "frank."

When the Other Fellow won't get caught in a new scheme he's "backwoodsy;" when you won't you are "conservative."

When the Other Fellow goes in for music and pictures and literature he's "effeminate;" when you do you are "artistic."

Strange Shirking of a Superb Dignity

The growing indisposition to assume the responsibility of motherhood is a lamentable fact in our modern civilization. Motherhood is nature's brightest crown, upon woman's brow, and God's noblest dignity conferred upon her, and yet there is a strange disposition to avoid this honor, and to cast aside this dignity. This is so prevalent as to excite genuine alarm among the most thoughtful and careful publicists and philanthropists. This is not the only feature in the matter. It is not simply that women desire not to be mothers, but the further and far more culpable fact that they go so far as to commit prenatal murder to prevent it. Many who do not wait for the perpetration of actual murder of unborn infants, resort to expedients to prevent child bearing, which are tantamount murder, and which endanger their own health, and often issue in their own death. This is a shocking feature of our modern debased social state and one which should be severely condemned by all good people. Women thus abdicate her glory of being the privileged homemakers of the world, and thus becoming the actual conservators of civilization and all its immunities. We are in hearty accord with the following deliverance of the *Christian Advocate*, and the quotation made from the President of Goucher College:

There is something which can never be dissociated from true womanhood, and that thing is motherhood. This motherhood may never feel the holy touch of an infant which it may call its own, but it will always be more than an instinct. You can not compress motherhood within the narrow limits of an instinct. Between the cradle and the marriage altar or between the cradle and the close of a marriageless life this motherhood, if not completely blighted by the vapors of degeneracy, will bloom out in a thousand different ways, glorifying with its beauty and sweetening with its odors every avenue of life's experience. We can not look out over the seething bosom of the world's daily life and see its cold reflection in the output of the press without sadly concluding that the world is being slowly robbed of woman's desire for the expectancy of motherhood. No woman can lose this desire and expectancy without losing much else whose value to her and the world can not be estimated.

In view of all this we are glad to quote a part of the inaugural address of Rev. William W. Guth, Ph.D., who, a few days ago, became President of Goucher College: "In all the training which the schools can give we would not lose sight of the fact that the dew of motherhood must rest upon her and that her chief work is to be that of home maker. While our higher institutions of learning should grant to woman the privilege of graduate and technical courses with a view to business or professional life on the ground that all women can not or will not marry, it would be a mistaking of the real purpose of her higher education if she should be trained away from, rather than toward, the desire and expectancy of marriage and motherhood. The future of the race de-

pends upon the training of our young women today so that they will be able to rear and nurture the coming generation."

Nothing Better than Good Mothers in Heaven

There is nothing better than good mothers on earth and surely there can be nothing better than good mothers in heaven. We can not conceive of anything better than good mothers in heaven. Paul will be a delightful companion to meet there, and Peter, and all the apostles, but good mothers in heaven will form, in a sense, the sweetest and holiest fellowship to sons and daughters to be found there. What a wealth of love and holy rapture the multitudes of good mothers will form there in a coming day. That was a sweet thought of the little girl who tried to encourage her mother by some such reflection as the above. An exchange tells it as follows:

A mother was saying that she was sorry she was too busy at home to do much church work. Sadly she added, "I shall have only a life of housework to show at last." Her little daughter heard this remark, and said, "Why, mother, all we children will stand up and tell all you've done for us—everything we'll tell. I shouldn't think God would want anything better than good mothers in heaven." It did the mother's heart good to hear this, and a friend added, "The child is right. Earth will send no better saints to heaven than true Christian mothers who have done their best."

Final Perseverance of True Prayer

Whatever you may think of the final perseverance of the saints, it can not for a moment be doubted that there is a kind of final perseverance of true prayer. Prayer made after all the conditions of prayer are met and definitely and strenuously persisted in against all sorts of opposition and discouragements, is sure to win. Some day that prayer will descend upon the object prayed for in definite and gracious answer, even if the one who so long and so patiently did the praying be passed into heaven above. There are many proofs of this glorious truth. In the biographies of the saints many such instances of long-deferred but definite answers to prayer are recorded. This fact cheers the faith of God's people in the efficacy of prayer, and nerves them to greater patience and persistence in this work of intercession. The truth is, the principle of indestructibility runs through the realm of grace as well as through the realm of matter. Nothing is lost in effort for the good of others is true, and a gloriously comforting truth. A very remarkable case of long-deferred answer to prayer is given in the case of a Sabbath school teacher in Boston, whose indomitable persistence is as commendable as was God's faithfulness in answering was remarkable and striking. The case is given by an exchange as follows:

A young Sabbath-school teacher in Boston had in her class a boy who was fairly incorrigible; still she clung to him. She prayed for him every day, and often a dozen times a day. She had moments of discouragement when she heard how he was going from bad to worse in his daily life. Finally, he was arrested as an accomplice in a burglary, and sent to prison for two years. She did not give up then, but visited him often in prison, always finding him hard, sullen and defiant. After his release from prison he disappeared, and no one knew where he went, but every one was confident that he had gone to destruction.

Years passed, and the teacher married and went far from her native town to live. She had grown children of her own when she and her husband went to the Pacific slope to visit relatives and friends. They found the town or city, in which one of their friends lived greatly agitated over the liquor question.

"We are trying to elect a 'no-license' mayor," said the gentleman they were visiting. "He is coming to dinner this evening, and I'll be glad to have you meet him."

When he came, she saw a tall, fine-looking man, whom she would have said at once she had never met before.

"Why," he said, as he grasped her hand, "are you not Miss M—?"

"I was Miss M—," she replied.

"And you lived in Boston?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you taught a class in a Sabbath school at the West End Mission?"

"Yes."

"And there was a bad boy in that school named Roger Martin?"

"There was a boy of that name in the class. I have never forgotten him."

"And yet you don't know him, for I am that same Roger Martin."

Miss M—'s unceasing prayers had been heard and answered.

"I tried to forget you and all your teachings," said Mr. Martin. "I tried to forget God. I lived a wicked life for fifteen years after I left home. But in all those years of sinfulness I could not forget your loving patience, nor some of the things you had said to me. I feel that I owe my final conversion and acceptance of God to you. I wrote and told you so when I was converted, but that letter came back to me through the dead-letter office. I wanted you to know that, after many days and years God had answered your prayers for me, and that none of your efforts in my behalf were lost."

"I never felt that they were lost," said Mrs. H—, "and I have been praying for you all these years."

No real, genuine, earnest effort for the good of others is ever lost.

Definite Memory of Life's Greatest Event

Salvation comes to men under various conditions and in divers places, but when it is sudden it never fails to leave upon the memory a very definite and glorious impression as to time and place. The immediate means blessed to one's awakening and salvation differ as greatly as the times and surroundings and places of their salvation. Sometimes it is the hearing or the reading of a sermon, sometimes it is a great sorrow or joy, sometimes it is a remonstrance or a warning of a friend, or some providence shocking to a thoughtfulness of the long neglected Savior, sometimes it is the whispering and wooings of the blessed Spirit in direct answer to some absent praying mother or wife or dear friend. Whatever be the means or instrumentalities the results are graciously the same. Below we give from the *Christian* a striking case entitled "Latitude 25, Longitude 54":

Preaching in the East London Tabernacle, a sermon in aid of the Seaman's Christian Friend Society, the Rev. A. G. Brown related the following incident: "There came to me here one day a grand looking fellow. I had not to ask whether he did business on the water, for the sea-breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said:

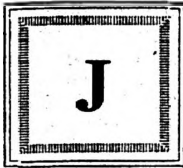
"Where did you find the Lord? In a moment he answered:

"Latitude 25, longitude 54."

"I confess that rather puzzled me. I had heard of people finding Jesus Christ in these galleries, and down these aisles, and in all sorts of places, but here was something quite different. 'Latitude 25, longitude 54! What do you mean?'"

"He said, 'I was sitting on deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it I saw the truth, and I received Jesus in my heart. I jumped up off the coil of ropes saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not know on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude.'"

No man can remember when or where he was born, but many a man can tell where he was born again, and when the new life began within his soul. It is well for a man to know where he was when he was converted, and it is better for him to know where he is today.



JUST as truly as there are people in this world who are continually on the lookout for bargains, and will not buy anything unless it is marked down at least one cent, so there are people who try to bargain with God. They want salvation, but just a little cheaper than any one else ever obtained it, and they imagine that God wants to save them, or sanctify them so badly that if they cry long enough, and make enough fuss, that after awhile, rather than lose them, He will give them salvation at the price they are willing to pay for it.

But God never has any special sale days, when salvation can be obtained at a reduced figure, with less groanings, a half-way repentance, a partial turning from sin, willing to confess all but one thing, willing to make restitution for some things but not all, just reserving the smallest consideration, the pet sin, or the dearest idol—to these God says “No.”

One may weep the tear wells dry, pray till he is hoarse, fast till he faints, yet God will hold him to the one price, be he the king on his throne, or the bum from the gutter; a criminal, or a society belle; a high church member, or a poor, lost girl; all, every one, must pay the same, must come to the same counter, must be waited on by the same Dispenser of Salvation, the Holy Ghost; must pay the same price.

Thank God! the counter is always open, night and day, with One to deal out salvation. Since the price is always the same, it seems strange that the customers would not walk right up, pay the price (for every one has the price in his possession, thank God), and walk away the happy possessor of the best thing this side of heaven.

But instead, few will at once pay the price, but rather stand and try to buy God; try to persuade Him that they know what they can pay. But His eyes that are like a flame of fire, can see to the depths of the pocket book; He knows whether they are offering full price or not, or are sometimes unwilling to pay the last cent that would obtain for them eternal life.

Dear reader, is that you? Have you been trying to cheat the Lord, and profess salvation, when you know you never paid the full price? We may have a counterfeit at a cheaper price, but it will not stand the test, when the world is on fire.

The genuine will give joy unspeakable and full of glory here, and a mansion in the skies over there, but it will take all there is of us to obtain it.

For the one who is after a cheaper grade there is another counter. To the careless eye, it looks like both counters merged into one; that both were run by the same establishment. The clerk behind this counterfeit counter tries to imitate the other in every detail, but it will be noticed that while he has on a shining robe, it does not hide his hoofs and horns, and while at the first counter the wares are all of the same quality, pure gold tried in the fire, his wares are brass, copper, and tin, covered with a thin layer of gold, which may last until the first real Holy Ghost fire comes along, and melts the false covering, and reveals the counterfeit underneath. Then the brass will begin to tarnish, the tin to rattle, and the copper turn green, until no one will covet that man's religion.

But what prices are these people paying for this counterfeit stuff? Let us listen to the clerk: “Just lift your finger,” “just join the church,” “just sign this card,” is the price for the cheapest grade he has on hand. “Just

Two Counters

Written by MRS. FANNIE ERB

come to the altar, but don't pray,” “just raise your hands for prayer, but don't go to the altar,” “go to the altar and pray, but don't make any confessions,” is the next price, for the next grade, and so on down the line, doing a rousing business, because a great many of these same folks come again and again, each time hoping that they will get the real thing this

their galling chains left behind, all their self-righteous rags burned and their sorrow turned into joy. On the other hand, the others go away with their chains still clanking, their rags still clinging to them, and their faces unchanged. Many, too discouraged to ever try again, go on and on until at last they drop over the precipice of eternal woe forever. Let us be sure we are not allowing the devil to cheat us out of the real thing, by being willing to accept his imitation, even though we may have it at a much cheaper price, for sooner or later we will find to our great joy, that it paid to go to the bottom, and build on the Rock, Christ Jesus.

Sweet Home of the Soul

F. M. LEHMAN

Sweet Home of the Soul that the saved shall behold—
The wealth of thy glories have never been told.

The thinly hung veil that now hides from our sight

The Home of the Soul in that world of delight

Will lift in the morning, or noontide, or night.

How sweet it will be in that Home of the Soul

To rest while the years of eternity roll.

No fears shall alarm and no foes shall affright,

No lowering clouds there, no darkness of night,

But sunshine eternal in realms of delight.

I do want to see that fair city of gold
Where all the redeemed ones shall never grow old.

The loved ones who left me to wait here a while,

And bade me farewell with a handclasp and smile,

Will greet me again at life's last weary mile.

