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HERALD of HOLINESS

OFFICIAL PAPER of the PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

VOLUME 2

KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL 1, 1914

NUMBER 51

EDITORIAL

DEATH OF MRS. H. C. MORRISON

Mrs. H. C. Morrison, wife of Rev. H. C. Morrison, editor of the Pentecostal Herald, died on March 25th, in Wilmore, Ky, after a long illness. Sister Morrison was a devout and active Christian woman and will be sadly missed by a very large circle of friends. She leaves five children to mourn the loss of a good and devoted mother. We extend our sympathy to our sorely bereaved brother in this hour of deepest sorrow, and earnestly pray the grace and blessing of the Father upon him and the motherless children.

THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION AMENDMENT

HEARINGS have been definitely arranged on the Shepherd-Hobson resolution for a national prohibition amendment to the constitution. These hearings are to begin in the House on April 15th, and in the Senate on April 16th, and will continue for several days. The liquor dealers and organizations are very active and are pouring petitions upon Congressmen and Senators urging that the bill be not passed. The time is short and we again urge upon our readers to write a strong letter to their Congressman and Senator urging most strenuously the passage of this bill for an amendment to the national constitution for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Let every pastor and evangelist attend to this and urge upon citizens to do so at once for the time is very brief in which this work can be done. Write up petitions and have them signed by a multitude of people and forward them to your Congressman and to your Senator. Act at once.

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CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD!!!

WHAT a transcendent thought! How sublime! Christian motherhood is the noblest conception of poet, the holiest stretch of fiction's daring, the gravest staple of prosy history, the boldest dream of prophet, the loftiest conception of the Deity. It is heaven's best gift, God's most royally honored of all relations, by His stooping to incarnation through a human mother, Christ's highest treasure, and most signally glorified by His submission to the home at Nazareth. O mother! how can you grow discouraged? How dare you pine at denial of active and outward work for the Master, if one precious child has been entrusted to you for nurture? Yours is earth's noblest calling, heaven's most regal commission, God's highest trust ever given mortals here below. O, prize the privilege of child nurture, even though the charge be but one weak, little bairn. It is by the human unit that God does His mightiest exploits. It is not by the number, not by the quantity, but by the character of the training for absolute unconditional submission to Him and His work that He can do wonders.

Shut in as you are perhaps may be heaven's best opportunity to you for the best culture of that little one for Him. Distractions are less, concentration can be greater and more unhindered; aloneness with God is favorable for best communion and sweetest fellowship with Him, and for bringing the child to a knowledge of Him. There is too much fuss and commotion, even in outward church work, for the best and mightiest results of the silent, unseen spiritual forces of grace in the domestic realm, with the little ones who hang on your lips and on your heart for spiritual nurture. Grieve not at your denial of opportunities others seem so much to enjoy. Yours may be a higher, holier and nobler opportunity with that one little lamb, than the outdoor opportunity of the envied

sister; and one day, after you are in heaven, when God has taken hold where you turned the little life loose, and begins work with it, you may be confounded and overwhelmed with unspeakable joy at the results of your humble work, alone in the seclusion of your unknown cottage.

God bless our mothers who are content to be shut in with the little ones, and are true to their high trust of immortal beings to be trained and tressed for God and heaven and the weal of a lost race. Next to God and Christ, Christian mothers deserve our highest veneration. Before the humblest and obscurest of them, who are simply faithful to their little ones before God, we stand with uncovered head, and murmur our prayer for heaven's benizons upon them and their charge. To these mother-made homes, with these little ones, God is looking for humanity's only hope for redemption from all the curses and evils and enmities that threaten the race. We are always safe so long as we have Christian mothers at the helm in the nation's home life. Nothing can harm or overcome us if such be the guards on duty in the homes of the land. God give us such mothers in the church today, and we will triumph against all the devils in hell, on earth, and in the air, around and beneath us.

WHOM CHRIST CAME TO SAVE

MORE mysterious than the building of the Egyptian Pyramids, more inscrutable than the origin of sin, is the fact that there should have grown up even among the professedly saved a spirit that disallows or denies and practically makes impossible the salvation of those whom Christ died chiefly to save. If He came not to heal the well but the sick, then the sickest are the most in need of His healing touch, and to these He comes, if there be any difference, first of all, to save, if they be found ready and waiting for the healing touch. Fallen women are perhaps the most hopelessly lost of sinners. Their sin is peculiarly binding, their temptations peculiarly trying, and most successfully baffle efforts at delivery, and yet the opportunities for their salvation are made tenfold more difficult and improbable by a species of infidelity as to its possibility on the part of professing Christians, and a disposition to shirk the responsibility of assisting in their salvation, and in their protection and security after being saved. Christians, or church members, seem to desire to evade what they esteem a disgrace in having aught to do with such converts. They turn a deaf ear to the words of the Master: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." They forget that if God can afford to save lost girls, His children should feel nothing a higher privilege and duty than to help to keep them saved. Yet the opposite is too often the prevailing sentiment and practice.

How and whence professing Christians could have gotten this gross perversion of view and sentiment and practice on so plain a Christian obligation, is marvelous indeed. Such a spirit is diametrically opposed to the whole purpose, tenor and genius of the gospel of the Son of God. He saves us that we may help to save others. When He saves us He leaves us with no other business except co-operating with Him in saving the lost. The degree of lostness alone should determine our interest and anxiety to be faithful in this saving work. The lower down we find the lost the more cheerfully and industriously, and with the more self-denial should we give our-

selves to the work of rescue and of caring for and helping the rescued.

This sentiment which shirks this responsibility is a reproach and a blistering shame to the church of God. It is contradictory of the very spirit of the gospel, and violative of every claim of oneness with Him, who declares as the fundamental principle of His redeeming work: "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." This glad refrain He utters in the ear of the despair of the most lost and sinful. Then to His own professing disciples He says: "Ye are the light of the world; ye are the salt of the earth." As light you are to lead these cleansed. As salt ye are to keep saved those thus saved from the most hopeless and desperate sins.

Instead of a prompt and glad response to this high and holy calling to Lighthood and Salthood in the Blood, church members turn away from the lost ones, and busy themselves in oyster suppers, and society work, and such tinsel and decorative affairs, and leave the submerged and enslaved thousands of the lost women in lust and debasement, to die in their dishonor and guilt, and drop into Christless graves, until of this vast army we can take up the prophet's lament: "This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore." Literally, lost women are thus robbed and spoiled of their gospel right by the very ones who lay claim to salvation by this gospel. They create conditions under which these lost ones, either can not get saved, or can not keep saved for lack of proper social and domestic environment for their moral and spiritual culture. Literally, they must continue to be "snared in holes," and "hid in prison houses," and must continue to be "for a prey," and "none delivereth;" "for a spoil, and none saith, Restore."

God has a controversy with His Israel on this point, and woe to her when He calls to the reckoning. Reader, what have you ever done in the matter of redeeming any of this vast army wending their sad, weary way to a sinner's hell? Are you clear in your conscience?

Ye women of the church, members of the Doreas Society, the Ladies' Aid, the Sewing Circle, and the numberless cumbersome social bands into which you are divided, what have you done, what are you doing, to redeem these lost sisters, or to keep them redeemed from this curse, and from this worse than a hell on earth? Have you even invited one of them into your home upon their willingness to be redeemed from their shame, and helped them by your motherly sympathy, your prayers and your fellowship? Do you not know that today there are among this hapless army of lost girls many hearts weary of sin and longing for deliverance who see no way and know no friendly voice or touch to be found for their help and their guidance? You say you know not how, and have no experience? Let me tell you just how to do it. It is a simple way, and an easy method, and a sure one of success. Make the case of the first and every such girl you can find or reach *as your own daughter*. Think of her, feel for her, treat her, go after her, pray for her, just as you would if she were your very own girl who had strayed from home and virtue and broken your heart and shadowed your home. Get in love with her with the very passion of Christ, and this love will invent a vocabulary for you, it will discover ways to find her, it will open up the nearest avenue to the poor girl's heart, and it will give point and power and melting and winning sweetness to your every word and touch, and enable you to win the prey for your Christ. Just get her on your heart, and keep her there, and God will do the rest. Don't be afraid or abashed or ashamed at what people may say or think, or at possible failure, or at difficulties. These things would not stop you one moment if it were your own girl. These things would not get a passing notice, or cause a moment's pause if it were your

own precious girl after whom your bleeding heart longed, and for whose recovery you were setting out. Make her your very own, and let God do the rest. You will be surprised at what will transpire.

Once she was pure as the snow, but she fell,
Fell like the snow flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as the filth of the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die;
Selling her soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God, has she fallen so low?
And yet she was once like the beautiful snow.

Once she was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once she was loved for her innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of her face.
Father—mother—sister—all,
God and herself, she has lost by her fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest she wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above her she knows
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow!

Shall the daughters of the Lord's Christ be among those who will make a wide sweep lest she wander too nigh? Shall you, the redeemed of the Lord, be among those who deny to your sisters in the slums the chance of being saved? If it were your own precious girl, what would you think if your neighbor church women should so treat her? Could you feel complacent and satisfied if this were the case? Has the White Slave Traffic, which endangers our very own, come upon us as a merited retribution for our long and guilty neglect of these countless thousands, as the church of Him who came to seek and save the lost? O women of the church, awake and consider! Hear the plaintive wails of these neglected lost! Pity the unpitied! Hunt out the bewildered! Comfort the despairing! Sympathize with the abandoned of earth and heaven! Be a light to the darkened and begloomed who know no love, no hope, no joy, no peace, no home, no heaven, no Christ, no God, yet who long in their heart of hearts to know all these, and yet they have no one to help them to the pool when it is troubled. Alone and unhelped they must drag on in their pitiless shame and sin to death and hell forever and forever. Mark it! In a coming day these shall not be condemned alone. Looking at them on that Day of all Days, and then turning to us as we await our glad plaudit He will say to us: "Depart from me. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least and lowest of these, ye did it not to me."

LET US PRAY!

WILL our readers please kneel and pray? We propose the very words of the prayer in the little poem below. Read it carefully and see if it does not express what each of you feel you need to help make this year the best you have yet lived. After reading it please kneel in prayer and make it the burden of one earnest petition to our heavenly Father. The editor will join the HERALD OF HOLINESS family in this prayer:

"From bitterness preserve me, Lord;
From jealous thoughts protect my day;
Against the stroke of envy's sword
Help me to hold my way.
And grant my soul sufficient grace
To gladden at another's prize,
And look upon his eager face
With sympathetic eyes."

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DANCING, cards, slang, wine, and gossip in the home are sure sign that the devil is in charge. These go hand in hand with loss of parental authority, and when this last condition is added, the outcome is anarchists, drunkards, gamblers, and harlots. White slavery has easy marks here, and the saloons and gambling hells and bagnios get their recruits from just these sources.

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

SERMONS EVERYWHERE

There are sermons and exhortations everywhere, because God is everywhere, and sin is everywhere, and the need of salvation is everywhere. We read once of an old man, a hardened sinner, who took refuge under a jutting rock under a huge bluff during a raging storm. The lightning flashed, the rain poured, and the tempest hurled its fury about, but the old man felt safe from the storm in his refuge. Suddenly he saw a little bird fly swiftly under the same cliff and nestle safely in a crevice. Instantly the words came to the old man's mind which he had often heard sung:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

It broke the old man's heart in a moment. The onrushing memories of other years, of long neglected mercies and appeals, of his dire need of that hiding in the cleft side of his rejected Lord—these things, under the influence of the good Spirit, made him surrender on the spot, and he was gloriously saved. An exchange tells of how a young preacher found a sermon in a horse on the roadside:

A young minister walked along a busy street one raw November day. He was discouraged and embittered, because he thought he was being overworked, and was not receiving the recognition he deserved. His mood was bitter and rebellious, a mood that is found among ministers perhaps as often as among other people.

Out of the din of traffic there came to his ears the rumble of a heavily loaded dray and the sound of iron-shod hoofs striking the pavement. A dray, loaded with huge rolls of paper and drawn by a pair of magnificent horses, was coming briskly up a slight rise in the street. The driver, a little wrinkled Irishman, crouched lazily on the seat, with the reins hanging loose from his fingers. The two splendid beasts, without a word or a touch from him, were doing their work with perfect intelligence and willingness. The minister paused upon the curb to watch them.

Suddenly the horse nearest to him trod upon a slippery manhole cover, lost his footing and went down on his side with a resounding crash. A quick little gasp of pity came from the watchers on the sidewalk. But it was wasted pity. For before the dray had lost its headway, before the little old driver had gathered up his reins, the great horse, with a violent scramble, got his feet again, and threw himself into his collar with an energy that threatened to tear the heavy harness off his back.

As the dray topped the rise and rumbled round the corner, the minister turned slowly away. His eyes were moist and his heart humbled. His impulse was to follow that horse all day, and learn his spirit of generous co-operation. And that night, as he knelt at his bedside, he prayed a strange prayer:

"O God, make me like that horse. Teach me what you want me to do, and help me to want to do it without being driven. When I stumble, may I rise at once and pull all the harder to make up for lost time. Bless my life with a feeling of harmony and co-operation with thyself. Amen."

Next Sunday morning he preached a sermon from the text, "Henceforth I call you not serv-

ants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends." It was a good sermon; the people spoke to him very warmly about it after church. But the minister knew in his heart that the sermon really came from a great dumb brute that had never been to church in his life.

THE SPIRIT OF ALTRUISM

Consideration for others is of the essence of what the Spirit of God puts in the human heart when He renews it, in the image of Him who created him. Selfishness is of the very essence of sin, and indeed is a generic sin. It is the source of numberless sins which blast and blacken character, and trend man lower and lower toward the animal. In proportion as character yields ready assent to this trend of the Spirit toward altruism, man becomes more and more like the Christ, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that He might make us rich in saving knowledge and power. Sometimes scintillations of this divine spirit of altruism are seen in very unexpected sources and places. Wherever met it is always due to some influence, more or less remote, of the Spirit of the Christ. *Congregationalist* tells of an incident of its having been seen in the lives of some little street urchins, but it bears even there the marks of its origin:

"Please, mister, buy a paper off'n him."

