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## God as Seen in Christ

**W**HAT gross and barbarous conceptions of deity heathen have who have never heard of Him as seen through our blessed Christ. Their conceptions of God are such as lead them to all forms of the severest asceticism, involving often the most extreme self-torture and suffering in the delusion that such torture will appease their God and purchase for them salvation. Fresh in mind is a picture of one such deluded creature, which we have seen, of a poor fellow who had the hallucination that he must stand with one arm held straight up for a long number of years. He has stood thus for fifteen years already, until his arm has grown hopelessly stiff, and he is unable to take it down even, and will never be able to do so. His finger nails have grown to be several inches long, and such a look of misery on his face is seldom witnessed. He says he has to remain in this posture for twenty-five years longer before he has procured salvation for his soul.

Think of the past fifteen years of suffering and gloom and sorrow of this poor wretch, and of the dreary outlook of a quarter of a century more of this misery, before he can secure for his soul that peace which our Christ has waited for fifteen years to give him for simple faith, and still waits to bestow without bodily suffering or torture of any kind. What is the trouble? Only that you and I, dear reader, have not sent the messenger with the message to his benighted land for his enlightenment. Shall we longer delay in this matter, and let these Christless multitudes suffer on and wait on hopelessly in these delusions and superstitions? Shall we not awake to our opportunity and our obligation in the premises? Shall we, whose eyes have seen the King through His blessed Son, deny to these millions for whom He died as He did for us, the priceless boon of life for a look—of salvation by mere faith?

What gross conceptions are had of God out of and aside from Christ. Truly does Christ alone reveal the Father to us adequately and truly. Only in Christ can we see God aright.

God in Christ, as revealed in the Holy Bible, is humanity's most glorious and priceless gift, and it is the right alike of all men everywhere on this planet. We who get it first are debtors to those who have it not. Christ had a profound and abiding sympathy with humanity's sorrow and dire need. He felt this in every pore of His nature and to the deepest depths of His heart. He literally wept with those who wept. Can we for a moment think of Him as having no tears for the heathen who chance not yet to have heard of Him? Were they not included in the abysmal depths of that infinite love? How deep and boundless was that love and sympathy? Truly this was past finding out or measuring.

Forsythe, in one of his great works, says with force: "It was not the sorrow of the world that broke the heart of Christ, but its wickedness. He was equal to its sorrow, and His power was never below His pity. What broke Him was its sin." Shall we deny to the unevangelized millions a place in that infinite pity, and also in that Death which the world's sin cost Him? Have we the right to limit the one or the other? What is there in one man or one class of men that makes them any dearer to Him than any other class? He came to seek and to save the lost. He came as the Great Physician to the sick, not to the whole. Shall we deny to the sickest the benisons of this only Physician for souls? Can we do this and not forfeit our

place in the Kingdom? Can we thus lord it over God's heritage and be guiltless? O reader, be careful that you sin not in your selfishness and in that very religion which was intended to save you from yourself and your selfishness! Enlarge your vision, and lift up your heart and broaden your faith until the remotest nation and the last and least of the lost race are included in your concept of Christ's atoning love and death. The Blood was not an aristocratic bestowment upon a select few. It was broad as the curse of sin is found, and Christ will never be satisfied until His redeemed and cleansed have entered into His agony of love and crucifixion for the sins of all the lost of all nations, kindreds and tongues the spacious world around.

### THE POSSIBLE TROUBLE

**A**FTER all it may be more our own fault than the bad times or the popular drift among the boys and young men that causes so many of the sons in our homes to go wrong. We are accustomed to place the fault in other places than in ourselves, but the thought is hard to repress that there is more fault with us parents than we like to admit. We fear we trust too much to our honest intentions and desires and prayers and undoubted probity and uprightness of life, and take too little time to become real companions of our boys and get into their natures and hearts, to find them out and know them personally and sympathetically. Sad indeed will be the bitter reflection in a coming day if we should discover when it is too late to change the result, that the fault has been with us mainly as parents.

There are few boys who do not really desire the best there is in life for them. The trouble is they do not see and are not made to see what is really the best for them. They find that the flippant and the carnal among their associates claim to be and seem to be really happy and they tell them they are having the only good time there is for the young. Nobody else gets close enough to them to disillusion them and they go on following these mistaken leaders until they find themselves overwhelmed in vicious habits and ways from which they find it next to impossible to extricate themselves. They did not start out with deliberate purpose to make shipwreck of themselves, but were misled for lack of better and wiser leaders who knew and could tell them the right way and the perils of the wrong way on which they had started. There is a key to every boy's nature and we must find it out and apply it and walk into his heart and be at home and then we can lead him as we will.

J. Marvel Nichols well says in the *St. Louis Advocate*: "We used to see the old miners out in Arizona go wild when they struck a rich lead in gold or silver or copper. Have you ever undertaken to explore the wealth that lies in a young fellow's heart? Every human heart has a "lead" that guides to rich deposits. Study their likes and dislikes, their lineage and environment, their tastes and tempers, their companions and their readings. Talk with them in a friendly way. Search for their ideals and ambitions. Lend them books. Be one in their sports. Tell them the story of the lives of the good. Fan the slumbering embers into a rich, red glow. Tell them of your struggles when you were a boy. After all, the poor drifting and aimless fellow just needs a bosom friend."

This is, perhaps, after all, the trouble. May be your boy

just needs a bosom friend. Can you not be that friend? Can you not by tact and patience and persistence and love become the needed bosom friend and companion your boy needs? Try it and may be you will reap a rich and glorious reward in this and in another world.

### GOLD WINS THE DAY

**T**HE controversy over the ownership and control of Vanderbilt University, of Nashville, Tenn., the great university of the M. E. Church, South, as it was supposed to be for forty years, has at last been decided by the Supreme Court of Tennessee. We refer to the matter here because the decision is so radical and revolutionary in its nature that all church property of an educational kind, it seems to us, is in a very critical position, if this decision is to stand as law. So far as this University is concerned it stands, for it is the court of last resort.

We have no interest in the matter whatever, save as it may involve all other denominational property in jeopardy. So far as the M. E. Church, South, is concerned, we doubt if there is much lost, from the way the institution has been conducted for many years past. Worldliness, higher criticism, and allied evils have had the right of way, and were not stopped by the church before the lawsuit was begun. Whether any effort was ever made to curtail these things, we are not in position to say. We simply affirm that if that church is still true to evangelical truth, and could not or would not stop these things when in control of the school, we think there is little cause to grieve over the decision which has swept the school forever from the control of the church. Any church is better off without than with an institution of learning where the Word of God is discredited and disparaged.

This institution has been operated for some forty years as the property of the M. E. Church, South, and never until a few years ago had any contention arisen calling in question the ownership or right of control of the church. Some years ago, when this contention arose, a commission composed of very eminent lawyers was selected to determine in a friendly way as a kind of arbitration, just what were the rights and interests of the church in the matter. This commission decided for the church in every one of the points of contention. Then later, the trustees, not abiding the findings of this commission, the Bishops by order of the General Conference instituted suit to determine the points at issue. This was brought in the chancery court at Nashville. The chancellor decided the case in favor of the church in every particular. The trustees then appealed the case to the Tennessee Supreme Court. Pending the case in this higher court Andrew Carnegie offered to donate one million dollars to the institution on condition that the case was decided in favor of the trustees by the Supreme Court, and with other conditions appended, humiliating and insulting to self-respecting men. This bag of dangling gold, which had in the beginning doubtless led the trustees to originate the contention as to ownership, was accompanied with a homily by Mr. Carnegie on religious education by churches, in which he alleged that the church had no right to attempt higher education, and quite a lot of such nonsense which was an affront to the church and to Christendom itself. The Bishops vetoed the acceptance of this million dollars by the trustees. The decision of the Supreme Court of course holds to the trustees the million dollars, and places the institution among the army of secularized schools which alone Mr. Carnegie proposes to help with his millions, and we suppose will entitle the teachers in this institution to go on the pension list of teachers for which Mr. Carnegie has provided a rich endowment. The glitter and glare of gold in this case seems to have had an enormous influence, at least upon the trustees. They have won out, and are manifesting a very

undignified and disgraceful jubilation in their victory over the church.

We have very little to add in the premises. We warn all churches to be extremely careful to see that their educational and eleemosynary property is so guarded in the deeds to the church that it can not be wrested from the ownership of the church. How this is to be done, we do not see, since this property was decided away from the only owner it ever had or which for forty years anybody ever dreamed there could be any doubt as to the ownership.

We want to add what we have said before, that one of the worst perils we see coming from the prodigal and unrighteous accumulation of money in the hands of a few, is this effort to get control of the educational institutions of the country. A money-ruled educational system will curse any people in any age of the world. If money can come in and dictate the personnel of the trustees and the policy of our institutions of learning, then these rich men can easily manage the curricula of these schools, and can soon replace text books with books which they hire written for the purpose, and by such a process reverse the fundamental principles of moral science and sociology, and even the very decalogue itself, so far as it may be necessary to educate oncoming generations into a justification of the nefarious and dishonest methods by which these guilty millionaires have accumulated their countless millions. They are now surfeited with the glut of money, and are perfectly willing to part with their money if thereby they can avert the bequeathal of ignominy to their children from the method by which they accumulated their money, and save their own names from infamy in coming ages. The temptation of getting on the millionaires' pension list for teachers, and the free pouring out of the millions for the schools while these men are actively teaching which insures large and growing salaries during such activity, with assurance of support for life after ceasing active work, is just a little more than the average trustee can stand. Our churches must therefore seek men who are gold-proof for their schools, or they are in danger.

We would add just a question which this court decision does not answer, and which we have never seen answered by any of the numerous controversialists over this matter. To whom does Vanderbilt University belong? The decision very definitely says it does not and can not belong to the trustees. A body of men can not hold a property in trust which belongs to themselves. They can only be trustees for property entrusted to them by another and that other is the owner or a legal representative of the owner. Nobody has ever hinted that it belongs to the Vanderbilts. They were only among contributors to its endowment. It seems to us this decision has turned loose on Nashville a school without an owner. This is an anomaly which to say the least is unusual. It is a kind of "No man's land" business.

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THE holiness of God is the nature of God. To bring us into conformity with Himself is the purpose of the gospel. To bring us into conformity with Himself is to bring us into conformity with His holiness. This is to become a partaker of the divine nature. This is sanctification. This is the will of God and our privileged inheritance. This God has provided in the Blood of the Crucified. This should be the great concern of every seeker after God. This must be the pearl of great price found and possessed by every seeker. This will satisfy and happy the soul and glorify God the Father.

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THE MAN who boasts of never having made a failure had better go out of the business of attempting things quickly, for he will thus avoid his first failure in his next act in all probability.

THE EDITORS' SURVEY

A CIGARETTE BOY

It is passing strange that such a needless, silly and pernicious habit as the cigarette evil could gain such a foothold and remain so extremely difficult to put down. Line upon line has been given in the public prints, and the pulpit has addressed itself to the evil, and mothers and fathers have warned and entreated, and yet the awful curse abides with us, and is silently and deftly cutting down its multiplied thousands of our noble youth. It is puzzling to know just what to do to arrest the tide. The public schools could do much in the arrest, and legislation can help. Everything possible to be done should be resorted to. The ravage is appalling indeed. What is to become of a generation of young people so much addicted to this habit is easy to foretell. We can not look to it for the leaders of the next generation in church or state, in commerce or in letters, in law or medicine, in agriculture or in mechanics. It benumbs the brain, wrecks the nervous system, stunts the physical man, dulls or destroys the very fibre of the moral nature, enfeebles the will to the point of impotency, undermines the whole body and mind, and bequeaths to the doubtful posterity of its victims a depreciation in all these respects, or positive lunacy or physical helplessness. The Michigan *Christian Advocate* says:

All narcotic poisons tend to benumb the nervous system, weaken the mental power, and corrupt the moral nature.

The boy who begins to smoke cigarettes before the age of twelve will doubtless become a degenerate, and the first symptom of his degeneracy will be to lie about his being addicted to the habit.

Many a fond mother has been fooled by the heartless lies of her fiendish cigarette offspring too far gone in depravity to care a rap whether he has any mother. If such boys live to get out of their teens, they generally manage soon to get into prison cells. A large percentage of heartless criminals are cigarette fiends.

Judge Gemmill, of Chicago, recently stated that of twenty-five thousand or more criminals that have passed before him many of them had the telltale stains on their fingers. Go to the cell of the newly arrested murderer, and you will see the cigarette in his teeth or hear him calling for it. Cigarettes harden the heart for terrible deeds and unfit the mind for any useful service.

"Smoking cigarettes," says an imploring mother, "has made a wreck of my son, once bright and full of brains and ambition. Now he can't think; he can't hold a subject in his mind. He was a stenographer, but now he is nothing."

Japan and China have prohibited cigarettes and opium, but we Americans who think ourselves superior to the yellow races are allowing our youth to practice a habit which will utterly ruin a nation in one generation unless checked and suppressed.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN

The wise man's statement is that "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." There is not only value and beauty and utility here enforced, as attaching to the words of counsel and admonition and advice of the wise and good. It seems to us the idea also of permanency, or endurance, is by this metaphor strikingly enforced. Nothing

so lasts as silver and gold. How long these have endured as the medium of exchange among people of the ages! How these precious metals endure the wear of time, and resist the rust and destructive agencies of age and time! So it is of the words of the wise to those in need of advice. Always and everywhere we should scrupulously take occasion to admonish by words those in need of advice. To the sick, to the erring, to the troubled, to the endangered, to one and all we should faithfully speak the word in season, and let God make that word like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Such words will abide and linger with a power and a sweetness in the memory of those we have counselled, and often trend them back from error's way to paths of virtue and peace. *Youth's Companion* thus relates incidents in the life of Phillips Brooks:

**GOD SOMETIMES SHUTS THE DOOR**

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God sometimes shuts the door and shuts us in,  
That He may speak, perchance through grief or pain,  
And softly, heart to heart, above the din,  
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door and keeps us still,  
That so our feverish haste, our deep unrest,  
Beneath His gentle touch may quiet, till  
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though shut in,  
If 'tis in His hand, shall we not wait and see?  
If worry lies without, and toil and sin,  
God's word may wait within for you and me.

—Exchange.

Although much has been written of the well-beloved Phillips Brooks, many of his most helpful words and deeds are still generally unknown. It is a privilege to record three of his sayings that have a message for the world at large as well as for those to whom they were particularly addressed.

One was his benediction to a young girl of his congregation, who had sought his guidance. "God bless you," he said. "Do you know what that means? May God make your life just what He wishes it to be." Often in after years those solemn words must have recurred to her, and challenged her life again and again to the final test of all blessedness.

At another time a woman in the thick of temptation went to him for the counsel that he gave so freely, yet considered so carefully. As they talked, he saw that her mind was confused concerning certain aspects of her case, and he said:

"Try to get outside of yourself, and look at this as if it concerned some one else. Is there anyone of whom you are especially fond, for whose welfare and happiness you would give a great deal?"

The woman, deeply touched, said that she had a younger sister, who was dearer to her than anyone else in the world.

"Then try," said Bishop Brooks, "to think how it would be if your sister, and not yourself, were placed in these circumstances, and what you would think it best for her to do." That penetrating suggestion was of great help to the sorely tried soul in the successful struggle

that followed, and in other moral crises of her life.

Again, he was holding one of those brief, informal services at Trinity Church which were like family prayers in their simplicity and intimacy. It was toward the end of his life.

