

HERALD of HOLINESS

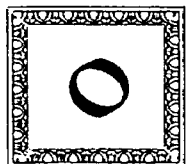
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Perpetual Christmas



ONCE more rolls round the glad day which celebrates the first advent of the world's Redeemer. Once more faith hears the angels' song as it kisses the air above the shepherds and their flocks, in the sweet refrain, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

It is not His fault, whose birth we celebrate, that universal peace and good will do not now prevail, making all things as calm and serene as were the stars which gleamed o'er the Judean plains and above that lowly manger where the Savior first saw the light of day. It is man's failure, human anger, ambition, lust of power, which frustrates plans divine and continues war in the world and all our woe.

By common consent Christmas is a time of good cheer, finding expression in cheerful greetings and generous giving. The intention back of it all is to manifest affection. The very heart and soul of Christmas time is kindness and good will. At least on these occasions we are all reminded that we should be kind and pleasant to every one, with smiling faces, friendly and tender voices, and gentleness in all our dealings. It is universally agreed that it is certainly appropriate, at least on Christmas days, to be thus agreeable and considerate to all those about us. The day thus stands out pre-eminently for all that makes happiness and joy in living.

Such sentiments and affections on this day should be in no sense or degree constrained but entirely natural. It is simply the exhibition in practical life of what we know is meant by Christian gentleness and goodness. It is in a sense the law of the day, that for once we shall all try to speak and act as becomes people who know about Christ.

Can we conceive of Christ as having spent any other kind of a day during His three and one-half years on earth? Can we conceive of Him as ever having been betrayed into gruffness or harshness of speech? Did He ever wear a scowling face, or give expression to an unkind utterance, or feel a selfish throb in His heart? We can only think of Him as carrying about with Him always and everywhere a breathing forth from His personality the gentle, considerate, kind, and loving spirit which we all admit should characterize us on Christmas day. Christ was thus actually all the time, all that we plan and try to be on this ideal day that is called by His name. The ideal we have thus erected before ourselves this one day of the year was His actual, practical, realized life every day.

Now, to get the biggest and the longest blessing out of this day let us determine to make the coming Christmas day but the beginning of a lifetime of unvarying and undeviating kindness, considerateness, gentleness, and love for and toward all with whom we come in contact.

The world needs our Christ, it needs therefore such pictures or exhibitions of Him as such lives would be lived by us. Thus we will most honor Him and most broadly bless the race whom we are sent to serve and uplift.

This will all be realized in that life of holiness to which we are called and which was provided for us in the atoning blood of our blessed Christ.

Preaching Sin

THE *New York Christian Advocate* mentions a scene that transpired on one of the days of the great Billy Sunday meeting in Syracuse, New York. Sunday preached on "Sin," and so profound and terrific was his portraiture of sin as revealed in the Bible and as seen in human life that thirteen men swooned and had to be carried unconscious from the building during the sermon.

This only shows where we have broken down, as we have insisted these years past. The failure of the pulpit has been in its failure to believe in and feel and preach the horror of sin. Preachers have allowed themselves insensibly to be influenced more or less by the sluice of horrid rationalism which has swept broadcast over the whole country as it plunged its dark and damning course from the halls of learning and the pulpits and press of Germany, until they have let down on sin and the Bible and salvation, and tended to make religion a mere matter of social reform and æsthetics and a species of ethics resting on a gauzy sheen of nothing. Wherever and whenever *sin* and *salvation* by the blood of Christ is preached from hearts that burn and throb and are breaking with the terrific force and power of the tremendous truths, men will have broken hearts too, and will cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?"

A pulseless message coming from a heart that believes very little or nothing, will never cause an audience to feel profoundly or be moved Godward and heavenward. We need men who believe tremendously the old truths of this Bible and who preach it with tremendous earnestness born of these soul-deep convictions of the awful truth of the message. We need men who believe in hell with its eternal horrors and in heaven with its eternal felicity. We need men who believe in the atrocity of sin and that it inevitably leads to this eternal hell and away from this heaven of peace and joy for ever. We need men who believe that Jesus Christ died; that He did taste death for every man—that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

With all the fires of Sinai and all the love and infinitude of pity of Calvary these tremendous truths need to be stressed and pressed and urged on men here and there and ceaselessly until they will fear the awful consequences of rejecting Christ and will flee from the wrath to come.

What!! Do not believe in scaring men? Away with this trash! "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The fact that Job "feared God and eschewed evil" certainly does not discount the piety of this saint. His piety began where all piety begins and must begin, in fear. We have yielded to the modern abomination of a transcendental theology which would have us concede to man in his natural condition a spiritual state of amenability to the appeals of love and a responsiveness of the disciple which enables him to yield to the higher appeals to the renewed heart. Sinners have no such responsiveness and must be made to feel and dread and fear the terrors of sin and its awful penalty. The modern theology would place the sinner about at the point he reaches after he has been renewed and saved and has lived

the life of faith for years. Cornelius was one that "feared God with all his house," but this should not make us discount his faith or his love or his discipleship. His fear had led him to seek and find God, and then this fear was transformed into a filial fear of God as a son in the gospel. This is the divine order. Fear of God's righteous indignation against sin and the consequences of unrepented sin first leads the sinner to repent and turn to God. After he is accepted by the Father his fear is transmuted into a filial fear of offending this wonderful Savior and the saved sinner strives faithfully to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he is called. "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his ways and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Jer. 33:11).

Fear is the psychological and the scriptural initial moving influence toward repentance under the convicting work of the Holy Spirit. Men must fear this awful death before they will "turn." Men have enough to fear certainly, if they can only hear their sins portrayed faithfully by a preacher who really believes from his soul in the truth of the awful estate of the lost sinner here in this world as well as in the world to come. A man is seated in his office absorbed in his duties. I step in and warn him: "Friend, your office is on fire and the only exit possible will be cut off in a minute. Flee for your life." What does this man do? If he have sense enough to take care or to try to take care of himself he will from absolute fear of being burnt to death quickly rise and flee to the staircase and rush down to safety. Is this sensible or is it superstitious and cowardly?

The Foundation of the Church

PAUL closes Ephesians second chapter with an announcement of the foundation of the Church as follows. Addressing both Jews and Gentiles as thus equally one in the glorious privileges of this Church—at least all who would obey the call of God, he says:

18 For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. 19 Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God; 20 And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; 21 In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: 22 In whom ye also are being builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.

Here is seen the foundation of the Church to be no other than the "apostles, and prophets, and Jesus Christ." That is tantamount to saying that the foundation of the Church is "Jesus Christ and his Word," for the apostles and prophets are known and heard through the Word alone. This *Jew—Gentile—Ecclesia* has the security of the divine Christ and the inspired Word of God underneath it which furnishes an immovable fortress against which the gates of hell shall not prevail for ever.

That sublimely beautiful closing statement in the chapter must be emphasized. Still addressing this Church thus secure in Christ Jesus, the apostle says: "In whom all the building fitly framed together is growing unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are being builded together for an habitation of God in the Spirit" (Alford). The sublime heights of the privileges of the Church are here reached, but the apostle pauses to again remind us that both Jew and Gentile are one in their realization: "in whom ye also are builded together," etc.

Habitation of God in the Spirit! Temples of God! Residences for the Divine! Such are the holy people of God whom He has called out from among the nations to cleanse and prepare to meet His returning Son when He comes back. What a dignity is thus seen to be our exaltation in Him!! What glory will be—yea, is now, ours if we are truly *His* in the cleansing from all sin!

God lives in us, and is read through us, and the world sees and understands God as He is seen in us. How careful then ought we to live whose call and whose work and whose destiny are so transcendent! Who is sufficient for these things? The thought is oppressive with its tremendous significance. The idea of being the homes of God staggers human thought. It is an anomaly in the realm of human reason. It is too high for human imagination and too lofty for human ambition. Yet this is the truth which is taught in the plainest and simplest way. God has no commonplaces. His habit is in the tremendous and His thoughts are above us and beyond us. So we must accustom ourselves to the divine habit in order to take

in the sweep of holy significance of such statements as these words contain. God help us to be true to Him and to our calling and our privileges in His blessed Son.

A Lesson From the Great War

GERMANY and Great Britain have long affected to be great centers of Christian light and influence. Germany especially has posed as the bright particular star for emitting the effulgence of advanced rationalistic thought, new theology, and higher critical teachings. These she gravely proposed should take the place of obsolete notions of an inspired Bible, of atonement by blood, and the doctrine of sin and salvation. So resplendent became her marvelous achievements in these lines that the Protestant world had run up the white flag and proclaimed "great is Germany of the nations." Actually there was getting current a kind of persuasion that modern German rationalism had ushered in the millennium. Everything had become new and glorious in this marvelously advanced age of ours, and the foregleams of millennial glory were discernible on the horizon.

Just at this juncture, however, instead of these foregleams ripening into golden sunshine, a horrible cloud appeared and suddenly the bugle blast of war unutterable ushered in an era of carnage, brutality, mutual murder of millions of human beings, with consequent pauperism, orphanage, widowhood, suffering, shame, and misery indescribable.

Behold the flowering forth and fruit of German rationalism and infidelity—Luther's own country and people turned absolutely from God and Father and Bible of the celebrated monk to the mire and filth and despair of shameless infidelity. Is not the lesson plain that culture is not Christ, that scholarship is not salvation, reason is not revelation, and learning is not the liberty wherewith Christ can set us free?

This lesson is being learned by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans. M. Henri Lavedan, the brilliant French journalist, who has been renowned for his low-bred, cynical utterances, and his scorn and derision of Christianity, has renounced his infidelity and openly and boldly reaffirms his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His religion. Says he, "I once laughed at faith and at Jesus Christ, but as I see France bleeding and weeping my laughter could not give me joy . . . then it was to me a great comfort to know of an eternal Fatherland. A nation must despair if it does not believe that the sufferings of earth will become the joy of heaven. . . . A vast people of the dead cover the field; how hard it is to be an atheist upon this national burying ground. I can't do it, I can't be one. I have deceived myself, and you who have read my books and sung my songs. I was mad. It has all been an awful dream. Oh, France, France! return to your faith and to your best days. To depart from God is to be lost. I know not whether I shall be alive tomorrow, but I must tell my friends Lavedan does not dare to die an atheist . . . This one thought grips me. God lives, and thou art so far from Him! Oh! my soul, rejoice that thou art permitted to see the hour in which, kneeling, thou hast learned to say, I believe, I believe in God, I believe."

German rationalism is found wanting in this crucial hour. Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord. Doomed is that nation whose god is aught else!

Lots of things are worse than death. Moral defeat is one. Sin is another. Drifting back from God to the mire is another. Craven cowardice before moral foes is another.

WE NEED NOT dream we can deceive or bribe God by exalting His love and mercy at the expense of His righteousness and holiness. God is not too good or merciful to allow a man to reap the legitimate and inevitable result of his sowing. He is altogether too righteous and holy to obliterate the distinction between sin and righteousness by treating both on the same plane in His administration. "As righteousness tendeth to life: so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." Reaping what we sow is a fundamental law in all realms and is simple, just, natural, divine, and merciful. Sin's eternal penalty is a merciful provision of God for society's protection, as well as for the perpetuity and the protection of virtue itself.

SELF-MASTERY is a conquest more marvelous and momentous than any of Charlemagne's, Alexander's, or Napoleon's. Be a conqueror greater than the greatest.

THE EDITOR'S SURVEY

News and Notes

The return of our junior manager, Rev. J. F. Sanders, from the Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama District Assemblies was welcomed by the Publishing House force. He brings encouraging reports from the southeastern section of the church.

The very best word Brother Sanders brings is that he found that God was with these Assemblies. He realized His presence, felt His touch, and recognized His hand in these bodies of consecrated men and women.

Brother and Sister Staples, writing from Japan, give an interesting history of a sick student, of whom they have written previously, but who has since died. The recital shows that those faroff people can learn to know God and live the faith and die in the triumphs of it. Concerning this student they write: "Well, after a long siege of a complication of typhoid, and some strange, Japanese sickness, which they call *kake*, which goes to the heart—he went home to be with Jesus. We nursed him from the first, and we never saw a more patient one, and his precious treasure, the Bible, was constantly by his side, and he constantly praised God for salvation and eternal life. He, from the first, would ask me over and over to sing the songs of Jesus and of heaven to him, especially the sweet old song that we all love, "The home of the soul," and he would listen and then say, "Praise God for a home in heaven." He grew weaker and weaker, and his heart began to fail, and he told us he would soon go and be with Jesus. His mind was clear until the last, and three times the night he died he asked me to sing, "The home of the soul," and about two hours before he died he could not speak so we could understand him; he tried so hard but could not use his tongue. I asked what he wanted. I would say, "Water?" and he would shake his head, "No." I asked many things but could not understand; at last I held up the song book and said *Sambika*" (song), and he smiled, and nodded his head, "Yes." I asked if it was different numbers, and he waited until I said, "Is it number 117, 'The home of the soul?'" He nodded, "Yes," and I again sang:

"Oh, how sweet it will be, in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

We all sat by his side, and he looked up, and was gone in a few minutes, conscious until the last, and died without a struggle. We were so sorry to lose him, but so glad that he is safe with Jesus. He was saved in February, baptized in April, sanctified in June, and glorified in September. We had a very beautiful Christian funeral, and the president of the school and many teachers came and the house was full and a deep impression made. We buried him and put up a heavy board marker at his head and wrote on it in Japanese, "Redeemed by the blood of Jesus, and gone home to rest for ever with God." The weather was very sultry and hot but we were so blessed in knowing that one convert from our midst had really gone home to heaven, where there is no tempter, no sin, nor any more death, praise God!"

The Jesuits are still after the Honorable Tom Watson. For the second time he is on

trial at Augusta, Georgia, and for the same offence. The amusing part of it is that he is indicted for publishing in the Latin, and sending through the mails, extracts from a theological book which is a standard in the Romish church, which has been published, sold, and sent through the mails to customers for long decades past. We have never yet heard of Romanism being indicted for the "awful" offence on account of which the Romish hierarchy seeks to have Mr. Watson punished.

Some twelve years ago great objection was made against Senator Smoot taking his seat in the United States Senate when first elected. Of course Mormonism won out in the contest for his seat and Mr. Smoot has quietly kept

mon but seldom dares to disobey." He further goes to show that Mr. Smoot is regarded by Utah as that church's representative in Washington City. He is charged particularly with personally representing the church's monopolistic business stake in the beet sugar industry.

The Free Methodist, in a kind editorial note on the death of Dr. P. F. Bresee, said truly, "He was an indefatigable worker, an excellent preacher of the gospel, and a tender, sweet-spirited man, and an admirable organizer."

We can not get our consent to take any stock in Henry Ford's plan. We commend him for being sincerely in favor of peace and being willing to spend and be spent in its interest. The whole spirit and spectacular methods of Mr. Ford, however, impress us that he has a marvelously inflated faith in the power of money. His ideas rise no higher, it seems, than the most earthly and material plane, and smack of reliance on the omnipotence of millions.

The opening sentence of a sermon by Dr. James Cuyper, jr., in the *New York Christian Advocate* is a valid and unanswerable indictment of the American government for partnership and complicity with the alcoholic traffic in this country. Here are his words:

One of the most shocking facts of our so-called Christian civilization is the partnership of the American people with the liquor traffic, and even more shocking is the fact that millions of the professed followers of Jesus Christ either ignore, apologize for, or defend this abominable alliance. This partnership assumes a variety of forms. The national government allies every citizen of the country with the liquor traffic by collecting from every brewer, distiller, rectifier, blender, wholesaler, and retailer a graduated tax.

While the national government does not grant a license authorizing a person or firm to engage in the liquor traffic, it does declare that no person can engage in the traffic until he has paid the tax specified by internal revenue laws, that is to say, the government declares every man to be a criminal who engages in the liquor traffic without paying the internal revenue tax, but if he pays the tax he can manufacture or sell without fear of arrest. This recognition of the traffic by the national government and the collection of the tax to be applied to meet the current expenses of the government practically puts every citizen of this country, willingly or unwillingly, into partnership with the traffic, and this partnership relation is strongly emphasized in states where state-wide prohibition does not prevail.