The shrill boy voices were pleading for a reversal of judgment. Another voice, timid and weak, faltering with inexperience, which had just begged the passer-by for patronage, had been already silenced by a perhaps too curt refusal. But two alert lads, practiced in the business, were running to the rescue:

"Please, mister, buy a paper off'n him. He ain't sold no paper yit this mornin', and he's been here ever since half past six. We've both sold a lot. Now you buy one off'n him, won't you?"

The passer-by stopped. In this world, whose wisdom bids the sagacious to "look out for number one," it is not altogether usual to be solicited by a firm of merchants to buy goods from their rival. The circumstances were worth inquiring into.

The two young intercessors were apparently no older than the third boy whose cause they were pleading. But the difference in the confidence of their bearing was vast. They knew what they wanted and were bent on having it—a customer for the other fellow. The prospective buyer demanded to know why they were so interested in their shrinking neighbor. Was he some friend of theirs?

"Naw, he jist come here this mornin' to sell papers. This's the first time he ever tried it. And you know you can't sell papers when you don't know nobody. We fellers sell to men we know. This kid'll be all right when he gits to know somebody. But this first day, maybe he won't sell none if you don't buy one off'n him."

The argument was irresistible. The novice did sell one paper at least his first day. Whether his energetic competitors got him any more trade later the passer-by could not wait to see. But at least they insured him enough encouragement at the outset to keep him going. Undoubtedly the newcomer tried a second day at least.

RELIGION A MATTER OF THE HEART

Fundamentally, religion is a matter of the heart, and not of the head, as matter

of belief; or of the life or society as matter of service. Originally, and essentially, is it a matter of vital principle revealed and experienced intelligently and consciously in the heart or spirit. Then it naturally and essentially expresses itself in the outward life, in service for the Master's kingdom. Antecedently to this experimental feature, as well as subsequently to it, religion has respect to belief or creed. What man believes, of course, to a degree, helps to trend him toward and determine his experience, but his creed is not his religion any more than a man's text book on botany becomes his flowers. That text book may assist him in the selection of and in his appreciation of flowers, and in his knowledge of flowers, but it is not flowers or any part of flowers. So a man's religion begins in his heart, and is a reality and a possession, and his creed or his service forms no part of the essential nature of his religion. In this age of stressing social service we are in danger of making a mistake here, and it has been done we believe. Social service can not make any man religious, and can not form a ground work of merit because of which God will be under obligation to cancel a man's sins, and admit him to membership in His kingdom. This must be carefully borne in mind, and at the same time the duty and the need and the benefits subjectively of the most active service must not be discounted or minimized in the least. This service must ever, however, be considered as a fruit of religion, and not religion itself, or the procuring or meritorious cause of it. Rev. H. H. Meyer in the *Watchman* says:

Social service may become a religious fad, or it may in time become a new mark of stereotyped orthodoxy. It is vital, quivering with life and holy emotion today because still under the influence of the quickening spirit that gave it birth—that hidden and innermost response of the human heart to the touch and the challenge of the Divine which constitutes the essential essence of religion.

Clearly religion involves all these things. And each in its place—dogma, ritual, discipline, service—is important; yet back of them all religion itself is something deeper and more fundamental. Religion is a matter of life and involves an attitude toward life. Religious experience moves in the realm of appreciation, of relative values and of perpetual choice. It is the total outreach of an individual life after the highest good—the total response of a life as a unit to the touch of the Infinite and the Divine. And God touches every life. He speaks to every heart. He has given every man the power to respond in feeling, in thought, and in action. Man is equipped at one and the same time with lofty emotions, a keen intellect, and the power of free choice. He is intended for living a beautiful life, a true life and a good and good-for-something life. He is capable of reverence, adoration, love; of faith and knowledge and of deeds of charity and unselfish service. And it is the total response of the heart, the mind and the will to the divine influences in his environment that constitutes a man's religion.

INCITEMENTS TO CRIME

The evil effects of the widespread and indiscriminate publishing of the disgusting details of crimes in this country, by our daily papers are full of woe and havoc to the youth of the land. The avalanche

of crimes, especially among the youth of the country, of late years, is traceable to this cause, together with the disgusting portraiture of crimes in the modern picture show. There is a sadder harvest yet waiting us from this source. The daily papers are to be severely condemned for their complicity in this spread and increase of crime among the boys of the country. Murder and holdups and burglary and seduction, and a long list of the crimes of the lower and baser sort, have shockingly increased among the young people, and our daily paper proprietors are the chief causes of this terrible harvest. The *Congregationalist* calls attention to a noted French psychologist on this point as follows:

All students of psychology know that the continued impact of one idea upon the brain after a while makes an impression which takes upon itself remarkable power of suggestion. The impression becomes an active energy. A well-known French psychologist, Dr. Bernheim of Nancy, some time ago came to the conclusion that the daily reading about acts of crime by minds weak and perhaps predisposed to criminality, becomes a continuous suggestion to crime. The idea may ripen slowly, may hesitate a long time, but finally it works. He believes that the daily reports of crime in the yellow journals are acting in just this way on the minds of youth and causing many of the crimes boys are committing in France.

In the face of this study of suggestion, it is interesting to note how the ethical instruction given in the French schools condemns the newspapers. In the text-books the children are warned against the newspaper, with its trivialities and lies. We Americans sometimes speak of France as a Godless country, but what would happen if the following paragraphs from the School Manual of Ethics were taught in American schools: "The newspapers are full of errors, lies and calumny." "Only a fool believes them unless they bring proof." "The newspaper reckons on the credulity and stupidity of its readers." "The editors despise their readers and appeal only to their base instincts." "The newspapers are the organs of the high finance." "One should read only honest newspapers, and even those with little confidence."

We do not believe that such a wholesale castigation of the daily press would be just in this country. We are not without papers to whom such indiscriminate criticism does not apply in a single particular. On the other hand, the constant prominence which most of our papers give to crimes and criminals can hardly fail of producing harmful effects upon the minds and hearts of the rising generation.

THE TRUEST AND BEST PREACHING

After all the truest and best preaching is out of one's experience very largely. What we have known and felt we can, and do with confidence, and with the greatest effectiveness, tell to men. It is thus that we publish to the sons of men the signs infallible. What this gospel has done for the preacher is what men and women are concerned about. Not their philosophies or their speculations about it, but their best and strongest proofs that it can meet the need of and expel the devils of sin out of the weary hearers, is what will tell in results. And the best proof of this is the fact that it expelled the devils from the preacher, and gave him victory and power in keeping them out. His learning can avail him in dressing up the message, his wit in illustrating it, his eloquence in making it attractive, but only in

his experimental knowledge of its power, and in the presence of the Spirit with him in the presentation of his message, can he expect to speak in power and in demonstration of the Spirit, and for the Word to strike and break to pieces like a hammer, and men and women be born from above as a result of his evangel. The preacher's experience is the best expositor of doctrine, the best proof of the correctness of his exegesis, the best illustration of its power, and the most convincing principle in his homiletics for direct drawing of men to Christ. The *Continent* says:

Bring all the beauty, all the reason, all the force, that you can into your presentation of the truth. But remember that one spark of the Spirit counts for more than all else. It is the coming of the light that drives out darkness. It is the presence of life that overcomes death. The world is hungry for a simpler, straighter, more vital Christianity—a gospel that children can understand and strong men can live. Real orthodoxy is not to be measured by definitions but by the spirit that is in a man. Religion is best served and promoted by those who express it simply, com-

THE SHARED BURDEN

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Methought to share my burden with a friend,
The weight of it had grown so hard to bear;
No longer dared I hold it all my own
Lest it should fell me in my deep despair.

But when I greeted her, to whom I went,
In full assurance of a welcome fair,
My heart stood still, for written on her face
Methought I saw another soul's despair.

My own forgotten, left me strangely wise;
She must be comforted, this sorry one, not I,
Who never dreamed she ever knew such woe,
She always held our courage up so high.

And as the tears of trouble left her face
My sorrow I no longer cared to share,
For suddenly I ceased to feel its weight,
And half my burden seemed to leave me there.

—Elizabeth Thompson Ordway.

mend it warmly, and practice it daily. I have heard of a young man—a plain, rough, earnest fellow—who desired to be a Christian minister. He was brought before a presbytery to be examined, and the questioner asked him for a condensed statement of textual and philosophical arguments for the consubstantial deity of Christ. The young candidate was confused and bewildered by the question and sat silent with downcast face. Then an old preacher in the back of the room called out, "Brother, how do you know that Jesus is the Son of God?" The boy sprang up, his face aglow, the tears in his eyes. "How do I know?" he cried. "Why God bless you, He saved my soul!" I tell you that this man went down to his house justified and approved by the Master.

CHRISTIANS DAILY AND IN EVERYTHING

Religion is a ceaseless thing. It is not a Sunday garment for display on these days. It is not an ornament for occasional wearing. It is not an emergency matter, simply for use in life's crises, in emergencies when culture and wealth and friends and business and other things all fail us. It is a living, mighty, dominant, underlying, overmastering, all-compassing, absolute, regnant principle to which all must bow, which is intolerant and exclusive and imperious in its demands. It

calls for all there is in us, for every moment of our time, for every talent and every condition of life. We must be His absolutely and exclusively, and we must find a duty and a call for each and every moment of life. There must never be a moment or a condition in life or a crisis or an attitude wherein we will not feel and recognize His claims, and with alacrity and joy run to meet His call. Phillips Brooks said once with force:

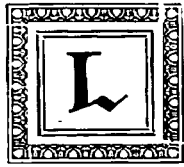
Is there nothing which Christ, as your Friend, your Lord, your Savior, wants you to do that you are leaving undone today? Do you doubt one instant, with His high and deep love for your soul, that He wants you to pray? And do you pray? Do you doubt for one instant that it is His will that you should honor and help and bless all men about you who are His brethren? Do you doubt one instant that His will is that you should make life serious and lofty? Do you doubt one instant that He wants you to be pure in deed and word and thought? And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that His command is for you openly to own Him and declare that you are His servants before all the world? And have you done it? These are the questions which make the whole matter clear. No, not in quiet lines, nor in the bright temple courts, as once He spake and not from blazing heaven as men sometimes seem to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet He speaks here in my heart.

LOVE BEGETTING LOVE

We love Him because He first loved us. God's love is strong as an incentive to us to love Him, but it is not alone in this work an irresistible force in inciting our love. It is powerful however. The charm of paternal love is a mighty excitant to filial love and reverence. Mighty and potent as this is however it is not resistless but can be and is often ignored and trampled in the dust. After having yielded our allegiance however to Him and become His children by faith, through whatever motives we were first trended toward Him, the mightiest moving incitant to love for Him in our hearts and lives is the consciousness of His wondrous love for us. Truly may we love Him because He first loved us, and not only gave His Son to die for us, but applied the blood of that only and well-beloved Son to us in saving power and blessing. We become one with Him whose nature is love, and our delight and our joy supreme is to love Him who first loved us, and redeemed us from all iniquity. An exchange says with truth:

Jesus has made it possible for every one to love God, for He has taught us that God himself is love, that we may think of Him as a Father, and He has shown in His own life what God must be, a divine Being who loves and cares for every one. It is with many as with the little boy who thought the minister was a great man, too good to notice him, and was so afraid of him that when he saw him coming in the distance he would turn around so as not to meet him. The minister made an effort to get acquainted with the lad, and the two became great friends. One day the minister said, "Tell me, George, do you love me?" Eagerly the boy answered, "Yes, indeed I do." "But George, there was a time when you did not, when you would run away from me. How long is it since you have loved me?" The boy thought awhile and then said, "Ever since I knew that you loved me." As long as we fear God as a great and terrible Being we do not love Him; it is only when we realize that He loves us that our hearts go out in love to Him. We love because He first loved us.

The Elements of Repentance



LET us consider five elements in a genuine repentance: 1. CONVICTION. 2. MOURNING. 3. CONFESSION. 4. RESTITUTION. 5. ABANDONMENT.

I. Conviction. In a book giving account of five hundred wonderful conversions, I saw where a young man and his wife gave their hearts to God and repented because of God's goodness to them.

One of the most wonderful conversions I ever saw was that of a young man who came to the altar at the very first of a revival effort and prayed through to victory. He is now a blessed holiness preacher in Kansas. When I asked him why he came so early in the meetings, before there was much interest manifested, he said he knew he was a sinner and wanted salvation, and also if he got what he wanted he must pay the price.

It took Frank four nights to pray through, but we all could readily see when he struck the vein, and what it meant—complete victory. In less than it takes me to tell it he had a man at the altar, slapping him on the back and telling him to pray, and he prayed.

The rule is that men will not repent until driven to it by deep, pungent conviction, until they almost "smell sulphur" and feel they are at death's door and eternally doomed. It rejoices my heart to see a man with Bible conviction on his soul, for I know something is going to happen.

Many years ago I had a model young man attending my services, but he made no profession. He always sat in the back seat by the door. One Sunday I went home with the family for dinner. As we went to the barn to feed our horses, I said, "Amos, I wish you were a Christian," and he replied that he was just as good as any of my members. But when he said that I knew he was not a Christian, as a Christian does not have that kind of a spirit.

Probably two weeks later I went there again and I repeated the matter, but this time he broke down and wept, and when I asked him what the trouble might be, he said he did not believe the Lord could save him. I told him there was hope now as he saw his real condition and felt his need of Christ. It grew darker and darker upon him until it seemed there was not a ray of light in the world, until about Thursday afternoon while in the field it seemed as though a thousand suns broke through the awful darkness and the work was done. How glorious when the Holy Spirit brings old-time conviction and then

Written by REV. J. W. WALTZ

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salvation. I have seen men tremble as on the brink of a great pit and were sure of tumbling into it. They acted as though in a dream, and awaking to find themselves in a strange room. I have seen them look that way as they stood at the close of the meeting and I was chilly but they were hot with drops of sweat on their brow so large that they would break and run down their cheeks.

When the Holy Spirit comes upon one and shines in the heart with the white

deep regrets for the way we treated God while His love and mercy were following us to win us from our sins.