"Let us not be disheartened," he said, "if we find ourselves wearing out; for to wear out is one of the natural processes of life. Only, let us make sure we are wearing out over something that is worth while."

Surely whatever stage of life we have reached, whether the wear and tear we have thus far undergone has been wise or foolish, for "something worth while," or for husks and bitterness, there is an inspiration for the rest of our lives in these words.

HOME COURTESY

Nowhere are lessons of courtesy and of virtue and gentlemanliness taught with more certainty and ease than in the home circle. The home is really the greatest school in life for the young. No Academy or College or University can equal the home as a place and power for real culture in courtesy and all the virtues and graces of life and character. Strange that parents are so slow to recognize this truth. Another corollary truth is that the father and mother are the best teachers in the world in this greatest school in the world. The children will be what they see their parents to be, and not what the parents wish them to be. The parents *must be and act* just what they desire their children to be and act in life. Character, we insist, and not counsel will tell most on young life. The following incident illustrates very forcibly this transcendently important truth which we commend to the careful reading of all mothers and fathers:

A lady and her guest who had just arrived were riding along the shady street. Pupils from the public school began to throng the sidewalks. At a crossing, a bright-faced boy, about ten years old, stood waiting for the ladies to pass, and lifted his cap with a courteous gesture and sunny smile.

The hostess leaned from the carriage with a pleasant greeting and the boy's gray cap covered the brown curls as they drove on.

"One of your Sunday school class?" ventured the speaker.

"No," replied the hostess, "my only son Harry."

As they approached the home they nearly overtook a girl about fourteen and a middle-aged man, walking briskly. The man was listening in a deferential way to the girl's merry chatter. At the gate they paused, the man lifted his hat in a parting salutation, as he held the gate for the girl to precede him; then bowing, he passed on, as if hurried, not observing the approaching carriage.

"This is our home; that is my husband going to his office," said the hostess.

"And you have another guest—or is the young lady a caller?" asked the speaker.

"That is Marguerite, our eldest child. She and her father are great chums," replied the hostess.

At the daintily appointed tea table the youngest child had the misfortune to drop and break a fragile piece of china. Her face crimsoned with distress, and the violet eyes lifted to her mother's face were large with gathering tears. The speaker winced, dreading discordant notes, where all had been harmonious.

"I hope they will only send her away in disgrace—poor little thing!" her thought ran.

But even as she thought, the mother, with perfect courtesy, spoke the same conventional

words of reassurance which she would have used had the honored guest broken the cup. Seeing the quivering lip of her cherished child—the guest from God—she added softly:

"Mother knows you are sorry, dearest. Just let it pass and forget it," while the father with ready tact engaged the visitor in conversation. The visitor was charmed.

### IT MUST BE OF MERCY

Salvation can only be of mercy and not of merit. Of ourselves we owe all and have nothing with which to pay. We are hopeless debtors. Our only hope and dependence is in the blood of Jesus shed for us on Calvary. If it were possible for us to render perfect and absolutely faultless obedience to every commandment from the moment of our espousal of Christ, the past sins would still be unsettled, unless the blood was apprehended by faith and appropriated for the blotting out of these and their forgiveness through the mercy of our God. There is not, and never can be, the least ground for boasting, which there would be if any part of salvation was due to our merit or our works. It is all of grace, through faith in the blood of the Christ. J. D. Jones says:

From time to time we read in our newspapers of honorable men discharging with interest, debts they had incurred years before. Can we do something like that with this debt we owe God? Can we work it off in the days and years to come? Work as hard as you can, when the day is done, what will you have to say? Just this, "We have only done what we ought." Only what we ought—there is no margin, nothing over, which you can apply to the reduction of the old debt. It would be as easy to bale the ocean dry as to hope, by your own efforts to pay this debt.

God will cancel the debt! As far as the East is from the West so far will He remove our transgressions from us. Listen to His invitation and His gracious promise. "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

### CHILDHOOD'S NEED OF CAREFUL APPRECIATION

Nothing should be more carefully guarded than to bestow due tokens of appreciation upon children's efforts to help and please in the home. Nothing so chills and discourages and hurts a child as evidence of want of appreciation of its efforts, whether of work or of helpful service of the seniors in the home. The little tender heart can so easily be hurt and crushed. And we get so busy and absorbed with our more serious concerns, that it becomes easy for us to forget that the trifles of childish endeavor or amusement are all and always most serious to them, and should be so treated by us. There is a great evil here in many homes which needs correction. Let great care be exercised in this matter, and you will greatly help and sweeten the life and nature and the heart of the child. The *Continent* gives an extreme case, but it illustrates our point:

Sometime ago there was printed a story about a mother who failed to appreciate her daughter's efforts, and the miserable, starved life the little girl led, trying her best to please, yet always seeming to do the wrong thing and being reprimanded for it. The climax was reached when the child tried to make a bed

to surprise her mother. The story portrayed vividly her hard, painstaking efforts, her delight when she pictured mother's surprise on seeing the bed so carefully made; but when the mother did come into the room, in the hurry of her morning's work, she had only the sharp exclamation to make, "There! You have gone and made the bed, and it is the morning to change the bedclothing," while in a fit of irritation she tore off the clothes and undid all the hard, patient work of the little one. It was the last straw. The child rushed out into the hall, blinded by her tears, and fell headlong down the stairway. Her life was not sacrificed, but the accident awakened the mother to a consciousness of her failure to give appreciation where appreciation was due. She never again overlooked or depreciated her little one's efforts to please her.

This is an extreme case, of course. Few mothers would go to such an extreme, but when we are very busy or burdened or anxious, it is so easy to overlook the little things which our children do to please us—crude efforts, hindering, perhaps, instead of helping us in our work, but nevertheless, efforts made with the desire to help, to please, to "surprise." It would be a pity if any one of us should thus blight the bud of helpfulness which when grown-up years come, might otherwise blossom into that spirit of unselfish service which the world so greatly needs. To give appreciation and commendation where they are due is a very small return for the loving thought which goes into childish service; and it means a little heart warmed and encouraged to further effort for others.

### LOST IDEALS

What a help to have great ideals, and what an inconceivable loss when these ideals are lacking. Poor indeed is that life which has lost its ideals. The inspiration and uplift, which came of the noble ideal, no longer lures on to greater and better things. The uplift, which encouraged and heartened amid life's weariness and burdens, is gone, and gloom and depression have taken its place. Stedman has said: "Even now few Americans set a proper value on the relative bearing of our ideal and intellectual progress thus far." The same is true of all kinds of progress. Loftiness of ideal elevates the vision, and renders us willing to pay greater costs for achievement in the way of endeavor and sacrifice. The higher the aim the greater is seen to be the required price of achievement, and the more willing we are to meet the demand. What a tragedy when the ideal is lost, and we wander aimlessly on life's ocean, with no haven and no goal set for our attainment. Mere drifters on the great sea of life! No destined harbor at which we aim some day to arrive! Blown about hither and yonder by the winds of chance! The *Continent* has a good word on this subject of ideals which we give our readers:

We can hardly err in feeling that some ministers have lost their ideals. They came from their seminary courses with a passion for great things in the church. They counted themselves set for the salvation of their fellows. The passing of a sacramental season without trophies of work in the form of new confessors of faith was a great pain to them. They threw themselves with utmost heartiness into the service of all good and challenged their people to heroic things. They had the beautiful habit of searching themselves first when any failure of work appeared; it might be their fault and they went to their knees to find out. Their preaching was of the great truths laid close to the lives of their hearers. They felt a deep

and strong yearning for the souls of men. It was so that they set out upon their ministry.

But all that is attractive to write and to plan; it is sometimes little short of killing in its execution, unless one keeps on through discouragement and distress, until the ideals become fixed and settled. Gradually they fade and the pace slows. There comes into sight the easy doctrine that men can not save men anyway, that a minister's business is to sow the seed and let God care for the harvest, that one can not judge ministers by the additions to their churches, that it is faithfulness God wants—and all that half truth which is the bane of ministerial thinking. Then comes the stage of laying blame on everything but himself; the community is so worldly, the session supports him poorly, there is no money to work with, the people are so indifferent. And all the time the trouble is that the ideals are lost, and men have settled down to the dull gray of things as they are, losing the radiance of things as they ought to be.

### THE MIGHTY POWER OF THE WORD

The simple Word of God is mighty in comfort and in strength and in encouragement. What a boon to have the memory stored with this precious Word ready for life's stresses and emergencies. There is no crisis or strait in which we can get where this Word can not meet us and bring help, if we know it sufficiently to call it into use. What advantage is the finest and best assortment of drugs at one's elbow if he is ignorant of their names and their nature and their properties and virtues, and how to compound and apply them. So it is not enough that there be a Bible in the house, and that you call it your own. You may be as ignorant of it as if it had never been in your hands at all. You must know the Word, and be ready to call it into use when need arises and stress comes. How often a text has been a boon to a tried and troubled soul when no other help was in sight. Often a single text has won a soul to Christ. The *Religious Telescope* tells of a case in point:

William Johnson was a poor boy who never acquired much education. His school teacher on Monday required each pupil to repeat something from the sermon on Sunday. On one occasion the only thing William could remember was the text of the pastor. The teacher expressed strongly his displeasure, and as a consequence the words of that text were lodged securely in the mind of young Johnson.

When twenty-five years of age, a crisis came in the home of Johnson and his wife. They were face to face with abject poverty. Mr. Johnson went to work one day, and, when the other men left for their homes for something to eat, Johnson remained in the shop, in great distress. Not only was he himself without food, but his wife at home was both sick and hungry. Just then the text learned many years before in the school flashed into his mind: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." He said, "Surely this is a day of trouble." Then he began to think of God, and before long he was on his knees in the shop calling on God. Light and peace came into his soul, and, when he arrived at home, he found a neighbor woman had given his wife money in advance for a job of work she wanted her to do, and Mrs. Johnson had bread and other food in abundance. In all of this Johnson saw the hand of God. His heart was filled with love and compassion for lost souls. He first led his wife, and a year later he struck out to do missionary work, and became a man of remarkable power in soul-winning.

Written by C. H. STRONG

HERE is something within every man, be he an inhabitant of darkest heathendom or of brightest Christendom, that cries for God. All the research of science, friends of centuries, pleasures of ages and wealth of nations can not fathom its source. Christ intimated it was more important than science, more abiding than friends, more durable than pleasure, and of more value than the world. That something is the immortal soul. Though depraved, deformed and warped by sin, yet that crying for something outside of the natural realm is there. How true were the words of Augustine when he said, "We come from God and will ever be homesick until we return to Him." All do not understand this longing, others deny it, and some stifle it, but still it is there. We see it in the heathen, discover it in the enlightened man, weep over it in the infidel, behold it in the building of churches, cathedrals, colleges and seminaries, and feel it in our own nature—our spiritual nature. When the psalmist said, "As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God," he struck a cord that has vibrated through all the succeeding ages. Yea, the soul of man longs for holy companionship.

We see it in the heathen. The mother who throws her babe into the mouth of the crocodile does it because something within her being calls out for God. She doesn't understand her need, and superstition has taught her it will bring comfort and rest to her tempest-tossed soul. Children are offered to the burning arms of Moloch to appease the gods. Men measure their length for miles in the burning sands seeking an imaginary relief to their troubled heart. Our missionaries tell of the many sacrifices and tortures heathen are undergoing to find rest to a burning conscience and a troubled soul.

Still there are those who worship the sun; each morning arise with it and for some time each day wait for its blessing. Why all this? God has a place in man for Himself, and so real is it that even those in deepest, darkest, heathen superstition feel its cravings.

We discover it in the enlightened man. True, we do not throw our babes to the hungry crocodiles or deposit them in the burning arms of a Moloch, but we live in a land of homicides, and children that come to the vital breath of life are often unwelcome and made to know it. We do not measure our length for miles in the burning sands, trying to find relief of soul. Ten thousand times no! We go to church to show our fine clothes, and spend the rest of the day automobiling, and in Sabbath desecration. Instead of seeking the Pearl of greatest price that the soul craves, men are sending themselves to premature graves by greed, graft

and money making. We do not sacrifice to the heathen gods, perhaps, but burn incense to passion, pleasure, and lust, and indulge in sins of the worst character to quench the voice of God. We do not arise with the sun to worship it, but carouse all night in nameless sins, and stagger home at day-break to sleep off a drunken spree. The depression in business, that has been so prevalent the last year, has not been brought about by the churches sending out too many missionaries. No, indeed. But according to one Laurence M. Symmes, of New York—and he is supposed to know considerable about the financial world—he attributes our condition of things to extravagance, pleasure seeking, automobiling, etc. When New York City can spend \$2,500,000 in one night for a time, and a time that damns

for the stones to cry out in condemnation against us.

We weep over it in the infidel, as we see him try to annihilate God. Better a minnow try to swallow the ocean. That he can not, is comforting; that he is trying, is sad. We do not refer to such men as Voltaire, Hume, or Payne, but the slick, slimy, cowardly type of infidelity that dresses up in clerical garb; and stands behind the sacred desk; the kind that sits in the council chambers of our seminaries and assemblies; the one known as the "higher critic." For example: Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University, who, according to the "Bible Champion," said in his lecture, in St. Louis, that Moses did not write the Pentateuch; there never was any Moses at all; that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were the names of gods, and not real human beings; that the children of Israel were never in Egypt; and that the Jews worshipped a pig, etc. To cap it off, we read that this man was elected Vice-President of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis for the coming year. In other words, he is listed among the famous, and is to assist in providing the thought of this and the coming generations. The work of the infidel, skeptic and hypothetical critic is destructive. Professor Huxley illustrates this point well, in writing to Charles Kingsley, his fellow-evolutionist. He said in part: "I believe in Hamilton, Mansel, and Spencer so long as they are destructive, but I laugh in their beards when they try to weave their own cobwebs." These modern infidels, called higher critics, are more destructive to the soul than evolutionists are to creation. How we got here we have not time to discuss. That we are here, and must live eternally, is tremendous. These critics have no help for the drunkard; they fail to inspire hope in the fallen; they have no deliverance to offer to the broken-hearted; but they can come into the pulpit dressed in the finest garb, and there destroy my mother's Bible, laugh at my Christ, ridicule holiness, explain away the supernatural and miraculous; and this is the shrewdest kind of infidelity. They can deny the faith, proclaim their doubts, leave men confused and without hope, make it hard for the true preacher of the gospel to have a revival; they can please the devil, send souls to destruction, and finally make their own bed in hell, and do it all while souls are hungering, thirsting and perishing for the living word of God. Surely, one such sinner destroyeth much good.

We behold it in our churches, cathedrals, colleges and seminaries. This great country of ours with her steeples pointing heavenward, her beautiful chimes tolling "Nearer my God to Thee," and her choirs and congregations singing "Amen," are representative of something more than music, mortar, brick, and stone. They tell of the need of the soul, and all too often of a starved soul. While wait-

### THE SINLESS LAND

M. EMILY ELLYSON

There is a land, a sinless land,  
Whose boundaries I can not tell.  
But in that fair land's wide domains;  
I may forever dwell.

Then, o'er those wide celestial plains,  
I'll roam untrammelled, through the years;  
And gaze upon the splendors there  
With eyes undimmed by tears.

Beside the crystal river's brink  
I'll rest, and quaff its waters sweet;  
Time's burning fevers all unknown  
Within this blest retreat.

Beneath the tree of life I'll walk,  
Upon its heavenly fruits I'll feast;  
The pinching wants of earth forgot,  
In fullest life replete.

