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EDITORIAL

HOLINESS AND MISSIONS

HOW intelligent men and women can get their consent to go as missionaries to foreign fields without the experience of holiness and the consequent power which accompanies it, is beyond our comprehension. This is the more amazing when we remember that the same Voice and Authority which commanded us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, said likewise, "But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." The folly of going out without this divine equipment of Pentecost has been sadly demonstrated in many instances. To thus ignore the divine command is to invite disaster and defeat. This has been the solution of many a tragic failure in the mission field, and of many a broken heart and disappointaed life. Dr. A. T. Pierson gives us a graphic illustration of the truth of this position in the case of George L. Pilkington of Uganda, and the native Church in that land. A certain native, Musa Yakuganda, had come to the missionaries and asked to have his name erased from the church roll with the announcement that he had returned to his native heathen state, giving as his reason the startling statement: "I get no profit from your religion." Being asked if he understood the full significance implied in this grave declaration, he replied: "Do you think I have been reading seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me at all; I have done with it."

TO THE ASSEMBLED missionary preachers and teachers Mr. Pilkington showed what a cause of shame and reproach this case was to the missionaries. A sense of profound humiliation seized upon them. The sense of need of the deeper and fuller life and power of the Spirit took strong hold upon them. In prayer and humiliation they cried mightily to God from 8:30 a. m. till 12 m. and then during a long afternoon and evening service. For three days this continued. Many missionaries sought and obtained what they claimed as the fullness of the blessing of the Spirit, and made confession to the native church of their previous lack of faith and of power and of prayer. This led many of the native converts to similar humiliations and confessions, and to the reception of a similar blessing. Among these this same Musa Yakuganda, who had requested his name to be announced as having gone back to heathenism, came to the altar and sought and obtained the Holy Ghost. The result of this work was phenomenal in all the after years and produced a growth and extension in the mission both in numerical results and in spiritual power and effectiveness unknown in the previous history of the mission.

UNFORTUNATELY such cases as the above are exotic and rare. When they occur it is despite an unsympathetic church which sends out the missionaries. In these cases there is a very definite sense of need but a pitiful lack of definiteness of scriptural terms and means of having this great felt need fully met. No doubt many of these seekers got really sanctified. All this, however, only shows how much better it would be to have missionaries definitely instructed and led into entire sanctification by a sympathetic, holy church before they are sent to the foreign field. Novices may learn the handling of sails, compass and rudder and all the required nautical science

amid winds and waves and angry seas in crossing the great ocean from sheer necessity and dreadful experience. And yet they might not. How very much safer and surer for them to have learned these things and become sailors by diligent practice nearer the shore before embarking upon the perilous voyage across the great deep!

WE THANK God for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene which believes in training its sailors in the waters at home before sending them on these perilous voyages across the angry ocean. At our altars let our missionaries be converted and wholly sanctified; in our colleges and pastorates let them get their training and experience and then send them forth to the regions beyond to help claim the heathen for Christ's inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

SACRIFICIAL GIVING

NO OTHER kind measures up to the gospel standard of acceptability. We repeat that not what a man gives determines his liberality, but what he has left. God does not look at the amount but at the remainder and the motive. The remainder is a fine commentary on and sometimes a proof of the motive. This is why and how a gift of a million is sometimes smaller in His sight than the gift of a dollar. This is the defense and security of the poor. There is no aristocracy in grace. There would unavoidably be if the merit of giving was determined by the amount. How infinitely just and wise is our God! How jealous for His little ones!

IT IS A MISTAKE, too, to suppose that money is money and is as acceptable to God and as useful in His Kingdom whether it comes from the saloonkeeper's till or from the brow of honest endeavor; whether from our superfluity or from our self-denial. Away with such teaching! God is not so bankrupt that He must be debased in the using of blood money or in the disregarding of the moral and spiritual source of the revenue proffered for His Kingdom. Most of the money is tainted today. The leading institutions of learning of the great churches are crippled more by the wrong kind of money than by an inadequate amount of funds. God forbid that we should ever get away from the truth that we may expect greater results from a few dollars from right sources than from very large sums from questionable sources. Where the heart goes with the gift He can do most with it.

"AND JESUS sat down over against the treasury, and beheld how the multitude cast money into the treasury." With haughty strides the rich man ascends the temple steps and thrusts in crisp bills of large denomination. Jesus sees him, looks clear through him, understands every shadow, every crookedness, short cut and oppression represented in his bills. Inwardly there is a contempt for his gifts and an infinite pity for the befogged and money-blinded dupe making the gift. There comes a poor widow timidly tendering her offering, feeling in her soul deep unworthiness, but her love is as deep as her humility. His eyes see through her too, and He measures the relative value of the two gifts. Let Him tell us if one dollar is as good as another: "And He called unto Him His disciples and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, this poor

widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the treasury; for they all did cast in of their superfluity, but she of her want did cast in all that she had even all her living."

NOT THE "superfluities" but the "living" is what He wants. The mere superfluities never count with Him. Only when we give our all—only when we reach the point of sacrifice—are we counted as having become a partaker in His spirit who gave Himself for us. The heart must be reached and must be involved in the gift before it has a divine aroma, a heavenly flavor.

A RICH MERCHANT, through his secretary, issued a large check monthly to missions and with such regularity that it passed out of his mind and was like a part of the routine of business. He had an only son who was his very life and love. One day a young man from the mission field made an address which smote the heart of this son of the rich business man who had planned for him to succeed him in the business. A few days later the son walked into the father's office. With flashing eye the father greeted him and declared that his presence banished every care and was necessary to his very life and pleasure. The boy with serious mien told his father how the address they both had heard, but which passed out of the father's mind at once, had put upon him great conviction; how he had had an awful struggle ever since and could get no peace until he gave himself up for the foreign field. The father's face turned deathly pale. He now had a great struggle and long and bitterly was it fought until grace conquered. When the struggle was ended he had given his son, and by this sacrifice had become poor. This gift took his all and he who was rich was now become poor that others might be enriched with the Word of Life.

HE GAVE his "living"—all his heart-treasure—and how paltry seemed his pelf! Together they wept in silence, the boy embraced in his father's arms. When the victory came in the gift of the boy by the father it was accompanied by the gift of himself to the Heavenly Father. With tears he said to his boy: "My son, I give you to your Saviour and my heart goes with my gift. Go where He leads you."

THIS KIND goes not out but by sacrificial giving. Not the gifts and superfluity merely, or of sordid pelf, but the giving of self-denial and sacrifice is thus sacred and becomes treasure above.

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THE ENEMY'S NEW TACK

THE reckless critics who have waged so long a relentless warfare against the integrity of the Holy Bible having been so severely dealt with by the soberer scholarship of the country, and more especially by the developments of archaeology, have found it necessary to make a decided change in their tactics. From their merciless war on Moses and the Pentateuch and the histories of the Old Testament, criticism now seems turning to an attack on the Apostle Paul. To destroy Paul they are willing to confer praise on Christ; thus waiting for their attack on Christ until after they have destroyed Paul as they fondly dream of doing.

AN INSTANCE of this new policy is at least illustrated in an article in the *Central Christian Advocate*, of Kansas City. In its issue of November 13, 1912, the *Advocate* quotes from a sermon, approvingly, of Dr. King, of St. Louis. Dr. King was commenting on the episode about whether Mark should accompany Paul and Barnabas on their second missionary journey. They differed on the question, Barnabas insisting on taking Mark and Paul as earnestly objecting, and failing to agree they separated, Barnabas taking Mark and going one way and Paul taking Silas and going another way. The editor said Paul was in the wrong; that he had a pretty high temper and it did get the better of him more than once.

WE TAKE issue flatly with the editor and with Dr. King in

this matter. We insist that there was no exhibition of temper here, but an earnest and honest difference in judgment; and finding themselves unable to agree on the question of policy they did what all sensible and sanctified men would and ought to do: they simply agreed to disagree, and each selected a companion in whom he could trust and went on separate journeys. Thus by this honest difference there were two couples to make two missionary journeys instead of the three making only one journey.

THE ENTIRE basis for this charge of ugly temper and an unbrotherly break between Paul and Barnabas is a wrong interpretation they put upon the 39th verse of the 15th chapter of Acts: "And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other: and so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus:" Paul taking Silas and going through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the churches.

NOTE THE REASON for Paul declining the services of Mark. On a previous journey Mark failed to make good and "withdrew from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work." Paul had tried him once and he had failed and he was unwilling to take the chances with him again on so momentous a mission as he was to undertake. It was in no sense unchristian for Paul to take this position for he was a prodigious, aggressive, fearless worker and carried his life in his hand willing to lay it down for the gospel any moment, and no other kind of a preacher would be a congenial or successful co-worker with him. Especially would it have been unwise to have taken one who had not stood true under a former similar test. Paul's work was of a kind that he could not afford to experiment or to train or dally with workers. He must needs have men tried and true for the strenuous and perilous work to which he was called.

THE WORDS "the contention was so sharp between them" proves no violence of temper. The contention was simply a difference of judgment and an argument on the point. The word "sharp" which seems to be the special ground of stumbling to Paul's critics affords them no ground on which to stand. It simply means the discussion was sharp or quick or *decisive*. The original gives the sense of quickness or brevity to the difference or controversy. It means it was earnest and sharp but short—like Paul always. He had no time to parley. He doubtless with sharp, brief, soulful earnestness made his argument against taking Mark, giving as the basis of his objection a reason the strongest in the world especially to a man like Paul, and the moment Barnabas refused to agree, Paul chose Silas and hurried off on his great and memorable journey.

THE SOLVENCY of the positions here taken are in no degree invalidated by the fact that afterward Paul came to lean on Mark as a co-worker and brother. It only shows there was no feeling or ill will in his previous course, and that seeing later that Mark had changed and had made good he was willing to take him again as a fellow worker. So far from injuring it rather strengthens our position. Paul simply desired and was determined to take no chances whatever in his Master's business. Only the tried and true need apply for companionship with him on these history-making and perilous journeys, but a brother, once rejected because he had previously failed, having with some one else made good, he was perfectly willing to take back into the closest relations of labor and fellowship.

IT WOULD be extremely serviceable to opponents of holiness to be able to prove by the Bible that Paul had exhibited temper unbecoming a sanctified man. Paul is tremendously inconvenient to these people. He is a kind of thorn in the flesh to them. If they could only lay him aside they feel they would have easy sailing. Paul is a formidable obstruction in the way of teachers of a sinning religion. He is entirely too clean, too radical, too exacting, too close a hewer, too reckless where the chips fly, too insistent on being crucified to the world and the

world crucified to him, and he too beautifully exemplified this truth throughout his life and in his death.

HENCE IT IS that shallow exegesis seeks to catch at a simple debate on the expediency or in expediency of taking a certain brother on a most important gospel journey who had signally failed on a previous one, and seeking to make out of it a case

of sinful temper. We doubt seriously if there is ever a convention or an assembly of sanctified people where there is not equal sharpness and as decided contentions over questions of policy or methods but where there is no thought of charging any infraction of the law of perfect love that "it is not provoked."

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

The Saviour's Entreaty

Give me thy hand if thou wouldst know the way.

Long, steep and lone,
That leads from darkness into endless day.
Walk not alone;
And with thy hand, thy faith, and fear no more,
For I have walked the thorny path before.

If heavy seems thy yoke, My child, take Mine
And learn from Me;
And to thy soul shall come that peace divine
Faith bringeth thee.
Walk not by sight, but by thy trust alone,
Thy journey endeth at the great white throne.

Abide in Me, there is no grief nor pain
I have not known;
But I would bear and suffer all again
To keep My own.
These know My voice and follow where I lead,
To falling strength I give the aid they need.

Give Me thy hand and I will lead thee on—
Oh, look not back,
Nor faint; thy sins of all the years are gone—
Oh, look not back!
Those whom the Father giveth Me are Mine;
Abide in Me, as branch doth in the vine.

—Anon.

Well Said

We have never been able to understand how infelds with even common self-respect could occupy evangelical pulpits and receive salaries from, and retain membership in, evangelical churches. We include in this class of skeptics, Unitarians and preachers of all denominations who are committed to destructive higher criticism and the so-called new theology. To be sure the inconsistency is just as glaring in evangelical churches which will tolerate such men in their pastorate. It does seem to us that a very ordinary degree or grade of self-respect and a due sense of the proprieties of life would lead such men to voluntarily withdraw from these churches. Dr. Munro, in one of the papers, gives emphasis to this truth in the following paragraph:

Dr. Munro, speaking of men who today are openly and positively denying the virgin birth and the atonement, says: "The Church, not willing to be called 'bigoted' or 'intolerant,' permits them to do so, 'without let or hindrance.' But so long as they preach denials that stand opposed to their ministerial vows, they show that they are neither honest to themselves nor to their God. When certain men in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet could not accept his policies, they justly got out and the world commended them. But why should a politician be more honest than a preacher in a church, or a teacher in a seminary?"

The Reason

It was a reproach thrust at the Saviour by the pharisees that he ate with the publicans and sinners. They claimed to have the medicine which was a veritable specific for a ravaging disease which was epi-

demio, but they withheld it from the neediest sufferers reserving the panacea for a restricted class who bore a certain stamp approved by themselves as the only doctors and self-constituted arbiters in the premises. *Zion's Herald*, referring to this eating "with publicans and sinners," makes a good point:

Christ ate with publicans and sinners for one good reason among others—they made Him welcome. The grace of God comes into susceptible hearts. "Unto him that hath shall be given," is a profound principle of ethical procedure, and an indispensable condition of divine blessing. If a man has in him nothing that responds to the appeals of the Christ, the Nazarene will pass him by. There is a Saviour only for those who are willing to be saved.