III. Confession. God says, "If we confess our sins, he is just and faithful to forgive us our sins." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." If your sins have been public, it will require public confession before the world and unto God. If you have wronged a fellowman, you must confess to him as well as unto God. If you have real conviction you will gladly confess to

any you have wronged. You will also give things their right names. You will not say your neighbor's hog got among yours by mistake and you killed and ate it, but you will tell the truth and say you stole it. Your conscience will not be satisfied unless you tell the truth. Several years ago at a campmeeting a young man confessed to me how he and his pal had stolen all his father's wheat to buy whiskey, and how he would steal eggs to sell for drink. I told him what God demanded of him of confession and restitution.

A prominent man in whose home I had gone to make a pastoral visit confessed to deceiving his neighbors, betraying their confidence, and lying them out of corn. After hearing but one sermon he made this confession and wrote the names of four men he had taken corn from. It costs something to make a confession like that when one is a college bred man and highly connected. Relations and names mean little under Bible conviction. He said he never slept a wink that

night. "Is there salvation for one like that?" I said, "Yes, if we confess and make restitution." He said he would gladly do it, and God saved him there and then.

In the same meeting two persons fell upon each other's neck and wept before the altar. They were near relatives, but had not been on speaking terms. At a funeral I conducted some mourners could not be comforted because the corpse could not say, "I forgive you."

Friend or neighbor, have you confessed your sins and received the smile of pardon and reconciliation? Before some people get right with God others will know what became of their chickens, turkeys, corn, loghains, etc.

A young lady after leaving a town where I lived, sent back, several years later, a confession and the overcharge she had received. A young man in Oklahoma sent \$1.00 to pay for a melon he had stolen in Macon county, Ill., with a con-

It Falls the Same Today

D. Rand Pierce

God is looking for a people,
Straight and steadfast as a steeple,
Ever pointing men to heaven by their living day by day,
But how many fall, and leave Him,
Or, by shallow living, grieve Him,
And age-drifting, surely drifting, from the living God away

CHORUS—

But there's power, yes, there's power,
There is Pentecostal power,
And it falls the same today on the saints who really pray:
Oh, there's power, yes, there's power,
There is Pentecostal power—
For the God who came at Pentecost is just the same today.

They've no Holy Ghost baptism,
And they brand all fire "an ism,"
And their puny souls are growing dry and dryer ev'ry day;
But they still keep on professing
That they have the "second blessing,"
Tho' 'tis plain that their experience is wrinkled now and gray.

They can never trust for healing,
And they walk and talk by feeling,
And the Savior's second coming is no joyful theme at all;
And when glory strikes the meeting,
Sends the devils all retreating,
They are filled with consternation lest the Ark of God should fall.

Be no more a dry professor—
Be a Holy Ghost possessor!
Have the mighty waves of glory surging thro' and thro' your soul!
Then your witness in the Spirit
Will arouse the souls who hear it,
And the God who came at Pentecost will make the wounded whole.

light of coming judgment, no one will have to ask the most moral man to pray or tell him what to do. When Ninevah saw but forty days ahead, they knew what to do without studying theology. To their honor, they did not try to leave the city, as it was their sinful hearts they saw, and a change of location would not change them.

II. Mourning. There will be mourning or godly sorrow for sin. Jesus said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Mourning is a sign of genuine repentance. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of."

A criminal on his way to execution cried out until his last, "O God, I am so sorry I have offended thee," cried because he had offended his best friend, and not because he was caught and was to be executed. Are you sorry you have committed so many sins against God? We should never see the day we did not feel

fession and asking pardon. When the Holy Spirit gets hold upon the conscience, stolen watermelons do not set well on one's stomach. Is your conscience record clear? Is it at peace? Have you done all your conscience demanded? Brother, do not silence it, but obey.

IV. *Restitution.* It is not enough to just confess your sins, but where necessary make restitution.

C. G. Finney speaks of one man making restitution where it required \$7,500 and another \$30,000.

I used to pass a fine farm owned by a bankrupt. While he is honored by the state with office, and apparently is a moral man, yet if he wants to enter the kingdom he must sell his two farms and pay the depositors 100 cents on the dollar, even though it takes his last dollar. God does not recognize bankrupt laws to help rob people of their hard-earned money to let someone else buy farms.

When a preacher starts on this line he is pretty sure to find some one that won't like that kind of preaching, and will remain at home. I think that is the reason some men will not go to the altar, because if they do and go through, it will cost many of them money to straighten up back tracks.

The man who had taken the corn seed had it used for. At another point while holding social meetings another man got anxious about a load of corn and loaded his wagon and went to see a neighbor. Restitution is a wonderful theme to get folks busy in the right way.

In another meeting I was holding a man from the west in giving his testimony said that he had been a drunkard and gambler and the Lord convicted him deeply and he promised the Lord if He would save and help him he would pay off his old bills and live a Christian life. He said he found all his men but one and paid them. Some were gambling debts and whiskey bills he had left in that community.

It did not hurt the meeting at all to hear such a report from one of the old residents. Is that the right kind?

A prominent evangelist said it took him eight years to pay off old debts, and when he had done it I tell you he could dig up the sinners.

I believe God will save you now, and help you pay off all those old debts if you will be honest before Him. You will never want to meet Jesus with tainted money or have debts you are not making an honest effort to pay off. As soon as Zacchaeus got out of the tree he said if he had taken ought from any one he would pay fourfold. He was not willing to pay back just what he had taken, if any, but to give \$4.00 for \$1.00. That shows he wanted to be right and willing to pay the price.

Brother, is that the reason you will not come to Christ, because you are not willing to pay up? You will not be dead a minute till you would be willing, if back on earth, to give tenfold. I had rather square up if it took my last cent, home, farm, or whatever I had, and mortgage

my life, than to have a guilty conscience, and be lost forever.

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." You can not pray till you are willing to make restitution.

A man at the altar in central Illinois would pray and stop; pray and stop. Finally he became desperate and said, "Lord I will pay for that rooster," and then he got the victory.

V. *Abandonment.* "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh them [his sins] shall have mercy." Any one having Bible conviction for sins and a Bible case of repentance, will not care to have anything farther to do with sin. The humiliation of confession and having to pay your debts anyway, will cure any case.

When Jesus said, "Strive to enter in," it was no doubt the confession and quitting the sinning business that would cause the struggle. Read carefully the 51st Psalm, and see whether a man cared to be caught again in sin's meshes.

As long as disease is ravaging the body, so long will our appetite be poor and irregular, so with the soul. We shall not enjoy the pure and blessed things God has provided for us as long as we hold on to any of the old life. The churches of a certain city entered a compact for a revival, and had a blessed man of God for

evangelist. When they preached a repentance and full salvation one church pulled out because they felt a man must sin a little to keep him humble. God gave the others a blessed meeting and results. A few months later the evangelist changed trains in that city, and having a little time visited a few of the friends. On the street he met an old brother of the church that pulled off. In answer to his inquiry as to how they were getting along, he said, "Badly. A good brother of the church has been drunk and we are in disgrace. We believe now in full salvation and Bible repentance, and going out of the sinning business."

The world has no use for a sinning religion or a mock repentance.

"The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

As sure as a man repents thoroughly God will blessedly save him, and so sure will he have a hungry soul that will cry for a clean heart, and then God will gloriously sanctify him. Then he will grow rapidly and expand like the spreading of a green bay tree, and his fruit will fall on every land. Amen!

ARROWSMITH, ILL.

The Call of the Cross

Written by E. J. MARVIN

As we look out upon this world we are constrained to believe the dominating sin of mankind is sensualism. Money-cursed, and luxury-damned aristocracy on both sides of the Atlantic, in the so-called civilized world, is being flooded and swept off its feet by a tidal wave of artistic vice, imported from hell *via* the Orient. The middle and lower classes are being swayed by the same influence and drawn under by the same maelstrom through papers, periodicals, theatres, and dance halls innumerable. The grewsome facts are before us and acknowledged by all intelligent persons.

As for the religious world the Christian church has been betrayed by its sentimental servants into softness that is akin and preparatory to sensuality. In our own churches some of our so-called men are so artificial they act as though they were afraid their mechanism would become unglued, or like that of a wax doll be disjointed if they ventured to church in a storm. The wholesome virility of the fire, lion, and world-defying Army of God; the non-conforming, revolutionary, world-upsetting, cross following spirit of Christianity has been dissipated. Our call is the old battle cry of the cross. Intemperance on all lines, in all places, among all classes, must be bombarded from the conquering cross. By its clarion call attention must be claimed, captured, and chained. The careless mind must be focused on the recognized facts of the fixity of character, the eternity of menury

and conscience, the independent and certain retribution of the law of sowing and reaping until such facts are seen and acknowledged. Regardless of all terms of orthodoxy, old or new theology, understood or misunderstood, superficial thinking and carnal inspired thought must be shot through and riddled by the facts of reality. The silly, sentimental, soft slaves of self must be contrasted and eclipsed by virile, radical, and real manhood and womanhood. The sin, self, and world conquered must be beset on all sides by the invincible band of sin, self, and world conquerors, who, with clear, ringing, positive, radical, and definite testimony, exalt no golden crucifix, but the old rugged Christian Cross, concerning which they, with unquestioned certainty, cry: *The cross (whereby) the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world!*

By such aggressive Christianity minds will be arrested and convinced, sense will be convicted, and souls will be condemned and made to realize that they stand on a scaffold of their own rearing on the brink of an endless and bottomless sinking of their own determining. Then the cross will get its claim and come to its own, the citadels of hell on earth be made to surrender, and there will be a landslide of sin-slaves toward sanctification the only cure for habit, the only hope of abstinence. To this end, O God, give us an army of men and women with the royal courage and rugged virility of a Daniel, a Paul, a Luther, a Knex, Fox, or a Wesley. The

holiness movement, or better, the river of holiness which flows from the throne of God, is His answer to our social, political, and religious problems. Temperance, anti-Catholic, and social movements where they disregard the Christ, and lack the dynamic of the cross can not hope for the blessing of God, or help in the progress of His kingdom. If all these movements

would push holiness, preach and practice the experience, blaze it abroad, burn it in, and concentrate on sanctification definitely wrought by God the Holy Ghost, we could make this old sin-ridden world tremble and fall at the feet of Jesus even today. Hear *the call of the cross*, brothers and sisters, rally around, and *by this sign conquer*.

Origin of the Pentecostal Church in Great Britain

Written by E. F. WALKER

IN THE providence of God it was my privilege, about fourteen years ago, to hold my first meeting with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Chateaugay, N. Y., of which Rev. George Sharpe was then pastor. Brother Sharpe had recently entered the Canaan of perfect love, and, like a Scotchman, was determined to settle in the goodly land. He was in heartiest sympathy with and labored most harmoniously and efficiently in the meeting, which proved a very blessed one, in spirit and fruitfulness.

In the latter part of 1901 Brother Sharpe came to his native Scotland on a visit. While here, he was invited to preach in the Congregational church at Ardrossan, not far from Glasgow. Four times he accepted their invitation, each time preaching holiness. As a result, he accepted an unanimous call to the pastorate of that church. He continued there four and a half years, constantly preaching and pressing "the instantaneous blessing." His ministry was owned by the Head of the Church, and many were the conversions and sanctifications. The membership increased from 125 to 275. Notwithstanding, some of the old members, who were unwilling to give up all for Jesus, continued to "kick against the goads."

Being unanimously called to the pastorate of the Parkhead Congregational church of Glasgow, after preaching twice there, the people having good opportunity to know the character of his ministry, for he both times preached on the subject of holiness, and they knew of his work at Ardrossan, he accepted, hoping for continued favor and success. Congregations grew in numbers; many persons were converted and sanctified; and the membership increased from 170 to 330. But the old ones could not or would not stand to it, and they stirred up dissatisfaction, with the result that Brother Sharpe was permitted to remain with them but thirteen months, when the congregation voted him out. Immediately eighty members left with him. That very evening they gathered in the street for a service; a committee was appointed to procure a house for meeting, bills were printed and scattered, and a good congregation gathered in a hall. Within a few days a church was organized, called the Parkhead Pentecostal Church, consisting of about eighty members. This was in the autumn of

1906. Since then the work has prospered, hundreds having professed conversion and sanctification—quite a number from communities outside the city. The year after the organization a fine church building was erected, at the cost of about \$15,000, with but \$5,000 of debt.

As a result of this work there have been seven other churches organized, in affiliation of faith and government. Besides, there are a number of missions running in different parts of Scotland and England, in sympathy with the Pentecostal Church. In doctrine and profession and spirit and work this church is just the same as the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The form of government is practically the same, although no church manual has as yet been prepared. The church has its annual assembly, as yet always with the mother organization at Parkhead, Glasgow.

At the last assembly it was unanimously voted to affiliate with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in foreign missionary work, for this is a missionary church, as all real Pentecostal churches are.

Very soon after the organization of Parkhead church a night school was begun. Now there is a Pentecostal Bible School. Brother Sharpe is at the head of this, with Rev. Olive M. Winchester, formerly a member of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in America, assisting. The school is small, but there are some very blessed young men in it studying for the ministry.

Last Autumn a monthly paper was started. It is an eight-page monthly—"The Holiness Herald." Brother Sharpe is also the editor of this. So it must be evident that he is a very busy man. But the Lord is raising up others to help him in the work. He is but forty-eight years of age, yet the strenuous work of these past twelve years is beginning to tell on him.

Shout! every buffet of Satan moves you heavenward. No persecution ever got in between a child of God and heaven. Glory! Glory! Glory! The world, the flesh and the devil are behind me—they drive me nearer home. Then shall I turn aside out of the way to escape trials? God forbid. Made white and tried, is the promise, and thus does our blessed heavenly Father turn our present sufferings into the "all things," which make for the good of them that love Him.—C. A. McC.

There is a general church missionary society, of which Miss Winchester is president. This work is well organized, and there is good zeal for missions and some systematic contributions to this cause.

From England I hastened to Glasgow, and after a "welcome" night, as is the custom here, I began my ministry of evangelism in the Parkhead church, where I preached for twelve nights, holiness being the constant theme. The Lord gave me His blessing and help, and good favor with the people, and there were a goodly number who professed conversion and sanctification.

