

HERALD of HOLINESS

OFFICIAL PAPER of the PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE.

VOLUME 3

KANSAS CITY, MO., AUGUST 19, 1914

NUMBER 19

Re- genera- tion

The wholly unfounded charge, once so prevalent among anti-holiness people, that the holiness teachers minimized regeneration, is nowhere more definitely and fatally answered than in the ninth article of faith of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, which reads as follows: "Regeneration is the new birth of the soul, through the gracious work of God, whereby the moral nature of the repentant believer is spiritually quickened, and given a distinctively spiritual life, capable of faith, obedience and love."

Here is (1) definition, (2) mediation, (3) condition, and (4) realization.

(1) The definition is that "regeneration is the new birth of the soul." This is terse, scriptural and full. It is the soul born from above, or born of the Spirit. It is what Christ taught Nicodemus on the subject. With this brief definition the article stops on the matter of definition, and wisely, for we can always safely stop when we have planted ourselves on the impregnable Word of God, as on Gibraltar, against which the quibbles of unbelief can batter with no results. We do not need psychology to enlighten us on this profoundly inward and mysterious subject. Psychology has no answer to the query, "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" Such questions science can ask but cannot answer. Science can raise questions, but can never satisfy the soul with facts or light or truth. God's Word simply and positively says: "Ye must be born from above." There must be a second birth by the Spirit of God. It stops right there, and souls begin coming into the kingdom. In America with our blazing civilization; in Africa with its slavery, its ignorance, its darkness and despair; in India's sunny clime, souls are born from above, and instantly they take up the same refrain of praise unto Him who hath washed us in His own blood and made us clean. This is all-satisfying, and we turn to science and say: "You can call later. When we have a more convenient season we will send for thee." And science is shown the door.

(2) But we have mediation as well as definition. This marvelous change is "through the gracious work of God." It is of grace, that no man should boast. It is through that channel which Martin Luther found as he crawled painfully up the stone stair case in penance, seeking peace for his soul. It is not of works. It is not mere reformation. It is not turning round in the road. It is not education—the evolution of that principle of righteousness supposed falsely to reside within us, which awaits the touch and alchemy of education to bring forth. Nay, it is not any one, or all these things combined, with which superficial thinkers in their pride would beguile us away from the supernatural, and exalt the human in its stead. This mighty work is through *the gracious work of God*. Hear this, and let the gainsaying plausible infidelity of the churches stand back and uncover in the presence of *the Divine*. God comes. The *Almighty* speaks and works, and from death in trespasses and sins, behold the soul stands forth arrayed in the habiliments of the skies, even the righteousness of the saints. Behold what hath God wrought! A work like Himself—super-human, supernatural, divine. From dust to divinity; from sordidness to saintliness; from grossness to godliness; from baseness to benignity; from the gutter to glory; from sin to salvation, a soul is brought instantaneously by the mighty power of the very God of Heaven.

(3) The condition is as evidential of the divine as the

character of the work wrought. The condition is simple repentance and faith—it is the "repentant believer" who is amenable to this "gracious work of God." Not the man who decided to turn in his tracks and do the best he could. Not the man who seeks the educating and enlightening mediation of one of these blind leaders of the blind. Not the man who, obedient to the mandates of destructive critics, discards the Word of God as the Word of God, and pins his faith to the shallow and nonsensical homeopathic, or kindergarten, or hygienic pills, plasters and paregoric of these peripatetic parsons of churchly and scholarly infidelity. No. It is a route of lonely self-abnegation, like the Master, who, as to its solitariness at least, "trod the winepress alone." It is by repentance and faith. This exalts God and abases man. These substitutes proposed exalt man and abase God. It is a reversal of the biblical and the right and logical order.

(4) Then comes realization—the life following this mighty work of the Mighty God. This is a spiritual life, capable of faith, obedience and love. The regenerated become spiritual, and it becomes supernaturally natural for them to trust, obey and love the Lord. True, they find inward besetments battling against this life of trust, obedience and love, but they make this fight of noble resistance until they are led to see the way of their deliverance. God will show them He has some better thing for them, if they are faithful to this first great bequeathal with which He entrusts them. This "Some Better Thing" is the subject of the next article.

The Differ- ence

Somebody has said: "An ignorant man may steal freight from a box car on a railroad. Educate him and he will steal the railroad itself." This about expresses it. It is easy to claim too much for education. It was never and is not now and never will be the province of education to reform the nature or the life of men. There may or may not be an improvement in the life or conduct after education, but this change will be not from education so much as from other influences, in contact with which one is brought by the process of education. This change will never reach the seat of the trouble by altering the nature of the individual, by which any effectual and permanent improvement will be wrought. The changes will be merely a restraint put upon the educated from association with some teacher or other pupil, which will in a measure help to lessen the actual indulgence in evil ways. The evil nature will still be there, and it awaits only the adequate incitement in the way of reward or gain to plunge into the wrong and sin. The worst evils that afflict society today are from men of education, who are rendered the more accomplished scoundrels by the education they have received.

There is absolutely nothing in education *per se* to make any change or improvement in the nature of man, and all the evils and wrongs which afflict society come from within man, where resides the principle of evil in that nature called carnality or depravity. Here is the root source of all our ills, individual, social, domestic, and of all other sorts. There must needs be a radical work of grace in the heart of man, changing the very nature of man, and thus turning back nature's rapid, black tide until the outflow is different, and goodness and charity and mercy, benignity and love go forth instead of the ugly brood of evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, bitterness and death. God alone can make this change, and He stands ready to do the work. Man must seek this change if he would be

rid of the evils within as well as the evils without. A superficial reformation without can in a measure patch up the outward, and by a constraint there can be an improvement, fitful, uncertain and temporary. The change needed is radical, steady, lasting, because deep down in the very nature the Holy Spirit has wrought mightily and produced the work called being "born from above." This is the need and this God has provided for us. Let us insist upon this radical work as the least man can depend upon for a good start in life. Then, this gift faithfully lived up to, will soon discover the need of the still deeper and more radical work of sanctification, which will implant the Pentecost within the cleansed soul to bestow power and victory and grace for the great work to which God calls and which He permits His disciples to accomplish.

*To
Fill
Empty
Seats*

Brother C. E. Cornell raises the question: "What can the preacher do to fill empty seats beside preaching?" We do not profess to be a specialist in this matter. We would humbly offer some suggestions which are brought to our mind by the question of this successful and wide-awake pastor. Doubtless Brother Cornell could greatly help any in need of light on this point by a recital of his own methods of avoiding empty seats.

It is a painful fact that in our cities especially, and too generally also in the towns and country places, there is a sad decline in church attendance. In the cities there is but one thing to do, and it is perhaps the same in all places. That thing is to take the Gospel to those who will not come to the places where it is regularly preached. Every city church should provide some method for the general and rapid preaching of the Gospel to the unchurched multitudes of our cities. We know no better way than for the congregation to purchase a commodious Gospel auto or truck or car sufficiently large to carry from a dozen to twenty persons. Then select a large company of musical persons who can use the violin, the cornet, the tambourine and other instruments, and two or three efficient street preachers; generally the latter can include the pastor himself, and hold from four to seven street meetings in the city every Sunday afternoon. Let thousands of tracts and Bible portions, and circulars telling of the church services, the pastor and the place of the church, be kept on hand, and let these be distributed by the thousand by a special committee or two or three young people during each street meeting.

Some such plan as this seems to us the imperative need of the hour. How else are we to reach these multitudes? By such a persistent and systematic plan any city can have the Gospel preached throughout its borders every month perhaps, and this repeated throughout the summer and fall and spring. We believe it would tell greatly and favorably upon the church attendance and church influence with these unchurched multitudes, besides the actual salvation work accomplished by the street preaching. The use of the auto will greatly expedite matters enabling a company of workers to hold three or four times as many services in the same period of time as could be done without it. This is one of the troubles of the old plan. It is so slow to get around with anything like satisfaction when the usual methods are employed. Then the novelty of the plan would strike the people we seek to reach. In addition to all this, this plan would give employment to a large number of our young people and older ones as well for actual salvation work, which would greatly conduce to their own spiritual development. Many of our city churches are suffering from inertia among their membership, because of lack of such opportunities as this plan would afford. These large city churches have the money with which to purchase the necessary auto cars. They also have the members blessed with the musical gifts and acquirements to properly man such an enterprise. There are generally preachers enough for the holding of a half dozen such meetings every Sunday afternoon. In a year's time, faithfully pursued, there is no telling what vast amount of good would be accomplished by this system.

We believe the great and crying need of our city life, or rather our city Gospel destitution, is for every city church of sufficient strength to buy and properly man such an auto machine and diligently use it every Sunday. Let the matter of tract and Scripture portion distribution be one great feature of this matter. Literally sow down our cities with such literature, and thus indoctrinate the people. Would not such appliances and methods of city evangeliza-

tion go largely toward removing the deep-rooted and growing prejudice now prevailing among the masses against the church? Would they not reason simply and directly to the conclusion that a body of people who took this expense and pains to bring the Gospel to them after their stolid indifference and abuses of the church, were after all really interested in them? Would they not thus be compelled to come to the conclusion that the church is really their friend?

From every point of view it seems to us that this is a needed and a feasible plan for filling empty pews. If the people were not trended to our churches, they would at least get the Gospel, and those saved would come to our churches most surely.

*Experience
and
Scripture*

"Should the Scripture interpretation be made by individuals to conform to or fit their own heart experience; if so, are such interpretations safe?" Such is the question propounded. We must say, No. This would make the variable thing of men's experience the rule of faith and practice. The Scripture is the only safe rule of faith and practice. The suggested course in the query would open the way for endless confusion and discord by the variant and often contradictory experiences of people. In addition it would lead to fanaticism. Men would be found looking within for conclusive and determinative leadings instead of broadly and reverently consulting the Word of God for light and direction.

Anything which trends the thought and mind of men away from the authority and light of the revealed Word of God for the direction and guidance of men in all spiritual affairs, can but have the unhappiest effect, and be attended with results of injury and damage to the authority and influence of the Word among men. Whereas everything tending in the opposite direction of increasing the influence of the Word should be encouraged.

Evil and only evil can come of erecting individual experience into a determinative place of authority in the realm of interpretation of the Word. We understand perfectly well that men differ in their interpretation of the Word, but it cannot be argued from this that the Word is therefore equally unreliable as a guide in the matter, or as authority in the realm of human experience. There is a vast difference between the two. Experience is in the realm of the human. The Word is in the realm of the divine. Men may differ, but the Bible remains true, and the standard remains the same even though not one man in a hundred hit upon the truth in the matter of his experience. Set aside the Bible, and the standard is destroyed altogether, for there is no authority to determine which of the ten thousand variant and contradictory experiences is entitled to be considered the true criterion. There must be an established standard, and the Bible is that. Then men must be brought as nearly as possible to agreement with the teachings of that standard.

God is great and gracious in His providence, and in His keeping power, and in His leading and guidance by His Spirit. But it must not be forgotten that He is as great and merciful and gracious in His Word of Revelation. He leads, but plainly by the light of His Word. God does not propose that the believer's mind and judgment must abdicate their throne entirely, and the individual in supineness await the awakening and light of direct spiritual impressions. This would be a most sad and unsatisfactory method for the God of heaven to assume in His dealing with us. We must first of all seek in His Word for light and help, meanwhile praying diligently for His overruling mercy and love and power to help us to see and understand the Word in its relation to the need in hand.

He will thus help and overrule, and often lead to the proper course, when, without such prayer, we might have erred, not knowing or properly understanding the Scriptures. He will always honor His Word and He insists upon our honoring it also. We must defer to this Word if we would have God to draw near us in blessed fellowship and guidance and blessing.

THE EVER NEW and never old nature of the Bible is its greatest wonder and its matchless charm. Robert Hall raised a most pertinent question when he asked: "What other book beside the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never dloys?"

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY:

News Notes

The prospectus for the Emmanuel Private School, Los Angeles, has been received and we are glad to note the signs of care in its founding as well as in the personnel of the faculty and the general appointments. We are rejoiced to see these schools springing up in our church, and trust they may increase until we can afford such facilities for all our children. Sister Knott deserves much credit for her great foresight and wisdom and success in this laudable enterprise. We wish it the greatest success.

Onward the world-movement swings its triumphant way! Now comes over the crest of the hill the classic features of old Virginia bound for the goal of state-wide prohibition. Her Governor Stuart has issued an order for an election on September 22d, on the question of state-wide prohibition. A petition signed by 69,936 voters had been presented asking for such an election.

That concerted movement for the reading of the Bible in public schools is at work, and every patriot wishes it success. The bodies engaged in this work of restoration are the Association of Church Education Boards, the Federal Council of Churches, the International Sunday School Association, and the International Young Men's Christian Association. The National Reform Association has long been engaged in the same work.

The revival notes from the field give assurance that our church is moving along on full salvation lines with success in winning souls to Christ. This is our business, and we must not fail here whatever else we may do or may not do.

Chicago receives from its licensed saloons a little over seven million dollars. The cost of taking care of its dependents is double this sum, and these dependents of all classes are rendered so almost exclusively by the saloon. This is great financiering.

A union of all the principal branches of Methodists in the United States would make a Methodist Church with more than six million members. This union is being diligently sought.

Mr. Carnegie has found out that building Peace Palaces and donating millions of money cannot cure the war spirit. Money has its limitations, as slow as some men are to see it. Not gold but grace reaches the source of war down in the abyss of the depraved, carnal heart of man.

The Vatican is about now the busiest spot in all Europe. The ceaseless study and pondering of the war situation in search for some ghoulish advantage out of the carrion of disgraceful war by the alert Jesuits and trained diplomatists goes on by day and night. What they are to gain or lose is not yet apparent.