And all its day! The chilling damp  
Of evening hour, I shall not know;  
When I shall reach that sinless land  
So free from pain and woe.

It were enough these joys to feel;  
But lo! I read about a crown  
That I may wear, and reign for aye  
When toils have been laid down.

I, who o'er weaknesses have sighed;  
And wept hot tears because of sin;  
And known the sting of friendship lost;  
And failed so oft to win

In the fierce conflict with our foe.  
How marvelous it seems to me!  
But blood now covers all the past;  
And grace has made me free.

And so I look with longing gaze,  
Those deathless shores I almost see;  
And wait, with heart expectant grown,  
O! sinless Land for thee.

thousands eternally, it seems his version of the case is not overdrawn. But stop! pause a moment! With all this feeding on the husks of earth there is within that thoughtless, godless, rushing multitude a vacuum in the soul that can never find peace outside of God.

The church of the Most High must arise, put on her beautiful garments, invite men to the able Redeemer, who has a balm for every aching breast. If we fail here, and withhold the gospel message, and hoard up our money for our children to squander, we might well listen

ing on God in blest communion I seem to attend a great but sad gathering. There I beheld a horrible creature sitting behind the pulpit where the bishop is wont to sit. He seems pleased, if there is such a thing as pleasure for a being such as he. His look frightens me. But I sit down. The preacher was delivering his discourse on the inhabitants of Neptune. It was surely a far-fetched theme. He seems oblivious to all. I wonder why. Going nearer, to my dismay I see he is blind. Why should a blind man be pastor in such a magnificent building and of so seemingly refined and cultured congregation? They had on that Sunday-sanctimonious look, and were sitting as erect as statues and mummies. I look at them searchingly when lo! I behold that they too are blind. Then that rebuke once administered by the Master, "the blind leading the blind" flashed into my mind.

I wished Gabriel would shout, but reflection impressed me that that would not do. Then I longed for blind Bartimeus' Friend. I wished He were here. But another look at the frightful being back of the preacher convinced me that heaven and hell, Christ and Satan did not inhabit the same heart or pulpit together. Turning from the scene I saw two elderly people and some children who could see.

## A Vision of the Sunday School

Written by PHILIP FREIS

**T**HERE is that in the Sunday school today as an institution, in its work and possibilities, that will fire the imagination and stir the soul and stimulate the very best in every worker, who gets a vision of this great work. It is one of the greatest institutions of the church, and world, in popularizing the world's greatest work.

It is the Bible training department of the Church of Christ, in which the Word of God is taught, for the purpose of bringing souls to Christ, and building up souls in Christ.

The Sunday school is not, as many suppose a modern institution, a little more than a century old. Its germ has been in the world, living and active, for more than two thousand years, and has developed in various forms. Some of the earliest schools were in the times of Abraham, Moses, Nehemiah, and Ezra. Undoubtedly Jesus attended such schools, when a youth. There were such schools at the time of the reformation. The great revival in Sunday schools came in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

In 1780, at Gloucester, England. Robert Raikes, an editor of the Gloucester Journal, started his first Sunday school in a kitchen of a dwelling house. This room was 11 feet long, 8 feet wide, 6½ feet high. The children were to come soon after ten in the morning and stay till twelve. They were to go home and stay till one. Then, after reading the lesson, they were conducted to church. After church, they were to be employed in repeating the catechism until 5:30, and then dismissed.

How I feared for them! What an environment for innocent and honest hungry souls! Who could help them in that company of the blind? Stepping outside I looked up and offered a word of prayer. There I beheld a heavenly Being weeping. I thought of the One who wept over Jerusalem. I lisped the name of Jesus. He heard. He came near. What a look of compassion, and then of kindness! The mystery was solved. I understood. Here was the Friend of Bartimeus. He was not wanted; He was not welcome inside. Then with burdened spirit and flowing tears, and with this panorama of steeples, bells, architecture and blind before me, I lifted my voice to God in earnest intercession, and felt the loving arms of Jesus about me. My spirit wafted that grand old song that was written before it was the fashion to write hymns to ragtime music:

Take the world, but give me Jesus,  
All its joys are but a name;  
But His love abideth ever,  
Through eternal years the same.

Then that chorus—who can grasp it, who can measure it, who can comprehend it!

Oh, the height and depth of mercy!  
Oh, the length and breadth of love!  
Oh, the fulness of redemption,  
Pledge of endless life above.

As other leaders in great causes, Raikes at first did not receive sympathy from the people, and was laughed at, and jeered. Boys called him "Bobby Wild Goose and his Ragged Army." However, the Sunday schools began to flourish, and in 1787 they spread over Great Britain and into Europe. There were 250,000 scholars, in the Raikes schools.

Sunday school unions and associations were formed in Europe and the United States, until today we have about 300,000 Sunday schools in the world, with about 2,700,000 teachers and 29,000,000 scholars. Happy are we to learn that half of these schools, teachers, and scholars are in the United States.

The Sunday school is the church of

tomorrow. Church statesmanship and the wisest strategy will conserve the mighty possibilities for the Sunday school. It is the Church Bible School. Whatever we, as Nazarenes, would have to appear in the life of our church, we must first put it into the Sunday school.

Some may call it the nursery or kindergarten of the church. That is true; but it is even more than that, it is the right arm of the church. In examining the statistics of a certain denomination, we have discovered some startling facts about the Sunday school, in its relation to that church. From 1849 to 1909, a space of sixty-four years, there were from its Sunday schools 4,712,225 conversions. In the last forty years \$12,500,000 was contributed to missions. Its dividends includes 95 per cent of the ministry, 85 per cent of the church conversions, 95 per cent of church workers, and 75 per cent of churches organized.

Much more could be said about the Sunday school in its relation to the community, and the public school.

The teaching of the Sunday school should not be substituted for the religious training of the home, but be supplementary. Yet, Bible teaching is neglected in many homes, and the boys and girls have not the chance in life that they should have. If many parents would teach their children the Bible, and not only urge the children to go to Sunday school, *but go with them*, there would be many that would not go into forbidden paths. Here are some tremendous truths, given out by the superintendent of the Indiana State Reformatory, at Jeffersonville, Ind.: There are 1,100 inmates, ranging from 17 to 30 years of age; 28 per cent of them can not read; 35 per cent can hardly write their name; 53 per cent are practically illiterate. One-half of the men are mentally deficient; 20 per cent of the boys testify that they got their start in evil at Sunday baseball games; 96 per cent were not attendants of the Sunday school.

As Nazarenes, let us appreciate the worth of the Sunday school, and rally to it, knowing that in building up the Sunday school we will be helping to save our youth and be building up the church.

## The Need of the Hour

Written by N. J. LUND

**I**T HAS been my conviction for years, but I have never seen it so clearly, nor felt it so deeply as I do these days, that what is needed for the advancement of the work of God everywhere is men and women who pray—who make prayer their business. We have such here and there, but their number must be multiplied more and more, if we see this lost world brought to the feet of Jesus.

Some of our churches have in them large numbers who are banded together for the specific purpose of praying salvation down from God out of heaven, and where this is so, there is a continual re-

vival. Then we have other churches where conditions are different, the minister in charge may be a holy man and an able preacher, but the membership knows nothing about praying outside of performing that duty when called upon to do so, or going through the regular routine in the prayer meeting, and having family prayers. Where this is the extent of the prayer life, little or nothing is accomplished for Christ.

It has been very gratifying indeed to read the reports of the sweeping revivals at the different points in our work of late; notably among these is Burns, Ore. But

preceding these great mighty outpourings of the Spirit of God, one will always notice that a few folks have gotten together and prayed until the heavens opened and the fire fell. We were in a prayer-meeting, recently, in First Church, Spokane, Wash. Such a prayer meeting! It is useless to try to describe it. This church is enjoying a continual revival, and the secret is that this church has more than a score of men and women who have caught the spirit that pressed the Prophet Isaiah when he cried out, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth" (Isa. 62:1).

We have mentioned these two places; others are numerous. There are "burned-over fields," you say, "gospel-hardened communities." Whatever truth or reality there is in that, the fact remains that

wherever there is a church that prays and lives holy before God, who keeps the wires up and the communication clear between them and the throne, who can say as did Jesus, "Thou dost always hear me because I do those things that are pleasing in thy sight," those that are in such a state, can have most anything they want. Reader, does this apply to you? If you are not already doing so, will you not now from this hour yield your life to God and ask Him to make you feel the worth of immortal souls, and give you a vision of what it will mean for those about you to go into eternity without God? Will you be one of a praying band in your church, in your community, that shall besiege the throne for a mighty revival, and lay hold on God for great and mighty things? This is the crying need of the hour. Shall we prevail, or shall we fail?

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

## A Liberal Religion

Written by A. G. BURLINGAME

**H**OLINESS people are sometimes accused of being too strict, straight-laced and Puritanic. We are told that it is not necessary to forego worldly amusements and worldly associations; but that they can be interwoven with the Christian life, with the result that one's outlook will be broadened, and his influence for good extended. With such specious reasoning, multitudes professing to be followers of the lowly Nazarene, plunge boldly into the gayeties and follies of the world, and live in such a manner that no one would suspect them to be in the least different from the worldling whose name has never been written on a church record.

God's word says, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind;" and "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The whole tenor of the Scriptures indicates that the "life hid with Christ in God" is a separated life, and opposed to the world.

What is meant in the exhortation, "Love not the world"? Does it mean the physical world, its boundless oceans, majestic mountains, vast forests and plains; its grateful sunshine, fresh, balmy air, its singing birds and fragrant flowers? No, far from it. Does separation from the world mean that we should live the life of a recluse, avoiding contact with men, and taking no part in the activities of life? Not at all. It simply means that we are not to love those things in the world which would have a tendency to lead us away from God; which would quench our love and devotion to Him.

Many a Christian father and mother, with a deep sense of their responsibility for their children, and a yearning for their spiritual welfare, are perplexed and alarmed at the tide of worldly influences that threaten to engulf them and lead

them away from God. The dance, theaters, moving pictures, card parties, and other questionable associations, wield their fascinating charm on every hand, and many parents, despairing of keeping their children separate from these things, have been led to believe that their only hope was to raise these amusements to a higher moral standard, so that their influence would be less hurtful. But this is a fatal compromise, and utterly fails in its purpose.

Here is a fact that every parent and

teacher should recognize: Every young person who is normal, who has red blood coursing through the veins, is a bunch of energy, and this energy must find vent in some form of activity. Now, a religion to be effective in the life of such a one, must be of the positive kind. It must give free scope to all the strength, potency, talent and affection of the nature. A merely negative religion, with its series of "don'ts," is absolutely useless.

But we contend that when a young person is truly converted, when he has the conscious knowledge that his sins are washed away; when the indwelling Holy Spirit, with its cleansing, invigorating transforming power is controlling the heart and life, and the affections are centered in God, he has received an experience which lifts him above that which is vain and hurtful. The new, spiritual life is so abundantly satisfying, the joys of salvation are so real and abiding; the service of God yields such gratification of desire, that worldly pleasures have lost their charm.

Far be it from me to seek to rob youth of any legitimate enjoyment. I would seek to multiply the happiness of life; I love to see roses in the cheek, a beaming smile on the countenance, the light of love shining in the eye. I love to hear the pealing laughter of children and the care-free song of youth; to observe their strength of limb and active, lithesome movement. God intends that young life shall be crowded full of joy and sunshine; but neither youth or those further advanced in years can ever comprehend life's true meaning unless God has been given full control.

## Things That Count

L. B. TROWBRIDGE

At the end of his life the Apostle Paul said, "I have fought a good fight." Every day of his life he made it a study to "shew himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" (2 Tim. 2:15). His life motto was, "This one thing I do" (Phil. 3:13). He said, "Therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I not as one that beateth the air" (1 Cor. 9:26). Paul was a conspicuous example of a godly man who made every move to count for the utmost of glory to God and real helpfulness to his fellow-man.

Any young person who starts out with the noble purpose to succeed in life as God counts success can ask himself no more important question than the following: "What is it that counts the most?"

To this enquiry we will suggest ten practical answers. If these were put into daily practice, it might change the entire trend of somebody's life from idleness to activity, from weakness to power, from failure and defeat to wonderful efficiency, usefulness, blessedness, long life, honor and an abundant entrance into glory. 2 Pet. 1:4-11.

1. It is not what we eat; it is what we assimilate into flesh, bone, blood and muscle that counts.

(a) Elijah lived, propered and served God by feeding only on what was brought him by the ravens. 1 Ki. 17:6.

(b) Daniel and his companions thrived better on only pulse and water than on all the dainties from the king's table. Dan. 1:1-16.

(c) John the Baptist preached and labored in the wilderness and subsisted only on locusts and wild honey. Matt. 3:4.

Every man who would really succeed must learn to keep under his body. He must eat to live rather than live to eat. Plain living and high thinking is better than high living and no thinking.

2. It is not the number of hours we spend in sleep; it is getting real rest and refreshment out of sleep that counts.

(a) The sluggard says, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber;" but this tendeth to poverty. Prov. 6:9,10.

(b) Hard labor is the best producer of sweet, refreshing sleep. Eccl. 5:12.

(c) The sleep that is founded upon a deep sense of trust in God is always sweet and peaceful. Ps. 4:8; 127:2.

(d) Jesus sometimes spent whole nights in prayer and often rose early to meditate and pray while others slept. Mk. 1:35; Lu. 6:12.

Most of us can well afford to sleep less and pray more. Those who would succeed in a large way must learn to get the most value out of a few hours of sleep.

3. It is not the time we put in at our work; it is what we get done that counts.

(a) The children of Israel made more bricks without straw, when they had to, than they had been making with straw. Ex. 5:7-9.

(b) God provided the Sabbath day because He knew that man could accomplish more by working six days and resting one than by working all seven days. Ex. 20:8-11.

(c) God gives His children a "heart-wisdom" by which they are enabled to accomplish more and far better work than all the worldly-wise ones can do. Ex. 35:25,26; 36:1; Prov. 31:10-29.

(d) If God blesses and prospers the work of our hands, it is wonderful how much more we can accomplish than when we depend upon our own efforts. Deut. 14:29; 15:10; 28:1-6; Ps. 1:3; Jer. 17:7,8; 2 Chr. 26:5.

Those who would succeed in life must not only have good intentions, but must carry them out. We must see that every move we make has God's sanction and blessing; then it will count for the utmost in lasting results.

## BEULAH'S CONQUEST

Aunt Roxy was frying doughnuts that morning when Lemuel walked in. Lemuel was Aunt Roxy's third son and the only one of the three who was unmarried. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with broad shoulders and bright black eyes, and the pride of his mother's heart.

Aunt Roxy was small and slender, with brown hair faintly streaked with gray, and mild blue eyes. In the little village where she had lived all her life, she had the name of being the best housekeeper the town afforded. Every Friday was rightly observed as sweeping day in her house, and no Sunday ever found her larder anything but well stocked. Ample provision was always made for that on Saturday. It was a great trial to her housewifely soul that neither of her two daughters-in-law was domestic. David's the elder son's wife, was a great worker for outside charities, but Aunt Roxy often confided to her husband, Uncle Amos, that she couldn't understand a nature that was for doing for everybody but the members of her own family, for it was a well-known fact to every-one that poor David was kept on dreadfully short commons at home.

