

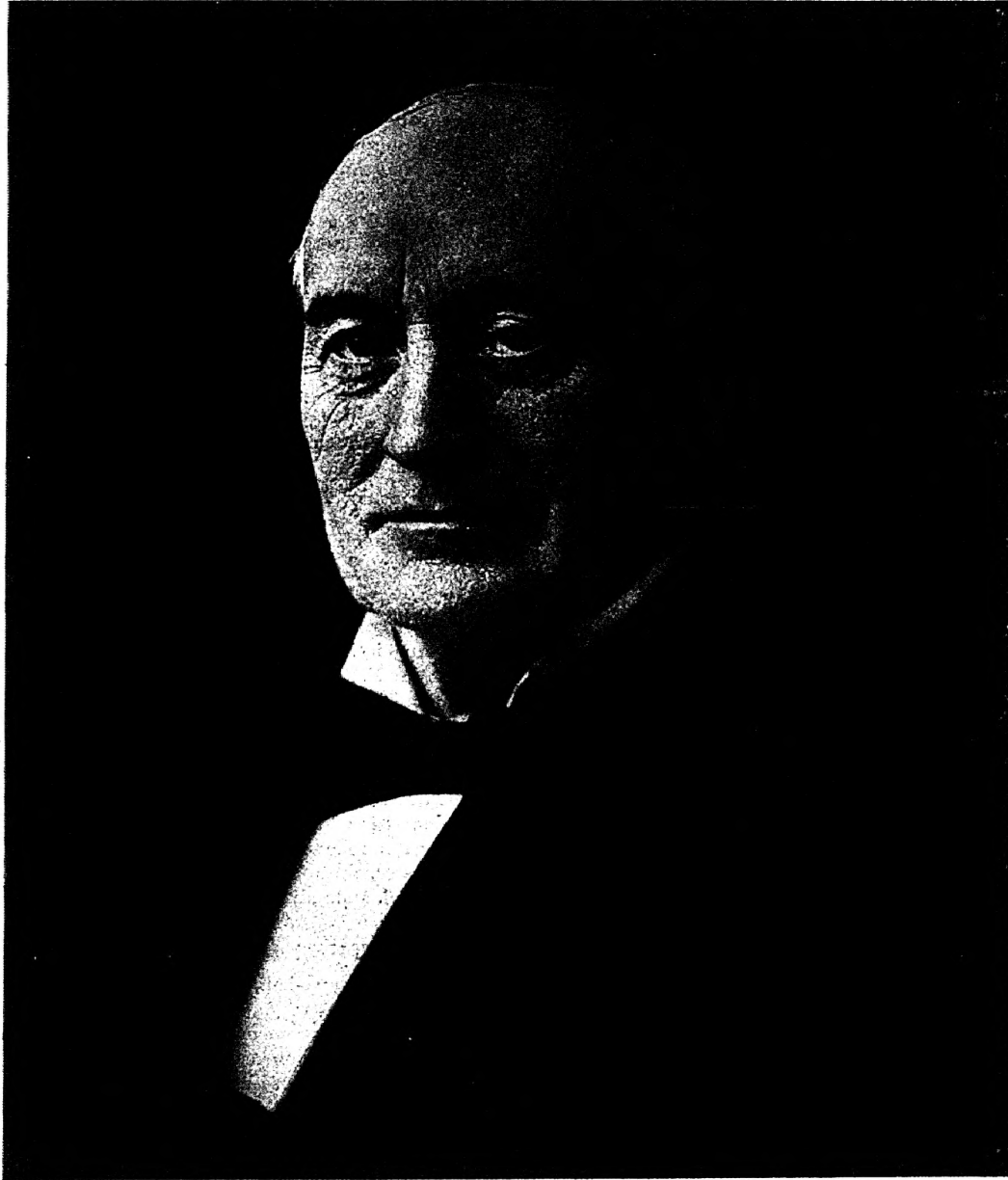
HERALD of HOLINESS

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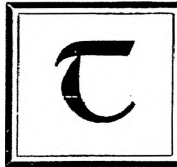
KANSAS CITY, Mo., NOVEMBER 24, 1915

NUMBER 33



PHINEAS F. BRESEE
1838—1915

Reverend Phineas F. Bresee, D.D.