Rome is using the rope being given her by her mob spirit in attempts to prevent free speech in lectures by American citizens undertaken peaceably. A Rome-ruled police force in these places refuse to interfere by getting

conveniently blind to these most public outbreaks. Remedy: Cease electing anybody but patriotic and America-ruled Americans to public office in this country. Romanists are treasonable to America, and are ruled from an Italian city to which authority they claim to owe first and paramount obedience.

A distressing accident between a steam passenger train and a railroad gasoline car occurred on the Kansas City Southern tracks August 5th, near Joplin, Mo., in which fifty-six people were killed and some twenty-eight injured. The trains were running very fast. The blame is placed upon the gasoline train crew, who seemed to have ignored the order under which they were running.

Mexico seems nearer peace than for many years. There seems to have been reached a basis of peace between the Provisional President Carbajal and the rebels in which Villa also enters. It is to be hoped they may succeed in securing a permanent peace for this distressed country.

The United States sent seven and a half millions of money for helping the army of tourists home from Europe.

Alfred T. Mahan, a high American naval authority, gives forth the opinion that the present war among European nations is "one of calculated aggressiveness by Germany, and an inexcusable act." If the issue shall prove the correctness of this surmise, history will visit condign punishment upon Germany in merited obloquy and contempt. There can scarcely be conceived punishment too severe upon any country or ruler for bringing on a war so widespread and destructive as this one must prove if prosecuted.

The Wilson administration has taken every precaution very properly to maintain the strict neutrality of the United States in the present international struggle pending. This will be a difficult task, but one that must be performed at all hazards. Let war be averted and peace maintained in this country.

It is to be hoped that the return of our General Superintendent, Dr. H. F. Reynolds, from his world missionary tour may not be interrupted by the great war, and that he may be able to be present at the meeting of the General Mission Board in October. Let prayer be made for our brother's welfare and health and safe return.

We rather expect that the North Sea will be the scene of the Waterloo of Germany in the greatest naval battle the world ever saw. William II well deserves such a rebuke to his inordinate and vaulting egotism. It is a pity that multitudes of his innocent subjects will have to be sacrificed on the ignoble altar of his vanity.

We cannot read in advance God's footsteps. Providence is best read backward. We look now back at French history and see how He dealt with France after her disgraceful abandonment of God in pagan indifference and brutal and brutalizing sensuality and infidelity, repudiating the Bible, and God's Sabbath, and marriage. Still further back we see how

terrible was His chastisement of Spain in reducing her from a proud, masterly world-power to her present humble dimensions. Germany has poured her slime of rationalism upon America and the world long decades, until there has followed a debauchment of the faith of countless millions, and a hardening and an incrustation of churches appalling. May be Germany will feel the correcting hand of God in a dire defeat, if not dismemberment, under Great Britain's blows. If so, let America look out for her day of reckoning, for she does not stand guiltless with her inundation beneath the waves of materialism and commercialism and higher criticism. God will be known in one way or another. Better recognize Him in His mercy than feel His hand in retribution.

The licensed liquor traffic has received another heavy blow. This time it was in the way of a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court by which an important part of Minnesota, including some of its largest cities, becomes prohibition territory. The decision was rendered because of an old Indian treaty and in the suit the Indian occupied the position of advocating the "dry" claims, while the white man was for the "wet." This territory is, by a great majority of its population, against prohibition, but the great arm of the federal government is behind the order to the saloons to move on, and will enforce the order, we trust. In the original treaty by which the Chippewa Indians ceded their lands to the United States for white settlement, it was stipulated that no liquor was to be sold on the lands. This is, therefore, a righteous decision, and ought to be enforced. It is a solemn and impressive irony that the heathen appear as standing for decency and sobriety, while the civilized and educated and advanced whites stand and contend for drunkenness and debauchery and murder, which are the inevitable outcome of the liquor traffic.

China seems to be moving up space. Yuan Shih Kai, president of the Chinese government, recently placed two of his daughters in a Peking mission school. The Commissioner of Education, in Peking, is also advising his fellow officials to send their children to mission schools. On leaving his son at a Methodist mission school, a government official said to him: "This is the best school in the city. You must remember that these Christians are different from the rest of the Chinese. When they teach the Bible, and the facts about their religion, I want you to give special attention, so that you may learn what it is that makes them different."

Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, formerly editor of the *Central Christian Advocate* in St. Louis, Mo., and once pastor of a Methodist church in Kansas City, and a distinguished soldier in the Union army, also an author of note, has died. He was prominent in his church. We heard him preach while he was pastor in Jacksonville, Fla.

The sweetest face in all the world to me,
Set in a frame of shining, silver hair,
With eyes whose language is fidelity;
This is my mother. Is she not most fair?

Seven little heads have found their sweetest rest
Upon this pillow of her loving breast;
The world is wide, yet nowhere does it keep
So safe a haven, so secure a rest.

More Than We Ask

I asked for just a crumb of bread.
Within His banquet-hall He spread
A bounteous feast on every side—
My hungry soul was satisfied. o

I asked for just a ray of light
To guide me through the gloomy night,
And lo, there shone along my way
The noon-tide glory of the day.

I asked for just a little aid,
As I stood trembling and afraid.
With strength I had not known before
He made me more than conqueror.

I asked for just a bit of love,
For love is sweet. From heaven above
The words came now with meaning new.
"Upon the cross I died for you."

—Faith Wells, in the Sunday Schill Times.

Gratitude

It is impressive what a large space is occupied by the Psalmist in ascriptions of gratitude and praise to God for His mercies and goodness. He never tires of making these songs of praise and he calls upon universal nature to join him in the glad melody. How true it is that the goodness of God should lead us to Him in happy love and surrender. It is like the beasts of the field to luxuriate in the bounties of God in utter neglect and disregard of the bountiful giver. The swine will eat to the full from the feed cast forth by the farmer and then perhaps turn in anger and seek to rend the one from whose hands he has just received his feed. So with the sons of men, ingratitude is often practiced, and God is disregarded and neglected as though He had done nothing for us. An exchange gives the following illustration of base ingratitude, which at the same time is only another form of the same spirit many exercise toward the Christ who died for them:

A beautiful young mother in New York City, returning to the building in which her little infant lay asleep, was appalled to see the building in flames. The firemen could not restrain her and she dashed through the flames and rescued her child, but in doing so, she was so severely burned that her face was horribly disfigured for life. When she looked at her face in the glass after it was healed, she was shocked at her disfigurement, but was comforted by the thought that when her little daughter grew up she would appreciate the sacrifice that her mother had made to rescue her. The little child did grow up to be a young woman of uncommon beauty. She was much admired and petted.

One day there was an excursion up the river and both mother and daughter went. The beautiful daughter was on the front deck surrounded by a host of admirers, laughing and talking. The disfigured mother was on the rear deck looking after the wraps and other things. The mother had occasion to go to the front deck to speak to her daughter. As she drew near, a gay young man asked the beautiful young girl, "Who is that hideous looking woman?" In a low tone, the beautiful daughter said, "I don't know." But the words were not so low but what the mother caught them, and that loving heart was broken by the gross ingratitude of the daughter for whom she had sacrificed so much.

How we shudder at the thought of such awful ingratitude, but are we not guilty of a grosser ingratitude towards our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? His visage was more marred than any man's and His form more than the sons of men, and yet how many today are ashamed of Him and say, "I do not know Him."

Seasons of Depression

Perhaps there are such seasons to some unfortunate souls which no state of grace effectually cures or prevents. To all such there are helpful things to be remembered. There must be no surrender to these periods of discouragement. One thought is that things

could have been worse, bad as they may seem to be now. Another thing well to remember, if it be possible in such seasons, is that things are always magnified by those in discouragement. It is part of this malady to exaggerate the misfortunes over which we get depressed. Another thing to be remembered is that there is no tunnel which has not light at both ends. Dark as may appear the tunnel as we enter, and the light recedes until lost, it is a fact that there is light at the other end toward which we are traveling, and we only need patience to wait for reaching that further end toward which we tend. Then, we are to consider that we have a Savior who has been touched with a feeling for our infirmities, having been tempted in all points like as we are, and who can therefore sympathize with us in all our trials. Frank B. McAllister, writing in *Congregationalist* on the "Ebb Tides of the Soul," says:

Discouragement is a very dangerous mood and we should beware of it. Ships are apt to strike all kinds of reefs when the tide is out and so are craft on what poets call the sea of life. In hours of depression we are apt to do and say many foolish things. Judgment is warped and right decisions are practically impossible. Discouraged people cannot, as a rule, see facts clearly or work with full effectiveness.

The only safe rule is to fight the mood as one would fight the plague. There are various first-aid-to-the-depressed remedies that any one may apply in his own case. A brisk walk in God's beautiful out of doors is one of the best. Blue devils hate fresh air and will run at the smell of it. Nature is so immense and calm and untroubled that our little worries seem rather insignificant when we come into her presence.

Then there are always certain rather uninteresting but necessary tasks, that we have put off in happier hours that may be gotten through with when the tide is out. To set resolutely at such practical matters as need attention, to clear off accumulated odds and ends of work is, strangely enough, another way back to a normal and contented mind.

It is well enough to remember withal, that the tide is coming in again. States of depression are only transient. By and by the returning floods of hope and courage will surge over us.

John Kendrick Bangs says:

I never knew a night so black
Light failed to follow on its track.
I never knew a storm so gray
It failed to have its clearing day.
I never knew such bleak despair
That there was not a rift, somewhere.
I never knew an hour so drear
Love could not fill it full of cheer!

A Monster Machine

Engines for the destruction of human life are constantly increasing in their capacity for the work of destruction. The nations seem to be vying with each other in these devices. Each nation among the leading ones seems determined to outdo the others. Now comes news of the great sixteen-inch gun just made by the United States for the fortification of the Panama Canal, which seems to be ahead of anything yet made of the kind. The facts of its size and possible work are as follows:

When its breech-loading device has been perfected at the Breachvlet Arsenal the great sixteen-inch gun, the biggest piece of ordnance in the world, which has just been shipped from the Sandy Hook proving grounds, will be practically ready for service on the Panama fortifications. The carriage for this gun is under construction. It probably will be taken back to Sandy Hook for tests after being mounted, and will not be shipped to Panama before next spring.

Some idea may be got of the tremendous power of this gun, destined to protect the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal, by the fact that it is fifty feet long, weighs 142 tons, and fires a projectile about six feet long. The

projectile itself weighs a ton and is discharged by 655 pounds of powder.

This gun has a maximum range of from twenty-two to twenty-three miles. The elevation permitted by its carriage will enable the gun to fire a projectile about eleven miles across the Pacific Ocean. It has sufficient power, theoretically, to pierce two feet of the best armor plate at the muzzle. At eleven miles the gun is calculated to pierce a twelve-inch armor plate, or any side armor afloat.

"The Best" the Very Worst

This is about the way to put it. What poses as the "best society" is usually about the lowest and most dangerous to all decent and respectable people and their children. Many of the rich and so-called highest people socially are such as are pleased to call themselves the "best society," and from just such real society and the church and the state have most to fear in the debauchment of ideals and good morals and real manhood and real womanhood for the future men and women of the country. It is just these deluded and vulgar rich and "elite," so-called, that set the traps that allure to destruction and ruin our young people. They cannot see how these people high up in the churches of the land and in the matter of wealth and social standing can possibly be otherwise than safe to follow. So they are followed to their debauchment and damnation forever in hell. Their sad doom is the same doom which awaits these false and blind leaders of the young. Hell is the final fate of all such, and it had as well be plainly and repeatedly said until they are brought to see and feel the truth, if they have not been rocked to their fatal and final sleep of torpor and hopelessness on these subjects by a faithless hireling ministry. We have more to fear from the bullion of the big than from the bagnios of the bad. Sylvanus Stall, who has written so many useful and splendid books for young people, especially, says, in *Christian Work and Evangelist*:

This "best society" is often composed of the leaders in every extreme, extravagant and vulgar fashion. When a dance more obscene than the rest is devised, they are the first to welcome and adopt it. If the saloon invents a new form of evil and introduces into it indecent, degraded and prostitute women who serve drinks to be-sotted and degraded men, moving up and down among the tables only half clad, exciting the basest passions, and by their very bearing invite the vilest suggestions and engagements for the most immoral purposes—I say, if the saloon introduces a thing of this kind, and calls it a "cabaret," then these people who call themselves the "best society" introduce a cabaret party, and appear in costumes which simulate the costumes of the girls in the real cabaret, and whose appearance cannot do other than excite in the men vile passions and, indeed, in some considerable measure at least, the same moral degradation and the same social and physical ruin as the real cabaret. These "best people," instead of imitating the best things and setting the best example, imitate the worst things and exert the worst influence upon the community at large of any people who reside within its bounds. The dastardly doings on the first floor of a "house of shame" are not more disgraceful than what these "best people" of the "best society" often pride themselves upon in many of the fashionable public gatherings. And even then, if they were ashamed of their doings, it would not be so bad; but, in their cabaret attire, they have pride and pleasure in posing before the camera to aid in the penny-police of the editor who is willing to use the pictorial pages of his Sunday issue to debauch the public at large by giving the indecent exposures of these "best people" of the "best society."

The one who proves that anger may be holy, leads me upon the ground marked "Dangerous," while he who moves my heart to pity and the exercise of melting love, beckons me to the upland paths of safety.

Open Parliament

The Spread of Mormonism

Written by REV. C. E. CORNELL

Open Parliament

THERE are two thousand Mormon missionaries at work in this and other countries. To keep these missionaries in the field, costs a million dollars annually. The Mormons claim that these missionaries, or their families, raise this enormous sum, but many persons believe that they are largely supported by the Mormon hierarchy. These missionaries are in labors abundant, going from house to house, distributing tons of Mormon literature, and exhorting the people.