James F. Rogers, M. D., in an article in the *Christian Advocate* argues for the instruction of children by their parents at home in sex hygiene. He takes the position that the chief reason why the agitation of this subject has failed to accomplish needed results is that the attempt was made to shift the responsibility for sex teaching upon the state schools—the public schools—upon the stage, upon the press—anywhere in fact but the place where it belongs, to wit, the home. The Doctor says with force and truth:

Parents ought not only not to evade this duty, but to consider it a privilege. Perhaps if they were themselves better informed they would not feel so helpless, but they can at least answer at the time they are asked the questions which the child puts to them on this subject. Children must learn from some source later—why not now? The appetite for knowledge of sex matters is as natural and as right as any other desire of the mind. Yet we are too likely to present the child who asks for

General Superintendent Wilson Gone Home

TELEGRAM

PASADENA, CAL., Dec. 10, 1915.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Brother Wilson went home to be with Jesus this [Sunday] morning at 3:45.

Mrs. W. C. WILSON.

TELEGRAM

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

General Superintendent W. C. Wilson died Sunday morning at 3:45 o'clock. An ulcerated tooth developed into abscess of the brain. He was removed to the hospital, but too late. We are all dumbfounded by this sudden calamity. Funeral Thursday afternoon at 1:30 in First Church, Los Angeles.

C. E. CORNELL.

Again the church is called to mourn the death of one of our leaders. The shock and painful intelligence reached us Sunday night of the death of that holy man of God, General Superintendent W. C. Wilson, at his home in California. The church will be greatly grieved and shocked at this sad news. The sympathies of the entire church will go out most ardently to the widow and family of our dear brother. The prayers of thousands will ascend for the blessing of God upon the home and family, and upon the church upon whom the bereavement comes with such suddenness. The church is certainly afflicted deeply in the sad loss of this valued, and earnest, and faithful servant of the Lord and of the church. We extend hearty condolence to the bereaved. We have received no particulars but will in time for next week's issue, when a more extended notice will appear.

his place in the Senate for two terms. Being elected for a third term, another formal protest is laid against Mr. Smoot, seeking his unseating, and on the same grounds as were preferred twelve years ago. Stranger still, this protest comes from a Mormon citizen of Salt Lake City, who enters the fight single-handed, so far as it appears at present. His name is C. G. Patterson. In the most unequivocal terms Mr. Patterson declares that "Senator Smoot is not the free choice of Utah citizens, but a choice dictated to them by the heads of the Mormon organization on the strength of a religious authority which a Mor-

the bread of a reasonable answer a stone of nonsense or of evasion.

It appears that the Panama-Pacific Exposition was a financial success. The total receipts was \$6,759,061. There is a balance in the treasury after the winding up of affairs of \$1,042,550.

America's Shame Illustrated

The white slave traffic is one of the blistering shames of America. It should be stamped out if it took the combined federal army and all the civil forces of the nation. To think of the nation's girls becoming a commodity of traffic among devils in human form for purposes of lustful indulgence is too atrocious to be tolerated for a day in any free and ordinarily intelligent country. Yet we are assured that the business is organized and capitalized and run at a profit of millions right here in this boasted Christian America. We want to give a case as a warning to our girls and women who have to travel alone. They should never do so unless absolutely compelled to do so. Then they should never allow strangers to speak to them or speak to strangers. *The Free Methodist* publishes the following from the pen of a lady who vouches for the actual truth of it:

Because Mary S. worked in Los Angeles she took the short line cars from Pasadena every morning. She was used to having every kind of a seatmate, so was not surprised one morning to have an elderly lady with gray hair take the seat beside her. She spoke to her when she sat down and soon they were engaged in a pleasant conversation, which only ended when Mary left the car in Los Angeles. A few mornings later the strange lady boarded the car again at or near Oneonta, and again sat with Mary. The third time the lady was on the same car with Mary she told her that she had a daughter who was away at college but was soon coming home.

"I am to have a party for her next Saturday and I should like to have you there," said the lady. "We are to have a lot of Mabel's friends and I am sure you would enjoy them, and they would enjoy you. Do come over and stay all night with us. Of course I am not in the habit of inviting strangers," she added with a smile, "but I am sure I am making no mistake in inviting you. Do say you'll come."

"Oh," said Mary, "I should be delighted to do so, but I fear I can not fit into your crowd. I am only a working girl, you see, and your girl is a college girl."

"Oh, Mabel is a dear girl and so sweet and common, and I am sure you would just suit Mabel. She is so particular about her friends! It is just an informal party to welcome her home. Do say you will come!"

So Mary promised to think of it and to ask her folks, and perhaps she would come. So that night Mary spoke again of the nice lady she had met on the cars and of the pleasant conversation they had.

"And, oh, mamma, she wants me to come to the party she is going to have for her daughter. She says she knows I'll just suit Mabel. She said I would go right there after office hours and stay all night. Do say I can go, mamma. She gave me her address, do you see?"

"Why, Mary, I guess you can go," said the flattered mother, "you can take your dress with you and change after you get there."

"Mary, I do not like the looks of it," said Mr. S. "It appears to me as though there is something about it not just right. I don't believe you had better go. There are lots of traps set for girls these days. No, don't go, Mary."

Of course Mary was disappointed and later she talked it over again with her mother and they decided that Mary could go. Of course father spoke hastily and would decide with them if he just knew the lady!

On Saturday Mr. S. went to his work as usual, but felt restless and uneasy. What was the matter? He thought of Mary and at last went to the phone.

"Hello, is that mother? Well, where is Mary? Oh, she has gone to the city? Was she going to stay for that party tonight? She was!

Why, I thought that was off! Well I'm so uneasy I can't work. I am coming home and going down to the city after her. Oh, yes, I know you thought it was all right, but I do n't, so I am going down. Good-by."

Mr. S. hastened home and getting ready he started for Los Angeles. Fortunately Mary had left the address of the lady with her mother. When Mr. S. reached the city he sought a policeman to direct him to the place. The policeman looked at the man and gave a low whistle of surprise.

"Whew! What do you want to go there for? That is one of the worst houses in the city."

Mr. S., now thoroughly alarmed, explained hastily how his daughter had been trapped and was doubtless at that place. The policeman looked serious and said:

"Well, mister, all I can say is, you had better get her out of there and do it quick."

Mr. S. hastened to the place to which the policeman directed him, and upon reaching there demanded his daughter. After some parleying Mary was brought to her father thoroughly frightened and very glad to be restored to liberty. She said when she had been in the house only a few minutes she discovered that she had been trapped. She tried to gain her liberty, but was balked at every turn, and when Mr. S. arrived was locked in a room. She was trying every way to find a way of escape but could find none, and but for the timely arrival of Mr. S. would have doubtless been a victim of the white slave traffic.

This is a true story, written as a warning to other girls who work in Los Angeles or other large cities. It is vouched for by a neighbor of the writer.

The Fool's Creed

Everybody has a creed. Creeds are not necessarily in written or printed form. One's creed is what one believes. It is the substance of his opinions. Wise men and fools have their creeds. *The Herald and Presbyter* furnishes the following on the fool's creed:

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." A fool to think it; twice a fool to say it. A finite person may name a thing that is; but only omniscience can say what it isn't.

The great astronomer Kircher had an atheistic friend. To convince him of his error he constructed a splendid globe, fixing it on an axis, and covering it with the geography of the heavens, showing the position of the stars. He placed this globe in a corner of his room, where, when his friend came he must see it. When the atheist called he asked where it came from and who made the wonderful globe. Kircher replied, "I do not know where it came from or to whom it belongs, one thing I know, no one made it." "What?" said the atheist, "that is impossible; some one must have made it; the splendid globe could not have made itself." Then Kircher plied the atheist with his own infidel arguments, intended to disprove that God made the universe. They would apply quite as well to the tiny representation of the universe as to the universe itself.

The atheist was confounded, and at last confessed that his whole argument was an absurdity, which would not stand the test of common sense.

The atheist is worse than blind; he is a blindfolded fool. He will not allow himself to see. Samuel Coleridge says:

"The owl, atheism,
Sailing on obscure wings across the moon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids and shuts them close.

And hooting at the glorious orb of heaven.
Cries out, 'Where is it?'"

The Secret of All Secrets

That was a fine title for her book which Hannah Whitall Smith wrote, "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." The editor knew the author personally and can testify that she lived that beautiful secret. This secret is the most marvelous thing about our religion, serving at once to show its beauty and its divinity. That secret is the ability to lead a happy life despite adverse conditions. It is a fact that God can and will "make all things work together for good, to those who love him." An exchange gives an incident of a solitary woman

whom everybody called "Happy Nancy," who is a living proof of the truth of our position. Following is the story:

There once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman who tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living and was known everywhere by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; and was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. And yet there, in that pain-featured, deformed body, God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set His royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say; as he stopped at her door.

"Oh, yes, I'm for ever at it."
"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy—you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant around you. why are you so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I have n't got anybody but God," replied the good creature looking up. "You see, rich folks, like you, depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to think of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of trouble ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, 'Well, if He can keep His great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a-shining night after night; make my garden things come up the same, season after season, He can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am,' and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"But Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are in blossom, and your little plants up, and suppose—"

"But I don't suppose, I never can suppose, I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why don't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain that you'll get into heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the Devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a dark cloud, don't suppose it is going to storm; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow; do the best you can, and then leave it. Be childlike toward your heavenly Father; believe more and more in His love; instead of trusting your finite understanding, learn to confide in His infinite wisdom; and above all, "wait till the suppose comes, and then make the best of it." Never give place in your thoughts to imaginary evils; and depend upon it, our days will have more of sunshine in them if we follow Happy Nancy's rule.

A Good Start

We reject utterly the vicious old "saw" which says, "A bad beginning makes a good ending." We will take our chances with a good beginning for the securing of a good ending. There is no justification under heaven for a bad beginning if it can possibly be avoided. Always seek to begin properly. Occupy the best point of view. Get the best information; seek all the best helps and guides; and get the best and broadest view of the prospects, of the outlook, and of the end to be gained. J. R. Miller well says:

It is of the utmost importance that we start well. Many Christians walk in doubt and shadow all their days, never entering into joy and peace, because at the beginning they fail to understand the fulness of the blessedness into which, as children of God, they come when they receive Christ. Many others never attain anything noble and beautiful in Christian life and character, because they do not, at the beginning, wholly disentangle themselves from their old life, and make a full dedication of themselves to Christ. A good beginning, therefore, involves two things—first, clearness and definiteness of aim, with intelligent views of what it is to be a Christian; second, completeness of consecration.

THE OPEN PARLIAMENT

A GREAT writer has given us a book entitled, "Night Scenes of the Bible." Many of them are tragic; others are joyous; and some others are full of pathos. But one night above all others must be called the Holy Night. In all the calendar, there is no duplicate for this one. This night came some nineteen centuries ago, and there was nothing unusual that could be observed from any other night of the year. During the day the sun had shone; in the evening perhaps the moon and stars came out in their usual glory; business and society went on in their usual routine — and sin was abroad in the world.

Notwithstanding, this was the most remarkable night of all the cycles, since the stars sang together in the beginning. There was no ado or demonstration. God's work is not manifested by demonstrations. His greatest forces are the silent forces. When He heals a cripple there is no noise or excitement. He sometimes turns the forces of nature loose in volcanic eruptions, destructive tornadoes, and the roaring thunders like the voice of many waters; but these are only the gentle expressions of His power. He is not necessarily in them, but when He comes He comes in "the still, small voice."

The night of which we want to speak is one toward which four thousand centuries of struggle and prophecy had been looking. Patriarchs, prophets, and poets had sung, written, preached, and hoped for this climactic hour. The world's forces had been gathering and accumulating. The momentum gathered out of suffering, pestilence, and war had been getting ready for this night. Perchance the moon and the stars shone brightly, but this night was not lighted by the ordinary heavenly bodies; but it was lighted by one Star — the Star of Bethlehem. It was a night that heaven and earth culminated for the revelation of God.

Notwithstanding the centuries of preparation and revelation — visiting the world in marvelous climaxes and expectancy — the thing which made this night different from all others, was the coming of the One of whom Moses and the prophets did write. With demonstrations looking to the rounding out of the centuries, the Master's coming was as a "thief in the night." The wisest rabbis and the seers did not know or believe; those versed in the intricate things of the law were utterly unconscious of what was taking place among the far-away hills of Judea. The blind, sinful, unbelieving world did not know. Even the little town of Bethlehem, with its crowded inns and hurrying feet and restless protests against the authority of Rome, was ignorant of the drama of the ages that was being enacted.

But in the dreamy land of the orient, miles across the stretches of barren waste and desert, three men — men who were not students of Moses and the prophets, but wise men — humble and honest — were feeling after God that they might find Him. They knew when the Star appeared that it was worthy to be followed, and they followed it to the Manger. Then out on the Judean hills a band of lowly shepherds — men who belonged to the lowest stratum of society — unlearned in the things of government or astronomy, and who knew little about religion — saw, believed, rejoiced, and followed. The magi and the shepherds, the world's extremes, came to a common level. The Manger of Bethlehem is the leveler of all human factions and sects and differences. These two extremes found the Babe because of their attitude. They were not wise in their own conceits. None since that day has found Him who did not have this same frame of mind.

That Holy Night was the birthright of the Man-Child; and while the highest interest of heaven, and the highest concerns of earth were focused around that manger-cradle, He was just a human baby. Nothing occurred out of the ordinary. We are sure that if you could have peeped in through the cracks of that stable

Lessons From the Holy Night

Written by C. F. WIMBERLY

door you could have heard His piteous cry, His helplessness and the pathos just as any other scene of like character would produce. Thank God for the human side of Jesus! No halo or celestial light circled around His brow as the superstitious artists have painted Him. There were no phantasms and extravagances about this helpless Babe. The Babe of Bethlehem was human as well as divine; but in the coming of that Child to the earth, heaven made its greatest contribution to a sin-burdened world, and the two extremes of society acknowledged the first Christmas Gift. No man

Some Day We'll Meet Again

(solo)

N. B. HERRELL.

(In memory of our loved Dr. P. F. Breeser)

With friends we say, Good-by today,
Parting to meet no more;
Till on that strand, We take their hand,
Safe on the golden shore.

CHORUS:

Some day, Some day,
Some day we'll meet when life is o'er,
Some day, Some day,
Some day we'll meet to part no more,
Some day, Some day,
Some happy day.

Loved ones now wait, There at the gate,
Robed in pure garments white;
Singing sweet Psalms, Waving their palms,
Faces all shining bright.

There we shall meet, Each other greet,
Jesus, our Savior, adore;
Feast on His love, In courts above,
Praise Him for ever more.

Here while we roam, To that blest home,
Let us all faithful be;
When one by one, Our work is done,
Welcome, eternity.

since that time was less great for doing the same thing; but the lowest of earth are highly exalted in acknowledging Him as the world's greatest Gift, and the highest make themselves more exalted, and the Recording Angel will not overlook.

That was a Holy Night because Love was born. It was unknown to the saints, though there were holy men of old. They had but a vague notion of this Love so pure, so unselfish, so satisfying, and so holy. It is a love that has met the highest demands of human nature. Because of that night we can love in a manner that was never possible before.

Again it was a Holy Night because Peace was born for all the world, or sufficient for all the world. He was and is and shall be the Prince of Peace, capable of calming the roughest sea of life, turning all the swords into plowshares and even the centimeters of Germany into pruning hooks. He stepped out on a storm-tossed world, and His message that night, as was sung by heaven's choir, is the same voice that has sounded down the ages, even in every human heart that will admit Him: "Peace, be still."

Then it was Holy because Human Equality was born, a principle absolutely unknown before, and is only known where He rules and dominates the things of life. The prince must take his place now with the beggar, and the beggar with the king. His coming was a blow at human aristocracy, kingcraft, and ecclesiastical authority. When the force that was born that night is practiced in society, the world will get off its stilts and get down low at His feet. The world will be akin. This is the socialism of Jesus.