In this same church, next month, I am to attend the annual assembly of this denomination, after which I am to hold a meeting in Edinburgh; and then back to my beloved America for continued work for Him whose I am and whom I serve. In the meantime, I have my time all engaged for brief meetings in all the Pentecostal churches and missions of Scotland.

Glasgow, Scotland, March 12, 1912.

Personal Work

Written by C. A. MICHESTER

NO MAN has become so depraved, and the longing for eternal life so far gone, that he will not respond to personal work, unless he has at some time so grieved the Holy Spirit that the Spirit has left him. He may have become hardened, seemingly indifferent to his soul's welfare, yet there is a touch which will soften the hardness of his heart, and to which he will respond. There is present that hope, in spite of indifference, that longing, in spite of discouragement. Many a poor soul goes to everlasting torment because no one has reached out a hand in His name and given that touch of Divine Love, which can, and does, soften the hardest of hearts.

Let us consider the man at the pool (St. John 5:5); here was one who had lain for many long years waiting the chance that he might step in and be healed; discouraged that he could not, and disappointed that no one had a hand to help him. Life, to him, was a perverted hope. But now the Touch: "Wilt thou be made whole?" Here was hope again aroused, yet the bitterness was voiced with the hope in his reply: "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

Ah, the need of the Touch, for of himself he could not be healed. Hope was not dead, for he still lingered, trusting for that help he must have. And help must come to many; they can not find rest of themselves. "Strait is the way and narrow is the gate * * and few there are who find it."

Father, help us to be helpers along the way, that we may be ready to give that touch for Thee; Thy workers, leading many to Thee, Whom to know is Life Eternal!

THERE'S NOBODY ELSE

Two little hands, so careful and brisk.

Putting the tea things away,
While Mother is resting, while in her chair,
For she has been busy all day;
And the dear little fingers are working for love

Although they are tender and wee;
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself—
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs,
For Father will quickly be here,
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire

That is burning so bright and so clear.
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch:

"He can not get in without me;
When Mother is tired, I open the door—
There's nobody else, you see."

—Selected.

"SUNNY BOBBIE"

"Sunny Bobbie" was the pet name given him in the home, where he was indeed the sunshine of a shut-in mother and careworn sister. No matter how gloomy the weather, his cheerful whistle could be heard as he went about his work at home and when on his way to and from school.

"Mother," he said one Sunday night as he leaned against her chair, "teacher talked a long time today about doing things to make other folks happy. She said there were always things we could do, if we tried, to brighten some life or make glad some heart. I have wondered what I could do. You know I can't give money and haven't time to spare to work away from home. Of course I am counting on doing big things when I am a man, but I'd like to begin right now."

"My dear little son," said his mother tenderly as she drew him down and kissed his rosy cheek, "you have already begun. You bring joy to our hearts every day, and both sister and I long for the merry whistle which tells of your coming and which sounds so cheerful as you go about your work."

"Why, mother, I just naturally love to whistle and sing," said Bobbie, "but I never thought of its helping anybody; and I am glad if it helps you, shut up in this room—so long."

He did indeed sing as naturally as a bird with a sweet, if untrained voice.

On his way to school Bobbie had to pass the shop of a blacksmith whose heart and conscience had become hardened and seared with sin. One morning Bobbie passed singing "How firm a foundation" and as the blacksmith was not busy just then, he listened. This, he remembered, was his mother's favorite song; and tender memories began to stir in his hard old heart and thoughts of the long ago came trooping in to soften the hard crust formed by selfishness and indifference. How often he had heard his mother's voice uniting with the congregation in singing this grand old hymn in the country church near his boyhood home! When the dying hour came, she had asked them to sing this song, and had tried with feeble voice to join in the last two verses. Tears began to roll down the furrowed cheeks of the old man; and as Bobbie's voice died away in the distance he buried his face in his toil-hardened hands and wept bitterly.

In the afternoon Deacon Haley came to have his horse shod. He noticed the subdued manner of the old blacksmith and the absence of the profane language he habitually used. The horse shod the deacon still lingered hoping he would tell him his trouble, and he had not long to wait.

"Deacon," said the old man, "you have been praying for me these many years, I know, and you have tried time and again to talk to me about my soul's salvation; but it seemed my old heart was so hardened and I had wandered so far away from my mother's teachings that nothing could reach me. But this morning something happened to make me think, and I am a miserable man, and I want you to pray for me right now."

Together they went into his house, and the

deacon prayed earnestly and talked long with him, quoting the precious promises in God's Word for such as he if they will repent and seek him with their whole heart. After a while the light of peace flooded his heart and joy gleamed in his eyes, and his friend left him rejoicing in his new-found happiness. The following Sunday he united with the church, and in the afternoon he went to the home of Bobbie's mother and told them how his singing had been the blessed means of bringing this new-found happiness. We may be sure the mother's heart sang for joy, and Bobbie was a happy boy when his mother told him the good news, saying: "You see, my dear boy, there are ways of accomplishing great good even if we do not have money and time to give. Just go on being brave and cheerful, and God will bless my Sunny Bobbie in bringing good to others."—Baptist Boys and Girls.

FUZZY THE NEWSBOY

Fuzzy Jarvis was a "newsy" in one of our large Southern cities. His short, curly hair had earned for him the title "Fuzzy," and he had been called by it so long now that nearly everyone had forgotten that he ever had any other name.

One morning a man drove up in front of one of the largest business houses and, tossing the reins to Fuzzy, who happened to be standing near by, hurried inside. Presently he reappeared and, smiling at the faithful Fuzzy, said: "Thank you, my boy. I was in a big hurry and your happening along just then helped me out. For they don't stand very well," nodding at the prancing horses. Dropping a quarter into the boy's hand, he drove away. But all the rest of the day that smile and those pleasant words lingered in Fuzzy's mind and brought a smile to his face. Far more did he think of the kind words than of the quarter. For had he not earned quarters before? But kindness was a rare thing to Fuzzy.

The next morning he lingered near the same corner, hoping that by chance he might see his friend again. Just as he was leaving his post the pretty team halted and again the same gentleman alighted, this time in less haste. But seeing Fuzzy standing expectantly, he tossed him the reins, saying as he did so: "Ah! you are here again, my friend. Are you always on this corner to hold people's horses?"

"I'm generally round here in the morning, sir," he answered.

"My friend!" Those words rang through Fuzzy's mind, and over and over again he repeated them. The gentleman had actually called him his friend. Had you asked Fuzzy to define the word "love," he could scarcely have done so. Deprived of parents at an early age, and with no near of kin, Fuzzy had little reason to know what love was. But there certainly was a strange feeling springing up in his heart whenever he thought of the "gentleman." Fuzzy did not call it love, simply because he did not call it anything. He finally asked another "newsy" who the gentleman was.

"Why, that's Judge Barone," was the reply. "Lives in the big white house on the corner of B— street."

Fuzzy knew the house. A palace, he called it.

One morning the judge drove up and stopped; but he was not alone. With him was a lad of about Fuzzy's own age—his son, Fuzzy soon discovered. His eyes were just as kind as those of his father, and as they came out of the building he took from his pocket a handful of peanuts and held them out to Fuzzy, who had been carefully guarding the team meanwhile.

Once after that Fuzzy saw the judge's son. That time he did not go in with his father but sat in the carriage and talked with Fuzzy. And he tossed him a coin and asked him to get some oranges from the fruit stand near by. And then, when Fuzzy had brought them, the lad held out one, saying: "Here you are. Catch it." Fuzzy did catch it and it formed the principal part of his dinner that day.

It was only a few days afterwards that he learned that the judge's son was sick. Then

for several days he saw nothing of the judge; and when he finally did come, he seemed in a great hurry, and there was a sad look on his face.

"How is your son, sir?" ventured Fuzzy as the judge came back to the carriage.

"He's no better today. In fact, I'm afraid he is not so well." It was a sad smile, and one that Fuzzy never forgot.

That afternoon the newsboy pulled the change from his pocket and counted it. A dollar and a half there was, and Fuzzy did some thinking. Suddenly two tears splashed down among the coins. "He's a nice man," Fuzzy said to himself between the catches in his breath. "An' the boy g-give me an orange, an' I'm sorry he's sick." He had wandered along until he stood in front of a large window where were displayed many kinds of beautiful plants and flowers. "An' he called me his friend," mused Fuzzy. "An' he always smiled at me, even when the boy was sick—an'—an' I'm sorry—an' I'd like him to know it." Then he went inside and began to inspect the flowers more closely.

"What do you want?" asked the clerk not very pleasantly, for Fuzzy did not look like a probable customer.

"I'd like something pretty for a sick boy," was the reply.

At sight of the tears which were still in Fuzzy's eyes the clerk's tone grew less harsh, and he replied: "This is a pretty one here."

"How much are those white ones?" asked Fuzzy.

"Two dollars."

Fuzzy's face fell and he passed on to another. He selected a white lily. "I guess I can afford that."

A few minutes later he stood at the door of the big white house. He asked to see the judge, for to no one else would he entrust his gift. Having left it, with a few timid, faltering words of sympathy he departed, wondering if the judge would understand how sorry he was.

A few days later when the judge stepped out of his carriage, instead of entering the building, as usual, he came directly up to Fuzzy. "My son would like to see you, my friend. He wanted me to bring you home with me. So if you'll jump right in here I'll take you up to see him. Can you go now?"

"Sure, sir," said Fuzzy. And he followed the judge into the carriage. As soon as he entered the room the judge's son held out his hand, saying: "Good morning! I wanted to thank you for that flower you brought me, and then I want to ask another favor of you."

"Sure, I'll do anything I can for you," was Fuzzy's reply.

"Well, you see I've taken a fancy to you. I've liked you all along, but I've liked you more ever since you brought that flower. And the doctor says it will be a long time before I am strong enough to be out, and it's dreadfully lonesome lying here all day. So I just asked father if he supposed you'd come and stay here, and—well, just pretend you're my brother, you know. I've always wished I had one. And you could play games with me, and we could have jolly times together, I know. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Why—er—'twould be nice. But—are you sure you want me? I haven't ever been to school much, an' I've no clothes fit to wear here, an'—"

"Of course I'm sure I want you, and I'll help you study from my books when I get a little stronger; and so you'll stay with me, won't you?"

Of course Fuzzy stayed, and the friendship which began then lasted all through their lives. Fuzzy often says now that he would not be the man that he is if it had not been for the judge and his son and their kindness to him.—R. F. Knapp, in Baptist Boys and Girls.

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL

Mrs. Goforth, the wife of the Scotch missionary to China, who has been so marvelously used by God in times of revival in that great Empire, has written the following ac-

count of how she found the Lord Jesus Christ when she was a little girl:

MY CONVERSION

In telling the story of my conversion, it is perhaps well that I should first relate an incident which had much to do in impressing my young mind with the reality of the Lord Jesus Christ, and giving me a distinctly religious bent. One day, when not more than seven years of age, I was playing with my companions, when suddenly I was seized with the most violent toothache. The nerves must have become exposed, for it was "jumping," and the pain was so great that I could only hold my hands to my face while I ran crying to my mother. She took me up in her arms and did all she could to comfort me, but the pain became every moment more violent. I was trembling all over and sobbing, when suddenly I remembered what my mother had told us children sometime before, that if we cried to the Lord Jesus He would hear us. In a moment my heart had silently lifted up this prayer: "Oh, Lord Jesus, take away this pain, and I will promise to be your little girl for three years!" Instantly the pain was gone. I did not say a word to anyone, not even my mother, of what had passed, and how the pain left, but jumped down and ran out again to play. But never for a moment did I forget that I had promised to be the Lord's little girl. True it is that for a long time I was kept from doing what was wrong for fear of the toothache returning; but later, as you will see, I learnt the love of Jesus. When eleven years of age a series of special meetings was held in connection with a mission Sunday school which we children had been connected with. These meetings were carried on by some earnest young men from the city of Montreal; we were living at the time some five miles out of that city. The leader of the meetings was Alfred Sandman. As my parents belonged to the Church of England, I had never before attended what is known as a gospel meeting. My eldest sister wished to attend. I was allowed to go with her. Never shall I forget that first meeting. Many of my schoolmates were there. The speaker gave a simple, earnest address on the love of God in giving His Son. The gospel was put so clearly that I can still recall the sensation of joy that filled my heart as I heard; and when at the close of his address he gave an invitation for any who wished to confess Jesus Christ as their Lord to stand up, I longed so much to do so that I thought my heart would burst; but I was afraid of what my companions, and specially what my sister, would think, and I let the opportunity pass. That night I could not sleep for a long, long time, but wept bitterly under the bed clothes. At last I gave myself to the Lord, and promised Him if He would give me another opportunity I would confess Him. The following night I was again allowed to accompany my sister. As soon as the invitation was given to acknowledge Jesus as Lord, I jumped to my feet. Though nearly forty years have passed since that day, the joy and peace that came over me comes back as yesterday. Many, many were the falls I had, but I can say now, with David, "Praise the Lord, He has brought me through." "I have gone through fire and through water, but thou hast brought me into a place of abundance." *Psa. 64: 12.—Bombay Guardian.*

HOW BETTIE DID

"O mother," said Bettie, looking up with a frown, "I wish you would let me stop studying arithmetic. I don't see any use in it. I just hate the old stuff. I can't get these sums to come out right at all."
 "Just keep on trying, dear, and they will come out," smiled her mother.
 "I have tried and tried. And, dear me, I am so anxious to get at my new book."
 Her mother smiled. "Ah! that is the reason that you do not get the answers right; your thoughts are on the new book."
 There was a silence, and Bettie said: "I can't get the answer out. I guess the answer in the book is wrong."
 "Let me see your work," said her mother.
 Bettie brought over her pad to the table where mother was sewing. Her mother

glanced at the sum she had been working and, after a minute, said: "I see your mistake. Work it over slowly again."

"O mother, show me the mistake."
 "No, Bettie; you must find it out for yourself."

"O mother, it will take me so long, and I do want to get through so that I can read my book," pleaded Bettie.