Mormons are also building churches in various cities and towns of the United States. There seems to be but a little handful of them, but they are able to put up costly churches and "office" houses. They get the money from *somewhere*. In this way they are gradually getting a foothold in all sections of this country.

This is a free country, and each of us has a right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. But Mormonism teaches that polygamy is the salvation of the human race; it takes special pains to convince women that the only way to eternal salvation is through the gates of the harem. "It has elevated its polygamous families as an aristocracy of the church." It is self-evident that the Mormon church will never give up the teaching or practice of polygamy. Thus, this unique, incomparable, religious system is a menace to the perpetuity and welfare of the nation, and a stench in the nostrils of decent men and women, and our Holy God.

Mormonism has violated every agreement entered into at the time Utah entered the sisterhood of states. Broadly speaking, the covenants of the Mormon church were three.

1. To abstain from the teaching and practice of polygamy forever more.
2. To abstain from the teaching of disloyalty and from all attempt to control the affairs of state by the authority of the church.
3. To use the church funds (a vast estate having been restored by an act of Congress to the church) only in such good works as were consistent with the purpose of Congress in making the restoration.

Each of these covenants have been, and are now, being violated. "The latest books of Mormon doctrine teach directly the divinity of polygamous practice." Joseph F. Smith, Prophet of the Mormon church, swore to the fact before the Senate Committee, that he lives openly with five wives. The Chicago Journal recently referred to this distinguished Mormon, "Joseph F. Smith, president of the Mormon church, prophet, seer, and revelator to all the world, husband of five wives, and father of forty-three children—twelve of whom were born after Mr. Smith pledged his word and oath to abandon polygamy, has invoked the Mann 'white slave' act to punish a chap who ran away to California with a girl formerly employed in the prophet's household. The force of hypocrisy could no farther go. The staunchest opponent of slang could with perfect consistency say that this is the limit. There is no more beyond.

"Prophet Smith came to Chicago recently. He brought with him a lady said to be his 'fifth wife,' and the two lived and posed as husband and wife throughout the entire trip. Smith's legal wife was at home in Salt Lake City all the time!"

It ought to be evident to any thoughtful reader that Smith and the young man he was

after were on a par—both serious violators of the "white slave" Mann act, only Smith was a Mormon. Does the Mormon church guarantee its devotees special privileges, and special indecencies to flaunt in the face of decent people? Is it not clear, that if a Mormon president, and prophet thus sets the example of polygamous practice that the same privileges must adhere among the rank and file of Mormon church members?

In the investigation by the Senate Committee, they found that the Mormon church still teaches an oath of disloyalty against the people of the United States. The Mormon church is not only the most compact and unified piece of religious machinery in the world, but it is just as unified and compact as a political organization. Reed Smoot, an active Mormon apostle, now Senator from Utah, testified that he obtained *permission* from the president of the Mormon church to be a candidate for the United States Senate. This is only another way of saying that Smoot was appointed to the United States Senate, for whoever the president of the Mormon church desires elected

Trust in God

HARVEY R. HANSON

When Caleb took his land he saw
The sons of Anak there;
But did he then forsake his God
And give up in despair?
Of course not; he believed that God
His promise would fulfill
And so asked Joshua for the land,
Not fearing any ill.

Though enemies on every hand
Against us may unite,
As long as we're on Jesus' side
We'll conquer in the fight.
The armor of the Lord put on,
And having done all, stand;
Our Captain will deliver us
By His almighty hand.

it must come to pass. Thus the second agreement is openly violated.

The third violation is in the fact that the Mormon church has never made any account of the funds it received in trust. This fund is now fabulous, and is used in a thousand ways to promote the teachings of polygamy, and to protect and reward polygamists. When a Mormon gets too old or too poor to pay "tithes" he is shoved off into the public poor houses, and the care of the tax-payers. Robbed of his sustenance during his life by a heartless ecclesiasticism, and made to suffer when old and no account. Mormonism, thy crimes will be uncovered in the judgment!

The teachings of Mormonism are most abhorrent and disgusting. First, they have a dominating Priesthood. These priests are God's. The Priesthood act for God and what it does God does. Of course, the Priesthood is infallible. When the Priesthood speaks, it is as though the angles had spoken. Thus they make no mistakes, and commit no sins, although Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution sells liquor at wholesale and retail. Mormonism teaches a plurality of gods, and its gods grow. Here is one of its epigrams: "As man is God once was, as God is, man may be."

The whole cult is intensely carnal, gross, sensual. Rev. Robert F. Coyle, D. D., a sane and careful student of Mormonism, writing in the *Christian Statesman*, says: "The Mormon mind as expressed in its theological teachings runs to sexualism. It is corporeal, and shockingly of the earth earthly in its ideas. If Mormonism teaches a plurality of gods, it also teaches that the gods have a plurality of wives. It teaches, moreover, that every good Mormon may become a god and as such continue his marital relations in the next life in the fullest physical sense. A man and his wife may have children after the resurrection provided they 'enter into an everlasting covenant and be married for eternity, while in this probation, by the power and authority of the Holy Priesthood.' 'Will the resurrection,' asks Orson Spencer in his letters, a Mormon authority, 'return you a mere female acquaintance that is not to be the wife of your bosom in eternity?' 'No,' he answers, 'God forbid; but it will restore you the wife of your bosom immortalized, who shall bear children from your own loins in all worlds to come. . . . This, sir, was couched to Abraham, this makes the promise great.'" Doctor Coyle further states that Mr. Roberts, one of the most eloquent exponents of Mormonism, declares on the authority of Prophet Joseph Smith, that procreation, the merely animal function by which children are brought into the world, is not to pass away, but is to be 'one of the chief means of man's exaltation in that great eternity which like an endless vista stretches away before him.'

Any one ought to be able to see that the dominant thought throughout all of this dirty teaching is sensuality. It is wicked, devilish and abhorrent. No people can rise higher than its morals. Such immorality will sink a people to the lowest hell. Yet, Mormonism wants to capture and rule the United States, and is spreading its subtle teachings everywhere.

Mormonism is not only an avowed enemy of religion based upon the Word of God, but it is a virulent enemy of the government. Here is an oath which every faithful Mormon must take:

"You and each of you do covenant and promise that you will pray and never cease to pray Almighty God to avenge the blood of the prophets upon this nation, and that you will teach the same to your children and your children's children unto the third and fourth generation." Think of it! and yet we Americans will allow a man like Reed Smoot, who took this oath, to sit in the highest law-making body of the land, when he has sworn to destroy this republic. Treason! is a moderate word. Consistency! I am ashamed of thee!

There is no institution in the land that lies with such brazen-faced impunity, is so hypocritical in its pretensions, that openly practices deception with such avidity, and is so full of duplicity and intrigue. "They practice deception in matters of religion. They win converts by false promise, by holding out false hopes, by misrepresenting their doctrines, and by suppressing their gross and repulsive features."

Let our people beware of these Mormon elders. Cry out against this serious American menace. It must not live in this land of churches and Bibles.

Preserve your simple taste and manners. Plainness and simplicity of dress, early hours, and rational amusements, I wish you to practice.—Robert E. Lee to his daughter.

The Conversion of Old Man Mason

From "Calcb of the Hill Country"

ALL over the hill country, for the first time in that generation, in the rude cabins men sat, morning and night, before the light of the open fireplace, slowly, painfully, with toil-disfigured finger tracing out the words of some easy verse of the Bible, while the children stood about in awed silence at the strange doings since "pap got religion."

To be sure, the old warehouse lacked the air of sanctity we all associate with a church, yet it is probable there were scores who came and heard, and stayed to find God in that rough hall, who would not have been induced to come into a church building. Certainly it was one of this class who stood at the open doors on a night of which I write. For nearly two months the services had run, and late February was bringing its promise of spring. Daily Old Man Mason had passed the hall, and jeered and scoffed and reviled, as he beheld the thronging crowds. For thirty-eight years his foot had not crossed the threshold of a church, in accordance with a vow he made in that black hour when he cursed God. This night he had not been drinking—he was walking out home sober, and from some strange cause his mind was full of the scenes of his youthful days, days before ———. He was opposite the old hall when he seemed to come to himself. Within, the audience was singing.

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

A pain like the sting of an arrow seemed to pierce his heart. "The song she sang when ———" Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he stepped to the open door where he could hear more easily. A crowd of late comers from the country pressed behind, and he found himself standing within the building. "Well," thought he, "it's not a church, anyway."

The preacher's subject was the blood of Jesus—its power to cancel the sins of a lifetime, and restore the soul to health and purity in the sight of God. No matter how deep sin had gone, said the preacher, the blood cure went deeper; no matter how strong the bands of appetite and habit, which bound their victim, the love of Jesus was able to set completely free.

Old Man Mason stood and listened—listened to the proclamation of the true Gospel as he had not since the days of his young manhood. Was it true? Was there any such love in the universe? and could it be for him? A strange trembling seized him, and he turned toward the door as though he would leave the house, but his feet would not move. The fragrance of honeysuckle blossoms came with thronging memories. *She* had worn them in her hair! Ah, he had been a clean, sober man then, but ———

Some one was taking him by the hands—his hands as cold as the hands of death—and speaking his name. Was it *she*—had she come back to plead with him as she had before ———?

We say things happen, and we wonder. But He who formed the limitless expanse of worlds, also fashioned the delicate beauty of the shell no larger than a grain of sand. From the greatest to the least, all come under His thought, His planning, His care. Nellie Wainwright did not know why she stopped to break a spray of honeysuckle for her hair, as she passed on the way to church; she did not know why she turned that moment in the

hall, and looked back toward the door; she did not know why she made her way to the town terror, the vile drunkard and blasphemer, and take him by the hand and urge him to come with her to seek Christ at the mourner's bench. She did not know, but God knew; He had His hand upon two lives. To Old Man Mason was opening the door of opportunity for the last time.

It seemed to the old man that he was suffocating, drowning, sinking into a fathomless abyss, and the slender hand reached out to him was his only hope of escape. A mighty cry was wrung from the very depths of his soul, "My God, save me!" And the old, sin-battered hulk was stretched prostrate at the altar.

The audience arose almost as by a single impulse; those in the rear of the house climbing upon the seats the better to see. Old Man Mason, the bad man of the hill country, was at the mourner's bench, *and he was praying!* Others, with terror depicted upon their faces, were easily persuaded by the workers to go forward as seekers. God had made a breach in the stronghold of the enemy.

It is the fashion to decry emotionalism in matters pertaining to religion. The reason is that men *will not* feel. To be as dead men regarding the actualities of the religion of Jesus Christ is the only escape they have from the burning lashings of the voice of God within.

Here is Satan's incline in the Broad Road, and somewhere along the way, "breaking the speed limit," may be found the apostate church.

*The days of miracles are passed
No miracles in the Bible
No supernatural in religion
No Virgin birth
Jesus a mere man
No atoning Savior
No sin
No hell
No heaven
No God.*

We dare say that this blindness—the blindness of outer darkness—has come upon the church as it closed its eyes to the greatest miracle ever wrought by the almighty power of God; a miracle so great that beside which the walking upon a rolling sea is a trivial thing, and the giving of sight to one born blind scarce worthy of mention; this miracle the compassing of which was placed in the hands of the church—the miracle of a sinner changed in the twinkling of an eye into a child of God.

That a life debauched, degraded, defiled and demoralized by sin until it has wellnigh lost its semblance to humanity, can, in a moment, be so radically changed as to be fitly described by no other term than that of a new birth, no one can call less than the greatest of all miracles. Scoffers and the blind can but deny the change; it is not to be explained other than as the mighty power of God.

In that church at whose altars the drunkard is transformed into a sober citizen; the thief to a man whose honesty is to be trusted in the test; the liar to one whose word is yea and nay; the profane blasphemer to a singer of the praises of God; the proud self-lover to a humble servant of poverty and sorrow; the harlot of the street to the white-souled saint in the home—I say in that church where this miracle is being wrought,

there is no blasting at the Rock of Ages, no doubting of the most patent facts of human experience, no turning away from the living God to believe a lie and be forever damned.

The miracle of Jesus Christ was wrought again in that old hall. The blasphemer, the drunkard; the gambler, Old Man Mason, stretched out a timid, trembling hand, and it touched the hem of the garment of the Crucified. The dead was made alive. The old became new. Shackles of years fell from the bound soul. The insanity of sin was healed, and he was clothed in his right mind. With the tears still coursing down the scarred old cheeks, the stamp of heaven was put upon the upturned face—it glowed; the horror of the ugliness of evil gave place to the beauty of the peace of God. Old Man Mason was saved.

The City of Pure Gold

Written by T. S. MASHBURN

THE Relevator John, in speaking of a city of pure gold, as revealed to him by God, goes on to describe its twelve foundations, dimensions and streets of pure gold. He declares the inhabitants of that city need not the sun or moon to give them light, for God Himself is the light, and in Him there is no darkness at all. Doubtless John means the Holy City, New Jerusalem, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Hence, we take this as significant of four things which are of vital importance. First, personal salvation; second, purity of heart and life; third, God's Bible standard for the Church of Christ; fourth, our future abiding place prepared by Christ who has gone on before.

Ancient Jews believed the more wealth one possessed, the more religion that person enjoyed. But we find Jesus, the greatest teacher that the world has ever known, made it very plain that there is woe for the individual whose heart is so set on the riches of this world as to exclude the true riches of Christ. We make gold our monetary standard whereby, in mercantile lines, we reckon and adjust values of goods. Likewise capital and labor should here meet and greet each other, recognizing one common inseparable necessity for mutual co-operation in the propagation and perpetuation of both. At the United States mint in San Francisco recently we were told that gold requires 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit heat to melt it and 170 tons pressure to stamp it. This is much greater than is required by either silver or copper. One has said, "Gold is found in gold bearing rock or certain conditions only;" while another one has said, "Gold is gold wherever you find it." Less than three months ago this writer stood on a dredging machine which cost \$100,000.00, and saw it hoisting tons of earth, stone and water, and separating the gold which was just as pure and valuable as that picked up on the surface of the ground. The same is true of gold taken from the deepest shafts in the bowels of the earth after having been blasted from the hardest quartz rock.