Sometimes I can bear in my vision and dream

The whispering croon of the murmuring stream;

Or hear the sweet songs that the glorified sing.

And loud hallelujahs they joyfully bring

In honor and praise to our Savior and King.

O, Home of the Soul! Sweet, sweet Home of the blest!

Sweet Home where the weary shall soon be at rest!

The battles we fought in the valleys of strife

With forces of evil where evil was rife

Will soon be rewarded with glory and life.

Tho' skies now be leaden and bright days be few,

Our Pilot is present to steer our barque through.

The thinly hung veil that now hides from our sight

The Home of the Soul in that world of delight

Will lift in the morning, or noontide, or night.

time, but they are at the wrong counter. If they would insist on paying a better price, the real price, the devil could never deceive them, but they are so easily satisfied, so willing to slip through easy, so ready to take the tinsel, glitter, and surface gush of the enemy, instead of the solid, well-beaten, time-tested track, of straightening up, confessing out, praying through to a complete surrender, a full consecration, giving all.

But the greatest difference is seen in the appearance of the folks themselves, as they leave the counter they have been dealing at. Those who have paid the full price gladly, cheerfully, go away a free, happy people, all

Stay in the Church

Written by JESSE UHLER

AT conventions, campmeetings, and revival meetings much is being said these days by evangelists, editors and Christian workers, advising people in general to stay in the churches. We are by no means writing this from the standpoint of “come-outism” or to criticise, but to set forth some things in their true light. Neither are we writing this from the standpoint of a minister, but a layman, who has had the privilege of sitting in the pew for now more than two years. Some evangelists claim Mr. Wesley remained in the church. After having read the life of Mr. Wesley several times, we fail to find where he advised people to stay in their church. If Mr. Wesley did stay in the church of England, we must not forget that he was a flaming evangelist, going throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, mingling with men and women filled with the Holy Ghost, and no doubt his soul was built up in the most holy faith by being permitted to listen to the discourses of such men as Whitefield, Fletcher, and others.

On the other hand, when we consider the multitudes of people in the churches with a holiness fighting preacher, we can see no comparison. Besides, Mr. Wesley always fed “the flock,” while the holiness fighting pastor opposes and abuses it.

Quite often the evangelist makes the appeal to stay in the church, using the illustration that when our mother grows old and becomes childish, it is criminal to go back on her by casting her out. We answer, No, we would not think of such a thing as long as there was life, but as soon as she was dead, we would make arrangements for the funeral and burial.

Besides, a real live church is never likened to an old and childish mother, but a strong, healthy mother, who brings forth children. Let us picture briefly in the physical realm. Suppose we take a fat, faithful, sleek and spirited horse, placed in a dry lot where there was no grass (no food of any kind), and no water, and give instructions “now, be faithful to your master,” what would the result be? First, the horse would soon become restless. It would be common for him to whinney for food and water. But his master would say to him, “Did you not take a solemn vow when you went into the lot that you would be loyal to the cause and support your master? And now for you to whinney this way shows you do not possess what you profess, or you would manifest it by keeping silent and support your master.” Second, the horse would exhibit a drooping spirit. His master might put him on the entertainment committee, but of what avail while without food or water? Third, there would be the symptoms of disease. His hair is looking dead already. His master might use the curry-comb and brush quite vigorously, but that would not reach the cause. Fourth, there would be the exposure of the en-

tire bony skeleton. This, to say the least, is not comely, and is no advertisement of being well fed, and no incentive for the market. Fifth, death is certain. Who doesn't know the next thing is putrefaction and bleaching of bones? What evidence is all this of loyalty?

But they say, "Stay in your churches and let your light shine, and testify to what God has done." This sounds well for advice offered by the evangelist who holds meetings the entire year. We take notice in some of the reports of these same evangelists, they were bitterly opposed. But if they were treated that way just for ten days, what about those who must put up with it for three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth days in the year, and for as long as the opposing pastor is returned year after year? Brother evangelist or Christian worker, suppose you exchange places with the layman? Furthermore, the writer has known cases where the holiness-fighting preacher has dispensed with the Epworth League and class meetings, and deliberately taken the prayer meeting in hand on flock from testifying to entire sanctification; or if they did pray or testify, they were assailed or ridiculed for doing so?

How can we glorify God if we give our sacred tenth to support either an individual or an institution opposed to God and His truth? We have heard holy men of God assailed and severely criticised for organizing holiness auxiliaries for the purpose of conserving the holiness work. And we are sorry indeed that some who practice this pass for holiness men. Let me call the attention of my friends who are quoting Mr. Wesley on "stay in your church," that Methodism itself was organized for the purpose of conserving the work of holiness. Thank the Lord, there are holiness churches and auxiliaries in the land where we may be affiliated and not be flogged every time we go to a service. To God be all the glory.

CLEARWATER, KAS.

The Fight Is On

Written by EARL E. CURTIS

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!! Yes, I say War! God has really declared war on all of hell's armies and has already commenced action, but few people seem to know anything about this holy war that has been raging all these centuries.

The devil has right of way long enough! We have been altogether too easy on him! It is time we gave him to understand that we are in for victory; that we never expect to retreat, but push straight ahead, and drive him to the pit.

I am in for war, holy war. Jesus declared He "came not to bring peace, but a sword." I am sick and tired of this modern, parrot-like, "good Lord, good devil," compromising, easy-going, sentimental, fake religion!

We need soldiers, men who are willing to leave all and follow where He shall lead; men who count not their lives dear to themselves; men who are not afraid of the enemy's bullets; men who are glad to suffer and endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

We need men who are anxious for active service. We have drillers and time markers enough; we want fighters. "Sure I must fight if I would win." Then, we need some men who are just as willing to dig trenches and throw up breast works, as to pull the trigger, hear the crack, see the smoke, and see men falling dead; men who would rather pray than eat, help souls than sleep. God's plan for us is to fast and pray; the plan of the modern church is to feast and play. We need men

who love to hear the command "Forward, halt, present arms, take aim, F-i-r-e!"

We are in the days of the great apostasy. There is a terrible falling away. The love of many is waxing cold. Few realize the awful tricks the devil is playing on people these days to get them to compromise and cool off. I acknowledge my need of more love and wisdom in order to be the success I want and ought to be in this great work, but I dare not compromise any of my convictions of truth. If I do the Spirit will surely leave me as He has many others for the same reason.

One of the great tricks of the devil is to get God's workers to round the corners and simply call seekers for a blessing, more glory, fire, etc., etc., and let them go scott free with hearts full of carnality.

The fundamental problem all through God's Word is sin and its remedy. The only thing that will get a soul into hell is sin. The only thing that will keep a soul out of hell is salvation from sin. The only thing that will keep a soul out of heaven is sin. The only thing that will fit a soul for heaven is sanctification, which means eradication, deliverance from all sin. This is the doctrine and teaching the devil hates and fights with all his armies of earth and hell combined. This is the doctrine we ought to preach constantly, strongly, and explicitly.

The Power of Bad Habit

Written by G. W. BUGH

IN the Orient the poppy plant or opium, is as degrading as alcohol and tobacco have become in our country. There are other drugs as evil in practice, but none have reached so high a speculation, and bad practice, as these three. Opium, rum, and tobacco have enslaved most of humanity. At this writing, we will not enter upon their history and their virtues. That there is a right use for everything on earth is conceded. But we purpose to show by a few examples, the power of bad habit, and how it may be overcome.

As reported by a missionary, a Chinaman who for years had been enslaved by opium, on hearing the gospel, repented, and finding assurance in conversion, purposed to forever quit the use of his pipe. He was very happy at first. But at nightfall he grew quite unhappy, for the habit was not dead. He could not sleep, but spasmodically arose to reach for the pipe. However, conscious of his purpose, he prayerfully said, "Me a Christian; me no more smoke." The struggle went on for several days; but as often he repeated, "Me a Christian, me no more smoke." God heard his prayers and saw his battle, and came to his help. The raging demon left him. He was free: and he became a useful saint.

Some years ago a wretched drunkard, as observed by an eye witness, made his appearance in a back seat in a revival meeting. He had not been sober for several years. But the Spirit of truth troubled his mind. He continued coming, taking a few seats farther forward. At last he came to take the front seat, and this time, was sober. During services he fell at the altar earnestly imploring God for mercy. He struggled hard, and got the witness of his salvation from sins. He arose quite happy, and continued sober and prayerful some days. But the demon of abnormal appetite was not yet cast out. The battle between sobriety and drink became more raging. At the expiration of about ten days he reluctantly thought to give over, and get a dram. There were saloons near by, but as he had told them he would drink no more, he felt ashamed to go to them. So he concluded to go several

miles away to get it. He started one morning, came in sight of the saloon, and seeing an empty shed, he resorted there to pray once more. While his flesh raged and quivered, he said to God, "Now I am here to drink again. I do this reluctantly. I do not want to drink, but what shall I do? I can not master this trouble. Lord, if I am lost shall I yet be blamed?" and suddenly a constitutional change came to him. He sprang up, went home, and now for over twenty years he is a faithful worker in church, a sober Christian.

The above examples set forth the writer's battle with the habit of tobacco. I began the use of tobacco as a medicine. I used it as a palliative in pain and as a preventive for disease. I really thought it was necessary to inure my nerves and steady them. This began in my younger days. For years I kept just as clean as was possible. I agreed that its use was no more unclean than to use cabbage. I sometimes thought of 2 Cor. 7:1. But as a minister of the gospel I met with many Christians who doubted my good influence. They would get into my way. So I tried to quit the practice, but here the battle was on. I tried again and again, but only to fail. Let me say here I have especial sympathy for those in these battles for liberty. I was truly enslaved. My wife thought it best for me to keep on using the weed, because I was so fretful in the trials. Perhaps so, but I did not mean to be. On a fourth of July, while seeing excess on every side, I made one more effort. Here the Lord came to my help, and since that day, years ago, I am free. Hallelujah!

BEEBE, ARK.

Saved for Service

Written by J. F. HARVEY

WE ARE well aware that we live in a day when, in most quarters, greater emphasis is put upon service than upon salvation. In fact, service seems very often to be substituted for personal salvation. We insist that first in time and importance, is the knowledge of a personal, spiritual experience of salvation from all sin. He who does not possess such knowledge, can not serve God; neither can he serve his fellow-men in the best way. We insist, because God so insists, upon a life free from the commission of sin, and also

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

This is a good and glorious experience. It is provided for us. All may have it, and all should have it. But what is it for? Is it merely for our enjoyment? Is it given that we may have a "good time," get blessed, and sing and shout ourselves away to everlasting bliss? He who gets no higher view of this salvation than along these lines, will not long possess the glory in his soul.

We insist that we are saved that we may serve God, and serve Him by serving our fellow-men. No one can serve God who is negligent or indifferent in his service to his fellows. Jesus declared that the greatest in His kingdom is the one who serves. Paul says, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

He who is saved is to do good unto all men, by endeavoring to bring them into the same blessed experience of salvation that he possesses. This he is to do by word and deed; by testimony and by holy living. And he is to do good also to the bodies of men, by clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, and relieving

ing the distressed, to the extent of the ability that God giveth him.

We read in the third chapter of 1 John these words: "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" This salvation is not given us that we may merely enjoy spiritual ecstasies. There is a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. There is a peace that passeth understanding. There is a hope that is an anchor to the soul. All this is true, and there are times when the head is anointed with oil and the cup runs over. There are times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, that we may be better prepared to do service for Him.

This salvation is *intensely* practical in its out-working. In the above quotation from John's Epistle, we learn that the divine love does not dwell in the heart of the man who sees his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him. This is altogether too common a condition about us today. It exists to a large degree among many who pray loud and long, and who make high professions. Many seem to think that their whole duty is to pray and testify, shout and sing. They go to one extreme, while others, who do not profess so much, go to the opposite extreme of trusting the good works and the service they perform. The truth is between the two extremes. *He who is saved will evidence it by his works.* Hear John's admonition: "My little children, let us not love in word; but in deed and in truth." We wish to emphasize the word "deed." There is so much loving in "word." Not too much, to be sure, if the "word" was backed by the "deed." We must not cease to "tell to sinners round, what a dear Savior we have found;" we must not cease to praise and magnify Him with the fruit of our lips; but unless our love and praise find expression also in *deed* and in *truth*, we had far better keep still.