All this troubled Aunt Roxy a good deal. "David's grown thin since he left home, father," she used to say to Uncle Amos with tears in her mild eyes; "actually thin. The boy don't have the good nourishing food he's been used to. But what can I do? When I take things over there that I think David might like, Eunice always looks offended; and when I offered her my recipe for soft gingerbread, she said she didn't care for it. They never ate gingerbread, she said. Why, at home David was always so fond of it.

"Every afternoon, too, she's out working for some charity or other, and then David has to eat a cold supper after working hard all day. And father," (lowering her voice to an awed whisper) "she don't sweep her house once a month, and she buys everything in cans."

Pearl, the second son's wife, was different, yet on the whole not any great improvement over Eunice. She was a bit of pink-and-white prettiness, with a love of dress and with a good deal of selfishness under a seemingly tender exterior. The state of her husband's clothes never seemed to trouble her, so that her own were in good order. Buttons came off and were not replaced; coats grew shabby and linen frayed. Serene and smiling in her own well-fitting gowns and flower-garden hats, she went her selfish way, spending poor Frank's hard-earned money on "frizzeries and gewgaws," as Aunt Roxy called it, in a way that went to her motherly, anxious heart.

"Frank never used to be shabby at home," she would tell Uncle Amos with a troubled sigh. "I know it's dreadfully wicked in me, father, to say it, but do you know, I hope Lemmy never will marry. To see him neglected and set aside like the other boys, would break my heart."

Lemmy stood by her now sampling a spicy doughnut.

"Mother?" he said suddenly.

His mother looked up and smiled. "Well, my son?" she answered encouragingly.

"I'm going to be married next month to Beulah Styles."

A doughnut dropped back into the hot lard with so much haste that a few drops of the contents of the hissing kettle flew up and burned the mother's hand. In her surprise and distress, however, she scarcely felt it.

Lemmy, her baby, the only one she had left! Then they were to lose him too! She looked up at him through her tears.

"Lemmy," she said piteously, "is it really true?"

Lemuel went over to his mother's side and kissed her.

"Don't look like that, mother," he said gravely. "I'm not going far away, and you can come and see us often. And you'll like Beulah, mother, I'm sure of it. She's ready to love you now."

His mother sighed. The other boys had talked to her much in the same way, and how had it all ended?

"I'd like to run over to Frank's and David's with some of these now," she thought as she stood with hereye on the heap of golden-

brown doughnuts, and Lemuel's arm still around her, "but—well, the girls wouldn't thank me. Eunice would look as if she didn't like it, and like as not Pearl would put 'em away and forget all about 'em."

Then her thoughts came back to the present. "And maybe Beulah'll be just like them," she thought despairingly. "My poor boys! And their mother can do so little to help them."

But she would not cloud Lemuel's happiness by a word, and so she kissed him back and wished him joy in her gentle, motherly way, without a touch of sadness in it. She knew Beulah Styles only by sight, a pretty, grey-eyed girl with chestnut hair, and a sweet, dimpled chin. It was only lately she had come to the village.

The mother's tears fell slowly as she finished her doughnuts; and yet the vision of a sweet young face came between her and her work with a certain sense of tranquility.

"Maybe she'll be different," she thought to herself. "I'll think so, anyway, until I'm forced to think otherwise."

It seemed but a little time until Lemuel was married. His father and mother gave them their carpets and china, and in her leisure moments his mother busied herself in the completion of a number of dish towels, and laundry bags, and stove lifters, finding a certain comfort in the pleasant work. It brought her back to the time when she and Amos began housekeeping, so young and happy, before the cares came. She had never dared to make any such articles for David's and Frank's wives, but perhaps Beulah was different.

It was very lonely after Lemmy was gone. His mother missed him in so many ways, missed his light step and merry whistle, his affectionate boyish kiss, but she did not say much. If his father guessed the ache in her heart, he did not mention it, and so life without Lemuel was taken up in the old home.

The young people had taken a house, not far away, to be sure, but were busy getting settled, and in the timidity of her shy soul the son's mother hesitated to intrude.

It was a pretty house, and Beulah and Lemuel worked like bees in getting it in order. Lemuel put up the shelves and got the garden ready for flower beds, for it was early spring, and Beulah draped her own curtains and washed her own china with a happy heart, for there was no servant to help them. The new life began very humbly, but it was none the less beautiful for all that, for the little home held something that fine ones sometimes lack; something infinitely sweet and precious.

"Hasn't mother been over yet?" asked Lemuel one day a week after they had been married.

Beulah shook her head. "Not yet. But she'll come soon, Lemuel," and she went to her husband's side and kissed him gently. "Do you think she'll like me, Lemmy?" she asked wistfully. "You know I haven't any mother of my own."

Lemuel kissed his child-wife back. Something glistened in his dark eye. Mother was not to be disappointed again, he felt sure.

"Of course she will, dear one," he answered softly. "How could she help it?"

And over in the old home the mother's heart longed for her boy. There was room in her warm heart for his wife too, but she did not dwell much on that. She feared another disappointment—nay, she expected it. But one day she told her husband not to come home to dinner. "I am going over to Lemuel's," she said with a wistfulness that did not escape him. "Beulah may ask me to stay to dinner, and if she does I'd like to, father."

"Certain, sure," he said heartily. "Go right along, Roxy; it'll do you good. I take a great deal of stock in Lemuel's wife." He went on thoughtfully. "There's a look in those eyes of her I like. I don't believe she'd willingly hurt a living thing. I have a fancy that the boy has done well in his choice."

Aunt Roxy started early that morninz, but early as it was, she carried a basket. There was a custard in it, fresh and firm, a glass of current jelly, a can of pears and a loaf of spice cake. She had packed it with such loving care!

She came in sight of Lemuel's house at

last, a tiny brown cottage set in a neat, speckless yard. White curtains were at the windows, and already some blooming plants turned their smiling faces to the sun.

"Why, she's got some flowers a'ready. I suppose she brought 'em from home."

She knocked hesitatingly at the door. All at once she felt very timid and afraid. What if Beulah would not be glad to see her; would look at her coldly, treat her with indifference? She felt she could not bear another rebuff. But in the midst of her trembling doubts, the door opened and a slight young figure and a smiling face confronted her.

"Why, if it isn't mother!" cried Beulah cheerily. "I'm so glad, so glad to see you!" And then Aunt Roxy felt herself drawn gently forward through the narrow hall and into the cozy sitting-room beyond. Beulah put her into an easy-chair and began to untie her bonnet strings.

"I've got so much to tell you," she went on brightly, "and I need your help about so many things. I want you to tell me just how Lemuel likes things. I was up so early this morning, I have my kitchen all in order now, and Lemmy's put up the nicest shelf, and oh, won't he be pleased to see you! He's been missing you a good deal, I can see it. Just make yourself comfortable, for you must stay to dinner. Lemuel will be so glad."

"I brought you a custard, Beulah," she said slowly, "and some jelly and a spice cake. Lemmy always liked my spice cake. You won't take it amiss from Lemmy's mother, will you, Beulah?"

The young wife looked down in the freshness and beauty of her young womanhood to the shrinking figure in the chair, and understood. Stooping suddenly, she gathered the little woman in her arms.

"Mother!" she cried tenderly, "you don't know how I have been longing for you! And Lemmy has too."

When Uncle Amos came home that night he looked at his wife with a questioning dread.

"Well?" he said.

"Lemuel hasn't made a mistake, Amos," she said smilingly.

"Then you like her?" cried Uncle Amos relievedly. "Was she glad to see you, Roxy?" he added tenderly. "Will she make the boy happy?"

"Happy, yes," replied Aunt Roxy dreamily. "You need have no fear for Lemuel, Amos—I stayed to dinner. We got it together, she and I. I mashed the potatoes and broiled the steak, and I wish you could have seen Lemmy's face when he came home. Beulah didn't tell him that I was there, but he caught sight of my bonnet first thing. 'Where's mother?' he cried. You know how Lemmy talks; 'Where's my own mother?' And then I came out, and he kissed me just like he used to, and we all had dinner together."

Aunt Roxy's voice broke, and there was a short silence. She looked up after a moment through her tears.

"The Lord's been good to us, Amos," she said solemnly. "We can go to Lemuel's house, you and I, and come away without an ache in our hearts."

Uncle Amos nodded quietly.

"Yes," he answered.

"You know that log cabin quilt I made for David's wife and then thought I better not give it, after she said she disliked log cabin work? Well, Beulah wants it, father. She says she'll appreciate every stitch in it because I made it. And father?"

"Yes, Roxy."

"You can't think how nice she was to me. She took off my bonnet and kissed me, and seemed as if she was glad to see me."

The tears rolled down the mother's face as she concluded. "Excuse me, father," she said brokenly, "but such kindness is so sweet. Instead of losing a son, we are made rich by gaining a daughter."

Uncle Amos went hastily to the back door and coughed suspiciously.

"Don't mind me, Roxy, don't mind me," he answered; and then in the soft and gentle twilight that seemed to speak to him of a new happiness, Uncle Amos brushed the tears from his own furrowed cheek.—Selected.



# The Holiness Movement In Scotland

E. F. Walker, D.D.

It does move, in spite of the opposition of hell, worldliness, and carnality, and in spite of the discouragements of apathy among the fearful and unbelieving professors of the faith of Christ. Would that it were moving more swiftly and powerfully and triumphantly! Would that additional strength were given to me in my ministry to help "push the old chariot along!"

About fifty years ago, in Paisley, Scotland, there were some young people connected with a Presbyterian church who had become zealous for the cause of Jesus and the salvation of men, and, under the leadership of the master of the choir, were holding some out-of-door meetings and some Saturday night meetings in the church, seeking the salvation of their fellows. Though the older ones of the church were not personally engaged in or interested in such work, they did not directly discourage the efforts of this company of soul-seekers, and the pastor, who had some considerable spiritual conviction, if not experience, rather gave his encouragement, though himself did not directly engage in the same work.

Paisley is a city about seven miles from Glasgow, and has a population of about eighty thousand souls, at least four-fifths of whom are women; for here is the headquarters of the J. & P. Coats' cotton-thread mills. This company has such mills scattered all over the world; but the Coats family live in Paisley, and employ many thousands of "hands"—mostly young women—in their mills in that city. I think that I have never seen so many young people—especially girls—anywhere in all my travels. At night, and up to a very late hour, the streets literally swarm with them—even very little children moving with the throngs that overflow the sidewalks and crowd the very streets. The Coats are Baptists, and have built in Paisley a very beautiful house of worship for that denomination, at the cost of about a half-million dollars. But not much is being done for the salvation of these many thousands of young people, over whom the young people of that Presbyterian church yearned with Christly affection and concern.

One Saturday night a company of people from the Parkhead Pentecostal church went over to Paisley, to visit and encourage these young evangelistic Presbyterians, and to encourage them in their work, and also to "expound to them the way of God more perfectly." Conviction attended the testimonies and prophecies of the helpers from Parkhead; and, when one of them gave the invitation, the leader of the young Presbyterians "went to the altar" for sanctification, followed by the entire choir of thirty-five. Paisley has never gotten over that night; neither has that Presbyterian church yet "recovered;" for God came down in sanctifying power, and a goodly number got the second blessing—those who had been so true to the first blessing. It occasioned considerable excitement. The pastor himself came over to Glasgow to have an interview with Rev. George Sharpe, the pastor at Parkhead, and the acknowledged leader in the Pentecostal movement in Scotland. He acknowledged the scripturalness and reasonableness and necessity of sanctification; but confessed that he was unwilling to pay the price, which would surely be demotion in the church and great reduction in salary, should he espouse the doctrine and embrace the experience. In this, alas! he was supported by his wife.

In a short time that holiness band of Presbyterian young people were dealt with. The church session had a meeting, and the band were interdicted from hold-

ing any more meetings, on the street or in the church; and they were forbidden to any more speak their testimony as to what the Lord had done for them. They must keep quiet in the church. At the very time when this action was being taken by the session of the church, the leading ruling elder was being carried by the place of meeting, so drunk that he could not walk. Some of the young people—a few of them—yielded to the pressure; but the rest continued, and, being discounted and interdicted where they were, they did the logical and proper thing: they went out and organized a Pentecostal church.

For many months sin and sanctification were the live topics of conversation in Paisley. One of the leading opponents of holiness—one who had been most zealous in forcing the action of the session against the profession and work of the fully saved young people—was a teacher in the Sabbath school of the Presbyterian church out of which the witnesses were cast because they dared to believe and experience and declare that the blood of Jesus—Christ God's Son cleansed them from all sin. One day he asked his large class, "Boys, what is the worst thing in the world?" "Sin," was the immediate and unanimous response. "That's right," said the teacher. "Now," asked he, "will you tell me what is the best thing in the world?" "Sanctification," quickly answered the live boys, to the confusion of their "teacher." This writer has no way of knowing what answer he expected, but it is clear that he got the answer that he did not want. But was it not the true answer?

"But," as John Wesley said, "this is the doctrine which the devil peculiarly hates; therefore he is always stirring up his own children and the weak children of God against it." He has done some of his best (or worst) work on that line in Paisley. Through much tribulation the good work has continued to this day. One pastor left them and drew away a number after him, and then forsook them. Havoc was made of the church; but some faithful ones have stood true through it all, and the Lord has stood with them; and now the church is united and prosperous under the wise, zealous ministry of Pastor W. L. Helford.

I have just spent four days with them, preaching seven times on the subject that gave them existence as a church. The Lord set to His seal, and was present in converting grace and sanctifying power. At the fifth anniversary of the organization, I was present, with Brother and Sister Sharpe and Miss Winchester, and it was a soul-refreshing and encouraging time.

In Patrick, a part of Glasgow that is very populous, where live many shipbuilders with their families, there is a live holiness mission, superintended by Brother George Hart. It was originated and for years was supported by a Presbyterian church in that community; but holiness got into it—such holiness as saves men from debaucheries of sin, and from sin itself—with the result that the church discounted the work and withdrew its support. But the work has gone on, and the Lord has stood by it. My pleasure was to recently spend a couple of evenings with them, preaching to large congregations, and seeing souls get to God for pardon and purity—among the latter a smart man who had publicly and persistently, and with a zeal worthy of a better cause, opposed the Bible doctrine of holiness as there taught. Certainly it was good to see him and his wife come

to that altar and seek, and then arise and profess the very experience which in that place they had so pugnaciously fought.

At Helensburg, down the Clyde, near the west coast of Scotland, is a beautiful city of about nine thousand—a residential and watering place. The blessed doctrine got in there some time ago; several got the experience; they organized themselves into a holiness mission; have regular place and times for meeting, though they have no preacher or superintendent. They are experiencing the usual lot of those who will live godly in Christ Jesus—persecution for righteousness' sake. It was a delight for me to meet with that select society a couple of times and minister to them in dividing to them portions of the bread of life for their nourishment and refreshing of their faith and love. How I did find myself longing that I might stay right with these earnest disciples of Jesus and minister to them of the ability the Lord gives me.

Although I am seeing souls come to the altar and professing conversion and sanctification right along, I am not seeing the results I might, because my stay in each place is so very brief. It would be more fruitful, it seems to me, to have longer series of meetings; but my time here is short, and there are many places where it has been arranged that I must visit; and for this cause very largely came I hither, that I might be with all the saints in every place in Scotland where they are holding up the white banner of holiness, and seek to strengthen their hearts and hands in God.