It was a Holy Night because when the Babe cried in the manger it was the beginning of a campaign which would end finally in the complete and lasting overthrow of Satan. The power of hell was challenged, and the angels sang the serenade, the shepherds rejoiced, and the wrath of hell was stirred. The crowned monarch in his palace raved and cursed and was not satisfied until he shed the blood of the innocent. He sought the life of every child in Bethlehem, but we are told that the earth opened up her mouth and swallowed the flood that gushed out from the mouth of the wrathful dragon.

Again it was a Holy Night because there was born the Consciousness of Immortality; one that transcends our wildest aspirations. On the everlasting hills of glory some sweet day, earthly separations of those who live in Him will be united. Every tie that binds, every wish, every hope will be realized. They seem severed now, but they will be united then, for ever.

This Holy Night, in the next place, gave birth to a Power, a saving power, a power of which the world only knew by figure and symbol. This power was one that was to be greater than the power of sin, the bondage of sin, the penalty of sin, and the consequences of sin. It was to hold the mastery of the wrath to come.

"Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

No wonder the powers of darkness were stirred. Speaking of it afterward the Master said, "I saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven."

Then it was Holy because a King was born — the King of Righteousness — One whose throne was to be everlasting, from whose hand the scepter should never depart. He is not ruling these days. The scepter is not in His hand. He has retired from the scene for the moment, but He is coming soon and then He will wave the scepter of Universal Empire. He is our King and He seeks to rule in our lives, not in name only, but in deed and in truth. Not only is He King, but He is Judge. When all the monuments of crowned heads and monarchs have crumbled and decayed, His throne will blaze out with its effulgent glory, as He restores the world back to its original righteousness.

This Christmas night, which we should call a Holy Night because of its memories and associations, carries our minds backward to that first Holy Night, and the tremendous issues that were born then. All human and divine hopes cluster about that Night. God and Satan, heaven and hell, light and darkness vied with each other in the terrific warfare that began on the first Christmas night. At the realization of that mysterious Incarnation sin must finally go down beneath the horizon for ever. Let us not think so much of that Holy night in the long ago, but let us treasure the Morning of that night, as it comes down to us in the person and fulfillment of Him who was alive, and was dead, and is alive for ever more. May we not tune our hearts with the holy music that was sung on the Judean hills and gird ourselves to meet this King when He comes in His glory.

Christmas

By SAM S. HOLCOMB, Evangelist

THE Day of days has dawned. The greatest festival of the Christian world is being celebrated today. Christmas is a commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ. It is more. It is the celebration of a great joy. It is an incalculable uplift to human life. Christian and pagan alike can accept the spirit of the day which brings for a few hours at least of peace on earth and good will among men. We who believe the miracle of the manger and the cross will not forget that this is the birth of a sinful world's salvation, and they who do not accept the miracle will acknowledge that it was a phenomenon of greater blessing to mankind than any other that ever befell the race, for out of it have come the saving sentiments that distinguish our civilization from the lust of savagery and blind despair of philosophy. This is the secret of the unreflecting gladness which is atmospheric at Christmas time. For the most part we simply yield ourselves to pleasure, for joy, like beauty, is its own excuse for being. We are swept along by the tide of a resistless tradition which, in spite of many an unseemly extravagance, annually freshens our faith and courage and unseals fountains of good will in our hearts. Although Christmas usually comes to us in mild weather, the festival is associated in the mind of the world with clear, frosty weather, spotless snows, sparkling of the stars. The weather, of course, has nothing to do with the real atmosphere in the human heart. Whether one is north or south, the acknowledgement of its beauty has to spring forth spontaneously. The exigencies of modern life have robbed the world of the full meaning of Sunday.

One man's rest is purchased at the cost of another man's labor, and so universal peace should prevail. Thanksgiving is simply a time of merry-making, each family choosing its own way. It is a national, not a universal jubilee, held closer to hearts of certain sections than to others. So it is with other days, and holidays the world over, with feasts and festivals. They belong to creeds or governments, to superstitions of the soil, or traditions of a tribe. But Christmas belongs to no one nation alone, nor to one tongue, nor one color or creed. Neither is it a movable feast, though it comes with the frost of winter in one place, and with the perfume of dropping blossoms in another. Christianity was never truer to its genius than when it baptized the pagan festival into the household of faith, for it was originally the old Germanic festival of Yuletide. From all other seasons, festive or sad, Christmas stands out in stately grandeur. Through all centuries from the age of Nero and Tiberius, past ruins of empires, tombs of mighty kings, fallen dynasties, crumbling idols, dead and dying hopes comes this Christmastide, fresh, pure, sparkling, breathing joy, peace, forgiveness, compassion. Before the first Christmas day the world was in darkness. Its history is one of oppression, of barbarity, of slavery, of poverty beyond speech, of wealth beyond dreams. Its indifference to human life and hope marked this period. Its cruelty, its ignorance, its sin, are all of record. The world has changed with the coming of Christmas. Life without the day would be incomplete.

It seems as though the chain that chafes the world is mercifully relaxed. The reaction is complete. It is the one season of the year when all countries rise above the fretful circumstances of life and determine to be merry. The hallowed mantle of peace on earth is spread with tender touch over the land. It is a day of wondrous significance, a day tenderly venerable, blessed, sacred. From palace to hovel, from chateau to bungalow, from cottage of poverty to mansion of wealth come expressions of good cheer. Hope rises, faces hitherto worn with care are for a moment transfigured with irrepressible good humor. Acts of kindness, until now suppressed, break

and burst forth in glorious unity. Benevolence blooms. Generosity becomes unconfined. The day has come again. It speaks of the value of life and humanity. Man has been given this day. Who can doubt that in its spirit may be thought is woven in the minds of men, inspiring the best and the sweetest aspirations of the year. It is this, then, that Christmas has done for the world, stirring men to common action, with such a cordon of thought about the world growing wider and stronger each day. Who can doubt that in its spirit may be found the true secret of those great philosophic

"Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? or works? Nay: but by the law of faith" (Romans 3: 27).

Sermon by SETH C. REES, delivered at University Nazarene Church, Pasadena, Cal.

ALL the countless particles of the natural universe are held under control by a mighty principle not only governing but keeping harmony, regularity, order, and preservation. This great principle is known as the law of gravity. All the suns, stars, and planets, all the mountains, and seas, and even the atmosphere, everybody and everything about you are under the control of this one great principle in the natural universe. Everybody seems ready to recognize that.

There is a corresponding law in the social world, in domestic life. You stand on some great thoroughfare of some great city and watch the seething masses as they forge through Broadway, New York, or State street or Wabash avenue, Chicago. You wonder not only where they all came from but where they are all going. You wonder how they will ever get straightened out. You wonder where they are all going to eat, and where they will lodge at night, but by a great principle in the social and domestic world, they all find some place; they will find a family, whether in a mansion, or a hovel, or a cellar, or a garret. By 1 or 2 o'clock in the night, the business section will be practically empty and all those people will be somewhere. God has bound us up in family sheaves and though we diverge for a day, we come home at night; we find our own; we go to our own company.

A million bees out yonder in that field where there are two hundred hives—they all find the right hive. They know their home. God has made a law by which they can get home.

We see the same principle in the business, commercial, financial world. The mighty millions of this old world are controlled by a great law between man and man, and if it should be dissolved, all business would come to an end. All our great corporations would be dissolved if confidence, if the law of faith of man in man should break. What if it should? It would be but a little time till grass would grow in Broadway, New York, and in the busiest streets of our greatest cities. It is the law of confidence. That is the law that causes the farmer to plow and plant, and go to sleep and expect it to rain, and expect sunshine and harvest, and but for this law all would be chaos about us—nothing but ruin.

Many people seem to have forgotten that the same is true in the realm of grace, that there are certain great principles, divine laws in the universe of grace absolutely essential and that if they should break, there would be nothing but wreckage and ruin in the spiritual world.

People recognize the law of confidence in everything else except in religion. This old world curls its lips and says that the whole economy is too peculiar and too simple, and they attempt salvation by another way. They say that it does not stand to reason that all our works go for nothing and that we reach no merit by growth, and that we can't accomplish the desires of our hearts by evolution. They

and philanthropic measures which, beyond all other events, mark the enlightenment of the human race. Remember the poor. Make children happy. Be sensible in the season's gifts. Forgive one another. Be truly Christians in act and conversation. Have faith in Him whose birthday we commemorate. Open your hearts and let the King of glory come in. Who is the King of glory? He is the Lord of hosts. He is the King of glory. Promote joy and unity. Look forward to that glorious reunion when all shall be clothed with light and gladness of His glory. Peace on earth and good will to all men, sang the heavenly hosts. So the Comforter will, on coming into your heart, enable you to sing the song of the redeemed.

ADA, OKLA.

The Law of Faith

say that just to receive the promise of God as eternal and depend wholly and solely upon it, is too childish. They want something a little more reasonable, and many professing religion are inclined to ignore the fact that the laws governing the spiritual realm are even more fixed and more stable than the laws in the natural realm.

If we all believed as we should in the unalterableness of the laws of God in grace, we would never tremble or fear no difference what comes. It is our confidence in the permanence of the great principles in nature that keeps us from getting scared. We are traveling this very minute several times faster than the fastest flying machine that man has ever made, but it is our confidence that holds us without fear.

If we have the confidence in the unalterable laws of God, and of grace, and the scheme of redemption that we should have, we have no fear: nothing to fear, nothing to dread, leaning on the everlasting arms. Glory to His name for ever!

Ignoring the laws of faith in human redemption, men make human effort and try to gain something by works; in fact, the whole business is too easy for human reformers who want to do something, who want to achieve something; who want to make a show, who want to do something, that they can demonstrate. And just to believe that God has fixed things so that certain causes will always bring certain results, and there never will be a failure and never can be a defeat, is too simple for a metaphysical mind and the research of people who imagine they have brains, but anybody who knows how to look into the face of Jesus and see only the divine, the supernatural, the super-human, see only God as manifested in Jesus Christ, and lean upon His everlasting arms—they rest. They rest, and the rest of faith is so real that they never fear their foes, but are delighted to lean upon His bosom.

Philosophy says, "Eye your enemies; look out for your foes." The gospel says, "Keep your eye on Jesus." Philosophy says, "Dispose of your enemy first and then look to Jesus." The Bible says, "Look to Jesus first and last and He will dispose of your enemies." Oh, what if it is really so! That to those who look only to Jesus, He will dispose of all their foes! Glory be to God for ever! *It is so!*

Philosophy says, "Get strong. Gain your strength by downright grapple with your foe-man." The gospel says, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall change strength; they shall change horses; they shall rise up; they shall mount up; they shall ride on wings; they shall run; they shall walk; they shall renew their strength."

This old world in its theology and in much of the teaching of the religious world today would confuse us; they would bewilder us; they would get us into a bank at New England fog and offer us no pilot; but my text declares that salvation is by the law of faith and that all boasting or all grounds for boasting is excluded, and that all we depend upon, and all we know, is God, and that He has a set of rules and principles that never break.

Natural laws are sometimes suspended. They

always are in case of miracles. The law of gravitation has not always held. For the accomplishment of higher ends, natural laws have often been suspended, but for the accomplishment of lower ends, spiritual laws are never suspended, and the laws governing the spiritual universe are as fixed as the throne of God itself and there is no alteration; there is no change. So I don't need to be afraid that God may sometime meet with an emergency and have to suspend some spiritual law for the accomplishment of some material thing and therefore get me in a hole, but I dare to trust that any natural law in the natural universe may be suspended, if it is necessary, in order to help me out of a hole. But it is so. Nobody much believes it, but it is so, and you know very well that the Bible characters have left on record many times the record of an occasion where they would have gone down but for the suspension, but for the reversal of some natural law.

Noah built a ship for a voyage of one hundred and fifty days. He put in it all the seed for the planting of a new world, and he said, "I am going to sail at a certain time. I am going to sail from this old world to another world. I am fixing to plant the new world." But he built his ship without any rudder, and that was contrary to the laws of this earth, and the great shipbuilders of Rhode Island would have said that he was a fool, and none of the modern ship carpenters would ever build a ship and launch it for a hundred and fifty days' voyage without a rudder.

But he saw as he looked up into the open heaven that he was going to have a Pilot that did n't need a rudder, and he was going to land as certainly and as safely as God himself is certain and sure, and so he went on with confidence. He had but one window and that was in the top, and he could lay down on his back and look right up and trust God.

Of course that is foolishness to the wisdom of this world, but sir, to this very hour the wisdom of this world is foolishness to God, and God has asked us to depend on His laws and to lean upon his plan and scheme of redemption, and we will go through, rudder or no rudder. Glory be to God!

Shouldn't we have as much faith in the laws of the spiritual realm as revealed in this Book, as we have in the laws of nature about us? What if we did? What if we believed that the promises of God are as firm beneath our feet as the seasons are sure to come? Everybody expects springtime and harvest; everybody looks for rain; everybody prepares for sunshine; everybody expects the regular revolution of things. And if we live in confidence, as I am trusting God is going to help us to, we will expect it to rain, and it will rain, and it is beginning now to rain.

I would like to see a Noah's flood on this hill. I would rather see wave after wave of divine glory and the fulfillment of God's promise to His people, than anything else in this wide world.

What makes me preach this way anyhow? Well, if for no other reason, to increase my own faith and to help myself along; and I wish I might help you to see that if we dared to believe God, there would come to us more tremendous things than we have ever yet witnessed. Oh, glory!

The Merrimac river turns more wheels than any other river in the world. When Lowell, the city of spindles, was laid out, and the mighty power of that mighty river was about to be harnessed to a million wheels—it was because the people had confidence. They believed in the sun that it would daily evaporate the water of the ocean; they believed in the wind that it would carry the clouds to the hills of New Hampshire; they believed in the rain that it would replenish the springs, and in the springs that they would feed the Merrimac, and in the Merrimac that she would roll on and roll on.

Oh, if we had the same faith in the permanence of the laws controlling the river of life; if we believed in the Son of Righteousness; if we believed in the latter rain that He has

Bud Says:

Christmas greetings to every Nazarene in the whole wide world: First, may the God of all grace bless and comfort our General Superintendents and our District Superintendents, and our editor and his associates, and the presidents of our holiness schools; and may every pastor and every evangelist have the fullness of the blessing in their precious hearts and lives, and may the God of peace sanctify them wholly, and may every member of the great Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene have the fire from heaven on their souls as never before, and may there be such harmony, and such love and peace in the hearts of every one of our people that it may be said, "Behold how they love each other." For we must remember that it was the angel that said His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins, and it was He that was the greatest Christmas gift that this poor old world ever saw or ever heard of. It is through Him that we have such rich blessings and so many of them. Through Him we have joy, and then exceeding joy, and then great joy, and then joy unspeakable and full of glory; and it is through Him that we have riches, and then exceeding riches, and then great riches, and then unsearchable riches; and it is through Him that we have promises, and then exceeding promises, and then great promises, and then precious promises; and it was through this blessed Christ that was born in Bethlehem of Judea, that the way was opened up by which man can escape from the awful bondage of sin. And it is only through Him that we can escape, for St. Peter said that there is no other name given under heaven or among men by which we can be saved. So we see at a glance that our hope of heaven is in the Babe of Bethlehem, and we will go by the way of the cross or not go at all.

And we must remember that every step from

promised that He would pour out in the last days; if we believed in the springing fountains of eternal life; if we believed that the old river will roll on and on to the sea—we would harness our machinery to the water power of the River of Life, and all the dead locks would be broken and every wheel would begin to turn. (A sister was shouting all over the chapel.) All right, sister, shout on.

I wonder that you folks can behave yourselves. I wonder how some of you can sit here and look like blockheads, when God in heaven wants to do such tremendous things for us. Some of you that used to run up and down the aisle here, are looking like you were two-thirds sick. God is not dead! The springs are not dried up. The river has not gone dry. Oh, sir, if we could induce our spiritual life to send out its feelers, we might strike something that would give us the elixir of life and give us the perpetual motion.

That is what I am doing. I am boring. I am tunneling. I am dynamiting. I have put in a charge as often as I could get a pocket, and I am looking for a blow-out.