The awful maelstrom of sin has, and is, carrying down into the lowest depths of hell the gold of human souls that are hopelessly lost, unless we hunt, dig, dredge, suffer and sacrifice, love and even die, if God so wills, that we may rescue and help save a lost world of sinners. We find Bible characters of gold in Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Daniel and the three Hebrew children, in whom the seven times heated furnace failed to develop dross or poisonous odor; but thanks be to God, it did reveal a face like unto the Son of God in their midst.

It is said that Thomas Edison, after requesting a man to gaze upon a twenty dollar gold piece for so many minutes, without a break, successfully photographed his brain. "If ye then be risen with Christ, set your affections (or mind, as in margin), on things above and not on things on earth." Doubtless there are few people living today who really "seek first the kingdom of Christ and His righteousness." A true child of God told us the other day about an old man in Colorado whom she knew that worked hard for many years in search of gold, and finally struck what for a time was supposed to be very rich, and after having sold out for a large sum, the strain and reaction was so great that this old man lost his reason and actually went about the city streets a silly wreck.

No sane person would doubt the fact that gold is one of God's greatest temporal blessings to man when used in the fear of God as His faithful stewards. Solomon said: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Again he said: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and who can know it?" Jesus said: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Dr. Adam Clark said: "Many people talk much and well about what Christ has done for us, but little or nothing about what He has done in us." Internal conditions caused volcanic eruptions in Mt. Lassen to break out and pour forth lava and smoke. The internal heart conditions of humanity cause all troubles that the whole family of Adam's race is heir to. Yet, "there is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins, and sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains." God says: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear." This is the wedding garment which the unfortunate man failed to avail himself of and in consequence was bound and cast into outer darkness.

Reader, be wise, make sure your calling, which is not unto uncleanness, but unto holiness. Take courage, "faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it." Only those who are overcomers inhabit this city. Nothing unclean, impure, or any that love, or maketh a lie, ever enter it. There shall be no sorrow or crying for God shall wipe away all tears, and no death ever enters this city where eternal youth and perpetual morning abide.

Hints to Personal Workers

Written by EVANGELIST J. R. HUNTER

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever (Dan. 12:3).

IN the years in which I have been in the Lord's field, I have been greatly grieved many times, and have felt that the Holy Spirit was also grieved, at the after service, or better termed, — altar service.

After the Spirit was on the preacher in power, and a searching sermon was delivered and seekers had come for help and prayer at the altar, some person or persons, having more zeal than understanding, have tried to hurry souls through to victory.

This is a great mistake. Some few go through in a hurry, but more generally it is not so.

If a person has decided to repent or consecrate before coming to the altar, whichever the case might be, they need only a little help and faith to soon get victory.

But if they have not repented or consecrated before coming, it may take some time for them to give up and pray through.

Perhaps the sins of years have buried them so deep, it will take time for them to come to the surface so that the seeker can really see himself.

A few quiet moments for them to reflect on their sins and to talk with God, would be more beneficial than too much talking and urging.

We are seriously in need of more wisdom among our altar workers.

When a seeker comes to the altar seeking any experience, we ought not to get overzealous to help them through. Give them a chance to think and pray.

This is a critical time, when many a poor, honest, heart gets a setback that they may never get over.

Again we find an honest soul seeking holiness or sanctification because they feel a need of something. Because they have been a church member for years, they naturally think it is sanctification they lack and consequently are earnest seekers for it.

They do need sanctification, sure enough. But because they have been a professing Christian is no sign, whatever, that they are ready for sanctification.

They perhaps seek on for holiness and finally profess it, and yet go away dissatisfied. Then in a short time the actions of carnality are manifested and they, at once, say that there is nothing in sanctification. Very naturally they say so.

Now, dear readers, we as altar workers, are to blame for a large part of this state of affairs. Let us ever keep in mind Daniel 12:3: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

The fact I have found from actual experience is this: Many a good, honest soul, feeling this lack of something in their lives, seek for holiness, because they believe it is just the thing they need. But the real fact is, they have in all probabilities been saved, at one time, but have backslidden and now go to seek sanctification instead of justification.

The first step we ought to take is to locate, if possible, the present condition of the seeker, holding before them the reality of a regenerated heart, the assurance that Jesus saves them now beyond a doubt, and that they have the assurance that their names are recorded in heaven.

Make it an all-important point that they are sure they have walked in all the light at all times and that they are now walking in God's white Holy light. Then, if this can be assured, they are a fit candidate for holiness, and it will be comparatively easy for them to get into the fountain of cleansing.

Earnest seekers need more of God and less talking and instructions from the altar workers.

There is much to be learned along this line, but let us ask God for wisdom.

Tendencies of the Age. III

Written by J. J. BALLINGER

ADVANCING a step further into the realm of the evil tendencies of the present age, we are led to consider the divorce evil. In dealing with this question, Jesus said there was one just ground for divorce — only one. The courts of our nation recognize more than forty causes as legitimate ground for the annulling of the sacred relation of marriage. Now, if the Master were correct in His teaching (and no sane person will deny this fact), is it not clearly evident that our twentieth century law-makers are sadly in error in granting such latitude? Are not the people who wilfully disregard this

plain declaration of God, and pursue the opposite course, standing under divine condemnation?

This sin is growing with the passing years. We have cities now where the number of divorces almost equals the marriages; and this is no surprise to those who consider the laxity of the laws governing this matter. God's teaching is overstepped by these makers of law, and the carnal heart is taking advantage of the liberty granted. As a result, this flagrant sin is destroying the sanctity of the home, which is the unit of society. It ignores the divine purpose in the institution of the marriage relation; a strong tributary to lust and impurity, and a prolific feeder of the house of shame.

No doubt there are cases where separation between husband and wife is advisable, and meets the divine approval, but such cases are few and far between when compared with that almost innumerable number of divorces granted without just grounds.

Another bad feature of this age is lost confidence. Man to a great extent has lost confidence in his fellow being. Nations impose very little confidence in each other. They meet in peace conferences only to return to their respective lands to increase the strength of their standing armies, and add to the number of their warships. Political patriots are losing faith in their representatives, and the leader is in wonder as to how his party will vote in the coming election. The capitalist watches the laborer with suspicion, while the working man plans to hold his own with his employer. The grocer's scales are eyed by the farmer while his sugar is being weighed, and the grocer, to make sure of no fraud, candles the farmer's eggs. So on and on goes the suspicious watch and search, and all because of a lack of confidence in the other fellow. The Millennium is not yet.

It is true that all over the world there are trustworthy people, and people who are imposing confidence in these good men and women; but confidence has been so repeatedly betrayed by the unprincipled element that the truly good are in many instances placed at a disadvantage. Faith is essential in every avenue of operation, and to the extent it is weakened to that extent is the cause involved hindered.

In considering the evil tendencies of this age, we have called attention to the concentration of wealth; the concentration of population; the deceptive spirit of the age; the increased love of worldly pleasure; the spiritual declension which is attended by numerous evils; the flagrant divorce sin; with the loss of confidence of man in his fellow being. There are other evils to which we could point, some of which may be more grave in their nature than some we have dealt with, but we drop the subject here by a word of exhortation to keep true to God, realizing that despite all the works of the wicked one the "crowning day" is coming.

We must not allow the evils of our time to discourage us, but rather let them stir all that is noble within us to greater activity for God.

"Consider the lilies how they grow." They obey the laws of growth. They grow without complaint. They grow where ever God plants them. They will grow where they are not seen. They always do their best. They serve the purpose for which they were created. They keep their place. They never frown upon one another.

Our cry is more for prophets to point the Keavenward than for learned ones to explain the earthward.

Mother and Little Ones

Monkeys at Breakfast

I was married in India, and engaged for our home a little house fourteen miles or so from any other habitation of white men. On the morning of our arrival, my wife went in to change her traveling dress, while the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house, and up the tree that grew in the ravine behind it, from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys. They came up singly, in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda, and sat there, like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. And, when everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated, I went in to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting!" I said.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing-gown."

"Never mind," I said. "The people about here are not fashionably dressed themselves. They wear pretty much the same thing all the year round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine then, her astonishment in the middle of the veranda stood the breakfast table; and all the rest of the space, as well as railings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible, and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily, at which the monkeys only looked all the graver, my wife sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" asked she.

"Try them," I said.

So she picked up biscuit and threw it among the company. And the result! Three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like one, and just for one instant there was a riot that defies description. The next instant every monkey was sitting as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

My wife gave them another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another. But at length we had given away all that we had to give and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose, every monkey on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day's occupations.—*Contra Costa Gazette.*

"Sundaygrams"

Some men worry so much about the golden streets of heaven that they forget to keep their earthly sidewalks clean.

If I knew anything against any man that would break the heart of his wife and make his family ashamed, that would bring the blush to their cheeks, so help me God, I'd die before I'd tell it.

God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but he has great pleasure in the death of the righteous.

Men do not go to hell because they are sinners, but because they will not repent.

If you repent, no matter how great a sinner you have been, you will be saved.

There is only one way to be saved, that is God's way.

Some fool mothers and preachers say that a child of ten years is too young to be a Christian. A child who is old enough to know right from wrong is old enough to be a Christian.

Jesus Christ never preached a funeral sermon; but he broke up every funeral that he attended by restoring the dead to life. Don't you wish He had been there when your little baby died?

The principles of Jesus of Nazareth will

make capital and labor shake hands. There never was a squarer dealer on earth than Jesus Christ.

Start with the faith you have and farm that. Take what faith you have and go into business with it for God.

Take away Christianity and the world would be two hemispheres of lazaretos.

Love is the greatest thing in the world, and character is the grandest. You can't destroy character. You'll have character when everything else is taken away. You can't lose it and you can't bury it. Reputation may be lost. Character needs no epitaph. You can bury the man, but character will beat the hearse back from the graveyard and will travel up and down the streets when you are under the sod. It will bless or blight long after your name is forgotten.

The armies of God are never made up of drafted men and women. He calls for volunteers.

Some people work only with their mouths. God wants that part that is on the ground.

If God had your hands how many countless tears you would wash away.

There's no such thing as a bargain-counter religion.

Pure and undefiled religion will do more when God has something besides pennies to work with.

God doesn't run excursions to heaven. You must pay the full fare.

If the world is so bad with the religion of Jesus Christ, what would it be without it?

No nation has ever crumbled into oblivion where the people were governed by Christian principles.

If you only believe what you can understand, you will be dumbfounded to find out how little you know.

Here is a book, God's Word, that I will put up against all the books of all the ages.

Can you explain why it is that a black cow can eat green grass and give white milk?

God does not have to double on the trail and back-track. When the Lord does a job He finishes it.

You have got to know the Bible to know Jesus.

The Spirit of God works through clean hands.

Three-fourths of the church members have no family paper.

Faith and not feeling saves the people.

Obedience and blessing always walk arm in arm.

There is no difference in doing what God tells you not to do and not doing what God tells you to do.

It is the work of the Church to propagate faith and not opinions.

The trouble with some churches is that they think the preacher is a sort of ecclesiastical locomotive to snort and puff and pull the whole bunch through to glory.

Any church that does not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, heaven or hell, isn't authorized by God, and if a church is not authorized it degenerates into a third-rate amusement bureau.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

One Who Was Helpful

Have you ever heard how Mr. Littlehammer got his name? It certainly sounds rather a queer name to go about with, but then, you see, it had a history of its own. It wasn't the name he was christened with, but, unlike most nicknames, it was a title of respect and honor.

No one knew quite where he came from, but one day there appeared in one of the villages of Germany a man who announced his intention of settling down there. At first the old inhabitants looked a little askance at him as a stranger, but he soon won his way. I will tell you how he did it.

As soon as he had time to walk around the village, he discovered that everything was

going to rack and ruin. A good many garden gates were off their hinges, and some of the fences were tumbling down; in fact, it looked as though nobody ever did any repairs at all.

But instead of telling the people they were a lazy, good-for-nothing lot, he just put his hand in one pocket and pulled out a handful of nails, and in another pocket he found his little hammer; and he set to work to nail up the fences and repair the gates and make things generally tidy.

You can guess the people were very astonished at first, but they soon got used to it, and whenever anything went wrong, they said: "Send round for Mr. Littlehammer." And so he became the handy man of the village and the people all wondered how-ever they managed before this useful man came to live amongst them.

But one day they had a terrible problem to face. The road along which they traveled to and from their work got very much out of repair, and in the wet season the water lay in big pools all across the road. They were not rich enough to hire men to repair it, and so it had gone on from bad to worse.

At last they called upon their friend, Mr. Littlehammer, and asked his advice. And what do you think it was? "Let every man, before he goes and returns from his work, fill his pockets with stones and drop them in the puddles as he goes by."

It was so simple, and yet no one had thought of it!

Now you can see from all this how the villagers loved and trusted their good friend, and how they came to call him in their affectionate way, "Mr. Littlehammer."

And, after all, it is better to be useful than clever, or rich or great. God must love the useful people. He gives them so much work to do.

And you don't need to know such a tremendous lot of things to be useful, do you? It's nice to know Latin and French, and to take a high place in your mathematical class; but there are a great many things waiting to be done that you can do before you have attained to these heights.

Mr. Littlehammer did a great deal of good with such commonplace things as a hammer and a pocket of nails. And that boy who was trying to sell his few loaves and his little fish found a way to be useful to a big crowd of grown-up people.