God hath joined together salvation and service, faith and works. And "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." The Apostle James says, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." Then he plainly says, "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

We truly believe that he whose heart is filled with love divine will be always ready to give what aid he can to every work that is for the uplift of humanity in the nation, state or community in which he lives. If holiness is the solution of all problems, then the holy people should make their influence *felt* in every movement that tends to bless humanity. We dare not sit still when the fight is on against the liquor traffic, or against any evil thing.

God help us to have a practical salvation! And that is the same as saying, Let us have the salvation of the Bible, the Christianity of Jesus Christ. For there is no salvation worthy of the name that does not express itself in works of mercy and truth to the world of mankind.

GEORGETOWN, ILL.

The Anger of God

Written by H. H. B. CIPRICO

"God is angry with the wicked every day."
—Psalm 7: 11.

HERE is a sickly, sentimental gush abroad in the land to the effect that God is too good to inflict punishment. The Word says, "God cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance," yet people are

saying everywhere, "there is no hell," "no eternal punishment." The wish is father to the thought, no doubt. Women who mother dogs and cats to the exclusion of natural offspring, are much concerned lest their neighbors should chastise their children for wrong doing. So-called humane societies are organized to look after these matters, and see that parents are prosecuted for applying the rod to their children, and certain rules and regulations are laid down for the government of parents. The child is petted and pampered and spoiled, while parents are sent to jail or fined for presuming to assert their authority. It is utterly offensive to the esthetic taste of this cultured age that God should punish anyone. He is "all-good," therefore He could not wish to see anyone suffer. "No matter what we do," say they, "He loves us and forgives." Stuff and nonsense! Lord give us some sense before we die. God hates sin and loves holiness.

"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," He says of Jesus Christ, "Hear Him." Jesus said, "If thy brother sin against thee seven times and as many times repenteth, thou shalt forgive him." The sole condition is repentance. It is absurd to expect God to forgive an unrepentant sinner. The holiness of the Son of God, His spotless sacrifice, His absolute obedience alone satisfied the heavenly Father, and for Jesus' sake alone the truly repentant sinner is "accepted in the beloved," and God is satisfied fully only when He sees His Son crowned in the believer's heart.

There is a lying spirit abroad everywhere lulling to sleep sinners with a false sense of security while "the wrath of God is being revealed from heaven," and poured out on all "ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness." "The end draweth nigh." The Christ rejecter's doom is being sealed. Just "a little while and he who will come, will come and will not tarry." "Be ye also ready, for in an hour when thou thinkest not the Son of man cometh." And "when He cometh will He find faith on the earth?" God help us to have on the wedding garment.

How God Answers Prayer

Written by REV. BEN COX

I HAVE been requested to give some information about the progress of our daily noon-day prayer meetings which started January 19th. Those who are interested in prayer will, I am sure, be glad to know that we have received some very encouraging answers. I give a few of them:

Mr. —, of Mississippi, was shot; intestines pierced eight times; doctors said there was no hope; superintendent of the hospital telephoned for prayer. To the astonishment of a large number of people, the patient commenced improving. He is now at home getting along fine.

A mother from Granite, Oklahoma, wrote: "My son is somewhere in the slums of your city—gone down on account of drink; his home is broken up and I have spent all my money on him. Pray for him, please try to find him." Soon after this request was presented it developed that a member of this church was, at one time, his companion in drink. He brought him in touch with the prayer meeting and he has been gloriously saved, has quit his drinking entirely and is prospering at his business as barber here in Memphis.

A man came requesting prayer for his mother who was very sick with pneumonia in Mississippi; he was converted. His mother commenced getting better right away and we

were mightily impressed when he informed us recently that when he came to make the request he had not been in a church in forty years. Now he comes almost every day.

Request was made by a pastor of this city for a man in another state, fifty years old, who was unsaved, a drunkard and a dope fiend. About three weeks ago the good news came that he had been saved and had quit drinking and dope. He testifies that he is now trusting not in his own resolution but in the grace of God.

These are just a few of the many answers we have received.

Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn.

Tobacco

Written by W. R. CAIN

THE General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, which met recently in Oklahoma City, Okla., took some timely action concerning their ministry indulging in the use of tobacco, which has already been endorsed on all sides. We wish to express ourselves, personally, with a hearty amen. One thing, however, in the discussion of the subject, seems not a little queer, namely, "We do not say it is a sin to use tobacco," etc. Tobacco contains one of the deadliest poisons known (nicotine). There is enough of it in one moderate chew of tobacco to kill a dog. Nicotine affects the nervous system, the heart, the digestive organs, the memory, the eyesight, the breath—in fact, the entire man. It not only does this for a single generation, but succeeding ones. For though a man may use it for seventy-five years without **apparent evil** effects upon his own body, yet **his offspring**, in one or more ways, must inevitably **suffer**. **This is sin.**

There is a penalty involved for the breaking of any law, including that of heredity. Some one may advance the argument that not every user of this obnoxious weed, has had the light, is excusable, therefore it is no sin. It can not be less than the sin of ignorance. A person's ignorance of the law of gravitation is no protection.

Again, it is base selfishness to spend money for tobacco while multitudes in the world are not only afflicted, but without fuel, food or raiment, and starving to death. It has come to pass that we can not ride in any car on the train, parlor car, sleepers, or any other, but what there is the tobacco stench. This is also selfishness, and selfishness is sin. Tobacco money would alleviate the suffering.

Once more, the Bible says, "Whatsoever ye do—do all for the glory of God." Who knows of any one getting down on his knees asking permission of God to use tobacco, and receiving an affirmative answer? How is it that in the face of such stubborn facts as these that we say "we do not say it is a sin to use tobacco"? All the evidence says, sin.

We wish to repeat that we thank God for whatever action is taken against this vile and defiant tobacco devil, but is it not compromise to classify it as not being sinful to use tobacco? May God grant us wisdom to take immediate, incessant, and drastic action to oust this horrible monster from our midst and chase it off the earth.

"Gentleness is not a mark of weakness, but rather of strength. Who so strong as our God? Yet His gentleness clothes the rugged hills in beauty."

"Jesus could and did rebuke sinners in love, but the devil always has charge of a 'skinning.'"

Mother and Little Ones

The Best Time of the Day

When we have finished dinner is the best time of the day,
For papa has an hour then to with the children play.

Then Laddykin, the baby, always says:
"Play 'ring the rose!'"
He means "ring 'round the rosy" and to every one he goes,

And says: "I love you best of all!" But papa he hugs twice!
And then we all play hide-and-peek and keep as still as mice,
Till papa comes and finds us—then you ought to hear us shout!
And next we play at making hay and get tossed all about.

That's the most fun of anything! We play we're grasses tall,
And papa comes to cut us down, flat on the rugs we fall.
And then he turns and tosses us and spreads us out to dry,
And pretends to be so anxious; he keeps looking at the sky,

And says: "I hope it will not rain, for this is extra hay;
I would not have it ruined, I must get it in today!"
Then he loads us on the wagon (that's the big arm chair, you know),
And starts to drive us to the barn, when sudden, off we go!

We play the hay has fallen off, we wriggle round and squeal,
And papa says: "I'll call the cows to come and get a meal!"
Then we jump up and hug him tight—for Laddy's most afraid,
And mamma says she's grown quite deaf with all the noise we've made.

There are but a few minutes left till we to bed must go,
So we curl down in papa's arms and have the light turned low;
And then he tells a story and hugs us up so tight,
Until the clock says "Bed-time!" and we have to say good-night.

Then when we're tucked in, snug and warm, with mamma sitting near,
Our papa comes to kiss us, and we whisper in his ear:
"Oh, you're the bestest papa and the bestest boy to play!"
And the hour after dinner is the best time of the day!"

—Zion's Herald.

The Need of Salvation in Youth

Many times we hear children and young men and women make the remark that religion is good enough for old folks, but that they themselves are too young.

Oh, what a sad mistake, children. Does the Bible not say, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them?" (Eccl. 12: 1).

In every part of Scripture it is remarkable with what tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned.

It was in youth that Samuel was called. It was in youth when the Spirit fell upon David. It was in youth that God appeared unto Moses and called him to the command of his own people. It was at that age that the little children were brought unto Jesus to be blessed and the disciples rebuked those that brought them, but Jesus was displeased when He saw it and said unto them, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and

forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When Timothy was a mere child, he was taught the Scriptures daily by his mother Eunice and his Grandmother Lois and he was converted while very young.

Truly, children, it pays to give Jesus your heart while in youth; for the evil days are on the wing and as you grow older you will meet with more of life's temptations and little by little you will find yourselves losing pleasure in the things pertaining to God and heaven and your hearts and minds will be taken up with worldly amusements, worldly associates, etc., until you will scarcely think of Jesus at all.—Exchange.

Fearing and Fretting, or Trusting and Thanking

They were two dear old saints, only one lived on the sunny side of the hill, and the other had her cottage in the shade: the name of the one was Mrs. Trust-and-be-thankful, the name of the other was Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful. The first was always saying, "Praise the Lord!" the second ever sighed, "Lord, help me!"

It was Monday morning, and Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful looked upon a pile of washing. "I never shall be done," said she; "the Lord help me!"

"Praise the Lord," said Mrs. Trust-and-be-thankful, that same morning, under the same circumstances. "Praise Him for so many garments to wash!"

It was noon, and Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful sat down before a heap of stockings and other articles of wearing apparel requiring the needle. "The Lord help me," she groaned, "I need four pair of hands."

That same afternoon, before a similar heap, Mrs. Trust-and-be-thankful sang like a lark a song of praise for two nimble hands and eight fingers, not forgetting her two thumbs.

Night came. "Lord, help me, I fear I am too tired to sleep," whimpered our fearful friend; while she who sang like a lark in the sunshine, now warbled like a nightingale, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety" (Psa. 4: 8).

It was not the changing seasons that made any difference in these two children of God. "What shall we do for coals?" sighed Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful; "Lord, help us." When Spring came, the tune was in the same minor key. "The weather is so trying; Lord, help us!" Summer came, and she said, "The heat does affect us so: Lord, help us!"

Mrs. Trust-and-be-thankful girdled the year with praise rather than prayer. "Praise the Lord, He provideth for us in the winter," said she. Spring made her jubilant with budding hopes. Autumn brought her baskets of precious fruit; while Mid-summer was bright with beams of goodness and grace.

It was wonderful to note how these ladies met trials. "I have such a pain," said Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful; "I know I shall be ill, Lord help me!" She was not ill, so she began to fret about her losses. "I know the bank will break," said she; "Lord, help me!" The bank did not break. "Friends are so fickle: they will all forsake me, and I shall have to go to the workhouse: Lord, help me!"

Mrs. Trust-and-be-thankful was truly sick, but she whispered cheerfully, "The sickness is not unto death, Praise the Lord!" She lost much in a rotten building society, but she said, "I haven't lost Jesus: Praise the Lord!" Her dearest and nearest friend forsook her, but through her tears she read, "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13: 5); and as usual, she added, "Praise the Lord!"

Temptations were always frightening Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful. "I shall meet Apollyon

one dark day, or some demon transformed into an angel of light: Lord, help me!" Her neighbor saw the opposite side of truth, and read in her Psalms, "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone" (Ps. 91: 11, 12). As for the devil, she fairly started a defiant "Praise the Lord," as she read, "And the Lord said Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not" (Luke 22: 31, 32).

One day they had a talk about the Lord's work, for they sought to do a little in a small way for His great love. "The Lord help us, hearts are so hard," said one. "Praise the Lord," replied the other, as she quoted Jeremiah 32: 27: "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?" "But there are so many oppositions and difficulties: the Lord help us!" "He will," said the sunny face, and she opened the book of Isaiah 41: 10: "Fear thou not, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee."

Perhaps the great dread of Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful was death: whenever she thought of it, and seldom a day or even an hour passed without the apparition of the grim skeleton, she shuddered and sighed, "Lord, help me!" Her friend had no such dread: indeed she applied comfort, telling her that Christ had come, "That through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil: and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. 2: 14), and she tried very hard to get the shadowed heart to hush a "Praise the Lord!"

"Perhaps," she added, "we will not die at all. Maybe the King will come and take us to Himself. Praise the Lord!" But her companion still sighed, "Lord, help me!"