Her mother shook her head. "It is a simple mistake; and if you had been giving all your thoughts to your work, you would not have made it. Come, dear; go over your work very carefully, and you will easily see your mistake. There will be no trouble about the answer's coming out when you have found your mistake and corrected it."

Bettie took her pad and returned to her seat, frowning and feeling very cross indeed. She wished there never was such a thing as arithmetic, anyway. O dear, and there was that new book that grandma had sent her! She knew it was a perfectly splendid story, and she hadn't read a word of it all on account of those horrid sums.

"Mother," she returned presently, "mayn't I do these sums this afternoon? You see, I am tired now and—"

"No, Bettie," returned her mother firmly. "You must finish those sums before you do anything else."

With a great sigh Bettie went to work again. In a short time she jumped up. "O, I've got it! Just think what a silly mistake I made! I said three and two are four, and that put all the sum wrong."

"Of course it did. Now get the answer to the other five sums, and you may read your new book."

In about half an hour Bettie announced that all the answers had come out correctly, and she brought the paper of neat figures to show her mother.

Her mother kissed her. "Now read your book, dear."

Bettie curled up on the cushioned window seat. It was just the day to read, she thought, for it was raining outside, and there was a bright fire in the grate.

Presently the maid came to the door and called her mother out. After a few minutes her mother came back and said: "Mrs. Murphy has brought little Hilda for Bridget to keep while she goes to the city on business. I hope she won't trouble Bridget, for she is so busy." Mrs. Murphy was the washer-woman.

Presently Bettie thought she would like an apple. She went out to the kitchen to get one. Bridget was busy with her Saturday baking. Little Hilda was sitting in a corner on a low stool with her hands folded and looking very lonely. Bettie spoke kindly to her and gave her an apple. When she had returned to her book again, she couldn't help thinking of little Hilda. How lonely she looked! Bridget was too busy even to talk to her. Poor little girl! She never had a good time. Her mother was out washing most of the time, and she had to be left in the care of a neighbor who was not always kind to her. "She might come in here and sit," thought Bettie. "But I am reading, and mother is going downtown presently."

Somehow the new book did not interest Bettie as much as she thought it would. She could not get Hilda out of her mind.

"I guess I'll bring her in here and play with her a while. Then I can read afterwards."

She told her mother, who said it was a splendid idea. Poor little Hilda was delighted to be brought in and to look at Bettie's dolls and picture books. And Bettie got so interested in entertaining her that she forgot all about her book. You see, there is nothing like making some one else happy.—*Emily S. Windsor, in Christian Advocate.*

CLEAN HANDS

No one likes the grubby boy, the boy who is clean only once a week—on bath night and possibly on Sunday. If there is any dirt going, he always seems to get the lion's share. And the trouble is that he doesn't mind. Perhaps, indeed, he is not conscious of the fact that he is an untidy fellow. He is a worry to his mother and his teacher, but never to himself. He is quite content to be grimy. His nails are always in mourn-

ing; for when he does in a fit of absent-mindedness find his way to the bathroom, the water butt or the pump, as the case may be, he skimps the cleansing operation so thoroughly that he never gets to the root of the evil. He has a natural dislike for soap, and a nail brush is his pet aversion.

Hands are great telltales. Some people profess to read all sorts of mysteries in the palm; but whether their reading is true or false, one thing is certain—the boy who does not keep his hands clean is untidy generally. Shakespeare speaks of the schoolboy "with shining morning face." Yes, and the boy who has applied the soap and water with sufficient vigor to make his face shine will have his hands clean, too; and these being clean, he will brush his clothes to match and comb his hair and put on a clean collar and make his boots to gleam like two black mirrors. Chronically dirty hands mean a dirty, slovenly boy, and nicely kept hands mean exactly the opposite.

Of course there is dirt and dirt. When I lived in a great Northern town, I used to meet the men coming home to their dinner from the ironworks. They were all as black as tinkers. But I admired them. I knew some of them, and would often stop and shake hands. "My hands are dirty," they would sometimes say; but I would reply: "O, it's clean dirt, old friend." Of course it was. It was the mark of honest, manly labor. Did you ever see the colliers come up from the coal pit? Weren't they blackamoors? They had been facing death all day to win from mother earth something to make the wheels of industry go round and to earn a living for "wife and weans." Noble fellows! Their hands were clean enough. Never be ashamed of the grime of toil, boys.

Outside my office window for several years stood a man who had the outward appearance of a gentleman. He dressed in rather a "loud" style, certainly, but he had rings on his fingers and a diamond scarfpin and spotless hands. O, yes, his hands were beyond reproach, for he never did an honest day's work in all the years I watched him. But in my sight, and certainly in the eyes of One who sees not as man sees, his hands were filthy. Why? Because he spent his time in taking bets on horse races from printer boys and other young fellows who were foolish enough to put their hard-earned wages into his dirty paw. That honest collier, fresh from the pit, is a white-robed angel compared with him. Clean hands, indeed! No! his hands were soiled with the dirt that won't come off. Shun him as you would the plague.—*A. B. Cooper, in Journal and Messenger.*

That song is sweetest, bravest, best,
 Which plucks the thistle-barb of care
 From a despondent brother's breast,
 And plants a sprig of heart's-case there.
 —Exchange.

Some Sacred Memories. II

Continued from page twelve.

And yet with such names as Mary Fletcher, John Nelson, William Bramwell, Samuel Hick, William Dawson, and David Stoner identified with the community about Morley, for over forty years George Pawson had to stand there in the church alone, true to Scriptural holiness, finally to leave the Methodist church and arrange for the coming from Scotland of a preacher of a new denomination of Christians—called "The Pentecostal Church"—that the glorious truth should there again be preached and pressed. And surely it was high time. One who ought surely to know tells me that at the last meeting of the Synod of the Wesleyan Church, held in Morley, three rooms were set apart in the church building as smoking rooms for the preachers, and that during the sessions of the Synod a number of the preachers were in a hall next door, playing billiards. Shades of Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, Nelson, Bramwell, Hick, Dawson, Stoner!!!

Let us pray that the Lord who has begun a good work there by the Pentecostal Church may continue and increase it by the Spirit that keeps true, and humble, and unctuous, and strong.

Glasgow, Scotland, March 12, 1914.

The Work and the Workers

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR HOLINESS MEETINGS IN ALBERTA, CAN.—Will any Alberta readers who would like a tent meeting, or a series of meetings, anywhere in the province, kindly write me, Box 694, Red Deer, Alta., Can.—W. B. TAIT.

NOTICE—I will be at home for a few weeks, at our new address, 2318 Webster street, Berkeley, Cal., taking a much needed rest. Will my correspondents please make a note of this.—FRED ST. CLAIRE.

NOTICE, PITTSBURGH DISTRICT.—Let all candidates be prepared to take examinations at the Assembly who have not previously been examined by their pastors under the rules adopted at the last Assembly at East Palestine, Ohio. Now is the time to prepare if you have not done so. Buy your books and study diligently until May 12th. Assembly meets at Brother Norris' church, Pittsburgh, Pa.—ITEV. GEORGE WARD, *Secretary Board of Examiners.*

DISTRICT NEWS

HAMLIN

We are having great victory on the Hamlin District. I recently visited Brother Henson's church at Cisco. They were in a revival. I then went to Dublin where Brother Bellew is pastor. He is busy with his people, and is making a good pastor. I came over to Bridgeport, Sunset, and Shannon, where God is giving Brother Manney victory in his work. Brother Edgar Burkart, of Sunset, took Brother Manney and me over to Shannon in his car. It was a great trip for the district superintendent. Brother Burkart is a great singer. If you need a campmeeting singer, write him at Sunset, Texas. I go on to Wellington for a rally.

B. M. KILGORE, Dist. Supt.

MISSISSIPPI

We visited our church at Prospect, where pastor Ashford is doing fine work, and had a good meeting. We licensed one deaconess. From there we went to Liberty where many came into the experience of regeneration and sanctification. Tobacco was given up and women pulled off their jewelry, for God was in the lead. We will organize a church there some time this year. We preached at Water Valley with fine interest. At Rosebloom we had a good meeting with our church. Pastor J. N. Whitehead is a fine man and has the esteem of all the people. We will hold a meeting there in the summer. Arriving at home after an absence of six weeks, we found District Evangelist Jay in a meeting. Our preachers' meeting will be held here the 27th, 28th, and 29th. To the preachers who are desiring to come to this country, I would say that while we can give no guarantees of support our people take care of the workers who show that they are all right.

I. D. FARMER, Dist. Supt.

KANSAS

From reports received, and from what I am seeing for myself, this is a year of good revival victories among us. Thank the dear Lord!

Brother Mark Whitney, our pastor at Sylvia, reports a most gracious time there, with scores definitely blessed in one or both works of grace. I was there for the mid-week prayer service lately and we had a precious season.

Recently I spent my first Sunday in Hutchinson since the assembly. Our work is in fine shape here. Some happy and necessary changes in the school are being made. The full college course has been adopted, and the matter of placing the school under district management is under consideration.

We have some good people at Langdon, whom Brother H. J. Beaver is serving as pastor. God has given revival victory here also, Brother Beaver having been assisted by our pastor at Pekin, C. F. Price.

Faithful, persistent work will win, as Brother Chas. F. Crites, and his small band at Maize have proven. Here we have just organized a church of nine members, and with good promise of further success and blessing.

The Rescue Board meets today at Wichita. We are expecting to help a while in revival services at this place with Pastor J. H. Estes.

H. M. CHAMBERS, Dist. Supt.

WASHINGTON-PHILADELPHIA ASSEMBLY

The seventh annual assembly of the Washington Philadelphia District will be held in the Wiley M. E. Church, corner 3rd and Beckett streets, Camden, N. J., April 15-19, 1914. A great preparatory service will be held, Tuesday the 14th, at 7:30 p. m., at which time all the ministers and delegates are urged to be present.

The business sessions will open on Wednesday, the 15th, at 9 a. m. Rev. P. F. Bresee, D. D., of California, will preside. The general public is invited to all the sessions and services of the assembly. Dr. Bresee is expected to preach every night. All day meeting Sunday the 19th.

The Board of Examination will meet at the church on Tuesday, the 14th, at 9 a. m. At this time all licensed preachers shall be present for examination in course of study.

All persons desiring entertainment must write promptly to Rev. J. G. Chamberlain, 412 Berkley St., Camden, N. J. To your knees, O Israel, that heaven may come down, making this the greatest assembly we have yet had.

H. G. TRUMBAUER, Dist. Supt.

DALLAS

Am at this writing engaged in a meeting at Rock Hill, Texas. Brother J. E. Bates is my co-worker here. It is in the neighborhood where he was raised, and the people love him very dearly. God is blessing; six were at the altar last night, and five prayed through. I go from here to Grand Saline, for a meeting with our church. I wish to announce to the preachers of the Dallas District, that we will hold our preachers' convention for this district

TELEGRAM.

OSKALOOSA, IA., MARCH 30, 1914.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Another church organized! Sunday, March 29th, red-letter day at Oskaloosa, Iowa. I. G. Martin has been with us since March 24th; has been greatly used to rally the people to the standards of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. On Sunday afternoon he organized a class of fifty-one members—more to follow.

E. A. CLARK, *Dist. Supt.*

at Denison, Texas, beginning on Thursday night, May 28th, closing Sunday night, the 31st. All the preachers are especially invited, and I hope will attend. Will publish the program as soon as possible; so arrange to be with us. Let all who expect to come please drop a card to Rev. W. D. Moore, Peniel, Texas, who will arrange for your entertainment.

W. F. DALLAS, *Dist. Supt.*

NEW ENGLAND NOTES AND PERSONALS

An Easter convention will be observed in pastor Norberry's church. Brothers Beers and Peavey, and others are to be the workers.

Pastor E. H. Post closes his work at Stoneham at the close of this assembly year. He is now closing his twenty-third year of active ministry.

Sister Martha Curry closes her services at the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute at the end of the winter term.

Our Haverhill church is to hold the long-expected evangelistic services, under Sister Curry, some time during April.

Many of the old friends of the P. C. I. will be glad to learn that Dr. Archibald is to return

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to the school at the beginning of the spring term. Dr. Archibald will be the principal of the institution, and have charge in general.

The Board of Directors and the Educational Committee of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute met at the Institution the latter part of March. Plans were discussed to push the work of the school for the ensuing year.

Several souls got to God in the extra meetings held in our East Wareham church. Pastor Edwards and his godly people are rejoicing over the victories.

Sunday, March 29th, was the day set for the dedication of the new church building at East Wareham, Mass. Holiness in New England is growing.

There were many false prophecies a few years ago in relation to the permanency of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in New England. If any such doubt existed then, with these false prophets, surely it must have fled ere this. The Pentecostal-Nazarene Church in New England has come to stay.

The New England District Assembly meets in Providence, R. I., April 29th to May 3d. Rev. Dr. P. F. Bresee will be the general superintendent in charge. Welcome to New England dear Doctor!

Dr. Bresee writes us that there are one or two places he may visit in connection with our work in New England after the assembly ere he returns west. If any of our preachers want the Doctor to put in an all-day meeting, it may be he could arrange for one or two more. Write him at once.

Brother John S. Kimber, of Newport, R. I., was the speaker at the last missionary service at the writer's church. It was both spiritual and instructive.

Rev. Chas. B. Bromley, a good, old-fashioned Methodist preacher, is added to the list of holiness preachers of Providence, R. I. He will be one of the preachers in the Easter convention.

Sister Fanny Crosby, that saintly, sacred-hymn writer, just passed her ninety-second mile-stone in her earthly pilgrimage. Though physically blind, she has great spiritual insight, and has been blessed of God in opening many people's spiritual eyes. She has blessed us all as we have sung her heaven-inspired hymns!

The Portsmouth Campmeeting Board will hold another important meeting in Providence during the Easter convention.

All our pastors and delegates are looking forward with great pleasure to a very gracious time at the coming assembly. How thankful to God we should be that death has not visited the ranks of our preachers—and especially that the old warriors are still with us. Let us all pray that God will give Providence a veritable Pentecost during our district assembly. Let us all come prepared for it. Amen!

"KEEP ON BELIEVING"

ALBERTA (CANADA)

It is some time since Herald readers have heard from this far off corner of the field, but we are glad to report times of victory, blessing and salvation.