Satanic Philosophy

The audacity of the devil is a sore trial to the patience of the saints. You have heard it gravely propounded as wise and even necessary for the development of the deepest, strongest and most rotund moral and spiritual character for people to be familiarized with things impure and immoral and disreputable. By learning resistance to these things they develop character strong in its fibre and more enduring. Now the devil presides over all schools of vice, including the saloon, the bagnio and the gambling hell. By the proposed philosophy of spiritual development these vile institutions should not only not be interfered with, but should be patronized by your sons and daughters for their moral development and spiritual growth. We beg to be excused. We prefer the school of Christ to the school of the devil. We like the curriculum better as well as the preceptors. The devil's curriculum is whiskey, profanity, cards and promiscuous association in the primary grades; and saloons and dives and brothels and gambling and degradation and hell in the college and university departments. The glorious curriculum in the entire course of the school of Christ is: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, THINK ON THESE THINGS." Rev. John Woods expresses a sentiment with which we are in hearty accord in the following from the *Herald and Prebyter*:

There is also a prevalent belief that it is our duty to familiarize ourselves with the wide realm peopled by the things that are impure and unlovely and of ill report. Curiosity is well named the "mainspring of progress, the cause and condition of civilization." The world is debtor, forever more, to noble and tireless seekers after truth. But a morbid curiosity, recognizing no bounds or barriers, has slain men by tens of thousands. It is fatal to proceed upon the supposition that we are justified in unearthing all the secrets of uncleanness

and vice. Garth Wilkinson says emphatically: "There are many facts which a man is a rascal for knowing; there are other facts which a man is a seducer or violator for knowing; there are other facts which a man is a burglar for knowing; there are facts, again, which a man is a murderer for knowing; and there are abundant facts which a man is a demon for knowing and prosecuting." Let no unhealthy curiosity draw us from the paths that are safe.

Habit Forming

The young pay little heed to the great ease with which habits are formed. After all, these are the controlling forces of life and it is a blessed truth that there is no compulsion in the matter of forming habits and that it is just as easy to form good ones as bad ones. There is yet another consideration to be observed. Habit is a matter of personal responsibility. You can never blame another for the habits you form. Habits come of yielding oneself to a course of life or the doing of a certain line of things. And this matter of yielding is the result of personal choice. Still another and the most important of all features of the subject is that habit tends to fixedness and permanency. While of course by the power of divine grace the most inveterate habit can be uprooted and character be transformed, yet it remains true that the longer one remains the victim of certain habits the more helpless he becomes in himself, and the less probability is there of his ever yielding to the influence of divine grace. The corollary fact is comforting that good habits long continued render further continuance in them all the easier and the probability of forsaking them decreases with time. We commend the following from the *Christian Advocate* on the subject:

Men may inherit some good things, but not good habits. Habits, whether good or bad, are always acquired, never inherited. To our own conduct we are indebted for all our habits. A habit is an act which has been repeated so frequently and for so long a time that it has become natural, or as we say, "second nature." It is ingrained into our being. We do it without trying, without thinking, and often without being conscious of doing it, and sometimes in spite of our effort to refrain from it. It is habit, and has become fixed, and like the coils of a deadly serpent or the fetters of a cruel bondage, cannot be broken. Whoever tries to break a bad habit knows how difficult is the task.

Think of the evil habits young people form—the habit of using profane and vile language, the habit of using slang words and speeches, the habit of using intoxicating liquors or drugs, the habit of taking advantage of a neighbor in a trade, the habit of indolence, the habit of speaking unkindly and uncharitably of a neighbor, a habit of cruelty, and other nameless habits which drown men in perdition and destruction. Who can estimate the mischief of one bad habit? How easily it has been acquired, and how difficult it is to get rid of it. If you have been so unfortunate as to acquire one evil habit, put it away, drive it out, fight

against it; by prayer and supplication and diligent effort make an end of it for good.

Good habits may be acquired as readily as evil. The habit of daily prayer; the habit of reading the Bible daily; the church-going habit; the habit of telling the truth at all times; the habit of speaking kindly and charitably of everyone; the habit of using only correct, pure and clean language; the habit of thinking no evil; all these may be acquired by the grace of God. How good they are!

Hold fast every good habit. It may slip away as other good things have done. A little neglect may cost one the loss of a splendid habit of life. The maxims of the world, the customs, the fashions, the allurements of the world, are sweeping in to break up our good habits and substitute others in their place. In the midst of a crooked and perverse generation one who will hold fast his good habits must be on his guard.

An Un-American Oath

As a sample of the "liberalizing" and "Americanizing" trend of Romanism in America we subjoin the un-American and treasonable oath every man elevated to the position of cardinal in that church is bound to take. Read it, ye apologists of Rome, and be undeceived as to this political institution in our midst:

"I, of the Holy Roman Church, Cardinal of, promise and swear from this hour, as long as I live, to be faithful and obedient to the Blessed Peter, the Holy Roman Apostolic Church and the Most Holy Lord Pius X., and also his canonically elected successors. I swear to give no counsel, not to concur in anything and not to aid in any way against the pontifical majesty or person; never to disclose affairs entrusted to me by the Nuncios, or in their letters willingly or knowingly, to their detriment or dishonor; to be ever ready to aid them to retain, defend or recover their rights against all. I shall fight with all my zeal and all my forces for their honor and dignity. I shall defend the legates and nuncios of the Apostolic See in all places under my jurisdiction, provide for their safe journey, treat them honorably on their coming, during their stay and on their return, and resist, even to the shedding of blood, whomsoever would attempt anything against them."

In harmony with this oath is the declaration of the *Catholic World* as to the duty of Catholics:

"The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country. All legislation must be governed by the will of God unerringly indicated by the Pope. Education must be controlled by the Catholic authorities, and under education the opinions of the press are included. Many opinions are to be forbidden by the secular arm, under the authority of the church, even to war and bloodshed."

Incarnated Truth

Truths become vitalized and lustrous when seen incarnated in human character—illustrated in every day human life. To the busy and unsaved, religious truth is often nebulous, hazy, of unreal existence. Let those truths be seen exemplified in some other busy man's character and every day life, and this beholder becomes profoundly impressed that after all there is something practical and likewise powerful in these truths which hitherto had appeared to him as only abstractions or pulpit conventionalities. This is the great need today. We need to have inspired truths actualized in human lives. We need the inspired Bible dramatized in the human lives of its believers. The men

would pause, consider, repent, believe. Let the doctrine of hell become a believed and practiced dread in the words and lives of church people, and sinners will return to a belief in the truth of a hell. Mere profession, mere church membership, simply being counted on the rosters of those who are supposed to believe in these vital verities of the Christian system have absolutely no influence on others. They have no convincing power to trend men toward belief. But when these beliefs or truths are seen lived in the lives of others and thus transmuted into human conscience and character, they become convincing and powerful as living witnesses to men of their divine authority and claims. The *Congregationalist* illustrates the truth we here stress in the following paragraph:

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit, which may long have hung upon the horizon of a man's life as a half-mystic dogma, becomes vital and real when he sees his neighbor sturdily walking common ways or doing drudging duty graciously, cheered by the presence of the Great Companion. Immortality is brought down out of the realm of impracticable notions into the sphere of human nature's daily food by every man who believes in it enough to turn it into goodness; that is, who is brave enough to sacrifice his convenience in the present to a higher good in the future; or who faces death not with the courage of bravado, but in the spirit of Christian adventure; or who devotes his energies to some worthy cause that can scarce hope to conquer in his lifetime.

It was a vision of religious truth which a poor man was thus working over into goodness that inspired Matthew Arnold to write:

"O human soul! so long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night;
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy
home."

Which is another way of saying that all truth is vitally related to goodness; and that wherever genuine goodness appears in the fields of earth its roots go down to truth.

An Evil Righteously Doomed

The licensed liquor traffic has run amuck an influence which promises its absolute ultimate overthrow. The war against this evil has been long and arduous. The struggle has been a desperate one. The mutations of this great movement in the past have had an educative influence which has at last aroused public sentiment, until this sentiment has crystallized and now demands the throttling of this matchless evil of the age. Revolutions never go backward. There may be undulations in the movement, temporary interruptions and local defeats here or there, but the great trend is toward final and complete demolition. It is a world-movement. Universal ideas are always triumphant. World-movements never fail. The brewer and saloon keeper had as well fold their tent and quietly retire without prolonging the agony further. J. M. Hawley, a preacher acquaintance of the editor, from Virginia, writes the following forceful lines anent this subject in the *Christian Advocate*:

As a reformatory agency public sentiment is little less than omnipotent. Long ago it demanded the suppression of the slave trade in every American colony, and the abolition of slavery itself followed in due time. It demanded that dueling, once common in our land,

should be forbidden, and its demand soon crystallized into the form of law. It demanded that lotteries should be outlawed, and even so mighty an octopus as the Louisiana Lottery was conquered and slain. It demanded that gambling halls should be suppressed, and stringent laws against them were promptly passed. It demanded that prize-fighting should be stopped, and soon these scenes of unspeakable brutality will be totally unknown in America. They are nothing less than an insult to the refinement and moral sense of all except the most brutal and vicious.

Like a mighty and resistless tidal wave, public sentiment against the liquor traffic is rolling over the land. Never before was the determination of the American people to suppress this traffic so outspoken and emphatic. The liquor interests, with their unscrupulous methods and lavish outlay of money, may check the tide here and there, but they are doomed to total defeat. This traffic, as Abraham Lincoln said, has many defenders, but no defense. Of this the American people have become thoroughly convinced; and what they know to be indefensible they will soon refuse to tolerate. Nothing is now more strongly condemned by the better class of our people than the complicity of the Federal government in this traffic and they demand that Congress shall pass laws forbidding the shipment of liquor into dry territory under the pretense of encouraging and protecting interstate commerce.

Loving the Preeminence

How prone man is to want to be the first. How self obtrudes itself in all his service unless it has been expelled by the mighty energy of the blood through the sanctifying Spirit. How this spirit mars much of even Christian service. How this alloy was found even among the chosen disciples of the Lord which led some of them to plan for and seek positions of honor in the coming kingdom of their Lord which they supposed would be a worldly affair. Until the victory comes through the sanctifying Spirit the motive of too many of us is that of "me first." An exchange, discussing this point, says:

At the altar of Neptune every officer who had fought in the battle of Plataea wrote the name of those who had done the best service, and each one wrote his own name first and that of Themistocles second! There is one great trouble with Castelar, said the Spanish minister Canova, he always wants to be first in everything. If he goes to a bull fight, he wants to be the sword; if to a wedding he wants to be the bridegroom; if to a funeral he wants to be the corpse. In his third Epistle, John describes Diotrephes as one "who loveth to have the preeminence." Long before he wrote that epistle John himself had lost all desire for conspicuousness, and in his gospel he never once mentions himself by name.

Once before this the disciples came to Jesus and asked, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called to Him a little child and set him in the midst of them, and said: Verily I say unto you, except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. What a hard lesson this was for the disciples to learn!

An Undeniable Connection

We would not pretend to claim that obedience to the commandments of God's Word always brings honor and riches. Sometimes God may see that these material blessings, while usually wanted, are far from the things needed by his obedient children. While this is true it remains also a fact, which cannot be denied,

that there is often very vital connection between good fortune and worthy living. Attention is called by an exchange to a comparison which has been made between two noted characters of diametrically opposite moral qualities, as follows:

Dr. A. E. Winship has placed side by side the records of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards, one of the great ministers of the eighteenth century, and those of Max Jukes, the notorious criminal, and the result is well worthy of study. Twelve hundred descendants of Jukes had been traced and three hundred and ten of them were professional paupers, four hundred were physical wrecks in early life, sixty were habitual thieves, one hundred and thirty were grosser criminals, seven were murderers. The descendants of Jonathan Edwards were not so easily classified, but at least one hundred and twenty of them were

graduates of Yale University, sixty were eminent physicians, over a hundred were clergymen, missionaries and theological professors, eighty were notable statesmen, one hundred were lawyers, thirty were judges. Riches and honor came to Jonathan Edwards' family because he and his descendants followed after righteousness, while poverty and disgrace were the portion of Max Jukes and his descendants who inherited evil and continued to commit deeds of evil.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

In Gloryland

F. M. LEHMAN

"I will not be long and I shall be
From all earthcare set free.
There nothing shall my pleasure mar,
Beyond the Bar.

I sit before the half-flung gate,
Where passing man must wait,
Stirred by the haunt of memories—
Dead yesterdays.

The yellow sky life's close fortells,
The sluggish pulse rebels;
A prow-blunt barque grates on the sand—
From Yonderland.

Sweet bells chime chord with lute and lyre
And heaven's triumphant choir;
Receding earth grows dim and dark
Where piles my barque.

The dreams of earth are overpast
And I am Home at last;
Through Christ the weary race is run,
The goal is won.

The four-square city's turrets shine
In fadeless light divine;
Bliss reigns supreme on ev'ry hand
In Gloryland.

We Must Not Fail

REV. C. E. CORNELL

God is graciously leading the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The widespread interest in the movement, the rapid organization of new churches, the accumulation of valuable property in churches, parsonages, schools and universities; but, best of all, the almost universal revival that is kept going night and day. A Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene that can not and does not have souls converted and believers sanctified wholly ought to disband, or else do something quickly.