To which of these mothers in Israel are you and I related? for both have many children. Surely, though it is good to say, "Lord, help me," it is even better to say, "Praise the Lord!" for praise is superior to prayer, and most of us would rather dwell with Mrs. Trust-and-be-thankful, than with Mrs. Fear-and-be-fretful.—The Alliance Weekly.

A Shaggy Newsboy

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great state of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat at the end of the train, near the door, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I, of course, answered "Yes." So he stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on a lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow just beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bounding along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and, leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields toward the farm-house.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked the tall, young conductor by my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I inquired.
"Yes," he responded. "My father lives

there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," he said, "they never send him. He knows when it is train time, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, winter or summer."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go out to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor; "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked.

The conductor laughed, and I wondered as he walked away who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell time by the clock."

—Exchange.

Riches of a Little Old Lady

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little old spinster who was rich. Not that she had any money to speak of, or many of the creature comforts; she lived in a tumble down house and her chimney smoked frequently; and she was obliged to work for a living. She worked pretty hard, too, so that her less discerning neighbors used to sigh when they saw her pass, and say to one another, "Poor old Miss Letty; isn't it too bad?"

But as a matter of fact these neighbors, whose chimneys didn't smoke and who were all fairly well endowed with this world's goods, were much poorer than Miss Letty. For she was rich in the possessions of many interests. The affairs of this little woman's friends were of the keenest interest to her; she rejoiced in their joys and sympathized with their sorrows, and in consequence her friends included most of the people of the village, which was not a large one. All the worth-while folks knew her and liked her, and she called them by their first names, which after all is as good an index as anything to the wealth that was hers. Her riches were of the sort that thieves could not break in and steal.

Probably it has been the good fortune of all of us to know at some time or other some Miss Lettys. They are the people who manage to stay eternally young, even after their hair has turned gray and they have put on glasses. And conversely, we have seen other folks possessed of a superfluity of money, who were really exceedingly poor and very much to be pitied because they had lost their "interests." We all know rich men who have forgotten how to enjoy life, whose only interest is in making more money.—Kansas City Star.

Jenny Lind's Rival

Years ago in Sweden lived a little girl named Jenny Lind. She loved to sing about her work and play, as other children do, never thinking then that she was to be famous when she grew up. When she was still a little girl, however, people who understood music happened to hear her sing, and saw that she was more than an ordinary childish singer. She had lessons from a master called Croelius, who helped her in every way he could, and before she was any more than a little girl she was working very, very hard and singing a great deal. As she grew older, everybody loved to hear her, not only, I think, for her beautiful voice, but because she was a loving, sincere, unselfish girl; and all these things show, you know, in a person's singing.

She was a member of the church in her native place, and loved to do good, and many stories are told of the lovely things which she did with the great sums which people paid for her singing. After she had sung all over Europe, and had a great reputation

she had a long engagement in Sweden. When this was filled she offered to give a concert for the benefit of poor Swedish girls. It was a great success, and when she was told what a large sum of money her voice had earned for those girls in whom she was so interested, her eyes filled with tears, and she cried out: "It is beautiful that I can sing so."

Perhaps your grandfather or your grandmother may have heard her when she came to the United States on a concert tour. Ask them, and see. She married a German gentleman named Goldsmith, and died only a few years ago in England. Her daughter still lives there, and there is a granddaughter who sings so beautifully that people are beginning to wonder whether she will be a second Jenny Lind.

She was called "the Swedish Nightingale," and during her public life was probably without a rival in the hearts of people who loved music; but somebody tells a pretty little story that shows that she not only knew when she was surpassed, but could acknowledge it too.

One day she was riding in the country with some friends. A bird of brilliant plumage perched near by as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as astonished her. The coach stopped, and, reaching out, she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially, and then, as if to excel his famous rival, raised his grace-throat, and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clasp her hands in ecstasy. Then quickly, as though she was before a critical audience, she gave some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying, whereupon the birdie took it up, and sang and trilled till Jennie, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly outcaroled "the Swedish Nightingale."—The Little Christian.

Just Around the Corner

"Deary me!" sighed Dorothy, as she hurried down the street. "I'm almost afraid I'm going to cry this very minute, in spite of my promise, but Aunt Mary mustn't ever know that I'm as homesick as all that. If I only knew some of the girls that live in these big white houses, maybe it might be different, even if the houses don't look one bit friendly. What a pretty little park that is! But I almost believe it would like to say, 'Keep right off the grass.' I guess Woodbridge isn't much like Friendly Village. Deary me, why did mother have to go to California for her health?"

And Dorothy gave a deep sigh that was half a sob, and it seemed to go clear to the tips of her shiny new shoes. For just now she was desperately homesick, and being a friendly little body, she couldn't understand how people could be such near neighbors, and yet almost strangers. Aunt Mary said it was because the street was new, and the houses were new, and the people were new to each other.

"Yes, and I'm new, too," thought Dorothy, as she went on her way. "Probably that's why those girls I spoke to yesterday didn't even smile when they answered me. My but it made me feel funny. But there, I just won't remember that at all, and I'm not going to cry, either. Crying won't cure homesickness. And maybe that street near Aunt Mary's will be real friendly looking. I haven't once turned the corner of it yet, and no one knows what I might find there. Mother says that sometimes it's just around the corner that we find the very nicest things. And she never gives up, even when she gets to the very cornerest corners, and is as discouraged as she can be."

And with these thoughts in mind, Dorothy turned her steps in the direction from which she had just come. But this time she went hop-skipping along as if she were the happiest little girl in Woodbridge. Six big houses, seven big houses, eight big houses she passed, and then she came to the corner. There she turned, and it wasn't long before she spied the prettiest house she had yet seen. And there in the back yard was

such a cunning little baby. She could just catch a glimpse of his white dress from the sidewalk, and Dorothy loved babies. She was thinking how much she loved them, when the one in the back yard began to cry.

"My, what strong lungs he must have!" thought Dorothy, as the cry grew louder and louder. "Something dreadful must have happened to him. Deary me, if I'd only had an introduction to his mother, I'd run right over there this minute. I wish Aunt Mary hadn't said so much about introductions." But the cries didn't stop, and still no one appeared on the scene. Dorothy could stand it no longer. What did introductions matter, if somebody's baby was in danger? So she ran across the street, and right into the back yard of the very prettiest house. There she saw what the trouble was. The baby had caught his foot in the back of a little white chair that lay on the ground just inside of his pen. The more he tried to pull it out and failed, the more frightened he grew.

"There, there," said Dorothy, as she took hold of the tiny foot. "We'll have that out in almost no time at all." And a few careful motions of her two capable hands soon released the frightened baby, who looked up at his rescuer and smiled between his choking sobs.

Ten minutes later, a pleasant-faced lady came hurrying down from the attic and found Dorothy building block houses for her small son, who was laughing and cooling delightedly.

Dorothy jumped up at once and tried to explain, but the baby's mother knew something about what had been going on, without any explanations.

"I saw it all, my dear," she said, as she motioned Dorothy back to a seat. "And I thank you very much. You see I had cut my hand terribly with the bread-knife, and I was hunting in the clothes-press for some bandages when the baby began to cry, so I couldn't get to him just then. And I knew you would do as well as I could. My cook has left me, and I haven't anybody to help me today. I hardly know what to do, for the baby is so fussy, and I'm not a bit well. Do you suppose you could tie this hand up for me? I've made a very bungling job of it, I'm afraid."

"I'm quite sure I can do it," Dorothy smiled, as she replied. "And then, if you'd like to have me, I could run over and tell Aunt Mary where I am, and then come back and play with the baby for an hour or two. I'd love to, only I almost forgot that I've not had any introduction yet, so maybe—"

But Mrs. Blake smiled in such a friendly way that Dorothy began to think that introductions might not be so very important after all, and she felt quite sure of this when she said, "Well, I don't think we need any introductions, my dear, and I'm sure we're going to be very good friends, you and Reginald and I. I shall be so grateful to you, dear, for I have been so worried. I think you'll have to stay to lunch with us, if your aunt is willing. Tell her I want you very much."

"I'm sure she'll let me, and I'll be right back," Dorothy promised, as she went hop-skipping across the lawn.

"That's one friendly house," she said to herself, as she hurried back to Aunt Mary's. "And it's the very biggest, prettiest house of them all. I guess you can't always tell by the outside of a house what you're going to find when you open the door. And you never can tell what fun there'll be right around the corner. I believe I'll take a box of chocolate peppermints Uncle Ned gave me this morning to that sad-faced little old lady out there in her yard when I come back. I haven't had any introduction, of course, but maybe she's homesick and thinks the big white houses are unfriendly, like I did. And maybe she doesn't know about the corners."

And Dorothy skipped happily along on her way to Aunt Mary's, a smile on her face and a cheery little song in her heart.

"My, but it's nice to make friends," she said, as she opened the front door. "And I agree with her. Don't you?—Zion's Herald."

The Work and the Workers

To the saints and faithful brothers in Christ scattered abroad: GREETING.

MY DEAR BRETHREN: For two weeks past I have been prostrate upon my back with general prostration superinduced, the doctor says, by general overwork. I am utterly helpless, unable to care for myself in the commonest little things. I am in the hospital under the care of a nurse, but utterly without the ability to help myself, although how long it may continue thus I know not. Doctors report improvement, but oh, I am so weak and helpless I can not attend to my correspondence. Many telegrams have been received, to which I could give no response.

I never thought that a man could live through what I have passed, but this is my first great sickness.

I long to be at home and long to serve the church, and Him whose I am. With love to all the church,

E. F. WALKER,

General Superintendent.

(Dictated)

St. Luke's Hospital, Denver, Colo.,
May 28th.

Announcements

CAMP MEETING—Nebraska State Nazarene Campmeeting, Hastings, Neb., June 19th to 28th. Evangelists Will H. Huff and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Ellis; F. M. Lehman, gospel singer. Rates within reach of all. For further information, write to REV. EDMUND SILVERBRAND, Hastings, Neb., or THEODORE LUDWIG, York, Neb.

WISCONSIN DISTRICT TENT MEETINGS—The following tent meetings have been planned for the District: Montford, June 5th to 21st; Porterfield (via Marinette), June 28th to July 12th; Forest Center (via Menominee), July 18th to August 9th; Madison (1208 Oak Ridge Ave.), August 16th to August 30th; Janesville, September 6th to September 20th. The district superintendent will evangelize in all of these meetings, assisted by others.

NOTICE—A young man purporting to be a member of the Haverhill Pentecostal church, and soliciting funds to pay expenses to P. C. I., is not endorsed by the pastor as represented and is utterly unworthy.—W. G. SCHURMAN, *Pastor.*

MEETING—There will be a Holiness Convention and Dedication at Nazarene church, Point Rock, Meigs county, Ohio, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 11th to 14th. The following and other ministers are expected to be present and conduct evangelistic services throughout the convention: Rev. N. B. Herrell, Olivet, Ill., district superintendent Nazarene church; Rev. Lot C. Wills, Wellston, Ohio; Rev. George Appleman, Allensville, Ohio; Rev. N. W. Massie, Millersport, Ohio.—J. W. HOYD, *Carpenter, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 1; I. L. WOOD, Dexter, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 1.*

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

GOSPEL SINGERS—We have decided to lead the singing and play the organ for summer meetings. Any one desiring our help, please write us at once.—HUBBARD AND WILLIE MCGONAGLE, *Randolph, Miss.*

REQUEST FOR PRAYER—Will those who believe in God's answering prayer, join us for the healing of Mrs. Gowland?—B. F. GOWLAND, *Pastor at Webster City, Iowa.*

NOTICE—As the membership of our church is scattered over considerable territory, I could use

1914 Wall Mottoes! 1914

We have received our new stock of mottoes, with the new designs for 1914. Catalogue will be sent on request. Agents wanted. Address, PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE, 2109 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

a light touring car to great advantage, (Five-passenger Ford preferred). I have no money, but lots of good, new holiness books that I would trade for a good car. Address, REV. S. L. FLOWERS, Boulder, Colo., R. F. D. No. 1.

EVANGELISTIC—Any one desiring my help in evangelistic meetings may address me at McGregor, Texas, Box 57.—REV. WM. W. SUTTON.

