

HERALD of HOLINESS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

VOLUME 1

KANSAS CITY, MO., OCTOBER 23, 1912

NUMBER 25

EDITORIAL

THE OLD-TIME PULPIT

MEN who have reached the age of fifty years can very plainly see a marked change in pulpit ministrations today and in the days of their childhood or early maturity. The writer recalls the wonderful effects that followed the preaching of the prominent Methodist preachers of the day when he was a boy. The contrast is very striking, and quite as sad as striking. The Rev. G. W. Ridout, in the *Christian Advocate*, furnishes some thrilling reminiscences of the effects of the preaching of the clergymen of the olden time. He tells of William Capers, a Southern Methodist bishop, of whom it was recorded that while preaching to a multitude of people on one occasion, "he seemed to drive in the chariot of the earthquake, his steeds the storm clouds. The world of woe at his bidding uncovered its horrors, and its despair-riven victims incarnated, so to speak, and voiced, passing in awful procession before the audience crying 'Woe! Woe! Woe!' The very heavens seemed to send back in reverberating crashes these terrific woes. The effect was awful beyond description." The congregation was then called upon by the preacher to unite in solemn prayer, and the voice of lamentations and intercessions went up in a mighty volume to the heavens. It was estimated that a thousand people were convicted of sin as the result of the meeting.

THE WRITER tells also of an incident in the life of Bishop Simpson. The bishop was preaching in London. He proceeded quietly for a half hour without any special emphasis in voice or gesticulation. Then he caught fire and pictured the Son of God bearing the sins of a guilty world in His own body on the tree, in the midst of which description he stopped, and seemed oppressed with an intolerable burden; then rising to his full length he seemed essaying to throw it from him, and exclaimed passionately: "How far? As far as the east is from the west, so far has He removed our transgressions from us!" The whole assembly, it is said, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, arose, remained standing a few moments, then sank back into their seats overwhelmed. An elocution professor was present and witnessed the marvelous scene. Being asked at the close of the service what he thought of the bishop's elocution he replied: "Elocution! That man's got the Holy Ghost!"

A WRITER describing a sermon he heard Bishop George preach says the bishop "produced a climax, the most sublime

and thrilling that I ever heard. He ascended from thought to thought in his towering theme like an eagle soaring up into the distant sky. At the very point where expectation fixed his return he seemed to inhale new fire, and soared away on the wing of thought again, then higher and higher still till it seemed that his inspiration would become his chariot and would take us all away with him to the third heaven. Some of the hearers appeared as motionless as statues while strong emotions rolled in waves through the excited congregation, and as the man of God was about to descend from his lofty elevation,

thrilling shrieks burst out from the crowd in the gallery. Preachers pressed through the crowd to conduct those sighing penitents down to the altar, and weeping and trembling they were seen urging their way along to the consecrated spot."

OF THE PREACHING of Elder Knapp, in Boston, a Universalist said: "He took every shingle and clapboard off the building, and left nothing but the falling rafters exposing his naked soul to the pelting of the pitiless storm." A theological professor who heard him said: "No thief or profane swearer or drunkard or adulterer can sit and listen to him a great while without feeling that the constable is after him." As a result of his preaching in this one meeting hundreds of souls were converted. The Tremont theater lost ten thousand dollars in income, and then went out of business as a result of this meeting.

WE SUBMIT that God is unchanged and changeless; that human nature is unchanged and changeless. Culture and education have nothing in the world to do with the difference in the effects in the preaching in that age and in the present. Boston had culture and refinement then as well as now.

The cultured and refined are among the chief patrons of the theater, and the city's chief theater was put out of business by this one meeting of one preacher. Now we press the question as to why the difference in the effects which followed the preaching in those days and at present. As to what the difference is there is perfect agreement. Intense feeling and conviction followed the preaching in those days, and these do not follow the preaching of today. This intense feeling was not only in the people who heard, but was also in the hearts of the preachers who preached. They believed intensely and hence they felt intensely and hence they preached intensely and hence intense feeling was produced in the hearts of hearers. Logically, philosophically and scripturally we are to trace

RIPENING FOR GLORY

*

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee;
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear,
Growing old gracefully, gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light,
Far from the waves that are big from commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight,
Growing old cheerfully, cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that swept thee unwillingly,
Far from thy course to the land of the blest,
Growing old peacefully, peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen,
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow,
Thou dost remember what leeth between,
Growing old willingly, thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years;
Rich in a love that grew from, and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears,
Growing old wealthily, loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily, ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that are dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth can not know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story,
Drink in the songs that from paradise flow,
Growing old gracefully, purer than snow.

—Author Unknown.

the primal cause by traveling backward beyond the effects on the hearers, beyond the intense preaching, beyond the intense feelings of the preacher, and in the realm of the intense *believing* of the preachers we are to find the cause of the vast difference in result. It was purely and simply in what the preachers *believed*. They believed in God. They believed in the lostness and depravity of souls. They believed in the blood of Christ as a necessary, personal, present, efficient means of salvation for lost sinners. They believed in the Holy Ghost. They believed in hell. They believed in heaven.

THESE ARTICLES of belief were terrible realities to them. They gripped the very souls of the preachers and fired them with tremendous earnestness, and earnestness is the mother of true eloquence. This earnestness lubricated all the machinery of their mental makeup, set their hearts on fire, and made them like flaming, burning seraphs, absorbed with one overmastering passion, oblivious of everything except their high and holy commission to warn lost men and women of the awful doom which awaited their impentence. Well did the editor of the New York *Christian Advocate* say in the year 1908, in an editorial: "I have listened to nearly all our bishops, secretaries, editors, college presidents and other men acknowledged to be our strongest and best. . . . I have gone from their meetings with the feeling that God had given Methodism the strongest and best men in the world, but *I never went from their meetings with the feeling that any one was in danger.* . . . To me the only solution is that while they honestly maintain the old standards as a sacred duty, and earnestly endeavor to make themselves believe the old teaching, deep in their hearts they do not believe them."

TRAGIC beyond description upon Dr. Buckley's assumption as above, is the case. What shall we say, however, when the preachers no longer "maintain the old standards and earnestly endeavor to make themselves believe the old teachings," though really not believing them, and now from their pulpits, their Church papers and their professors' chairs boldly repudiate the old standards and retail as substitutes the skeptical audacities of Higher Criticism and New Theology which subvert and destroy the very citadel of evangelical truth? Nothing short of an absolute reformation will meet the imperative demand of the hour. This is the call and the mission and the work of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Our credentials of authorization to this world must be a reproduction of the old-time pulpit with its power and glory and victory in souls won for Christ.

☆☆☆☆

THE FORSAKENNESS OF THE AGED

I CAN SEE the old man now with memory's eye and hear his tremulous voice as he still worked at his trade, although he was seventy-one years of age. He had reared a large family of children, all of whom had married and were now scattered—one in Utah, one in California, one in Colorado and one in New Mexico, and others scattered here and there. The old man and his wife had lived alone for years. One of the daughters had recently spent several months with the aged parents at home. She had a lovely little girl some seven years of age. The grandparents had become wonderfully attached to the child during its sojourn with them. A week or two before this daughter's husband was ordered by his house in New York to go to Denver, and he wired his wife to meet him in St. Louis, from which point they proceeded to Denver as their future home. It was some two weeks after their departure when the grandfather turned from his work, with his tools in his hands, and said to the writer: "Sir, to show you the influence of a child, during my daughter's stay of a few months with us you can not conceive how closely attached we became to her little girl. My wife was broken up when she left us. We had become in some sort accustomed to living alone, but somehow

this little thing has come into our lives and reawakened all the tenderness, freshness and ardor of parental love, until it looks like we can't live without her. We just can't stand to keep house any longer. My wife is selling out the furniture, and we will board the remainder of our brief time here." I said mentally what the old man left unsaid. It was pathetic. I knew they were getting ready to be with that grandchild more than they could be if keeping house.

LEARN we that old people still love. They may grow less demonstrative, but ~~their~~ power to love grows not less but greater. The stream dashes madly and noisily over the rocky shoals, but you can wave across it among the rocks. Anon you see it calm and unruffled, seeming not to move at all; but measure it and you will find it very deep. So with old age. Parental love deepens but quiets with age. It is less demonstrative, but deeper, and just as sensitive as ever, and feels even more keenly a slight or a wound.

OLD AGE is a lonely time. One by one the boys and girls grow up and marry and leave home. How merciful the providence that graduates these severe trials of necessary separation of parents from those dearest to them of all others in this world. Their solitude is pitiful, pathetic, painful. Old and alone, they are now almost strangers on their native heath, with the swarming, busy, seething multitude about them, all careless of them, and those to whom they have consecrated their long life labor and life love now far away, immersed in business and car s.

THE OLD not only love, but love to be loved; and they are pre-eminently entitled to it. Those gray hairs represent the battles fought, the hardships endured, the dangers encountered, and the sufferings undergone by the aged in the years ago, by which they wrought for us, and have bequeathed to us a better civilization and higher opportunities than came down to them from their ancestry. Base indeed is our ingratitude when gray hairs do not inspire in us feelings of honor and reverence.

CULTIVATE a habit of reverence and of manifesting it for the aged, and brighten their gloom and loneliness, and cheer them as they descend into the valley of the shadow of death. Young man, young woman, when you look into that face, remember that long years of devotion and self-denial for you carved those furrows on that sweet old face. Those thin, pale lips have kissed you ten thousand times, and that old fragile frame has literally wasted itself away in toil and anxiety for your good. To her prayers and care you owe your all. She would die for you today; she has never seen a day that she would not die for you; she has been dying for you all her life. Her life has been one long, painful but delightful death for you: for to the loving parental heart death for a child is joy, but still it is death. Now you have left her and have your own family, and your own home and business and cares and perplexities. These are all her sufferings, too, so far as she knows them. Listen, please! Do not neglect that aged mother, that old father. Think of them; love them; write to them; go to see them; let them know, let them feel that you love them. Render them this recompense gladly for the sweetest love which ever breathed upon infant life and warmed and strengthened and nurtured you to age and manliness.

IN THEIR loneliness the aged live in the past, in sweet reveries of your infant smiles and childish love and confidence and cheerful little ministries. Force them not to live *only* in the past. They are entitled to live some in the great, important, new and wonderful present. Let them feel that they still live fresh in your memory and affection and confidence; that those childish lips which that mother trained to speech, and which once loved her fond kisses, still love to feel her trembling lips; and that that heart which once bounded with childish delight at mother's return still thrills with real

delight at the appearance of the frail form as it approaches the home of "her boy." Cheer away the gloom of old age by love. Make its loneliness a festal hall thronged with a busy multitude of guests—kisses and kindnesses, reverence and remembrances—by every means and token which can brighten and gladden declining years.

☆☆☆☆

REVERENCE FOR THE AGED

ATENDER and reverent consideration for age and experience, and that reverence intensifying in its strength and delicacy as age increases is a fruit and an evidence of the Christ spirit. As opposed to the pagan sentiment and practice of cruel neglect and often the destruction of the helpless aged, the Christlike in spirit find great pleasure in tenderness and reverence for the helplessness of old age.

WE ARE SORRY to have to believe that the times on which we are fallen have a trend backward toward paganism on this point. Irreverence for old age, irreverence and insubmission to parental authority, are characteristic of this age to a startling degree. The age is not willing now to wait for old age to come to inflict its cruel neglect, but is disposed to shelve men scarcely past the meridian of life. Young men are now demanded to a morbid degree by the abnormal and unspiritual sentiment of the great Churches. The defense for the blunder is the allegation that the older preachers quit studying and fail to keep up. This may be true in some cases. We believe there are more young preachers of the present day who never begin to study than there are of older ones who cease to study. The work of preparation for young preachers is often too superficial. The solid intellectual and heart food which formed the staple of the preparation of the preachers who began their work thirty or forty years ago is intolerable to many young preachers of today.

WE ANIMADVERT on this growing evil not only as violative of the higher and nobler instincts and spirit of a Christian civilization and of the positive command of God, but we denounce it on the ground of ingratitude. It is bad enough to turn our old preachers out on the common to die, with little

or pecuniary assistance and with less of sympathy and love to soften the stroke inevitably inflicted by the law of time; but it is suicidal to retire men in the meridian of their powers, cutting off from ten to twenty years of their best service. In both cases the ingratitude is gross and shameful. These men have spent their young manhood and the strength and vigor of their maturer years in building up strong churches, conferences, presbyteries and associations. To have a class of young, inexperienced meadow saffrons from the sundry young people's societies in the churches and from church colleges given over to teaching higher criticism, to advocate the shelving of such men is a species of injustice and ingratitude which deserves the harshest rebuke.

THERE IS ANOTHER objection to this policy of a more practical nature. It is suicidal in any church to allow this depreciation of such men. No church can afford to dispense with the ripe and mature experience of these men who have spent from thirty to forty years in the ministry. What a rich and glorious preparation for service have these years furnished in preaching, making sermons, revising sermons, studying God's Word and books tributary thereto, and mingling with the sorrows, tears and heart agonies of multiplied thousands of parishioners! The proper use of these men of age and experience along with the younger men will do much to maintain that solemnity, sedateness and conservatism and depth of mellow devotion so necessary in the councils, career and progress of the Church.

THE BEST class of young preachers will heartily endorse the foregoing sentiments. For all our virile, devout, reverent young preachers we have the profoundest admiration. They are the real hope of the Church of the future. For all young preachers, right or wrong, flipshant and shallow or fervid and solid, we have the tenderest sympathy. We would applaud the one and pity and help the other. The different classes and ages of the ministry are mutually dependent upon and helpful to one another. Let there be the utmost brotherliness and the heartiest co-operation among them. We would not create the shadow of prejudice among these classes. We seek only to abate or prevent an injustice. Let us all be one in love and labor and loyalty to God.

Our Testimony Meeting

Are You Satisfied With What You Personally Know of the
Cleansing Blood of Jesus Christ?