At this writing Chapman and Alexander—well-known popular evangelists from "the States"—are holding forth in Glasgow to immense crowds. They preach and sing well, and I trust that their work and labor in the Lord are not in vain, though they do not press hard against the sin of misconduct, of unbelief, of worldliness, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin itself—even the sin that dwelleth in man; and, while they speak and sing of power for service, they say naught of sanctifying power. If they were for one service to hold up and press the truth that we hold up and press in all our services, I fear that that service would be their very last under the present organized arrangement.

The same evangelistic union that backs Chapman and Alexander have several mission halls in Glasgow. Once Rev. George Sharpe was under engagement to conduct a service in one of these missions. While thus engaged Brother Sharpe was evicted from the Parkhead Congregational church because of his position on holiness. At once an officer of this city evangelistic movement wrote a note to Brother Sharpe cancelling the engagement, and frankly telling why.

About the same time an Irish evangelist was holding forth in this city; and, evidently inadvertently, used the word "sanctification." Immediately he apologized with the words, "I believe in sanctification; but not the kind that Sharpe preaches!" This before a large congregation! I am told that this same evangelist went to "the States," and there professed to be sanctified. But he has never apologized, either to Sharpe or Glasgow. I wonder if he has to his God! Is it possible that one can be truly sanctified who has maligned his brother in the past, and has never apologized for his sin? I trow not, unless, indeed, he is so ignorant that he knows not common Christian ethics and proprieties! But this we do know: that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."

Glasgow, Scotland.

# The Work and the Workers

## Announcements

**RECOMMENDATION**—I take pleasure in saying that any school needing a competent teacher will make no mistake in securing Prof. H. B. Garvin, principal of the schools of Fairmount, Ill. He would like to get into some holiness school, as he has the blessing, and finds it difficult to teach in public schools. Brother Garvin is a member of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene and a splendid fellow. Address him at Fairmount, Ill.—E. E. WOOD, *Evangelist*.

**IDAHO DISTRICT**—Will all the pastors on the Idaho District please inform me at once as to the number that will be coming from the various circuits to the District Assembly, to be held at Troy, Idaho, May 21st to 24th.—IRA D. BROWN.

**NEW YORK CITY, MISSION**—April 22d to May 1st in the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, 254 Eighth Ave., Cor Twenty-third St., New York City, will be held the fourteenth anniversary of the Friday Night Holiness Class. Rev. C. W. Ruth is the evangelist. Two services daily, beginning the 27th at 2:30, and 8, except Saturday. All are invited to come to the feast.—I. M. JUMP, *Leader*.

**ALL-DAY MEETING**—There will be an all-day holiness meeting in the Nazarene church, West Main and Clegern, Oklahoma City, the first Wednesday in May, and the first Wednesday in each month thereafter. Please note and attend when possible.—J. W. OLIVER.

**NOTICE TO DAKOTA DISTRICT**—Our district campmeeting will be held at Sawyer, North Dakota, from July 9th to 19th, with Revs. I. F. Hodge and Arthur Ingler, as evangelist and singer. Let the preachers and people of the entire district plan to be present and enjoy the things which God has for us.—LYMAN BROUGH, *Dist. Supt.*

**DELEGATES TO N. E. ASSEMBLY**—Please take notice. Assembly opens at 7:30 p. m., April 28th; address by Dr. P. F. Bresse and others. To get to the church from the railway station, take Ocean or Eddy streets car; Ocean street at corner of Dorrance and Westminster streets; Eddy, corner of Dorrance and Weybosset streets. Get off at Oxford street; next street is Ashmont. People's Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is on the corner of Plain and Ashmont streets, between these two car lines.—A. K. BRYANT, *Pastor*.

## District News

### TENNESSEE

My first meeting was with our Advisory Board, in Nashville, where I got some plans on foot which will develop into a great blessing for the district.

Accompanying Rev. S. W. McGowan to Water Valley, I enjoyed the privilege of preaching to his flock Saturday night and Sunday. We had times of victory.

At Sawdust Valley I could see very little being done to advance God's kingdom. From here I rode to Columbia on a freight auto. God permitted me to lead a colored man into the light of salvation. He accepted Jesus and I hope to meet him in heaven.

At Petersburg I was met by Brother R. C. McAfee, who drove me over to Moore's chapel. Rev. Lige Weaver, the pastor, was kept away on account of sickness. The work here is in fairly good shape.

At Cowan, Revs. J. B. Goin and R. H. Fussell assisted me in a few days' revival, every service of which God owned and blessed abundantly. As a result of this meeting a new organization was effected. While there were only six soldiers to begin with, yet they were strong in the faith and hopeful. The Cumberland Presbyterians were very kind to let us preach in their nice little brick chapel. Rev. R. H. Fussell, the pastor in charge of this work, took me to Tracy City, where our little band is getting fresh courage we trust.

The work at this place, Pelham and Monteagle, has been building up rapidly. Brother Fussell is a real pastor, and goes after his sheep until he gathers them and then feeds them with the pure gospel.

I arrived at Shelbyville March 12th, in time to preach that night. Here we remained for two weeks and witnessed a real salvation time of the old type. When I saw the determination of the pastor and his struggling little band to get the glory down and have an old-fashioned revival, the Spirit of God came on me something like I imagine it came on Sampson when the Philistines were about to be upon him. I felt like I could run through a troop and leap over a wall. Some-

thing near fifty souls were saved, reclaimed or sanctified. All glory to our King! A goodly number joined the church. These people have a splendid new church, unfinished and unseated, which they are paying for as fast as they can. The location is good and the house is large and well built. Brother Weaver has the confidence of the people where he lives and preaches.

At Doyle for one night and an all-day meeting. The folks came, and God blessed; especially the missionary service. The work shows signs of progress.

We were met at Sparta by Brother F. M. Goodwin, one of the charter members of our church. The pastor, Rev. R. C. Rogers, was on hand, and we had a great time Saturday and Sunday. The missionary services on Sunday were times of refreshing. Mrs. Chenault, who joined me at Shelbyville in the second week of our meeting, continued with me throughout the rest of our journey, giving the most interesting portions of our missionary services.

At Monterey, Heiskell and Knoxville, God met us with victory. They have had a long seige of sickness at Monterey, which hindered the work, but Brother Welch is pushing ahead.

At Heiskell Brother and Sister McCammon are helping the pastor, Rev. J. L. Sanders. Brother Sanders is breaking ground, so to speak, and sowing seed for a great soul-harvest later on. All over the district the churches are undergoing severe trials, which will prove a great blessing if our people will only stand true. We secured some subscribers to the HERALD OF HOLINESS and THE OTHER SHEEP.

The last trip of my second round will be as follows: Griffin's Chapel, all day, April 22d; Paris, afternoons, April 23d and 24th; Zion, Saturday night, April 25th and 26th; Stewart, night, April 27th; Long Creek, all day, April 28th; Clarksville, April 29th; Liverwort, all day, April 30th; Chestnut Mound, May 2d and 3d.

Our annual District Meeting for the Tennessee District will begin Monday night, May 25th, and continue through to June 4th. Every Nazarene pastor and evangelist will be expected to stay through the entire session, and to preach at least once. Place will be announced later.

J. A. CHENAULT, *Dist. Supt.*

### PITTSBURGH

The several churches in this district are earnestly urged to make their final report and pay their apportionments, as per Budget, on or before the 9th day of May, 1914. This will be necessary, in order that all our work and all reports may be ready to present to our Annual Assembly, which convenes May 14th. When the churches fail to have this part of the work well done, it requires the valuable time of the Assembly to do it; much of the time is lost that should be devoted to the spiritual life of the Assembly. Let us have all secondary work performed prior to the beginning of the real, necessary, active part of our Assembly, and we will all see great results.

WM. L. DOUGLASS, *Dist. Treas.*

### DAKOTAS-MONTANA

Rev. F. E. Plumb and wife conduct a mission at 102 Lake Avenue, South, Duluth, Minn., in which relief work for the "down-and-outer" is combined with the preaching of full salvation. From two to three thousand meals are served per month, the materials for which are largely donated by business men and benevolent persons, and much of the work is done by those who have been helped in the mission. Brother Plumb requires that those he feeds shall hear the gospel, and reports that "God is certainly with us, and souls are being saved and sanctified. Have been holding two meetings a day since Thanksgiving; have had some wonderful cases of conversion, for which we thank God. During the month of December, 1913, thirty-one souls found Christ; in January, thirty-five; and February, twenty-one. Four out for sanctification last week. Praise God!"

Rev. Jacob Luchsinger writes from Nashua, Mont., that he has taken a new work at a school house a few miles distant, where there is "a good interest and a few are hungry for salvation. The field looks good to me."

Rev. W. M. Irvin rejoices over blessings to the church at Norma, N. D., as the result of the meeting held by Evangelist J. E. Bates. An editor was converted, and with his family joined the

church, and is preparing himself to preach the gospel. "We have secured the vacant half of the school house to hold services in," here at Norma," writes Brother Irwin, "and have made seats enough for the present, but expect to need more in the near future. Attendance is good at all of our services and requests for prayer are quite common."

Rev. C. D. Norris writes from Plaza, N. D., of the new church recently organized by District Superintendent Brough, on the Berthold Reservation, the result of much patient and faithful work in which souls were saved. Brother Norris held a meeting at Douglas, N. D., in which about twelve souls sought and found salvation.

H. G. COWAN.

### WISCONSIN

The first six months of our work on this new district has been preliminary. We have been handicapped by being compelled to earn our living by evangelistic work outside the district. Friends in Marshalltown, Iowa, where we spent two years in the pastorate, raised \$30 of our moving expenses. This, supplemented by \$40 from a fund of \$100 given to us by another Iowa friend for whatever was thought best on the district, enabled us to move into this district. From the balance of the \$100 fund we have sent to our Menominee church \$10 to help them on their church debt. They ought to have \$50 at least right now. And \$25 has been spent for eighty second-hand folding chairs, and \$2.15 freight on the same. This leaves us \$19.85 of this fund, which has been promised to the Montfort society towards their building fund. The folding chairs will be used in the summer tent campaign, and in the winter will be of service in opening new halls for new societies. At Montfort we have a number of nice properties in sight that can be secured very reasonably, and once we have a foothold there things will move with a regular Nazarene swing. I hope a few folks will each send me at least \$10, to help me launch the summer tent campaign. I want enough to get a few song books; to pay the freight on the tent to the first place, and the advertising of the meeting. I believe we can manage to keep it going if you will only give us a boost in the start.

One week lately when my receipts for the week were only 41 cents, and I needed some money badly to care for correspondence and buy edibles, the mail brought \$7. I quote this to show you that the promise is true, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." We have had many new experiences this year; some sad, some humorous, but all working together for good.

Make us a matter of special prayer, and drop me a postcard that you will pray for our district; I cannot tell you what an impetus it is in the fight to know that folks are praying for you; that God, men, angels, and devils, are watching you, and expecting things from you. Almost every night in the year at 8 p. m. I am bringing the message to some congregation, and the very knowledge that so many are praying for me at that time inspires me to victory. A letter from Rev. H. D. Brown, and another from Dr. Bresse, recently received, informing me of their interest and prayers, were such a blessing.

F. J. THOMAS, *Dist. Supt.*  
Livingston, Wisconsin.

### KENTUCKY

We started for Highway, Ky., March 25th, for a week-end meeting and to assist Pastor Stovall in the closing of his school. We went down the Cumberland river seventy-five miles on a boat; then Brother Mackey met us with his wagon and took us seven miles over muddy mountain roads. It took us six hours to travel seven miles in a light wagon with two mules hitched to it. We had a meeting that night and the Lord blessed. The roads were bad and it rained most of the time we were at Highway; but the people came out to meeting, and a number prayed through.

Next we went to Albany, Ky., for a holiness rally in the courthouse. Revs. Stovall and Hugh Mackey preached during the four days' rally, also Rev. H. O. Wilson, a Methodist preacher from Snow, Ky., who has the blessing and preaches holiness in the old-fashioned way. The Lord blessed; four hundred was the least number at any night service; seekers were at the altar. We are going back this summer for a tent meeting. After meeting Sunday night we rode seven miles in a jolting wagon, getting to our lodging place after midnight. Next morning we started for the river, a distance of seven miles, in a buggy. We got about a mile from the starting point when two wheels of the rig sank in a chuck-hole (as they call it here), the wheels went down over the hubs and

I fell out in the mud. Truly, I was a spectacle. One shaft broke, and the old mule turned around to see what was wrong. Wife and I lifted the rig out of the hole with a fence rail and some blocks. We were leaning over the fence, asking the Lord to help us out of our difficulty, and while we were praying I heard a wagon coming over the rough road. They picked us up and hauled us to the river. We bought a can of salmon and some crackers at a store by the river, which made us a good dinner. We were ready for bed that night in Brother Hugh Mackey's home when we heard the whistle of the boat. We went to the river and waited from midnight until 3 a. m. on the bank for the boat. We arrived home safely. *The glory holds* and we are moving up "by little and little."

WILL H. NERRY, Dist. Supt.

SAN FRANCISCO

Rev. M. R. Dutton, pastor, at Milton, and Evangelist T. S. Mashburn, are engaged in a tent campaign in Calaveras County, holding meetings at Jenny Lind, Copperopolis, and Angel's Camp, before Assembly. There is only one other church doing anything in this county. The campaign was begun with an all-day meeting at Milton, April 5th. Rev. D. G. Reed, a former pastor, preached in the morning; the district superintendent spoke on Rescue Work in the afternoon. Rev. C. O. Bancroft, a former pastor, led praise service at 6:30 p. m., and Evangelist T. S. Mashburn preached at night. The membership at Milton makes possible their forward movement.

At Lindsay, Rev. M. B. Hazeltine, pastor, a 23x40 parsonage is being built, without partitions, to be used as a place of worship until such time as the church can be built. An all-day meeting will be held April 24th, to be participated in by several pastors on the district and their people, and the district superintendent. Rev. George J. Franklin, of Berkeley, will come to join in the rejoicing and preach to the people.

At this time revival meetings are being held at Oakland, where Rev. Andrew Johnson is assisting Rev. J. H. Goodwin in a month's campaign; and at San Jose, where Rev. A. J. Neufeld and Evangelist August N. Nilson are in a month's battle; and at Visalia, where the district superintendent and Rev. Charles E. Smith are on new territory, holding a meeting in the district tent.

The District Assembly convenes at Oakland May 20th to 24th, in charge of Dr. Walker. Up to this time all churches that have taken action have called the same pastors for the new year.

The mission at Tulare, in charge of Miss Anna Mouw and Miss Lillian Wood, is doing a fine work. A Sunday school, with an enrollment of forty-nine, has been established. In the not distant future a Nazarene Church will be organized.

The District Camp Meeting at Beulah Park will be held July 17th to 26th. Rev. P. F. Bresee and wife, Rev. Seth C. Rees and wife, and Rev. Haldor and Bertha Lillemas are the called workers. Everybody is expectant for a great camp.

Recently salvation came in like a tide at Rest Cottage, at Oakland. One of the girls was sick unto death and it had the effect of producing tremendous conviction. Every unsaved girl in the Home was saved, and several others who came as visitors, and then God; in answer to prayers of faith, raised up the sick girl. Rest Cottage is surely doing a fruitful work, and the blessing of God abides in the place.

At Stockton, worship is held in a private house. The Sunday school has reached the capacity of the building. A church building is very much needed. The people are full of faith, but have little money. Here is a splendid opportunity for some one who has some of God's money to dispense, to help build this church in the thriving city of Stockton. The pastor is Rev. C. A. Bancroft, 544 E. Hawthorne St.