Look out for the little jobs that nobody thinks worth doing; do the little kindnesses that other people don't think worth troubling about, and you will find yourself loved and respected everywhere; and some day, if God finds you so useful in little things, He may give you some big work to do.—*S. I. B., in British Congregationalist.*

"It Is Too Hard"

"You must learn to fly," said a white dove to her two young ones, as they sat in the nest.

"I'll try," said Pluff, who was a good dove.

"Oh, I can't; it is too hard!" said Duff. "Now, do as I do," said the old dove. "I will take care of you. Hop on this bough. Spread your wings like me, and fly to this branch quite near."

Pluff tried. His heart beat, and his head was dizzy, when he found himself first in the air, but he tried to do just as he was told; and he lit safely on the branch.

But Duff was not there. He still sat in the nest.

"Come, Duff!" cried the old dove. "You must come. If you do not learn to fly, it will be bad for you. You may starve; for I shall not feed you when you get big. And if a storm should come, and blow down the nest, you would be killed, if you could not fly."

"Oh, I cannot, I dare not; it is too hard!" said Duff.

"Why, Pluff has done it; and what Pluff has done, you can do. Come, hop on this bough. I will have it done."

So Duff hopped on the bough; but he would not spread his wings. He slunk back to the nest, and there he stayed.

Day by day it was the same. And, when

Pluff could fly quite well, Duff could not fly at all. He had not tried.

One night a storm came. The tree in which was the nest rocked to and fro. The nest was old, and at last it gave way. The old dove and Pluff flew out as it fell, and were not hurt; but Duff—what of him?

They cried to him to spread his wings; but he had not learned to fly. "It is too hard," he moaned, as he fell to the hard ground, and so it was. He was so much hurt by his fall that he did not get well for some weeks.

At the end of that time he asked Pluff to teach him to fly. "You can do it if you will try," said Pluff. "Try, try again—that's the way."

So Duff tried, and tried so well that he soon found he could fly. What a happy little bird he was then!—Nursery.

Valentines That Elizabeth Got

Uncle Bob Denniston stopped in front of Brown's window. Perhaps one of the things he stopped for was the same feeling that was expressed on the red-and-white motto that hung over all the glories of doves and cupids that lay underneath—"All the world loves a lover." But the other certainly was that he wanted to hear what the small, ragged girl, with her face eagerly pressed against the glass was saying to herself.

It was a queer medley: "A blue house, pink windows, white doves flying around, and a garden full of flowers—daisies, roses, forget-me-nots. 'Twon't be hard to remember that. It goes away, way back, and the gates open, and the doors, and boys and girls walk out, or that's what they would do, anyway, if I dast go in and ask to look at it. But my! they'd know in a minute I couldn't ever buy a valentine like that. Oh, dear! If Bobby could only see it himself 'stead of me just telling him."

"Who's Bobby?" asked Uncle Bob Denniston, out loud. He was always interested in any namesake of his.

Lizzie Ann Stubbins turned round with a start. "My! did you hear me makin' up? I've just been saying the valentines over so's I could remember them for Bobby." "But you haven't told me yet who Bobby is," persisted Uncle Bob.

"Oh, he's only me little brother; but he's lame and can't stir off his back, so I try to remember all the nice things I see when I go out so I can tell him about them when I go back. Say," she asked, pointing to the gorgeous valentine that occupied the center of attraction in Brown's window—the one with the blue house and the pink windows and the garden with the brilliant flowers—"do you s'pose there's anybody in this town's got enough money to buy that?"

Uncle Bob Denniston smiled to himself under his mustache. He had a big enough roll of money in his own pocket just then to buy several hundred valentines just as nice and nicer.

"It does look pretty swell," he said, regarding the dazzling show pieces with approving eyes. "Just the kind I'd like myself; there are so many surprises in it." Then he looked down at Lizzie Ann's eager little face. You're pretty fond of valentines, aren't you?"

"You bet!" declared Lizzie Ann, fervently. "But this kind never comes my way. The only ones I ever get's comics."

"Comics?"

Lizzie Ann dragged a heavy braid of red hair round her shoulders and held it out to him disdainfully.

"Say," she demanded, "did you ever know a girl with hair like that and freckles and—and—other things—that didn't have all the nasty things you ever heard of said about her?"

Uncle Bob Denniston nodded his head sympathetically. "I know how it goes," he said, and unconsciously shoved his fur cap back from his forehead.

"Oh, say," she cried, "you got red hair yourself. I—I didn't know. I'm awful sorry. It's worse around Valentine and April fool times, ain't it? I gets heaps o' comics then. You know the kind?"

Uncle Bob Denniston nodded again, emphatically.

"But some o' them's not too bad, and I purtend to Bobby I don't care, and"—defiantly—"we have heaps o' fun over them. Only," with her eyes still fixed wistfully on the blue and pink houses, "I wisht just once he had a nice one for himself."

"Suppose, then, we go in there and get that one for him that you've taken such a fancy to," suggested Uncle Bob, "and we'll send it through the mail. He'd probably like it better that way."

Lizzie Ann sprang forward with an incredulous little cry. "Oh, say! You're not meaning it!—Not for Bobby! Not that dandy one there in the center!"

"Sure! Come on in!" And Uncle Bob Denniston held out his hand, and he and Lizzie Ann Stubbins walked together into the midst of the inside glories of Brown's store.

"Bettie," said Uncle Bob that night to his favorite niece as they sat in front of the grate fire after dinner, "is there a young lady attending your class called Margaret Elizabeth Anna Stubbins?"

"W-what? W-who?" stammered Betty in amazement. Then she caught sight of the twinkle at the back of Uncle Bob's eye, and burst into a shout of laughter.

"Oh, Maggie Lizzie Ann, you mean. No wonder I didn't recognize her at first. Isn't it an awful name? And the poor kid's got red hair, too. But wherever did you come across her, uncle?"

Uncle Bob ignored the last question. "So have I got red hair, my dear," he reminded his niece, "and I hope you don't love me any the less; and your own full name, if I remember rightly, is Margaret Elizabeth."

Betty flushed. "W-why, I never thought of that," she said.

"There are lots of things," said Uncle Bob, "that we don't think of when we don't happen to have red hair ourselves and a name that people transform into one that poor little Lizzie called 'hombly.' My name's a real nice one, leaving out the Stubbins," she told me this afternoon. "All the stylish girls in school have the same ones, but they don't cut them down the way they do mine. Bobby and father and mother always say Betty or Lisbeth at home, but at school I never get anything but Lizzie Ann or Maggie Lizzie Ann. 'Taint fair! Stubbins is bad enough without the other."

"Oh," said Betty, reproachfully. "The poor little thing! And she always looked as if she didn't mind a single thing we said to her, and—we have been awfully nasty to her, uncle."

"So I judged," said Uncle Bob dryly, "from what I heard this afternoon."

"What did you hear?" demanded Betty. "Well, I think comic valentines, for one thing, figures pretty largely in the story," said Uncle Bob, gazing steadily at the fire instead of at Betty's hot face.

And then the whole tale came out. "Uncle," said Betty, when he had finished, "if mother'll let me, I'll go right out and see all the girls I can, and—and—we'll give Lizzie Ann—Elizabeth, rather—a different kind of valentine surprise than the ones she's been accustomed to."

"Fine!" cried Uncle Bob, "and I'll go along as a bodyguard. Only," he whispered to himself as he struggled into his overcoat, "it'll be something a little more substantial than valentines that Miss Elizabeth will get from me."—Gina H. Fairlie, in Sunday School Advocate.

How Antonio Saved the King

Of course you have heard of Frederick the Great, that wise king of Prussia who was born two-hundred years ago. Perhaps you know, too that he greatly admired our own General Washington and in proof of it sent him a handsome sword on which was engraved, "From the oldest general to the greatest."

But you may not have read of how he helped a poor little Italian boy, and of how the poor boy was able to repay the great king's kindness. The New York Tribune has told the story, and here it is for you.

Frederick, although the ruler of a great kingdom, never dressed very well and so it is not surprising that when dirty, ragged little Antonio met him walking on the terrace near the river bank in Dresden he thought he was a very ordinary person and never dreamed of his being a king.

Antonio had a great box filled with dolls which he worked with strings and made act quite like human beings—marionettes they were called. When he saw the king he ran up to him and begged him to look at these dolls act. "You will be pleased with them, I am sure," he said, "and I do so want to earn some money to pay a man I know to teach me to play the flute!"

"Would you like to learn to play the flute?" asked the king. He had longed to do that very thing when he was a boy, but his cruel father had been very angry one day when he had found him playing and had broken the flute across the back of the young prince.

"Above all things," answered Antonio, "Come with me," said this kind-hearted old gentleman, as Antonio still thought him, "and you shall have a good teacher and a fine flute of your very own."

The poor lad could hardly speak for joy. But his new friend understood and patted him on the head as they walked off together. He was put in charge of the court music master, who found he had great talent, and after a while he played so well that he was allowed to play before the king.

The boy felt the deepest gratitude toward his kind benefactor, and prayed constantly that he might at some future time prove his devotion to him.

One morning Antonio, getting up very early and taking a short cut through the kitchen of the castle on his way to the garden, saw one of the cooks drop a white powder in the cup of chocolate meant for the king!

The little flute player was horrified, and ran to the king crying, "Oh, sire, do not drink your chocolate this morning—it is poisoned."

When, a few minutes after, the breakfast tray was brought in, Frederick the Great received it very calmly and looked hard at the servant, who immediately began to tremble.

"How pale you are. You must be ill," exclaimed his majesty. "Here, drink this cup of chocolate. It may revive you."

"Mercy, sire," pleaded the servant, throwing himself at the king's feet. "I am not to blame, but others," and he confessed the whole plot.

"Wretched man, you were going to poison me," said the king. He called one of the dogs to his side, and gave him the chocolate to drink. The dog died in a few moments.

Thus it was that Frederick the Great's kindness to a poor little boy saved his own life.

Her Mother's Partner

A sturdy little figure she was, trudging bravely with a pail of water. So many times she had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to remark, "You're a busy little girl today."

"Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat turned toward us. It was freckled and perspiring, but cheerful withal. "Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have a cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washing."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her." It was a well-intended compliment; but the little water carrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time. She hasn't anybody, else. Mother'n I are partners."—Exchange.

THE WORK AND THE WORKERS

Announcements

PITTSBURGH DISTRICT CAMP

The Pittsburgh District campmeeting will be held at Bentleyville, Pa., from August 25th to September 6th. Workers: Rev. N. B. Herrell, district superintendent; Rev. J. H. Norris, and others. Admission fee, 10 cents one day; for the season, 50 cents. No tickets sold on Sunday. Board \$5 per week. Single meals, 25 cents each, except Sunday dinner and supper, 50 cents each. Train leaves Monongahela City for Bentleyville at 6 and 9:30 a. m., and 3:34 and 10:56 p. m. Address L. W. MILLER, Secretary.

PUBLISHING HOUSE PLEDGES FROM NORTHWEST DISTRICT

For our convenience we ask those in the Northwest District, who have made pledges to the Publishing House fund, to send their remittances to Rev. DE LANCE WALLACE, Walla Walla, Wash. Regular receipts will be sent to all who do so.—A. S. COCHRAN, Treas.

CARD OF THANKS—Through the HERALD OF HOLINESS, the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, North Scituate, R. I., desires to thank the Children's meeting of Douglass campmeeting, 1914, for their offering of \$5.00 for the school. We appreciate the kind thoughtfulness of Mother Reed, the leader of the meeting, and the generous gifts of the children. We trust that the money will be so invested in the cause of the Master that it will yield a glorious harvest. Thank you, Mother Reed and children of Douglas camp, 1914.—J. C. BEARSE, Prin.

SHELBYVILLE HOLINESS MEETING—"Bud" Robinson will begin a meeting in Shelbyville, Tenn., on September 3d, to run to the 14th. This is Brother Robinson's first meeting here, and we request the prayers and co-operation of all who desire the conversion of sinners and sanctification of believers. Beds will be furnished free to all visitors from abroad, and meals at a low rate. Preachers will be entertained free.—LOUE WEAVER.

MARVIN PARK CAMP—Will be held at Marvin campground, St. Louis, August 27th to September 7th. Evangelist S. B. Shaw will be assisted by Mrs. Etta Shaw, C. W. Sherman, T. H. Agnew, G. G. Yeoman, George Taylor, and others. For full information address VANGUARD OFFICE, Box 507 Wellston Station, St. Louis, Mo.

EVANGELISTIC—We are expecting to enter the evangelistic field after our Assembly, which convenes November 18th. Anyone desiring our service will find us at 1207 Brady Avenue, Brownwood, Texas. We are both preachers; Mr. Mulanax, song leader.—T. L. AND ETTA MULANAX.

ANNOUNCEMENT—Our campmeeting at Shawnee, Okla., will begin September 10th, continuing ten days. Rev. L. L. Hamric, of Vilonia, Ark., will be the evangelist in charge. The prayers of God's children are requested. We have a town of 22,000; pray God to give us something out of the ordinary. Free entertainment for preachers and workers. Notify the pastor if coming.—W. I. DEBOARD, Pastor.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Any church wanting a first-class, visiting, praying, hard-working pastor—one who is as true as steel to God and the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene—write to Rev. W. U. Fugate, 806 South Comelia St., Sioux City, Iowa. He will give up the pastorate about October 1st. Brother Fugate makes from 800 to 1,000 calls a year. His work is that of the pastor. This notice is written unsolicited by Brother Fugate.—B. T. FLANERY, Evangelist, and former superintendent of Iowa District.

NOTICE—Little Bessie Mae Flowers, ten-year-old daughter of Rev. and Mrs. S. L. Flowers, of Boulder, Colo., has written a song, words and music, and has dedicated it to missions, having sold several hundred at ten cents each for that work. She has a few left, that she wants to sell, so that she can send some more money to the missionaries. "I'm Alright Now" is the title of the song, and it has her picture on the front page. Send for one or more, and send 11 cents for the song and postage. Address BESSIE FLOWERS, Boulder, Colo., Route No. 1.