YOU BELIEVE that the Blood was shed to remove the memory, and the power, and the impurity of sin. Are you satisfied with its effect upon your own heart? Does the Holy Spirit witness to your soul as distinctly as you believe He is willing to do, that the end of Christ's sufferings and death has been answered in you? Have you the measure of Holiness which means deliverance from sin, which you believe is your privilege? As you look in upon your heart just now, are you satisfied that you have reached just the condition which God wants you to reach, and which pleases Him as He looks down upon you from heaven? Perhaps you have lived in the past without a definite, satisfying sense of purity of heart. If so, it is much to be deplored. Who can tell how much of satisfaction to yourself you have lost, or how much blessing has been kept back from these about you? But come along! Thank God, the precious blood still cleanses; God is as willing as ever to destroy every corrupt thing out of your heart.—*General Booth.*

A Vision of Heaven

J. H. CROWELL
Eighty-Six

As you wished me to write upon "Old Age and Heaven," I thought there might be some who had never heard of the vision of heaven God gave me before I went into the ministry. It was a wonderful experience to me.

God called me to preach when I was twenty years old while I was in Boston learning the carpenter's trade. At first, I thought I was mistaken, so I found excuses for fifteen years; then God sent an angel to me, and I believe my spirit left the body while I lay in bed, as my wife could not

awaken me from three o'clock in the morning until six.

The angel showed me the wickedness of the world, the rich and poor, in all their transactions. He showed me how some die, and then I passed through death and was brought to the judgment seat. He said, "This is where Jesus will sit and judge the world"; then he took me to the place where the wicked were waiting for the judgment, and they seemed to be in great agony. Then he took me to the bottomless pit and said, "Listen!" and I heard groans of the damned and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then he took me to the righteous, who were perfectly happy.

He then showed me the Highway of Holiness.

(Passages of Scripture came to me for everything I saw.) He took me along the shining way to the Golden Gate, and when it opened, he pointed me to Jesus who was sitting in a chair. He put out His feet, then His hands; showed me His pierced side, and said, "I died for a lost world." Jesus then arose and took me by the left arm, and as we walked together, He said, "Behold the golden streets," whose loveliness I have not the ability to describe. He said, "Look up!" and as I did I saw myriads of angels. He spoke to them, and they poured forth such heavenly music that it thrilled me through and through. I can hardly think of it without longing to be there. He showed me a beautiful crown

He had prepared for me. He spoke of the pearly gates, the jasper walls; then took me out in the broad fields of heaven. The grass and flowers were beautiful. This Scripture came to me. "Nothing shall hurt or annoy in all God's holy mountain." I saw the River of Life, and on either side "was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits." Soon we came back to the gate again and Jesus turned me round facing Him, put His hands on my shoulders, looked me in the eyes, and said, "Go back to earth and do my bidding. You will have persecutions and have great troubles, but be of good courage. I will never leave you, nor forsake you, though you may suffer martyrdom." I came back to earth and have been laboring in mission work, doing all I could ever since for my Master.

I have not given all the details of the vision, but enough to show God's word is true. Hallelujah! In my work I have seen thousands of souls converted, eight hundred fallen girls rescued, and many sanctified. Have been mobbed three times, shot at twice, and persecuted in various ways; yet in my old age (eighty-six years old) I can recommend this salvation which is so precious to me, to the young people.

Sanctified forty-one years, home missionary twenty-nine years, and I am looking forward to the time when my Savior will again receive me with the welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

PASADENA, CAL.

Old Age and Heaven

MRS. JULIA KRAFT

I have been running up the shining way many, many years, "seeking a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." No language can express all we know about heaven as imparted by the Word of God and sealed with the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Being only in the early sixties, my experimental knowledge of old age must be short. But I am living where I inherit the promises of long life, and the Comforter all my days. And as the years roll around, and the blood-washed one by one leave the shores of time for the "Paradise side," I am led to realize that some of the great company that John saw are waiting and watching for me. Like the old war-horse, we may grow restive for the battle, and unable to work as we have done, we find our place of prayer "without ceasing" will count in the fires of the judgment day.

My clear conversion at the age of fourteen near Buffalo, N. Y., was considered the second blessing by my pastor and my old Methodist class-leader, but several years later God rounded me up in the forest fires of north Michigan. In the face of expected death, after fighting fire three days and nights, I took the straight route for God and heaven, His dwelling place. I received the everlasting Amen Hallelujah! in my soul—the language John heard "in heaven" of much people. With it came a sense of the presence of legions of angels. All fear and loneliness left for good, and He delivered me out of all my troubles.

Over fifty years of my earthly journey I have had a heaven to go to heaven in. From the east to the west and returns, I have crossed the grand old Mississippi fourteen times. Was in Chicago during the World's Fair; in Buffalo, N. Y., during the Pan American; in St. Louis during the great exhibition, but had no leading of the Holy Spirit to go to any of these fine exhibits of earth's splendors, but had the heavenly city constantly before my vision, far surpassing and exceeding all that I have ever seen. I was the Revelator, and sealed to my soul by the eternal Spirit of Truth, seeing my "mansions" so beautiful which He has gone to prepare, and expecting Him to "come again and receive me unto Himself." Hallelujah! Surely I want all my time and money used to adorn my everlasting dwelling-place, for His glory, who died to redeem me. Since He has kept me in the victories of living faith so many years, I am able to believe He will keep all that I have committed to His care, until my feet strike the beautiful

Plains of Paradise. A friend said to me a while ago: "How far away is the heavenly land?" I said, "Not even a day's journey, for the Master told the thief on the cross, 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'" Hallelujah!

DES MOINES, N. MEX.

Going Home

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fulness divine.
Up from the strife and the battle
(Oft with the shameful defeat),
Up to the palm and the laurel,
O, but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest,
Reaching the balm and the cheer.
Finding the end of our sorrow,
Finding the end of our fear.
Seeing the face of the Master
Yearned for in "distance and dream,"
O, for that rapture of gladness!
O, for that vision supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them, clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true-hearted,
There in the fairest of lands!
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Changing the moan for the music,
Living the Savior to bless.

Why should we fear at the dying,
That is but springing to life!
Why should we shrink from the struggle,
Pale at the swift crossing strife,
Since it is only beyond us,
Scarcely a step and a breath,

All that dear home of the living,
Guarded by what we call death!

Then we shall learn the sweet meanings
Hidden today from our eyes.
There we shall waken like children,
Joyous at gift and surprise.
Come, then, dear Lord, in the gloaming,
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in Thy presence—
Only Thyself lead the way.

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fulness divine.
Out of the sigh and the silence
Into the deep-swelling song;
Out of the exile and bondage—
Into the home-gathered throng.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

An Overcomer Through the Blood

DANIEL M. SPRINGER

Eighty-Three

I was born of German parents in the year 1829. I was convicted of sin when a small boy of seven years. I had a strong desire to live forever; and had an impression that if I would pray the Lord would forgive and save me. But satan hindered me from praying; if some one would have helped me then, I would have been saved. But living on a farm, with no mother and no religious training, remained in the dark for about ten years, when I found a home where I could go to church; and soon found my way to an altar and was blessedly saved. A year later I heard of a second grace, and I commenced seeking for that; but it was a long time before learning that by confessing my faith in Jesus' blood to cleanse me from all sin I would get the experience, which I did about forty years ago; and from that time

until now I am trusting in the cleansing blood of Jesus; and have found it safer to trust in the cleansing blood of Jesus than in a wonderful experience.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Looking Ahead From Four Score and Two

JAMES D. ACKER

Eighty-Two

"I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." At my advanced age I am still looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith, and I still have the need of the cleansing stream, and I praise Him that the fountain still lies open, and thank Him for full salvation, as well as for giving me in my old age perfect health, and frequent opportunities to preach the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Glory be to His blessed name forever.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"My Grace is Sufficient"

H. G. BECKER

Eighty-Two

I can gladly testify that in my age of nearly eighty-three, I am a very happy man; every day I am blessed and rejoice in my Lord, because He has taken my sins away and has drawn the evil roots of the old man out of my heart. I am a child of the great King, grow every day in His grace, and out of His fulness I expect yet to receive grace for grace. No wonder that I am so happy and blessed that I sing and shout. I recommend to every one old and young, my precious Savior. He can surely cleanse their heart from all sin.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"From Thy Youth"

EMANUEL THOMAN

Eighty-Three

Glad to give my testimony to the glory of God. I found the Savior when I was a boy sixteen years old, and now I am eighty-three years and six months old, and find Him still sweeter every day. He saves and cleanses me with His precious blood. I expect to be faithful unto the end, and then go to be with Jesus forever and ever. Amen.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Going Home Together

E. P. LAWSON

Eighty-Five

I was converted at the age of sixteen years in Ohio, was sanctified in 1884 at Los Angeles, Cal. Am laid aside with a broken hip. My age is eighty-five; am having a good time with the Lord. Praise His holy name!

MRS. LUCINDA LAWSON

I was converted at the age of fourteen years. Struggled on until the year 1881, in the city of Lincoln, Neb., when the Lord saved and sanctified my soul, for which I praise His dear name, and am happy all the day long.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

General and Mrs. Booth on the Experience of Holiness

One of the saving truths taught by the Salvation Army is the doctrine of entire sanctification. In their teaching on this all-important subject, the Army says: "We believe that after conversion there remains in the heart of the believer inclinations to evil, or roots of bitterness, which, unless overpowered by divine grace, produce actual sin; but that these evil tendencies can be entirely taken away by the Spirit of God."

The need of such definite teaching was early forced on General and Mrs. Booth, and not only did they see the scripturalness of

this doctrine, but the necessity was pressed home upon them to seek and obtain the experience themselves.

In his Life of Mrs. Booth, Commissioner Booth-Tucker gives some letters written by her parents on this subject in 1861, from which we take the following extracts:—

"My soul has been much called out of late on the doctrine of holiness. I feel that hitherto we have not put it in a sufficiently definite and tangible manner before the people—I mean as a specific and attainable experience. Oh, that I had entered into the fulness of the enjoyment of it myself. I intend to struggle after it. * * * May the Lord enable me to give my wanderings over and to find in Christ perfect peace and full salvation.

"I have much to be thankful for in my dearest husband. The Lord has been dealing very graciously with him for some time past. His soul has been growing in grace, and its outward developments have been proportionate. He is now on full stretch for holiness. You would be amazed at the change in him. It would take me all night to detail all the circumstances and coverings of providence and grace which have led up to this experience, but I assure you it is a glorious reality, and I know you will rejoice in it.

"As has always been the case with every quickening we have experienced in our own

souls, there has been a renewal of the evangelistic question, especially in my mind. I felt as though that was the point of controversy between me and God. Indeed, I knew it was. And on the day I referred to in my last letter to you, I determined to bring it to a point before the Lord, trusting in Him for strength to suffer as well as to do His will, if He should call me to it. I did so. What I went through in the conflict I could not, if I would, describe. It seemed far worse than death. Since that hour, however, although I have been tempted, I have not taken back the sacrifice from the altar, but have been enabled calmly to contemplate it as done. . . .

"A week ago last Friday, when I made the surrender referred to in my last, I saw that, in order to carry out my vow in the true spirit of consecration, I must have a whole Christ, a perfect Savior. I therefore resolved to seek till I found that 'pearl of great price'—the white stone, which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it. . . .

"On Friday morning God gave me two precious passages. First, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Oh, how sweet it sounded to my poor, weary, sin-stricken soul! I almost dared to believe that He did give me rest from inbred sin, the rest of perfect holiness. . . .

"I struggled through the day until a little

after six in the evening, when William joined me in prayer. We had a blessed season. While he was saying, 'Lord, we open our hearts to receive Thee,' that word was spoken to my soul: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open unto me, I will come in and sup with him.'

"I felt sure He had long been knocking, and oh, how I yearned to receive Him as a perfect Savior! But oh, the inveterate habit of unbelief! How wonderful that God should have borne with me so long!

"When we got up from our knees I lay on the sofa, exhausted with the excitement and effort of the day. William said, 'Don't you lay all on the altar?' I replied, 'I am sure I do!' Then he said, 'And isn't the altar holy?' I replied in the language of the Holy Ghost, 'The altar is most holy, and whatsoever toucheth it is holy.' Then said he, 'Are you not holy?' I replied with my heart full of emotion and with some faith, 'Oh, I think I am.' Immediately the word was given me to confirm my faith, 'Now arise clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.' And I took hold—true, with a trembling hand, and not unmolested by the tempter—and I held fast the beginning of my confidence, and it grew stronger, and from that moment I have dared to reckon myself 'dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto the Way through Jesus Christ my Lord.'"
—The Way of Holiness, Manchester, Eng.

The Beauty of Old Age

J. W. AKERS

THERE is an inherent beauty and loveliness in the ripening and maturing of life in every kingdom.

We are accustomed to think of spring as the most beautiful of all the seasons; but in respect of beauty it bears no comparison with our falls. The springing blade, the bursting bud, the unfolding leaf, the opening flower—all these are but prophecies of the richer and more abundant glories which are to follow.

The spring time may be nature's Genesis, but the fall of the year, is her book of Revelation.

When spring is gone and the summer ended—when fall throws a veil of gray mist over the face of the morning and a chill comes into the air of evening, it is then that we see the world clad in garments of surprising beauty. The green of field and forest turns to gold. The wheat is in the sheaf, the corn is in the shock. The flowers have faded and fallen, but a richer crimson has come to burn in the cherry and to flame on the apple and the peach.

A brush that outrivals the old Masters, has set the forest all aflame, and done a work in the maples and the oaks, in the hickories and the walnuts, that surpasses their great paintings and gorgeous chromes.

Our life has its seasons—its spring time, its summer and its fall of the year. We are accustomed to think that the purest, sweetest joys of life are to be found in its early, care-free years. This is one of the illusions of time and distance. We idealize our childhood life. We remember its joys, and they were many, but we have forgotten our griefs and sorrows, our sobs and our tears. We have forgotten that our own cups had their bitter dregs—that our roses had their thorns. Of course we were happy, but our happiness was transitory and evanescent. It was as the shower that delighteth for a moment and is gone, but the happiness of a happy old age, is as a fountain that springeth up, and abides.

The Open Parliament

Especially Adapted for This Number

Old Age

C. A. M. CONNELL

Men call us old—they do but mark the tement, storm-beaten,
Nor there behold the ever-young, unscathed
behind the shadows.

Age and decay—earth-bligh of sin—by truth
and love supplanted.