We still have some of those "great" opportunities on this district awaiting men who can put their lives into the work and plant the Nazarene banner.

H. H. MILLER, Dist. Supt.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES AND PERSONALS

Welcome, New England Assembly, 1914!

Death has not entered the homes of one of our preachers during this Assembly year. Thank God!

If the South Providence church building is too small to accommodate the Assembly, which many preachers fear, Emmanuel church doors are open to the Assembly, which will give ample room.

Pastor McNeil and his self-sacrificing people at Derry, N. H., are soon to begin again to build the foundation of their new church.

The Publishing House

H. D. BROWN

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SINCE our last report we have been busy in the interest of our Publishing House. Our people love the church and desire to help every department. The important thing is to give just and impartial attention to each department of our work. In every church the local expenses are urgent. Our educational work is constantly calling for help, and our missionary work is great and imperatively necessary. These things so absorb the attention and strength of our church that it seems difficult to give the Publishing House its just and proper share of our financial assistance. The righteous conception is that the Publishing House stands on an equal footing, and has an equal claim with all these things. Our General Assembly authorized the establishment of the Publishing House and the raising of the \$50,000 capital. Until this is done, and the Publishing House put well on its way, its claims are fully equal to any other claim upon the church.

We have recently visited Bakersfield, Cal., where Rev. W. C. Frazier is pastor. Here we have a good church, pressing the battle for holiness. Near the town are many oil wells. By the courtesy of Dr. A. H. Liscomb, we were permitted to enjoy a fine auto ride among the oil wells and refineries. Brother Frazier and his people were very kind. We had a good service and generous response.

Fresno, Cal., Rev. G. W. Glover, pastor, was next visited. We only had a few hours with this people, but the reception was very cordial, and we had a fine service in this church.

On Friday morning, April 3d, we reached the cities on the bay in time for the all-day District Holiness Meeting in San Francisco. Here we found a band of devout, enthusiastic, sanctified people. A prayer and testimony meeting occupied the forenoon. Rev. H. H. Miller is the district superintendent. He was very kind, and rendered valuable assistance in our work. At different times during the day Mrs. Brown brought messages in song, which were greatly blessed and the people shouted, danced and wept. At 1:30 was the meeting of the District Missionary board. At three p. m. and in the evening, the writer was kindly invited to preach and present the work of the Publishing House. Rev. Thomas Murrish is the pastor at San Francisco, and did much to encourage and assist us. It was a good and glorious day.

While on the Bay we were very kindly and cordially entertained by our personal friend and brother, Rev. George Franklin, pastor of our church in Berkeley. His father and mother abide with him in the parsonage, and do great good by their songs, prayer and praise. They are both preachers, and have great victory in the Lord.

At Oakland, where Rev. J. W. Goodwin is pastor, they were commencing a special meeting, with Evangelist Andrew Johnson. On Sunday morning they very kindly gave me half time, and a very generous offering of \$122. Brother Goodwin gave his cordial support, and their Sunday school will make a special effort to help the Publishing House.

At Berkeley, Brother Franklin and his people gave us a Sunday evening service, with an offering. Their Sunday school will also make a special effort to help.

We reached Milton, Cal., for Monday evening. Rev. M. R. Dutton is the pastor. We found here a devout and generous people, dwelling among the foothills of the great mountains.

At Stockton, Cal., Rev. C. O. Bancroft is holding the Nazarene fort. We could not stop for a service with this people, but Brother Bancroft met us at the station and spent a half hour in pleasant converse. They worship in a dwelling house, but the room is too small, and a new church is expected in the near future.

We have received the kindest and most cordial reception for our Publishing House—and generous contributions. Our God is with us and the work is moving on.

Pastor Meyers closes his pastorate at Leicester, Vt. Our brother has been there for two years, and has been made a blessing to that struggling church.

Sister Meyers is somewhat improved since she came back to her home in Providence.

During the present Assembly year, many extra meetings have been held and many gracious outpourings of the Spirit have been witnessed in many of our churches.

Brother R. H. Whitman has been kind to help out the work at our Woonsocket Mission church, during the last few months. A committee of the church is seeking a good single man for the next Assembly year.

The blessing of the Lord was upon Emmanuel church in a gracious way the first Sunday of this month. Several seeking souls were at the altar at the night service.

Let all our brethren and sisters who play cornet, violin, or any other musical instrument, please bring them up to the coming Assembly.

Let all our churches have a special season of prevailing and united prayer, for a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon all at the coming Assembly. Oh, for a veritable Pentecost!

Many of our people, including some of our preachers, have gone through some very severe trials this Assembly year, but out of them all the Lord has delivered them.

Providence is a good name of the city where the New England District Assembly is to meet. May every preacher who goes to his new appointment, for the coming year, find the providence of God in his appointment.

All applicants for pastorates in the New England District would do well to write direct to our district superintendent, who knows all about the vacancies during the next Assembly year.

The New England preachers' meeting bade "good-bye" to Brother Martin and his godly wife, who have gone from us to take up the work at Calgary, Alberta. May God prosper them in their new field of labor!

Our pastor at Harwich, Brother Bento, who is in charge of our Portuguese work, has been in hard financial straits this year, but God has taken care of him.

Brother Angell has been holding meetings with our Lynn church. Several precious souls got greatly blessed. He is to hold a meeting for a company of saints at Richmond Hill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. Frank Stevens will assist Pastor Norberry in his coming meetings.

C. W. Peltit was at the last preachers' meeting. His church at West Somerville is in a good spiritual condition.

If there are any persons in the New England District who agreed to take out a \$100 bond of stock in our Publishing House, and have not as yet attended to it, they should attend to this matter at once!

Pastor Jones is asked by his church to return to them for another Assembly year. Brother Jones has done good work at Keene, N. H.

All our Eastern Assemblies will be glad to again look upon the face of our senior general superintendent, Dr. P. F. Bresee. May God spare him to us for many years of active service!

This scribe is to have the privilege of entertaining Pastor John N. Short and his good wife, during the District Assembly.

General Church News

□ □

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Yesterday was a great day. Some who were present declared the morning sermon preached by Rev. J. B. Creighton was one of the most wonderful they have ever had the privilege of hearing. Brother Creighton leaves this week for his new field of labor at Burns, Ore., where he has been called as pastor, where a church was recently organized. The work here has made marvelous advancement under the labors of Brother Creighton, and it is with sad hearts that we bid him "good-bye." The night service was conducted by Rev. N. J. Lund, who has been secured to supply the charge the balance of the year. It was a great service and conviction was on the people. One woman was sanctified, and her husband, who has been under conviction for several months, formerly a Roman Catholic, was gloriously converted. We are looking to God for a mighty outpouring of His Spirit upon this city.

Mrs. NINA C. FRANKLIN.

# Around the World With General Secretary Reynolds

On approaching Shanghai, China, I was impressed with the great contrast between the mountainous country of Japan and this land, so exceedingly flat as far as the eye could see.

In this city, the government, buildings and foreign residences give one to feel that he is in an American port, but that feeling soon vanishes, as one lands, and is literally thronged with the coolies, burden-bearers, and ricksha men. Brother Keihn saved me much embarrassment by taking care of the baggage, and paying the coolies, but he got into trouble through paying some counterfeit money that had been put off on him. You should have seen and heard the palaver until Brother Keihn understood the trouble, and gave another coin in its stead.

We secured our tickets, second class, for Tsinanfu, some six hundred miles, for \$20.05 Mex. (about \$10 American money). On account of the custom of the Chinese of frequent tea drinking the seats on the train are provided with a table between each two, which face each other. So it was that there was no opportunity for us to sleep at night, save by stretching ourselves out under the table, which we were glad to do after spreading down our blankets. The tea drinking, smoking and lurching continued with the Chinese until after midnight.

At seven o'clock in the morning we crossed the Yangtse river, the largest among the many Chinese rivers, there nearly two miles in width. The city upon the east side is Nanking, a large walled city, once the capital of China. Most all the trouble, when there is any, starts here, so there were several war vessels in the harbor, but I looked in vain for the dear old Stars and Stripes.

I thought I had seen poverty in other lands, but language fails me to describe the wretchedness that we now began to see.

In some sections of the country there seems to be a continuous, or nearly continuous chain of villages of from 100 to 1,000 houses, with from one to several families in a house. Most of the higher land is sown to wheat, some of which is coming up.

## No Baby Graves in China

A noticeable feature is the great number of grave yards. The graves are marked by mounds varying in size from very small ones to some of great size, possibly from two to ten feet in height, running up to a peak. I inquired of Brother Keihn if the small mounds represented the babies that had died, and he said that the babies in China are not

## In China, the New Republic

buried, but are thrown outside the city wall where there are many dogs who devour them. In the small towns there is a place where the dead babies are thrown, and there the dogs and wild beasts come. Do we need to be in China? The size of the mound is to show the honor desired to be given to the dead one.

The houses we saw are mostly made of tall, strong reeds, similar to the bamboo, and are plastered with a mixture of straw, dirt and sometimes a little lime. The roofs are thatched.

We arrived at Tsinanfu about six o'clock the second morning, and were met at the depot by Sister Kiehn and Arnold, and Miss Sims. We were soon comfortably housed in the home of Brother Paul Geisler. Sisters Kiehn and Geisler were together in the Deaconess Home, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Through the courtesy of Brother Geisler we visited many points of interest in the city and vicinity. After a splendid rest, Brother and Sister Geisler and Brother Kiehn prepared me for my long journey of 133 miles by cart into the interior. At nine o'clock we are off with a little rain falling, which is occasionally mixed with a flurry of snow. Brother Kiehn has Sister Kiehn and Arnold, some baggage and my trunk in his cart, with a large extension on behind. The cart has two small white mules and a driver. I have a little black mule and a mouse-colored one, tandem, hitched with a rope harness, straw collar, and round wooden hames. The cart is a two-wheeled affair with straight axle and no springs. The top is a little house-like thing covered with green cloth, open in front; no seat. I have my typewriter, two satchels, cotton matting and three blankets and two pillows. I have all but one blanket under me, which partly makes up for the lack of springs. Behind the cart is the large box that Brother and Sister Geisler have filled with good things to eat and cooking utensils. We hope to make Nan-kuan-tau, our first stopping place, in about four days.

In the first half day we passed through fifteen villages with an average of possibly fifty houses. As there are from one to five families in each house, one can get an idea of the population of this farming country. At one o'clock we stopped at an inn for dinner. It is a

mud house of two rooms, a door, no window, no fire—nor stove for a fire. In extreme cold weather they make a little fire on the floor in the middle of the room.

Our second day also opened cloudy, and our mule cart express started out before light. It was searching cold, but the clouds cleared in the late afternoon. We are never out of sight of villages, though there are more walled ones, as we are entering a section noted for its robbery. We cross several dry canals, which the people make use of for roads in which to carry their taxes (usually paid in grain) to the capital.

## Had Never Heard of Jesus

As we stop to get dinner, Brother Kiehn preaches to the people, many of whom said they had never heard of Jesus before. It is so sad to see the condition of the people, and to see the land dotted over with shrines and temples. Nearly every farmer has his temple on his place, frequently in the approach of the family grave yard. This is the Chinese New Years, which began on January 25th, the celebration continuing sixteen days. There is much visiting, and wearing of good clothes, and having good things to eat, with no little gambling and drinking of wine. We meet many families with their ox or mule carts, going or coming from visiting. As the farmers are not doing much on their farms, many are going to some noted temple on a pilgrimage. To pray for pardon of their sins? No! To pray to their idols to prosper them, to give them rain, and good crops, and to make them successful in business. Or, if they worship their ancestors, they burn incense to the spirits that they may do them good and not harm.

As we stopped in the village of Bochi-piang for dinner, the people so thronged the yard, and filled the door, and part of the time the room, that Sister Kiehn could not prepare our meal until she had promised that if they would go away until after we had eaten, she would talk to them. To this they consented, and she kept her word. Many of them said they never heard of Jesus before.

We have passed through many walled cities, and as we stop for our meals the people so throng about us that we can scarcely eat. Sometimes I talk to them through Brother Kiehn as interpreter. We have come through great stretches of alkali land to a sandy country in which are many orchards of many kinds of fruit: pears, apples, apricots, peaches, and trees bearing nuts.

## OLD TOWN, MAINE

Our Milford, Maine, church is now holding all its Sunday services in the city of Old Town, just across the river from Milford. Our place of worship is in a hall, over the postoffice. The congregations are encouraging as regards numbers, and we have an occasional seeker. The work is handicapped on account of our having no place for mid-week services, but new homes are being opened to us, and we have some good cottage meetings. A strong man is needed for this work the coming Assembly year.

R. L. JONES, *Evangelist.*

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

We are glad to report a continuous revival at the mission. We have just closed a successful special meeting, with Rev. Carl H. Daul and wife as evangelists, who were with us for about two and one-half weeks. They are precious saints of God, and Brother Daul is a good, live preacher of the gospel, on old-fashioned, Holy Ghost lines. Some very remarkable cases of salvation occurred during this meeting. Many were dug up and blasted out of their shells of sin and formality.

Some have much restitution to make and are still at it. A young man, totally deaf and dumb, was gloriously saved. Quite a good class from the mission joined First Church on Sunday. About 740 seekers have been at the altar since the opening of the mission, August 7th of last year. We are keeping the fires brightly burning, and intend to keep them replenished continually with holy prayer from heaven. Many of the converts are becoming giants of grace, and are out every night on the firing line.

PHOENIX A. AND JOHN F. SANDERS.

## DAYTON, OHIO

About thirty souls knelt at the altar during the month of March at our regular services, and nearly all were happy finders. Often people came for the first time and prayed through. Recently a sister, who heard one of our brethren testify to holiness in a Methodist church, came and was beautifully sanctified. A mother and daughter heard us on the street; both came and were sanctified. Some of the soldiers from the National Home have been powerfully saved from lives of sin, and are proving a great blessing to us. A revival spirit pervades our services, with steady

growth in attendance at church and Sunday school. The prayer meetings are largely attended; about seventy were out last Wednesday, and a sister was sanctified. During the holiness rally here we had the privilege of having Dr. Fowler preach for us one Sunday morning, and Brother Ruth preached for us last Sunday morning, to the edification of all. Two prayed through and we had a blessed time. Our district superintendent, Rev. N. B. Herrell, will be with us for a meeting, May 1st to 10th.

JAMES W. SHORT, *Pastor.*

## SARDIS, KY.

Have just returned from a two months' campaign in Florida. God blessed and put His seal on our labor. We arrived here Saturday and began Sunday morning with the pastor, W. H. Morris. Brother J. W. Foster is our co-laborer. Last night more than twenty fell at the altar for pardon; about fifteen got through. Conviction is on the people, and we are looking for a tidal wave of salvation to sweep through this town. At every place we have been God has poured out His Spirit upon us, and blessed us with a gracious revival. Our home address is Ashley, Ill.

HOWARD W. SWEETEN.

On Friday, February 6th, we arrived at Nangwantao, headquarters of the National Holiness Association Mission, with Rev. Woodford Taylor, Rev. Cecil Troxel, Rev. John Moe, and their wives, and Miss Iva G. Brown and Miss Catherine Flagler, foreign missionaries. We were made most welcome, and were soon seated by a good hard-coal fire. It was so good to meet with some real second-blessing holiness folks.