EVANGELISTIC—At the close of this Assembly year in the Hamlin District, I will be ready to hold meetings in the Hamlin District, or in western Oklahoma. Address me at Nocona, Texas, R. F. D. No. 5.—BRUCE WALKER.

District News

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The glory of God rested on the Assembly. There was only one cloud, viz., the absence of our beloved general superintendent, Dr. Walker. The reason of his absence was not known until the close of the first day. All keenly felt the loss to us to be compelled to go through the entire Assembly without him. All members of the Assembly are praying for his complete recovery.

The following new faces greeted the members of the Assembly: Rev. J. W. Goodwin, pastor at Oakland; George J. Franklin, pastor at Berkeley; G. W. Glover, pastor at Fresno; Anna Mouw, superintendent Tulare Mission; W. B. Holt, superintendent Spanish-speaking mission in San Francisco; Fred St. Clair, evangelist; W. J. Spire, just come to us from the Presbyterian church, and Charles E. Smith, pastor at Visalia, being unable to be present.

The Anniversaries, Missionary Society, Education, Publishing Interests, and Rescue Work, were really great occasions. J. W. Goodwin's address on Education was surely a finished product. George J. Franklin brought a strong appeal for the Publishing House. Mrs. E. J. Clinton spoke on China, Miss Ethel McPherson for Japan, and W. J. Rogers for India, in the Missionary Anniversary. The address of Mrs. Eva B. Brand, matron of Rest Cottage, was one of the best ever listened to by the members of the Assembly. During the address waves of glory came on the people and they just shouted, marched, and praised the Lord. Our people surely believe in rescue work.

Great evangelistic services were held each night. The preaching was done by Evangelists St. Clair and Nelson, W. J. Spire and George J. Franklin. G. W. Glover preached on Sunday morning and the district superintendent Sunday afternoon. At this service the pastors and evangelists who are to lead on the hosts of God in the new year gathered around the altar as the arrangements were read, and during prayer the glory of God came down. Surely God has furnished a band of noblemen and noblewomen to lead on in the battle this year. The names will be found in the arrangements.

The writer presided during the session and keenly felt the responsibility of the place; while deeply regretting the absence of dear Brother Walker.

There is no greater field on earth for real missionary activity than the San Francisco District—not only in English-speaking work, but nearly all nationalities on the globe, for they are about all represented here. Oh that God would lay it on the hearts of some of His stewards to put in some of God's money for missionary work in this great field! Here is needed men who have devotion and the go-through in them, who can go forth and bring things to pass for God, and plant the banner of holiness and establish our work.

The San Francisco District solicits the prayers of the Nazarenes everywhere. In a few short months the great Panama-Pacific Exposition will be on. The opening of the canal will bring immigrants to these shores by the tens of thousands; multitudes of foreigners are already settled in the great valleys. The cause of holiness needs to be pushed into a score of towns and cities this year. Will you not pray for us?

H. H. MILLER, *Dist. Supt.*

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The San Francisco District Assembly met at Oakland, Cal., in the Hamilton Hall. An opening service was held Tuesday evening, May 19th, at which Evangelist Fred St. Clair preached a soul-stirring sermon on prayer. At the close a

TELEGRAM

Dist. Supt. Dallas Dead

GREENVILLE, TEXAS, June 2, 1914.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Rev. W. F. Dallas was operated on for appendicitis last Wednesday. It was found that the appendix was ruptured, and from the first the doctors gave no hope. He passed to his reward at 10:00 a. m. today.

J. E. GAAR, *Pastor.*

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TELEGRAM

Triumphant Assembly

SEATTLE, WASH., June 1, 1914.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

The Northwest Assembly had a very triumphant session. Good increase in members and all other matters. Dr. Breese preached with power and unction on Sunday morning. Ordination service in the afternoon and Rev. D. Rand Pierce preached an able sermon in the evening. Rev. DeLance Wallace was re-elected District Superintendent.

H. D. BROWN.

♦ ♦

TELEGRAM

The Eatons' Arrival

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 1, 1914.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

The Eatons arrived Saturday. Safe journey. Both are ill, but greatly improved.

E. M. TANNER.

general call was made and many prayed through for the Assembly. Two or three were definitely blessed.

Wednesday morning Rev. H. H. Miller, district Superintendent, called the Assembly to order at 9:00 o'clock, in the absence of Dr. E. F. Walker. After song and earnest prayer Scripture passages were quoted spontaneously from the delegation, which proved to be a great Scripture lesson. The District was well represented as was shown by the roll call. Good progress was made in the organization of the Assembly and the necessary business of the first session. When the nominating committee retired from the main body, introductions and testimonies were made the order of the day. The spiritual tide ran high. There were several new members in the Assembly.

Wednesday afternoon was Missionary Anniversary. After appropriate opening Bishop Hart, of the Free Methodist Church, was introduced. He spoke a few words of kindly greetings. Brother J. W. Goodwin made some general remarks that were fitting. Sister Gertrude Clinton, returned missionary from China, was called upon, and she made an interesting talk, telling of some of her experiences. Rev. W. J. Rogers, returned missionary from India, followed with a touching speech in which he showed the loyalty of the well-saved natives to Christ. A letter was read from Brother L. S. Tracy, and greetings were sent to him by the Assembly. Miss Ethel McPherson, who was associated with Sister Staples for over a year in the Japanese work at Upland and Los Angeles, Cal., spoke briefly. Others that spoke were W. B. Holt, who for the past four months has been superintendent of the Spanish mission in San Francisco; Sister Mary Mabey, district treasurer, stirred the Assembly with her practical remarks, and Brother St. Clair, the missionary evangelist, made a good closing. Not a few said, "This was a great Missionary meeting."

Thursday morning Brother G. W. Glover led a precious devotional service. The special order of the day for 10:00 a. m. was hearing the district superintendent's report and the election of

a district superintendent. Brother Miller had been serving the District for about four months. His report showed that "much land had been possessed" during that time. He has visited every church and seems to have the work well in hand. After an informal ballot was taken Rev. H. H. Miller, Ph. D., was unanimously elected district superintendent.

The pastors' reports revealed the fact of great sacrifice and heroism during the past year. Our people are marching on even though there are many difficulties.

The Educational Anniversary Thursday afternoon was not a "dry meeting." Brother J. W. Goodwin made the principal address showing the need of Christian education, and the way to have it. Others made impromptu speeches, which stirred the audience. It is the conviction of many that there will be a parochial school in San Francisco Bay District soon. Much was said of the Nazarene University, at Pasadena, Cal. We believe in it or we wouldn't be sending so many down there.

Friday afternoon was made the time for hearing the reports of the officers of Rest Cottage and an anniversary in connection with it. The secretary-treasurer, Brother Miller, made a good report. It was evident that God was interested in the financial report of the Home. At this time an original song by Evangelist F. B. Smith, on the Prodigal Girl, was sung by Brother Smith and wife. It moved nearly the whole Assembly to tears. Mrs. Eva B. Brand, the matron of Rest Cottage, made an excellent report. She told of the transforming and healing power of God that was manifested in the Home. Mention was made of some of the marvelous cases. In the month of March they went through a most severe test and trial. One of the girls was stricken with what an attending physician called an incurable disease. Death hovered over the Home for days. A sister who is much interested in the Home came and prayed the prayer of faith. The result was, the girl was marvelously healed and saved; a wave of salvation then swept through the Home and to many outside. Rest Cottage in Oakland is doing a grand work.

Part of Saturday afternoon was given to hearing the report of the committee on Publishing Interests and an address by George J. Franklin. The report and brief address (brief on account of the lateness of the hour), was received with some enthusiasm. You may depend on San Francisco District supporting the Publishing House. We are getting the true vision of the relation we sustain to it, and it to us. We have come to believe that what the railroads and steamship lines mean to commerce is what our Publishing Interests means to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

Each evening of the Assembly a great street meeting was held. Many hearts seemed hungry to hear the gospel story. In connection with these meetings we marched fourteen blocks through the main part of Oakland, which created no little comment.

Evangelists Fred St. Clair and August Nilson, and Brother Spires, who has come to us recently from the Presbyterian Church, preached some wonderful sermons with good results.

Unity and harmony prevailed throughout the entire Assembly.

Not a few times mention was made of, and prayer offered for, our beloved general superintendent, Dr. Walker. When we learned that he could not be with us, a telegram of love and sympathy was sent him by the Assembly.

It is evident that our people are getting the "enlarged vision." They have lifted their eyes not only unto the hills, but above and beyond to the opened heavens and the glory of Pentecost.

The arrangements are as follows:

District Superintendent

H. H. MILLER

2328 McKinley Ave., Berkeley.

- Alameda.....S. B. Rhoads
- Berkeley.....George J. Franklin
- Fresno.....G. W. Glover
- Lindsay.....W. J. Spires
- Milton.....M. R. Dutton
- Oakdale.....D. S. Reed
- Oakland.....J. W. Goodwin
- San Francisco
- First.....Thomas Murrish
- Spanish.....P. H. Edminster, Supt.
- do.....Salomo Falsessano, Pastor
- Santa Rosa.....J. M. Spencer
- Stockton.....C. O. Bancroft
- Tulare.....Anna Mouw
- Vallejo.....A. E. and Estella Lamar
- Visalia.....Charles E. Smith
- Waukena.....W. B. Holt
- Evangelists—S. B. Rhoads, A. J. Neufeld, Fred

The Publishing House

H. D. BROWN

Walnut Grove is about eight miles from Prosser, Wash., on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. We have a young and vigorous church in the pastoral charge of Rev. Adam Walker. They are now worshipping in a large and commodious school-house, but expect to build a new church in the near future. On Thursday night, May 15th, we held service at Walnut Grove for the district superintendent. We were very kindly received by Brother Walker and his church. In the near future they expect to do something in a substantial way for the Publishing House.

At Spokane, First Church, Rev. C. V. La Fontaine, pastor, we had a fine service Sunday morning, May 17th. This is a fine church and congregation. They took a lively interest in the Publishing House, and made a contribution of \$237. The Sunday school also expects to raise \$100. This church has a day school in the basement and is doing a good work for organized holiness.

In the evening we spoke at Post Falls, Idaho. Here we have a small organization working in a hall. Rev. G. W. Medley is the pastor. We were impressed with the heroism and devotion of this pastor and his people. We expect them to go on to a victorious success. They took the Publishing House on their hearts and gave us a liberal contribution.

We next attended the Idaho Assembly, at Troy, Idaho. This is a small band of able, earnest, heroic men and women, who are pushing holiness with great devotion and victory. Dr. Breese presided with his usual unction and victory. The Anniversary of our Publishing Interests was attended with great enthusiasm. They gave us a good contribution, and will do more in the future.

We hope the District Superintendents and Pastors will give careful attention to the interests of our Publishing House. I suggest that meetings be held, all our Sunday schools interested, and money raised in every possible way and sent forward to our Publishing House, at Kansas City. Let the good work go on.

St. Clair, M. B. Hazeltine, Anna Raby and F. B. Smith.

GEO. J. FRANKLIN, *Assembly Reporter*

COLORADO DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The sixth annual District Assembly of the Colorado District was held in Denver, May 13th to 17th.

The first session opened at 2 p. m. Dr. E. F. Walker, general superintendent, presided through the organization, when he was compelled to retire, being too sick to farther conduct the business. He called to the chair Dist. Supt. C. B. Widmeyer, who presided throughout the remaining sessions of the Assembly.

Dr. Walker was taken to St. Luke's hospital, where he has since been receiving the best care that could be secured. His presence was greatly missed at the Assembly.

The business of the Assembly was dispatched with celerity and harmony, and all interests of the Church received careful and prayerful attention.

The reports of the pastors showed that it had been a year of toil and conflict; yet there were blessed results, all showing a substantial increase over last year.

Rev. L. E. Burger, of the Greeley church, was elected district superintendent for the coming year. A special report of the statistical secretary is as follows:

Number of churches, 5; number of missions, 1; membership of District, 249; Sunday school scholars, 321; amount raised for pastors' support, \$2,281.32; amount raised for evangelists, \$241.20; amount raised for foreign missions, \$592.01; amount raised for home missions, \$127.02.

Rev. T. A. Mercer, of the Church of God, and Rev. G. Alfred Trenner, of the Congregational Church, came to us and were given recognition of elders' orders.

On Sabbath afternoon A. E. Sanner and J. M. Cole, after appropriate services, were ordained elders.