Time's furrows yield supernatural fruits in harvest
never ceasing.

We are not old—what'er men say—though
three score and ten counting.

A full four score of Life redeemed, is Youth
but in its morning.

In childhood and youth, clouds may cover the sun, and at morning it may be dark. In old age our sun shines from within and at evening it is light.

While the happiness of early life depends upon environment, relations and conditions, the beauty and happiness of age is a product of an inner state and life. It is a heart joy and a soul rest, that external storms do not disturb. It is a life of love, obedience and faith come to full flower.

In the midday of life the fires of passion and ambition burn with consuming heat. Failures dishearten us, defeats embitter us, and the strenuous struggle robs life of all real and true pleasure and enjoyment; but in a happy and beautiful old age, the fires of passion and ambition have ceased to burn. The mad pursuit of rainbow baubles is ended, the strenuous battle and struggle of life is over and the soul of God's old man has entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

To me the face of old age is self-lumin-

ous, and the head that is white with the hair of years, is more beautiful than golden curls, or raven locks. I have seen a light in the eyes of the aged, that was above the brightness of any earthly sun and a sweetness and an unearthly beauty in the dead white face, that only the touch and smile of God could put there.

The Beauty of Old Age

W. H. BACIE

IS THERE really any such thing? The next question is, What is your opinion? and the next, What is your observation and your experience? That it is not hard to find beauty in youth and middle life is a well-known fact, providing we have in ourselves those qualities that enable us to see and appreciate beauty. Surely we can not fail to recognize it in the child, the maiden, the youth, running and romping with merry laugh, hair streaming in the wind, cheeks ruddy with the glow of health, minds untrammelled by care, hearts untainted by passion or avarice, and bodies untouched by the effects of indulgence or excess. Whether surrounded by the natural or the artificial, we are charmed by the beauty of childhood and youth and our eyes and hearts delighted. Now let these young lives be projected along the lines intended by our Creator, protected, helped, instructed in righteousness and usefulness, and behold the man or the woman in the beauty of developed manhood or womanhood. The hand is trained, skilled, dextrous, the head erect, well-stocked with wisdom, the eye and ear keen and quick to perceive, the step quick and elastic, the voice strong and well modulated, the emotions thrilled by love of the good and hatred of the evil. Before such beauty is a vast unbounded vista of wonderful achievement, problems in sciences they "until familiar as their garter," precious productions in the arts, perfected plans of advancement in political and social matters, and progress in the industrial endeavors all tending to uphold, ennoble and make happy. Add to all this what they have accomplished

in-oratory and music and in delighted amazement we gaze upon the manhood and what hath God wrought. We will not look upon the reverse side of this picture of childhood, youth and maturity. This is not our task at this time, though we know only too well how ugly, how disgusting, how terrible the sight would be: life, starting from a source polluted by sin and crime, made hideous by environments and associations of the most degrading nature. And yet the picture we must draw must be framed in the opposite in almost every way to our first one. The task seems hard under the circumstances to find beauty, but it is there. Yes it is there in old age.

"The joy is not better than the lark because its feathers are more beautiful nor is the adder better than the eel because its painted skin contents the eye." We must not gaze upon the bent form, the tottering step, the sunken eye, the wrinkled brow, the whitened locks, the quivering voice, the dimmed sight, the dull ear. We must get a deeper insight. If we would see the beauty in old age we must have spiritual discernment or we shall not know it in others and if we possess beauty ourselves in old age it must be along spiritual lines. It must be beauty of character.

Our observation and our reason teach us that if it is difficult for the young to attain and retain beauty, how much more effort we who are aged should expect to make to do the same. To cease our efforts and to become careless and listless is a great error. Indifference, coldness, apathy are the worst maladies of the soul, while alertness, brightness, cheerfulness make the atmosphere all around us blessed and enjoyable. It is oftentimes the case that the aged exhibit a disposition to be dissatisfied, resentful, turbulent; all of these make them unlovely. The poet has said,

Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim.

Another class of aged persons who de-spoil old age of beauty are those who are which if not all of the time doleful or gloomy, always nursing their sorrows, never tired of rehearsing them with much sighing and groaning. And they say by way of excuse that it is natural to mourn and lament, and seem to think it is a duty they owe to the dead. But behold our experience is that if we owe anything to the dead, the debt must ever remain unpaid and we should not attempt to force the payment upon the living in sobs and tears and sighing. What if sorrows do come,

The path of sorrows, and that alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
No traveler ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

To conclude—for want of space—the real beauty of old age is the beauty of holiness in which we are exhorted to worship God and without which no man shall see the Lord. To have this there must be a sweet and continuous resignation to all of His will. He must choose for us; He must. He will guide us by His unerring wisdom, sustain us by His power, fill us with His love. Seek not for revelation new, nor yet to covet time or chance to re-enact past errors, and those acts which blurred and stained our life, in hope of doing better. Leave every thing with God whose promised aid will sweeten

every bitter draught, make your path plain through every sea of trial, move mountains into seas that they impede no more the shining way to glory. Thus shall it be thy sun of life shall set in beauty, and leave thy sky of life resplendent with the borrowed tints of heaven. O yes, beloved, the beauty of holiness alone can adorn old age with patience, cheerfulness, self-sacrifice, joy and every virtue summed up in that one thing we know as Jesus love.

Some Old People I Have Met.

E. M. ISAAC

She was an old mother in Israel when I first met her. It was on the first holiness camp ground I ever attended. She was over eighty years old, and somewhat crippled in body, but what a soul she had, and how the glory rested upon her! There were times when she did not seem to belong to this earth at all. She was known as Old Mother C., and everybody loved her because she was lovable. She was not critical, never was known to be sour, did not expect young people to be old people, would not listen to gossip, always spoke an encouraging word to the preacher, and enjoyed every sermon whether it was good or not, for she had the blessing of holiness, and so she saw to it that the wind blew away all the chaff that came her way, and she retained only the wheat.

To look at this old mother was to get blessed. The preacher felt comfortable when she was before him, for she had a way of boosting him over every hard place with her Amens, and if he was having rather a hard time she did not groan in pity for him, and thus slay him utterly, but cried out, "Praise the Lord for the Word," or "thank God for that promise," or "That is so, brother, that is so." In that way the preacher soon forgot he was having hard sledding, for every word she uttered was a lift to him and the audience.

Often this old mother would get so blessed that the preacher had to stop and let her take the service for a time, but it was always in the Spirit, and was so recognized by all. Many times she rescued a hard altar service from the power of the enemy by her peculiar way of singing, which was marvelous for Holy Ghost power; and the glory would come down until the saints shouted, wept, laughed, marched, hugged each other and praised the Lord until the very skies became as clear as noonday.

Thank God for an experience that will keep us forever young. The joy of the Holy Ghost will never permit us to become dry, unctious, critical, crusty, unteachable, heady, long-faced, harsh, pouty, touchy, censorious and bitter, but our youth shall be renewed as the eagle's; our faces shall be attractive though furrowed with many wrinkles; the glory of Another will be seen shining out through our countenance until old and young will love to have us around.

There are a number of other old people whom we have met here and there, and who were mighty through God in pulling fire out of the skies when the less experienced were ready to give up in despair. As we look back over the years of hard work in the pastorate our eyes fill with mist at the remembrance of many an old hero or heroine who stood by us in places

of hard testings, and dark hours of trouble. Often they assured us that God was true, and that they would not fail us as human friends, but would pray and labor with us until victory was assured. Every pastor knows the value of such people. There is also another side to the picture, and even Paul could not refrain from mentioning that "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved the present world," and "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil." In the same letter he said, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me."

We thank God for the precious old fathers and mothers in Israel with whom we have labored, and who have left large portions of our life filled with sweet fragrance without one unpleasant thought to mar the fond recollection. Many of them are in glory today, but soon we shall meet them in the City of Light where old age is unknown, but where the brow of each blood-washed saint is crowned with eternal youth.

Some Old People I Have Known

REV. J. N. SHORT

Speaking of old people I have known, one comes to mind most readily, one of whom others writing on this subject might not speak. I had a warm personal acquaintance with Camp Meeting John Allen some years before he died. He was born in Farmington, Me., in 1795, and was ninety-two years and six months old when he died.

He was one of the most interesting and unique characters one might hope to meet. Through his own testimony his early life was well known to those who have often heard him speak. With a somewhat meager education, he grew up to thirty years of age a Universalist, wicked and rollicking. His old Scotch teacher said to his father, who was solicitous for his sons, "Harry is studious and will make a scholar, but as for John, you will never make much out of him, he is so full of the devil."

At the age of thirty he was converted at a Methodist camp meeting. Those were days when, if converted at a camp meeting, one was converted. He was at once known as the converted Universalist. He was at once changed into a shouting Methodist. He soon began to preach. (Yes, I say preach.) He was never hampered by any homiletical rules. "Firstly and secondly" did not trouble him. He opened his mouth and poured out what was burning in his heart.

Like Bud Robinson, he learned the Word of God so that he had it at the end of his tongue. If some should read this they would be reminded of his unique way of repeating the Scriptures, never reading them. From his manner it seemed like a spontaneous, original production. At the close of a meeting a reporter asked him if he could give him a copy of his speech. He told him he would find it in Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, fifth chapter.

Of his wit and repartee there was no end; it never failed him. He was always bubbling over with pleasantry and good humor. On whatever occasion he spoke the people sat up and took notice. His spirit and manner put life into any meeting. He was a believer in full salvation. He had had the experience; but it was not until the National Camp Meeting, Vineland, N. J., in 1867, that he renewed

his consecration, and became a flaming herald of holiness.

When he came home he told his wife of his experience. She said, "Well John, I will watch you." He said, "Do, and I will help you." When asked later if he kept his experience, she replied, "On one occasion when he was putting up a stove pipe, and it did not go up very easy, he stepped around a little more lively than usual."

Universalism suffered at his hands. On one occasion a Universalist was offended at his preaching, and said to him after the service, "You meant me." He replied, "To save my soul, I could not help thinking of you." One was finding fault in his presence, and he said to him, "It don't take much religion to find fault. I have known some people to find fault who did not have any."

He believed all things worked together for good to them that love God. When his house burned down with its contents, and an autobiographical manuscript just completed, he stood in front of his house, and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

He delivered an address on temperance in Tremont Temple in Boston when he was eighty-eight years old to 2,500 people. They laughed and wept. When he sat down he said, "I never did pretend to be much, but I never saw anybody I would swap with yet."

When he was ninety-two years old I met him in Boston. I said, "Uncle John, do you feel old?" He replied quick and sharp, as was his wont, "No, I feel just as young as I ever did inside, but my legs don't carry me as well as they used to." He proved Scripture true: "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

Provisionally being carried by the station where he intended to stop at a camp meeting, he concluded to go on to the East Livermore Camp Meeting, Me., a ground he had laid out thirty-five years before for a meeting. As always, he was received with open arms. He exhorted in the evening. The next morning sitting in a chair contemplating taking the train for Boston, he was not, for God took him.

He attended 376 camp meetings. He turned many to righteousness. To those who knew him for years, and not so many of that class now remain, this little personal sketch will seem tame. I may not speak of others, having already trespassed on time and space.

The Old Home

MADISON CAWLEN

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be;

In boyhood I knew them and still they call to me.

Down in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes

Through tear-mists behold them beneath the old-time skies.

'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them; and heartsick with longing in my soul,

To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bow!

Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;

To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know

When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To talk with the morning, and watch its rose unfold;

To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold;

To lie with the nightime, and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,

The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,

The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,

The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be;

In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

—Criterion.

Grandmothers

MRS. BUD ROBINSON

Grandmothers are the crowning glory to the home. Through years of experience and thought she has found the "great good" and discerns between the great and lesser. The things that are done to satisfy the ideas of others, those done for appearance and those things that please the Lord Himself. Then the grandmother has nothing to do but love. She hasn't the responsibility of training the young people. She just loves them with a "pure heart fervently" and lets the father and

mother bear their rightful responsibility. Her patience is a blessing in the home. She sits by and sees the mistakes that experience alone can teach us are mistakes; instead of continually nagging waits patiently until we learn the lesson when her telling might annoy us instead of improve.

The grandmother takes thousands of steps from mother and leaves her time and heart and thought free for the little ones. There is the care for mother nourished. Whoever thinks whether mother eats or doesn't eat but the grandmother in the family? I remember one time when my sister was sick and with true southern instinct she wanted cornmeal mush. There was an aunt in the family who said, "Sarie, what are you going to make mush for supper for?" when the grandmother replied, "Well, Sallie, Annie wants mush and if Annie wants it she shall have it if there doesn't arry other person on the place want any"—and "Annie" got it. I was a young girl then, but I have never forgotten this kindness to my sister from her husband's mother. There is mending—grandmother may not see to it as nicely as once she could—but "how often, oh how often," in the middle of dinner-getting the boys come in with knees out, it is grandmother can put a patch on that will tide those knees over until mother has time for them.

When I kept house for my sister, brothers, niece and nephews without a mother to make things smooth and easy, I would see the grandmother in my sister's home sewing in the bottom to the old flat sifters and patching them up with cloth and I would say, "Annie, if I only had a grandmother in the home to 'patch sifters' how blessed I would be." Such a world of care the grandmother relieves us of in caring for the babes—telling us when they are *really* sick and we are not uneasy, or when we are frightened and they are not dangerously ill. Then easy ways of holding and easing the little one and crooning it to sleep. The aches taken from the young mother's tender arms and nerves by her strong ones.

The little boy said:
Grandmothers are mighty nice things,
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a fellow do as he pleases,
And don't worry about education.

Indeed time would fail me to tell of the love and thoughtfulness and kindness and patience and blessing brought to our homes through grandmother.

In Our Old Age

W. H. BACHE

Beloved, do not think it strange
That fiery trials do assail
Nor think through age it happened thee
Tis nothing that thou needest bewail.

Rejoice, rejoice, for thou shalt know
The joy this test will ever bring
To be permitted to partake
Of Jesus' toil and suffering.

That when His glory is revealed
You may be glad. Your tongue employ
To sing while countless ages roll
His praise with exceeding joy.

Beloved, if ye be reproached
For Christ's dear name, then happy be;
Spirit and glory of God
Will come and rest and dwell with thee.