On Sunday morning, with Brother Troxel interpreting for me, I preached to the Chinese from Isaiah 40: 8. Dinner over, I preached again from 1 John 1: 10, Brother Moe interpreting. About two hundred attended each of these services, and the missionaries stated that there were several seekers for both pardon and sanctification. I preached to the foreign settlement at night, from John 14: 12, and the Lord was with us to refresh, inspire and encourage the saints to press on in the battle. Sister Flagler was much blessed of the Lord. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday we spent in consultation with the missionaries over the future of our holiness work in China.

We left Nangwantao early Thursday morning, Brother and Sister Keihn and Arnold, and Brother Troxel and myself, with native helpers, Li, Whang, and Chang. The weather was cool and clear, and the roads a little dusty and heavy. The object of this trip is to visit a part of the National Holiness Association field, and to cross the Yellow River and visit the Tsachoufu field where Brother and Sister Keihn formerly labored. The places set aside for us by the National Holiness Association folks are Wancheng, Fansien, and Fuchow, walled market places.

We saw many herds of sheep feeding on the wheat, also more herds of goats. Troxel and Taylor have their herd of goats, about 30 in all, which supply the mission with milk and cream. We saw pear and plum orchards, and a good many black hogs. The peanut is a popular crop in this sandy land, and the hogs are kept to follow up the digging of the nuts.

At Chaochengshein the N. H. A. workers expect to open a central station from which to work several outlying villages. They have rented a chapel room on the street with rooms for Chinese helpers, a room for dispensary, and one for the women's work. The place could be fixed for the foreign family to live and superintend the work for about \$65. Brothers Whang and Chang, native preachers, will remain here, and Brother Troxel will return for the coming Sunday.

**An Official Visit**

At Kwanschenien Brother Troxel and the writer called upon the head man of

the city. We were met at the gate by the gate keeper, then by a special man of the official. We were offered tea, which we must decline, as our visit was not to the servants, but to the head man himself. Then the clerks and servants came around, and the head servant called for our cards. This servant said that the official had been sick in bed, but would arise and see such distinguished guests as the foreigners. The soldiers lighted a big candle and placed it in a lantern the size of a barrel, which they put upon a bamboo tripod. We were escorted into the large reception room, which was furnished with a long table and some chairs. The official came in; a delicate and sick looking young man indeed. Tea was brought in, and he gave each of us a cup, which we set upon the table. Brother Troxel and the official did the talking, after introducing me, and translating some remarks for me. They talked possibly seven minutes, then we sipped the tea, making much noise with our lips as a sign of appreciation and praise. Then the official and servants bowed up along until we came to the outer gate, where they said good-by. Had the official been well, he would have come with an escort of soldiers and servants, within fifteen minutes, and returned the call, but as he was sick, he excused himself saying that he would return the call in the morning. He was informed that our party desired to leave early in the morning, so he gave orders for the gates to be opened at an early hour. The gates of the cities are locked at nine o'clock at night, and a seal put upon the keyhole of the lock, and if it is broken the official is informed. They are especially careful now, as there are so many robber bands in this part of the country, well equipped with guns, indeed they are much better supplied than are the government soldiers. The soldiers are afraid of them, I am told, and some are in league with the robbers. This is especially true of many rich, as they will give heavily to the robbers and house them, in return for protection for themselves and their families.

Brother Troxel leaves us at this point. He is a blessed man. We have had sweet fellowship, and he has done our party much valuable service.

**China's Sorrow**

We arrived at the Yellow River at 3:45 p. m., and made the crossing in thirty-five minutes—a remarkably short time, as the river is quite deep at this point and very swift. This river is called China's sorrow, because of the great devastation of its overflows. The country is so level that it changes its course frequently, and spreads out over the country for miles like a great inland sea, destroying farms and villages. The

country on this side seems to be very poor, with much sand. We encountered a severe sand storm and a very hot sun.

As we arrived at Tsachoufu, the former station of Brother and Sister Keihn, many of the Chinese we met recognized them. One old man ran along by the side of the carts for more than a mile, and then went on ahead to inform the foreign settlement of our coming. Rev. Jonathan Shrage and wife, and Miss Susanna Retslaff made us very welcome. The Chinese cook who had cooked for the Keihns welcomed them, as did many of the Chinese Christians.

The mission has passed into the hands of the Mennonites since Brother Keihn left and, they claim, the property he left has likewise passed with it. Brother Bartel, who seems to be in charge of the business matters, was not at home, so we left the matters to be arranged by Brother Keihn later. Sister Keihn and Arnold will remain at Tsachoufu until Brother Keihn can go to Tsinanfu and return. The latter place will be their headquarters, from which they will work out among the villages.

After two days' consideration and conference we start upon what should have been a two days' trip to Tsininghou, where we expect to intercept a train for Tsinanfu. We stop at six o'clock the first night at Shatusi, a walled market place. The walls of our inn are good, but the paper is out of the windows, and there is a space under the door for the hogs and dogs to pass in and out. Sisters Keihn and Shrage have sent a box of things good to eat, which Brother Keihn with the help of Brother Li gets upon the table, and we have a good supper.

I do not write thus of conditions to show that I am having a hard time, but that our people may know what it means for our missionaries to go touring. They are out weeks at a time, sleeping in these inns for the night, where the bugs and fleas make life almost unendurable.

**Li Receives the Holy Ghost**

Thursday morning after lunch I read a Bible lesson from Acts, on the gift of the Holy Ghost to the believer, Brother Keihn interpreting to Brother Li. I was led to press the matter home to Brother Li that this baptism with the Holy Ghost was for him. In prayer he told the Lord that he now saw that it was for him, and that he would seek it. Last night I enquired of him, after supper, if he had received the Holy Spirit, and he said he was happy because he had believed and had received the Holy Spirit into his heart. He joined with us in praising God. If he shall continue in the faith, that alone will pay for the entire trip of 400 miles by cart into the interior.

**MANCHESTER, N. H.**

Our week-night services are well attended and our people are blessed of God. Souls are coming forward in most every meeting. Some over sixty years of age have knelt at the altar in the past few weeks. Some younger, and even the children are coming. We were privileged to have with us Rev. N. H. Washburn, our district superintendent, Friday, April 3d. He preached with unction to a goodly number of people. After the service he met the Board and a good spirit prevailed. Our pastors, E. M. Jodrey and C. L. Knight, have been called by the church for the coming year. God is surely blessing them in this place.

EMILY HAY, Deaconess.

**FULLERTON, CAL.**

Our Olinda church decided that instead of the usual Easter program we would have an all-day meeting, so one of the teachers and five students from the Nazarene University came to assist us, and we had one of the best days this church ever witnessed. We had three services. At the morning service we baptized six children, and one of the students preached a good sermon. In the afternoon we had an old-fashioned holiness love feast,

and in the evening one of the students preached a sermon on "Hell," and a great conviction came on the unsaved. Three came to the altar and prayed through, and we closed with a mighty outpouring of the Spirit and a great rejoicing and shouting among the people of God.

C. W. WELTS, Pastor.

**PERKINS, OKLA.**

The meeting is in the third week and will continue this week. The town is aroused; business men, merchants, bankers, doctors and railroad men all taking an active part. Rev. Bell, the pastor, is doing a great work. There are numbers of anxious hearts seeking entire sanctification.

S. IRICK.

**SAN ANTONIO**

Rev. C. C. Cluck and band are with us in a meeting. The weather has hindered, but God is blessing, and souls are finding victory in nearly every service. Brother Cluck is doing fine service. If you need an evangelist, give him a call. He will not disappoint you.

WM. E. FISHER, Pastor.

**KEENE, N. H.**

Our annual meeting was held recently. Our pastor, Rev. H. R. Jones, will remain with us another year. We have brightened the interior of our church with new gas fixtures; also have new windows of colored glass. Have good congregations and good interest in the meetings. A brother was recently saved in the Sunday morning meeting and later he and his companion were sanctified; both are now going up the shining way.

E. L. MATHES.

**MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA**

At our recent revival meeting Mrs. Wines was the evangelist. There were between thirty and forty seekers at the altar. Last Sunday we received six members into our church. An denominational Tuesday afternoon holiness meeting is being held in our church each week. A good number are attending. Everybody should pray for our Nazarene Church here. Mrs. Wines will assist me in the pastorate for a few weeks before taking up her evangelistic work for the spring and summer.

J. M. WINES, Pastor.

## LISBON, OHIO

Sunday, April 12th, Brother J. H. Sloan and wife were with us for the afternoon and evening services. Brother Sloan brought us a good message in the afternoon and our hearts were refreshed. Sister Sloan brought the message at the evening service, and four seekers came to the mourners' bench. An offering of \$84 was received in the afternoon for our building fund.

L. E. GRATTAN, *Pastor.*

## BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## JOHN WESLEY CHURCH

Thank God for the interest that has been evinced this past year in the church, Sunday school, Rich Hill mission, the Jewish work, and particularly the Women's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary of the John Wesley Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Brooklyn, N. Y. This has been the greatest year on missionary lines in the history of our church, and it is most gratifying to report that the amount raised by John Wesley and its auxiliaries reached the thousand dollar mark for the year. I think I will tell you about our Women's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary meeting held on March 8th (Sunday morning), in John Wesley church. I presume you know that the Women's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary of the John Wesley Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene have promised to support Sister Kiehn in China for a period of at least five years. O how the dear Lord blessed me that Sunday morning. I never shall forget to praise Him. The scripture lesson was taken from the 19th chapter of St. Luke, first 28 verses, text 10th verse: "For the Son of Man has come to seek and to save, that which was lost." Brother Hoople had returned from Washington, and Brother Bearse from the school and sat behind me on the platform that Sunday morning, but the Lord helped me to forget everybody and everything save the work in foreign lands. I was so full of my subject that I could not stand still, but walked the platform, after I had finished speaking, in agony of soul for the lost and dying, pleading with the folks to sacrifice for the dear Master's sake. Needless to say, God gave the increase. The money came in freely—abundantly. Folks walked up singing as they laid their offerings in the basket. Brother Hoople surely was stirred. He left the platform, saying to me just as he was about to do so, "Sister Murphy, I have to go again," and down he would go, while many others—even those who had already given—would leave their seats and follow. The entire offering was \$170, and besides this, I can see a few more dollars. Now what do you think of this result? Didn't it pay to obey God, even if I did make a few blunders? The amount raised by the auxiliary this year for foreign work is more than twice that of last year. From 1912 to 1913, we raised \$243, as against \$557.28 from 1913 to 1914. We are looking to Him for even greater things in the coming year. The women folks have shown a greater tendency toward helping in an effort to raise money for missionary purposes than ever before. Sister A. Franks and her mother have spent a great many evenings, working sometimes as late as 12 o'clock at night, painting Easter postals and selling them, the proceeds of which were turned over to the auxiliary, amounting to \$29. Sister Bearse, the wife of our associate pastor, sold her husband's photograph and made \$25 profit for the auxiliary; Sister Mager earned \$12 through her efforts; Sister Nickerson, \$3 or \$4; Sister James Brown, about \$10; Sister Austin, about \$3. These sales were, of course, all made outside of the church. Another sister pledged \$50 a year for China. These sisters cannot go to China, but feel a deep interest. I thank God for this, and feel it is a wonderful answer to prayer.

IDA MURPHY, *Pres. W. F. M. A.*

306 Brainbridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## FIRST CHURCH

Easter Sabbath was a typical California day. Skies cloudless, temperature exhilarating, everything favorable. There were over 600 in the Sabbath school. The program of songs, readings, and music, by the orchestra, was enjoyable. Not less than 1,000 were at the morning preaching service. The great choir of seventy-five voices, E. F. Wilde, leader, with orchestra accompaniment, thundered forth the Easter anthems. A hallelujah march and table offering brought \$330 in the morning, with a fine offering at night. This offering is for our general superintendents and our district superintendents. The pastor baptized some lovely children. The pastor, Brother Cornell, preached a short sermon on "Resurrection Glory." It was received and five responded to the altar call, some

## Pentecostal Collegiate Institute

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AFTER years of faithful service, Rev. E. E. Angell, president of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, has resigned, owing to ill health. Since severing his connection with the institution, he has improved in health somewhat, but the physician forbids his having any care or responsibility of the school whatever. At present he is engaged in evangelistic work, and we commend him as a blessedly successful man of God to any who desire evangelistic help. Brother Angell has been faithful and indefatigable in all of his school work, not only sacrificing his own interests, but imbuing the faculty and the students with the same spirit. We question if there is any school in the holiness movement, yea, in the whole country, where teachers and workers can be found who would meet the needs and stand by the work more heroically than have Brothers Angell, Archibald, Bailey, Millett, Christman, and Sisters Reid, Monroe, White, and others, whose record is on high, while students, who have in them the stuff of which heroes are made, are not the exception, but the rule.

We would not forget to speak of the wife of Brother Angell, who has shared with her husband the many burdens of school life, finding time to pray with and mother the boys and girls, in addition to caring for her own family of small children. We trust that not only the prayers of the brother ministers and the good people of the Nazarene churches may be offered in behalf of Brother Angell and family, but that doors may be opened for him in his evangelistic work among our people who know his work in this capacity so well.

As to Brother Christman, at the earnest solicitation of the director, he has been doing, with his noble wife, heroic work in the business management of the school, as well as teaching most acceptably, but he now feels led to return to New York state. May God bless him and his faithful wife, and all the dear people of God, especially our much loved Sister Martha E. Curry, who is now in charge!

W. G. SCHURMAN,  
*President of the Directors.*

of these praying through amidst shouts and hallelujahs. A very gracious afternoon service was held, led by Sister Haynes. At night there was a special program of songs by the choir, assisted by the orchestra. The pastor preached on "The Power of an Endless Life," with good effect; three responding to the altar call, and praying through. Thus we enjoyed a wonderful day commemorating

the resurrection of our Lord. The pastor expects to begin a Home Campmeeting about May 8th, to run for ten days. The pastor has served the church for three years last month, and in that time 541 have united in church fellowship, and there has been a continuous revival. We push on for larger things.

CHURCH REPORTER.

## AUBURN, ILL.

Since our last report we have held a protracted meeting, with Evangelist Shaw, with but little results. However, our regular services continue to be times of refreshing. Our people are greatly blessed. Our Sabbath school holds up well. We are glad to report that we have the greatest prayer meetings of any church in town, with an average attendance of from forty-five to fifty. People come because they love to be in an old-fashioned prayer meeting. By the help of the Lord we have been able to double our membership this year with good people, filled with the Holy Ghost.

CHAS. A. GIBSON, *Pastor.*

## LINCOLN, NEB.

We had an Easter rally, beginning Wednesday night and continuing over Sunday. Rev. Edmund Silverbrand, of Hastings, was with us three nights, and preached, and Rev. J. R. Hunter, of this city, preached Saturday night. The people enjoyed the messages of these brethren. There were seekers at most every service. The saints were edified. Seven persons united with the church on Sunday. The Lord is wonderfully blessing the Nazarenes in this city.

LEWIS R. HOFF, *Pastor.*

## COMANCHE, OKLA.

Yesterday was a blessed day. At the night service there were fifteen seekers at the altar; two were sanctified and one converted. There were four additions to the church.

E. A. COPELAND, *Pastor.*

## OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

We were blessed in the convention held by Dr. Fowler and Revs. L. N. Fogg and Arthur Ingler. Dr. Fowler made a good impression on this city by his unanswerable sermons on the doctrine of holiness as a second work of grace. Brother Fogg preached with fire and unction. His description of the experience of the sinner, converted and the sanctified, was one of the best parts of the convention. The singing, especially the solos of Brother Ingler, was a delight and blessing to us all. Several of the brethren of the Eastern Oklahoma District dropped in, and were refreshed and edified by the meeting. Dr. Goodrich, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, and his official board, very kindly consented for us to use their beautiful church for the services, and the pastor was present most of the time.