But with all this to encourage us, in the judgment of the writer the most important undertaking we now have on hands is the establishment of our Publishing House. What a great paper is the HERALD OF HOLINESS! How would we do without it? What an inspiration is our Sunday school literature! how clean, orthodox, safe and spiritual! What would we do without it? With our Publishing House located in the great central city of the United States, owning property, providentially secured, that within ten years will be worth ten times what it cost, how wonderfully God has honored us! But so far the general church has not supported this greatest enterprise of all as it should. Support has been given, but not in proportion to the importance of the enterprise to the whole church. Brother Kinne and his faithful co-laborers have been compelled to "make bricks without straw." Kinne himself has traveled 35,000 miles, most of the time refus-

ing to take even a tourist sleeper, that expense might be saved. The employees of our Publishing House do not work by the clock as most employees; they work night and day, late and early. They are the most self-sacrificing set of men and women I have ever seen. But this kind of strain can not always last. The financial strain must ease up, so with the physical, or there will be an awful calamity.

It seems to be comparatively easy to raise money for local churches, for the building of parsonages, for colleges and universities, for rescue homes, and the like. But what are these compared with our Publishing House, sending its heart throbs to the ends of the earth? Brother, suppose our Publishing House is compelled to go out of business: who can measure the calamity? But, worse still, who would be responsible for such a dire calamity? The Publishing House does not belong to a little faction: it belongs to YOU, to ME, to the WHOLE CHURCH. It is OURS, we must perpetuate it.

Give our Board of Publication \$25,000, and I predict that within three years they will make the Publishing House self-supporting. If you will not give them the money, loan it to them at a fair rate of interest (the whole church behind you for the security), and the Publishing House will astonish the world.

Brethren, let your eyes rest upon Kansas City for awhile. Consider the magnitude and importance of this enterprise. Can we afford *not* to support it? Let us have one united, grand, enthusiastic rally. It ought to be done; *we can do it*, God help us!

Educate in the Faith

E. F. WALKER

It has come to pass that many schools have become a menace to the Christian faith. Time was when the school was an assistant to the church. As a rule the Bible was read, and God was recognized and honored every morning, ere the studies of the day were entered upon. Not so now, except in very rare cases.

Instead, the world with its contests, sports and pleasures very largely occupy the attention of the students as extras; and frequently such things are hardly looked upon as extras, but as essentials of standing in school, and oftentimes things which the church condemns as inconsistent with the Christian life are compulsory for the scholar.

Our public grammar and high schools, we are told by those who know, are fast becoming nurseries of indecency and evil personal habits. A city superintendent in one of the largest cities of the land recently told me that the moral conditions

of the high school scholars in that city were "simply awful."

Even in some church schools it has come to pass that many doubtful "doings" are winked at, if not positively encouraged. Fraternities minister to social rivalries and worldly festivities that are destructive to personal piety and faith.

The conditions of church colleges are little if any better than those of state schools. I myself know of two universities near by in the same state, one under the control of one of our leading denominations, and the other under state control. If there is any difference at all in the moral and religious conditions of these two universities it seems in favor of the state institution, and I speak from personal observation, as well as from testimonies of those in the schools.

In another state there is a prominent church school whose teachers and students are not altogether unknown to me, some of whose students are in the habit of visiting a prominent holiness camp meeting and giving the college yell; and I have received communication recently from one of the students of that school, recounting to me some deplorable evidences of higher criticism, amounting to and superinducing weaker faith.

I give several quotations from his letter:

The following remarks may be of some assistance in enabling you to gauge, somewhat as to the degree of spirituality which is apt to result in the lives of young people under such tutelage, most of whom, as we must surely admit, do very little thinking through problems. The attitude of the majority of the students was well expressed in a class the other day, when, in answer to the question, "Who is your authority in different matters?" one student answered that he took the professors of various departments for his authority (naming them).

Of course we believe that the condition in a Christian school ought to be such that it would be perfectly safe for a student to have that attitude toward all the teaching he receives in said school. If such is not the case, I ask, "What right has the denominational school to exist, being a drain upon the purses of the Christian people of the denomination? for that money might better go to the missionary cause, or to a number of worthy causes. If the denomination does not offer anything different than the state schools.

First of all, let me say that I am impressed with the sincerity of the professors mentioned herein; but if their teaching is wrong, that very sincerity, it seems to me, makes their influence all the more potent and more dangerous, for, as some one has well said, "Sincerity is not the test of truth, it is the test of honesty."

This school teaches evolution, and, to my knowledge, there is only one dissenting voice in the whole faculty. The professor of biology said to his new class the other day that he fully expected that they would all be full-fledged evolutionists by the end of the year, although, he said, most of them were opposed to the theory at the start because of ignorance.

In the class in sociology, which perhaps more than any other seems to be the place where such teachings have their practical effects, the students are compelled to read over five hundred pages of collateral reading in one term, . . . and there are few, if any, students on the campus who will read as much in God's Word in that same time, as they read in this one course. I might say that I know individual examples of young men who came to study for the ministry, but through the influence of the philosophical, psychological and biological and sociological teachings, they have backslidden, and in some cases have lost their faith almost entirely, at least for a time.

In this school the president and all the members of the faculty, with two exceptions, either frown upon or definitely oppose and ridicule holiness, and one professor went so far as to openly pray against holiness in the school chapel.

This very afternoon the professor in psychology spoke of the Garden of Eden story as an "adapted myth, probably put forth by some ancient religious teacher, who wanted to teach a spiritual truth." Of course this is a favorite subject with the critical, and in the freshman English class, in which every freshman must go, the teacher calmly asserts it as his belief that there never were any prophets who fore-saw, but that their so-called prophecies were nothing more than histories of events written after their occurrence. This is of course a good beginning for what is to follow in other classes, particularly those before-mentioned. To me it is pathetic to see the shocked looks upon the faces of the freshmen when such things are brought up, but by most folks it is looked upon as a joke.

The writer goes on to make numerous quotations from books which are prescribed in the course of study of that noted denominational school, and bear in mind that this is in a school bearing one of the most honored names of church history.

In another state, in a college under the control of a denomination that is very dear to this writer, a sister told me that her younger brother had gone there a Christian and had returned an infidel; yet nearly all of the professors in that school are preachers. It seems that, less and less, in the old denominational schools, is the Bible regarded as final authority in matters of faith and is holiness unto the Lord the watchword and song.

Holiness schools have come not a day too soon. There must we look for help against the mighty influence of infidel education. There and there only must we educate our sons and daughters, if they are to be saved to the faith once delivered unto the saints.

People of God, awake! Arise, and get your hearts into this matter, and your shoulder under the burden; and by all means help to conserve faith, to deepen piety and to establish holiness among those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Pour out your prayers! pour out your purses! pour out your sons and daughters into the great providential work and responsibility resting down heavily upon our holiness people.

A Tried People

REV. J. F. HARVEY

The world in which we live is a fallen world. It is full of sin. The vast majority of the inhabitants of this earth are in the service of Satan. It has been thus in all ages since the fall of man. Satan is the god of this world. He has possession of all the world, except the "narrow way" which is provided by the atonement of Calvary's cross for the pilgrims to walk in on the journey to the Celestial City. Satan has not *rightful* possession. He is an usurper. But he has possession never-

theless. He has at his command legions of evil spirits that do his bidding. There are also tens of thousands of human beings that are ever ready to do anything he suggests to them.

All this being true, no one need be surprised at the statements of Scripture concerning the trials, afflictions and tribulations that come to the children of God. Satan never rests in his efforts to overthrow the true hosts of God. If he can not succeed in one way he tries another. He is full of plans and schemes. He is most persevering. His motto is, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." If all God's people would stick to that motto as well as the devil does they would accomplish more.

With all the foes, human and diabolical, that the people of God have it is no wonder that they are a *tried* people. And God permits them to be tried. He is willing to have the armor tested with which He clothes His people. *It has never failed.* And yet the very fact that the child of God is to wear an armor reveals the truth that he is to meet foes and fight battles.

There are tests from the beginning of the Christian life. No one need think that the devil is going to easily allow a soul to leave his service. And when a soul does get out from under his control, he never ceases his efforts to recapture that soul. And as the soul advances in spiritual experiences, the opposition becomes fiercer, and the testings greater.

All this might seem discouraging to the soul were it not for the fact that God promises to not suffer us to be tempted or tried *above* that we are *able* to bear, but will always make a way of escape.

The young Christian would not be able to endure the tests and trials, and fight the battles of a more mature experience. God knows that, and so He "tempers every wind that blows." If the soul stands steady and true amid the earlier trials and tests, it thereby gains strength to endure greater ones. The Indian warrior thought that the strength of every animal he slew entered into himself. So every victory won by the child of God, and every trial endured makes him stronger and prepares him for larger service and responsibilities.

Trials do not *seem* to be the best for us. They are not joyous, but grievous. But if patiently and faithfully *endured* they *afterward* yield unto us the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It is God's way of ripening our fruit. The fruit that stays on the tree until it is fully matured and ripened is always the best. There are some apples that will not "hang on" the tree through rain and shine, and endure the ripening process. They will not endure the tests, and therefore are never gathered into the storehouse at the harvest time. So there are those among God's people who will not endure the tests. They will not submit to the divine plan of making saints. Therefore the fruit is not brought to perfection.

We are not to seek for trials, for it is only those trials that come to us *not* by our intention that yield us the highest good. Our part is to hold steady, stay where we are and keep on trusting; and thus give God a chance to make the trial work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. It may seem that we ought to do something. And yet

God is not showing us one thing to do. At such times the devil will show us a lot of things, and insist that we do them. And if we are not very careful he will deceive us as an angel of light, and get us to do things that only hinder God from working out His plan for us. There was nothing for Job to do but to retain his integrity, and wait until God spoke to Him. Had he listened to and heeded the advice of his counselors, as many do, he would have missed God's purpose altogether. But he held still in pain's furnace heat until the Lord said, "It is enough."

The Lord always knows when it is enough. He knows just when to blow the fire up a little hotter; then when to allow it to cool somewhat; and just how long to let us stay in the furnace. It is His business. He will most surely attend to it just right. He says, "I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have created the waster to destroy."

He wants to rid His people, yes, His sanctified people, of all their dross and tin. He not only wants gold, but He wants refined gold. And if we are willing to stay in the crucible, and not twist and squirm and flop out, He will, *just at the right time*, bring us forth as gold tried in the fire. He knows just how to do it. His ways are always the best for us. Job said, "He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." And he did.

The people who endure trials, who refuse to surrender, whatever the test—who really allow God to have His way with them, who trust in Him at all times—are the people who are of the greatest value to Him here, and who will shine like the stars for ever and ever. The glorious one hundred and forty-four thousand that John saw standing with the Lamb on Mt. Zion, were those who, when on earth, "followed the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." And the great multitude which no man could number, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, were those which "came out of great tribulation." They went into tribulation, as a sheaf of wheat composed of much straw and chaff goes into the threshing machine. They stayed in and went through the process, as the bundle of wheat does. They "came out" at the proper time and place. The useless chaff and straw came out one way, to be burned, and the wheat came out another, to be gathered into the garner. Not so much bulk after going through the tribulation machine, but much more valuable and prepared for service. And the angel says, "Therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."

Still polish and sharpen me, Master,
Though painful the process may be;
And make me an instrument fitted
To be used any moment by Thee.

"Avoid Them"

DELANCE WALLACE

"Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly;

and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple ["Innocent," R. V.].—Romans 16: 17, 18.

Would that we might bring this exhortation to the Christian people of the Northwest District so forcefully that they could not forget that the inspired apostle saw fit to leave on record, "and avoid them"!

Everywhere we find good people running after every new cult and error. Often they go from curiosity; and I find many preachers of our church who feel called upon to go that they may "know how to meet their argument, and refute it." The text says, "Avoid them." In 1833, Gurney said: "Although in a day so marked as the present by unsettled and floating opinions, it is peculiarly desirable that Christians should be able to give a reason—and even many reasons—for the hope that is in them. It must not be inferred from hence that the religion of Jesus stands in need of apology or defense. While its advocates are at all times ready to state the reasons of their unalterable convictions, they by no means intend to give countenance to the notion that the truth of Christianity is debatable."

While it is true that in the world of commerce they are ever seeking new and strange methods of attracting attention, it is chiefly to call attention to "old and established principles." Great revolutions have come during the last decade in methods of accomplishment which make possible the manifold multiplication in achievement, but after all we get back to the same old adage, "It is grist we want."

The same obtains in the clamor of the political world. People tire of theories and promises without results, and while men may continue to advocate platform and principles, the masses decide in their own mind (perhaps secretly) to try a new one, and become inquirers into every new thing that comes along. The difficulty may not be with the platform or principle, but with the execution. May not this be the very reason for the eagerness with which these "new things" in the spiritual world are sought and run after? Are we standing for doctrines by argumentations, or are we urging them as experimental (rather as *experience*)?

Historical evidences of our doctrines are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutiny of the learned, and within the reach of well educated persons. But the internal evidences of the truth have a far wider influence, for they are open and intelligible to every sincere inquirer. Every one who reads the Bible, and compares what it says of mankind with his own experience, and marks the fitness of its mighty scheme of doctrine to his own spiritual need, and "will take hold of my covenant" (Isa. 56: 6, 7), can have that internal evidence mentioned in the promise therewith. Can we not expect greater and more lasting results if we urge our own doctrines more as experience than theory, knowing that our own "burnt offerings and sacrifices are accepted upon mine altar"? Will it not so occupy and satisfy our people that fewer at least would belong to the "tribe of Gad"? The writer has been criticised for not having been able to debate or argue some of the "isms" afloat, but the text says, "Avoid them."