God of all grace who calleth us
To thine eternal glory, make
Us pure and sweet in old age
Though suffering; for Jesus' sake.

Around the Old Home

Mother

Pale, withered hands, that nearly fourscore years
Had wrought for others, soothed the hurt
Of tears,
Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart,
Dropped the balm of love in many an aching
heart;
Now, stitless, folded like wan rose leaves
pressed
Above the snow and silence of her breast,
In mute appeal they told of labors done,
And well-earned rest that came at set of
sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had
swept,
As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept,
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite
away,
And given back the peace of childhood's day;
And on the lips the faint smile almost said,
"None knows life's secret but the happy
dead."
So razing where she lay, we knew that pain
And parting could not cleave her soul again.
And we were sure that they who saw her
last
In that dim vista which we call the past;
Who never knew her old and laid aside,
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,
Had sprung to greet her with the olden
speech,
The dear, sweet names no later love can
teach.
And "welcome home" they, cried, and
grasped her hands,
So dwells our mother in the best of lands.
—British Weekly.

Home

Home is the best interpreter of heaven. Home is not a place or state, but a fellowship. It is not the walls of a house that make a home, for many who are housed well enough are yet homeless, having none of the joys of mutual kindness and help which bind men and women in the life of the home. Nor is home an eternal condition or feeling, but a fellowship which takes us out of ourselves and our feelings, and makes us feel with and for others. So heaven is the perfect fellowship of those who have learned to forget self in the joys of others. And, as home finds its center in one who most perfectly exemplifies the love which is its life—generally in the home-making mother—so heaven finds its center in Him whose life was the perfect exemplification of the spirit of sacrifice. "That where I am, there ye may be also" is the character. Sunder the life of man from His, either in this world or the next, and you leave it to the contention and strife which constitute the misery of our human condition. With Jesus Christ as its center, heaven becomes intelligible as the eternal fellowship of joy and peace.—Selected

A Little Boy's Politeness

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across, ma'am?" "Thank you, dear."

Across the street she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already taken fifty cents by renting his umbrella to gentlemen who, like herself, had left their umbrellas at home.

"You're the first old lady," he said with childish candor, "that I've taken across—and I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you." "A child of the poor," thought his questioner, "but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman."—Unidentified.

Back to the Old Home

Have you precious old-home memories of days long since passed away? And was there ever a time when their insistent voice drove your wayfaring feet back once more to the spot where in boyhood they started on their long journey? Have you? Then this little extract in the San Francisco Argonaut from a man's impressions on returning to his boyhood home after fifty years of absence will touch a responsive chord in your heart.

I can look down, he says, into the little hollow where we lived. There is no cabin left, no garden, nor orchard, unless that far-off clump of wildness contains some of the apple trees father planted.

The years have taken more than I dreamed they could take from any man's old home. I can not find anything here that I do not have now, still I must go down and see if those are the old apple trees.

Yes, this is the oldest corner of the orchard, and five trees are left, unpruned, neglected for many years. I recognize the russet tree, and mother's sweet for baking and the Tulpehocken that the Dutchman father found on the road with a broken leg sent him afterwards. The smell of the russet apples comes back. Johnny and I used to climb out there on that limb and sit in that crotch eating apples after dinner. Father would come along and throw grass roots at us—and laugh, and say, "Time to dig potatoes!"

Here is the path to the spring. It was steep and slippery in wet weather. I fell down once with a bucket of water. This, so soiled, is the old spring; the house is gone, the stones have fallen in, the cattle have trampled it. But as I look closer there is one angle of the spring wall left. The fallen rocks have protected it, and there the heart of the spring gushes up, just as it used to, I suppose, ages ago for passing creatures of the wilderness. How often have I thirsted in friendless deserts for one single drop of cold spring water!

There! Little spring, you have not given so much as you now give to any man before in all the thousands of years. You care to all alike; but to me you seem to have given the waters of remembrance. As a ray of sun slants into your hand-breadth of clear water you show me a little red-headed boy leaning over to drink.

Give me another taste, little mountain spring, and I will go and sit by the ruins of our chimney.

The hearthstone is there, and half of the chimney. I will roll this corner stone of the cabin in front, and here I will sit, as close as I used to in those cheerful winter evenings. Father sat on that side, reading aloud from his paper. Johnny sat beside him, while I popped the corn. Mother sewed and rocked baby Margie in the cradle that father had made for her.

The chimney does not seem broken; the sun is kept out somehow by walls and roof; I hear a door softly shutting as mother takes Margie off to lay her down; I hear the rustle of father's newspaper; he has been reading about Elisha Kent Kane, and we have been shivering with arctic cold. Mother comes back, tells us a story, helps me with my lesson in arithmetic and hears Johnny read.

Father takes down the big Bible that grandfather brought from Connecticut. The old tomat—"that Irreligious cat," as mother calls him—rises, stretches and insists on being let out to go to the barn. Father reads, and explains as he goes along, and then we kneel in prayer.

I can hear him now. No man I have ever

known had such a clear reading and speaking voice. You loved to listen to him. He made you comprehend every word. I know now that if Father had cared about it he might have made a famous preacher, lawyer or politician. How did it happen, father, that you and mother never thought of worldly success? that you were without ambition? that you, with all your education, your refinement, your friends everywhere in the great world outside, chose this little, little place, made your home here, worked so hard with your own hands, passed away from here, and were— Later I will look on the hilltop that you chose, father.

You had a voice as of that Harry Clay whom you knew and loved. You taught me so much; how is it that I could not learn from you and mother that innermost knowledge, that life without haste or fret, that quiet unselfishness that I have thought of all these years, but I have not made my own?

I begin to understand in some degree what a fellowship was here in our family circle by this once so comfortable fireplace. It seems to me that now I can carry more burdens for others, can better handle my own. Almost have I heard my father's voice again; almost have I seen my mother's face, and the sleeping baby; almost I watch Johnny go to sleep, and open the door for the cat, and listen to the deep, full-chested voice talking face to face with his heavenly Father.

Only once or twice have I heard any man speak in prayer with that ease and earnestness and certainty. I wish that I had it myself, as both father and mother had, and as the sense of it was always with them.

How warm the hearthstone is, and how familiar is the old fireplace, and as I look around I can see the whole cabin—books, and the rifle, and prints hanging on the walls, and there is the knothole into which the baby used to drop mother's tibble.

It grows late. Good-by, dear unforgotten cabin. You still do exist, and it may well be that all the rest is somewhere, still going on, still alive; that the mother love— But now I will climb the low hill, east of the orchard, in the very midst of the old farm. There they were laid to rest, all of them, one by one. There is a place for me, too.

I will go and sit awhile on the hilltop between father and mother, to tell them the things I wish I had told them long ago, and it will be good for my soul. Then I will go back to the city and into the fight again. —Continued.

"Do Not Bring Us An Old Man"

Who said that? Not a sick man who needed a doctor. Not a business man who needed advice. Not a man in court who needed a lawyer. Not a man in sorrow who needed a comforter. None of these—well, then, who said it? If you will listen, I will tell you confidentially. But don't you dare tell anybody. For the credit of the Church and Christianity, keep it to yourself. If you are the man who said it, or if you were a member of a church meeting where you permitted it to be said, then don't tell it.

What you need, brother, in your church is a man of experience, sound in the faith, filled with the Holy Ghost, who can teach you the way of the Lord, who will deal honestly with your soul.

Thank God we have young men, but they will soon be old. It is one of the inevitable experiences of men that they grow old. What will you do with the old man? Turn him down! That is heathenish. If that is the way you feel, you need a foreign missionary as badly as any pagan.

What are you going to do with the old preacher? Superannuate him? Well, then, you must go deeper down in your pocket to care for him. He has given his life to the church. Forty or fifty years he has spent, and his meager salary has not enabled him to save anything against old age, if he has cultivated a spirit of generosity toward the work of the church.

His needs are more numerous and pressing now than they were forty years ago. He has been educated away from business.

He can not adapt himself to modern business methods. He is helpless. You have no paragonages for superannuates. No donation parties visit him. He is not sought after to marry people now. That belongs to the pastor.

See here, brother, when your church meeting comes off just say we want a good man, old or young, and we will stand by him and help him for all we are worth. When you make up your mind to that you are in the first stage of the greatest revival your church has ever known.—W. M. S., in Methodist Protestant.

Old-Time Religion

By that is meant a religion that begins with an unmistakable patience and a sincere repentance that can be satisfied with nothing less than the experience of forgiveness and salvation. To mince matters or modify the conditions of salvation to anything less than a clear and conscious experience of regeneration is to deceive the penitent and to pervert God's scheme of redemption into a mere human invention. It is giving the sinner a stone when he needs bread and imposing upon him a sham and a fraud. Sin can not be rated as a mere infirmity. It must be represented as it is—an awful disorder that has depraved man and separated him from God, and worked out ruin and disaster for the soul. Every man who thinks truly knows that he is a fallen creature, and that until the grace of God interposes for his salvation he continues to fall. And it must be made clear that outside of a saving faith in Jesus Christ there is no salvation. Culture is noble, but no human culture can open the pearly gates of salvation. It may not be a pleasing duty to lift the gates of hades and show the sinner the doom of impenitence, but it is in the Book—and the Book is the minister's authority and chart. When Dante inscribed over the gateway of his inferno the words, "Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not," he simply preached the truth which the minister puts into his message.—Methodist Protestant.

Compensations of Age

Advancing years are permitted to shut us in. More people are worrying over the fact that they are growing old than give anxious thought to any other one thing. They do not see that age has compensations which no other period of life conveys. Is there not satisfaction in the superior wisdom which comes only with experience? Is there not comfort in reflecting that one is not so foolish as formerly? Think of the broader knowledge of life, of the sense of achievement, which is attained after the battle, but never before it. Think of the richer emotions, the spiritual repose, the longer vision, the points of vantage which are possible only to the aged. Think of the prospect on Pisgah which no one ever gets in the valley. Rabbi Ben Ezra had it:

Grow old along with me!

The best of life is yet to be.

The last of life, for which the first was made.

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned;

Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

Aye, but it is the close of life that bothers. Getting old would be nothing, were it not for that grim thing that marks the finish. But the habit of expectancy will correct the morbid thought of death, which does not shut life in, but takes the cover off that there may be more life. That old pagan, with a fine light in his eyes, Walt Whitman—has he not shamed us with his better view of death than half of Christendom holds?

Thee, holiest minister of heaven; thee, envoy, usher, guide at last of all; Rich, florid loosener of the stricture-knot called life; sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

Is not life like the passing of a voyager adown a river, guarded on either side by mountains? As he moves on, the vistas

widen, the hills stand farther apart, the current runs deeper, the brimming flood is smoother and broader, till the sea breaks on the sight—the boundless, all-enswathing sea!

The Amazon rolls as far as from California to Maine. It is as wide at its mouth as from Portland to Boston. It pushes its fresh waters two hundred miles into the briny ocean. That is a picture of life projecting itself into the beyond. The hereafter will surely feel the impulse of today. At the very instant of death the habit of expectancy should be at its highest exercise.—New York Christian Advocate.

Fruitful Old Age

The finest and best products of a man's life come not before forty, but between sixty and seventy. The retirement of the bishops lends interest to a study of age and mental virility made by Dr. Earl Barnes, late

The Aged Saint

META E. O'CONNOR

Old and world-worn, sad and weary,
Traveling o'er life's rugged way,
Falt'ring are his steps and feeble,
Scanty are his locks and gray.

Almost ended is his journey,
Almost ended is the strife
To secure the daily morsel,
That sustains his waning life.

But unbroken is his spirit,
Still his eagle's eye is bright,
Still his soul is full of music,
Still his heart is pure and light.

Still the beauty in his nature
Fills his mind with rapture high,
Still he sees his Master's glory
In the vaulted starry sky.

Long before him, all his loved ones
Passed within the pearly gate,
And I think he feels them near him,
As to welcome him they wait.

Pure, sweet spirit, patient, gentle,
Bless me, ere from earth ye flee,
Let your passing benediction,
Saintly father, fall on me.

—Christian Advocate.

Nashville, Tenn.

professor of education at Stanford University. The list was made of four hundred of the most noted men of all times from all lines of activities—statesmen, painters, warriors, poets, writers of history, fiction, and other prose productions. Opposite each name was placed the name of the greatest work of his lifetime; his greatest picture, greatest battle, greatest poem or book.

After the list had been submitted to competent critics and had been several times revised, there was added after each person's name the decade of his life in which his greatest work was accomplished, with this astonishing result: Of the world's greatest achievements thirty-five percent were the work of men between sixty and seventy, twenty-three per cent in the years between the ages of seventy and eighty, and in the years after the eightieth, six percent; that is, sixty-four per cent of the great things of history were accomplished by men who had passed their sixtieth year. Between

forty and sixty the percentage is twenty-five per cent, between forty and fifty ten per cent, and below Dr. Osler's dead line of forty, the negligible quantity of one per cent.

To the credit of young men are two classes of achievement—deeds which require an extreme or physical power, exemplified in the conquests of Alexander, and the beautiful expression of lyric poetry typified by such poets as Shelley and Keats. The fact remains, however, that the best products of life come from man in the full maturity of his intellectual powers, not from raw and inexperienced youth. This is as it should be.

No arbitrary age limit can be set for one's usefulness. So long as a man retains the use of his faculties, all the years of labor and study and experience should contribute to his worth and usefulness. The unjust discrimination against gray hairs in our own time does not stand the test of experience.—Leslie's Weekly.

Five Simple Rules for Life Joyous

1. Stop worrying. Take warning from the old woman who said her "life had been full of troubles, most of which never came." Worry is unphilosophical and unChristian. We are told upon whom to cast all our care. Let us do it.

2. Be joyful. We are bidden many times to rejoice, to be glad—never to be sad—in the Lord, and to joy in the God of our salvation. It would make every moment of 1812 worth living if we could heartily obey this command.

3. Take time to find pleasure in nature and in art. The Beecher children asked their Aunt Esther, who had "told them nineteen rat stories in a string," how she knew so much about nature. She replied: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." I happen to have pleasure in them, and so suggest them out." Except we take time to observe we can not take pleasure in nature or art, nor gain the knowledge that enriches life.