An Oriental traveler followed his guide for days and days over a road, over which he knew he could never return alone. They finally came to the end of a canyon pass and a mountain of ice stood right up in front of them, and the mountains on either side so steep that no mountain goat could climb, and the stream they had followed suddenly disappeared under a mountain of ice, and they stood for a moment and his pilot said, "Follow me," and he leaped into the torrent and was gone.

The traveler stood alone in the solitude of that awful mountain pass. Like a panorama, the whole business went before him and there was nothing in the world to do but to follow, and he leaped into the torrent, following his pilot, and there was a rolling, and rumbling, and thundering sound, and in a minute he was thrown out on the grassy bank on the other side. He made the plunge; he had faith to follow his leader, and there was nothing to do but

the manger was toward the cross. He walked right straight from the manger to the cross, and then he went right straight from the cross to the throne, and sat down on the right hand of the Father, and from whence He will come again and run the Devil and all sinners down and lock them up in the pit, and set up His kingdom on the earth. Thank God it is set up now in the hearts of men and it will be set up on the earth and the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters that cover the sea. The first wave started when the angel sang the glorious song of peace on earth and good-will toward men: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." From that day till this, there has been power, and glory, and honor offered to every man that will, make him a blessing to the whole world, if he wills to accept it and use it for the glory of God. Thank God some have done so, while others haven't. Some have and others will. Glory to God the Father, and Son, and blessed Holy Ghost.

Well, amen! There is power in the blood to make us as white as snow, and to keep us from all sin as long as we live in this world. Amen!—all brought to us from the Babe in the manger; and thank God from that day till this, the world has never been the same and never can be the same, for God has said that every knee shall bow to Me and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. So all nations and people will have it to do in spite of the Devil, and all the unbelievers and Christ-haters. They will all some where, some day, lick the dust and confess Him to the whole world. God said that they would do it and they will do it. God makes the old infidel confess His Son now every time he writes a letter. He will make him do it in this coming Christmas. The poor old sinner will have to put on his letterhead, December 25, 1915, and by so doing, he will confess Christ. Well, amen. Glory to God! **BUD ROBINSON.**

to leap. He leaped and came out in sunshine and on the green banks of the stream.

Oh, how many times have I stood at a place like that, when my enemies were so threatening and so determined, that it looked like I could never make another step forward, and the mountains were so high on either side, and I was not much of a mountain climber anyway, and I have simply shut my eyes and plunged forward—and I had awful thundering in my ears for the time being—but in just a minute or two, I was out on the banks in the sunshine, and in clover up to my chin.

I have cultivated that sort of athletics until I have made up my mind that that is the life for me, and that is the course I am going to pursue. When He says, "Follow me," that is all I want. If He says, "Jump," all I have got to do is to jump, and He is to take care of the noise, and the whirl, and deliver the goods on the other side. Oh, glory to God for a confidence in the unalterable promise of God Almighty which will stand when the world is on fire.

IT MATTERS NOT

By Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS

It matters not how *poor* my lot,
If skies are bright above me:
And heaven smiles on me the while,
And home has some who love me!

It matters not how *dark* my lot,
The sunlight shineth o'er me—
The clouds will go, and I shall know
What saints have felt before me.

It matters not how *lone* my lot,
My Savior trod before me
The dismal way, the prophets say,
That leads to life and glory!

Then with content, my life well spent,
As He spent His before me;
I'll with Him rise, above the skies,
And reign with Him in glory!

MOTHER AND LITTLE ONES

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON

A musical, talented young lady, named Miss Martin, was the leading soprano in a fashionable city church. One Christmas day, which happened to come on a Sabbath, her pastor asked her if she would go with the workers that afternoon, and sing for the prisoners at the penitentiary.

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed, with a shiver; "the penitentiary—ugh! and this day of all days, to visit such a ghastly place. But I will consider it."

The organ was pealing and its deep tones were reverberating among the huge pipes. The service moved on smoothly—the anthem, Scripture lesson, hymn, and prayers, and then her solo—the event of the morning to others than the singer. The audience sat through it as if spellbound and many were in tears when the last note died slowly away. It was over at last and she passed out, only pausing to say to Mr. Niles, "You can count on me for this afternoon."

So it came about that she was one of the little group who filed into the penitentiary hall that afternoon, and stood facing the rows of women sitting there in prison garb. On the front row sat a woman not more than thirty-five years old, but with a seamed and hardened face. She stared with sullen, glittering eyes at Mr. Niles as he read and prayed. Many heads bowed, and sounds of stifled sobbing came from different parts of the room as the sweet story of the first Christmas was read, but this woman sat there like a statue with compressed lips.

Presently Miss Martin sang. Those walls had never echoed to sounds more sweet, for her heart was in the message as she sang of Jesus' birth, His love and pity. The black eyes did not leave her face, but gave no sign of feeling. At the request that those who wished to be prayed for should make it known, many hands were raised and yearning faces were uplifted, as if pleading for help. But the woman on the front seat did not move nor take her steady gaze from the beautiful girlish face by the organ. She sang again—a message of peace on earth, good will to men, and as she finished the black eyes dimmed suddenly and the set lips whispered, "Oh, sing again!" She began at once, without an accompaniment, the gospel hymn,

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling."

Every sentence thrilled with entreaty as she sang,

"Come home, Come!
Ye who are weary, Come home!"

As she finished, the hardened face suddenly melted, and a broken voice sobbed out, "Help me, oh, help me! I do want to be good." On the stone floor they knelt, and there, with deep penitence and earnest prayer, at last one sinful soul found forgiveness.

"It was the singing that did it," the poor woman said, holding fast to the firm white hand that did not shrink from the contact. "I could have resisted all the rest, but not that—today—Christ's birthday—and mine." The voice sank to a whisper, but the hard face glowed with the light of Christmas.—*Exchange.*

CHRISTMAS UNDER THE SNOW

THIS little boy lived more than sixty years ago, among the hills in northwestern Connecticut. He had a nice grandmother, whose home was four miles from his. Christmas was coming, and he was to spend the day with her. But three or four days before Christmas it began to snow. It snowed and snowed all that day and that night, and the next day and night, and so on, day and night, until Christmas Eve. Then it cleared off cold, and a thick, hard crust formed on the clean, white counterpane.

So the sun rose bright on Christmas morning, and after a warm, hearty breakfast, the boy started, afoot, for his grandmother's.

He was dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, with long, loose pantaloons—though he was quite a little boy—and a heavy woolen jacket, and knit, worsted mittens, and a thick cloth cap with broad ear-tabs. His pantaloons were folded at the ankles and tied tight about his boot tops. Then his mother wound a striped tippet six or eight times about his head and neck. Thus, when finally rigged out for his trip, there was not much chance for old Jack Frost to get a nip at him.

In his pockets were some nice Christmas gifts for his grandmother: A funny little embroidered night-cap, from his mother; a fine linen handkerchief, hemstitched by hand from his sister; and a few others, that he now "disremembers." But his own gift was the handsomest of all. It was a splendid shawl pin, with a head the size of a piece of chalk and about the same shape. He had made this himself, by rolling the blunt end of a darning needle in a spoonful of melted red wax, and any one can see that it must have been very beautiful.

Well, he was a pretty self-satisfied boy as he "went on his journey." The whole landscape was clothed in white. No fences were in sight, except the tallest stakes; no hedges; no shrubs. The big trees had their rumpled heads wrapped up in great, white mufflers, and the scattered barns and houses had huge banks of snow hanging over their eaves, like shaggy grey eye-brows. The scene was enlivened by groups of men and oxen breaking the roads, and once in a while a scared dog, skating round on the slippery crust, and a forlorn family of crows shivering in the top of an old hemlock, down by the pond.

The boy kept on his way, sometimes running to keep his feet warm, and sometimes creeping on his hands and knees up the smooth hillsides. At last he came, rather warm and a little tired and pretty hungry, to the spot where he thought his grandmother lived. Then, what was his surprise not to see her in the doorway, watching for him, or any door for her to stand in, or any house, even—only, where her house had stood, a great big snowbank? But presently he detected a little wavering wreath of bluish-grey smoke curling up out of the top of the mound. He scrambled up the snow bank, and there he discovered the chimney, sticking up through the white blanket, and a strip of the ridge of the roof and a corner of the gable, down to the top of the garret window of his grandmother's one-story cottage.

It did not take the boy long to work the window loose and crawl in. Then he crept softly down the dark, steep, crooked stairs. At the foot of the stairs was a door opening right into the sitting-room. He was rather nervous. That whiff of smoke from the chimney had given him some encouragement; yet he might find his dear grandmother starved or smothered in that dark room. He lifted the iron latch without a click and pushed the door. There was his grandmother, sitting with her back toward him. She had a lighted candle on the table by her side, and her face was bent over the big Bible as she read the story of the coming of the Child Jesus.

Near the door where the boy stood was an old-fashioned open fireplace, and at one side of it, by the brick oven, hung a long slender white stocking—his grandmother's stocking, just as it had hung on Christmas mornings for over seventy years, but now, for the first time on a Christmas morning, empty. It was not empty long. He hastily dropped into it the gifts from his pockets, discreetly putting his own at the bottom, so that she would get the best one last. Then he turned round and said, not very loud, "Ahem." The surprised creature looked up, first at the door, then at the windows, all blocked with snow. Just as she turned about, the boy shouted, "Merry Christmas, grandmother!" The dear old lady lifted both hands. "Well! well!" she exclaimed, "if here is not Henry, and he has come, like the real Santa Claus, right down the chimney."

If, ever a boy got a warm welcome on Christmas morning, that boy did. He got squeezed and kissed, and then he got fed.

Then she drew the things out of the stocking. When she found that magnificent shawl pin, she was so delighted that she had to take it over to the light, perhaps to see if the head was real wax; and, as she bent her face down to examine and admire it, he thought he heard a sly little giggle, but she came back in a minute and kissed him again. Then, turning her bright face to the open fire, she laid her slender hand upon his shoulder and said, in a low, tender tone, "Well, indeed, a child can bring a good deal of Christ into a Christmas."—*Christian Advocate.*

JOHN CRAWFORD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

IT WAS as John Crawford was rising from the breakfast table that Mrs. Reed, his housekeeper, entered the room.

"Please may I speak with you, Mr. Crawford?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Reed," the old lawyer said, in his usual voice, albeit he frowned a little. Mrs. Reed was a recent acquisition, having come to "The Elms," where Mr. Crawford lived alone, save for his servants, several months before, on the death of the housekeeper who had ruled the house for years. There was much for Mrs. Reed to learn, and she was not an apt pupil.

"It's about Christmas, sir. That's only a week off, and you've given no orders."

"I have none to give, Mrs. Reed. There will be no guests, no merrymaking. I have been invited out to dinner on Christmas Eve, but I may decline the invitation, so you may prepare dinner, just the usual dinner. The day is nothing to me."

The housekeeper's florid face colored hotly. "But it's Christmas, sir."

"I understand. Is there anything more?"

Mrs. Reed flounced out of the room, muttering under her breath. Walking out into the hall Mr. Crawford arrayed himself in overcoat and hat, then left the house, following his usual custom of walking to the office.

It was a clear, cold morning. A cloudless sky arched over the earth which the storm of the day before had lightly mantled with snow. "The Elms" stood on a slight eminence that overlooked the thriving town of Milan. As Mr. Crawford walked down to the street, between the rows of leafless, stately trees that gave the place its name, a frown, which his closely-trimmed gray beard concealed, looked from his eyes.

"It is not that they care for Christmas; all the world is pleasure mad," he said to himself. "Business will be neglected, people will spend more than they can afford and make themselves ill with overeating, and, in doing it, say they are honoring the Christ born so long ago. Well, it will make no difference in my routine of life, save in the single case of little John," and, unconsciously, the man's face softened.

The Crawfords had long been the leading citizens of Milan. John was the only one of the old generation left, and he was a prominent lawyer, wealthy, and honored. Since the death of his wife and son, thirty years before, he had withdrawn from society, having little to do in a social way even with his many nephews, nieces, and cousins who lived in Milan. No one had ever thought that Loren Crawford, son of John's brother, was in any way his uncle's favorite, and the old man had evinced little interest when the young man had married pretty Mollie West. A year later a son was born to them, and they named him John. This boy, who was called "Little John," had come to be greatly loved by the old lawyer.

Some said it was the name. Others—older persons—declared that the child resembled the son of John Crawford who had died so long before. A few talked sneeringly of "Mollie's ingratiating ways." The young father and mother—made wise by love—dimly saw that there was something in their little son's personality that made an indescribable appeal to the other's nature.

That day went by uneventfully. It was not until the middle of the afternoon that Mr.

Crawford, answering the telephone, heard Mollie's musical voice.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Uncle John, but I know if you are engaged you will not hesitate to tell me. Little John came down town with me to help with the Christmas shopping, and he is teasing to see you — says there is something he wants 'Uncle John to 'splain.' Can you spare him a few moments?"

"Certainly, Mollie. I will be glad to see him. Send him up, and let him stay until you are ready to start for home."

"Thank you, Uncle John. And you will come for Christmas Eve, will you not? Little John has his tree before dinner."

"I'll come for the tree, thank you, even if I do not stay for dinner. I have a box of toys for our boy. Send him along now. Good-by."

A few moments later the two Johns were greeting each other. While the child was an affectionate little fellow, it greatly pleased him that his great-uncle always greeted him with a handshake, "just like as if I was a grown-up man." After the handshake and the removal of the little boy's coat and cap, Mr. Crawford sat down by the radiator and lifted his namesake to his knee.

"What did you see in the stores, laddie?"

"Just jams of folks. They was buying Christmas gifts, and so was I. Uncle John, mamma has told me that Santa Claus is just a make-believe, a 'spression of love, and that we give folks things 'cause it is the Christ Child's birthday, and we love Him and them."

"Yes, Little John."

"It's lots of fun to 'cide on things for the folks you love. I know you'll be tickled with the picture, Uncle John. Papa says in it I look 'just like a Crawford.' But I mustn't tell, 'cause folks don't know what they are going to have."

Mr. Crawford saw that the child was vaguely afraid that he had disclosed what was to be a secret. Smoothing John's flaxen hair, that was cut so that it framed his rosy, dimpled face, the lawyer said:

"Folks do not want to know, and they never can guess. Now, was not there something you wanted to talk to me about?"

The question accomplished its desired mission. Little John sat upright, his childish face eager, appealing. "I can't see, Uncle John, and I know you'll 'splain it to me. Mamma says we give Him ourselves, but I—"

He stopped, puckering his smooth brow into a frown. Mr. Crawford drew the little head down on his shoulder.

"Tell me all about it, laddie."

"Why, you see, Christmas is the dear Christ's birthday. And we give things—just the bestest things we can find—to everybody but Him. Why don't we give Him things on Christmas, Uncle John?"

The old man was conscious of a sudden sinking of his heart. How was he going to reply to this childish questioning? He must not fail Little John. "Why, boy, you see He is not here on earth; we can not put gifts into His hands. I think the best way to give to Him is to do as He wants us to do, and thus give ourselves to Him."

"But we love Him a lot all the time."

"Yes; but don't you think at Christmas we could love Him a little more? That, and doing as He would want us to do, would be to give ourselves anew to Him."

"Now I see," and Little John nestled closer against the man's shoulder. "To be good to folks is to do what He likes. I was awful naughty to Norah yesterday—threw the hair-brush at her. You see, Uncle John, she'd brushed my hair more'n a hundred times, and men don't care how their hair looks. Now I can tell Norah I'm sorry, and I can be good to her, and that will be giving myself to the Christ Child as a Christmas present, 'cause He wants folks to be good."

"Yes, John, I am sure that is the best kind of Christmas giving," John Crawford said; and in spite of the effort he made, his voice was not quite steady.

Little John did not notice. Drowsily he said: "And that's what we'll give Him, won't we, Uncle John?"

For a moment there was no reply. John Crawford was asking himself if he could make that promise.

"Why, Uncle John, be you 'sleep? We'll make that present, won't we?"