The Drift

F. M. LEHMAN

On the corner of Thirteenth and Oak streets, Kansas City, Mo., stands a goodly sized brick church building—abandoned. The slate on roof and tower is still almost intact, but the brick walls are water-soaked and disfigured by gully-drippings. The stained glass windows are out or full of holes made by stones thrown by passing boys. The rough lattice work of the foursquare tower is wind-shaken and discolored by excretion from birds roosting there. The four tower-clocks have lost their hands, the figures hang askew and the iron hammer that struck the hours in better days hangs rusting over the motionless wheelwork now. The abandoned, crumbling structure reminds one of a leaning, moss-covered tombstone in a cemetery.

"Years ago," said our companion, as we stood looking at the pile of ruin, "the pastor said, in substance: 'We want it distinctly understood that we have no room for the scarlet woman, no matter whether she is a sinner or converted.' A godly woman of his flock arose, and said: 'If what you said is meant, then the time is not far away when this church building will be abandoned!'" Today the rusty lock is stranger to a key, sparrow-chatter has succeeded choir-chant, the wind whispers ghostly requiems through latticed tower and broken pane and the silence of death reigns in its empty, musty interior.

One block west of this ecclesiastical dead-house stands a large modern theatre. Its electric signs flash out the attractions in letters of fire and the teeming populace patronizes it well. The scarlet woman is not barred from its door. The clink of coin in the ticket seller's till drives up Mammon's bank account. Automobiles honk up to the curb with hireling church-loads, silks rustle down the aisles under the subdued light-shimmer of tastefully suspended arts-crafts lamps, and dulcet music thrills the senses under passion's spell. The fashionable churchlings that once drew their skirts aside from the city's underworld slave have drifted down the stream of cultured sin from the church to the playhouse. The Christ-crucifying hireling with his pharisaical caste-following would not tolerate the outcast in the temple but, leaving the devil to tack the Ichabod sign over the paint-blistered door, they have moved down the line to fawn at the feet of painted pariahs in refined (!) vaudeville.

"Stay in your churches!" cries popular evangelism. Yes, stay—and die. A number of years ago a woman lay dying. In her arms lay her late-born infant which she again and again pressed to her poison-filled breast. When her heart-broken husband gently remonstrated she struck him a stinging blow full in the face. In her eyes gleamed the fires of the world infernal and the hate of devils was couched in the words that fell from her blistering lips. In better days she

had known a Savior's love, but compromise had wrought her soul's sad ruin. In the throes of dissolution, with hell's gates ajar just over the horizon of time, hate impelled her to take her offspring with her into the long, lone valley of death. When her limbs relaxed after the last convulsion had passed the infant stiffened by her side. They buried them both in one grave.

A church that denies the power and fulness of the gospel and insists in feeding converts on sentimental trash and a sinning religion is like the dying woman pressing her offspring to her poison-soaked breast. Evangelists who should know better take the child, which proper care and nourishment would rear, and lay it on the breast of a dying, corruption-struck thing still called a church and then stand calmly by to watch the death-process. Realizing and affirming that death is abroad, once a year they apply the ten-day resurrection-cure, with an occasional convention pull-motor operation. Should life in any form be noticeable they promptly lay the weakling in the arms of a dead ecclesiasticism, pull the sheet over the dead faces, and hasten on to repeat the process in another ten-day farce. This poison-sucking process means death to the convert. Necessity demands that we bury both in one grave; but who is responsible for placing and leaving the child with the dying or dead mother?

How many empty church buildings stand like crumbling tombstones witnessing against a compromising ministry and people? How few still in the profitless grind want a full gospel? How few want the common people? How few invite the weary Magdalene to find rest in their fold? It is high-noon time to cry out against the drift, preach a full gospel that Paul was not ashamed of and hold out the hand of fellowship to the woman Christ forgave. It is time we uncover the hell Russell seeks to smother, smash the error Mrs. Eddy left her degenerate posterity, unfrock the hireling who prates but for shekels and praise, break fellowship with the "stay-in-your-church" (backslidden) crowd and preach boldly the old, never-worn-out gospel of full salvation.

The drift may not be checked in its speed-gaining momentum, but some one floundering by may be saved. While the compromise-poisoned "mother" is unquestionably too far gone for help, let us snatch from her death-cramped arms those whom her blind nurses press to her poison-filled breast, and feed them on the health-giving milk-and-meat of a full gospel. Let us proceed to bury "our (dead) mother," plant a weeping willow over her grave and chisel a fitting epitaph on the tombstone to perpetuate her one-time precious memory; but let us by all means take from her pulseless arms and cold embrace the nursing she in her mad delirium would drag with her to the tomb, and make of it a stalwart Nazarene. Selah!

JOSEPH PARKER said it was a sad thing when the house was greater than the tenant. Very many of the finest houses are much finer than the men who own them. Ofttimes the furniture is of a much higher order than the women who preside over the household.

Mother and Little Ones

Christ Our King

CHARLES V. LA FONTAINE

Christmas bells are ringing out,
O'er the earth their gladness pealing;
Happy now with joyous shout,
All the world with praise is ringing.
Round and round their echoes sound,
Till the nations catch the strain;
In them joy and peace are found,
The earth takes up the glad refrain.
Songs that tell the Christmas story,
Of the Christ, the world's Redeemer;
This shall be a sign to you:
The Babe is born in Beth'lem's manger.

On the hills the shepherds watched
O'er their flocks that starry night,
Until the angels sang their song,
And left them wondering at the sight.
Radiantly their brightness shone,
Telling out their wondrous story;

King of kings is born tonight.
The Son of God from heaven's glory!
In the city there of David
You will find in swaddling clothes,
Near the kine, in manger lying,
While light from heaven round
Glory in the highest, glory! [Him glows.
Peace on earth. Good will to men!
Shout your triumph, angel voices,
Earth replies with loud Amen!

Not Self, but Christ

In the following account of a lady worker in Burmah we see the power of Christ's religion over self-interest. Here, if anywhere, we meet one to whom Christ's promise applies in a very special manner: "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

The lady came to Burmah about fifteen years ago, in company with her husband. After a short time of work together the husband died, and was buried while on an evangelistic tour in the Shan states. His wife toiled on alone till falling health necessitated her return to America.

There she took regular courses in medicine and theology, after which she came back alone to Burmah. She went far into the interior among the Shan people, and for nine years uninterruptedly worked in that lonely region. She gathered a native church about her, trained her own preachers, built her own bungalow, schoolhouses and chapel. At the end of nine years she allowed herself a holiday for two weeks, and has again returned to her life work in the jungle.

She does not feel that her life is in any sense extraordinary or deserving of special commendation for its self-denial so unwavering and protracted as to be almost the despair of ordinary Christians.—Canadian Missionary Link.

A Little Lad's Missionary Offering

EVELEEN HARRISON

Where were all the people going? Such crowds passed quickly through the streets, talking earnestly about something.

"Haste thee, Sarah, or we may be too late to see the wonderful things!"

"Tell us again, Samuel, what saw ye the Great One do?"

"When we find Him, think you that He will help our Rachel?"

So they talked, as men, women and children passed down the street.

The whole town seemed to be interested in this strange journey. A little lad broke through the crowd, and pushed open the door of a small house. "Mother, may I go?"

The mother looked lovingly into her boy's eager face.

"Yes, my son; see, here is thy lunch, fresh barley bread, and fish just caught from the lake. Take thy basket, and God go with thee."

A long, hot, duty walk, but what of that? The wonderful things were to come.

"On top of that grassy slope, see you that knot of men? There He is!"

The crowd pressed eagerly on, and such a strange crowd! The blind stretched out their hands to be led. The deaf kept eyes fixed on the hill. Those who carried dear ones in litters, took up anew their heavy burden. The lame pressed painfully forward. The lepers followed afar off.

Hush! through the clear air comes the music of His voice.

"Come unto me, come unto me . . . ye weary and heavy laden," and the burdened crowd passed on up the hill.

Right in the front ran our little lad, full of a boy's delight in the wonder to be seen and heard. At the side of the "Great One" he stood and joined with delight in the shouts of joy as the blind first opened their eyes to the glorious light; the deaf answered the questions of their friends; the lame rose to their feet, leaping and walking; the sick took up their beds and walked, and the lepers bowed to the ground at the feet of the "Great One," and arose clean and whole.

Oh! the gladness of rejoicing, the tears of happiness on the faces of friends and loved ones.

And then the stories the "Great One" told. Of the birds and the flowers, the animals and the jewels. Earnestly the little lad listened and wondered.

Hour after hour passed. Finally the "Great One" turned to His special friends.

"I have compassion on the multitude . . . give them to eat!"

Give them to eat?

"Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not enough that each may have a mouthful!"

At these words the lad, eager to help, to give all he had, stretched out his little lunch basket that mother gave him.

One of the special friends named Andrew stooped and opened the basket.

"Master!" he called, "there is a little lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."

"But," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "what are they amongst so many?"

The face of the "Great One" smiled down on the little lad, and He turned with outstretched hand.

"Bring them hither to me."

Was it possible his poor little offering would be accepted?

With a radiant face the lad laid down his basket at the feet of the Master.

"Bid the men sit down," the quiet voice commanded.

Like a large flock of birds the great company settled down upon the grassy hillside. Fifty, and fifty, and fifty; in row after row. Men, women and little children, lots of little children.

Closely our little lad watched to see what the "Great One" would do. What could He do, even He, with five little rolls and two tiny fish; hardly enough for one hungry boy.

The hands of the "Great One" were outstretched, raised to heaven. Every head was bowed, and a deep silence passed through that great company; for a blessing

was asked from God above over the little lad's bread and fish.

And then what a marvelous wonder took place! Basket after basket was filled and handed to the special friends! Back and forth they went, up and down the rows of people, urging every one to take all they required.

When a basket was empty, back went the carrier to the "Great One," and again it was filled!

With joy the little lad helped carry back and forth the baskets. Over and over he kept repeating, My lunch enough for five thousand people! His little heart beat so fast with joy and pride that he could hardly breathe. For was he not permitted to help the "Great One"?

Had not his missionary offering—all he had to give—been accepted and magnified a thousandfold?

"Gather up all the fragments, let nothing be lost."

And again the baskets, this time full of broken pieces, were laid at the feet of the "Great One."

The people bowed their heads in awe and wonder, then leaped to their feet shouting, "This is the prophet, the 'Great One'! Let us make him our King!"

But the Master had disappeared.

"And oh! Mother," exclaimed our lad that night, as he told the wonderful story, "He allowed me to help Him; He accepted my offering, and I am only a little boy."—Alliance Weekly.

Wanted: A Boy

"Why, what a funny advertisement! Bobby, listen to this!" and Mrs. Johnson read from the evening paper as follows:

Wanted—A good, smart, honest boy; must be red-haired and freckled; none other need apply.—Smith and Thompson.

Bobby laughed. "That's me, sure," he said; "especially the red hair and freckles. Guess I'll go around."

"Well, it really sounds as though it were meant for you," continued his mother, so seriously that Bobby laid down the book he was reading and looked at her in surprise.

"You were just funning about the red hair and freckles, weren't you, mammy?" he asked.

"No, indeed; come and see for yourself."

"Whew—w—w!" whistled Bobby, looking at the paper; "I'll have to try, sure thing. But how queer for Smith and Thompson to put in an ad. like that. It's the very office I've had my eye on for months; but I didn't know there was likely to be a vacancy so soon."

At nine o'clock next morning Bobby found himself one of a row of boys in the waiting room outside Smith and Thompson's private office. The youngsters all had hair of various degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown. Some were speckled as a turkey's egg, others could only boast of a few of these valuable marks. It seemed so funny to Bobby that he forgot how badly he wanted the place himself and greeted each rival with a friendly smile.

The first boy to be admitted had a fiery red head and as many rust spots as any one could desire. Mr. Smith, the senior partner, opened the door himself to let him in, and swept an amused glance along the line of candidates.

In a few minutes that boy came out and another went in.

"Said my hair was too red, an' I had too many freckles," he intimated, with a grin which showed a front tooth missing. "Maybe you'll do," he added good naturedly to Bobby, "you ain't got too many freckles, and your hair is most brown."

Bobby felt encouraged, although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Smith was not a man with time to waste in looking over such a lot of boys without a purpose.

"He's got his mother in there with him; a little old lady with white hair and gold-rimmed eyeglasses, an' she said I wasn't the right one at all; I was too cheeky look-

in," remarked another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a face at Bobby as he passed.

Bobby laughed and grew still more curious. "Why should a business man have his mother in his office helping him to select an office boy? Perhaps—"

"Next!" called a voice from the open door, and Bobby was admitted.

"That's him! I should have known him anywhere. Such a manly little fellow!" exclaimed the old lady sitting by the office window.

"What—I beg your pardon. I don't know what you mean," stammered Bobby, knitting his sandy-colored eyebrows. "Oh!" and his freckled face brightened into a smile. "I didn't want anything for just helping a lady. I wouldn't even if I were so poor," and he drew himself up with an air of sturdy pride.