Pastors of the District conducted the evening services and some souls sought and found God. The Sabbath services were blessed of God, and

times of refreshing were enjoyed from His presence.

The pastoral arrangements for the coming year are as follows: L. E. Burger, district superintendent; S. L. Flowers, Boulder Valley; J. M. Cole, Colorado Springs; L. E. Burger, Greeley; T. A. Mercer, Yuma; Denver to be supplied.

S. L. FLOWERS, *Reporter*.

DAKOTAS AND MONTANA

The fifth annual Assembly of the Dakotas and Montana District will be held at Surrey, N. D., July 23d to 28th. Gen. Supt. E. F. Walker, D. D., will preside. The Board of Examiners will meet on Wednesday, July 22d, at 9:00 a. m., for the examination of licensed preachers in the course of study. Let every member of the Board, and all preachers now taking or intending to pursue the course of study, be present on the day and hour named, ready for the work of examination.

H. G. COWAN, *Secretary*.

KENTUCKY

We visited our Creelsboro church the first part of this month, and the Lord gave us a gracious time. The majority of the Nazarenes at Creelsboro were formerly "Campbellites," and while they have learned to love the holiness folk, some of their old horses, trained under "Campbellite" masters, have not changed. Brother Buster, our Sunday school superintendent at Creelsboro, has a horse of this type, that kicked up every time wife would get in the buggy, and made us walk to the boat landing. Well, when it's so hard to get some people to love us, we cannot blame the old horses much.

We are at present in a glorious tent meeting at Slate Branch, Ky. The people have been taught by tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking preachers. They have a cupid in the pulpit for the preachers. Two-thirds of the unsaved women use tobacco. They chew it just like the men, and seem to think nothing of it. A good crowd have already prayed through, and of course the tobacco goes. One man and wife that used ninety cents worth each week have both been converted and sanctified. Yesterday was a great day in the tent; fourteen at the altar, and mighty conviction upon the people. Those getting through are already wishing that a Nazarene church stood where the tent stands. We feel that we are moving up "by little and little."

WILL H. NEBBY.

MISSISSIPPI

We are in a great meeting at Houka. The tent is full, the interest fine, and many are coming to the altar of prayer. I have a note of victory from Evangelist W. P. Jay and band, at Columbus, Miss., saying that they are having a great meeting at that place. Our preachers are having good meetings all over the District. We are in need of a singer and organist who will devote all their time to the work.

I. D. FARMER, *Dist. Supt.*

NEW ENGLAND NOTES AND PERSONALS

Pastor Short, of Cambridge, met God forty-three years ago, and like Enoch of old, he is enjoying such heavenly fellowship, he expects to continue this walk forever.

Former President Angell, of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, has been packing up his household goods at the school during the last week. Our Brother and Sister Angell will make their home at South Bay, N. Y.

Pastor Meyers enjoyed his first Sabbath in his new pastorate at Woonsocket, R. I. There was a good company at the open-air meeting, with two seekers at the altar.

The anniversary of the Rest Cottage, of Providence, R. I., was held in May. President Kimber addressed the meeting.

The Lord gave us a good day last Sabbath at Emmanuel church; seekers were at the altar, and the saints greatly helped.

Pastor C. J. Washburn, who has preached at our church at West Somerville, Mass., has taken up the work at Beverly, where his father, District Superintendent Washburn, used to preach.

Pastor Meyers, who has labored for two years at

1914 Wall Mottoes! 1914

We have received our new stock of mottoes, with the new designs for 1914. Catalogue will be sent on request. Agents wanted. Address, PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE, 2109 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Idaho Holiness School Nampa, Idaho

Dr. L. Milton Williams, of Oskaloosa, Ia., has just closed his two weeks' evangelistic campaign here and has left for the annual camp at Olivet, Ill. Just previous to his leaving we learned of the severe illness of our beloved general superintendent, Dr. Walker, and the people here send their sympathies to him by Brother Williams as he visits him at Denver upon his return eastward.

The special meeting here was a time of heart-searching, praying, digging down, mounting up, and general advancement all along the line. And despite his short stay, busy season, and some leaving for the District Assembly during the meeting, Dr. Williams' visit proved a great blessing to the people; the entire church, not only at Nampa, but throughout the Boise valley, realized the favorable effects of the meeting. Quite a number were definitely helped in their experiences, and over thirty were received into the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene during the time he was here.

The last Sunday was a day of unusual consequence; the power and presence of the Spirit was manifested throughout. In the morning the ideal church was pictured to us from the text in 1st Thessalonians, "For this is the will of God, your sanctification." In the afternoon he gave us a vision of the wonderful possibilities and unlimited opportunities spread before the Nazarene church here in this new and open country. Seeing the rich fertility of the valley, the never-failing supply of water for irrigation, the elevated altitude with its invigorating climate, and being almost surrounded by mountains as it is, Dr. Williams called this "The Switzerland of America."

Following his presentation of the consequent need of funds for the promulgation of such extension work as was outlined a subscription of several hundred dollars was made to the work. As the subscriptions were coming in some of the students were called upon for their testimonies which contributed much to the blessing and inspiration of the donors.

The prospects are good for a large increase in the enrollment for next year, practically all of the students having expressed

their desire to return, and a great many others having already declared their intentions of being here at the opening of school next September.

The closing program of the school was given on Friday evening, May 22d. This was the first public program by a holiness school which many of the citizens had ever witnessed. It was necessarily different to those they had been accustomed to.

The students of each department rendered their parts well before an appreciative audience, and the patrons expressed themselves as being agreeably surprised at the work accomplished by the students.

It was our pleasure upon that occasion to be able to announce the addition of some new members to our faculty for next year, which will greatly strengthen its efficiency. Rev. Harry Hays, who has been previously engaged in like work, has come to us recently and will take charge of the theological work next year.

Prof. C. V. Marshall, B. S., M. S., of the Friends' Academy, Greenleaf, Idaho, has been engaged as dean of this school for next year, and will have charge of the mathematics and science. Professor Marshall has had several years' experience as a teacher and executor and will be of great value to our new institution.

Miss Estella Currey will remain in charge of the music department next year. Miss Currey is a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, has realized excellent success in her work here this year, and is well prepared for the position she occupies with this school.

We have received inquiries from a number of our Nazarene friends in different parts of this country and Canada who contemplate coming to this state, and to any others who expect to come to this section of the northwest and desire the environment of a good holiness church and school, we invite you to Nampa.

The school opens again in the fall, on Tuesday, September 15th. For a copy of our new catalogue with fuller information, address, LOWELL H. COATE, *Principal*, Nampa, Idaho.

This will be the greatest work Pastor Short can do before he goes to heaven.

Any of our Sabbath schools, who are willing to take mite boxes to give to their children of the schools for the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, in which to drop one penny a day, please write to Rev. Martha Curry, North Scituate, R. I.

Pastor Meyers' wife is improving at her home in Providence, R. I. She longs to get out in the work and see souls saved to God.

Let all our pastors remember the words of advice given you by General Superintendent Breese and District Superintendent Washburn, on pastoral visitations. It is sad to hear of other preachers not praying with their members in their homes, but it is awful to hear of holiness preachers failing in this great and important work. If our people need help anywhere it is in their homes.

"KEEP ON BELIEVING."

General Church News

WILMORE, KY.

Am just closing a most successful year in Asbury College as student, assistant teacher, and preacher. The Lord has blessed in my school work, and beside has permitted me to preach on eighteen Sundays out of the twenty-one since the first of the year. I preached in churches, tabernacles, and missions, finding people hungry for the old-time gospel in every place. As a result of this work the Lord has given twenty-seven professions of pardon or purity. We are now in our commencement exercises. Every service has been one of power and victory, and each succeeding service better than the one preceding. I go from here to Burnside, Kentucky, for my first meeting of the summer.—A. F. BALSMEIER.

FROM EVANGELIST W. E. SHEPARD

We closed our meeting at Philadelphia, Pa., with a dozen seekers at the altar, the last night, the most of them praying through. The Lord greatly blessed this meeting to the good of the people, and also a goodly number have been saved and sanctified. This church needs a larger place of worship, and they are taking steps somewhat to bring it about. The pastor, Rev. J. T. Maybury, is the man for the place, and is doing a great work in that great city of one million, eight hundred thousand. One of the pleasing things of this meeting was that a brother whom I met at First Church, Chicago, when I preached there as I passed through, saw the notice of the meeting at Philadelphia in the HERALD of HOLINESS and cut it out and sent it to his sister. This sister came to the meeting and gave her heart to God and was saved. A little foresight and planning might save many a soul. We are in the battle here at Malden, Mass., with Rev. M. E. Borders, pastor. Brother Borders has one of the best churches in the New England District, and the Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon the meetings. We have seekers at every service and are expecting the Lord to do great things before the meeting ends. From here we go to Coatsville, Pa., with the pastor of our church, from June 11th to June 21st, then with the Chicago First Church in their great camp at West Pullman, June 25th to July 5th. My next meeting then is with the New York District campmeeting near Fishkill Landing on the Hudson, July 10th to 19th. My address at the West Pullman camp will be West Pullman, Ill., and at the New York District camp will be Beacon, N. Y. (Groville Camp Meeting).

VISALIA, CAL.

Our church is only one week old, but since we were organized there have been twenty-six seekers. Yesterday was a great day; two seekers in the morning, four in the afternoon, and twelve at night. God's blessing was upon pastor and people. We love the fight.—CHAS. E. SMITH, *Pastor*.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

As a church we are in the onward march; attendance good; interest extraordinary; souls are plowing through and proving to be happy finders. A number were received into the church a week ago Sunday, also four more yesterday. The membership has about doubled since coming here ten months ago, and the end is not yet. We buried one of our staunch members Friday, Mrs. Clara Brite. She died as she lived, victoriously. Her last testimony was that she was happy on the way. The revival in East Bakersfield goes on with increased interest. Evangelist James Elliott is casting the net on the right side and is landing some fish. He is a fine singer and a Holy Ghost preacher. Any one wanting a revival will do well to secure him. We expect to have a great baptismal service next Sunday. We are on the firing line and encouraged to push the battle to the end.—W. C. FRAZIER, *Pastor*.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

Our services are on the upgrade; sixty-three out last Wednesday evening, sixty-two last Friday evening. Good attendance Sunday. Sunday school roll has run over the one hundred mark. Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Thackeray help much in the singing. The open-air services are well attended. The sick are improving.—W. G. SCRUMMAN.

FROM EVANGELIST EARL E. CURTIS

My last meeting was at Danbury, Conn. God is certainly with His people in that place. My next meeting is at Barnes' Corners, N. Y. This is a new field for holiness. Three or four people have received light on this great truth, and have decided they want a straight holiness meeting there. Both preachers of that place are opposing this great doctrine. For three years I have felt strong leadings to the work in the central and southwest. I shall start that way before many months. Those wishing to correspond with me concerning meetings, please address me at 1101 Gotham St., Watertown, N. Y. My meetings in Wisconsin and Illinois have stirred me for further service in that part of God's moral vineyard.

RESOLUTION

Following is one of the resolutions submitted to the committee on resolutions, and adopted by the Pittsburgh Assembly: "Resolved, That we heartily welcome to the Assembly and its councils, Dr. B. F. Haynes, the versatile editor of the HERALD of HOLINESS, pledging him, and all he represents, our prayers and loyal support in unfurling the banner of full salvation from ocean to ocean."

Leicester, Vt., has taken up the work at Woonsocket, R. I., and Rev. Paul Thatcher has gone to Leicester, Vt.

Pastor James Kirkland has taken up the work at Dennisport, Mass.

Pastor Ira Arebald, who has labored at Beverly, Mass., has gone to our Salem church, where Brother De Long built such a good church building.

Brother Harry Peavey has gone to Oxford, N. S.

Pastor Reney, who has served our church at Johnson, Vt., has gone to Patchogue, N. Y., and Brother Jonah Sulston has taken up the work at Johnson, Vt.

Rev. L. N. Fogg, Rev. Martha Curry, and Rev. R. L. Jones are commissioned as evangelists.

Rev. George E. Noble will remain field secretary for the state of Rhode Island, for the Prohibition people.

Portsmouth, R. I., camp opens the last Friday of July and closes the first Sunday of August. Let the saints plan to come.