"Yes, Little John."

"I knowed you'd 'splain it to me; you always does, and I love"—

The childish voice trailed off into a faint murmur. Glancing down at the pink-tinted face on his arm, Mr. Crawford saw that Little John was asleep. Gently he lowered the small form to a more comfortable position and sat still, thinking. As he thought, drops of perspiration beaded his forehead, and he tightened his hold upon the sleeping child.

Nominally, John Crawford was a Christian. Since early manhood his name had been enrolled upon the records of the church to which the Crawfords had always belonged. He attended the Sunday morning service, and he paid liberally, although a little grumblingly, for the support of the different departments of the church. That summed up his religious life. How far it was from Little John's creed of giving one's self to Christ through deeds of love to others, as a gift in remembrance of the great Gift!

John Crawford sat motionless until the door opened to admit Mollie, who hurried in, flushed with the cold and with happiness. By that time the light in the room was dim and shadowy. Mr. Crawford could reach the switch, to turn on the electric lights, without rising. He flooded the room with brilliancy as Mollie cried:

"Oh, I am so glad he has had a nap! And he hasn't tired you, Uncle John? Wake up, darling, for we must go home."

Little John sat up. His blue eyes were heavy with sleep, but he was smiling. "I's 'wake. Where's my coat? Mamma, I'm going to tell Norah I'm sorry, and we will give her the big box of candy 'stead of the little one."

Mrs. Crawford was too busy getting the plump, warm little body into the coat to question her son as to his new attitude toward the maid. Ere the two left the office Little John asked:

"Will you 'seuse mè, mamma, if I whisper to Uncle John?" As his mother smiled assent, and the tall man bent down, John whispered, with a warm hug: "I'm going to begin just as soon as I get home by telling Norah I'm sorry. I 'spose you begun 'fore this; and, Uncle John, don't you think the Christ Child will be glad?"

"Yes, dear boy, I am sure He will," Mr. Crawford said, and the next moment, with his old-time politeness, he was bowing mother and son downstairs.

John Crawford slept little that night. While his life had been narrow and a little hard, his word had ever been inviolate, and he had promised Little John to give himself as a Christmas gift to Christ.

The next morning he tried to make a beginning. It was pitiful to see the awkwardness of his first attempts, for he could not, all at once, get away from the idea that giving meant the bestowing of material possessions. He ordered lavishly of all the delicacies of the season for his own household, thus setting Mrs. Reed's mind at rest. Checks were sent to the various charitable institutions of the town. He and Little John went on a shopping expedition for the benefit of the gardener's children. Then, as the heaven of the Christmas spirit began to work, the beauty of the season made its appeal to him. Holly wreaths were hung in the windows at "The Elms," boxes of violets and roses were ordered for his nieces and his nephews' wives, and were sent to the hospital, and he asked Mollie to help him select a good picture for their pastor and his wife.

Yet all the time John Crawford knew that he was giving—not himself, but his possessions. It was not until late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas that he acknowledged to himself what it was that stood in the way of his keeping his promise to Little John. He was in his office. For an hour he had been sitting still, staring straight before him with eyes that were not conscious of what they saw. Suddenly he sat erect, grasping the desk telephone. It was Mollie whom he called first.

"Yes, I will be there for the lighting of the tree; I can not miss that," he said, after they had exchanged greetings. "But you must excuse me for the dinner, my dear. I am going to have a guest, an old friend who is alone and lonely."

There was more conversation about the

tree and about Little John. Then Mr. Crawford rang up "The Elms." It was Mrs. Reed's voice that answered.

"I will be home for dinner, Mrs. Reed, and will bring a friend with me. Have everything as Christmas-like as you can on such short notice. Send into town for anything you like, and do not forget flowers for the table. And, Mrs. Reed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell Thomas to bring the motor in an hour's time to the corner of Lyons and Maple streets. Good-by."

Mr. Crawford hurried downstairs to the street. It was snowing, the big flakes floating leisurely earthward. The streets were thronged with belated Christmas shoppers, who, notwithstanding their many bundles, and their air of weariness, were smiling and happy.

"If he should refuse to come!" John Crawford said to himself. "But he will not; it was never Matthew's way to be cold and unforgiving."

Twice he stopped. Once it was to thrust a bill into the hands of a bent old woman whom he recognized as a one-time washer-woman at "The Elms"; and again he gave a lad a half-dollar for an evening paper and smilingly declined the change "Because it is Christmas Eve." Yet all the time, as he walked onward, he was reviewing his past connection with Matthew Winthrop.

Their intimacy began at college; there they came to love each other as even brothers seldom do. Matthew also studied law. He came to Milan, and they opened an office as partners. On one point they differed; they espoused different political creeds, but that never made any difference until each one was tendered by his party the nomination for congress. They promised each other that the campaign should make no difference in their friendship. They both wanted the office, both worked hard, and Matthew won—won by trickery and fraud. When confronted by the proofs of his wrongdoing by his partner and friend, Matthew Winthrop confessed, declaring that he had been over-persuaded by the men who had his campaign in charge. He begged for John's forgiveness, but it was denied him.

From that day they were as strangers. Young Winthrop served his term at Washington and returned to Milan, to open a law office. His convivial habits had grown upon him; he lacked the force to make his way, and gradually he went down. Now his wife was dead, his children were grown up and moved away from Milan, and Matthew lived in a single room back of his office, eking out a scanty existence as best he could—shabby, dissipated, friendless.

"And he might have been saved by one true friend, one true enough to forgive," John Crawford said, as he mounted the stairs that led to the office of the man who had once been so much to him. "It is my resentfulness toward him that has chilled and hardened my heart all these years. That must go before I can offer myself to the Christmas-born Christ, as I have promised to do."

Matthew Winthrop sat at his desk, sober, penniless, wretched. He started up when the door opened and hastily lighted a kerosene lamp. "It is—why, John, what do you want?"

"I want to be friends, because it is Christmas Eve," and, taking a chair at the other's side, John Crawford told of the promise he had made, and how it was revolutionizing his life. "Matthew, you are to go home with me. You shall have a room at 'The Elms,' and a desk in my office. No, it is not too late to begin anew, not at Christmas time."

"But it was I who wronged you."

"We will forget that, and give to the Christ lives devoted to His service. Come, Matthew!"

And the two old men went, arm in arm, down the stairs and out to the waiting car. It was Christmas Eve. And again there had come to the world "peace, good will toward men."

How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy! —BROWNING.

THE WORK AND THE WORKERS

Announcements

NOTICE TO UNDERGRADUATES, NORTHWEST DISTRICT—When you are ready to take an examination on any subject, you should write to the examiner of that subject for the questions. By referring to the Assembly Minutes, page 7, you will find the arrangement for the examinations. Please make application to the proper person for your questions.—J. F. Harvey, President of Board of Examiners.

DALLAS DISTRICT—Please take notice that at our Assembly, November 3d to 7th, 1915, the undersigned was elected District missionary treasurer. You will please send to him the missionary offerings and the offerings for the General and District Superintendents. As our missionaries and our Superintendents are to be paid monthly, do not delay sending the funds necessary for their support.—E. H. Sheeks, *Dist. Treas.*, Peniel, Texas.

ANNOUNCEMENT—To the Little Rock District: The advisory board has met and duly elected Walter Brown as District secretary, so please send all your missionary money to him, also the General Superintendent funds. His address is 2901 West 12th st., Little Rock, Ark. Pastors all take notice and forward your missionary money to him at once as our General Missionary Board is in need of same very much at present.—B. H. Haynie, *Dist. Supt.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—The young lady who lost her purse at the San Antonio District Assembly, has found it—it was returned to her with all the money in it. So if all who contributed to her expenses, will write me how much they each gave, I will refund the money. I have no list of those who so generously gave. After waiting a reasonable length of time, I will send the balance I may have on hand to the Orphan's Home.—J. W. Bost, *Dist. Treas.*, Ballinger, Texas.

PASTOR WANTED—I want to correspond with some preacher of the Arkansas District, who has a small family, and wants to pastor a church.—J. D. Sullivan, Grange, Ark.

MARRIED—Rev. T. F. Harrington, pastor of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Botna, Ia., and Miss Laura Mae Heller, of Wind Gap, Pa., at University Park, Ia., December 2, 1915. Rev. E. A. Clark officiating.

NOTICE TO CHURCHES—As I desire to settle for the Assembly Minutes for Chicago Central District with the Publishing House, you will greatly oblige me if you can remit to me at once the amount due from your church, at rate of 10 cents per copy. Send the amount to me at Olivet, Ill.—Charles A. Brown, *Dist. Sec'y.*

ANNOUNCEMENT—I am again entering the evangelistic work and will go any place where I can be of service. Address me, R. S. Ball, Bucklin, or Sterling, Kas.

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TELEGRAM

HERALD OF HOLINESS:

Southeastern District Assembly at Glenville, closed with victory. District divided. Florida set off as District. W. R. Hanson, Superintendent of Georgia District; C. H. Lancaster, Superintendent of Florida District. Sunday was a great day. Dr. Reynolds gave his famous missionary lecture—enough said.

C. H. LANCASTER.

District News

ALABAMA DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The seventh annual Assembly of the Alabama District of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene has gone down in history. Owing to the fact that we have had a financial depression in this section, our Assembly was not as large as usual; however, the most of our churches were represented.

Dr. E. F. Walker, General Superintendent, presided, and did some fine preaching while in our midst. Our people enjoyed him Brother Walker. This was his first visit to our work.

The reports of our pastors and evangelists were good. They have all sacrificed and done what they could to push our work. Four new churches were organized this year.

Our churches are about all supplied with good, strong pastors for another year. The coming year ought to be a great success, and will be, if our people will stand by our pastors and District Superintendent.

This being my sixth year as District Superintendent of the Alabama District, I declined to accept the work any longer. So Rev. P. M. Covington, of Jasper, was elected to the superintendency. Brother Covington is a good man, and will do his best for the District.

The writer did not remain for the last Sunday of the Assembly, but the report was that they had a great day. Rev. P. C. Ramsey, who came to us from the Wesleyan Methodist Church, preached at 11 a. m., and they had a fine service. Rev. F. P. Smith, who joined us from the Methodist Protestant Church, preached in the afternoon with power, and Rev. Mrs. M. V. Hall, pastor at Florence, preached at night, and the fire fell, and the saints had a great time.

So Monday they all went to their different fields of labor with a great burning zeal to push the Nazarene work on to victory.

After the Assembly I went near Blountsville, Ala., for a few days' meeting at the invitation of Sister Nusie McMurray. The weather was somewhat bad, but we had some fine meetings.

This writing finds me away down in south Georgia, at Donaldsonville. This is the site of our Southeastern Holiness University, of which I will write more in a few days. Dr. Z. B. Whitehurst is the president. We go on to Glenville tonight, to attend the Southeastern District Assembly.

I came near to forgetting it, but Brother J. F. Sanders, of our Publishing House, was at our Alabama District Assembly, held at Nauvoo. We all fell in love with Brother Sanders. May the Lord bless him.

C. H. LANCASTER.

LOUISIANA DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

The fourth annual Assembly, and the greatest in the history of the Louisiana District, which convened at the First Church of the Nazarene, Lake Charles, La., December 1st, closed Sunday night, December 5th, under a blaze of divine glory. God's presence and power were manifested throughout the entire Assembly. Seekers were at the altar every preaching service, and a number were blessedly saved. The evangelistic services commenced Tuesday night, November 30th. Rev. J. E. L. Moore, president of the Central Nazarene University, was with us, and gave us a message that helped us to take a deeper and stronger hold on God. He was with us during the entire Assembly, and gave us several messages which were a great blessing to the church. Our beloved Dr. H. F. Reynolds presided, and the work was carried on swiftly and efficiently to its close. The pastors and Sunday school superintendents gave encourag-

ing reports, which were substantiated by the report of our District Superintendent, Rev. T. C. Leekie. We were pleased to have with us Rev. J. E. Bates, pastor of the University of Peniel, Texas, who gave us several stirring addresses. Brother J. F. Sanders, of Kansas City, Mo., representing our Publishing House and its interests, was with us the latter part of the Assembly, and gave us an account of the office work, and how much it needed the support and co-operation of the church. All hearts were stirred deeply, and a hearty and substantial response was given at the close of his address. We also had with us Rev. A. J. Vallery, of Pilot Point, Texas, and Dr. W. B. Pinson, pastor of the Nazarene church of Texarkana, Texas, who gave us an address on rescue and orphanage work. They were ably assisted by Rev. W. E. Burnett and wife. A hearty response was given to them, in a freewill offering at the close of the service. Rev. J. E. L. Moore and Rev. J. E. Bates had charge of the educational rally, which proved to be a great success. Amidst shouts of rejoicing, sufficient money was donated to send one young man to Peniel University, and one young lady to Hamelin University. We feel sure it will prove money well spent, for they are both bright, young Christians. The closing day of the Assembly was the greatest of all. Rev. A. J. Vallery had charge of the lovefeast, which commenced at 9 a. m., and was so blest of God, that it was hard to find a stopping place. The missionary rally, which commenced at 3 o'clock, was led by Rev. J. E. L. Moore, who gave a short address, and the service was then turned over to Dr. Reynolds, who gave a condensed account of his great missionary tour around the world, showing on a map ~~places~~ for that purpose, the different places he visited, and where our missionaries are located, telling of the different customs and religions of the heathen nations, and of the perils he passed through, and the hardships, trials, and perils that our missionaries are going through every day, and the sacrifice they are making to bring those sin-darkened souls to God. It moved our hearts to a deeper and abiding love for precious souls, and for the great missionary, Jesus Christ, our Savior. Rev. J. E. L. Moore preached the closing sermon at night, with the unction of the Holy Ghost. Several seekers were at the altar. Dr. Reynolds pronounced the benediction, and the greatest Assembly this District has ever known, closed amid tears, handshaking, and good-bys, to meet again next year.

CHARLES E. WOODSON, Reporter.

PROGRAM OF THE PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION, EASTERN OKLAHOMA DISTRICT

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PENTECOSTAL NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE
2109, 2115 TROOST AVENUE
KANSAS CITY, MO.

will convene at Kingston, Okla., on Tuesday, January 26, 1916. All preachers of the District are hereby urged to make preparation to be on hands at first service. Singing will be furnished by Misses Damron and Verner and such help as they may choose.

TUESDAY	
7:15 p. m.	Devotional service.....C. M. Curry
7:45 p. m.	Preaching.....S. B. Damron
WEDNESDAY	
9:00 a. m.	Devotional service.....R. E. McCain
9:30 a. m.	Roll call and organization.
11:00 a. m.	Preaching.....Lum Jones
2:00 p. m.	Devotional service
2:30 p. m.	"Organization" Mrs. George Wommock
	Discussion.....J. L. Mcendon
3:00 p. m.	"Our Present Needs".....J. W. Amlin
	Discussion.
7:15 p. m.	Devotional service.....J. M. Messer
7:45 p. m.	Preaching.....G. F. Haun
THURSDAY	
9:00 a. m.	Devotional service.....L. R. Butcher
9:30 a. m.	"How to Keep the Glory Down"
10:00 a. m.	"How to Restore a Backslidden Member".....S. B. Damron
10:30 a. m.	"The Pastorale".....E. C. Cain
11:00 a. m.	Preaching.....L. A. Bolerjack
2:00 p. m.	Devotional service.....T. L. Taylor
2:30 p. m.	"The Prayer Meeting".....L. W. Newton
3:30 p. m.	"The Relationship of the Evangelist to the Pastor".....L. H. Ritter
7:15 p. m.	Devotional service.....Gussie Morris
7:45 p. m.	Preaching.....L. H. Ritter
FRIDAY	
9:00 a. m.	Devotional service.....S. E. Garrett
9:30 a. m.	"Rescue and Orphanage Work".....W. E. Deboard
10:00 a. m.	"Church Extension".....E. C. Cain
10:30 a. m.	"How to Raise Finances".....W. P. Jay
11:00 a. m.	Preaching.....M. E. Tripp
2:00 a. m.	Devotional service.....R. E. Escue
2:30 p. m.	"The Sunday School".....Fannie D. Tanner
3:30 p. m.	"Deaconess Work".....Carry Clark
3:50 p. m.	Election of officers for ensuing year.
7:15 p. m.	Devotional service.....Eva Cox
7:45 p. m.	Preaching.....Rev. Aycock
SATURDAY	
9:00 a. m.	Devotional service.....Eupha Damron
9:30 a. m.	Unfinished business.
11:00 a. m.	Preaching.....A. O. Duncan
2:00 p. m.	Devotional service.....Mike Roberts
2:30 p. m.	Missionary anniversary
7:15 p. m.	Devotional service.....Rev. L. F. Cassler
7:45 p. m.	Preaching.....J. W. Chism
SUNDAY	
11:00 a. m.	Preaching.....W. I. Deboard
2:00 p. m.	Devotional services.....A. O. Duncan
3:00 p. m.	Preaching.....F. N. Deboard
7:15 p. m.	Devotional service.....Toz Hutchins
7:45 p. m.	Preaching.....F. R. Morgan, Dist. Supt.