"Would you like work, young man?" asked Mr. Smith with a smile, and Bobby replied promptly that he would.

"What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm just eleven, and I've always been at school; but I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best. I can study at nights with my big brother," he added.

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless old ladies as I've been told by my mother you are, ought to do pretty well in any line," said Mr. Smith. "You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon."

The gentleman opened the door into the outer office and informed the red-headed brigade that they need not wait any longer, as he had found a boy to suit him. Then he turned to his desk, and Bobby, feeling himself dismissed, hurried home to tell his good news.

"Why, I really didn't do anything, mother," he said. "There was such a jam that the poor old lady had no chance to get off, for the conductor was so busy somewhere else and didn't notice, so I just helped her, that was all."

"It was a little thing, but it had big results," said his mother, and Bobby thought so, too.—Pleasant Hours.

Two Glasses of Milk

Keen-scented reporters are busy night and day in every city and town of this great country hunting out the bitter tragedies and the shocking scandals of life to make big-type stories for the newspapers. We think, sometimes, that the world is more bad than good, and that crime and sorrow are the rule of life rather than the exception. It is not so. The newspapers do not reflect the whole of life.

If as many reporters were detailed to hunt up the records of goodness and joy, they would find countless stories of love and devotion and self-denial. They would find far more goodness and beauty than evil. They would find that many men and women are working and living in quiet usefulness and purity of character to gladden other lives and to exalt and sweeten the life of the nation.

A prominent surgeon was riding one summer day through the country on his bicycle. The road was long and dusty; the afternoon heat was intense. The open gate of a farmstead invited him to turn in. An enticing glimpse of cool, green shade, and of a well sweep, with a shining dipper hanging near, promised rest and refreshment.

A young woman was sitting on the porch, and arose to meet the doctor as he approached, asking permission to help himself to water at the well.

"Certainly," she exclaimed, "but wouldn't you like some milk instead? We have a pitcher of fresh milk on the ice, and I shall be glad if you will have some of that."

"Oh, thank you," replied the doctor, "that would be delightful, but I'm afraid it would impose too much on your kindness. The water will answer as well."

But with a charming grace the young woman insisted upon bringing the pitcher of milk, and the tired doctor drank two glasses of it and was refreshed. When he had rested and was about to go he handed

the young woman his card and said: "If you ever come to the city and need the advice of a physician, please call me."

Months passed and the incident was forgotten. About a year later the mother of the household was very ill. The local doctor, who had attended her for many years, could do no more, and informed her that she must go to the city to a hospital for a serious operation. This was sad news for the little family, whose income was slender. The mother protested that such expense was out of the question, but both father and daughter insisted, and planned between themselves for the sacrifices they would make to meet the cost.

Preparations for the trip were hastily completed. The daughter arranged to go and to stay near the hospital at the home of an aunt. While packing her trunk, the card of the bicycle traveler was found, and the young lady decided at once that she would hunt him up as soon as she reached the city, before selecting the hospital. She was somewhat awed as she entered the house of the great surgeon, but he set her at ease in a moment and made her happy by remembering her. She explained all that the country doctor had said about her mother, and asked his advice as to which hospital she should select.

"My dear young lady," said the great-hearted man, as he took her hand, "if you will trust your mother to me I shall be very happy to do all I can for her. I have my own private sanatorium right here and will personally attend to your mother. In the morning I will send a carriage for her and you can come to see her every day. If you have any doubts about the matter just write your doctor and tell him I have the case."

The next day her mother was safely established at the sanatorium, and her daughter was assured that everything possible would be done for her comfort. But in the evening there was panic at her aunt's house.

"My child! What have you done? That man charges the most terrible prices. They say he gets a thousand dollars for one operation, and when he keeps a patient at his own hospital he charges fifty dollars a week for board and nursing. Oh, dear! you should have asked about this before taking your mother there. Your poor father can never pay such charges."

So the frightened girl fled to her room and wept alone in her dismay; but as she remembered the kind face and gentle tones of the great surgeon, she felt that somehow it would come out right.

The operation was entirely successful, and at length the happy daughter was told that she could take her mother home in two weeks. This would make a total stay of four weeks at the sanatorium, and as she realized what this meant, together with the cost of the operation, which the great man had performed himself, the anxious girl began again to wonder, with fear tugging at her heart, how they would ever be able to pay.

The final day arrived. In the surgeon's private office were the father, mother and daughter ready to return to their home. The mother was entirely well and looked better and happier than she had been for years. The father and daughter were happy because of the mother's splendid recovery, but the daughter could not shake off her worry on account of the bill which the surgeon would soon give them.

"Now, I am so glad that you are all right again," he said, "and I hope your little visit with me has done you good that will last. I have put your bill in this envelope, which I will ask you not to open until you get home this evening. Then after you have finished supper you can take it out and talk it over."

A little puzzled, but profuse with thanks for giving back health to the beloved mother the family departed. That evening when the meal was over, the envelope was brought out, and at least one heart beat quickly as

the bill was unfolded. Here is the way it read:

To professional service rendered, \$.....
To service at Sanatorium, \$.....
\$.....

Received payment in full, by two glasses of milk given to a weary traveler.

All the main facts of this story are true, and come to me from the Secretary of the Maryland Christian Endeavor Union, Alfred S. Day. It is only one illustration of the beautiful truth that giving pleasure is getting pleasure; doing good is receiving good. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—Christian Herald.

Bad Company

During the summer a man hung his canary's cage outside the window. Every day a number of sparrows congregated near the cage. Before the summer had passed away the canary had lost all his song, and would only chirp like the sparrows. The canary had gotten into bad company. Many Christians associate so much with worldly people that they lose the song of God's children, and get the miserable chirp of men and women of the world.

Honest Bird

"I like the looks of this parrot," said the lady in the bird store. "What is your price for him?"

The man noticed the rich apparel worn by his customer, and he judged that there was a chance to make a little "easy money." "Ten dollars," he said, with the slightest possible hesitation.

"Five dollars, madam," instantly croaked the parrot.

The lady looked at the proprietor, who had turned red. "He certainly is a fine talker," she said. "I am willing to take him at his own valuation. Do I get him for that?"

"You do," answered the bird man, sadly.—Selected.

Get Out of Doors

"I like to get out of house," said a busy mother to me not long ago, "just for the sake of getting a different point of view. When I am indoors I seem to be at times almost stifled by the pressure of the four walls and by the multitude of little details to which I must give constant attention. But once out of doors the house itself, as I look back upon it, seems larger and life expands in all directions." Oh, that we all could get rid of pettiness of spirit, of pica-yune ideas, of narrow thoughts of God and duty and of our fellowmen. Facing a battalion of little matters day by day, we need to see about once in so often in reality or at least in imagination Pike's Peak or the Himalayas.—Ex.

"Because I Am His"

A Story of the South African War

H. I. STANLEY.

"Tell me a soldier story, please, Daddy—all about battles and fighting, will you?"

The speaker looked eagerly up into his father's face, and Major Brooks, with a smile, lifted his little boy on to his knee, as he asked: "More soldier stories, Sonny? Surely not on a day like this! I'll tell you about gardens and flowers and children today instead."

"No, Daddy; I want one about soldiers, 'cause you know I'm going to be a soldier some day myself."

It was a glorious day of early summer, and Major Brooks, leaning back in his hammock chair, placed in the shade of a beech tree, looked around the garden, ablaze with lilac and hawthorn, and marveled that his rebellious young son should care for fighting amidst such beauties.

"Be quick, Daddy; what are you thinking about? I'm waiting for you to begin!"

"I'm thinking what a foolish little boy you are to want stores about soldiers, but, if you like, I'll tell you about a boy who wouldn't break a promise."

"Is it about a battle?"

"Yes, and a terrible one, too, Sonny! It was during the South African War, and we had endured weeks of fighting, and were a little tired of it, and longing already to get back to home and England. But away in Ladysmith Sir George White was gallantly keeping the flag flying and guarding the British subjects there."

"We must reach them as soon as possible, but between us and them were high hills in which we knew the enemy lay hidden. Many a different route had we tried, and now Spion Kop and Pieters Hill lay before us."

"We had been encamped for a day or two, and expected any moment to have the call to advance."

"One evening I went quietly around the camp to see that everything looked in readiness for an early start if necessary. None of the men noticed me as I slipped in and out amongst the tents, and presently, hearing voices raised as if in anger, I paused to listen."

"A little group of men sat on the grass, and in the center stood one of the youngest of our buglers."

"'Are you going to drink the rum or not?' asked one of the men in a bullying tone of voice."

"'No, I'm not,' said the boy, 'I've told you already I don't drink.'"

"'Then, if you don't drink it, you'll just go into the river, and a good ducking you'll get, too; will you drink it?'"

"'No,' said the boy, and there was no trace of fear on his young face, 'I will not!'"

"'Then come on, boys; get hold of him.' The men sprang up to seize him, but stopped suddenly as my voice, pretty sternly, bade them leave the boy alone, and go to their tents at once, nor leave them until I gave permission. They slunk away as quickly as possible, cowards as they were, and the boy and I were left alone."

"'Why won't you drink the allowance of rum; you know it's given to keep out the cold?' I asked sternly."

"'Yes, sir; but I signed the pledge when I was a little chap, and I've kept it ever since. Mother made me promise to keep it when I enlisted.' The boy hung his head as if ashamed to tell me."

"'So you like to keep your promise?' I asked."

"'Yes, sir, and, please, if I shouldn't live to go home, would you tell my mother that I kept it?'"

"'Certainly I will, if you'll give me the address.' I wrote it down, then added, 'Your mother will be proud when she knows what the keeping of your promise was likely to cost you today.'"

"I was turning away when a sudden impulse seized me, and I stopped to ask, 'If you were killed in battle, my boy, would you be afraid to die?'"

"'No, sir.' His young voice trembled a little as he spoke."

"'Why not?'"

"'For one second he was silent, then it seemed as if his whole face was lit up, and, pointing upwards, he whispered softly, 'Because I am His.'"

"'There was such quiet assurance in the boy's voice. I just laid my hand on his shoulder and said, 'God bless you, boy.'"

"'Early next-morning, while the blue haze still hung around the mountains, and the air was sweet with the scent of mimosa, our bugles rang out the advance."

"It seemed impossible, on such a lovely morning, to think of bloodshed and death and fighting; but soon the sweet spring air was filled with the smell of gunpowder, and rent with the shrieks of the flying shells. Don't ask me to tell you more about the battle, its memory is a hideous nightmare, which I would fain forget. Fighting is no grand thing, and on that day it seemed more fearful and wicked than ever before. I shall never forget the long climb that day up Spion Kop, where already fighting had begun, and the awful hail of bullets poured

down on us from above. We lost count of time and of everything but the mad longing for victory; and just when we hoped it was near the bugles sounded 'retire,' and away from that murderous position we slowly withdrew. Only once I caught sight of the little bugler, his face white and set, a boy's face no more. He had a rifle in his hand, and was using it quickly and well."

"The next day volunteers were wanted to remove the injured, and at the risk of our lives, for the terrible hail of bullets still continued, some of us started out. Terrible scenes we witnessed, and often I stooped to raise some boyish figure, wondering if I should find the boy, and at last I found him! The little bugler lay with his white face turned up to the sky, his bugle by his side, and he was quite dead. I lifted him in my arm, and, getting someone to help me, dragged him under the shelter of a rock and covered him with a pile of stones, and so we left him, sleeping until the Resurrection Day."

There was silence as Major Brooks finished the story, and at last he asked, "Was it too sad to tell you, Sonny?"

"No, Daddy, I loved to hear it," a little voice whispered brokenly; "but did you find his mother, Daddy?"

"Yes. As soon as the war was over, I went down to the South of England village to the cottage whose address the boy had given me. It was a pretty little place, with roses growing in the garden, and little white muslin curtains at the windows. A woman answered my knock, and the minute I saw her I knew it was the boy's mother, he was so like her, only in her eyes a great sorrow lay."

"She asked me in, and I told her the story and gave the message I had promised to deliver."

"'Thank God,' she said, though crying bitterly. 'Oh! thank God he was true to his promise; but it breaks my heart to think I shall never see him again.'"

"'But you will,' I answered quickly, 'he is only waiting for you where there is no more pain or sorrow; you know His servants shall see His face. Isn't that better for him than anything?' And then I came away and left her."

"'Whose face does it mean, Daddy?' the little boy asked. 'Does it mean Jesus?'"

"Yes, Sonny, it does!"

"'Shall I see His face some day?'"

"God grant you may, Sonny," answered Major Brooks softly.—*Bombay Guardian.*

The Blunders of Youth

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Christian Advocate recently asked its readers to tell what they considered their greatest blunders, and here are a few of the more than five hundred answers received:

Reading worthless books. Did not stick to my trade. Did not stick to anything. Did not take care of money. Careless about my religious duties. Beating someone out of money. When I left my church and mother. Not saving money when I was young. Refused a steady position with a good firm. The greatest blunder of my life was when I was at school. Thinking that my boss could not do without me. Would not hearken to the advice of older people. Not keeping my position, but grew slack in my work. When I left school before I was past the fourth grade. My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke.

In Remembrance of Me.

Unkept, seedy, hollow eyed, with bowed head, lagging step, purposeless in eye and motion. A careless observer would have judged him one of our country's great army of tramps, though to a keener eye the evidence of recent toll on both hands and clothing would have marked the observer at fault.