The Red Deer church has had a good winter, with increasing congregations and frequent altar services, in which a goodly number have found the Lord as Savior or Sanctifier. The Alberta Holiness Association has just closed a convention in this church, March 18th and 19th, which was probably the largest in point of representation that has ever been held in the province. Rev. M. T. Clink, of Calgary, was the principal speaker. God used his powerful messages to the edification of the saints; conviction came on all classes, and things were brought to pass at the altar. Rev. J. S. Daum and wife, of Didsbury, were present. Brother Daum is president of the association, and preached us a wonderful sermon Thursday morning on the good things of Canaan land. Miss M. A. White, of Beulah Mission, Edmonton, preached with great acceptance Thursday afternoon, and God honored the Word. We had seekers in almost every service.

Calgary church is moving up steadily. Brother Bell reports good congregations and souls in the fountain. Brother Bell expects to take the field shortly and will campaign during the summer with our district tent, throughout the province. May God help him to kindle a num-

General Superintendents' Fund

We find it necessary to write all of our pastors regarding the General Superintendents' support. The money has not come in sufficient amounts to meet the needs. As you no doubt are aware, Dr. Walker is now on a mission for the church in Scotland, involving expense and much sacrifice and hard labor. Dr. Bresee has been actively engaged in the interests of the church all winter and is now about to start out with his assembly work. Brother Reynolds is doing a great work in visiting our foreign stations. The Lord is wonderfully blessing him in his work. We look for great results. Eternity only will reveal what these labors will result in.

All this involves heavy travelling expenses, but if all our churches will do their best, even though the offering is small at this time, it will greatly aid. I know our churches are burdened down almost beyond their limit, and yet I am sure that they will do their best at this time to meet this urgent need.

Will you kindly pray about it and if you have not already paid into this fund, arrange for it as soon as possible. We can not tell you how much it will be appreciated at this time. Every little helps. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. We know that the majority of our people give with a glad heart.

Money may be sent to your District Treasurer with instructions how to be credited or may be sent to the undersigned direct. Please mention the name of your District when remitting to me, so I will be able to give proper credit for same.

Yours in the Lord's service.

E. G. ANDERSON, Treasurer.

ber of new fires. Rev. E. E. Martin, of Lowell, Mass., has accepted a call to the Calgary work, and will commence pastoral duties there early in May. The work of holiness is getting a grip in this new country. It was the writer's privilege to labor for one week at the close of a four weeks' meeting, with Brother Daum in the Evangelical church at Didsbury, just recently. In the neighborhood of thirty seekers were at the altar during the week. God is greatly blessing this faithful man and his wife, who are standing true to full salvation truth.

I expect to be at Granum, Alta., April 3d-12th, in a campaign with Brother J. J. Goozee, who has been pushing the work at that point. Calls are coming from various places, and the prospects are bright for a good summer's work. Rev. E. F. Walker and T. E. Henderson will be the preachers at the Provincial Association camp, July 10th-20th, in Edmonton, and we expect to have Rev. C. F. Weigle at Calgary and Red Deer for our Nazarene meetings in August. God bless in this holy war everywhere. Let the saints pray for us in Alberta. We have the vision and are going on.

W. B. TAIT, Dist. Supt.

DAKOTAS-MONTANA-MINNESOTA

I was called to hold a meeting to the Birth-hold Reservation, sixteen miles from Plaza, N. D., where Rev. C. D. Norris, Brother and Sister Melligen, Brother and Sister Hanson, and Brother and Sister DeTeene moved last spring, taking up homesteads. The country is quite thickly settled. They commenced prayer meetings from house to house, which resulted in a revival, in which many were saved. Brother Norris preached for them a few nights, then sent for the writer who preached five nights. Some sought the second blessing and found it. On Sunday, March 15th, we organized with sixteen members. They are looking forward to building a church where they can gather for worship. They have a nice Sunday school going.

From there we came to Minot, N. D., for a few nights' meeting. The Lord was in our midst in power; a number sought, some for holiness, some to be saved and reclaimed. Brother Trager is holding on in that town for God to do great things.

March 21st I was called to Homestead, Mont.,

by Brother Jenson and the folks saved in the revival which Brother Prine held. Brother and Sister Jenson and Brother Rowe moved there last September and saw the need of real salvation, to come to that new town and they went about in the right direction; organized a Sunday school. Last February they sent for Brother Prine for a meeting, and they had some good cases of salvation. One merchant in the town was saved and his wife also. On the Saturday night the writer preached and God gave the man light on the snuff he had for sale in his store, and on the following Sunday morning, when he built the fire in his stove he put all his snuff in the stove and made fire with it. Sunday afternoon, March 22nd, we organized a church with fourteen members, and they are gone to work to build a church. This is a new town, and we are the first in. There is no opposition as yet. The editor of the paper in this town was converted. He was once advertising the saloons, but now he has cut that all out, and is preaching prohibition.

Brother Nolt, at Mt. Vernon, the Lord is blessing with his people. They are putting forth an earnest effort for a church building. One man has given the lot, and they expect to have the structure well up by the assembly.

Evangelist Kunze is at Triumph, Minn. In a meeting with Brother Allen, Brother Prine is with Brother Irwin at Norma engaged in evangelistic services. The Lord is blessing the district with an earnest desire for lost souls.

LYMAN BROUGH, Dist. Supt.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS

PENTECOSTAL NAZARENE WORK IN MICHIGAN

Our work in Michigan is now so much larger than the District minutes indicate, we having organized many new fields since Assembly, that a word here will be interesting to all the readers of the HERALD OF HOLINESS.

We have now eight regularly organized stations and circuits, manned by resident pastors. There are about twenty places where regular services are held. Many of these places will be organized before the next Assembly, making, in all probability, fifteen regular Pentecostal Nazarene churches by that time. Enough so that we will doubtless ask for a separate District. We now have about 400 members in the state, and will have 600 by Assembly time. Everywhere the work is progressing steadily and surely. The quality of membership in Michigan is exceptional. This is in some sense a burned-over district and there are quite a number of derelicts in this sea, but up to the present we have been kept in the clean and clear way.

Our last lusty child to be born is near the city of Lapeer, a church of forty members of as good people as stand on dirt. Brother Bradley worked amongst them for a few weeks and plotted the work to a consummation. They are planning to build right away. Until the pastor gets on the field Brother Bradley is caring for them. A finer man than Bradley is hard to find. You have confidence in him for just such work as that. There will be no bad moves if he is on the job. This gives us another fine church in the eastern part of the state, and opens up a large section of country that will make fine territory for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

Our Caro church is also in that section of the state, and is a marvel in many ways. They have nearly one hundred members. Rev. Ira E. Miller is the pastor. He writes me that there are probably a half dozen other churches that will be ready to be organized soon. Another preacher by the name of Bush, formerly with the Methodist Church, has come to us up in that country. A strong man, with a clean record and good work.

Other new places are Kalamazoo and Lansing. W. J. Cross is at Kalamazoo, and Edward E. Micus is at Lansing. Both places are going up the way with victory. These fields are in two of our largest cities of Michigan.

Brother F. W. Magdanz is preaching at Hopkins and two other places, all of which will make a fine circuit soon. Brother J. H. Clymer and wife are preaching in a defunct Baptist church near Allendale. A. H. Kaufman is opening up a work at Houghton Lake. Another brother, Rev. L. G. Moore, formerly with the Methodist Church, is opening up work in Yorkville and Olivet as fast as his health will permit. The Lord has just raised him up from the gates of death, and he intends being able to handle a hard work in a month or two. Another successful Methodist preacher is coming from Wisconsin to Michigan and join us this summer, and we will have a work for him.

SOME SACRED MEMORIES. II

Edward F. Walker, D. D.

□ □

THE first person to whom I was introduced after reaching England was a Miss Hick, who is a domestic in the home of Rev. J. E. Watson, pastor of the Pentecostal Church at Morley. At once I thought of "Sammy Hick," the "Village Blacksmith Preacher," and this young woman proved to be a relative of the same. At the church I met a brother by the name of Hick, and he also was a relative of this man of mark in the holiness movement in England under the Wesleys and their co-adjutors. At once I found that I was in the very region where the original "Sammy" did his exploits for God and holiness.

I accepted the offer of Brother Pawson, and he took me to the village where the man of God lived and labored to get others fully saved, and where he worked at his trade to help pay the expenses. He was at first a class leader among the Methodists; then he became a local preacher, and all over England he became well known, and among the godly was highly esteemed for his original, spiritual, and able presentations of the gospel in its fullness and power. In early life he had been somewhat burley and given to sport; but the field preaching of the itinerant Methodists, under God, turned him from sin to righteousness. Not long afterwards, he was filled with that righteousness to which he was turned at conversion. A great revival was on at a place near his home, and he was one of the most interested and blessed. Here are his own words in connection with that meeting: "Some hundreds of souls were converted to God, and many were sanctified. I was one of the happy number, not only convinced of the necessity of Christian holiness, but who, blessed be the Lord! proved for myself that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Here we see, as Wesley advised, the two works—conversion and sanctification—"went on together," as "hundreds were converted" and "many were sanctified" in that same meeting. And this was the kind of a meeting that was held on the Day of Pentecost—the inaugural day of aggressive, triumphant Christianity.

"The Village Blacksmith" became known as a "holiness man." To the doctrine and experience he was faithful unto death, and the seals of his ministry were many. Stephens, the Methodist historian, says of the man and his blessing of full salvation: "His whole subsequent life attested this new change. Thenceforth, 'sanctification' of heart and life was his favorite theme, in the pulpit and out of it, till his death. One of his old companions in the faith, William Dawson, a man of similar character and celebrity, says: 'He experienced it upward of thirty years; lived and died in the full possession of its excellencies. O with what warmth, affection, and pathos he used to speak of his enjoying the perfect love of God in his heart! that love which casts out tormenting fear, and strongly and sweetly constrains the whole soul to engage in the whole will of God, as revealed in His word.'"

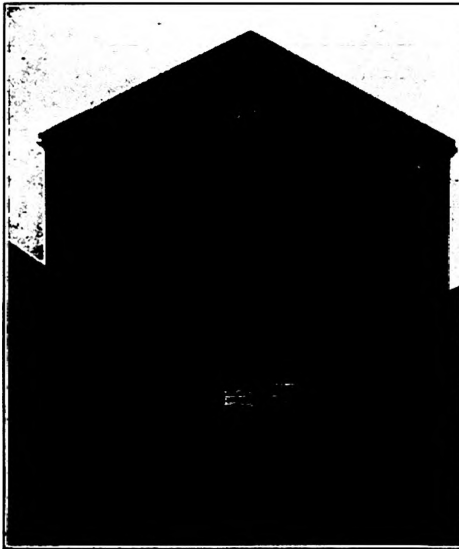
At Mickelfield, Yorkshire, I spent some time in the little chapel which was built by the zeal of this man of God, and largely through his own personal self-denial. The building is quaint, though it now has in it a little modern pipe organ; but beyond a picture of its founder, which was hanging upon a wall of the school-room, I saw no signs of holiness thereabouts.

About two miles away, I looked upon the preserved tower of the old windmill that was wont to grind grain for the people, and which, after a long windless spell, in which there was no grinding, and the people were without even enough flour to furnish bread for a lovefeast, was set going in answer to the prayer of Hick, and continued until grain enough was ground for the lovefeast, when it stopped again. It is now generally and affectionately known and spoken of as "Sammy Hick's Windmill."

A few miles farther on, I entered the parish (Established) churchyard, and stood by the grave of this man of God. It is right under a window which was placed

there by the Wesleys in sacred memory. The window, which is double, is representative of the Good Samaritan—which certainly this man was, both to the bodies and souls of his fellowmen. His holiness was practical as well as experimental; a goodness to serve his generation, as well as to occasion testimony and shouting.

Here are the words of a writer cognizant and appreciative of the worth of this real man of God: "It is hardly possible to estimate the fruits of this man's labors and prayers. Nor was his usefulness, notwithstanding his humble abilities, confined to those of his own rank in life: gentlemen, country squires, members of parliament, even peers of the realm, often heard from his lips the truth of God, delivered in a manner which, from the holy unction with which it was charged, roused in their minds serious thoughts of God and religion; and not unfrequently so as at once to convey instruction and awaken real respect for the truth and its zealous teacher." Professor of holiness: ponder these words and their deep import for you!



Pentecostal Church, Gildersome

On the same day, and but a few miles distant, I visited another village and stood by the grave of William Dawson, "the Yorkshire Farmer Preacher," and was in the Wesleyan chapel that stands as a memorial to this illustrious Methodist. The place is about seven miles from the great city of Leeds. Few if any of the early Methodists, except, of course, the great founders of Methodism, are better known and more highly esteemed in that church history than William Dawson. He was a man of power and beauty, physically, mentally, and spiritually. He flourished (yes, that is the word; like the palm tree) in the beginning of last century. He was a genuine Methodist local preacher. He professed and proclaimed that Christ is able to save the uttermost. Many were brought to God and holiness under his original and powerful ministry. He did much for missions and church extensions and Sunday schools. He was an all-round, symmetrical man and minister of God. Of course he was a close friend of such men as William Bramwell and Sammy Hick, men of the same region, faith, experience, life, and work. One has said of him: "Strong in his manhood, tender and gentle as womanhood, simple and confiding as childhood; apostolic in faith and life; a poetic orator in rustic guise—such was William Dawson." Of his preaching one who heard him said: "Not a man, woman, or

child could resist him; and there was so much Scripture in his representations, and all said in honor of Christ, that the speaker, with the sacred magic wand, was hid in the glory of the Divine Redeemer." What a characterization for a minister of Christ!

For a well-rounded lifetime William Dawson made full proof of his Christianhood and ministry, to the very last witnessing a good confession, and was in the evening of life called above to rest from his labors. His funeral procession in Leeds was through a mile and a half of streets densely lined with humanity deeply appreciative of a life well spent for God and man. His remains lie in a parish churchyard just back of an impressive stone church over three hundred years old. It is marked by an humble sandstone slab. About two hundred yards from his grave is a Wesleyan chapel, erected to his memory and bearing his name. While in this chapel I asked the caretaker if sanctification was now preached in this church. She answered yes, with considerable hesitancy. Then I asked her if any there professed the experience. Without hesitation she answered no. She seemed embarrassed by my questions on this line; and this in the memorial church of "Billy Dawson." Alas!