All the friends of Rev. Isaac Hanson, of Haverhill, Mass., will be glad to learn that he is improving.

Our Haverhill church has agreed to give Brother Schurman about \$250 more this year, in order to save their pastor from going away so much in evangelistic work.

The new board of directors of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute was formed at their stockholders' meeting. Brothers Brown and Hillery refused to continue on the board on account of other pressing cares.

Brother Angell expects to do some pioneer work in connection with his evangelistic work.

Dr. Breese gave Pastor Short a little money to encourage him in building the Cambridge church.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

The Lord has given us a wonderful year. We have seen about five hundred souls kneel at the altar, and most of them seemed to get a definite experience. We have increased our membership from sixty to one hundred and six, and have been able to send a missionary to India, Sister Roush. We were fortunate in being able to secure Brother Gilbert E. Martin last year for our pastor, and we were greatly pleased to get him back again this year. We are expecting to see one thousand saved and sanctified this year, for we are told to ask largely that our joy may be full. We are having seekers almost every Sabbath, and the fire is burning in our souls. We are going to wage a more aggressive warfare than ever before, and we can see the victory ahead.—CHAS. F. WOOD, Secretary.

COPPEROPOLIS, CAL.

After one month of faithful effort we closed at Copperopolis, Cal., Sunday, May 17th. The town is small, only about 150 people; no church, and only about six converted people in the place. Yet our attendance was real good. The people treated us kindly and rendered much practical help by giving us the use of a hall and chairs free of rent. At times there was much conviction, and many requests for prayers, and three little girls were at the altar. By uplifted hands many testified to having been blessed and helped. Our Nazarene Sister Corum said the people are beginning to see there is something in religion. May God bless this precious family who so kindly entertained the writer at their home.—T. S. MASHBURN.

THE NAZARENE MISSION IN DULUTH, MINN.

Rev. F. E. Plumb and wife came to this city one year ago, entire strangers, and opened up a mission known as Duluth Gospel Mission, at 102 Lake Ave., South. It is wonderful how God opened up the hearts of the people to finance the work. As they have stood for true salvation and holiness of heart, the Lord has poured out His Spirit upon the preachers and people. Brother Plumb believes in thorough work at the altar, and has the seekers pray through to a definite experience. There have been some fine cases of salvation come through this mission. His congregations are made up mostly from the lumbermen of the north woods, miners, and lake men who sail on the great lakes. The most of these men are of the "down-and-out" class, indulging in drinking and riotous living, whom sin has brought down to the lowest depths. Brother Plumb gives free meals to about 150 men each day, from November 1st to March 15th. His plan is to have every man he feeds listen to the gospel message at the 11 a. m. service before he eats. The large produce houses furnish the mission with fruits and vegetables that are slightly damaged and so unfit for the market, and the large bakeries furnish bread, cakes and rolls also free of charge. We are expecting to hold a tent meeting among the laboring classes here beginning June 5th.—LYMAN BROUGH, Dist. Supt.

FORT SMITH, ARK.

We closed here last night with a crowded altar. Several prayed through. There were seventy-five or eighty seekers during the meeting. We were called back for another meeting in these mountains. My health has been greatly impaired by our stay in meetings in the swamps, and we are now on the way to New Mexico.—ANNA TETRICK.

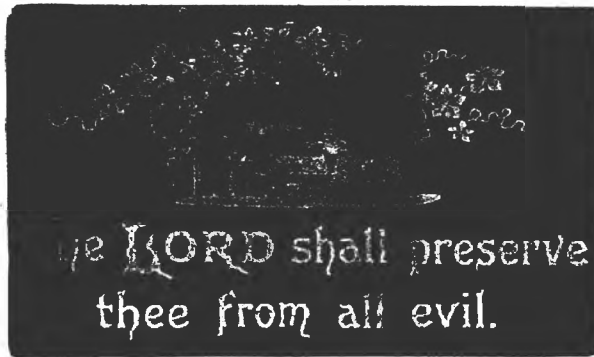
DENISON, TEXAS

We closed a two weeks' meeting last night at the cotton mills. There were over two hundred seekers at the altar, and one hundred and seventy-five were saved, and a goodly number sanctified. Brother H. R. Lee and wife, and myself, were in charge. I am now ready to go south.—W. P. CLEGHORN, Peniel, Texas.

GRAND PRAIRIE, TEXAS

The first of the year we moved out in the inter-urban road between Fort Worth and Dallas, about ten miles from Dallas. It is a thickly settled neighborhood, and the most of the people belong to some church, but the men seem to be able to work in the fields and gardens without any compunction of conscience on Sabbath. Three months ago we set about to organize a Sunday school, which we did with fifty-one bright, intelligent men, women and children, and was elected superintendent. I would bring our Nazarene lesson leaflets from our Oak Cliff church from time to time, and they got to liking our literature, so now we are making an order for ourselves. Our pastor, Brother Walker, and his precious wife, are leading on to victory in First Church, Dallas. The

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60 cents each.

Marvelous value; a fine series of cards with overhanging grape vine and fruit, with cut-out opening showing country scenes.

TEXTS

1. Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.
2. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.
3. My presence shall go with thee.
4. The Lord will bless His people with peace.

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A new series of heavy embossed frame texts, with fine bold rose designs, and texts in silver.

TEXTS

1. Trust ye in the Lord for ever.
2. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ.
3. The Lord hath been mindful of us.
4. Let not your heart be troubled.

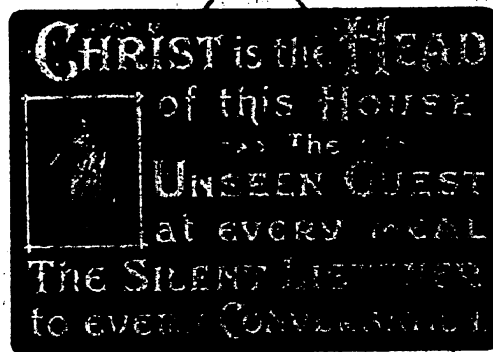


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A real novelty! A charming effect. Words "Lord" and "God" in nickel-silver letters and cut out; remainder of text in white rock letters, delicately tinted; a very popular card.

TEXTS

1. Lord, teach us to pray.
2. Lord, I will follow Thee.
3. God shall supply all your need.
4. God is our refuge and strength.

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Kansas City, Missouri
2109 Troost Ave.

doctor says that I have cancer of the breast, and advises the knife, but I believe in the Calvary cure, and ask the HERALD of HOLINESS family to pray for my healing.—MRS. B. FREELAND.

OWENSBORO, KY.

The revival is starting well here in our Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Interest is deep-

ening, conviction is settling down on the people, the congregations are growing—house full with extra seats last night—and, best of all, souls are getting salvation. Pastor C. W. Duggins and wife are doing fine work; they are loved by the people. Both of them preach. Some fine saints here. We will continue the meetings two weeks.—B. T. FLANEY.

A MACEDONIAN CALL

Our Mexican church at Deming, New Mexico, has developed to such an extent that it has become necessary for them to have a settled pastor who can preach to them in Spanish, and an effort is being made to secure Rev. J. H. Estes, one of our former missionaries to Mexico, who has been serving our church at Wichita, Kan. The railroads have very kindly granted half-rate permits, which will reduce the amount needed to take himself and family there, to fifty dollars. Thirty dollars of this has been given, as reported by Brother S. D. Athans, in charge of the Mexican work at El Paso, Texas, so that twenty dollars is needed in order that Brother Estes and family may go at once to this most needy field of labor. This is a golden opportunity; large numbers of Mexicans can be reached with the Gospel, and many will be saved and shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Is it not your desire to have a part in this most gracious opportunity of bringing the Gospel of full salvation to these benighted people? Kindly send as much of the Lord's money as He would have you to send, to the Headquarters of General Missionary Board, 2109 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and it will be forwarded at once, to Rev. J. H. Estes, Wichita, Kan.

CALGARY, ALTA.

We are now on the field with the Nazarene church at Calgary. The people met us very cordially, and had done everything we could desire to make us feel at home among them. A five-room cottage furnished had been rented until we could arrange for housekeeping. Provisions stored in the kitchen for several days and supper awaiting us, ready to take possession. We were so thankful to God for such blessings. On Sunday, May 18th, our first Sabbath, we found the church and Sunday school running nicely. God especially blessed our souls and set His seal upon us. Four were at the altar during the day seeking the Lord. This is a strange land and a new people to us, having never been out of the United States before. A great western business city, and the country alive with activity! We feel like seeing things as alive for God and holiness. We are conscious of the saving and sanctifying power of God.—**BROTHER AND SISTER E. E. MARTIN.**

VIEW, WASH.

Another special effort has been put forth for the salvation of souls at View Nazarene church. Rev. E. F. Taylor, of Ridgefield, Wash., was with us for a week and did good work. He is a man of God and has a good record back of him to back up his preaching. We were also fortunate in securing Rev. C. Howard Davis, of First Church, Portland, Ore., for two days. His preaching was effective. Yesterday was the greatest day of the week. Brother Taylor preached in the morning service, and Rev. E. R. Lewis, from California, at night. One young man stood and cried aloud in penitence, and others were under tremendous conviction. Brother Lewis and his wife have made wonderful advancement since we saw them in

The Sanctified Heart

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How to Obtain It
How to Retain It**

By
REV. E. M. ISAAC

This is an entirely new booklet, which will be especially useful in teaching the doctrine of sanctification. We are gratified to be able to add it to our series of holiness booklets. To circulate this booklet will be work that will tell for good.

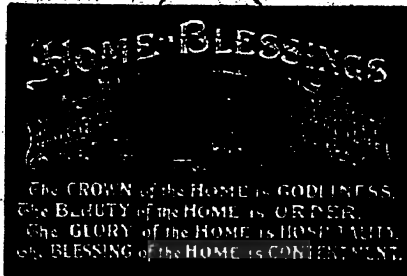
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2109 TROOST AVENUE,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Wall Mottoes

No. 537--Home Blessings

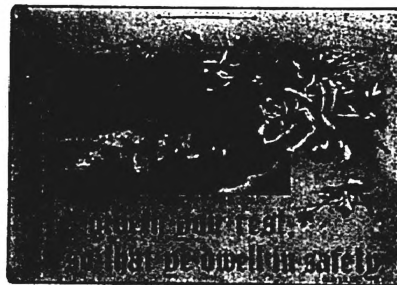
Size 13 x 9 inches; corded; 25 cents each.



Special Notice—This popular Motto for the home is now done on the velvet boards with landscape in panel and texts in white letters, and is having an increasing sale in this new style.

No. 552--Thoughts of Peace

Size 13 x 10 1/4 inches; corded; 25 cents each.



Four choice designs of roses and carnations, etc., with fine landscapes in panels. Texts in silver.

TEXTS

1. He giveth you rest, so that ye dwell in safety.
2. He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
3. Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.
4. I lay me down and slept, for the Lord sustained me.

***No. 626--Fellowship With God**

Size 11 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches.

Corded; 15 cents each.



Upright panel series of floral sprays in ornamental panel; printed in full color; a nice and tasteful series with texts in silver.

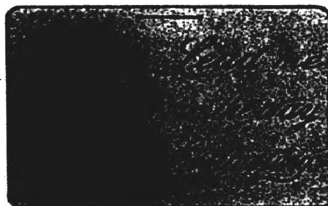
TEXTS

1. Bear ye one another's burdens, etc.
2. The Lord preserveth all them that love Him.
3. Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.
4. As thy days so shall thy strength be.

No. 591--My Refuge

Size 10 x 6 1/4 inches; corded; 10 cents each.

Floral Designs, with landscapes arranged in shape of a cross; a very attractive series; texts in silver.



TEXTS

1. Teach me Thy way, O Lord.
2. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
3. Lead me in the way everlasting.
4. In God have I put my trust.

Any of the above mottoes sent postpaid upon receipt of price.

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

California. It seems good to meet with old school-mates again. We believe a harvest shall be reaped from good seed sown in these meetings. The writer has been unanimously called back for another year, and we have gladly accepted.—**J. W. FRAZIER, Pastor.**

PARIS, TENN.