Sunday eve, and no shifting panorama of the daily streets served to engage the man's attention; yet on he wandered, seemingly without purpose or object in view. The laughing voice of a child for a moment arrested his footsteps. A troubled expres-

sion took the place of his former indifference as he moved on again.

"Poor little Jemmy," he muttered, "he used to laugh like that—my Jemmy!"

Drops other than those which fell from the clouds trickled down his miserable face.

"Five years and I have been going down hill ever since. Maybe it wouldn't have been so had my Jemmy lived. He used to keep me straight, for somehow—somehow I always felt ashamed to go home to him—as—as I do now."

"I'll go home," he said, "home"—but still stood irresolutely upon the corner.

A flood of light from a costly edifice across the way turned the rain-soaked pavement into a mirror of glistening silver, every drop into a flashing jewel, while upon the stillness of the street crept the rumbling tones of a mighty organ, followed by the sound of chanting voices.

"Go in," a voice seemed to say, as he lingered among the shadows.

"You're not fit," whispered another, as he unconsciously stepped out into the light.

"You're entirely too shabby,"

"'Tis the house of God," resumed the first voice, "not of fashion."

"It's a rainy night," he mused, "and maybe there's plenty of room back of the church. I'll step into the vestibule, anyway."

He stole to the nearest seat, awed by the silence about him. Then a voice, grave, beseeching in its earnestness, fell upon his ear:

"Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me."

Before the man's vision arose a face of deadly pallor, marred by great drops of blood; a noble brow, upon which a crown rested—a crown whose piercing points mocked the head upon which it rested; an outstretched figure with pierced hands and broken limbs. A crucified figure! With difficulty he repressed a shuddering cry. Now again that beseeching voice:

"Drink ye all of this; for this is My blood, which is shed for you; do this in remembrance of Me."

"In remembrance of Me!" He seemed to see the wasted form of his own little Jemmy.

And he had promised. Yes, he had promised!

"For me, pop; promise you'll keep sober for me."

He thought of the numberless times that promise had been broken—the numberless times! Oh, the wasted years, the waste of hard-won dollars, the wreck of home and happiness!

Lost in these bitter memories, the man but dimly heard the loud peal of the organ, the music of voices, the rustling of silken attire; looked upon, yet scarcely saw the departing congregation.

"Come," at last said the sexton in gentle tones, "come, my man."

Like one aroused from sleep, Jemmy's father arose and turned toward the door. Lingeringly he looked back as he reached it, then, to the amazement of the sexton, strode up the aisle to the altar rail. For a moment he stood there motionless.

"In memory of Thee—and my Jemmy—I promise!"

That was all; but it was enough to draw erect the form, to transfigure the sin-seamed face; and so, with that new light upon it, the man went slowly out into the night again.

A hopeless, sorrowing woman, listening as was her wont for his perhaps reeling footsteps, saw with hope a while later the light upon her husband's face; a hope which grew, when, before retiring, upon bended knee he poured out all the emotion of his troubled soul; a hope which remained day after day, year after year—a hope destined never to be extinguished.—*Ex.*

A Boy's Story

Some years ago as I was about to close a prayer meeting, a young man got up and urged all those men present who had not yet accepted Christ, to do so that night. And in closing his speech, he said: "I once had a father and mother who cared more for my soul than anything else. At last my father

died; and when my father died, my mother was more anxious than ever for me, and sometimes she would come and put her loving arms around my neck and plead with me to come to Christ. She used to tell me after my father was dead, that she was lonesome without having me a Christian. I told her I sympathized with her, but I wanted to see a little of the world. I did not want to become a Christian in early life. Sometimes I would wake up past midnight and would hear a voice in my mother's chamber. I would hear that godly mother crying to God for her boy. I was her only child and was very dear to her. At last I felt that I must either become a Christian or go away from that mother's influence; and I ran away.

"After a long time had passed I heard from home indirectly; I heard my mother was sick. I knew what it meant; I knew that she was pining for me, I knew that her heart was broken on account of me and my wayward life. I thought I would go home and ask mother to forgive me. My second thought was, 'If I do, I will have to go and be a Christian.' My rebellious heart said, 'I will not go.'

"When I heard again my mother was worse. The thought came: 'Suppose my mother should die. Should I never see her again. I could never forgive myself; and I started home. I got in just after dark; the moon was shining. I had to go about a mile and a half to my mother's house; and on my way I thought I would go by the village graveyard and get over the fence and go to the grave where my father was buried, and see if there was a newly made grave. It might be that mother was gone. When I drew near the grave my heart began to beat more quickly, as by the light of the moon I saw the newly made grave. The whole story was clear. My mother was gone. For the first time in my life the question came stealing over me, 'Who is going to pray for my poor lost soul now? Father and mother are both gone now.'

"Young men, I would have given the world if I could have called my mother back and have put her arms around my neck and hear her breathe my name in prayer. But her voice was silent forever; I knelt beside the grave, crying that God

might have mercy upon me. I did not leave the grave until the morning dawned. But before the morning came I believe that God for Christ's sake had forgiven my sins, and that my mother's God had become my God. But, young men, I will never forgive myself; I never can. I killed that mother. I trampled her prayers and her entreaties, under my feet. I broke her heart and sent her to the grave. Young men, if you have a godly mother, treat her kindly."—D. L. Moody.

The Old Man in Distress

A friend of mine said that on one occasion he was going to North Carolina to preach the commencement sermon at Wake Forest College, and on the train his attention was attracted to an old man who seemed to be in distress. My friend stepped over to where he was sitting, and asked if he could be of service to him, and the old man gruffly said, "No." My friend is tenderhearted, and felt very sorry for the old man. Even though his sympathy seemed unappreciated, he kept watching the stranger, thinking that perhaps he might be of service to him in some way. The old gentleman got off just before the train arrived at Wake Forest, and in the stress of other things, the matter passed from my friend's mind for a time. He went on to Wake Forest, and a day or two later was returning. When the train reached the station where the old man got off, my friend remembered him, and looked out of the window to see if he could see anything of him. He saw the old gentleman waiting at the station, who got on the train and entered the car where my friend was sitting. He had a package in his hand, which he seemed to guard carefully. Sitting down in a dejected manner, he put his hands to his eyes, and soon there were tears running down his cheeks. My friend could not stand to see an old man in such sorrow, and in spite of the former rebuff, he stepped over to where the man was sitting, sat down beside him, and said: "You seem to be deeply troubled. I wish I might help you in some way." The old man saw that he was sincere, so he opened his heart and told him this story:

"When I was sixteen years of age, I ran

away from home. My mother was a saintly woman, and she wanted me to be good; but I was wild, and resented the restraints at home. I went to many places, finally landing in California, where I have since lived. I never wrote to my mother. As time went on, I became more and more ashamed to write to her; but I made up my mind that I would look her up some day. Time wore away, and one day I awakened to realize the fact that I was getting old, and that my mother must have died long ago. I was stricken with remorse to think that she must have died of a broken heart, longing to see her wandering boy. The more I thought of it, the sadder I became; and I made up my mind that I would come back to the old state, and see, if I could find out anything about her; find out, if I could, how long she had lived, and if she had died happy.

"So I came back. I was on my way when you spoke to me before; and when I got off yonder, I went straight to where the old house used to stand; but it was gone, and newer houses built in its stead. The whole neighborhood was so new that I could hardly believe it to be the same place; but finally I came to a house that made me remember many things. It was the old church where she used to worship, and where she always took me. I entered and went to the very place where my mother always sat. I took up the brick that I knew her foot had rested upon, and I am taking it away. See how thin it is. My mother's foot helped to wear it thin. As I sat in that church, I felt very strange. I saw what a sinner I was, to have treated my mother in that way, and to have lived as I have lived; and I made up my mind that if my mother's Saviour could save me, too, I would give Him a chance to do it. I knelt down there, and gave my heart to Him. I know that He has saved me, and I am happy that I have found my mother's Saviour; but, O, to think of the grief that I have caused her pure heart! and to think that she died with such a burden on her heart!"

How many such stories we hear! how many mothers die as this one must have died, with a broken heart, grieving over her boy or her girl who has strayed away!—Dr. Len G. Broughton, in the Golden Age.

The Work and the Workers

Notes and Personals

Rev. C. M. Dunaway has just closed a successful revival with the Beeson Colleges at Meridian, Miss.

Rev. A. G. Jeffries' meeting at the McGee St. Mission, Kansas City, was one of power and gracious results. He left for a series of meetings in St. Louis.

Rev. L. N. Fogg and C. J. Fowler will hold a meeting in the 24th St. Methodist Church, New York City, December 29 to January 1.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Goode, Bloomfield, Iowa, report the birth of a son, DeWitt Vickers, December 9, 1912.

Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Harvey report the birth of a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, December 22, 1912, at Georgetown, Ill.

At Des Arc, Mo., at the residence of Rev. O. T. Taylor, Mr. Paul T. Taylor was united in marriage with Miss Lou Foster, Rev C. L. Williams officiating.

Rev. J. A. Fields has resigned the pastorate of the Dayton, Ohio, church, and will enter the evangelist field.

Dr. A. O'Bannon, president of the board of trustees of the Missouri Holiness College, is now in revival work in Florida. Any one desiring a meeting in that state, write him at Miami, Fla.

George Stouffer of Monroe, Ind., is grievously afflicted physically and mentally, and desires the prayers of God's people in his behalf.

At Donaldsonville, Ga., on Thursday, December 19, Rev. T. J. Shingler and Miss Hallie

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Black were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Stafford.

General Missionary Secretary, H. F. Reynolds, and General Missionary Treasurer, Elmer Anderson, spent Friday and Saturday at the Publishing House, in consultation upon matters pertaining to the board.

District News and Announcements

Abilene District

The work is moving off nicely since the great assembly at Hamlin. New church buildings have been erected at Yoakum, Shannon, and Bridgeport. Several other places are planning to build right away. Some of the charges are pledging \$1.50 per member for missions. Will not each raise at least \$1.00 per member for missions? We can do it easily. I don't see how we can keep clear before God and do less. We have several bands now ready to do home missionary work. Let each church adopt the envelope system for raising missionary money, and you will find it will be easy to raise the \$1.00 per member. Send all missionary money to our district treasurer, Mrs. W. F. Rutherford, Hamlin, Tex., who will receipt each church, and forward on to the gen-

eral board. State how much for home, and how much for foreign. Let each pastor push the band work, and let us take new territory, and establish new churches. If we will all do our best this year, God will bless us in a wonderful way. I. M. ELLIS, Dist. Supt.

San Francisco District

This district has been greatly blest by the labors of Rev. J. T. Upchurch, who was with us for more than two weeks. He visited most of our churches, and was well received in most of them. At Fresno, where a great revival has just closed under the ministry of Carl H. Dauel, Brother Upchurch had the best of all his meetings, and received the largest offering of any one place on the district. He has greatly assisted us in the work we are trying to do along rescue lines, and Rest Cottage will long feel the gracious uplift from his burning messages. We thank God for this man who speaks as the prophets of old, without fear or favor, and lays bare the horrors of the White Slave Traffic in our nation. He should be heard by the entire church, and not only our church, but he should be heard by all Christian people everywhere.

God is blessing the labors of all the faithful ones on this district, and a spirit of unity and real oneness prevails among the churches. When we keep the fire on our souls God will see us through, regardless of all the chicanery of hell. Brethren, let us keep red hot with holy fire. Yours in Jesus. E. M. ISAAC.

District Deaconess Meeting

Our next District Deaconess Meeting will be held January 7, 1913, in Malden. Our subject for discussion in the afternoon meeting will be Part I. Hurst's Church History. We would like to have every deaconess in New England district to hear and take part in this discussion. The meeting will begin promptly at 2 p. m. OLIVE M. GOULD, Dist. Deaconess.

Southern California District

We preached for Brother Elliott, the pastor, at Olinda, Sunday, December 22, to an appreciative audience. Brother Elliott is doing well, having recently closed a series of very successful meetings. In the afternoon, at 2:30, we dedicated a new church at Berea. Rev. Amos Wright, one of our local preachers at Olinda, made possible the building of this house, which is in a new oil field, where people are gathering very rapidly.

W. C. WILSON, Dist. Supt.

Notice to Dallas District

The District Minutes are now off the press. Please send your subscription to me at once and increase it if possible. The minutes cost more than we figured on. Do this now, the printer wants his money.

W. M. NELSON, Dist. Supt.

General Church News

MENA, ARK.

Our work at Mena seems to have taken on new life; the people at Cherry Hill, on my charge, are pressing toward the mark. Let us all do our best for the Herald of Holiness, and help it to bless many hearts as it has blessed ours. E. A. SNELL.

WHETSTONE, KY.

We have closed our summer and fall work in the evangelistic field, in which scores of souls were converted, reclaimed, or sanctified. In our last two meetings, which we have not

A NEW LINE OF Wall Mottoes

We have an entirely new line of wall mottoes. They are designed and printed in our Publishing House. It is impossible to describe them. You should select a few and send in your order. We want an agent in every church.

No. 1. Imitation natural wood panel 10½x13½ printed in natural colors. Motto—"Christ is the Head of this house, an unseen witness, a silent listener, an abiding comforter." In the lower left hand corner is a beautiful half-tone picture of the Supper at Emmaus. At the right of this is a verse of poetry which harmonizes with the whole design.

PRICE, Twenty-five cents postpaid.

• • • • •

No. 2. Imitation natural wood tablets 4x13 inches, printed in rosewood or walnut colors.