LUM JONES,
S. B. DAMERON,
G. F. HAUN,
Program Committee.

DALLAS DISTRICT

I spent Thanksgiving at Rocky Point, with Pastor Sharp, and continued services over Sunday. The blessings of the Lord attended these services, and three new members were added to the church.

I next visited New Hope; had a very precious time with the saints there, though the congregation was small, owing to lack of proper announcement.

We had a great day with our church at Bonham last Sunday. A real Pentecostal scene at the morning service, and one new member added to the church. A plan to pay off the church debt was put before the people, and some subscriptions taken. Pastor Guthrie is starting off well in his fifth year at this place.

The church and school at Peniel are enjoying a good season of grace and blessing from the Lord. I had the pleasure of conducting the midweek prayer-meeting Wednesday night, which closed with a good altar service, and one bright profession. Pastor Bates is giving a few weeks to field work in the interest of the school, the pulpit being filled during his absence, by resident preachers, and salvation work goes on.

Sherman church has adopted the Duplex envelope system, and it is working fine. They send in their first monthly missionary offering of \$9. This church has an all-night prayer band, that spends each Saturday night in prayer. This band is growing larger each week, and God is answering their prayers. They also have bands of workers, who are systematically carrying the gospel to every part of the city. Their congregations are large. The church and Sunday school are growing. Dallas First Church reports salvation work in their services each week; some members being added to the church, and the Sunday school growing. They have adopted the storehouse tithing plan, and it is working to the satisfaction of pastor and people.

Rev. S. C. Pritchett has opened a mission at McKinney, assisted by Rev. George Akin. Pray for this work, and when you have opportunity, give them a lift on the way. This would be a good place to put some home mission money.

Evangelist W. M. Nelson is in a revival meeting at Yantis. He reports the meeting starting off well.

Rev. H. R. Lee is in a good meeting at Oakland, in Fannin county.

Evangelist A. G. Jeffries has been preaching at the Greenville mission each night for more than a week.

Ministerial Support

[Reports of two District Assembly Committees, ordered published by vote of the Assemblies.—Editor.]

KENTUCKY

First. As it is clearly portrayed in Holy Writ that the ministry shall be supported by the laity so the former may give himself wholly to the work to which God has called him, we strenuously urge our laity comprising Church Boards, etc., to consider, in keeping with the Manual, the fact that the pastor's support is the first obligation of the church. In order to accomplish this, we recommend the tithing system as the best means to the end. We call attention to the fact that the Scriptures seem clear in declaring the tenth should be applied to ministerial support, and that we are not giving of our own until we exceed the tenth. "Search the Scriptures." We further recommend that our pastors, at least once a year, preach on this theme, emphasizing biblical demands in this matter.

Second. We recommend and urge that the pastors consider it their special duty to raise the apportioned amount for both the General and District Superintendents. We believe they should feel in a sense guilty before God should they come to the next Assembly not having done their best. For should they fail here, our Superintendents will go without that which is justly due them.

EDWARD ROBERTS, Chairman,
J. G. NICKERSON, Secretary.

ALABAMA

One of the most serious and constantly vexing problems of Christianity is the financial problem: the matter of raising a sufficient amount of money to meet the needs of Christian endeavor to evangelize the world. It should not be so. It need not be so. It was not so with the early church. It would not and will not be so with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, if it is thoroughly "Pentecostal" and thoroughly "Nazarene." For more than two hundred years after Jesus of Nazareth lived and died, for more than two hundred years after Pentecost, when the disciples of Jesus sold all their possessions and laid them at the apostles' feet, the early Christians vied with each other with almost frenzied enthusiasm, not only to support the ministry, but to supply all the needs of the poor out of their meager substance. It was because they literally followed the teachings and example of Jesus their Lord, Savior, and Master, and were baptized and filled with the Holy Spirit that they did this. They were Pentecostal Nazarenes.

The support of the ministry is an ordinance of the church of Jesus Christ. "God hath ordained, that they that preach the gos-

pel shall live of the gospel," and the greatest means of grace for a child of God next to prayer is that of worshipping God with our substance. God comes into and becomes a real part of our lives when we with grateful hearts acknowledge Him as the giver of all that keeps us alive, and gives us comfort and pleasure, by setting aside first, before we partake of it ourselves, a portion sufficient for the ample support for the cause of Christ for the salvation of the world.

Satan knows these facts and the power of Christian liberality, and has made it his business to destroy the element of worship in our giving, and to make it a mere matter of raising money to carry on the work we see fit to undertake. So it has come to pass that all manner of means, schemes, and methods are resorted to "raise money" until the schemes now in common practice by the churches generally have become nauseating to a decent world to say nothing of God, and the spirit of worship in giving is almost entirely wanting and the fountain of liberality almost dried up.

Your committee believes that the only remedy for this situation is the Word of God, and beg to recommend that we of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene first of all acknowledge that the support of the ministry is ordained of God, and we mean by support the actual needs of the ministry for its best service, and not luxuries. And second, that all Nazarenes be taught and exhorted to worship God with their substance constantly without reference to any need that may exist or may arise, by setting apart as the Lord prospers them the first fruits of all their increase, and that out of this common fund the ministry that God sets His seal upon shall be duly supported and further, as occasion may arise, and the Holy Spirit may lead, that we worship God with free-will offerings.

In this connection, may we urge in accord with the Manual, and in view of the great and sore need of a suffering world at this time, and in keeping with the Spirit of Jesus and example of the early Christians, that Nazarenes be exhorted to live sanely, simply, and plainly to the point of real sacrifice and self-denial, that we may the more impress the world that we are real Pentecostal Nazarenes, and that we may have the more to give to the support of the gospel.

Thus will follow two of the most important and desirable things, the cultivation of a rich Christian experience and the rapid and powerful spread of the full gospel of Jesus Christ in the world, and the early coming of the king of glory.

G. B. F. STOVALL,
J. B. RANDOLPH,
J. L. HOESLEY.

Rev. J. A. Collier and wife have just closed a few days' meeting at Sulphur Springs. Unfavorable conditions prevented them from accomplishing much good. They go this week to Sulphur Bluff for a meeting to continue through the holidays. They are faithful soldiers.

Rev. L. F. Maedgin begins a meeting next week, with Pastor C. H. White, at Gause.

Evangelist B. M. Kilgore is spending some time in West Texas, but he will soon be home again. Now don't let him get away any more, but call him to your place to hold a meeting. If you need an old-fashioned holiness evangelist, he will fill the bill. His address is Peniel, Texas.

Rev. Frank Daniels has opened a devotional hall in connection with his Industrial mission, at 2550 Elm st., Dallas. When any preachers, or workers pass that way, he will be glad to have you come by, and assist in this work.

Pastors and missionary treasurers will please take notice that Brother E. H. Sheeks, Peniel, Texas, is our District treasurer this year. Be sure you send all District money to him. Please do not fail to give attention to the monthly missionary offering. Remember we fell far behind last year in this part of our work, and the way to avoid the same calamity this year is for each church to make an offering every month. Even if the offering is small, it will count up well in the aggregate. If you need missionary envelopes, send to our general missionary treasurer, 2109 Troost ave., Kansas

City, Mo., for as many as you need, and they will be forwarded to you. Get these envelopes, and give your people a chance, and they will bring up our apportionment. But don't wait till the middle or last of the year to start.

The Assembly Minutes have been mailed to the pastors of all churches that had subscribed for them. If any of you have failed to receive them, please report at once.

If any one desires extra copies of the Minutes, I can supply you for the regular price of 10 cents per copy, as I had some printed for that purpose. I will be glad to exchange Minutes with any District Superintendent sending me a copy of theirs.

A postal card report from each pastor, at least once a month, will help me to be of more assistance to you. Let us keep close together, and push the battle for organized holiness.

P. L. PIERCE, Dist. Supt.

THE MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT ASSEMBLY

Last year was a hard year, but still it had many great blessings to us. We prayed, and planned, and worked all we could to get everything up in shape for our Assembly. Our dear Brother Reynolds came to us full of fire, and love, and wisdom, and seemed to have everything that was good for us in his vision. His message on the work was great, and got hold of us, and we hope they may linger

Idaho Holiness School

An Institution of Promise

Behind a great undertaking there is usually a great experience.

This work began when a man at the altar was seeking sanctification. God asked him if he would build a church where holiness would be preached. The seeker promised. God blessed him.

This was at Pasaden, where the brother was spending the winter months. He came home to Nampa, built the church—before he was a member of the church—and when completed, God led, and he with the church came into our Nazarene fold. Thus began the work centering here. That man is Mr. Eugene Emerson.

The dedication of our Idaho-Oregon Holiness School buildings occurred on Wednesday afternoon, November 24th, at 2:30 p. m., in the school building.

The buildings consist of the main structure, a girls' dormitory, and a temporary building for a boys' dormitory. The main structure at present includes the classrooms—seven in number—the boiler-room, laundry-room, coal cellar, dining-room, kitchen, toilet, and washrooms. It is modern in construction, and is steam heated and lighted by electricity. The girls' dormitory is home-like, with accommodations for about twenty-four. The building is supplied with two bathrooms, a living-room, a study-room, and has a piano for practice purposes. The boys' dormitory is a temporary building, accommodating twelve, and was made necessary to overcome crowded conditions. A suitable boys' dormitory is promised for next summer.

There are ten acres in the school campus, and then the Board of Trustees have twenty-eight residence lots for sale. The buildings cost about \$15,000. We are credited with having the second best school building, so far, in our chain of schools, by those who are familiar with our educational institutions.

That there is a need for such a school, and that it has an assured successful future, under God, is already evidenced by the present enrollment. Those in charge had hoped they might have one hundred this year. And they are already thanking God for 115, with several more expecting to come after the holidays.

The preaching of full salvation in this section of the great Northwest is being blessed of God, and by conserving the fruits of our labor and faith, we are going to see it prosper and grow as the great undeveloped resources of this territory are made to return large blessings and material enrichment.

Eugene Emerson and our District Superintendent, the Rev. Harry Hays, saw the need, and began to supply it about two years ago, yet little did they realize that so soon would such a work be established. Last winter the students met for recitation in the District Superintendent's home, and in a vacant church rented for the purpose.

Nampa is a beautiful city of 5,500 people, a railroad terminal, under prohibition for two years, with a fine agricultural, dairying, and stock-raising, and fruit-growing territory surrounding. The climate is ideal; and the business and professional interests, and community in general, are looking upon our work with favor rather than otherwise.

The students living in the dormitories are favored in the personalities of the Rev. Lewis I. Hadley and his good wife, who are in charge this year, and who are managing the operating expenses so that the living here has been reduced to the minimum. Brothers Hays and Hadley having had previous experience, decided to use the club co-operative plan—the boys and the girls, under the supervision of Brother and Sister Hadley, to do the work. They are arranged in groups, each group to alternate week about, one week to wash dishes, make beds, sweep, dust, etc. Monday is wash day. The result has been so far that the meals have cost the students during September five cents each meal; October eight cents, and November six and one-half cents. Room rent 50 cents a week, including light and heat. By doing the work themselves, the students have eliminated help expenses, and Sister Hadley, in her love for the cause, has donated her service, so that the method of operating has established a precedent.

Brother Hadley is enthusiastic over it, and believes it can be used on a much larger scale, with an increased number of persons.

The teaching force is unusually well selected: C. V. Marshall, principal; Lewis I. Hadley, dean of theology; Mary S. Forsyth, assistant principal; Ethel McGee, primary; Esther Cook, supply; E. L. Perry, assistant in theology; Helen Hadley, German; Prescott Beals, Greek; Grace B. McHose, school of music.

The dedicatory program was as follows, Dean Hadley presiding:

Invocation.....Rev. Tuills, pastor at Boise
Song.....Eugene Emerson, Chm. of Board
Address.....Eugene Emerson said: "I thank God for full salvation." How many school board executives today would make that testimony for a public address?

Address.....C. V. Marshall, Principal
Mr. Marshall said: "I thank God this Scripture is fulfilled here today: 'God has brought us into an enlarged place.'"

Bible verse recitation.....Primary department
Song.....Students of school
Address.....Rev. Tuills
Remarks.....Harry W. McHose
Vocal Solo.....Rev. Ingler, pastor at Fairfield
Address.....E. L. Perry
Address.....Dean Lewis I. Hadley
Vocal solo, Grace B. McHose, in charge of the School of Music.

Dedicatory prayer.....Dean Lewis I. Hadley
Congregation broke up, singing, "Victory ahead."

HARRY W. McHose.

with us. He won the hearts of the people of our town.

Brother Bates, of Peniel, was here to represent our school there. He did it well. He also preached two great sermons while with us that caught the hearts not only of the Assembly, but of the town. The people of Houston are asking for him to hold us a meeting.

Brother Sanders, of the Publishing House, was with us to tell about the good things up there, and he also caught our people, who now know more of our publishing interests. God bless Brother Sanders. Come again.

Brother Hudson, of Kentucky, was here to talk to us of his interest in missions in the West. Alabama District was represented by Brother Ramsey, who spoke of our school at Millport. He also preached for us on Sunday night at the closing service.

Brother J. N. Whitehead was elected District Superintendent. We now have the oldest District Superintendent in all our connection, he being seventy-eight and still full of life and activity.

All of our delegates and visitors were beautifully entertained by our good people and friends of Houston. No one had a hard place, but all had the best. The Assembly has done us good here, as a church. It is now the talk of nearly everyone we meet. We have prayed for our work here and

all over this state, that God would send us some one to preach for us that would count and measure arms with others. Thank God we feel like the answer has come in the persons of Dr. Reynolds, Brother Bates, and Brother Sanders. People have got to set up and take note at last. I see more and more every day the need of good, clear, holiness preachers, who can do more preaching than they do jumping. Put up the goods, that is what the people want.

I have received an evangelistic appointment, and I mean by the grace of God, to do more this year than I have ever done. I mean to stand by my District Superintendent. I have now a letter, asking me to come and organize a new church, and so the work goes on.

I. D. FARMER, Pastor.

General Church News

CALGARY, ALTA.

We have just closed a series of meetings with Brother C. W. Ruth. How the Lord did refresh our souls! The meeting did mean so much to us. There was not a great number at the altar, but the church was strengthened and our Bible never seemed so dear to us. This new work does need

scriptural instructions, and we got it. We do want to thank the Lord for the wonderful way He supplies the needs of the church here during these war times. Our souls are on the wing. Remember to pray for us that our faith fail not, and we keep in the liberty of the Holy Ghost.—Brother and Sister MARTIN.

HUGO, OKLA.

Our church is progressing nicely. We are still interested in souls and are believing God for great victory here. Our Sunday school is fine and we have lately organized a young people's society, which we trust will be a great benefit to the young people of this city. We are determined to march on and win the victory.—LENA WILLIAMS.

MILO, ME.

We came to this field November 30th and found a small but loyal band of saints. Our hearts are made to rejoice at every service, because of the presence of the Holy Ghost. One has been sanctified wholly and others are under conviction for both works of grace. The saints are believing and shouting the victory. Our mighty God is supplying all our needs, both material and spiritual. Services are well attended, strangers coming in every service. The prayer and testimony meetings are growing in power. Thursday afternoon the ladies meet to pray and the pastor gives a Bible reading.