Last November we organized here a Nazarene church. Since then we have held services in the city hall, the courthouse, and just anywhere we could. We have held prayer meetings in private homes, and God has blessed from time to time in saving sinners and sanctifying believers. One sister has given us one of the most desirable lots the city affords, for a church building, and we are looking to our Father for the means to erect the house. We are now in a tent meeting on the lot, conducted by our pastor, Rev. C. E. Pollard, and Evangelist Hobbs, of Illinois. These men of God are assisted by faithful workers and we are expecting great results. We believe there was a need of the Nazarene church to conserve the work of holiness.—**MRS. M. C. BOSWELL.**

PORTLAND, ORE.

God is honoring His work in First Church, Portland. Last Sunday, May 17th, was marked by the presence and power of the Spirit, from the 9 o'clock prayer meeting in the morning, until the closing service in the evening. About 150 of our people attended the street meeting, and God blessed us there by sending a few strangers into the evening service as a result, but the best was served last, and after our pastor, Rev. C. Howard Davis, faithfully preached on hell, five responded to the altar call, at which time there was some mighty calling on God for pardon and purity. After the altar service God opened the windows of heaven. Such a time of rejoicing, shouting, weeping, and laughing, as we witnessed for half an hour or more, can never be described. We have a band of young people who are doing noble work. Last Wednesday, the women of our church met and organized for real, practical work, naming the organization "The Pastor's Helpers." These "helpers" will meet once a month to sew for the poor, or those needing their help. We are expecting through them.—**DELLA BRANDENBURG, Deaconess.**

REEVES, I.A.

I opened the battle here last Friday. Rev. I. L. Bennett is my co-laborer. Several have been to the altar. Brother Bennett's elder brother was saved last night. We will close here next Sunday night. I am in the evangelistic work now, and if any one should need me for a meeting, write me at Girard, La., as I have some open dates through the summer.—**S. D. SLOCUM.**

SAN JOSE, CAL.

Since our last report we have been "on the go" for the Lord constantly. We supplied the pastorate in Sellwood, our Portland Second

Many Infallible Proofs

The Evidences of Christianity

By **ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.**

Nothing can be considered settled which does not have a sound foundation. We believe, but a belief to be enduring must have its roots deep down into evidence. You believe that Jesus is the Son of God—that He was divine; the Messiah of the Old Testament and the world's promised Redeemer. Have you a clear knowledge of the evidences upon which your belief rests? In this volume Dr. Pierison gives us in an orderly arrangement the irrefutable proofs—convincing to any candid mind—that our faith, our hope in Jesus Christ is not misplaced; that He indeed is He who should come. While the treatment of the subject is scholarly, it is intensely interesting and not beyond the range of the young or unlearned.

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Church, for some weeks, where we believe the Lord blessed our ministry. From there we went to San Jose, Cal., to hold a meeting with Brother A. J. Neufeld, with intention of opening up our work in that city. We preached for three weeks in a hall, but did not organize. The meeting was poorly attended, and not much was accomplished. While holding that meeting some folks from the Swedish Baptist church, in San Jose, attended the meeting and came and invited us to come to their tabernacle and hold a meeting for them. So after closing the meeting for Brother Neufeld in the hall, we began a meeting for the Baptist church. On the second Sunday the break came. God blessed the folks, and many got sanctified. There was some stubborn opposition to holiness, as all thought that all holiness folks were "tongues, holy rollers, and jumpers, etc.," but after a sermon on Christian perfection, what it is and what it is not, the light broke in upon them, and they began to seek and many found the pearl of great price. People that are really saved crave for holiness, and all they need is to have some one come along and tell them how to get it. We begin next week a campaign with Rev. M. R. Dutton, pastor of our church at Milton, Cal., and from there we expect to hold a number of meetings in a large tent all around the mining camps of Calaveras County. —AUG. N. NILSON, *Evangelist*.

LINCOLN, NEB.

We closed a ten days' meeting at First Church of the Nazarene, Sunday, the 31st, commemorating the ten days' waiting of the disciples, in the upper room and Pentecost. The meeting began with the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, May 20th. The meeting was in charge of the pastor, Rev.

The GREAT Song-Book

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

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

As Others See It

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

Lincoln, Neb., May 28, 1914.

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

Yours sincerely,

W. H. PRESCOTT.

P. S.—Send me 100 copies by express.

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What Others Say of

"Caleb of the Hill Country"

The new book, "Caleb of the Hill Country," by C. A. McConnell, is fiction founded on fact, and should be read by everybody. In whatever section of the country read by holiness people, it will bring up a thrill of reminiscences of similar scenes and incidents which occurred in their own country some fifteen or twenty years ago. Wife and I read it and laughed and cried and enjoyed it as stirring history of another place than the scene where this story is laid. The style and plan and purpose of the book are fine and good, and only good can come of reading it.

B. F. HAYNES.

I have read the manuscript of C. A. McConnell's new book, "Caleb of the Hill Country," and gladly say I consider it a very interesting and helpful book.

It is written in story form as interesting and thrilling as a romance, but true to facts and history.

When one begins to read will hesitate to lay it down until finished. It shows the vileness of sin in some of its worst forms. Then the complete remedy in the Blood, makes clear the second blessing, demonstrating the meaning of Perfect Love. This book will be eagerly read and do great good.

A. S. COCHRAN.

"Caleb of the Hill Country" is the title of a new book written by C. A. McConnell, and is beautiful as a narrative, full of inspiring thought, and lasting in impression. The writer goes far enough into detail in describing characters and scenes to give a vivid portrait of each, and avoids monotony by keeping something new before the mind of the reader. The book is true to life. It deals with the real—holding before the eye a true picture of human nature.

One is made to realize more fully the obstructing influence of ignorance, the

midnight blackness of sin, and the direful effects of the liquor traffic, with the opposition of the carnal heart to its own highest good.

We see possibilities of a life, resolute in purpose, and consecrated to right principles. We further see the wholesome and much-needed influence of the good wife with her words of comfort, her wise counsel, and true loyalty to husband, home, and God.

While the author gives a dark picture of sin, he shows the all sufficiency of the risen Christ to remove it entirely from the human heart and give complete victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Brother McConnell has written because he had something to say, and what he has said, is well said. To read his book is to be benefitted, for it stirs the soul to a greater hatred of the liquor traffic, encourages with the thought that our labor for right is not lost, shows the awful end of the impenient, unveils the deceptive nature of the carnal mind with the necessity of a wholly sanctified heart, exalts true womanhood, and magnifies the Prince of Peace in the final triumph of the saints of God.

JAMES. J. BALLINGER.

The Autograph Edition

Owing to the delay in getting the illustrations ready for "Caleb of the Hill Country" we have decided to extend the offer on the autograph edition until July 1st. It will be about that time when the book is ready. The autograph edition will contain the author's picture and autograph and will be furnished at the regular price to all who send the money in advance of publication.

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L. R. Hoff until Sunday, the 24th, when Rev. John Matthews, of Kansas City, assisted the pastor and did the preaching. The coming of Brother Matthews was a benediction to us all. His spirit was fine; his preaching unctuous, strong and convincing. His visit to us will not soon be forgotten. The meeting closed Sunday evening in a veritable blaze of glory. Our church has purchased the property formerly owned by the United Evangelical church. It has two full lots of fifty feet each, two good houses—one built for a parsonage and the other for the district superintendent—and a good church, seating about 500. We made our first cash payment of \$2,000 on the 20th; another \$1,000 will be paid September 1st.—W. H. PRESCOTT.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

After more than eight years and one-half of faithful service with the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of Somerville, Mass., Rev. C. W. Pettit has resigned as pastor, and gone to a new field of labor. Brother Pettit preached his last sermon to us on Sunday evening, May 10th, at the close of which a young man came to the altar for reclamation and his wife for pardon. At the close of the Sunday school many members of the church and school spoke feelingly of Brother Pettit's long service with us, and resolutions were passed expressing the esteem and confidence of the church in Brother Pettit, and its regret at parting with him. These resolutions included his dear wife, who has rendered untiring service to the church and Sunday school in song and many other ways; also their daughter Frances, who has been very

efficient as organist, and as librarian for some time. Brother and Sister Pettit responded with much feeling to the godspeed of our church to them as they go to their labors in another state. The following Sunday, Rev. T. W. DeLong, of Salem, Mass., was with us, to whom our church extended a unanimous call to be our pastor for the present year. After much prayer and consideration, Brother DeLong has accepted the call. He was with us again on Sunday, May 24th, and at the close of the evening service a young lady who has recently come to West Somerville to live, was at the altar and blessedly reclaimed. Brother DeLong is an earnest worker, and we believe that with a united church behind him, God will bless his efforts in this place.—H. C. TWITHELL.

ALMYRA, ARK.

We are in a stubborn battle at this place. God is giving the messages and real conviction is on hearts. We go to King, Ark., next.—D. J. WAGONER.

MAIDEN, MASS.

Rev. W. E. Shepard, of California, is holding a blessed series of meetings for us. Souls are seeking at nearly every meeting. Last Sunday we buried one of our most precious members, Mrs. Charles E. Hulsman, who was with the church in its infancy. The saints are passing on—soon we shall all be gathered there. May God help us to go into this gospel war as never before! We look for a wonderful closing week with Brother Shepard.—LEROY D. PRAVEY.

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B. F. HAYNES, D. D., Editor
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C. J. KINNE, Agent

Minute Men!

In the Revolutionary times the "Minute Men" were the hope of the Colonies. The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene has her "minute men." They are ready to do their best in every effort for the advancement of the great work to which God has called us.

One of the most important things in the early days of any great movement is to secure suitable and adequate headquarters. By the providence of God our church has been especially favored in this line.

It will be an easy thing for our Sunday schools to pay the balance on our denominational headquarters this year, if all the schools become interested at once and keep the matter before the members.

The "minute men" are responding to the call, as you will see by the report in THE OTHER SHEEP for May.

Send for mite boxes. We are receiving the second order from some schools. Some are asking for fifty and one hundred mite boxes in their second order.

If your school does not get in line soon, its members can not be "minute men," as they march at the first call.

If you do not see your way clear to undertake to raise a stated amount, keep the matter before the school and get them to undertake to do their best. Furnish mite boxes to all who will use them, and give every one a chance to prepare for the great offering to be taken on November 8, 1914.

Let us hear from you. The mite boxes are furnished without charge.

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VISALIA, CAL.

This is the newest child on the San Francisco District. At the close of a month's meeting held by Dist. Supt. Fred St. Clair and the pastor, Rev. Charles E. Smith, a church was organized with thirty-eight staunch people. Since that time the work has gone forward in the regular services with twenty-five seekers. A lot has been purchased, and a tabernacle is being built. The pastor, Brother Smith, is pushing the battle along all lines. During the revival meeting the people of the city came by hundreds. The preaching of the gospel of full salvation seemed new to them, but they went in and got saved and sanctified in the good old-fashioned way, and were glad to become Nazarenes. They sent two delegates and the Sunday school superintendent to the Assembly, which convened three days after the organization of the church.—H. H. MILLER, Dist. Supt.

VENICE, CAL.

On coming from another denomination, and as strangers to the church here, we were received in the most cordial manner, and found a blessed people, filled with the Spirit, and with a warm spirit of unity existing among them, which of course helps to explain why they received the pastor so gladly. Soon after our coming the parsonage was filled one evening by the members and friends of the church, the occasion being a re-

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Montford, Wis., tent meeting June 4-21

ception to the pastor and wife and son Linton, a student the past year in our University at Pasadena. A very pleasant evening was spent in becoming better acquainted and planning coming work. After all had departed we found that another feature had been added to the evening, which was a good donation of things to eat. Our district superintendent, Brother Wilson, came over recently and preached to us a message full of grace and power, after which he received us into the church as members with words full of loving welcome and encouragement, and filled us all, pastor and people, with a more aggressive spirit for conquests and victories for our church and cause in this notorious indifferent Venice, which seems to have one mission and that to help people to forget God by using every device known to contribute to their desires for excitement and indulgence in more or less harmful things. We are asking God to help to stem the tide of worldliness in this place and in these days of opportunity for our churches.—FRED S. CONVERSE, Pastor.

MAKE THE MOST OF IT

You are not working in the right way if you are not learning continually to do more with your time, to pack into a single hour the achievement which once would have been spread over two or three. Everyone has the same number of hours a day at his disposal. The difference between successful people and the other sort is that the first class do as much with one hour as others can do with several.

You are not using time rightly unless you are making the most of it.

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