"Be useful where thou livest," said George Herbert.

That they may
Both want and wish Thy pleasing presence
still;

* * * All other joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

5. If you have a happy thought of service or of work that needs doing, thank the divine Spirit that suggested it, and do it yourself, unless you know some one who can and will do it better, but get it done.

Live by these rules, and life will be a joy.—Susan Hayes Ward, in the Congregationalist.

Why Not?

Small Elmer had just come in from the back yard, where the cook was removing the feathers from a chicken. "Where is Jane, Elmer?" asked his grandmother. "She's behind the shed, husking a hen," answered the little fellow.—Selected.

Gran'ma's House

Last time we went it didn't seem
Like gran'ma's house any more,
Cause when we came up to the house
She wasn't in the door.

She always waited for us there,
With arms all stretched out wide;
She'd kiss me first and then the rest,
While I stood by her side.

And gran'pa, close behind, would always
Tell us "Welcome home!"
But last time gran'pa looked so sad,
Just standing there alone.

I guess God wanted her up there,
So we'd be good, because
If she was there we'd go—He knew
How sweet my gran'ma was.
—Grace Hunter.

The Heart Can Never Grow Old

Beauty may fade and strength decay,
Raven locks may turn to gray;
The eye grow dim, the step grow slow,
And the years creep on in their sluggish
flow.

But the heart can never grow old,
The heart can never grow old,
As the deathless years of God unfold,
The heart can never grow old.

Love that is true is an ageless thing;
Its freshness abides in eternal spring;
For it warms in the sun of unchanging
truth,
And it drinks at the fount of immortal
youth.

The wearied scenes in languor sleep;
Our powers fold up for their final steep;
But the things of the soul survive the tomb,
And burgeon forth in eternal bloom.

James M. Campbell, D. D.

Avalon, Cal.

Little Things

FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA

"Where did you get those beans?" said grandma to her little sweet-faced Dot who lived with her. Dot went on errands for grandma many times. This day she had been to the grocery and came home with her chubby hand full of small white beans.

"Oh, I took them out of the barrel in the store. The children at school are playing with beans, and I wanted some, so I took these."

"Did you ask for them?" said grandma. "No, I just took them. I thought the man wouldn't care."

Grandma looked at the little girl with a serious look and said, "You must take them back to the grocery and tell the man that you took them and ask his pardon. That is stealing, for those beans do not belong to you."

Poor little Dot had a cross to take up, but she ran to the grocery and with a heavy heart she went in and told the man what her grandmother had instructed her to say. It was a life-long lesson and was a great blessing to Dot.

Many people think that such little thefts need no correction, but that is the way thieves start in, generally on small things. The little girl did not think she was stealing. She was very small and did not realize what she was doing. It pays to be careful about little things. Never be guilty of taking anything, no matter how small it is, without asking. Make it the business of your life to be always honest and never take anything that does not belong to you.—Herald of Light.

A Mother's Greatest Sorrow

All the bodily pangs and labors which motherhood and mother care have cost age after age, is the least of their giving. All the patient toiling which millions of mothers have imposed upon themselves when they alone have reared and fed their children, all the watchful nights, all the tired steps—all that mothers have denied themselves for the sake of their children, is not the greatest sorrow which a man has expressed in the poem wherein the mother throws her heart at her son's feet, who, as he angrily stumbles over it, hears the heart whisper, "Did you hurt yourself, my child?"

Second Growth

There is another fact of psychology which is too much overlooked by men who would be profited by knowing it. That fact is, men are capable of intellectual second growths. You have seen the fields in which the corn had the twisted leaf and had not the freshness of its color and had ceased to grow for lack of moisture. Then when the abundant rains fell, the leaves straightened and

broadened and took a deep, dark green, and presently tassled luxuriantly, and finally brought forth the fattened, ripened ear. The corn had taken a second growth. So men whose vitalities have seemingly weakened under the strain of increasing years may bloom into a new strength simply because they have been cherishing by a progressive life those mysterious and providential potentiaities which ever respond to the "latter rains" of a good old age.—Christian Advocate.

A Torn Testament

A young man, preparing for the ministry in England, saw one day on the street the posters announcing a lecture on the Bible to be given in the public hall that evening. He went, and to his surprise, found that the lecture was a bitter attack upon the Holy Scriptures. The lecturer declared that there was nothing original in the Bible except what was worthless, and that all its moral teachings were contained in other and earlier books.

The lecturer added, "If there is any gentleman here who dares to deny that the best things in the Bible are better stated in other ancient books, let him stand up and say so."

Instantly the young student arose, and in order to be seen by everybody, stood upon a bench. He was very tall, over six feet, and at that time quite thin in his figure. "He looked sixteen feet high," said one who saw him standing there, with a long arm stretched out toward the lecturer, and holding a small book in his hand.

"Well," said the orator, "what has the young man to say?"

"This is what I have to say," answered the young man in a loud, clear voice, that sounded throughout the building. "This book which I hold in my hand is the New Testament, about one-fourth of the Bible. I declare, in the presence of this man and of this audience, that in this volume is found more light on the path of human life and a higher standard of moral teaching than in any other ancient book in all the world."

Then, with a sudden motion, he tore the book in two pieces and flung half of it on the floor, and said:

"I have thrown aside half of this book, and in this half that remains, which contains the four Gospels, there is more of value concerning the character of man and how to live a right life than any other ancient writers have left on record, no matter where you may look for them."

Again he seized the fragment, and tore out three leaves, which he waved aloft in one hand, while the rest of the book dropped to the floor, and then he spoke again:

"These six pages contain the Sermon on the Mount, one single discourse of Jesus Christ. In that sermon you will find a higher standard of character, a nobler ideal

Grandmother's Counsel

Grandmother says in her quaint old way:

"World wasn't made in a day—a day;
And the blue sky where the white clouds
fit—

Why, the Lord was six days painting it!

The way isn't sunny;

But don't you fret;

Cheer up, honey—

You'll get there yet."

Grandmother says in her quaint old way:

"World wasn't made in a day—a day;
The meadow there, where you love to sit—
Why, the Lord took time to carpet it!"

And still to me in the fields and dells
Her sweet voice rings like a chime of bells,
And I dream brave dreams as I hear her
say:

"World wasn't made in a day—a day.

The way isn't sunny;

But don't you fret;

Cheer up, honey—

You'll get there yet."

—Exchange.

Growing Old

Blessed are the old who are surrounded by happy young people who are loving and willing to show them attention, to be affectionate to them, to give time and thought to them. Old people never get beyond the need of gentle kindness, nor reach a time when they do not care any more for love's expressions.

"Put your arm around me—

There—like that:

I want a little petting

At Life's setting.

"For it is harder to be brave

When feeble age comes creeping,

And finds me weeping,

Dear ones gone.

"Just a little petting

At Life's setting;

For I am old, alone, and tired,

And my long life's work is done."

—Selected.

for man, than any other single writing, ancient or modern, the whole world contains. I dare you, sir, to read the opening words of that discourse before this audience. Let those who hear judge for themselves." The infidel orator had no answer to this appeal. After waiting a moment, the young man sat down. The lecturer made a feeble attempt to proceed, but it was in vain. His power over his audience was broken.—Exchange.

Writing Home to Mother

The Youth's Companion touches on a worthy theme when it urges the young man, away from home, to remember mother.

"My boy," writes a white-haired mother to her son, a busy man in a distant state, "write home often. You do not realize what your letters are to me, and how long it is between them."

No, he had not realized it, and unhappy there are many absent sons and daughters who need a similar reminder. They would be indignant at the suggestion of waning filial devotion, but in the stress of business, in the society of new friends, in the happiness of a new home circle, how rarely they spare an hour for a good, long letter to the aging mother in the old home—the loving mother whose heart-ache, as the passing days fall to bring the longed-for letter, is one of the most pathetic tragedies of old age.

The decline of the letter-writing habit of an earlier generation has often been deplored, but this feature of the decline can neither be excused nor defended. The post-card substitute for letters is little less than a mockery when the cards are sent to the mother who wants, and should have, so much more than that.

As youth lives in and for the future, so does old age always look back over the slope as it nears the summit. The parent is wrapped up in the son and daughter; but as the son grows to manhood and the daughter to womanhood, they are absorbed in the plans and the process of building the structure of the coming years. Such is the law of life and the basis of all progress, but it is a pitiful thing when the son and daughter fall to keep in mind their obligation to the loyalty and love of their parents.

Blessed are the absent ones who write long and frequent letters to the old home. Soon, they can not know how long, the precious privilege will no longer be theirs.—The Toller.

Astute Reasoning

Bridget—"Please, mum, will ye lind me yer watch for ter bile ther eggs?"

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, you have a clock in the kitchen, haven't you?"

Bridget—"Yes, mum; but the clock is slow, mum."—Selected.

HERALD OF HOLINESS

Official Organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene

Editor B. F. HAYNES, D. D.
Office Editor C. A. MCCONNELL

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Entered as second-class matter at Kansas, City, Missouri.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$1.00 a year in advance; to foreign countries, \$1.50.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Name the Postoffice and State to which the paper has been sent, and the Postoffice and State to which you wish it sent.

EXPIRATION OF TIME—Subscriptions are payable in advance. Unless payment is made or request made to have the paper continued, it will be discontinued at the expiration of time.

HOW TO REMIT—Send money order or bank draft, payable to C. J. Kinne, Agent.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

C. J. Kinne, Agent

2109 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Announcements

Latest News by Telegraph

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
October 20, 1912.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Sunday, October 20th, was a day of spiritual power. Audiences large, and intense interest. Over score of seekers, and salvation at high tide. Pastor Cornell preached in the morning and Professor Mesch at night. The faith of the people is stronger than ever for a wonderful revival. A Catholic man and his wife were converted.

C. E. CORNELL.

HOLINESS MEETING AT OZARK, ARK.

Rev. L. L. Isaacs and wife and Miss Nellie Ferguson, of Eureka Springs, Ark., will conduct a week's meeting in the Nazarene church in this city beginning Tuesday night, Oct. 22d. Let the saints pray for this meeting.

JOHN D. EDGIN.

NOTICE

Photographs, showing the church grounds and the assembly crowd (two separate views) of the Kansas District Assembly held at Sylvia, Kas., can be had for thirty cents each, by addressing Miss Nina Deeter, Hutchinson, Kas., 215 Fourth Ave.

NOTICE

I begin revival meetings in the M. E. Church at Lockford, Cal., Nov. 29th and will have some other meetings in the state at various points. I am planning to spend the entire winter there and will be glad to answer calls anywhere in California, Washington or Oregon. For reference, write to Dr. B. F. Haynes, Dr. H. C. Morrison, or Bro. Chas. A. McConnell, in Him.

J. E. BATES.

PENIEL, TEXAS.

TO THE KANSAS DISTRICT

As the new assembly year has begun and we have new obligations to meet, let us begin at once to meet them. To all pastors: Be sure and organize a missionary board and put them to work. Be sure and use the envelope system. It is the only way. Be sure and have your

The HERALD OF HOLINESS is late this week on account of one day's delay in receiving the supply of regular paper stock.

monthly missionary offerings. The churches that used the envelope system and also that adopted the monthly offering plan are the churches that show up on their reports. Let us use the best plan. Send all money to the treasurer and in return you shall receive a receipt. Don't forget to hold special prayer meetings for this great cause. Begin at once. We would be glad to hear from every church each month. Yours for the mission cause,
THOS. KEDDIE, JR., Dist. Sec. and Treas.

PREACHERS' MEETING

The regular, monthly meeting of the New England preachers will be held with our Fitchburg, Mass., church on Wednesday, Nov. 6th. Rev. John Gould, of Lynn, Mass., will read a paper on "Helpful Ideas Along the Line of General Church Work." Let all the preachers and others rally to this service.

J. W. GILLIES, Sec.

EVANGELISTIC MEETING

There will be a ten days' evangelistic campaign in the Grace Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, corner of Elm and Chester streets, West Somerville, Mass., beginning Nov. 1st, conducted by Dist. Supt. L. N. Fogg. There will be services on Sunday at 10:30, 3:00 and 7:00; week nights at 7:45. On Wednesday the 6th an afternoon service will be held. God is blessing and we are marching to victory.

J. W. GILLIES, Pastor.

CHANGE OF PLACE FOR MEETING OF THE ABILENE DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

Owing to the severe drouth that has prevailed over the western portion of our district, the church and citizens of Snyder, Texas, have requested to be released from the entertainment of the assembly. Notice is hereby given that the Abilene District Assembly will be held at Hamlin, Texas, and as the time for making arrangements for entertainment is short, we ask that all our churches take an offering to help defray the expenses of same. Let all who intend coming send in your names at once to W. F. Rutherford, Dist. Sec. Pray that this may be the greatest assembly that we have ever had. Yours in Him.

I. M. ELLIS, Dist. Supt.

W. F. RUTHERFORD, Dist. Sec.

Notes and Personals

The address of Rev. W. S. Ricé, is now Garfield, Wash. That of his son, Charles Victor, is Medical Lake, Wash., Route 1.

The Rev. Louis D. Keeler has accepted a call to become pastor of our church at Sag Harbor, Long Island, N. Y., for the remainder of the assembly year.

His correspondents will please note that the correct spelling of his name, and his address is, Evangelist August N. Nilson, Sheyenne, N. D., R. F. D. 2.

Rev. Jos. E. Bates, of Peniel, Texas, called at the Publishing House Thursday on his way to a meeting at Dexter, Kas. Brother Bates will spend the winter in meetings in California.

Rev. Lewis Burger, our pastor at Greely, Colo., stopped over between trains to greet the brethren at the Publishing House, and bring words of encouragement, Thursday last. He was on his way home from attendance upon the annual meeting of the missionary board in Chicago.

The foundation for the new church building of First Church, Kansas City, Mo., was laid this week. Pastor Lehman is happy in prospect of soon having a "house of full salvation," at 2111 Troost Ave.