Resolutions of Respect

At a meeting of the Church Board of the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Los Angeles, Cal., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Rev. P. F. Bresce, D. D., the greatly beloved senior General Superintendent and founder under God, of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and the first pastor of this church, after finishing his course, fighting a good fight, and keeping the faith, has been crowned with final victory and glory, and taken to the bosom of the Savior, whom he so devotedly loved and so faithfully served; and

WHEREAS, By his preaching, teaching, prayers, admonitions, godly exhortations, and loyal, self-sacrificing friendship to all of us, as individuals and as a church, he was greatly used of God in strengthening our faith, deepening our piety, and intensifying our love for God and humanity, and in very many instances, was our real spiritual father; and

WHEREAS, By his dauntless courage, heroic devotion, sweet simplicity of character, and deep insight into the Word of God, as well as by his consecrated eloquence, rare powers of exegesis and exposition, saintly life, and tireless labors in the kingdom of Christ, he was enabled to spread organized scriptural holiness directly all over the American continent, and indirectly, throughout the world; and

WHEREAS, In journeyings oft, in weary vigils, in good report and ill report, by voice, by pen, by self-denial, by the sword of the Spirit, this peerless leader has led the people of God in many a victorious onslaught against the citadels of sin, thus defeating hell, and causing heaven to rejoice; and

WHEREAS, We as a church were most benefited by his sacred ministry, and stimulated by his holy example, we desire not only to place on record our tender love and reverence for the memory of this Prince in Israel, but to pledge ourselves to so follow Jesus in righteousness and holiness, that when our work is ended here, we shall all meet dear Brother Bresce at the Eastern Gate; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to precious Sister Bresce—whose close walk with God has been an inspiration to us all—and to every member of her family, our heartfelt sympathy and prayers in this time of sorrow; and, be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be adopted by a standing vote of the members of this board; that they be read next Sabbath morning to the congregation, and put to a standing vote; that they be inscribed upon the Minutes of this board, and that a copy thereof be sent to the HERALD OF HOLINESS, with the request that these resolutions be published therein.

God is giving us much faith. We are looking to Him for a let and then a building of our own. We are marching on to victory.—CHARLES S. JENKINS, Pastor.

PEABODY, MASS.

God is blessing us and this church is marching on to victory. We have had many grand and glorious altar services. Our Friday night special prayer-meetings, held in the parsonage, are times of great blessings. These meetings are strictly for prayer, and they are bearing fruit. We are to start special meetings the 10th inst., with Lewis and Mathews as the evangelists. We are looking to God for an outpouring of His Spirit in the salvation of souls. On the evening of December 6th, while we were reading the Word, the bell rang; we went to the door and there were about fifteen of the members and friends laden with good things. They marched into the dining-room and loaded up the table, after which we retired to the parlor and spent the evening in songs and praises to God.—ALFRED COLE, Pastor.

KENESAW, NEB.

We just closed a four weeks' meeting, Sunday evening, December 12th. There were seven seekers at the altar, either for pardon or purity. All came through victorious. One man gave up his pipe and tobacco and came through shouting happy. We rejoice to know that our God still lives and

A Great Pastor Translated

The Rev. A. B. Calk was born in the state of Louisiana in 1885. Was saved when he was only fourteen years of age, August 6, 1901. He lived a beautiful Christian life until the 29th of July, 1910, when he was gloriously sanctified wholly. He was a man who carried a passion for souls from the day he was saved. At once he began holding prayer-meetings wherever there was a door open to him.

He saw his need of a better equipment for service, so he spent three years in Meridian Male College. Through the summer he got out in the work as a song evangelist, or to hold meetings, whichever opened to him. His labors were accompanied with success from the very beginning. He was married to Miss Lillie Bozone, of Et Roy, Ala. They had born to them three children.

Brother Calk came to the Nazarene church in 1912, from the Methodist Protestant church. He was one of our best pastors. He was three years pastor of the Ozark church, where he had great success, and was loved by both saints and sinners of the town. He was called to the Little Rock church at the last Assembly. He was here just two weeks when he was taken sick; went to the best sanitarium for an operation, where he was given the best treatment. After the operation he contracted typhoid fever. He lingered thirteen days, and on the 24th day of October, 1915, at 4:30 p. m., he passed away.

We were very closely associated for the last three years, and I can truthfully say that he was one of the cleanest, sweetest spirited men I ever knew. I have never known a man that wept more over the lost than did he; he always carried a burden for a lost world, and loved the lost tenderly; he was never too tired to pray with the seeker.

He could truly be called a peacemaker, yet he was uncompromising in his preaching; he had rather die than to lower the standard for which his church stood.

His last hours were accompanied with great suffering, but he bore it patiently. He was cheerful to the last and said his only desire to live was that he might be a soul winner. I was at his bedside continually the last few days he was here. As he was nearing death, I asked him if Jesus was with him, and he said "Certainly." I then told him he knew how we had been teaching the Word, and could I afford to keep telling the lost world the story, and believers that they could get sanctified wholly? I shall never forget his look as he looked into my face and told me to go ahead and preach it; it would do in the hour of death.

We had the funeral services in our home, 3500 West 11th st. We were assisted by the Rev. G. E. Waddle, of Cabot, Ark.; Rev. J. N. Speakes, of Argenta, Ark.; Rev. W. F. Gibbons, of Pangburn, Ark., and Rev. J. S. Moir, of Beebe, Ark.

B. H. HAYNIE, Dist. Supt.

Olivet University Notes

By the President

We have now entered upon our holiday vacation, which will close January 3, 1915. Most of the students and some of the teachers have gone home for the time; but some tarry here, because of the distance home, for economy's sake, and also to do some extra scholastic work.

The second semester opens February 1st. Quite a number of new students have signified their intention of entering school at that time.

We have a larger enrollment than ever before, and generally the students have made proficiency in their studies, as is evidenced by the six weeks' test, which is just over.

Dr. and Mrs. Ellyson are no longer connected with us as a school.

After the holidays, Rev. G. B. F. Stovall, of Birmingham, Ala., comes to us to teach philosophy and history. Brother Stovall comes with high recommendations. Until recently he was a minister in the Baptist denomination. But for years he has stood straight in doctrine and testimony for full salvation from sin by the baptism with the Holy Spirit, and, in consequence, in spite of his good ability, not much place was accorded to him among the people of his first love. At the last Alabama District Assembly he applied for admission among us, and was received upon his Baptist credentials, which were recognized by the Assembly, and he is now one of us. We believe that he will be a valuable addition to our Faculty, which is already very strong in both numbers and ability.

We are thanking the Lord that thus far this year the health of both teachers and taught has been very good generally. Indeed, Olivet is known as an exceptionally healthful place.

In a few days we are expecting the arrival of Rev. W. G. Schurman, from Haverhill, Mass., who has accepted the appointment to the superintendency of the Chicago Central District, and will enter upon his work the first of the new year. We are certainly very glad to get such a man as Brother Schurman for this work. His family will come with him, and they will make their home in Olivet, because of its central location, and for the sake of its educational advantages.

All the while we are receiving letters from young men and women, all over the country, whose education has been neglected, but who have experienced full salvation with its usually accompanying desire for education; and who ask if there is any way by which they may be "helped through school." We do help all whom we can, especially furnishing them work, to pay part of their way. We generally give them enough work to pay their literary tuition, and sometimes their room also, and they pay their board with us. But we can not help all who ask us. We thank those who have helped on this line; but we wish that the Lord would put it into the hearts of more of His people to send us money to assist needy but worthy ones who covet the privilege of schooling, that they may prepare themselves for work in the Lord's vineyard. While you pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers to re-enforce the few that are efficiently at work for Him, can't you become a helpful agent on this line, by assisting those who have a mind to work, but who lack in ability? If we had your money, we could give assistance to hundreds who, for the lack of a little such help, are denied the privileges such as Olivet stands ready to afford.

Brother Paul Moore, of Danville, Ill., has been elected our business manager, to enter upon his duties January 1st. Brother E. G. Anderson, who has served us so faithfully as business manager, remains as secretary of our board of trustees; and we expect him to continue giving us of his helpful ministry, especially in financial matters.

The undersigned has been in labors so abundant and in trying perplexities so many, that he has been much burdened, and is very weary. Besides the care of many of the churches in different Districts over which he has jurisdiction, and the general and onerous administration of this great school, he has taught regularly several classes in theology and homiletics, and has done many other things; but always with the consciousness of the divine presence, help, and approval. Bless the name of the Lord.

E. F. WALKER,
President Olivet University.

December 18, 1915.

saves in the old-fashioned way. The battle was hard, but God gave us the victory. The pilgrims stood by us faithfully in every way, which helped greatly to make the meeting a success. The church is in a good condition and unity prevails. We have some very precious seasons together.—H. C. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

HAWORTH, OKLA.

We had a gracious service at Pine Grove, yesterday. The Lord is greatly blessing me since I came back to my appointment. Two additions to our church here. I baptized two children. We have five on our cradle roll. Several last night were seeking the Lord. My text was Isaiah 30:1, latter clause. The Lord put the seal on the service. I will go home for the holidays to Atlanta, Texas. I will return the first of January. Pray much for me and my churches.—FANNIE D. TANNER, Pastor.

BALLINGER, TEXAS

We have started off in the new Assembly year with a great revival at Ballinger. Our Brother J. E. Gaar, of Central Nazarene University, Hamilton, was with us for three Sundays in revival meetings. The fight was stubborn, but our God is able. We closed last night with a great service. The meeting was a great church revival. Many prayed through to definite victory, both in the church and outside. Brother Gaar is a great man of prayer, and a powerful preacher. He stirs the people to a life of prayer. I have never had my people so stirred on prayer since I have been in the pastorate.—J. W. BOST, Pastor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The blessing of God is upon our Wesleyan Pentecostal church. The attendance, and interest, and spiritual power was never better than in these days. Last Sabbath was another good day. Open air

meeting was well attended; seeking souls were at our altar, and we took more new members into our church. We are now making plans to celebrate our first year of organization of our church. Rev. William Howard Hoople, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be the special preacher for our anniversary, Sabbath, December 19th, and will remain over Monday night to have a "council of war" with our church, to plan for our work for another year. Our first year has been a year of battle with demons, but the God of all battles brought us out more than conquerors, and the outlook for another year is most encouraging. To the triune God be all the praise! Keep on believing.—JOHN NORBERRY, Pastor.

From SAM THE NAZARENE

This is my first time to write to the HERALD OF HOLINESS. I have been in a few meetings since our great General Assembly. I am glad that Brother Bud Robinson and Brother W. R. Cain asked me to come to Kansas City to meet with the Nazarenes. I liked their way so well that I joined that noisy crowd myself. I am glad I am one of them, if I do have to preach in opera houses and city halls now. Every church door has been closed that I used to preach in, and all appointments I had for this winter are called in because I joined the Nazarene church. Well, glory be to Jesus. People ask me quite often, how did it come that I joined the Nazarene church. I do not see how I could be anything else but a Nazarene. I was saved under Nazarene preaching, that of the dear man of God, whom the General Assembly elected for General Superintendent, Brother W. C. Wilson. I got saved before I could hardly speak the English language, but I saw God's blessings shine on that man's face, and I said, "I wish that I could be that way." So God sent mighty conjunction upon me, and I yielded to it and got saved. When you see Brother Wilson you ask him; he can tell you

all about it. Later on I was told that God could sanctify me wholly. At the same time there was a campmeeting going on at Greensgrove, where Brothers B. T. Flanery and M. T. Brandyberry and wife, all three Nazarenes, were engaged in a meeting. I went to that meeting Saturday night, and Sunday morning September 3, 1911, Brother Flanery in the morning service preached on crucifying the old man. On the first altar call I came to that dear old mourner's bench and told God that I would never eat, or drink, or sleep till I got sanctified. God saw I was in earnest about it, and He put a stick of dynamite under the old man and pulled him out by the roots. I shouted all over the place for some time. When you go to Brother Flanery's school down in Missouri, you ask him; he can tell you all about that. Then the Devil came and told me that I could not do anything for God because I could not read the Bible. So I told old Satan to get behind me, and that God who is able to save and sanctify, is able to teach me to read the Bible. I began to pray and ask God to teach me how to read the Bible and in three days' time I could read the Bible. So you see I have been obedient unto God. He said come and I did; He said tarry and I did; and last He said go, and I am on the move for God all the time. When I have money I ride on the train from place to place; when I am without money I walk from place to place and preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. When I have money I have something to eat; when I have not I do without. If I get money, I'll buy me some shoes, if I do not get any, I will walk bare-footed like Isaiah did; he walked three years bare-footed for preaching holiness, so I guess I can do the same thing myself. I am the only missionary I know of in southern Illinois that can preach to the foreigners. Of course other churches have two missionaries that smoke 25 cents worth of cigarettes in a day. You know what I mean. The man that sucks cigarettes is not much of a soul winner. Beloved, if any of you have a dollar to spare won't you help me to buy Bibles for the foreigners in their own language so they can read for themselves? That would be the best investment you ever made to try to lead lost souls to Jesus. (S. E.)

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Specimen of Type
Christ is tempted. He beginneth to preach.

13 ¶ Then cometh Jesus from Galilee unto Jordan to be baptized of him.	A. D. 30.
14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?	CHAP. 2.
15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him.	Feb. 2. 22.
16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the	Feb. 9. 24.
	Mark 1. 10.
	Jan. 11. 2.
	John 2. 22.
	John 1. 32.
	John 12. 28.
	John 2. 7.
	John 2. 1.
	John 2. 22.

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Polovina is a converted Austrian; his home address, El Dorado, Ill.)

CUCAMONGA, CAL.

We are now in the midst of a great revival, I suppose the greatest in the history of the Cucamonga Nazarene church. The town and surrounding country is stirred, and old-time conviction is on the people; both old and young are proving to be happy finders. Fifteen at the altar last night; about all new folks. A fine lot of young folks are being reached. Evangelist Hays is giving forth some great and stirring messages; he is well named, "The Quaker Cyclone," as he makes things both quake and shake. This is the first week of the revival; we are expecting great things the next two weeks. The church is in a progressive mode and onward march, singing, "The end is not yet." We have some of God's best, grace-refined, Spirit-filled, holy people. They gave us a great surprise a few evenings ago when about seventy-five came marching in the parsonage loaded down with groceries, all told amounting to about \$30. New missionary zeal is being aroused. In our last monthly missionary meeting \$164 was hilariously pledged. For some months we have had a continuous revival; our attendance has greatly increased to the extent we were compelled to enlarge our seating capacity. The outlook is very encouraging, and as church and pastor, we are greatly encouraged to press the battle for God and holiness. — W. C. FRAZIER, Pastor.

The fire is still burning, and the tidal waves of victory are rising higher and higher. Souls are praying through to victory. During the last twelve days we have had forty souls at the altar, and some of them have prayed through to victory; some very clear cases of salvation. Evangelist, Brother H. Hays, the Quaker cyclone of Idaho, is with us from December 1st to the 19th, and he is preaching the Word. Conviction is seizing hold of the hearts of the people. Our Methodist brother, the Rev. J. N. Gortner is throwing his whole influence into the meeting and his people are uniting warmly with us in the work. Praise God for the unity. Last night the phone rang at our parsonage at 12 p. m., and a party asked our preacher, Brother Frazier if he would not come and pray with a brother that was under deep conviction. He lived over two miles away. Of course they got up and dressed and went to pray with the man, who got gloriously saved. His mother got saved the night before at our altar. Waves of salvation are flowing in Cucamonga; the church is crowded most every night. This is the greatest awakening this town has ever known. We are looking for a down-pouring of the Holy Spirit in this community, and a great ingathering of souls tonight. — JOHN V. SMITH.

BUCKLIN, KAS.