The next Sabbath I was privileged to preach in the Pentecostal Church of Gildersome, two miles from Morley (a picture of which I send), where Brother Edmund Roach, a licentiate, is the pastor. Brother Roach is a most excellent man of God, a good preacher, and successful soul-winner. The church house—an old stone one—was recently purchased from the Wesleys. I found it a great delight to preach in that house crowded with people. There William Bramwell and David Stoner had preached the early part of last century. They were of like precious faith with this preacher, and there was given me in that pulpit of God a peculiar inspiration as I preached holiness to the crowd. Such had been the constant theme of Bramwell. Of that full-salvation preacher it had been said: "As soon as he entered the pulpit his soul became unburdened; in the midst of his sermon he would obtain full liberty. Enraptured with the glories of heaven, and filled with holy fervor and zeal, he would lose sight of his presence in the body. At such seasons the Spirit's influences would be shed abroad; and if there was a heart that felt not, surely that heart was hardened by wilful prejudice, or had become a willing captive to a Laodicean spirit."

David Stoner, who obtained full deliverance from sin two years after the death of William Bramwell, was called "a second Bramwell." Of all the biographies which I have read, not one made such deep impression on my mind and heart as the life of David Stoner. He was a young preacher on a circuit not far from Gildersome, and a great lover of Bramwell. While earnestly seeking sanctification, he wrote that he thought that "if Mr. Bramwell were somewhere within fifty miles I would go to him that he might teach me and pray for me." But Bramwell was in heaven, and the young preacher had to turn to Jesus for the guidance and help he craved; and he who had said, "Lo, I am with you always," helped the seeker through. Again he wrote, two weeks after his expressed longing for Bramwell: "Glory be to God! My soul is happy in His love. I feel that Christ has my heart. Whether this be sanctification or not, I have not the clear assurance: but my soul is full of love and joy." Very soon he not only believed, but was sure that perfect love was his, and in his brief ministry as a full-salvation preacher God through this young seraph, in the pulpit and out of it, led many into clear assurance of the experience he lived and proclaimed. He was a veritable flame of fire, and his zeal for the full salvation of men knew no abating. Even his last expiring breath was spent in intercessions for others, that they might know this great salvation.

Continued on page nine, bottom column three.

Brother Buxton is blazing away all over the state, and making things go for the Lord. Hanks and his wife are doing great work at Harrietta, preaching in four places all the time. Brother Harris, at Falmouth, preaches at three places. Clark is doing good work at Hope and surrounding country. The Nazarenes are on the map in Michigan for sure.

J. W. LAWRENCE.

VALLEJO, CAL.

In response to a call, we began a special meeting, February 22nd, at Vallejo, Cal., where we found some few people who are good and seemed to stand for holiness in an organized form. At the end of four weeks' hard-fought battle we can report some real results, and a brighter outlook for the future.

Our young pastor, Walworth, is optimistic, full of faith, believes in the fire, and expects to conquer in Jesus' name. Truly God is working in this place, and no doubt we shall yet have a good Nazarene work established here.

We begin our next engagement at Milton, Cal., April 5th.

T. S. MASHBURN, *Evangelist.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO

I have been holding some services with the St. Clair Street holiness mission lately, and the Lord has blessed. There has not been a barren service. A week ago Sunday, at the request of the superintendent, I conducted a public reception of members. They took in a class of twenty-two. What a time of shouting and rejoicing there was. After preaching, a goodly number came to the altar as seekers for salvation.

Last night I preached a second-blessing sermon from the subject of Gideon, and ten definite seekers were at the altar and prayed through in the old-fashioned way. Some Congregational folk were in, and the altar service got so warm they had to leave.

I am planning on attending the New England District Assembly.

JAS. G. WILKIN, *Evangelist.*
2257 East Eighty-seventh Street.

DECATUR, ILL.

We are able to report victory through the blood of Jesus in Decatur.

Three were saved last Sunday, and one last night at prayer meeting, making a total of thirty-two, saved or sanctified, since the revival which closed in January and since I came on the charge in October, 1910.

We will begin work on our new church building next week, if we can get the brick. We have the lot, worth \$600, paid for, about \$800 pledged on our new building, with \$100 in cash.

I was called to visit the Carpenters' union last night, and got to preach to them of the great love of Jesus. We got blessed real good, and at the end of the sermon they made a donation on our new church of \$150.

L. G. MILBY, *Pastor.*
1411 North Morgan Street.

A BROTHER'S LOSS

Song Evangelist B. D. Sutton of this place, while on his way home from a meeting on the Iowa District, lost a purse of fifty dollars. Owing to the sickness of his wife he will not be able to get into the field for several days. He is distressed and needs our help at this time. Will his friends respond and cheer his heart in this time of need? I trust so. Send all offerings to B. D. Sutton, Olivet, Ill.

E. E. WOOD, *Evangelist.*

ROSCOE, TEXAS

At our last report we were in a gracious revival with the Cisco church. Sister Nettie Hudson remained with us until Wednesday of the second week, and the writer and the singer continued the meeting on over the third Sunday, and closed out in a blaze of glory.

How the Lord did bless us; the waves of glory ran high, and the shouts of victory were heard at almost every service. There were thirty-four professions, and a number united with the church.

Sister Nettie Hudson is a strong preacher, and is doing a great work for God and the church. Sister Ila Hurley, the singer, is a niece of our missionary, Miss Myrtle Mangum, and has some of the same martyr's blood in her veins. She handled the music well and preached us a splendid sermon on the last Sunday afternoon of the meeting. She ought to be kept busy in the Lord's work.

On the last Sunday night there was a touching

A Call to the Church for Prayer

A cablegram from Rev. H. F. Reynolds, dated at Calcutta, India, March 25th, says:

Urge the churches to pray on the 7th of April, for Hallelujah Village, and the safe passage of the Eatons.

We trust that this cry from across the waters will be heeded by all our people. This is a time of peculiar need for the help of Almighty God in our work in Calcutta, and you, brothers and sisters, can move the arm of Omnipotence.

While you are upon your knees will you not send up also an earnest petition that the Holy Ghost will give to each of you a real missionary heart, and with it a spirit of work like that of the brethren of Nehemiah as they labored upon the walls of Jerusalem. For this, we are come into the kingdom.

CHAS. A. MCCONNELL, *President General Missionary Board.*

scene at the altar. An old, gray-headed man knelt at the altar and around him were kneeling three of his grown children that had been saved during the meeting. When the old man dug through to victory, amid his shouts of praise he said that they could go back home and have a happy home.

The Cisco charge is looking up.

J. C. HENSON, *Pastor.*

A NEW RECRUIT

In my mail today was a letter from Rev. Jesse Usher, Clearwater, Kan., saying he had just withdrawn from the Methodist Church and had united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Wichita, Kan., and has been granted a local preacher's license by the same. I was this brother's pastor for over three years. He assisted me in meetings repeatedly, making good every time. He has had two years in college, is a graduate from the Friends Bible School, Cleveland, Ohio, and has had seven years' experience as a pastor. Any one needing a good evangelist, leader in song, or

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effective worker at the altar, write him for dates.
W. R. CAIN, *Evangelist.*

ASHLAND, KY.

Since my resignation as pastor of our church at Louisville, Ky., I have taken up my old line of work, evangelistic, and God is blessing me. Among other meetings I have been in this year, the best was a five weeks' campaign here at home, which closed Sunday, March 8th. We have no Nazarene church here, but an independent mission, called "People's Mission." Our hall has a seating capacity of 450. L. Milton Williams held one meeting for us in the hall, and we are asking God to send him here again.

With the exception of a few missionary meetings this summer among our Kentucky churches, I expect to be kept busy in evangelistic meetings and camps.

W. W. HANKES.

P. O. Box 233, Ashland, Ky.

OLIVET, ILL.

These are good days of special visitation from the Lord. Our hearts were made glad by the coming of "Buddie."

On Tuesday night he preached to a large audience, many of whom came from surrounding towns and churches. His presence in chapel Wednesday morning was also a great blessing and inspiration to the student body. The old-time humor with inlaid truth of our brother's ministry were not lacking, now was the pathetic and Christlike tenderness which wins men to the Lord. As he made brief and modest references to a few of his accomplishments for the Lord, we were all made to feel our littleness and shame at not having suffered more for Jesus.

As a church we are reaching out for the Lord. An open door in a nearby town has been entered with a campaign of full salvation which we believe will result in the winning of many souls. Brother R. E. Gilmore, who lives here, is in charge, being assisted by the students of the University. The tide in the meeting is rising and many evidences of a sweeping victory are being witnessed already.

Many of our students and resident preachers are afield over the Sundays at their various points of labor, and yet we have others who should be thus engaged, and will be as other openings present themselves.

A sweep of victory is on the school just now. A number of students who have resisted so long have been powerfully converted to God. The few other unsaved ones are under deep conviction, and we are expecting to see them saved very soon.

We are happy and contented, but not satisfied since we are going right on for greater things in grace.

H. S. HESTER, *Church Correspondent.*

PASADENA, CAL.

First Church

The work is still moving on to victory in the name of the Lord. We are having the church repainted and fixed up on the outside, and we are keeping things red-hot on the inside, and looking for some tremendous tides of salvation with Rev. Bud Robinson, from March 26th to April 12th. We are having a constant revival, with seekers every Sabbath without an exception, so far, and are believing for great things in the coming meetings.

A. O. HENRICKS.

PONTOTOC, MISS.

We believe that God led us to this needy field. These people are so appreciative of the doctrine of holiness, but of course there is plenty of opposition.

We have a two-pole, 40 x 60 tent and will spend the rest of the Assembly year evangelizing in Mississippi. We are in need of some single man that don't preach, who understands music, can play the organ, take charge of the song and testimony services, help put up the tent on a warm day, and won't "run off when the battle gets hot." I will give such a person one-third of all the collections. My wife and little daughter will be in the band until September. Write me at Pontotoc, Miss., at once if you can join the Jay band in this battle.

W. P. JAY AND WIFE.

SACO, MAINE

We have just closed a series of special meetings, the writer doing most of the preaching. An all-day meeting was held Friday, March 13th. Brothers Brown and Chestnut, from South Portland, helped us in these services. The writer

presented the needs of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute in the evening services. Having recently been connected with the school as a student, we felt our hearts burn within us, as we spoke in its behalf. The congregation responded heartily to our appeal, and gave us \$20 for the school. The pastor preached the evening sermon and three souls sought and found the Lord. Miss Lulu Barnard, from Lowell, Mass., helped in these services by bringing the message in song. Any pastor or evangelist desiring the service of a Spirit-filled singer will do well to engage our sister. She walks and talks with God, and sings into the hearts of the people. Last Sabbath was a red-letter day. In the afternoon service the house was nearly full. Souls are still getting saved; in our prayer meeting last evening one young woman sought and found the Lord. We have a splendid company of young women, and are looking forward to organizing a Young Woman's Praying Band.

J. J. BURNS, Pastor.

GADS HILL, MO.

The work at Gads Hill, Bolah Church, is on the up grade, and on fire for God and holiness. They presented the pastor and wife with a fine hand-worked quilt, with thirty names on it. Most of them are members of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Our work is up to the front, and God is blessing every effort.

WM. SEAL, Pastor.

SHAWNEE, OKLA.

We are in the midst of a great revival here, with the pastor, W. I. Deboard. He came here from the Assembly last November, found the work in a hard shape, but went to praying and believing God, and he is pulling things through under the leadership of the Holy Ghost, having more than doubled his membership. We have been here one week, and eleven have prayed through. Brother W. I. Deboard is one of our best pastors. Brother T. A. Bolerjack, one of our evangelists, is with us and is doing efficient work in song and prayer, while his wife is doing good work at the organ. Also Brother G. L. Gibson is doing good work. Our city at Ada will begin Thursday night before the fifth Sunday in May. Preachers in charge: Rev. W. I. Deboard and L. A. Bolerjack, and a host of workers are expected to help push the battle.

A. F. DANIEL, Pastor.

BRADFORD, PA.

We just closed a two-weeks' meeting with R. M. Kell as evangelist, the best we have had. Several were saved and sanctified and six came into the church. We are planning now to build a new church here. Things were never in better condition here than now. There is a great future before us. If any one wants a safe, sound, common-sense, level-headed, warm-hearted evangelist, give R. M. Kell a call at Olney, Ill.

HARRY H. LEE, Pastor.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO

Our revival meetings with Rev. John F. Owen, of Benz, Ala., closed Sabbath evening, March 22d, with six at the altar.

This meeting has been a time of seed-sowing and

Help for the Publishing House

H. D. BROWN.

Sunday, March 22d, was Publishing House day at San Diego, Cal. The pastor, Rev. A. M. Bowes, had carefully advertised the meetings and had prepared for them in such a way that there was a good interest in the subject, even before we arrived. At the morning service, Brother Bowes made a good talk on the subject of our church and its Publishing House, took an offering of both cash and pledges, and distributed pledges to be returned later in the day. In the afternoon Mrs. Brown sang a few old hymns and conducted a triumphant testimony meeting. We had a little more talk on the Publishing House and received a few more pledges. In the evening Brother Bowes and the writer spoke briefly of the Publishing House, and took up the balance of the pledges. Mrs. Brown sang and the people were blessed.

I then preached an evangelistic sermon and the presence of the Lord was graciously with us. While we had a day for the Publishing House, we also had a day of spiritual victory. When all was gathered in we had in cash and pledges \$275 for the Publishing House. We give thanks unto the Lord for His blessing. We recommend to our church the plan of setting aside one Sunday as Publishing House day and gathering in the funds to place our publishing interests on a firm business basis.

Here at San Diego our church is doing a glorious work. They have a splendid church building, with a fine auditorium and large Sunday school room, well arranged. A large, enthusiastic Sunday school, with a superintendent (Brother Scott May), who has the holy fire. This morning he gave the scilfol an unctuous exhortation to righteousness and full salvation.