SPECIAL NOTICE—I would like to spend the next fall, winter, and spring and summer in revival work. Have good references. If you would like to have my services, may I be permitted to hear from you?—J. W. OLIVER, 1819 West 32d Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.

District News

ARKANSAS

The Vilonia camp was the best in her history. Rev. J. E. Gaar, of Peniel, Texas, was the preacher in charge. I wish every camp in the Southland could secure him. I believe he is one of the safest men I know of, uncompromising in his preaching, and, best of all, a man who knows how to prevail with God. He is greatly loved by our people. There were about fifty or sixty professions, and they prayed through good. I am praying that the Lord will raise up more men like Gaar, who will serve notice on the devil that they know better how to die than to compromise. At the close of the meeting we took in twenty new members. Our meeting with Brother Speakes was a good meeting; then to Brother Francis' work, where Jesus was on the scene, to do our fighting for us. We go now to Brother Green's church, at Pangburn, Ark., where we are expecting victory.

B. H. HAYNE, Dist. Supt.

WISCONSIN

The tent meeting held at Milwaukee, Wis., as a part of the tent campaign being conducted in the state for the spread and conservation of holiness, is now a matter of history. It was a hard battle from the beginning; we did not have even as much as Jonathan had when he crept down over the rocks. We were practically all alone, the few members being compelled to work at night. The Free Methodists had a campmeeting just a few blocks away; the Federation of Churches had a tent meeting also, a block away; so we had to take what few folks looked in on us to see who and what we were. The writer had to be song leader, tent-fixer, preacher, choir, (had no organist), then in the daytime run around looking for a location for our permanent work. Finally we found one. Brother and Sister White came up from Racine and helped us some, and so did Brother Hilker; then some of the dear brethren, Brother Nelson, Brother White, and Brother Rudolph, from Chicago First Church, ran up over one Lord's day and pushed the battle. We also found in this city much opposition. Young men and boys came to the meetings to hoot and howl; one night when we opened we found all our seats strewn around and filth spread over the pulpit and altar. But we went on and God gave us the victory. A few got to God and a few joined the church. The writer and one of the members tore out the walls of the building that we secured, and meetings will be conducted there each Lord's day at 3 p. m. Rev. D. C. White, of Chicago, has accepted the pastorate there. The location is 497 Seventeenth Ave. Our next meeting is Kenosha, Wis., August 13th to 30th, near the Milwaukee electric line.

F. J. THOMAS, Dist. Supt.

NEW ENGLAND

We are engaged in our summer campaign, with the new District tent. Brother George LaFlash, a student from our school at North Scituate, R. I., is leading the singing, and the Lord is blessing the meeting. Our first meeting was held at Old

Southeastern Holiness Institute

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Address,
Z. B. WHITEHURST, D. D. President
Donelsonville, Ga.

GONE HOME TO GLORY

YORK NEB., Aug. 15, 1914.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Just received a special letter from Brother Deck stating that his wife went home to glory very suddenly August 14th, at 4:30 p. m., leaving him with two little girls, one just a few hours old. We ask the prayers of the HERALD OF HOLINESS readers for our dear brother and District Superintendent in this his hour of sad bereavement. The funeral services will be from the Hastings Church, Wednesday, August 19, at 10:30 a. m.

Yours in sympathy with the bereaved,
THEODORE LUDWIG.

Town, Maine, with the church we organized a year ago. This band of people have done well, and the prospect is good for a strong church. Sister D. A. Green, of Livermore Falls, through whose labors the work was started, was with us in the first part of the meeting. There was a good number at the altar, seeking pardon and holiness. The church received a strong uplift through the meetings, and others were blessed and, we believe, inclined more strongly towards our work. We are now at Summerfield, Carlton Co., N. B., three miles from Wicklow, where we held our meeting last year. Brother Edgar S. Grant, the pastor, has stood by this work heroically. The attendance has been good considering it is the season for haying in this extensive farming district. Both Sundays the tent has been filled, and the Lord blessed in the preaching of the Word. There have been several seekers, but not the fruit we had last year. The church is encouraged to press on in the work, and we expect steps will be taken soon for the erection of a house of worship. We go from here to Flewelling's Mills, Easton, Maine, a place about thirteen miles distant, where Brother Grant is supplying in connection with his work at Wicklow and Summerfield. Already sixteen young people have been converted, and we are expecting a time of great victory. Let all the saints pray for us in this work, that we may see many converted and sanctified wholly.

N. H. WASHBURN, Dist. Supt.

NEW ENGLAND

Principal Bearse is busy during the summer months in making needed repairs in and about the Pentecostal Institute.

Business Manager Millett, of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, is also doing what he can to collect money and help in the needed repairs of our Eastern school.

Rev. F. M. Messenger's son, Harry, has been in the East, visiting the holiness camps and soliciting orders for their magnificent Scriptural Text Calendar for 1915.

Brother George E. Noble has given up his position as field-agent for the Prohibition folks in the state of Rhode Island, and is now conducting a Union Rescue Mission in Providence, R. I.

Sister Meda Smith, and the four deaconesses, were made a great blessing to Portsmouth camp, in their ministry of prayer.

Rev. Mary Ellis, of Philadelphia, Pa., presided at the piano, at Portsmouth camp, most of the time.

A little mistake was made in announcement of Brother Short's birthday. He was born Sept. 24, 1841. He will be 73 years old his next birthday. Let the saints remember him that day.

Brother Norberry herewith sends a note of thanks to all the kind readers who remembered him on his recent birthday.

The outlook for the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute is very encouraging. President Bearse and the faculty are greatly encouraged for the fall opening.

Evangelist Roberts writes us that the Lord gave him a great meeting, assisting Sister Curry, pastor of our church at East Palestine, Ohio.

Evangelist C. F. Weigele is now in a meeting with Pastor E. E. Martin, at Calgary, Alberta. Precious souls are at the altar seeking God for the two works of grace.

At this writing Brother C. E. Roberts is holding a tent meeting at Thornton, Ind. He closes next Sunday.

AN APPEAL

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Miss Maria Ramos, of Mexico, who has been preparing to be a missionary to her own people, is very sick. The doctor states that to save her life, it is necessary to perform a very serious operation. It will be necessary to send her to Nashville for this operation. The only charges will be the railroad expenses. If anyone wishes to give their Home Missionary money this way, we would be glad to receive it.

Miss Ramos has been attending the Peniel University for four years. She has been staying at Brother Whitehurst's, but is now in my care. Pray that she may be restored to health, so as to be able to return to her people, a missionary.

S. M. STAFFORD,

Box 164, Donaldsonville, Ga.

Marie is a member of that most ancient people, the Mayas, that flourished in South Mexico and Yucatan before the Toltecs and Aztecs, and are supposed to be the people who reared the temple and cities—the vast ruins of which are the wonder of the explorer. While classed as "Indians," they are a white race, intelligent, independent, and capable of a high state of civilization. Marie is a beautiful character. I had the pleasure of being at her side when she was sanctified, and I join with Brother Stafford in the appeal for her help at this time.—CHAS. A. McCONNELL.

I. G. Stovall, who has been with them two years and who is held in very high esteem by the community at large as well as his parishoners, resigned his pastorate on the last night of the meeting. The resignation will take effect August 30th. In connection with his work as pastor, Brother Stovall has conducted a church school, which has proven a blessing to the community. The people are praying and believing God will fulfill in their case Jer. 3:15, "And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." We arrived at Naomi, Ky., after nearly sixty miles' trip by wagon, and commence here August 15th, where we will dedicate our church August 16th. We organized this church last October, and they now have a very nice new church building.

WILL H. NERRY, Dist. Supt.

General Church News

TOPEKA, KAS.

The work at this place is doing nicely. Since our pastor, Rev. A. R. Hodges, resigned to take the pastorate at Cartersville, Ill., the pulpit has been supplied from various sources, but the Lord has not failed us. Brother Ira Stevens, pastor of the Lawrence church, has been with us twice, holding two and three days meetings, which greatly helped and encouraged us. He will return and hold our annual business meeting in a few days. For the present, Rev. Buck, from the Oakland, Kas., Methodist Episcopal church, is filling our pulpit very efficiently. Two joined the church two weeks ago. The night Brother Stevens was with us, a man and his wife were reclaimed and shouted the victory.—W. L. HUMBERT, Class Leader.

PORTSMOUTH, R. I., CAMPMEETING

The twenty-fourth campmeeting on this beautiful spot has passed into history. This camp is situated on the island of Rhode Island. The Narragansett Bay surrounds the island and makes it the most beautiful part of the Lord's creation that has been this scribe's lot to behold. Seven and one-half miles to the south is Newport, where the "upper ten," or rather, the "four hundred" have their summer palaces. Here for miles and miles around the edge of the island these millionaires live in their luxury during the summer months. Here, in these palaces, is unrest, strife, and that which leads to quarrel and divorce. We do not envy their position. We do not want to be numbered with the "four hundred"—we prefer the hundred and forty-four thousand.

The Portsmouth camp was under the leadership of Rev. John Norberry, who knows how to keep things moving and the saints praying. My co-laborer was Rev. W. G. Schurman, pastor of our church at Haverhill, Mass., who is unique, fearless, spiritual, and grips the people under the unction of the Holy Ghost. Rev. E. S. Taylor was present a goodly portion of the time, and gave a number of Bible readings.

A beautiful spirit of harmony prevailed throughout, and there was a delight in the hearts of the saints to see the old-time power manifested throughout the meeting. Some were stretched out under the power of God, and others were weeping their way through, and others helping them pray. One Methodist preacher, from Norwich, Conn., had a hard time dying, but he came through. His wife also was wonderfully sanctified. On the last Sunday there were three more preachers at the altar. We hope they will never cool off till Gabriel blows his horn.

The people were much encouraged over the finances, and will go in for the next year with redoubled energy to make it a great camp. They hope to have Rev. Seth C. Rees, the founder of the camp, for the coming year. Nearly one hundred different people sought the blessing of pardon or holiness, the most of them claiming the experience.

We are taking a few days' rest, as we have been in meetings most every night since leaving home four months ago, except a few Saturday nights and while on trains and steamers. Yours for souls, W. E. SHEPARD.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

At the present time our people are well scattered for various reasons. Some are attending camp-meetings, others are away on vacations, and still others have found employment elsewhere for the summer. Nevertheless, God is blessing the few who of necessity are staying at home. Soon all our people will be back from their various engagements ready to push the battle here for holiness during the fall and winter months. We are

District Assemblies to Be Held

Alabama.....	Oct. 23-Nov. 1
Arkansas.....	Oct. 7-11
Chicago Central.....	Olivet, Sept. 23-27
Dallas.....	Peniel, Texas, Nov. 4-8
Eastern Oklahoma.....	Bethany, Nov. 4-8
Hamlin.....	Nov. 11-15
Iowa.....	Bloomfield, Sept. 23-27
Kansas.....	Wichita, Sept. 2-6
Kentucky.....	Creelsboro, Oct. 7-11
Louisiana.....	Shreveport, Nov. 11-15
Mississippi.....	Houston, Nov. 4-8
Missouri.....	Malden, Oct. 14-18
Nebraska.....	Hastings, Sept. 9-13
New Mexico.....	Artesia, Nov. 24-28
San Antonio.....	Nov. 18-22
Southern California.....	
First Church, Los Angeles.....	Aug. 19-23
Southeastern.....	Donaldsonville, Oct. 21-28
Tennessee.....	Sparta, Oct. 14-18
Western Oklahoma.....	Nov. 11-15
Wisconsin.....	Racine, Sept. 17-20

The Assemblies are to convene on the day announced, at 9 a. m. It is expected that a great preparatory service will be held the preceding evening.

P. F. BREESE Gen. Supt.

believing God for souls in this place.—LOUIS D. KEELER, Pastor.

BREA, CAL.

The Lord gave us a fine meeting at this place, where we preached for three weeks in our Nazarene church, Rev. J. D. Scott, pastor. It was a hard battle from start to finish, but the Lord answered the prayer of faith, and took notice of the midnight and early-morning prayer that was offered to Him in behalf of the meeting. We had a number of fine conversions, as well as some folks getting the blessing of a clean heart. One woman was healed in one of the morning services as the pastor prayed for her. A Sunday afternoon class was started as the result of this meeting in the town, where a number of folks are living that are not able to attend the regular church services. Some folks were saved and sanctified in their homes, from the result of Mrs. Victorine Yorba's visits, which she faithfully did while helping in the meeting. Brother Scott had engaged her to come and do house-to-house visiting during the meeting. She was a great help to many with her prayers. One man found deliverance from tobacco, others were under deep conviction, and no doubt will get saved during the weeks to come. We held three meetings every day except Monday and Saturday. The last Sunday two were baptized by immersion and three by sprinkling by the pastor. We are now in a battle at Escondido, Cal., with Rev. D. T. Groat, pastor, and Rev. E. M. Hutchens helping in the singing. We are looking forward for a great victory. One man sanctified last night, the first night of the meeting.—AUGUST N. NILSON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Cambridge will be dedicated Labor Day, September 7th. In every respect God has especially blessed us. We shall be glad to welcome all our friends and pastors. Services will be at 10 a. m. and at 2 and 7 p. m. "The best of all, God is with us."—J. N. SHORT.

HIGHWAY, KY.