Text: "Be Ye Holy," outlined in gold.

Other texts in this series will soon be ready.

PRICE, Fifteen cents postpaid.

• • • • •

No. 3. Imitation oak panels 8x12 inches, printed in natural colors. Texts embossed in gold.

A. Text: "Not my will, but thine be done;" embossed. Picture, "Christ in Gethsemane."

B. Text: "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." Picture, "Jesus the Good Shepherd."

PRICE, Twenty cents postpaid.

• • • • •

No. 4. Imitation wood panel, 9x12 inches

A. Landscape country scene. Text: "If we walk in the light . . . the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth from all sin."

B. Landscape—Old Mill. Text: "Follow peace with all men and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

PRICE, Twenty-five cents postpaid

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PUBLISHING HOUSE of the
PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

C. J. KINNE, Agent

2109 TROOST AVENUE

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

reported, there were a great many at the altar and several prayed through to victory. This has been a glorious year for us.

L. A. WELLS AND WIFE.

DILL, OKLA.

We are holding a meeting in the M. P. church. Have been preaching now a week, and there have been some very fine cases of salvation. While the conviction is on the people the enemy is stirred, and we are receiving some old-time persecution. We are expecting to see a real landslide and later the organization of a Nazarene church. I am again back in the evangelistic work. Have a few dates for 1913, and am open for calls. Address me at Oklahoma City, Rt. 4. D. J. WAGGONER.

BLACKWELL, OKLA.

We have been here now one week as pastor of our church. We are delighted with the place, in love with the people and have every reason to expect a profitable pastorate.

C. A. IMHOFF.

The Lord is blessing us at Blackwell and we are encouraged to go on. We have organized for the coming year as follows: Clive Williams, pres.; Miss Clodia Wright, vice-pres.; Miss Mae Whitmarsh, secy.-treas.; Rev. C. A. Imhoff, pastor. We are interested in the salvation of souls.

CLIVE WILLIAMS.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

We will begin a revival at West Jefferson December 29. This is another opening for a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The work there is in charge of Brother McDaniel, a former member of our church at Columbus.

A. R. WELCH.

DEMING, N. MEX.

We have just closed a very gracious meeting at this place; as good as one generally sees in ten days. There were some powerful cases of salvation. This closes my six months campaign east of the Rockies. It was the greatest of all my ministry. We saw one thousand souls crying to God, and witnessed some of the greatest manifestations of divine power.

FRED ST. CLAIR.

Rt. 4, Box 537, Los Angeles, Calif.

CULLMAN, ALA.

Our church is a new one, organized since the last district assembly. We have had a victorious meeting led by Sister Fuller. We have fifteen members.

W. S. GOWENS.

BALLINGER, TEXAS.

The Lord laid it upon the heart of some of our good people to prepare a Christmas dinner for the poor people. At 11 o'clock the Lord blessed in the preliminary services, and when an invitation was given to seek the Lord, nine came forward and all prayed through. Then dinner was served. At the first table were seated about fifty children, and on the other side were the old people. About two hundred in all were fed. At night, in the service, two were sanctified, and there were seven additions to the church.

E. W. WELLS, Pastor.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

December 29th was another history-making day here. General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds was with us and delivered two excellent discourses. In our regular afternoon People's Meeting our effort to raise much needed means for the completion of our church-building resulted in a hilarious offering of three hundred dollars, a goodly portion cash. Among the bills and envelopes was found a large box containing one hundred seventy Lincoln pennies—the "heaviest" offering of all. We hope to open in the new church-building with a watch-night service. The friction incident to any pastorate has through the good grace of God

Illinois Holiness University

Bro. Geo. Hurd, of Chicago, has recently sent us two boxes of books, well-selected, with promise of more, contribution to our new University library, for which we are grateful and encouraged to hint to others to do likewise; for we have a large library room, and need many good books. Others have promised donations and we are looking for them.

Most of our students and instructors have gone away to spend their holiday vacation. Nearly all students will return for the winter term, and we expect additions of new ones, a considerable number, judging from correspondence and promises.

Some property is changing hands. There are several houses, just built, for sale at reasonable prices and terms. Some lots have been given to sell for the benefit of the school.

We had a most blessed salvation time at the close of last term, and we are all rejoicing in present conditions and immediate prospects, financially, educationally and spiritually. Our new town is composed almost entirely of holiness people, and more are coming.

Both regular chapel and church services have been well and increasingly attended.

The President has been away somewhat recently, visiting other communities in the interest of the school especially; but he has seen salvation come to a number of souls. From December 27 to January 5 he is to be with First Church in Chicago in a "holiday convention." A number of young people in Chicago are looking this way for school.

Rev. B. E. Flanery, superintendent of the Iowa district, whose family reside here for educational advantages, has just spent a few days at home. He has now returned to his district. He seems much encouraged with the prospect of the school, and gave us a good contribution toward the expense of finishing our chapel.

Rev. N. B. Herrell, superintendent of the Pittsburgh district, who has his family home in our Olivet, has gone to his new field of labor, where he is to be engaged in the Lord's work at least until the next meeting of that assembly.

The other day the President told a brother in an adjoining state about this school, where we have no foolishness and worldliness, such as usually obtain in the schools of the land, and, although the brother never before had heard of us, he showed his appreciation of our work by presenting us with a hundred dollars for our Administration Building. We also were assured that we had gained another permanent friend. If only the people knew what we are engaged at I am sure many would come to our help in many good ways.

The Christmas number of the "Herald of Holiness" is certainly a beauty, both in appearance and valuable contents. Truly "you all" are conspiring grandly to give the church a great paper.

Elmer G. Anderson, our business agent, spent Christmas at home in Chicago, whence he has gone to Kansas City in the interest of our foreign missionary work.

EDWARD F. WALKER,
President.

been beautifully adjusted, which leaves the field clear for our contemplated revival. We can report a steady marked progress of the flock, and pray to see some far-reaching Pentecostal results. We are not in need of bells for our sheep, have no pets, but intend to move forward under sound scriptural methods, counsel and manual outlines. We hope to strike constant chord not only with our new piano, but with the upper room assembly experience. Amen!

F. M. LEHMAN.

MANSFIELD, ILL.

We have just closed our revival meetings with Rev. Mattie Wines in charge. Seekers prayed through to victory, and God gave us a few good samples of His saving and sanctifying power. The seed was faithfully sown, and we believe will bring forth an abundant harvest. God is leading on to victory.

MARTHA HOWE, Pastor.

HARRIETTA, MICH.

Last night was a night of great victory in our weekly prayer meeting, in which three were saved. The saints was greatly blessed and encouraged. We expect to begin a revival here in the near future; we ask the prayers of the Herald family. Not many of you realize what kind of a place this is, but we are looking to One, who knows no defeat, to bring us through more than conqueror.

CHAS. HANKS, Pastor.

WALDEN, MASS.

We recently held an all-day meeting. Revs. Guy Wilson and Andrew Johnson were the preachers. God was with us. The same day we had the sad duty of burying one of our members, Mrs. Sarah E. Holway, who was with us in the early history of our church and who was a devoted worker in the days of its need. We shall meet her in the morning!

Brother Borders and Revs. Johnson and Wilson then went on to Caribou, Me., to hold a revival meeting. Brother Glen Gould, Sister Olive M. Gould, Rev. J. P. Irving and the writer supplied while Pastor Borders was away, and how God did bless us! Souls were seeking every Sunday in the absence of the pastor. Brother Charles Hulman also assisted in the week-night services. Our Sunday school offering last Sunday was by far the largest we have had on a regular day! We are praying much, and ought to see divine tornadoes! We are seeing showers of blessing. Lord send us cyclones!

LEROY D. PEAVEY.

NORTHEAST, ME.

The Lord is blessing us here. Five souls have been born into the Kingdom since my last letter; the fire is still burning in our souls. We start our revival services Sunday January 5th, pray for us, that a great work may be done in the name of the Lord.

J. H. DEAN.

HUGO, OKLA.

We closed an old-fashioned, Holy Ghost revival four and one-half miles east of Durant, Okla., on the night of December 15. The Lord gave us eighty-four professions there; twelve of that number received the experience of heart purity by the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Entire families were saved; a Sunday school was organized and the community was wonderfully transformed out of sin and darkness to a God-fearing and God-loving people. We four girls, the Misses Verdie and Mae Salice and Lula Dilbeck are at Hugo, Okla., in a Christmas meeting with the pastor, D. H. Humphries. The saints are shouting and are on fire for God.

ESSIE OSBORNE.

JONESBORO, LA.

Yesterday, Sunday, was my first appointment here since the assembly. The Holy Ghost came down, and three souls claimed victory at the altar. Two united with the church. We are looking for a great year for the church at Jonesboro. This is a parish seat and a growing town. We want to see the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene grow and become a soul-saving station at this place. My next place of appointment is Hudson, where the Louisiana Holiness College is located. Those wishing to correspond with me, address me at Girard, La.

S. D. SLOCUM.

WANTED!

Wanted—A capable woman to serve as matron of a Florence Crittenton Home. Must be clearly and definitely in the experience of second blessing holiness. Address Rev. John Gould, 10 Erie St., Lynn, Mass.

BATTLES BY THE WAYSIDE

We spent Sunday, December 8th, with pastor W. C. Frazier, at Lompoc, where we found him in the midst of a revival, led by Sister Lulu B. Horton and Carrie Cunningham. Brother and Sister Frazier are winning their way into the hearts of the people.

December 15th, we closed a four days' meeting at Klan, P. O., in the rural district twenty miles west of Paso Robles. Here we found people who were brought up in different churches and some having lived in the community about forty years, without a church. Not a testimony, or even a prayer was offered in our meetings except by the writer. On Sunday the people seemed to all turn out. They came in rigs, on horseback, and afoot. We gave them the Gospel of Christ that saves from sin. The Holy Spirit strove, and there was great conviction. Almost all of the people said they wanted to make heaven their home, and urged me to come back in future.

T. S. NASHBURN.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.

The work in Bellingham is moving steadily on. There were two additions to the church last Sunday morning and there were two reclaimed in the Sunday evening service. One of the new members was recently converted in a Sunday morning service after attending only a few services. She was raised a Catholic, but now is rejoicing in a Saviour's love. One that was reclaimed was a discouraged preacher. We praise God for the earnest, untiring efforts put forth by our godly pastor, Bro. Langdon. MRS. EDITH HOLLEY, Deaconess.

CORYDON, PA.

The Lord gave a day of gracious victory Sunday, December 22. I preached morning and evening; three were converted in morning and six sanctified at night. Three of the number were school teachers. God is blessing our little class at this place and they are moving onward with holy determination.

LILLIE B. NERRY.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

We had a good day Christmas with the San Antonio church; preaching Christmas morning; real heart melting time. There were exercises by the Sunday school at night; recitations and songs of spiritual nature. The program was frequently interrupted by amens, praise the Lord, and volunteer choruses from the audience. Nice offering for Orphans Home. Praise God for holiness. WM. E. FISHER.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

The battle is on in Santa Rosa. We were reenforced for two weeks by Evangelist and Mrs. Graves, who fought hard for souls. Four souls prayed through to victory. Evangelist J. E. Gaar has now joined us in the battle and is giving out the strong meat of the Word, backed up by the power of the Holy Ghost. Six more souls have been dug out since he came and the end is not yet. Brother and Sister Graves are remaining for the present, and are of much service in this special campaign with their singing and praying. Rev. J. T. Upchurch gave us a two days visit in behalf of the poor fallen girls, and his meetings were blessed of God.

M. R. DUTTON, Pastor.

AUBURN, ILL.

Meetings closed last Sunday night, December 22, with an audience of about 350, which

The Youth's Comrade For 1913

We can not be satisfied until THE YOUTH'S COMRADE is circulated in every Sunday school where the aim is to promote real Salvation. We have greatly improved the paper and it is proving a blessing to our young people.

We must not only create in our young people an appetite for wholesome and elevating reading, but that reading must contribute to the spiritual growth of the Christian youth and seek to lead the unsaved to Christ.

A SERIAL STORY.

During the next quarter we will run a serial story by Mary C. Woodbury, which ought to be read in every family. The title is "Harry Harwood's Inheritance." This story alone is worth more than the price of a year's subscription. Don't miss it.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We are having Bunyan's immortal allegory re-arranged, using modern terms to express the original thought. The work is being done by Bro. C. A. McConnell, who is well able to do it successfully without marring the beauty of this wonderful production.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Every issue of THE YOUTH'S COMRADE will contain a special article by some one of our pastors, evangelists or Christian workers. In addition to these we will present many special articles on educational and scientific topics.

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

On the Go

Louisiana District.

The second assembly of Louisiana District, recently held at Jonesboro, La., showed a healthful growth during the year, by an increase in the number of church organizations, Sunday schools and church property.

The preachers and laity have covenanted together for a great year in soul-saving, church building, home evangelization and Foreign Missions work.

Of the six churches in the district, Jonesboro, Hudson, Homer and Springfield have elected church missionary boards and are planning to work the envelope system, and Oak Grove and Lake Charles will elect boards and use the system. The district has already pledged itself a hundred and forty dollars more than the board apportioned.

Texarkana, Tex.

The writer had a brief and enjoyable call on District Superintendent Nelson and Pastor Wallen, at Texarkana. Superintendent Nelson reports a good revival interest on his district, and Brother Wallen and people are pressing the battle against sin.

Little Rock, Ark.