This church also has a good school building only a few feet from their church, in which they conduct a good graded school with five teachers. Here the church is carrying forward the great work of Christian education. Every morning the children assemble in the Sunday school room of the church for chapel exercises. The teachers are devout Christian women and the children are taught the way of life.

This church also has an excellent deaconess in Sister Mary Whipple, who looks after the poor and the sick.

The four years pastorate of Brother Bowes in this church has been greatly blessed and the different lines of Christian work are going forward.

the gospel in the good old-fashioned way, conviction began to strike hearts, and souls began to pray through to victory.

In January, Rev. B. B. Sapp, wife and myself started for Illinois, going to St. Louis, where we were met and taken six miles in the country. The weather was bad and but few people attended; some souls found pardon of their sins.

February 10th, Brother Sapp, wife and myself came to Sidney, opening in the town hall, where the Lord graciously poured out His Spirit upon us. We had only been in town two or three days until the ministers of the three churches of the town called a meeting and agreed to have nothing to do with the meeting. But the more the meeting was opposed, the more the crowds came, and conviction settled on hearts and as many as twenty-eight came to the altar in one service. Shouts of victory rang out as souls prayed through and found pardon. One man who had attended one of our tent meetings last summer had been counting the cost ever since, and could not get away from conviction, called us to Sidney to hold this meeting and got beautifully saved while we were there. One hundred and twenty-three people claimed victory in this meeting. The fire is still burning and the good work is going on. We return for a tent meeting this summer. We are now holding forth at Oakwood, Ill., where we will be for the next ten days. No less than seventy-five men, who claim to be infidels, in this town. So pray for us here. Our home address is Connorsville, Ind., Rte. 1.

J. A. AND MRS. WILLIAMS.

A GOSPEL TENT NEEDED.

Some of you will doubtless remember that at our meeting at Skedee, Okla., last fall we had our gospel tent blown to pieces. Heretofore we have been able to replace our tents, but as our work for the past four or five years has been pioneer work, having gone without money and without price, until at present we are not able to purchase a new tent, which we need to accomplish the work that God is blessing us in. Address, Eureka Springs, Ark.

L. L. ISAACS.

From EVANGELIST C. H. BARNES

It was my privilege to hold a two-weeks' revival service in the Nazarene church in Philadelphia, Eleventh and Indiana avenue, Rev. J. T. Maybury, pastor. From the first service to the last, seekers were found at the altar. It was a real joy to be in labor with such a people. At the first service we found the people ready. There was no need to preach ten days or two weeks to get the church ready for a revival.

During the series of meetings there were two all-day meetings, one on Wednesday, March 5th, and the last Sunday of the meetings. These were days of great victory for the Lord. Brother Maybury is doing a great work among his people. His church is a feeder for other churches. The people come from other churches to get the spiritual teaching which they ought to get in their own church. Brother Maybury is a God-built man, and a God-built preacher. His wife is a great blessing to the work, as she stands by the side of her husband in pushing the work. The only drawback I can see to the work is the church build-

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we never saw greater conviction on people than rested upon this people. Another peculiarity of the meeting was the changing audience, and by this circumstance the gospel message reached a larger number of people, but did not result in so many coming to the altar. They would get under such conviction they could not stand it, and would stay away for a few nights and then come back more miserable than before. Thank God for the ones who received holiness of heart.

Rev. John F. Owen preached some of the greatest sermons we ever listened to in our life. He is the kind of evangelist we need in our work, who is able to indoctrinate the Church in the great truth of holiness, the central theme of the Bible.

Finances came in to meet all expenses. We are all happy and pushing forward. I expect to leave this dear people, whom we love dearly, at the close of the year.

REV. GEO. WARD.

OAKWOOD, ILL.

Beginning in October last wife and I went to southern Indiana to assist in revival meetings, in three Methodist churches. After laying down

Entire Sanctification

By C. B. JERNIGAN

This little booklet has had a circulation of nearly thirty thousand copies, and has proven so helpful that we have issued it in a neat form, to be sold at

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ing. Under the preaching of Brother Maybury the church is outgrowing its present building and location. They are crowded for room, and there is no possible way whereby they can enlarge their present church building. In connection with their church they have a string band, composed largely of young ladies, and this is a great success. The band played at every service during the series of meetings. Brother Maybury is planning for a month of tent meetings, to be held near his church, during July, and he is also planning to open a mission in the tenderbin district in Philadelphia. You can see what a church can do when on fire with the Holy Spirit. I shall not soon forget my two weeks' meetings at this church, and the great victories God gave people and preacher.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

We are still waging war against sin and the devil in this city. There are souls at the altar at almost every service. Last Sabbath was another good day with us. The month of March has been a very stormy one with us, yet the rain, snow and slush has not kept back the crowds that pack our church from time to time. Our congregation has outgrown the small church here, and also the Sabbath school. A movement is on foot now to purchase a much larger church building from the Presbyterians, on Washington street, of which we shall write later if our plans are carried out.

Rev. C. W. Ruth was in home, and preached one Sabbath for us. This message was inspiring and helpful to all. A few nights ago we had another treat, when Evangelist Bud Robinson, and W. R. Cain, stopped with us. Brother Bud preached on Monday night to a packed house, while many were turned away for want of standing room. We laughed and shouted until our sides fairly ached.

W. R. Cain, of Wichita, Kan., remained over Tuesday night and preached for us in the power of the Spirit in the afternoon and night.

U. E. HARDING, *Pastor.*

DAVENPORT, OKLA.

We are expecting a great revival in the near future. Our little church at Wanetta is moving on with victory. We are arranging for a holiness rally, beginning Friday night before Easter, and we are expecting a great time.

A. C. GUSTIN, *Pastor.*

TROY, IDAHO

Never in our ministry have we found a more consecrated people for God and His work than here. We had a gracious revival in January and a part of February. Congregations were good from the first. Over twenty were at the altar, either for pardon or purity. As a result of our meetings six have joined our Zion here. The first week of the meetings we had with us Rev. James Mailey, of Pullman, Wash. Brother Mailey is a very able minister of the New Testament. Our prayer services through the week are well attended and much of God's blessing rests upon us. We are planning for a great meeting here in May, 21st to 24th, when the District Assembly meets. We are encouraged to pray much for God to visit us here in great power, as He is coming in other parts of the country.

IRA D. BROWN.

ONEONTA, ALA.

This is a place where holiness is not preached and my heart gets so hungry to hear a real holiness sermon. I attended the Alabama Assembly at Jasper last November. It was a real feast to my soul. There are only three ladies here who have the experience of entire sanctification and God is using us. We have a ladies' weekly prayer meeting, and God graciously meets with us. We are praying for an outpouring of God's spirit on this place this year.

MRS. N. McMURRY.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

The revival continues, although the special meetings have closed. Eight souls knelt at the altar on Sunday night—six adults and two children; also two in the prayer meeting. Most of them prayed through to victory. Seven more united with our church last Sunday, making fifty-seven in all during this campaign. Three or four more are coming in with us next Sunday. The other preachers accuse us of proselyting, but how can a mother be accused of proselyting when she takes care of her own babies? Well, bless God, we glory in a little persecution for Jesus' sake. And we are not in a tremble over the roar of the lion. We would be alarmed over our condition if we did not hear his roar once in awhile. We are "going forward." Ex. 14:15.

GILBERT E. MARTIN.

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Jehoiakim's evil reign.

II. KINGS, 24.

Jehoiachin succeedeth him.

25 And Jē-hōi'-ā-kim gave *the silver and the gold to Phār'-aoh; but he taxed the land to give the money according to the commandment of Phār'-aoh: he exacted the silver and the gold of the people of

B.C. 610
* ver. 24.
† called Jehoiachin.
‡ Chr. 2, 16.
Jer. 24, 1.
and
* Gen. 4, 17.
† ver. 26.
‡ Eccles. 7, 19.
§ Ps. 50, 13.
|| Heb.

8 7 18 Jē-hōi'-ā-chin was eighteen years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jē-rū'-sā-lēm three months. And his mother's name was Nē-hūsh'-tā, the daughter of Ēl-nā'-thān of Jē-rū'-sā-lēm.

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

* Gen. 4, 17.
† ver. 26.
‡ Eccles. 7, 19.
§ Ps. 50, 13.
|| Heb.

20 For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.
11 I know all the fowls of the

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KANSAS CITY
MISSOURI

From EVANGELIST W. F. DALLAS

We were to have closed at Rock Hill tonight, but God is so blessing that we will go on over Sunday night. There have been twenty-five professions in the last three services.

From EVANGELIST B. T. FLANERY

The fight is on here in Coffeyville, Kan. I go to Ava, Mo., April 5th to 19th, for a meeting with the Ozark Holiness Association, to be held in the Methodist church. Ava is the county seat of Douglas county, in the heart of the Ozarks.

ADA, OKLA.

We had two good services yesterday. The pastor being absent, Rev. S. C. Pritchett, of Mangum, preached in the morning and Rev. R. Hodges at night. Souls are getting saved in our prayer meetings.

B. D.

From EVANGELIST T. J. ADAMS.

We are in a fine revival at Goodells, Mich. There is deep conviction, and men and women are finding God. The railroad agent, a man of influence, was converted Sunday night. We are expecting a great meeting before the close. I go next to Santa Paula, Cal.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Our church is experiencing a genuine Holy Ghost revival. The joy and liberty of being definitely led of the Spirit—both preacher and people—is ours. It is the first holiness meeting Rev. John Matthews, D. D., the preacher, was over in, but God is using him as the unobstructed channel to get His message to the people. This great city with its splendid churches, is being touched in many places in a new way. Strangers are constantly coming in and are being convicted for holiness. The altar was filled Sunday night, and many were the happy finders. We are now

in the third week—we may run all summer. We have started in for victory.

SALESVILLE, OHIO

We have just closed a five weeks' revival here in the United Brethren church. God was with us from the very beginning of the meeting, and forty-seven souls were saved or sanctified. There was great opposition to the teaching of entire sanctification, but through prayer and fasting we were able to claim victory for God. Conviction so seized people that they were unable to eat or sleep. When wife and I began services we had no support, as the church was dead, but we held on until the victory came. Brother O. E. Garner, of Urbichsville, of our church at that place, assisted us about three weeks, and did splendid work. Anyone desiring the assistance of a man of God will make no mistake in securing the services of Brother Garner.

O. L. BENEDUM AND WIFE.

From EVANGELIST WILL O. JONES

After the glorious meeting with Grace church, Washington, where perhaps eighty or ninety came to the altar, we went to Park Lane, across the river, to help Brother Charles Mateer, who pastors a Union church (as they say in Virginia). It was a mixed affair, with all creeds and beliefs.

The Manual

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**General Missionary Secretary
Reynolds in China**

Since I am stopping at the best hotel in the city of Chuyehhsien, China, this cold, rainy night of February 19th, I thought you would be interested to know the style I am going in. This "best hotel" in a city of over 10,000 people, is composed of one room, mud walls, and is about 14 x 22 feet in dimensions. There are two paper windows, from which the paper is about all gone, one door with room at the bottom for dogs and hogs to come and go, one table, two benches five inches wide and four feet long, three frames upon which are straw mats for beds (we bring our own bedding), dirt floor, no stove, no heat, no light other than what we carry. We tried to warm up after our ride by building a fire on the floor with the stalks of kaffir corn, but the smoke was worse than the cold, as there is no chimney, so we gave it up. I have been putting up at this kind of hotel now for ten nights, only some are not so good, and some are worse. This is only one 400-mile trip with me, but when our missionaries do touring they have no better for weeks at a time. I hope to reach the railroad by February 21st, be at Tsinanfu the 21st, Peking the 24th, and sail from Shanghai the 25th, to reach Calcutta, India, March 28th. Greetings to all the saints.

H. F. REYNOLDS.

We plowed in and dug to a good foundation, and soon were delighted to see souls coming to God. We returned to Washington for another meeting held in the G. A. R. hall, where I led the singing. The preaching was good, and few came to altar. We then commenced a meeting in a mission on Q and Eleventh streets, where we had some great times. We cut this meeting short to come to Lisbon, Ohio, and hold a meeting for Brother Grattan. He is a fine young man and well fitted for the place. The Lord is blessedly using his words. Quite a number have already come home. We shall continue another week.

PEABODY, MASS.

We are still on the upgrade, climbing every day. We have had a week of prayer in the parsonage and our hearts were never closer drawn to Him, who said "I will never leave thee or forsake thee." We have some of the most sacrificing people in this church that it has been our privilege to meet, or work with. If the bills of the church cannot be met in any other way they mortgage their properties, or get money on typewriters, etc. God is helping us pay up back bills and running expenses, and is blessing us in all the services. On Monday evening, March 16th, the church met at the parsonage and gave us a royal feast. Two tables were spread with good things. The house was filled with God's children, and as we were singing the doxology before the blessing was asked, God met us in a gracious manner and one sister, who had long been seeking, received the baptism and clapped her hands

I will go anywhere, provided that it is forward.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

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- New York District Assembly, Utica Ave.
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- New England District Assembly, Providence
R. I.....April 20-May 3
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- Forfar, Scotland.....March 30-31
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- Easter Assembly.....April 9-12
- Edinburgh, Scotland.....April 13-19

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Rochester, Texas.....April 3-5
- Lubbock, Texas.....April 8
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- Center, Okla.....April 6-12
- Duncan, Okla.....April 17-19
- Liberty, Okla.....April 20-23
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- Kopple, Pa.....April 14
- Homewood, Pa.....April 15
- East Liverpool, Ohio.....April 16
- Nowell, W. Va.....April 17
- New Philadelphia, Ohio.....April 18-19
- Fitchville, Ohio.....April 20
- Logan, Ohio.....April 21
- The Plains, Ohio.....April 22-23
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and praised God while the shine of heaven was on her face. She was healed of rheumatism the next day and walked a long distance to a cottage meeting, and said she felt like a young girl, although well along in years. We are holding Tuesday

evening cottage meetings in unsaved homes. Our old lady was gloriously saved who was almost in sane over the loss of her son. Others are very near the kingdom.

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