NAZARENE UNIVERSITY

Since our last report there has been a steady movement forward in the Nazarene University. The registration has reached 276 and there are yet others who will enter in a few days. The character of the student body is exceptionally fine. After a month of school, we can say we have seen but very little disposition toward the rowdy or reckless. They all seem to be here for school business and are attending well to that business. Several of the teachers have expressed themselves as never having seen such a crowd of students get down to work so quickly and do such efficient work so soon. To say that we are delighted is to put it mildly.

One week ago Friday night in our students' prayer meeting a revival broke out and has continued ever since. It has been a clear manifestation of the Spirit's work, as it broke out spontaneously, without any preaching or without being led on by any special human hand. It has broken out from time to time in various places, such as the chapel service, in the students' rooms, in the dormitory parlors and in the regular Sunday services. Every boy in the boys' dormitory now profess to be saved and sanctified and there are but few left in the girls' dormitory. There are a few who reside in the community around about who have not yet been reached, but we are expecting them to come in even before this reaches the eye of the reader. And all this is going on without interfering with the regular work of the school.

Our new teachers are making good, and the students are much pleased with the work they are doing. The first of October we added a new member to our faculty in the person of Eva Gater, Ph. B., who takes up the work of Academy English.

On Tuesday, October 8, occurred the funeral of Mrs. Mary Ellyson, mother of our President, which was held in the chapel hall. She died of cancer, and her last days were days of much suffering, but she passed away in the triumphs of the Christian faith.

Gold Line Sunday School Tickets

This is a beautiful series of Tickets containing half-tone pictures with gold borders.

Packed 100 in package.

No. 1—Words of Jesus.

No. 2—Beatitudes.

No. 3—Twenty-third Psalm.

No. 4—Select Proverbs.

No. 5—Love.

10 cts. per package; 3 for 25 cts.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO THE

PUBLISHING HOUSE of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene
C. J. Kinne, Agt.

2109 Troost Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri

The Work and the Workers

CHICAGO, ILL.

There has been a great gathering of the hosts in this city for the last two weeks, though there seems such a constant shout of triumph in the army here, that a few more regiments and still lesser victory are not as much marked as they would otherwise be. They have had here a constant campaign in a great tent all summer with continued salvation. When the old church, which had seen seven years of constant victory, had to be torn down, a great tent was secured and meetings have been held in it almost continuously during these months. It has been a kind of protracted camp meeting with good attendance and results. As the General Missionary Board was to convene here for its annual meeting, Oct. 3d, and the Chicago Central District Annual Assembly was to hold its session here beginning Oct. 9th, both of which would bring here a number of our preachers, advantage was taken of these gatherings to announce a great convention from the 2d to the 13th of October. It began, or rather fell into line in the great tabernacle on the night of the day announced and continued twelve days, in connection with the work of the missionary board and assembly, going on with great interest and power. After the first few days the meetings were removed to the new church. Under the whole church, including the Sunday school department, there is a large basement capable of accommodating, I should presume, over a thousand people. In this large unfinished room the meetings and the assembly have been held. The place has often been packed full and sometimes it appeared as if there were nearly as many on the outside as could get into the building. Frequently the altars were filled with seekers.

The Missionary Board

The board is made up of representatives from six missionary districts, appointed by the General Assembly, and general superintendents, together with the secretary and treasurer. Considering that for economic reasons the members of the board pay their own expenses in going and coming, and the very great distances to the place of meeting, necessitating the giving of so much time, the board was well attended. The three members from the Pacific coast were present: Leslie F. Gay, Mrs. Lucy P. Knott and Mrs. Filmore Tanner. The middle west and the south were represented by L. E. Burger and R. B. Mitchem. W. H. Hoople and Mrs. J. H. Norris represented the east. The secretary, Herbert Hunt, and treasurer, E. G. Anderson and the three general superintendents were present; making twelve present out of sixteen in all. Three days and a half with three night services were given to the work. Careful attention was given to all its details. All of the mission fields, the workers, the needs and possibilities of the fields were thoroughly considered. Great care was taken in the matter of apportioning the amount absolutely necessary to maintain the work in the foreign fields, that it might be as equitably divided among the districts as possible, and be an inspiration to us all to not simply raise the amount allotted, but to make a great advance work a possibility.

Judge Knott was in attendance with Mrs. Knott, and at the request of the board gave very valuable legal advice. Brother and Sister Chenault and other returned missionaries were present. Brother Wines, the district superintendent of Chicago Central District was an interested and helpful visitor.

The Assembly

While the Iowa District was cut off from this district, carrying with it a good slice of western Illinois, but a year ago, yet the district is

still large and is fast lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes. It reported twenty churches this year. There are many open doors, and it is not without hope of doubling the number of churches during the year to come. Two Methodist ministers of much promise to the work, united with us from Michigan, where the fields seem rapidly ripening for the harvest. Bro. Kline represented the publishing interests, and received a warm welcome. A carload of the students and teachers from the Illinois Holiness University at Georgetown, Ill., were present towards the close with a brass band.

The anniversaries were good and missions, publishing interests and education were all helped. Among those present and helping to

push the battle, not mentioned above, were Revs. Bud Robinson, L. Milton Williams and wife, A. L. Whitcomb, Brother Lawrence and Guy Wilson.

P. F. BRESEE.

UNIVERSITY CHURCH, PASADENA

We most humbly acknowledge the goodness of God in giving us a gracious downpouring of the divine Spirit on last Lord's Day. A beautiful revival spirit has been on the church from its organization the 17th of last March. But for several weeks we have felt that we were approaching something very unusual. Sabbath morning we had a very tendering, tearful time and received a class of fifteen into membership with us. In the evening service when it was almost time to preach, suddenly there broke across the hills of heaven an avalanche of power and glory; it swept down into our midst until preaching was no longer necessary, or even possible; seekers came tumbling to the altar, screaming and crying aloud, in great agony; they never

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AND APPORTIONMENTS MADE

At THE annual meeting of the General Foreign Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, held at Chicago, October 3-6, 1912, motions were carried as follows:

"In appropriating to the districts the amounts to be raised for our foreign missionary work, the board wishes to be understood as expressing its judgment and hope that at least these amounts are needed for the support of our present work, and can and ought to be raised by the respective districts. We hope that all districts shall raise at least the amount apportioned, and as much more as they can, led by the Spirit of missions, which is the Spirit of Jesus."

"We urge all our churches to keep open doors for the cordial reception of our general missionary secretary, Rev. H. F. Reynolds, in order that he may present the sacred cause of missions for the information and inspiration of the people on this great subject."

APPORTIONMENT

At THE annual meeting of the General Foreign Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, the needs for the ensuing year were carefully considered, and it was found that \$16,000 was the minimum amount needed, which amount was divided amongst the different districts according to their numerical and financial strength. We believe with co-operation and much prayer the amount will be easily raised, making it possible to carry on our foreign work as planned by the board.

DISTRICT.	DISTRICT.
Ableton.....\$ 1,000 00	Louisiana.....100 00
Alabama.....50 00	Missouri.....200 00
Alberta.....100 00	New England.....2,000 00
Arkansas.....750 00	New York.....1,200 00
Chicago Central.....1,200 00	Northwest.....1,500 00
Clarksville.....150 00	Oklahoma.....500 00
Colorado.....900 00	Pittsburgh.....800 00
Dakota.....200 00	San Francisco.....500 00
Dallas.....800 00	Southern California.....2,000 00
Idaho.....100 00	Southeast.....500 00
Iowa.....500 00	Southeast Tennessee.....150 00
Kansas.....700 00	Washington-Philadelphia.....200 00
Kentucky.....250 00	
	Total.....\$16,050 00

At THE same meeting the following appropriations to the different fields were made. No margin is allowed in any of the appropriations, except possibly in the Contingent Fund. This fund has not been appropriated, but the executive committee, consisting of the officers and general superintendents, were empowered to use this fund for any emergency arising during the year necessitating prompt action.

APPORTIONMENT

WORK.	WORK.
Western India.....\$ 2,000 00	Mexico, North.....\$40 00
Brava.....250 00	Contingent.....2,000 00
Africa.....750 00	Canada.....240 00
Japan.....1,685 40	Administration.....1,700 00
Cebu, India.....2,808 00	Incidental.....300 00
Mexico, South and D. P.....1,620 00	
Mexico, Special.....200 80	Total.....\$15,110 20

HERBERT HUNT, Recording Secretary.

stopped until they came through with a shout. One of our fine young students threw off his coat, and sought as if he was splitting rails, or digging a ditch, and never stopped until all the knots were split wide open and all the ditches were clear, when the artesian flow swept him onto his feet and up on the platform and out into the congregation with a shout. One of the students who greatly needed salvation, came to the altar, grew angry and abruptly left the house, but within an hour was again at the altar and sought until he found the victory. About twenty-five in all fell at the altar and nearly all came through with a shine or a shout.

We now have only one unsaved young man on the campus. For him and for several unsaved girls we are holding on to God. His power is over all, and the glory is all His.

SETH C. REES, Pastor.

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH

Mary Painter Elyson was born at Salem, Ohio, April 28, 1841, and departed this life

Oct. 7, 1912. She was married to Joseph Elyson Sept. 23, 1867. Their union was blessed with two children, Edgar and Laura. Her only surviving child is Edgar P. Elyson, of the Nazarene University at Pasadena, Cal.

The every-day life and walk of Sister Elyson was beautiful, and her death was glorious. Her shining face will be greatly missed from one of the front seats in the University Church where she so thoroughly enjoyed the preaching of full salvation. For a few weeks she was a great sufferer, but so happy and triumphant in it all. When in inexpressible agony, she was so self-forgetful as to be greatly burdened for lost souls. The funeral services were conducted in the University Church by her pastor and John Henry Douglas, who was her first pastor, and Bro. J. W. Goodwin. The power of God was over all. Her bereaved husband, who is eighty-nine years old, and all the relatives have the deepest sympathy of many friends.

S. C. R.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Our church has been visited from on high

with a manifestation of the Holy Ghost and fire resulting in five weeks of glorious revival. There were seekers at nearly every service who prayed through to real heaven-born victory and blessing demonstrated by a shining face and joyous testimony. There were some new converts, some reclamations and some cases of entire sanctification, while the whole church was stirred to greater zeal and renewed energy and vigor. Evangelist J. C. Crippen of Herdon, Va., one of our evangelists from this district, was with us the last week and did some excellent preaching and altar work. Last, but not least, new members were added to the church. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

J. T. MAYBURY, Pastor.

SPOKANE, WASH.

We are glad to report victory once more for Spokane. A number of seekers have been at the altar the past few weeks and some have been happy finders. Four united with the church a week ago. The tent meetings with church at Lincoln Heights, closed Sunday night. Quite a few sought and found the Lord during the three weeks, and a number of people who never attended church became interested, and we feel that much lasting good was accomplished for that little, new church. Our new church at Hillyard is nearing completion, and we expect to open up with a revival in that place in a couple of weeks. We ask an interest in your prayers for all these new places as well as the mother church. There are many open doors in and around Spokane, and we must enter in and possess the land, by His grace.

A. O. HENRICKS, Pastor.

CLIFTONDALE, MASS.

The glory of God abides within the temple. Sunday was a blessed day throughout. The morning service was set apart for reception of members and communion. The saints were blest. Others are looking our way for church membership. The night was devoted to an address on "The Devil, Drink and Damnation." It was well received. We are to begin our fall revival meeting Oct. 21 and continue till Nov. 3, with Rev. C. E. Roberts and wife of Texas, evangelists. Three meetings on Sunday and on each Friday at 2:30 p. m.

C. H. STRONG, Pastor.

MALDEN, MASS.

The Lord is with us! Rev. Andrew Johnson continues to preach his revival sermons and souls are seeking nearly every night. On Friday an all-day meeting was held and many visiting saints were with us. Bro. Johnson has grown in his preaching since he was with us before. He certainly pushes up high, and digs down deep. Rev. James Mudge, who wrote the book so much talked against in our holiness movement, was with us one evening, being a supernuminate in this city. He is better than his book. Thank God! We are praying and working for a cyclone of God's power in this city. Amen!

LEROY D. PEAVEY.

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING

The preachers' meeting of the New England District was held at Lowell, Wednesday, Oct. 2, following the deaconess' meeting. A good number of preachers were present at the first service at 10:30. Dist. Supt. Fogg spoke with great feeling andunction on the responsibility of a true prophet of God. He read from Jer. 1:5-11, Ezek. 33:7-14. The glory of the Lord graciously filled the place. Officers for the new year were elected, resulting in Dist. Supt. Fogg, president; W. G. Schurman, vice-president; J. W. Gillies, secretary; C. H. Strong, treasurer. In the afternoon service some time was taken with arranging for the District Sunday school convention. The publishing interests were urged by L. D. Peavey, of the General Board of Publication. The paper of the afternoon was read by George E Noble;

REPORT OF THE GENERAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY TREASURER OF THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE.

OCTOBER 1, 1911, TO OCTOBER 1, 1912

RECEIPTS	
DISTRICT.	
Ablene	\$ 688 88
Alabama	7 16
Alta Rita	43 00
Arkansas	666 47
Chicago Central	1,067 18
Clarksville	100 00
Dakota and Montana	192 40
Dallas	329 70
Iowa	450 87
Kansas	528 92
Kentucky	70 68
Louisiana	19 95
Missouri	101 63
New England	2,094 81
New York	628 63
Northwest	1,375 00
Oklahoma	329 45
Pittsburgh	843 79
Rocky Mountain	451 89
San Francisco	745 50
Southeast	366 00
Southeast Tennessee	46 93
Southern California	2,010 00
Southern Colorado	29 98
Washington-Philadelphia	205 00

Total, General Fund..... \$13,707 17

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS

Special Funds for	
Africa	\$ 200 00
Chikhl Bungalow	140 00
China Famine Fund	21 07
Hallelujah Village	4,690 66
C. B. Harvey, India	7 93
Hope School	2,729 82
Western India Native Workers	307 50
Etta Innis, special	25 00
Rev. V. J. Jacques	145 00
Japan Natives	103 13
Mexico Specials	328 00
Daisy Skinner	400 00
Mrs. Staples, Japan	11 66
W. of Enclosed Bank	8 46
General Fund, Individuals	437 87
Igatpuri, India, special	100 00

Total, Special Fund..... 9,641 49

Grand total..... \$23,348 66

DISBURSEMENTS

General Appropriations—	
Africa	\$ 720 00
Bruva	369 00
Calcutta, India	2,128 00
Marathi District, India	1,725 00
Japan	1,704 60
Mexico, D. F.	335 00
Mexico, Northern District	385 00
Mexico, Southern District	2,590 35
C. M. Stafford	9 46
Canada	200 00
General Miss. Sec'y	500 00
General Miss. Treasurer and Asst. Secy.	969 97
Contingent Fund	1,009 22
Special Funds	\$13,354 54

Total	
Africa	\$ 209 00
Chikhl Bungalow	140 00
China Famine Fund	21 07
Julia B. Gibson	31 50
Hallelujah Village	679 00
C. B. Harvey, India	7 98
Hope School	2,729 82
Western India, Natives	307 50

GENERAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY BOARD OF THE

PENTECOSTAL CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE.