The tent meeting conducted by Dist. Supt. Will H. Nerry and wife at this place has just closed. Rev. Nerry did the preaching, and Mrs. Nerry conducted the singing and children's meetings. The singing was good and the children's meetings resulted in several conversions. Brother Nerry fearlessly preached the Word, and great conviction was on the people. It was no trouble to get seekers to the altar. But the altar service would tie up. Nevertheless there were some good cases of salvation. Some of the best characters in this part of the country were taken into the church.—I. T. STOVALL, Pastor.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday, August 9th, was another good day at Utica Avenue church. The weather was intensely hot, affecting the attendance somewhat, but God was graciously in all the services of the day. Two more souls sought salvation at the evening evangelistic meeting. The spirit of conviction was deep and pungent. Our open-air service was one of the best yet. Another soul got victory at the

Rev. Aaron Hartt was a welcome visitor at Portsmouth camp

A gracious meeting was held at the Reading, Pa., holiness campgrounds. Returned Missionary Slater did some good work there.

District Superintendent Washburn is doing good work with the new District tent.

Let all our church plan for a good campaign this fall and winter, for a gracious ingathering of precious souls.

"KEEP ON BELIEVING."

KENTUCKY

We closed our tent meeting with our Highway church on August 9th, with twelve men and three women at the altar the last night. The Lord blessed, and mighty conviction was upon the people. Seekers prayed through to victory. The hardest battle in the meeting was during the altar services. One night, during the meeting, sixteen men and eleven women came to the altar, and another woman was saved on the way to the altar; another woman, crying aloud under conviction, fell off her chair and was gloriously saved a few services later. God has some faithful soldiers at Highway, who are determined to go through. Their pastor, Rev.

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Olivet, Illinois

close of the young-people's meeting on Wednesday evening. A hot weather revival spirit is a fine thing to have. It has been brought about by earnest prayer and heart searching truth.—D. RAND PIERCE.

BLACKWELL, OKLA.

The Nazarene campmeeting at Blackwell is now a thing of history. Rev. "Bud" Robinson, our evangelist, did some fine preaching, and Rev. C. A. Imhoff, our song leader, led the saints in song to perfection. Some seed was sown that will no doubt bring fruit in due season, and we are not discouraged on the account of but few getting saved or sanctified, but only convinced that where great light has been given, as it has in Blackwell for several years past, and rejected, that darkness will settle down on the people, and surely this is the case in Blackwell. Many people of this town will not endure sound doctrine, and as a result of turning from holiness, God is turning from those that oppose it, and leaving them in an awful, hardened state. The altar was not crowded full of penitent souls, but we judge that during the entire meeting there were four or five souls that heard from heaven.—J. H. VANCE, *Pastor*.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FIRST CHURCH

The past two Sabbaths, August 2d and 9th, have been seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Fully twenty-five different persons have been at the mourner's bench, and many of these have prayed through. We are having a summer revival of considerable magnitude. The young people begin a special series of revival meetings August 28th, to last for ten days. We have about 300 choice young people, the majority of whom are on fire for God. With the help of the Lord, they will bring things to pass. E. E. Wilde is the Spirit-filled leader, and God is using him.—C. E. C.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

Praise God for victory in Manchester! God is blessing our work here. Two weeks ago Sunday night nine seekers knelt at our altar. The following Sunday morning three came out one for the blessing of a clean heart and two for pardon. People are seeking salvation in our week night services. Some of these seekers are walking in the light, and shining for God. One week ago last Wednesday night our pastors, Sister Jodrey and Sister Knight, with a number of the members of our church, held a meeting in Nashua, with results. Our Sunday school, which is only three months old, is well attended, and growing in numbers.—E. HOY, *Deaconess*.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Closed the Springfield camp with a day of victory. Our helpers were S. B. Shaw and wife, and J. M. and M. J. Harris. The Harrises sang with power. Their special singing at times moved the people so that we had no preaching, but altar

service instead. The Holy Spirit thus broke in on this campmeeting in a wonderful way, and salvation followed. Many hearts were definitely blessed. We go from here to Auburn, Ill., with our church, for a few days, and then to Wichita camp, August 20th to 30th. My home address now is 1252 Sierra Bonita, Pasadena, Cal. I will not return to school work, but will remain in the evangelistic field.—FRED MESSU, *Jr.*

SUMNER, MO.

We arrived at the above town, Saturday, August 1st, expecting Brother J. S. Cox to arrive a day or two later, with a gospel tent. Sickness prevented him thus far from reaching us, so without a tent, we erected a brush arbor on Main street and opened fire. For seven days it was a siege of battle, but the walls fell Sunday night, when we preached on Titus 1:11-13. This is a new field, and hundreds through the arbor. Rev. H. White, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal church, Iowa District, brought a message last night. He is looking our way. He has spent twenty-five years in the ministry, battling against the difficulties prevalent in the old mother church. We pray that God will give us such men to help stem the tide of criticism, formalism, sin and ruin.—FRED GEITZ, *Jr.* AND WIFE.

CHECOTAH, OKLA.

Brother Chism, of Arkansas, and I, opened fire here yesterday. We had a good start. We have a fine location, and bright prospects for a new church.—G. F. HAUN.

DES ARC, MO.

I have held three revivals since my last report—one with Brother Mason and wife, at Leeper, Mo. The Lord gave us a good meeting; the revival broke out the fourth night. At the end of sixteen days we closed with nine saved and eleven sanctified. From there I began at Des Arc, Mo., my home town, from June 27th till July 4th. The Lord did wonderfully bless. The all-day service the Fourth of July, was enjoyed by all; six were saved. On the 15th of July, I pitched my tent in Mill Springs, Mo. After four days of hard work we had victory. The saints sang, prayed, and shouted, for eighteen days. We closed with twenty-two saved and thirty-one sanctified. There were eleven baptized and nineteen additions to the Church of the Nazarene.—WILLIAM SEAL.

BLANCO, TEXAS

In the last week of June we pitched our tent in old Camp Yell, where long ago meetings were held by old-time Methodists and Baptists, but for years it had been neglected. Brother Bell was with me as singer, and his daughter, Nina, as organist. We began on this sacred old place, and the power fell, and people wept their way back to old-time salvation; about forty souls swept into the kingdom. One man gave an acre of ground and \$50 to start a holiness church. Holiness is spreading in this section. The writer was called

back for the third Sabbath in June of next year, for the campmeeting. We went from there to Jacob's Well, with Brother Land and Brother Page. All three were called back for next year's campmeeting. We are now in Blanco City, doing our best. We are yoked up with Brother Hanson Brother Sprouse, and Brother Burlingame.—W. F. JERNIGAN.

BEECH GROVE, ARK.

We accepted a call to the pastorate here in May, and are getting settled to work. We were met by some of the pilgrims and friends of Beech Grove, who welcomed us to their hearts and homes, and after we were snugly situated in our home the citizens and friends, about seventy in number, surprised us, bearing substantial offerings to the amount of about \$15 in groceries and such things as we needed. I find several as fine pilgrims here as I ever met—no lodge goers, tobacco users, or theater and moving picture goers in our crowd. God graciously manifests His presence and power upon the work. We have just closed a great meeting, where God gave us a victory. A number prayed through, and made their confessions to those whom they had wronged. Our campmeeting for Calley Springs will be held August 13th to 23d. Rev. J. E. Guar, of Peniel, Texas, will be in charge. Our meeting here will begin August 27th. We are expecting great things of the Lord.—C. W. JOHNSON, *Pastor*.

THAXTON, MISS.

We began our meeting about two miles from Thaxton, where we have a nice little Nazarene church and some of the finest of people. Some are praying through at nearly every service. People are holding old-time grove meetings, and conviction is deepening. We are expecting a great revival and souls-saving and sanctifying time this week. We love the HERALD of HOLINESS more all the time.—W. P. JAY, *Dist. Evangelist*.

WALDRON, ARK.

August 9th was a blessed day with us. The writer preached from Luke 18:1, after which the saints met in the altar and had a season of prayer, which was abundantly blessed of God. Our campmeeting begins the 14th of this month. We see the cloud rising, and think we hear the sound of abundance of rain.—A. G. RIDDOUT.

VILONIA, ARK.

I am at home from the Ada, Okla., campmeeting, where God gave us great meetings—among the greatest of my life. About one hundred souls prayed through. It was marvellous to behold such waves of divine power and glory as would sweep over the great congregations. The Nazarene church is felt all over the city. Rev. A. F. Daniels is their faithful pastor. Through his untiring efforts and wise management they have made great progress this year. They have a membership of 136. Brother Daniels will enter the evangelistic field next year and we feel he will make good. I can heartily recommend him to the evangelistic field. The blessings of the Lord upon the HERALD of HOLINESS. It is good and strong, and gives us good soul food.—LEE L. HAMRIC.

FROM EVANGELIST C. PRESTON ROBERTS

My last meeting was at Alix, Ark., in the Nazarene church, with Rev. A. B. Calk as pastor. Here we had a great revival; many souls prayed through in the old-time way. Confessions and restitution were made. There are some true and tried Nazarenes at Alix. They know how to get under the load with fasting and prayer and make things go. It was our privilege to meet a number of loyal Nazarenes from Ozark, in the meeting. Brother Calk, the pastor, is one of the most congenial pastors I have been privileged to labor with. He and his consecrated wife know how to stand by the evangelist and make the meeting a success. My brother, E. G. Roberts, and his wife, were with us a few days, rendering good service in song and preaching. The last night of the meeting ten Blood-washed souls shouted their way into the Nazarene church, and there are more to follow. E. G. Roberts and wife, and myself, are in one of the greatest meetings of our lives at Batesville. About sixty have prayed through already.

SKEDDEE, OKLA.

Our meeting at this place, which lasted two weeks, closed July 29th. Brother Widmeyer, who has come to Oklahoma to teach in the Oklahoma Holiness College, was the preacher. He is a strong preacher of the gospel. God honored His Word, and many souls were blessed. Sixteen persons testified to having been either saved or reclaimed or sanctified. Brother F. B. Smith, of Oakland, Cal., was our efficient singer. He is blessed by all who hear him sing. I will begin

a meeting four miles north of Hominy, Okla., August 16th, to continue two weeks.—V. P. DRAKE.

SHILOH CAMP

Shiloh camp, five miles from Klondyke, Texas, has just closed one of the most successful meetings ever held there. The Lord honored the word preached by our pastor, Brother W. A. Fulbright, and Evangelist Virgil Fisher. The saints prayed and held on to God, and the fire fell at nearly every service. It was a time of letting down the old gospel plow to the beam. Before some could get right they had to make confession and then the Lord came and blessed. The last Sunday, at 3 p. m., we held communion service. The saints had a great time. There were between thirty and thirty-five reclaimed, saved and sanctified in the meeting, and eight cast their lot with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.—A. D. DRAKE.

SULPHUR, OKLA.

Our meeting closed last night at Sulphur, Okla., with victory. Wave after wave swept over the service, until it was hard to get them to leave. We will never forget the two last days of this meeting. Dear Brother Butcher and his wife did their best. God bless them! I am expecting to hear from them doing a great work for the Master. I am going on my way to Mineral Wells, Texas, for a campmeeting.—D. H. HUMPHREY.

S&PA, MISS.

We have been to Columbus, Miss., in a meeting. From there we went to Eupora, where we had large crowds and a good meeting. From there the Methodist pastor of the Mount Moriah church, near Sapa, called us to hold a meeting for him. We ran one week, and the Lord gave us fifty souls, either saved, reclaimed, or sanctified. About one-third of them, who were tobacco users, threw it away. We go from here to Thaxton, Miss., to hold a meeting for the Nazarene pastor.—W. P. JAY AND WIFE.

DAYTON, OHIO

The Lord of battles is giving us some glorious services here, with salvation flowing. A week ago, at our prayer meeting, two prayed through, and it was good to be there. Last Sunday a revival wave struck us. All day the power was on the services, with an increase in attendance; four at the altar in the evening service. Sister Warner, from Chicago, led our prayer meeting last night, and all seemed to enjoy her message. We begin a two weeks' revival campaign Sunday. Expect to pitch a tent on Northwestern Avenue and West First Street. Mrs. Mattie Wines, of Marshalltown, Iowa, will be with us, August 13th to 24th. Rev. Armstrong, of the United Brethren church, will also assist.—JAMES W. SHORT, Pastor.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

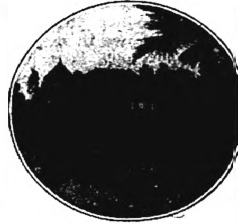
We have held a tent meeting here in a Catholic community with good attendance on the outside and a small crowd on the inside. Brother Sherman, of Los Angeles, has financed the work here for the coming month, and we have rented a good hall, in the heart of Sacramento. Will you announce, please, in your paper, that we are located on the ground-floor of the Pythian Castle, corner of Ninth and "I" streets. Any holiness people, preachers, or evangelists, passing through here will be welcomed. Meetings are being held in the hall every night in the week except Saturday. We have a plaza, just opposite the hall, where from three to five hundred congregate every night. We hold open-air meetings here nightly.—M. B. HAZELTINE.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

We closed our meeting at Ramona Acres, with only a few folks in sight who got anything that was worth mentioning. One preacher's son seemed to get a good case of religion. However, we struck an opening wedge for the Church of the Nazarene. At the meeting which we have just closed on Bayle Heights, in eighteen days we had thirty-four cases at the altar, besides a few others who requested prayers. On the last Sunday we enrolled a class of twenty-five good, substantial members, who pay, pray, and shout the victory. Most of them are new Nazarenes. We will pastor these flocks until the close of the Assembly, and then go to other fields. We are open for calls to plant Churches of the Nazarene in needy fields, preferably in Indiana or neighboring states.—V. E. CLARKE.

MUKILTEO, WASH.