We had the privilege of meeting District Superintendent Waddel, and several of the members of his district advisory and missionary boards, with Pastor Speakes and church at Little Rock.

Brother Waddel and his co-workers are planning for aggressive work on all lines this year.

The district missionary board have arranged with Rev. J. W. Pierce to use such portion of his time as his church at Cabot can spare him, to visit our churches in the district in the interest of foreign missions; expecting to greatly increase the interest of the churches of the district in our foreign work.

Home and Kansas City.

The writer was very thankful that he could be with wife and daughter a part of Christmas Day and the day following, and then to hasten on to meet our General Treasurer, E. G. Anderson, at Kansas City, Mo., at our publishing house, the future headquarters of the General Foreign Missionary Board, where we have put in two full days considering many important interests pertaining to our missionary work.

If any of the Herald of Holiness family who think it any easy job to turn out our church literature, could spend forty-eight hours here, I am sure they would change their views; for from early morning till eleven and frequently twelve o'clock at night, Manager Kinne and several of his corps of workers are hard at work, while a full quota of operators are manipulating the machinery during the working hours of the day. To be here, for only a short time, greatly enlarges one's vision of what it means to manage and run our plant.

H. F. REYNOLDS.

is something unusual for Auburn, but the Lord gave Evangelist Harding Spirit-filled messages from start to finish, and there were about twenty-five claimed victory in this meeting. The last night of the meeting the writer asked the congregation how many wanted Brother Harding to hold another meeting here at this place next year, and would welcome him back, to manifest it by rising vote and there were between 150 and 200 that stood.

B. F. LEHMAN, Pastor.

VILONIA, ARK.

The blessings of our great God rest and abide in every one of the family is my prayer. I have just closed a meeting near Traskwood,

Ark. Eighteen souls prayed through and found Jesus very precious to their souls. In every service the truth went home and brought forth fruit. This work will last. Amen. Yours and his for a lost world. B. H. HAYNIE.

NAMPA, IDAHO

The battle is on here, Christ is still on the throne and the victory is mine. I have just received a letter from Brother and Sister Cagle, of Buffalo Gap, Texas, telling me that they were ready to receive calls to do evangelistic work for the coming year. They have been among the best pastors in the Nazarene Church of the state of Texas, and I am sure they will hold a fine meeting anywhere in the United States. They are untiring workers and they don't know what the word fail means for they go in to win or die in the harness. For many years Sister Cagle had more fine meetings in Texas than any evangelist that ever came our way. Any church or camp meeting committee will make no mistake in calling them to hold their meetings. Their address is, H. C. and Mary Lee Cagle, Buffalo Gap, Texas.

BUD ROBINSON.

TILLAMOOK, ORE

I came to Tillamook one week ago to supply the work until the return of Sister Lewis. I found a band of Nazarenes filled with Holy Ghost fire. We are expecting Brother James Crooks and wife in the latter part of February. We may have to hold meetings in the hall, not being able as yet to secure one of the churches.

JAMES P. G. LOWES.

ASHLAND, ORE.

We have just closed our special meeting with Rev. C. H. Davis of Portland. He has been with us for two weeks. The meeting has been a great blessing to the church. Souls sought and found the Lord, and deep conviction was upon others.

We are expecting our district superintendent Rev. DeLance Wallace to be with us December 21 and 22, and are expecting a good day December 22. We are at the extreme south of a large district, hence we do not get to see our district superintendent very often.

J. T. LITTLE.

FIRST CHURCH, LOS ANGELES

We are experiencing the symptoms of a great tide of revival. Most people would call it a revival of some magnitude already. More than twenty men, beside others, have been at our altars the past three or four Sabbath nights. Brother Cornell kept to the main line of salvation and did not even preach a Christmas sermon. The result was that seven or eight persons prayed through in the morning, with much glory on the people. The tide kept rising until the young people's meeting, when the heavens opened and tides of grace and glory fairly swept over the place. It is im-

Hong Kong, China,

Nov. 20, 1912.

The blessing of the Lord has been upon us, and by His good providence we have completed four weeks of our journey to India and are now awaiting our boat for Calcutta, which sails from here November 23d. It is due there December 9th, which will be seven weeks and two days from the day we left San Francisco.

The first Sunday we were all too sick to attend any service on ship board. The next two we held a meeting in the dining room. The fourth Sunday we were in port at Nagasaki, Japan, and went ashore and found a Church of England service to attend. Last Sunday we were here in Hong Kong and attended a Union Church. We have longed more than once for a real Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene service to attend. God is blessing our souls and helping us all in a wonderful way. To Him is all the glory.

May Christmas joy and peace be with all the saints of the church. We will reach Buldana probably about ten days before Christmas. Remember us at the throne of grace.

GERTRUDE P. TRACY.

possible to describe a heavenly cyclone. Brother Cornell preached an earnest sermon at night on "Blind Bartimeus" and several men prayed through; fourteen for the day. Does that not look like a pretty fair revival?

Dr. Breese will lead the Christmas Love Feast, celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of this remarkable event.

The Sabbath school will render a delightful Christmas program of songs, recitations and music Christmas night. The Sabbath school scholars will each receive a box of fine candy.

The special revival meeting with W. F. Dallas as evangelist will begin Sunday, January 19.

CONWAY, KAN.

I came to McPherson and visited a few days with our pastor, Brother Demoret. While there I met Brother Glanz, the M. E. pastor at Conway, who was just starting a revival at one of his points, Fair View. From the first conviction settled down on the community. Men and women fairly trembled under the hand of God. At the close of the first week a young woman died; she was saved just a few hours before and left a good testimony. This of course deepened conviction.

The Devil and carnality were stirred. Five were at the altar for sanctification. All the seekers gave a good testimony; two for conversion.

C. M. KING.

Christ Our Creditor, "How Much Owest Thou?"

By N. L. RIGBY

This is a remarkable book on tithing. Rev. C. E. Cornell says: "'Christ our Creditor' is, in my judgment, the greatest book that was ever written on the subject of tithing."

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Kansas City, Missouri

General Superintendents' Fund

Since closing the district assemblies only a few churches have sent in money for the general superintendents; however, their expenses continue and it is hoped that our churches will not wait till their next district assembly to pay into this fund, but if possible make a remittance every month, or at least quarterly.

If our churches could arrange to send in their portion at least quarterly it would greatly assist in providing the necessary expenses of our general superintendents, and it would make the burden on the church seem easier as surely we all know from experience that it is easier to meet these smaller amounts than to raise the whole amount in one offering.

Some of our churches have it so arranged that they pay their apportionment each month and always close the year with the whole amount raised; other churches during the past year delayed the matter until the close of the year and then made a hard pull to bring up the amount and found it rather difficult. The former method is the one that will commend itself to all who will carefully consider the matter.

Will all the pastors kindly arrange to make a remittance within a few weeks, as the fund is entirely exhausted.

I am sure if the excellent plan recommended by the last general assembly for the support of the general superintendents is prayerfully employed by our churches, we will have no difficulty in securing the needed amount.

Make all remittances to your district treasurer, with a careful statement, stating to what fund it should be credited, so as not to confuse it with missionary money. If desired it can be sent direct to the undersigned as treasurer of the fund and your church and district will receive credit.

E. G. ANDERSON, Treas.
6356 Eggleston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Superintendents' Directory

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS
P. F. BRESEE Los Angeles, Cal.
1126 Santee Street
H. F. REYNOLDS Oklahoma City, Okla.
R. F. D. No. 4
E. F. WALKER Glendora, Cal.

DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS
ABILENE
I. M. Ellis, Box 175, Hamlin, Texas
San Antonio January 4-5
Bloomington January 7-8
Sea Drift January 10-12
Bayside January 14-16
Yoskum January 18-19

ARKANSAS
G. E. Waddle Beebe, Ark.
ALBERTA (Canada) MISSION
W. B. Tait Room 413 Grain Exchange,
Calgary, Alberta.

ALABAMA
C. M. Lancaster Jasper, Ala.
CHICAGO CENTRAL
J. M. Wines, 724 Nelson St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Middleton, Ill. (P. O., Wayne City,
F. F. D. 1) January 5-8
Evanville, Ind., 716 Mulberry st., Jan'y 9-13
Herrin, Ill., January 19
Chicago, Ill., 6356 Eggleston ave., Jan'y 20-24
Hammond, Ind., 811 S. Hobman st., Jan'y 25-28

CLARKSVILLE
J. J. Rye Clarksville, Tenn.

COLORADO
C. B. Widmeyer .. 212 N. Walnut St., Colo-
rado Springs, Colo.

DAKOTAS AND MONTANA
Lyman Brough Surrey, N. D.

IDAHO
J. B. Creighton Boise, Idaho

DALLAS
W. M. Nelson Texarkana, Texas

IOWA
B. T. Flannery Olivet, Ill.
Kewanee, Ill., 104 E. South St. Jan. 2-6
Bojna, Ia. Jan. 10-26

KANSAS
A. S. Cochran, 3446 Wayne Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
McPherson, Kas. January 3-5
Kansas City January 6-7

KENTUCKY
Howard Eckel, 2303 Madison St., Louisville, Ky.

MISSOURI
Mark Whitney Irondale, Mo.
Birchtree, Mo. January 2-19
Willow Springs, Mo. January 21, February 2

NEW ENGLAND
L. N. Fogg R. F. D., Sanbournville, N. H.

NEW YORK
J. A. Ward, 1710 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORTHWEST
DeLance Wallace, Box 304, Walla Walla, Wash.
Barlow, Oregon, Dec. 29
McMinnville, Oregon Dec. 31
Sellwood (Portland) January 1-5
Monroe, Wash Jan. 5
Salem, Oregon Jan. 12

OKLAHOMA
S. H. Owens Altus, Okla.
Bokema and Idabell January 3-7
Ft. Tomson January 10-12
Mayer and Antlers January 13-15
Hugo January 17-19
Durant and Caddo January 21-23
Kingston and Shay January 30-February 2

PITTSBURG
N. B. Herrell Olivet, Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO
E. M. Isaac, 1020 10th St., Oakland, Cal.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
W. C. Wilson, 667 N. Orange Grove Ave.,
Pasadena, Cal. Pasadena, Cal.
Pasadena, Cal. Dec. 28-29
Santa Ana, Cal. Jan. 6-12

SOUTHEASTERN
W. H. Hanson Glenville, Ga.

SOUTHEAST TENNESSEE
S. W. McGowan, R. F. D. No. 3, Santa Fe, Tenn.
Petersburg, Tenn. January 23-26

WASHINGTON-PHILADELPHIA
H. B. Healey, 307-9 D. St., Washington, D. C.

Publisher's Notes

Stop! Stop!

Yes your paper will have to stop coming if you do not renew. We do not like to take any names off of our list and would gladly continue every one. Past experience has proven that, even were there no postal regulations governing the continuation of expired subscription, the only satisfactory way to regulate the matter is to stop the paper unless we know that the subscriber wants it continued. We have sent out thousands of expiration notices giving time for the renewal to reach us before stopping the paper. You can not afford to be without "The Herald of Holiness" and we can not afford to lose you. Please renew your subscription.

Our Holiday Business

We are pleased to tell you that we had a good holiday business. It was our first holiday season in the new publishing house. The indications are that with a reasonable working capital we can do a great book business which will insure the financial success of the publishing house. However this is not the thought which is uppermost in our minds. Of course we very much desire to make a financial success of this institution and fully expect to do so; but far more than that we desire to glorify God by spreading holiness literature which shall bless multiplied thousands of hungry hearts. As a publishing house our chief business is to preach the gospel of full salvation. We shall make no plans to

extend our business in any line which does not at the same time widen our field of usefulness.

The Christmas Number

If the number of papers ordered is a criterion of success then our Christmas number was a great success. We printed a large edition and thought we had made ample allowance for the orders which would come in after we had gone to press. We were out of papers before all orders were filled and we were compelled to reset a part of the forms which had been destroyed and print several thousand more papers. We think that our people will use them to good advantage and that much good will result from the circulation of that number.

Job Printing

We are not prepared to do general job printing. We have not equipped our mechanical department for that kind of work. Some of our friends have written us about doing work for merchants in their locality. We have to decline all such requests. We can not give the attention to such work which would be required to give satisfaction and furthermore we feel that we can best glorify God by devoting all our energies to work which is directly in line with the mission of our church. Any work for our schools or churches which we can do without interfering with our regular work we will gladly accept and will give the best service we possibly can. Our periodicals must have the first place and nothing can be allowed to get in the way or delay them. We are sure our friends

will understand this and will not think us inconsiderate when we are compelled to delay some job in order to get out our regular publications.

Sunday School Accounts

Quite a number of Sunday schools owe us small bills. Some are behind two or three quarters. While the amounts are small in each case and it may seem to you that we ought not to feel it yet when you are reminded that there are a great many of them you will see that the aggregate is a sum which must make quite a difference to a business which has inadequate capital. We trust that you will consider this and make an effort to send in your remittance promptly.

The New Year

As we enter the new year we desire to express a hearty wish that the blessing of God may abide upon all our constituency. We do not expect an easy time in 1913. We have no other thought but that we will have a year of toil and burden bearing. That is exactly what we are here for. None of our own people need fear that they are in danger of helping us too much. If the whole church should rise up (as it ought) and pour money into our treasury and business into our house there is no danger of us getting along too easily. The field is wide and there are so many open doors for us to enter that it makes our hearts ache to think that we must go so slow. Let us unitedly push forward and fill the earth with holiness literature.