E. G. ANDERSON, Treasurer.

Etta Innis	25 00
Rev. V. J. Jacques	145 00
L. S. Tracy	40 00
Japan, Natives	103 13
Mexico, special	191 00
J. D. Monroe estate	17 00
Miss Daisy Skinner	300 00
Mrs. Staples, Japan	11 66
Total	5,241 61

CONTINGENT FUND.

Itemized

Mexico printing plant	\$ 50 00
C. H. Miller, traveling exp.	17 25
Taxes, Buldana, India	106 00
Taxes, Arriago	17 01
Rent, Tehuantepec, Mex.	10 00
Repair, San Geronimo	13 35
Taxes, El Paso, Texas	51 00
New roof, Arriago, Mex.	62 25
Typewriter	35 00
Multigraph machine	35 00
Contracts	2 50
120,000 missionary envelop.	20 50
16,000 booklets	129 00
Express	22 54
Traveling expenses	59 84
Annual meeting, 1911	81 05
Postage	128 50
Letterheads	24 75
Nazarene Messenger	4 00
Report blanks	1 75
Ledger	1 70
Application blanks	1 70
Manuals	1 30
Rent of typewriter	27 39
Telegrams	21 40
Letter Files	46 60
Interest and exchange	7 65
District expense	6 79
Typewriter paper	6 87
Envelopes	7 65
Multigraph supplies	1 04
Wrapping paper	1 00
Ink and nuilage	4 85
Twine	25
Circular letters	2 25
Notebooks	2 25
Typewriter ribbon	3 75
Rubber stamps	2 25
Total	\$ 1,000 22

RECAPITULATION

Receipts—	
Districts	\$13,707 17
Special Funds	9,641 49
Cash on hand, Oct. 1, 1911	3 00
General Fund	34
Special Fund	519 00
Total	\$23,668 00
Disbursements—	
General appropriation	\$13,354 54
Special Fund	5,241 61
Total	\$18,596 15

Cash Statement—	
Buldana orphanage	\$ 160 00
Miss M. Edmondson	150 00
Hallelujah Village	3,581 00
Mexico printing fund	141 00
Miss Daisy Skinner	100 00
Igatpuri, India, H.H.C.	100 00
Estate	100 00
Cash on hand, Gen. Fund	430 80
Total, balance on hand	\$ 5,671 85

subject, "Christianity's Claim as the Divine Religion" It was pregnant with blessed truth. F. W. Dornia preached a strong sermon in the evening. Waves of glory swept over the meeting. The next meeting will be held with Fitchburg, the first Wednesday in November.

E. E. MARTIN.

DECATUR, ILL.

The year is promising well; already souls have been saved, and some have been sanctified, and our people are on the move. Our Sunday school committee are out after their neighbors and their neighbors' children, and of course our Sunday school is growing. Our missionary committee have their sleeves rolled up and are determined on a victory along their lines. Our stewards have already taken on responsibility that belongs to their line and are showing activity. We shall soon begin a series of meetings, for we are on the warpath. Pastor and people are in harmony. God has worked wonders in this place, since last May, and is now in the lead of this church.

C. T. BOYCE, Pastor.

DERRY, N. H.

We are still on the firing line, sending hot shot and shell into the enemy's ranks. We have begun to build a church; have the cellar and foundation all in.

L. B. ACKERMAN, Treas.

WATER VALLEY, TENN.

The East Tennessee District Assembly has just closed. Was very good in attendance, spirit and work. All seemed to be in peace and harmony, with a good spiritual uplift among the members. One brother reclaimed, two joined the church. The sessions of the assembly were held in the Mission Chapel Church with Gen. Supt. H. F. Reynolds presiding. Quite a number of delegates from other churches were present. The members of the Mission Chapel Church were glad to have the assembly and welcomed all that came, and enjoyed their presence. The interests of the church were carefully and wisely considered. The collections for missions were generous, for the past year, and also nearly half was collected for the coming year, about \$70. There are thirty-two members of this church. Several subscribed for the Herald of Holiness. Our little band is not a year old. Rev. S. W. McGowan was re-elected district superintendent, also pastor for the Mission Chapel Church. The next meeting of the Assembly will be at Sparta, Tenn.

MRS. EBEN ALEXANDER.

GARDEN CITY, KAS.

As it was our delightful privilege to attend the Kansas District Assembly; we truly found it the best ever held in Kansas. We were glad to hear the reports and to know that the missionary apportionments were met and a little over. We went home to Plainville, our former pastorate, to do what we had never done before, that is to pack up and leave a people whom we had learned to love. It was no easy task. We can gladly say that there were knots of love tied, that, we are sure time will never untie. We went to Sylvia and spent a few days with our parents. Had a good time; had the privilege of preaching in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Brother Basset, the new pastor, not having arrived. We came to Garden City and were welcomed. We had good services on Sunday. Pray for us.

THOS. KEDDIE, JR.

WARREN, PA.

Publishing House Day was observed here Oct. 13. An offering was taken; our people responded nobly. Our treasurer is sending Bro. A. S. Cochran a check for one hundred dollars. The folks here appreciate the best holiness paper published. Our last Thursday night prayer meeting was a time of victory. His children seemed to be especially touched

in the physical man; different ones who had been lying down until church time, suffering with severe headaches, came to meeting, the fire fell, He verified His promise, headaches departed, and the folks went home rejoicing. In Him,

WILL H. NERRY, Pastor.

MOLINE, KAS.

The meeting at Waweta, Kas., was a great one. Old time conviction was on the people from the beginning. There were thirty-four saved or sanctified. The pastor, Bro. F. J. Johnson did his own preaching. Wife and I had charge of the singing. We are now in a meeting at the Bellkap Church, having large crowds and the interest is deepening.

B. D. SUTTON and WIFE.

KANSAS CITY, KAS.

The Lord is pouring out His Spirit in Kansas City. A few weeks ago Bro. F. R. Covert of Kansas City, Mo., commenced holding cottage prayer meetings on this side. The Lord set His seal upon the work by saving souls from the first meeting. Glory! Our Dist. Supt., Rev. A. S. Cochran, has attended several times, accompanied by our beloved pastor, Rev. F. M. Lehman, and wife, and others of our number who are especially interested in seeing souls saved. Last night the people decided to organize a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. In spite of the so-called tongues movement and other "isms" that had been fighting an organization, they took advantage of the opportunity and organized while Brother Cochran was present. They called F. R. Covert for their pastor. We ask the prayers of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene for this work. Yours for God and souls.

F. R. COVERT.

OUR LAST DAYS IN AMERICA

On Friday morning at 8:50 o'clock the trains from Ft. Worth and Ballinger, Texas, rolled out of the stations bearing us away to the mission fields, to which God has so marvelously called us, but before reaching San Francisco we had arranged to spend our last days at the Nazarene College in Hamlin, Texas. Too much can not be said of this school, of the deep spirituality of her president, J. E. L. Moore, business manager, W. F. Rutherford, faculty and a number of her student body, the latter increasing nearly every day. On Saturday evening we ascended to the auditorium to hear Brother Paylor, professor of music, with his choir, sing their beautiful songs intermingled with the testimonies of the saints of that place, to be followed by a message from Miss Myrtle. Many testified that a greater day than Sunday they had never seen. At 10:30 the glory of God came down and throughout the day rested heavily on the school and church. The message of the morning was on John 3:16. Seekers were at the altar and a prodigal returned. Seemingly the most blessed service of the day was the program rendered by the C. N. U. Missionary Society at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. How God did bless His children! The recitations and the songs, especially "The World Wide Mission Band," rendered by the male quartette, were with power and unction. Instead of continuing to sing "Oh who will go," the chorus was changed to "O I will go," with hands raised toward heaven. The saints caught the inspiration, and shouted for joy. Unsaved students threw their hands in the air, telling God they would go too. God marvelously blessed our own hearts as we testified to our calls and invited seekers to the altar, after which the altar was filled with hungry hearts.

Missionary programs are rendered on each Sunday afternoon and truly God is honoring and will honor His work done by the church and school at that place. The farewell service was held Sunday night. Many good songs were sung by the professor and his choir. We sang the dear old song, "No Burdens Yonder, Not a Single Care;" coming to the last stanza, heaven seemed more precious than ever before. As mother Mangum, with sisters and brothers sat just down in front, we sang,

"No partings yonder and no sad good-byes; No pain, no sickness and no weeping eyes; But best of all, my Savior I shall see, No cloud can come between my Lord and me."

The message was delivered, the last amen said, and a nice free-will offering was given. Truly the C. N. U. is a center of power, a city set on a hill that can not be hid. Doubtless many pastors, evangelists and missionaries will go out from this school to bless this old lost world. How glad we are we came this way! How blessed to dwell with this people! With anxious hearts we sail from San Francisco Saturday morning to give our lives for India's lost. Your sisters in Jesus,

MYRTLE MANGUM,
LELA HARGROVE.

MARYSVILLE, WASH.

Have been holding a meeting in my own church, which ran five weeks, but the Lord was with us, in such a definite way, that it seemed only two weeks. Our hearts were melted together, and those who did not need to go to the altar, were built up in their souls; others confessed out and paid the price and of course received the blessing. It was a meeting for the inner circle especially, and God dealt more definitely with the church inside. Now we expect to reach out, and in His name lengthen our cords, and strengthen our stakes, and break out on the right hand and on the left. These are awful days, and the man of God must be wide awake, much on his knees, and everlastingly at it. Pray for Marysville.

C. D. ERB, Pastor.

EAST PALESTINE, OHIO

Last Sabbath was a great day in our church. The power of God was present in a marked measure. The people were joyful and the Lord gave us nine seekers and seven finders. Glory!

E. E. WOOD.

WALLA WALLA, WASH.

There never was a more loyal people than entered our church Sunday morning, Oct. 13th. As we gathered to pray for the interests of our Publishing House, and our faithful band, who are making it possible to have one of the best church papers published, our own hearts were blessed and encouraged. Bro. E. B. Fish brought the message at the morning service, and the Lord moved on the hearts of several who wept their way through to victory. Sister Wallace, the pastor, brought the message at the evening service, and, as at most every service, several sought and found the Lord. The Lord is blessing in the Sunday school and is giving us an army of children and young people, who will stand for God and holiness. The tide is rising and the revival spirit is on.

ADA IRWIN.

HIGHWAY, KY.

After the adjournment of the Kentucky District Assembly, I departed with great anticipation of reaching my new work, feeling that through divine providence I was permitted to be pastor of this people. I reached Highway, October 4th, and found some excellent people, who extended a hearty welcome and a warm reception. I preached twice the first Sunday, and seekers were at the altar at both services. This, the first Sunday of the new assembly year, will be long remembered on the account of a soul who, after about two hours of agonizing prayer, came through to victory shouting, leaping, and praising God. All have taken on new courage and feel that Highway will see a greater future. Sinners are getting hungry for salvation, and believers are feeling their need for entire sanctification.

I. T. STOVALL, Pastor.

LEWISTOWN, VT.

There were two churches in Leicester, but there is only one now, and that is the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Sister Meda C.

Smith was with us from Sept. 22 till Oct. 6. God has blessed us in these services. Some have been reclaimed and sanctified. On Monday, Oct. 7 we organized a Sunday school and elected the following officers: Brother Noble Jennings, superintendent; Sister Mabel Jennings, assistant superintendent, Sister Annie Myers, superintendent primary department; Sister Florence Ploof, secretary; Brother Abraham Ploof, treasurer; and other offices will be filled as the school develops. The number present was twenty-eight. It was a very profitable session. We take courage and praise God for victory. **ARTHUR J. MYERS, Pastor.**

FIRST CHURCH, LOS ANGELES

The past two Sabbaths (October 6 and 13) have been delightful for spiritual atmosphere and definite results. Fifteen or more persons have bowed at the mourners' bench with strong crying and tears. All of these, we believe, without exception, have come through with shining faces, and clear testimonies. The altar scenes have been times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Brother Cornell, the pastor, has been preaching some interesting expository sermons to very large congregations. October 6, the subject was, "The Pulpit Taught by the Pew," or the story of Apollos. Yesterday (the 13th) an exposition of the first chapter of First John, answering the 8th verse. At both of these services there was marked interest and much of the glory of God. First church is enjoying a steady spirit of revival. There is now over \$8,000 on the debt. One hundred tithe, on an average, give more than three or four hundred who do not tithe. It is self-evident that the tithing system would solve all the financial problems of the church, and furnish a large amount of money for all purposes. It is now being planned to hold the second Sunday school convention of this district some time in January. The convention will be held in the First Church.

ROGERS, VA.

This has been the best year of my life. Have seen many souls saved, sanctified and reclaimed. I am now in my last meeting for this assembly year. The Lord is blessing, for which I praise Him. I am open for some fall and winter dates. Would be glad to correspond with any who would like my assistance.

W. H. HUDGINS.

WALNUT TREE, ARK.

Our meeting has come and gone. Bro. J. W. Chisum of Danville, Ark., was the preacher. People came for fifteen miles to hear Brother Chisum preach. While we had good Baptist and Methodist churches and good preachers, people at large said it was the best meeting that has been held on Dutch Creek for ten years. **T. J. DAYMAN.**

SHREVEPORT, LA.