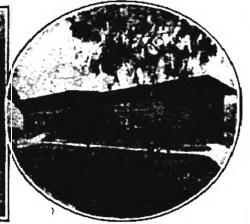
The Lord is graciously blessing the work at this place, and the presence of God is felt in every service. Our attendance is increasing, and conviction settles on the people as Brother Lund preaches with unction and power. One soul was saved at home a week ago, and some time previous



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H. ORTON WILEY, Pres.

four were reclaimed at our mid-week prayer meeting. We are looking forward, expecting the Lord to make manifest His presence, in giving us a revival, tearing down walls of opposition, breaking through prejudiced hearts, and healing the sin-sick souls. The growing interest among the young people is encouraging. We want to raise up a young people here that will stand for God and the right, lifting up the standard of holiness as they journey on toward eternity. We are busily engaged building a splendid seven-roomed parsonage near the church, which is now nearly completed.—H. M. SHERN, Sec.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

Our church is still marching on in victory. God is sending in new people, and prayers are being requested by backsliders and sinners. God is blessing the labors of our pastor, Rev. E. M. Jodrey, and assistant pastor, Miss C. L. Knight. Sunday

night, July 26th, was a day of victory. Rev. P. O. Ramsdell preached morning and evening. The mid-week services are blessed of God. A young girl, who had wandered away, was so stricken with conviction that she screamed, and cried to God to save her. She came through with victory. Sunday, August 2d, the glory fell and believers were sanctified. One other was saved. On the 9th the pastor preached in the evening, when a young girl was sanctified. Our Sunday school is growing, and is in good condition.—I. M. H.

PORTSMOUTH CAMP

Portsmouth, R. I., camp for the year 1914, has past into history—and a gracious camp it was! At first the attendance was small, but later the people came in. There was not a barren service throughout the camp. The saints of God prevailed with God daily—and God both heard and answered prayer. The power of God was felt all over

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the grounds, and everybody who knew God felt the freedom and liberty of the Holy Ghost throughout the camp. This is a peculiar thing about Portsmouth camp, and has been ever since this camp was organized, which the writer knows in no other campmeeting in New England. There is a peculiar sweetness, and power, and glory, and unity, and unction, that has ever characterized this camp. Thank God! this year was no exception. Brother Shepard said there were about one hundred seekers. I understand about \$1,400 was raised from all departments, which paid all the expenses of this year's camp and a couple of hundred on past years' debt, for all of which we say from the depth of our heart, Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!—JOHN NOBBERRY.

NAMPA, IDAHO

Our camp closed in a blaze of glory. It was the greatest meeting in the history of this part of the country. One hundred and sixty-five calls at the altar during the ten days, most of whom claimed the victory. We had the largest congregations that have ever gathered in the town for religious services. On the last Sunday the chapel was filled at the morning service. Brother Rees preached a wonderful sermon. At the afternoon service Sister Rees brought the message to a crowded house, and the Lord truly blessed the minister and congregation. At night Brother Hays preached a great sermon, in the tent, to a congregation of seven or eight hundred. There were thirteen or fourteen at the altar the last service. Hallelujah! to the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world.—EUGENE EMERSON.

FROM EVANGELISTS JOHN AND GRACE ROBERTS

In our last two meetings we were with Rev. Skelton, a Methodist pastor, in White County, Tenn. The Lord gave victory and the revival fire fell. Several prayed through good. Some heads of families and school teachers found the Lord. White County is "Bud" Robinson's old home. He is to have a meeting in Sparta, the county-seat, August 20th to 30th. Many of his old friends and relatives are expecting to attend. We held one service in the Nazarene Church in Sparta. They have a nice church, and a fine set of Nazarenes. We are now near Denver, Tenn., in a meeting.

LYNN, MASS.

The Lynn Pentecostal Church is marching on to victory. The spiritual tide in our meetings is rising higher and higher. The presence of God is with us in all our services. The glory falls on the saints, and we are having times of glorious refreshings from the presence of the Lord. Last Sunday evening the Lord gave us an extra spread; after a sermon on the second coming of Christ, in which the Lord gave us special unction in preach-

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Our campmeeting begins September 3d. Rev. C. B. Widmeyer, of Colorado Springs, will be the human leader, and Prof. Frank B. Smith, of Long Beach, Cal., will be our leader in song. We are expecting a wonderful revival and a great soul-saving time from the Lord. Everybody who can be invited to come and be with us through this meeting. We will provide tents and cots for all who wish to camp. Ministers of all denominations will be entertained free. Write for catalogue, or for information about the meeting to

J. W. VAWTER, Bus. Mgr.

ing, eight precious souls came to Christ. Four of them were new cases: two young men, and two young ladies. The others were backsliders who returned to Father's house. The attendance at our meetings is excellent, and we have new people to preach to all the time. We are about to paint and repair our church inside, put in a new lighting system—which will greatly improve its looks and make it more attractive in every way. We are to hold a series of special meetings for three weeks, beginning November 1st, with Brother Shepard, and we know God is going to give us a great time of victory. On the whole, we are on the upgrade, and gaining new heights every day, and expect to keep on the firing line, and some day outshine the sun.—THEODORE E. BEEBE, Pastor.

FROM EVANGELIST LIGE WEAVER

This has been a year of battles, hot and heavy, but a year of blessed victory. God has given us some wonderful revivals. In our last two meetings the mighty power of God fell upon the people, and men and women under the convicting power of

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the Holy Ghost, confessed their sins and prayed through to conversion. In the meeting at Manchester, Tenn., there were about forty saved or sanctified. When some lay prostrate for hours, some of the church folks wanted to send for a doctor, but, bless God! the Doctor was there, and at work with the remedy for sin, and as the cure was taken the recovery was immediate. Our last meeting was with the Hinesville church. Rev. F. O. Hobbs, of Lerna, Ills., did the preaching in the power of the Holy Ghost. Members of different churches were saved and sanctified, and some who did not belong to any church. Eleven united with the Nazarene church. Brother Claud Myers, of Alabama, led the singing. Rev. T. B. Dean is in a meeting with our Blakesville church.

SHERMAN, TEXAS

We had a good day Sunday. At 10 o'clock I united in marriage Mr. Fred Hammond and Miss Mollie Hood. I preached at the courthouse at 11 o'clock, and there were four professions, among them the young bride. A great time of rejoicing followed. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I preached at the cotton mills, in a private home, and one was converted. At half past eight I again preached at the courthouse, and there were six at the altar. I go to Viney Grove today for my next meeting. The meeting at Culleoka was a success, with forty-one professions.—B. F. PRITCHETT.

WISTER, OKLA.

I have just returned from Mississippi, where God gave us three fine meetings. The country seems to be ripe for holiness. Great crowds attended, estimated as high as a thousand at times, and that is a large number for country places. I organized a church and Sunday school at Union Hill, ten miles east of Slatillo, on Brother I. D. Farmer's work. My next meeting will be at Citra, Okla.—J. W. DODD.

BELGREEN, ALA.

We opened our first meeting at Union Hill, with Brother J. P. Sparks, where we held ten days, with between forty and fifty professions. T. W. Ezzell led the song and praise service. We went from there to Hodges, where we stayed until Thursday. We opened at Slone, Franklin county, on the 31st of July, Brother Sparks preaching. T. W. Ezzell had charge of the song service, and Brother Garrett was at the organ. Thursday night the fire fell, and we had great manifestations of God's power in every service but one until Sunday

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night. There were twenty-three saved and nine sanctified. We go next to Red Bay. Brother Sparks will hold two more meetings before he

returns to his home at Milano, Texas.—T. W. EZZELL.

LIBERTY, OKLA.

Our revival, with Rev. Tommie Hayes in charge, closed Sunday night. There were ten conversions and one addition to the church. He is a straight preacher of holiness. The big tent blew down Sunday evening, but we closed at the school house with large crowds. Brother Hayes has gone to Daw, Okla., for his next meeting. He will help Sister Brown in a meeting near Ryan, beginning the 20th of this month.—W. L. FOLLOCK.

ARBOLA, TEXAS

Just closed a two weeks' meeting here. The Lord gave blessed victory. Conviction was heavy from the very beginning. Several were saved or reclaimed, and some were sanctified. Some prayed through at the altar, some in their homes, and some in the fields. Some Methodists, who had not spoken to each other for months, established peace; some Baptists were converted, and some reclaimed. Thank God! holiness still wins. We holiness people have the world convinced that it's holiness or hell; so let's keep pressing.—H. A. ERDMANN AND WIFE.

WISTER, OKLA.

The Shiloh campmeeting, at Wister, Okla., has come and gone. It was a great meeting indeed; eighty-seven found the Lord—either pardon, reclamation or sanctification. Notwithstanding the rain and mud, and dripping arbor, people came in great crowds; the congregation often being estimated at a thousand. We received a class of fourteen as fine men and women into the church as there are in the world. Rev. F. R. Morgan, of Mansfield, Ark., and the writer, did the preaching. One hundred and fifty dollars was subscribed to defray the expenses of the meeting another year. Rev. Morgan and the writer, with Rev. Virgie McCaulis, of Marlow, Okla., was called to hold the next camp, which convenes on Friday before the first Sunday in August, 1915.—E. A. SNELL, Pastor.

ELLINGTON, MO.

We are pressing onward and upward at this place. We learned some time ago to abide in His love, and we have watched with delight the workings of the Holy Spirit as He welded the hearts of the people with divine love. We have heard the shout of praise of new-born souls as they emerged from the darkness of sin into the marvelous light and liberty of the Gospel. We hap-

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tized four members of our church at Bunker, Mo., last week. The people that attended this meeting were surprised at the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and many were heard to praise Him on account of His loving kindness, and for so graciously receiving them into His kingdom. Rev. J. L. Cox, our beloved district superintendent, was with us, July 18th and 19th, and delivered some life-giving messages. Rev. Fred Geitz, one of our licensed preachers, and our district secretary and his wife, Sister Della Geitz, both gifted singers and much used of the Lord in that capacity, are at this writing holding a meeting at Sumner, Mo., and are sending in encouraging reports. Sister Nellie Lonness, another one of our licensed preachers, and her husband, both entirely blind, are holding a meeting at Corning, Ark. We are looking forward with delight to our District Assembly, which meets at Malden, Mo., October 14th to 18th.—JOHN A. HILL, Pastor.

WINKLER, TEXAS

I have just closed one of the greatest revivals of my ministry at Bird Prairie. The people were anxious for a meeting and sent wagons about twenty-five or thirty miles after the tent. We had six professions in the first service, and every day from then on the power of God swayed the people like a mighty storm. Some of the wickedest men in the neighborhood were saved. We have moved the tent to the above place, and the tent will not seat the people who are coming.—EUGENE HUDNALL.

DODD CITY, TEXAS

The Lord gave us a great meeting at Cannon; thirty-five or forty professions. We are on our way to Wanette, Okla.—C. C. CLUCK.

TUSHKA, OKLA.

We closed a meeting last night five miles northwest of Tushka, Okla., with shouts of victory. Thirty-four were saved or sanctified during the meeting. The saints shouted, sinners wept, and our God led to victory. We organized a Nazarene church last night, with seventeen members. They called Rev. A. M. Mason for pastor, until the Assembly. I go to Roff, Okla., for another battle.—H. W. HANSELMAN.

OLINDA PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

We have just closed a successful ten days' campmeeting at Placentia, a new town, five miles from here. For our campgrounds we secured a walnut grove near the town and a number of families from this church tented there. The Lord was with us and we are confident a fire was kindled that will not go out till Jesus comes. More than twenty Americans and half as many Mexicans claimed to get the victory, and after our Assembly, which convenes next week, we have promised to return and hold a tent meeting and organize a church. Rev. Howard Eckel did most of the preaching, assisted by students of the Nazarene University, and Sister McReynolds, the evangelist to the Mexicans.—C. W. WELTS, Pastor.

WASHINGTON - PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT CAMPMEETING

Our District camp at Twin Oaks, Pa., closed August 9th. It was the greatest camp held in years. The spiritual tide began to rise in the first service, and advanced to its highest mark on the last Sunday. There were over one hundred seekers, and the saints were much blessed and edified. It is impossible to describe the scenes witnessed when the Spirit was poured out again

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and again. The weather was almost ideal, and the attendance was excellent. The financial needs were easily met. Dist. Supt. H. G. Trumbauer was in charge, and brought us a timely and helpful message the first Sunday. Excellent sermons were preached by the following pastors of the District: H. N. Haas, E. G. Krapf, J. T. Maybury, J. R. Buckmaster, E. H. Clark, William D. Shelor, J. C. Trager; also by P. C. Hoffman and Rev. Groover, visiting brethren not of our denomination. Rev. J. G. Chamberlain, our pastor at Camden, had charge of the baptismal service on the last Sunday, baptizing ten candidates by immersion. Our leading evangelist was Rev. Preston Kennedy, of Binghampton, N. Y. Rev. Charles Slater, missionary to Africa, gave the address on missions, and a good offering was taken for the same in cash and pledges. Brother Slater remained a few days as one of our evangelists, and was a great blessing. Evangelist A. J. Dolbow, of our District, was truly a live-wire throughout the meeting—preaching, praying, singing, and shouting, in his characteristic way. Most of the churches on this District were represented: Philadelphia, Camden and Allentown having the largest delegation present. The music by the string band of Philadelphia was enjoyed by all. Rev. Jonas

Trumbauer was business manager, and successfully conducted all the temporal affairs. It is expected that the success of this year's camp will bring increased attendance next year.—J. T. MAYBURY, Camp Reporter.

It often requires more courage to preach to one, than to preach to a thousand. It is the most concentrated form of preaching; the preacher's whole energy directed to a single soul, and that soul obliged to take the whole discourse to himself, since there is no congregation to share the hearer's responsibility. Many strong preachers have to confess that here is the point where they are most weak; that they lack the courage to face a sinner squarely and talk to him of his responsibility. But the timidity which hinders in this duty may be overcome; and it will be overcome, if at all, as Sir Thomas Brown said about his victory over his doubts, "in no martial posture, but on the knees."—A. J. Gordon.