J. W. OLIVER, *Pastor.*

## SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

Brother Chenault, district superintendent, was with us in a meeting from the 12th through the 25th of March. He is an earnest and efficient preacher of holiness. There were forty-six professions of pardon, reclamation and sanctification, and twelve additions to the church. Mrs. Chenault brought some very helpful messages, especially upon our missionary work in Japan, stirring up the missionary spirit among us. The revival spirit is still with us, and souls are finding the Lord in the mid-week prayer meeting and regular monthly appointments.

W. A. FISHER.

## CORNICANA, TEXAS

The blessing of the Lord has been upon the mission at this place and people have been saved all along through the winter. We are planning for a campaign of special services soon.

EUGENE HUDNALL.

## ERICK, OKLA.

We are putting the HERALD of HOLINESS into all the homes possible, as we regard it as the cleanest and safest paper in the land on the doctrine of holiness. The Erick church is on the go for God and holiness. On the fifth Sunday of last month we had our beloved district superintendent, S. H. Owens, with us. His preaching was spiritual, and God blessed it with souls in the fountain. Some of the leading people of the town have united with the church. We went from Erick to the May church where God blessed in every service. Those people are few in numbers, but are true blue.

F. O. SHORT, *Pastor.*

## "Here is Your Answer" in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL - THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Even as you read this publication you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harder?" You seek the location of *Andorra* or the pronunciation of *injuria*. What is *white seal*? This NEW CREATION answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, with *Anal authorities*.

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**LOWELL, MASS.**

We are closing our work with this church to take charge of the church at Calgary, Alberta, Canada. We have had a blessed pastorate here in connection with Brother Riggs. Our association has been precious. The unction of God has rested upon the people, and victory after victory has been given. On Monday night we were surprised by a large company of our people and others, and spent a most pleasant evening at the home of one of our sisters. A traveling bag, a large bouquet of flowers, and a purse of \$52 were given us. May God ever bless this dear people.

E. E. MARTIN.

**MUSE, OKLA.**

As we came here from Egger, Ark., in February, we found no Sunday school, no prayer meeting, and no regular preaching. We organized, on the first Sunday in March, a Sunday school and prayer meeting, and arranged to preach twice a month. The writer preached to a large congregation today, and there was much interest shown. Pray that our God will so keep our souls aflame and our lives so sweet that the people will get hungry for salvation and entire sanctification.

A. G. DICKERSON.

**LANSING, MICH.**

We partially organized as a church four weeks ago, with sixteen members, and since two more have been added. Rev. E. E. Mieras, a beloved holiness man, filled with the Spirit of God, has been preaching the Word without fear or favor, and God is filling hungry hearts at nearly every service. Our Sunday school is growing, and we are holding on to God for a great revival, which we believe is coming. We greatly love the HERALD of HOLINESS, and believe that if every family would read it we would have better soldiers for Jesus. I believe its circulation is one of the best ways to push the work of holiness, and clear the minds of the uninformed from prejudice.

FRED T. HURRY, Secy.-Treas.

**DERRY, N. H.**

We have had to move into a hall up two flights of stairs in the old Odd Fellows' building, so you see we are getting up higher—nearer to heaven, in one respect. On the last Sunday in our old quarters we subscribed \$300 to raise the debt on our lot. We have yet \$300 to pay on the old lot and foundation. We are planning to start the building just as soon as we can get the money to make a beginning. A dear brother in Salem is building us a pulpit.

L. B. ACKERMAN, Secy.-Treas.

**COLUMBUS, MISS.**

We began the battle at Black Creek church, Saturday evening. The power of God was upon the service, and at the close a man arose and made a confession to talking too much and backbiting. Sunday was a good day, and the Lord honored the Word. We have come to stay with this flock for a while, as they have no pastor. There is good material here to work with and upon, so we are expecting God to give us results.

ALICE HAWKINS, Pastor.

R. F. D., Care J. D. Shelton.

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

**THE PENTECOSTAL MISSION**

Easter Sunday was well spent. In the morning service a poor old drunkard just out of the penitentiary, was saved. The afternoon service was an old-fashioned pentecostal meeting. At night sixteen of our colored Sunday school children gave an interesting program of songs and recitations, reflecting great credit upon the faithful training given them by their teachers, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Williams and Brother Medford. We were able to raise our foreign missionary offering to \$25.

BROTHER JELLINECK.

**WEBSTER CITY, IOWA**

The special revival services came to a close April 5th, the pastor having conducted them for twelve days. There were eleven seekers, some of whom were happy finders. District Sunday school secretary, Rev. E. J. Fleming, spent three days with us, giving an address on Sunday school work Friday evening. The Sunday school convention Saturday afternoon conducted by Brother Fleming was profitable indeed. Saturday evening Brother Fleming gave an address on the call and mission of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The sermon was a revelation to the most of us, and a means of blessing and encouragement

**Nazarene University**

+

The following section from the report of the recorder of the University shows the remarkable increase in attendance during the last four years:

"The enrolment in all departments for the year 1913-1914 is as follows:

	Men.	Wo.	Total
College of Liberal Arts.....	37	29	66
Bible College.....	34	27	61
Academy.....	58	68	126
Special Students.....	3	9	12
Grammar Students.....	73	67	140
Total.....	205	200	405

"This total shows a gain of eighty students over last year, or an increase of 24 per cent. These 405 students represent twenty different states and six foreign countries (nine Japanese, three Armenians, one Turkish girl, and two from India). Also twelve different denominations are represented and 265 or more are members of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Four years ago the total registration in all departments excluding the Spanish students who are not enrolled now as students of the University, was seventy-nine students. The total registration this year is 405, an increase during the four years of 326 students or a gain of over 412 per cent.

"The College of Liberal Arts was organized four years ago with a membership of five students. The enrolment this year is sixty-six, an increase of 1,220 per cent.

"There will be forty-seven graduates at the June commencement as follows: College of Liberal Arts, 6; Bible College, 3; Christian Workers' Training Course, 11; Academy, 26; Music, 1."

The remarkable increase in attendance, together with the many spiritual blessings which God has given us, the character of the students which are coming to us, and the excellent quality of work which is being done, certainly should convince anyone that the Divine approval is upon the Nazarene University.

The new catalogues will be ready for distribution about the first of May. There are many inquiries from prospective students and a number have signified their intention of registering as students at the opening of the fall semester. Several new courses have been arranged and the work will be strengthened in all departments.

The Board of Trustees at the last meeting decided to erect a new dormitory for the young men. This dormitory has been greatly needed for some time, the present accommodations being entirely inadequate. The new building will be similar in construction to the ladies dormitory and will provide excellent accommodations for our young men. Work will begin at once in order to have the building ready for the opening of the next year.

H. ORTON WILEY, Pres.

to the membership. Sunday morning Brother Fleming again preached, and three souls bowed at the altar. At 3 p. m. our district superintendent, Rev. E. A. Clark, preached the dedicatory sermon, from Gen. 28:17. About \$550 was pledged on the remaining indebtedness, after which we gathered around the altar while Brother Clark offered the prayer giving the building and all that pertained to it, to the service of God. God graciously poured out His blessing and glory upon us. Brother Fleming conducted the praise service at 7 p. m., after which Brother Clark preached. A number were present from out of town. Three members were received into the church. We are planning for a tent meeting in the latter part of July.

F. B. GOWLAND, Pastor.

**SAN DIEGO, CAL.**

Last Sunday was one of the best days our church has had. Rev. A. M. Bowers, our pastor, preached upon the triumphal entrance of our Lord into

Jerusalem, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was felt in our midst. After the afternoon service one young man prayed through at the altar. The waves of glory that followed this service lasted until nearly 6 o'clock. At the 7 o'clock service the pastor took for a text, "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," illustrating the life of Ahab. Two men made their way to the altar, one for conversion, the other for sanctification. In a short time both were rejoicing over having what their hearts had craved. The one who was saved is the manager of one of our leading hotels, and was reared a Catholic. For more than an hour he remained upon his knees praising and exalting his Savior who had saved him from sin. At the prayer meeting Tuesday night these young men were the first on the scene with shouts of victory.

J. C.

From DR. W. B. PINSON.

I had the privilege of being with District Superintendent B. M. Kilgore, and a few of his preachers of the Hamlin District, at the Fifth Sunday rally at Wellington, Texas. Among those saved during the meeting was a young woman, the only occupant of the county jail. This little city has the distinction of being free from pool halls, billiard halls and bowling alleys. Rev. J. P. Ingle and his loyal little church have a rich harvest field and great opportunities. Our stay with Rev. W. E. Ellis, pastor at Dodsonville, was enjoyed, and we hope profitable. At Memphis, Texas, the holiness people are not strong in numbers, but there are some choice saints among them. We had three glorious days there. We are now in a meeting at McLean, Texas, much opposition and real prejudice abounding, but we are expecting victory through the Holy Ghost. From here we will go to Amarillo for a meeting with the Free Methodists.

**NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.**

Our church gave me the privilege of doing evangelistic work with Brothers C. J. Fowler and C. W. Ruth in convention, during January, in Michigan, Ohio, Kansas, and Missouri. These meetings were fruitful and blessed. In February I spent almost four weeks at White City, Kan., and vicinity, with my old friend, Rev. F. E. Ryerson, pastor of the Methodist church, which now has 441 members. God gave us some glorious meetings in neglected districts and about sixty-eight souls for our labors. March was spent with Brothers Fowler and Fogg in convention at Omaha, Neb., and at Cushing, Guthrie, and Oklahoma City. At Omaha about 140 seekers came to the altar, many of whom found pardon and purity. May God bless them all good, and also the faithful ministers and workers in all these cities who contributed to the success of the conventions. We reached home April 2d and were gladly welcomed by our family and church. At our annual meeting, April 8th, we learned that they had expected to give us a unanimous call for another year, in spite of the fact that we could only spend half of our time with them. We appreciate the situation, and are thankful for their love and support, but feel led to resign and take the evangelistic field altogether after our Assembly. The Sunday morning congregations have doubled during the past year. Souls have been saved and sanctified, and many strengthened and otherwise encouraged. Finances have increased also. We trust that some faithful soul may feel led of the Spirit to shepherd this flock, and that wisdom and tact shall be granted them in carrying forward the good work.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

18 Grove St.

**CUCAMONGA, CAL.**

We had a good day in our church on the Sabbath. Two at the altar were seeking God and one was blessed. Recently, in a Sunday night service, one lady was prostrated under the power of God. Her little daughter asked, "Will she come back?" She came back all right, and was gloriously saved. Brother and Sister Brown were with us Sunday, March 29th, and we had a splendid service. Brother Brown preached an unctuous and instructive sermon; Sister Brown helped much with her singing, testimony and rejoicing. The Lord blessed with a good offering for the Publishing House. No one need hesitate in having Brother and Sister Brown, for they have blessed spiritual services.

U. E. RAMSEY.

**CHILDREN'S DAY AT NAUVOO.**

Children's Day, April 26th, we expect to make a day of real service to our Lord and a salvation

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NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT ASSEMBLY—The examining board will meet all who are to be examined at 9:30 a. m., Tuesday, April 28th, in accordance with the rules adopted in 1911. Remember this is important to those wishing to be passed in their studies.—C. J. WASHBURN, Sec.

**Record of Examinations**

We have published a book for the record of examination of preachers in the course of study. A sample sheet showing the printed form contained in the book will be sent on request. With each book fifty duplicate record sheets are furnished. These may be used for supplying the candidates with a record of their grades. The book and extra sheets sent postpaid for \$1.50. The Manual provides that this expense shall be met by the District.

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time among our children. We will have with us Rev. and Sister H. F. McLain, Rev. and Sister T. J. Chrotham, of Galloway, and Rev. and Sister J. W. Hitchcock, of Jasper. Rev. J. A. Manasco and J. M. Martin and J. A. Romine will have special work with us at this time. We parents love the Lord and cannot fail to get our children in the Kingdom and acquainted with the King.  
C. C. BUTLER, Pastor.

**BERKELEY, CAL.**

Nearly two months ago the writer came to be pastor of the Berkeley church. We were received very warmly by the people and the Lord seemed to smile too. We have gained some new territory. We are under the shadow of the great University of California. There may be some giants in the land, but we are not afraid. The God of Caleb and Joshua lives today, and gives us the same promise, viz., possession of the land. We have also learned that David, plus God, is more than the giant Goliath. My father and mother are with me to help shout on the battle. Last Sunday was the best day yet. There was divine manifestation in the morning service. In the evening Brother and Sister Brown represented our Publishing House. Sister Brown's singing and shouting stirred us wonderfully. Brother Brown's strong and clear message concerning the Publishing House, that belongs to God and us, put us to thinking. While the immediate harvest was small, yet we expect to reap more later. Some of us had thought there was such a thing as a Nazarene Publishing House at Kansas City, for we were hearing from it every week; but we hadn't realized that it was ours. We supposed it belonged to somebody, but now we know it belongs to us. We also learned that it was doing a great good—preaching holiness to the largest "congregation" of any one of us. This we were glad to hear. But when we heard that the indebtedness was ours, we didn't shout so loudly. This we thought over for a time, and then said, "We'll do our best to meet the obligations." It was the writer's privilege to attend the all-day meeting at San Francisco. Brother and Sister Brown were present and blessed us with their preaching and singing. When opportunity was given quite a good sum was pledged to the Publishing House.  
GEO. J. FRANKLIN.

**Superintendents' Directory**

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- P. F. BRESEE.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
1126 Santee Street  
New York District Assembly, 'Utica Ave.  
Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. April 22-28  
New England District Assembly, Providence  
R. I. April 23-May 3  
Pittsburgh District Assembly, Pittsburgh,  
Pa. May 13-17  
Idaho District Assembly, Troy, Idaho. May 21-24  
Northwest District Assembly, Seattle,  
Wash. May 27-31  
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Colorado District Assembly, Greeley, Colo.  
May 13-17  
San Francisco District Assembly, Oakland,  
Cal. May 20-24  
British Columbia District Assembly, Victo-  
ria, B. C. June 25-28  
Alberta District Assembly, Red Deer, Alta.,  
Can. July 1-5  
Edmonton, Alta. (Camp) July 10-19  
Dakotas-Montana District Assembly, Sur-  
rey, N. D. July 23-28

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Snyder, Texas April 22  
Nazarene Chapel April 23-24  
Wilsonville, Texas May 2-8  
Murry, Texas May 12-14  
Wichita Falls, Texas May 8-10  
Bowie, Texas May 15-17  
Dewey, Texas May 18-19  
Hulwood, Texas May 20  
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Liberty, Okla. April 20-23  
Marlow, Okla. April 24-26  
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N. B. HERRELL.....Olivet, Ill.  
The Plains, Ohio April 22-28  
Kenia, Ohio April 24-26  
Columbus, Ohio April 27-28  
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Creedmore, Texas May 13-14  
Thompsonville, Texas May 16-17  
Yorkum, Texas May 19-19  
Sea Drift, Texas May 20-21  
Bloomington, Texas May 23-24  
Bayside, Texas May 25-26  
Red Rock District Preachers' Meeting, May 27-31  
Pound's Chapel June 1-2  
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