We organized here last night with ten; others to follow. We have some good material to begin with. About thirty or forty in Sunday school. Expecting great things of the Lord in Shreveport. **T. C. LECKIE, Dist. Supt.**

REPORT

Evangelist John Thredgill has recently held a most gracious revival with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at San Antonio. Between thirty and forty professions of pardon and purity. Meeting closed in a blaze of glory. This means more for San Antonio than it would in many places. We praise God for this victory, take courage and press on. The fight here is unusually hard, owing to the influences of Romanism and tourists. Over 20,000 Mexicans permanent citizens. Tourists flock here from all over the world. A great field for a red-hot work. Pray for us that we may get a foothold that the devil shall never be able to destroy. Our first service back in the hall after the tent meeting was a blessed day. Good congregations and seekers in the altar. Yours in Him. **W. E. FISHER.**

BOISE, IDAHO

Sunday, October 13th, recorded another day of victory for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene here. Three additions to our number—two of them were ministers—and five sky-blue conversions. We are gaining ground, with room at the top and rock at the bottom and land ahead and fire within.

J. B. CREIGHTON.

OLIVET, ILL.

My family are now located here at our I. H. U. The enrollment is already the largest of any year in the history of the school. Our dear Dr. Walker is on the ground doing splendid work. The faculty is doing good work, while the student body is fine. Some as fine young men and girls as I ever met. I preached nearly every night the past week, and on Sunday at 11 a. m. God gave us a salvation time at nearly every service. Pray for I. H. U. and arrange a meeting for N. B. Herrell, the financial agent, and he will give you a good meeting in your church and you can help some on I. H. U. I go into the field on the district soon, opening the battle at Farmington, Ia., for an old-time revival; then to Ottumwa, Ia., and on to Rockwell City, Ia. Pray for us in all these meetings that we may have victory in the salvation of many precious souls. Then I ask every member of the Iowa District, both preacher and layman, to pray for us on the Iowa District. Then pray earnestly to God to open the work in many other places to plant new churches. By the grace of God I mean to keep the banner of holiness unfurled, and push the battle for organized holiness. Our holiness association people are doing good work as a John the Baptist for organized holiness, so on with the camps and missions and all the holiness work to open the way. So any holiness band which wants to be organized into a Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, write B. T. FLANERY, Dist. Supt. Iowa Dist.

BRADFORD, ARK.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Amen This past season has been the best, in work of soul-saving and holy evangelism of many years. Larger camps, greater victories, more open doors, more souls, better times pushing Bible holiness, and a greater determination to press the royal battle than ever. We are now in our last meeting before the assemblies of Dallas and Abilene Districts, which meet at Grand Saline and Hamlin. We are planning and executing a winter evangelistic campaign, up and down our sunny south. We have a number of loyal, humble, happy, Spirit-filled bands who will take meetings anywhere this winter. So if your church or mission needs and wants a revival, advise with us, at Pilot Point, Texas; we will take pleasure in assisting you in the most important work of life—getting souls to the fountain of life. Excellent work has been done by our pastors and evangelists throughout the great Southland in the churches, camps, revivals and every department of our Master's work among men this year. Ten thousand blessings ever rest upon our noble editor, Dr. Haynes, his royal editorial staff, the office force and the thousands of fond readers of the Herald of Holiness. **ALLIE IRICK and WIFE.**

CHICAGO CENTRAL DISTRICT

The Chicago Central District Assembly closed Sunday night with a large number of seekers at the altar, in fact every service was blessed with seekers for either pardon or purity. The sessions of the assembly were full of interest and without strife or discord of any kind; every thing as smooth as clock-work. Dr. P. F. Breece, the general superintendent, was at his best during the Assembly, but above all was the fact that every minister and delegate was prayed up and the Holy Spirit was in the camp from start to finish. Following are the assignments for the coming year: Butlersford, Ft. Hian and Fairmont, Rollie Morgan; Breece Chapel, A. J. Moulton; Cartersville, Ill.,

George Huff; Chicago, Ill. I. G. Martin; Connersville, Ind., B. B. Sapp; Danville, Ill., Ira Akers; Evansville, Ind., Charles A. Brown; Palmouth, Mich., A. T. Harris; Georgetown, Ill., J. F. Harvey; Grand Rapids, Mich., J. W. Lawrence; Hammond, Ind., Carrie L. Felmie; Harrietta, Mich., Charles Hanks; Herrin, Ill., To be supplied; Indianapolis, Ind., C. W. Ruth; Mansfield, Ill., Martha Howe; Middleton, Ill., John Wallace; Seymour, Ind., M. T. Brandyberry; University Church, Olivet, Ill., U. E. Harding. **J. A. DECKER, Secy.**

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

We had Rev. W. C. Wilson, our district superintendent, with us from Monday until Sunday evening. The interest increased while he remained with us. A good crowd out three times on Sunday. We need a steady pull of a full month of special services by some mighty giant in Israel. These short meetings are good as long as they last, but they don't last long enough. Hallelujah! We are going on up the road. The cloud may be as small as a man's hand, but the outpouring will be sufficient. Pray for the outpouring.

W. C. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

The outlook is bright for the kingdom of the Lord in this place. The saints are getting hungry and are thirsty for a drink from the pentecostal fountain of love and power. We have the witness that showers of refreshing from the presence of the Lord are soon to fall on us at People's Mission and souls are to be saved. Hallelujah! The fields are ripe and ready for the harvest and the saints have heard the call and consecration and waiting on the Lord is the order of the day. We are expecting a good old-fashioned pentecostal revival through faith in the crucified Nazarene.

WILLIAM E. SMITH.

ELYSIAN HEIGHTS, LOS ANGELES

All things considered, this church is in better shape now than for a long time previous. There is peace and harmony; our meetings are spiritual, and even the board meetings are a means of grace. More new folks have attended our church during the past three months than in any whole year during our pastorate. We have a good surplus in the treasury. One good friend—a Presbyter—gave us \$60 in a lump, without ever being asked for money. We are asking God for a larger church building so that we may have separate rooms for our Sunday school classes. Our church has secured about sixty new subscribers to the Herald of Holiness since the Assembly. One half of them were for a year. Everybody speaks highly of the paper; none more highly than those outside of the connection. It is easy to get people to take the paper if we believe in it ourselves. There are some folks who are determined to "overcome" and be "pillars" and walk with Jesus in white, and "looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ."

A. E. REINSCHMIDT.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Since our last report we have many things for which to praise our God. First, we give Him glory for blood-bought, abiding victory. Jesus keeps us from sin; as He keeps us He gives us blessed experiences. We had a good closing with our year's work in Garden City, Kas. Truly, the last days were the best. On bidding out dear ones there good-bye, we went to the Kansas District Assembly, which was certainly blessed of God all the way through. Thence we had the blessed opportunity of visiting our home folks and several friends, also the Publishing House of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Kansas City, Mo. I feel like urging all our people to boost it all they can, by their means, labor and prayers. We have been called to the Northwest District and upon request, transferred from the Kansas District. **J. W. FRAZIER.**

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Sign and the Leaven—Mark 8:11-26

NOVEMBER 3

NOTES—QUERIES—QUOTES

E. F. WALKER, D. D.

The adversary, who at the first tempted Christ directly, afterwards used religious professions and orthodoxy, and proposed heavenly signs, even "the argument from miracles," to tempt Him. (v. 11)

Jesus "sighs deeply" that men in the name of religion should be so in the employ of the great adversary, and be so blinded by him that they feel that they are serving God in set obduracy, opposition to truth and tempting Christ. (v. 12)

The Lord Himself backs off from some men, not because He cares not for them, but because He recognizes their cases as hopeless. (v. 13)

How much more than "one loaf" do we need at a time? Why be troubled if there are no more? (v. 14)

Let us not condemn the disciples for their forgetfulness or neglect. It is really a good thing to be so taken up with the cause of Christ as to esteem it above "our necessary food." "Your heavenly Father knows that ye have need of all these things. * * * But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you"—oh, always provided your neglect of temporalities is because you have become engrossed with Christ and His cause. (v. 14)

The Lord seeks to turn even our natural infirmities and disadvantages into spiritual lessons and profit. (v. 15)

"Reasoning among ourselves" does not always lead us to the right meaning of the words of the Lord. (v. 16)

The Lord sometimes leads us to the apprehension of His truth through loving reproofs of our spiritual dullness. (v. 17)

Eyes are for seeing, ears are for hearing, not for mere ornaments. All our faculties are for usefulness, that we may be enriched in truth that makes free. (v. 18)

Sometimes we can remember its count of material leaves while we forget the Bread of Life upon which the soul is nourished. (v. 18, 19)

Our lack of spiritual understanding sometimes seems to amaze the Lord, as if we were without excuse and to be condemned that we do not learn our lessons. (v. 20)

Those who have the vision of Christ should show loving interest in the spiritually darkened, and lead them unto Him who gives light to the blind, and join in affectionate, earnest intercession for His healing hand to be laid upon the benighted souls of those whose minds have been darkened by the prince of darkness. (v. 22)

The Lord sometimes questions us to awaken our senses and lead us to use them. (v. 23)

The upward look when Jesus is near will bring spiritual vision. (v. 24)

The hands of Jesus are to be laid upon us again to remove the film of carnality from our opened vision. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see—GOD." (v. 25)

When Jesus gives us vision He directs in the way we should take according to His holy pleasure. Henceforth we take heed unto our way according to His word. (v. 26)

The answer to modern skepticism is not chiefly the miracles of the past, i. e., the signs of divine power in the first century, but the signs of divine presence and power in our own times. Christ never employs miracles to overthrow unbelief; in employing the argument for them for that purpose we do not use them as Christ used them" (Abbott).

"Hypocrisy, ostentation, pride, formalism, scrupulosity and the tendency to place the letter before the spirit"—the leaven of the Pharisees, "Worldliness, and the temper of irreligious skepticism"—the leaven of the Herodians and Sadducees.

Tennyson thus magnifies personal experience above all signs:

I found Him, not in world or sun,
In eagle's wing or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep
I heard a voice, "Believe no more."
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That trembled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's coldest part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, "I HAVE FELT!"

SPIRITUAL LIGHTS

REV. J. N. SHORT

The leaven of the Pharisees was a perversion of the truth. The leaven of Herod is that which sacrifices the spiritual to the fleshly appetites and desires. In Herod it compassed the death of John the Baptist. The admission of Jesus is just as appropriate now as to the disciples. The leaven of the Pharisees and that of Herod are as manifest now as when Jesus uttered this warning. The leaven of the Pharisees is manifest in some who profess truth and pervert it, taking it out in forms and ceremonies. The leaven of Herod is revealed in those who come in contact with the truth, refuse to yield and allow themselves to be dominated by the flesh.

What are you seeking? Which way are you going? Where do you intend to bring up? These are proper questions to ask. But are there many who face these questions, examine them carefully, and answer them with the heart of a man who is after truth only for judgment and eternity?

Many think they are sincere in their spirit and purpose to be right and go with the truth who will be amazed finally to discover how deceitful and desperately wicked their heart was, and how in their blurred vision they were willing to follow their own depraved ideas instead of accepting "the truth as it is in Jesus," which would eliminate self, and how easily they took the benefit of the doubt to themselves instead of seeing no man save Jesus only, and listening to no voice but the words of the Son of God!

The reason so few, even professing the truth, know Christ as the Light of the world, and, following Him, do not walk in darkness, but have the light of the world, is because the truth of Christ and of His gospel is not the supreme desire of their heart and the all-commanding purpose of their lives. They have a double purpose, because their heart is divided. Of His people anciently God said, "Their heart is divided."

We do well to face this problem, and deal with ourselves as men who, living under the gospel, are going to be judged by the words Jesus has spoken. It is on this truth we are to stand or fall; on this we are to win or lose in the game of life. We may plead ignorance of the truth; but if so, continuing in that state under light, it is because we are controlled by a spirit which blinds our minds and closes our eyes to the truth. If we do not lie to our own souls we would have to say, "I did not want to know the truth as God has revealed it in His Word for me."

Of the Pharisees and Israel in general the apostle said: "For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according

to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted to the righteousness of God." Then he adds, "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." And because it is by believing, all can easily prove Christ to be true.

Then what fault did they then, or do men today, find with Christ, and thus the truth He taught as essential to character and destiny? Did they, or do men now, think seriously that to accept "the truth as it is in Jesus" would be damaging to their character, and unfit them for the eternal kingdom of God? A thousand times; No!

They have other and depraved ideas which they substitute for the truth. They could not receive the truth of Jesus because they were so imbued with their own preconceived notions of a temporal kingdom and a corresponding king which would gratify their national pride and feed their selfish vanity.

Would not the truth which Jesus preached and preaches in His Word today commend itself to the conscience of every man, and leave all without excuse? But the secret of the opposition to Jesus then and now being the truth He preached, Jesus revealed to them in the question, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"

With all the light of today it would be an easy matter for all men in the general Church, and for most men outside, to discover their precise latitude and longitude morally and spiritually. They could easily ask themselves a few questions which they could answer if they were true to themselves in the light of God's Word and the searching of the Holy Spirit.

Who can say, if he is not in his true, normal state before God, "I want the truth as God knows it, and as he has revealed it, at any cost to myself?" A man would then discover that he did not need signs and wonders to set him right in the face of the challenge of Jesus to the entire world. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." If the truth were as only desire any sincere man would accept this challenge of Christ.

If it is truth, purity, holy living, and thus character building, that men desire, believing Jesus they will have no difficulty in arriving at the truth. By doing this any man can prove Jesus and His gospel, having nothing to lose, and everything to gain. It is, then, an evil and adulterous generation that seeks after a sign. It is a spirit in man that is willing to accept anything rather than take "the truth as it is in Jesus" with the whole heart. A sign would not help such a man: he is a quibbler.

The reason so many are settled in formalism in the general Church, and all at sea in their experience of the truth Jesus taught, is because only a true spirit before God can receive the truth; only a true man can step upon the plane of truth. The man who has that spirit is the man who hungers and thirsts after righteousness. That man, and only that man, will find the object of his search. That man is not lying to his soul; his eye is single.

Men who have not this spirit have that in their heart which wants to believe a lie; they wish the Word of God was not true; they prefer something else. If such men do not look sharp, the time will come when, trifling with the truth and their own soul, God will give them up to believe the lie they wanted to believe; and thus because "they received not the love of the truth