We are at this writing in the midst of our revival at this place. Brother Whitney is the evangelist and is giving us some stirring sermons. The Lord in a measure is resting on the meeting, but we are praying for more of His presence. Thank God the Devil has lost some already, and we are expecting more. After prayer and consideration we have felt that our work is done in this place, and that the Lord is calling us on to other fields, so after January 1st, we will be open for evangelistic calls anywhere. — R. S. BALL.

MOHAWK, IND.

Wife and I are holding a revival meeting in the new Pentecostal Nazarene tabernacle. Will be here till after the first of the year. — GEORGE A. MOORE.

COLUMBUS, MISS.

I am just back from the District Assembly, where we had a glorious time. The Lord wonderfully blessed us there. The Assembly was held at Houston, Miss. We have for our pastor at this place, Rev. R. A. Breehand for the incoming year. Let's all pray for a great time in the year 1916. Let's do more for our Lord that year than ever before. The Lord bless our new pastor. He will fill his first appointment here the first Sunday in January. We have for our District Superintendent, J. N. Whitehead. We pray God that he may be a great uplift to the District. We are expecting to have a meeting at this place during the Christmas holidays, with Brother Manaco as evangelist, and probably some others. I think having a revival will be a good way to celebrate the Lord's birthday. — H. E. BENSON.

From Evangelist Dr. D. F. BROOKS

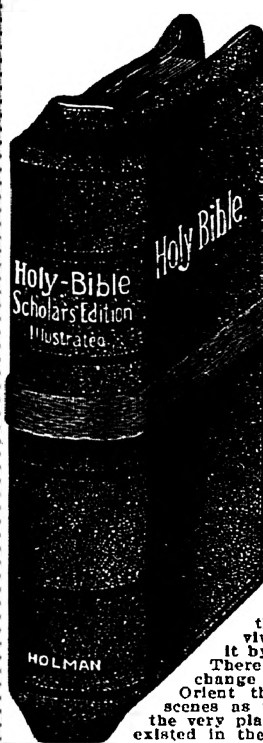
Perhaps it would be fitting that I should pen you a few lines as to the whereabouts of an old friend of the Pentecostal Nazarene Church, and also a firm believer in the excellent editorials you are sending out, and the ones also that have escaped from

your busy and consecrated pen since you ascended the throne of the editorial management of your great holiness paper. A bouquet or two might not be out of place, should I cast them on your desk, rather than wait to do so on your census. I read each week the first and second pages of the issue with great profit to my soul and my thinker. Then I scan closely those short but sharp statements of the Acts of the Apostles in nearly all sections of the United States. Most of the churches I know more or less, and many of the pastors I had the honor of training in one or more of the holiness schools of the land. I have been associated with many of them in good old-fashioned revivals in many places. God bless them all, and your great holiness church, and your own HERALD of HOLINESS, is the benediction of the three score and ten years old holiness, Green Mountain, smiling, old-young hallelujah-shouting, and shining, full-salvation evangelist. The Devil can not do anything now to me only sit on the fence and see me go by and make up satanic faces at me. I am still busy holding revival services and traveling hundreds

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Specimen of Type
77 And the boys grew; and Jesus was a cunning hunter.
8 And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.

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of miles each year preaching once and twice each day, and like Caleb of old, my vigor yet remains, and bless God I am in possession of my quarter-section of spiritual Canaan, and the Devil has no mortgage on even one spear of grass, for he sees my sign, "Keep off the grass," and he does.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

God gave us a big night at Gates Avenue mission. It reminded us of the old times in Bedford Avenue Pentecostal church. God honored and blessed the message with seven seekers at the altar for pardon and purity. This mission is under the supervision of Brother Clougher, a faithful, godly man, who spares nothing that souls may be saved. We say let the good work go on. My own soul rejoices in present victory.—Brother Rowe.

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA

Having rather a nice meeting here. The weather is real cold, but the people are coming and God is honoring. Praise the Lord.—W. R. CAIN.

SIoux CITY, IOWA

Our revival meeting begun on Thanksgiving evening, and closed December 12th, with Mrs. M. J. Tyler as evangelist, and Mrs. Rosa Dean as song leader, in charge. The crowds were not so large as in our summer meeting, but it was a big little meeting. Ten or fifteen claimed victory. Some are looking our way in regards to joining in with us.—S. M. LEHMAN, Pastor.

EVERETT, WASH.

The Lord is marvelously blessing the work at this place, under the leadership of our beloved pastor, Rev. E. B. Fish. Every Tuesday night we have four cottage prayer meetings, mostly in unsaved homes. We have had the privilege of seeing souls getting saved and others brought under deep conviction. The month of November was the best in the history of the church. Twenty or twenty-five asked for prayer, and five or six were saved, and four sanctified in our Sunday services. The month of December started with more of the glory of God in our midst, and a goodly number stood for prayer in the night services. The most of them are all new material.—P. C. JACONSON.

DANVILLE, ILL.

December 5th we closed a three weeks' meeting with Rev. R. M. Kell, of Columbus, Ohio, evangelist, in charge. We truly thank God for every service that was held. As only an infinite God is capable of measuring results of a meeting, perhaps we will never know all that has been accomplished in this recent battle until we get to heaven. God made Brother Kell a great blessing to our church. His sermons were unctuous, inspiring, and helpful. One Catholic woman was gloriously saved during the meeting, who had never known anything else but to count her beads and confess her sins to the priest. She is now a full-fledged Nazarene. Another young married woman, who for seven years had been seeking God, found Him most precious to her heart. She said the reason that she had not found Him before, she was unwilling to pray out loud. More than twenty-five were at the altar the last Sunday of the meeting, most of whom were Sunday school children, but thank God some of them were definitely blessed. Most of our little flock stood nobly by this meeting, prayed, fasted and wept, and we believe that they will yet see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied. Evangelist W. R. Cain, of Wichita, Kas., will open fire on the enemy's territory in Danville, January 1st. We are expecting and praying for great victory at this time. Please remember to pray for the First Church of the Nazarene in rum-soaked Danville.—M. T. and LIDA L. BRANDYBERRY, Pastors.

From Evangelist H. C. ELLIOTT

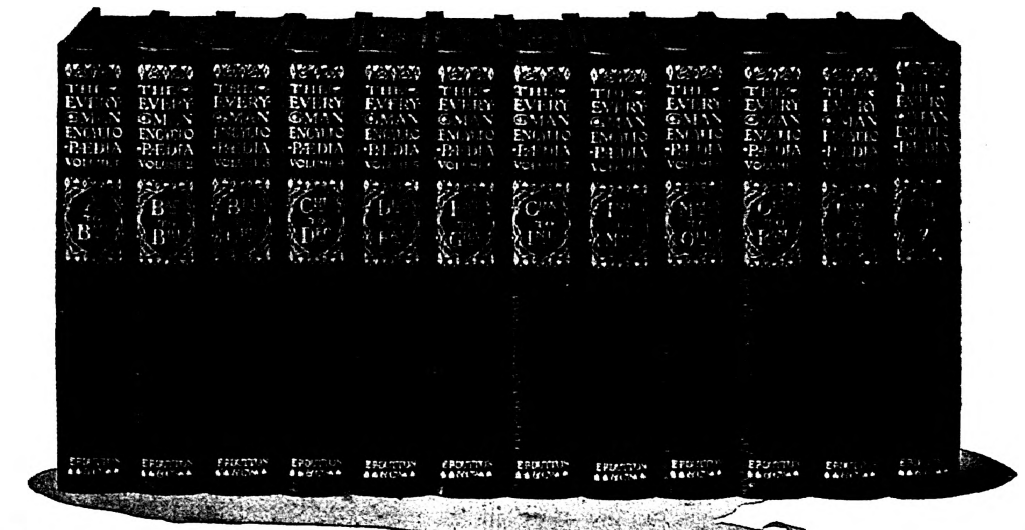
Our meeting at Huntsville, Wash., began with much opposition, but our God is leading on in victory. A gracious spirit of prayer is on the church. The tide is rising; the congregation is increasing; souls are seeking. One has been sanctified, and quite a number have stood for prayer. Sister Culbertson, the pastor, has the hearts of the people, and knows how to pray the fire down.

MATTHEWS, MO.

We have just closed a three weeks' meeting in the M. E. Church South, conducted by Revs. Roush and Hibner. A few were saved, and much good was done. The services were fine.—VAN VAUGHN.

DAVIS, OKLA.

We have been enjoying a meeting conducted by Rev. W. D. Dilbeck and wife. There were ten conversions, and the people were built up in the holy faith. They will begin at Hennepin, Okla., on the 10th inst. Sister Dilbeck is a fine organist and



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a good singer. They will be a help to any church securing their services. The meeting was held with the Oak Ridge church, four miles west of Davis. We are always glad to get the HERALD of HOLINESS; we appreciate it so much.—Mrs. J. P. WALDEN.

FIRST CHURCH, KANSAS CITY

While there is much sickness among our people, the dear Lord is continuing His work among us gloriously. On Sunday, the 5th inst, the pastor was at home again, and one young man was reclaimed in the morning service. At night the altar was filled to overflow, and a dozen or more struck fire. Sunday the 12th, there was a great sweep at the morning service in which fifteen seekers, nearly all strangers, and the most of whom had come into our church that morning for the first time, knelt at our old rough mourners' benches and prayed through to salvation. There was salvation at the altar again at night. The week days as well as the Sabbaths are packed full of ministry by our

pastors, and people all over the city are coming to look to the Nazarene church as the place where they have genuine religion—the kind that means something. And we are finding out that there are multitudes even in this city who are hungry for that very thing. Help us to pray for our finances as well as other lines; we have undertaken the impossible in the name of the Lord, and we believe solely for His glory.—Reporter.

From Evangelist J. C. WALKER

I started a meeting at Gognac, Kas., October 16th, and held on for three weeks. Some Christians got very nervous under the preaching on hell, but some seekers came, paid the price, and received full salvation. My next meeting was in a large schoolhouse, nine miles from Johnson City, Kas. We held services through three Sundays, and God gave us thirty-three professions. We found some real saints there who know how to treat a holiness preacher, and some who were not saints were real nice to us. My co-laborer in both meet-

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ings was Brother Jesse Uhler, who is a real preacher of the gospel.

From Evangelist LEE L. HAMBRIC

We are still in Shelbyville, Tenn., in a great revival, where God is moving mightily. Great numbers are finding salvation. We shall be here until Sunday night. We fully intended to close last Sunday, but the people would not hear to it. The tide is rising higher and higher. My next meeting will be at Prescott, Ark.

CALDWELL, IDAHO

Our new pastor, Rev. Clyde T. Dilly, a Spirit-filled man with the courage of Daniel, has the church in divine order, with several Holy Ghost awakenings. Seekers have been at the altar seeking a clean heart, for the past six Sabbaths. All got greatly blessed. We had a great day Sunday, especially in the morning service. New faces are seen in the congregation at nearly every service. Our revival meeting begins the 17th, conducted by the pastor. If the Lord wills, he will be assisted by the pastor of our Boise church. We have some sanctified youngsters, thirteen to sixteen years of age, who pray and testify in the Spirit.—W. H. GAINEY, Reporter.

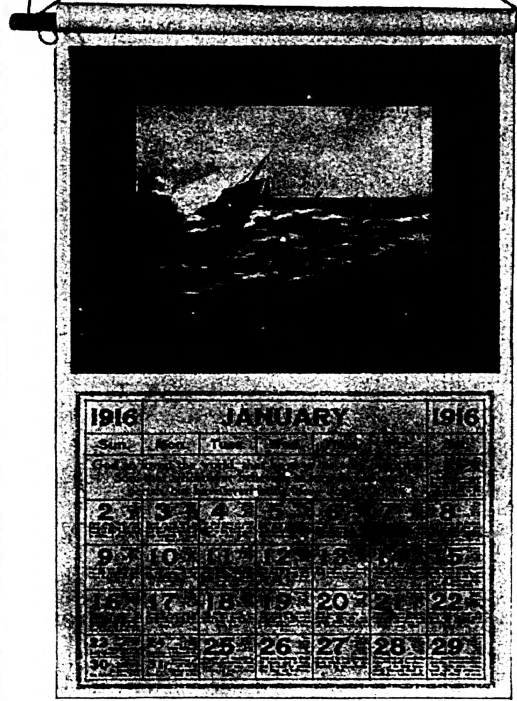
From Evangelist J. T. STANFIELD

We closed a revival meeting at Tipton's Chapel, near Blocker, Okla., Sunday night, December 5th. At the last of the meeting the fire fell, and strong men lay prostrate on the floor, and arose shouting in the old-time way. Eastern Oklahoma is a fine field in which to preach holiness. In October I was called to Arizona to assist Rev. J. B. Rice,

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2109, 2115 Troost Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri

pastor of the M. E. Church South, in a meeting at Camp Verde. The people were slow to take hold of the doctrine of holiness. Brother Rice has the blessing, and is a fine man to work with. We met the presiding elder of the Arizona District, Rev. Cheek. He patted me on the back and said "sick 'em!" and I did. If all the presiding elders in Texas had the spirit shown by Brother Cheek, holiness would have free course in all the Methodist churches. He does not claim the blessing, either. Arizona is a fine country, although like its people, a little rough. It seems to have been a neglected field. How much these folks need the doctrine of holiness preached to them. Many seekers were at the altar, and some prayed through. Camp Verde is an old government fort, abandoned in 1890. There are a number of Apache Indians there yet. It is almost in the center of the state, on the Verde river, in a beautiful and rich valley. Fruit and alfalfa are the principal products. Extensive copper mines are in operation. We were in the heart of the old cliff-dwellers country, and visited some of the old ruins. "Montezuma Castle" is thirty feet up to the first tier of rooms. It has thirty-three rooms back in the mountain; have to climb ladders to reach them. Has a wall built in front with port-holes in. Our old Texas friend, Alex Jones, lives in a canyon known as the Bull Pen, eleven miles from Camp Verde. He brought his family and camped with us during the meeting, and after the meeting we went to his home and spent a few days. He lives at the end of the road; only one way to get in or out of the Bull Pen with a vehicle, and that is west. No road to go east, north, or south. His nearest neighbor is six miles west. He has a fine fruit farm enclosed with high mountains. He has a creek of clear water running near, from which he irrigates his orchard and truck patches. It also abounds in fine fish. It is a delightful place in which to live, and we expect to go back.

SEARCY, ARK.

We have a church organized here of a few people who were not afraid to go down and pay the price. We have forty-four members. I am so glad I am one of them. Our pastor, W. F. Gibbons, is a true

man of God. He preaches for us one Sunday a month, and then one of our members who is a local preacher, Brother H. E. Hawk, preaches for us the other three Sundays. We have two prayer-meetings each week, and they are feasts to our souls. We are doing all we can in Searcy for God. We have built a tabernacle for our services, and have it enclosed. We owe \$189 on it and the lot, and we want to get out of debt.—N. F. PARKER, Secy.-Treas.

BERKELEY, CAL.

Berkeley is starting on an old-fashioned, flood tide, sin-pardoning, carnality-killing, Holy Ghost-filling revival. Bud Robinson in charge. Large attendance from the start. Also want to report the going home of our beloved sister, Gertrude Clinton; born at Junction City, Kas. Sister Clinton was one of the best known women in the San Francisco District. A saint of God. She had been twice a missionary to China, and had a burning passion for lost humanity in that darkened land. She was the wife of Edmund J. Clinton; leaves a family of nine children, the youngest a baby of five weeks. We ask your sympathy and prayers for Brother Clinton and the children in this hour of grief. This is the second occasion that we have had a funeral service during a revival meeting, and are trusting that God will overrule all for His honor and glory. The funeral was held at the church by Rev. J. B. McBride, pastor.—C. K. LESLIE, Clerk Church Board.

From Pastor D. J. WAGGONER

Our work is moving along nicely, and there is a great prospect for a good year. I am hindered in my work now by the serious sickness of my wife, who has been sick two months. Please pray for us.

DEMING, N. M.

The presence of God in First Church, Deming, continues. Our midweek prayer-meetings are truly blessed. The spiritual tide runs high at every service, different ones leading each time. As God's children pray His blessing upon each service, it makes each one a real Pentecost.—S. H. BOYDTON.