HIS great and good man went to his reward at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, November 13th. During the last days of his illness he dictated the following as his last message to the people to whom he had consecrated the strength and love of his manhood and old age:

"My last message to all my people—ministers and laymen—is that they seek until they have the conscious, abiding, manifesting experience that Jesus insists upon in these verses found in Matthew 5: 43 to 46, inclusive; not in word only but in deed and in truth, so shall Jesus be glorified:

43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

45 That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46 For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

What an index to the heart and character and life of this holy man of God! Tenderness toward all, forgiveness of the erring, and infinite compassion and patience with all—such were a few of the attributes which embellished his nature. Shall we say that he was too forgiving? Let him who shall so say remember that, if it be true, it was a fault which leaned to virtue's side. We dare not so adjudge him in this matter. Forgiveness is too rare a virtue for us to find fault with it when found growing in the garden of a human heart in luxuriant abundance. It were a task too hard for the writer to draw the line where we can love and forgive too much.

EARLIER LIFE

Dr. Bresee was born December 21, 1838, in Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y., his birthplace being a log house. He began attending school at three years of age, but when he grew old enough worked on his father's farm, learning what he could at odd times in the district school. He attended a little academy at Oneonta for two years, where he studied Latin and Mathematics. Later he took a course at the Franklin Academy. While at this institution he made an early exhibition of a characteristic trait, which was a marvelous intensity of application to whatever he had in hand. This was true of him throughout his long and eventful life. His application to his studies at this institution was with such a strain of mental labor that his health gave way and put an end to his scholastic education.

LICENSED TO EXHORT

At the age of seventeen he clerked for his father in a store at West Davenport, and it was while thus engaged that he became interested in religious things. His parents were Methodists. His conversion occurred in the little Methodist church at this place at a meeting held by the pastor. Of this period Dr. Bresee says:

"I at once began to try and do Christian work. My soul was filled with great intensity, and I commenced to hold prayer-meetings, where I exhorted the people, and did all I could to push along the work."

The pastor gave the young man a license to exhort and made several appointments for him, which he was too diffident to fulfill. He never conducted a regular public service until he was eighteen. His call to preach was felt from earliest memory, and it was clear to him from a small boy that he was to be a minister of the gospel.

The name "Bresee" is of French origin and the Doctor's ancestors on the father's side were Huguenots. The family settled in New York at a very early period.

JOINED THE CONFERENCE

In 1857 Dr. Bresee went to Iowa, where, after a few months' work on his father's farm, he began to preach, and soon after entered the regular ministry of the M. E. Church. His first

circuit was on the Iowa river and was called the Marengo Circuit. On this first work the young preacher was blessed with a great revival, which seemed prophetic of all the future career of the boy preacher, for from that time on for twenty-six years he was in the midst of practically a continuous revival. We might anticipate and say the revival never ceased while he lived. He was pastor of the leading churches of the state, notably those in Des Moines and Council Bluffs. His greatest revival was in the city of Red Oak. He represented his annual conference as a delegate to the general conference held in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1872.

MARRIAGE

In 1860 Dr. Bresee made a trip to New York state, where he married Maria E. Hebbard, whom he had known in his boyhood, the families living only a few miles apart. She belonged to a prominent Methodist family and was a young woman of deep piety and a strong and pleasing personality. The young bride returned with her husband to the field of his labors in Iowa and for several years shared with him the toils and hardships which at that time fell to the lot of circuit preachers in what was then the western frontier of American civilization. This good woman, God's "best gift" to this good man, proved a helpmate in all the eventful life which followed his earlier years. A truer helpmate no man ever had. She shared with him the trials and triumphs, the sunshine and shadows, the persecutions and praises of the marvelous career which formed the latter part of this man's wonderful life. Seven children were born to them, one dying in infancy. The other six are now living in or near Los Angeles—Ernest H., Phineas W., and Melvin A. Bresee, well known as the Bresee brothers; Dr. Paul Bresee, Mrs. J. Tyler Parker, of Pasadena, and Miss Sue Bresee, of Los Angeles.

MOVING FURTHER WESTWARD

In August, 1883, Dr. and Mrs. Bresee and family moved to Los Angeles, where he had been called to the pastorate of the First M. E. Church, known as the Fort Street Church. After a successful ministry of three years he was called to the First M. E. Church of Pasadena. Under his ministry this church so prospered that it became necessary to build a large tabernacle to hold the great Sunday morning congregations. It was here that he took a leading part in the agitation which resulted in the expulsion of the liquor traffic from that city. During the few years following he was again a delegate to the general conference, presiding elder of the Los Angeles District, and a successful Methodist minister.

THE NEW CHURCH MOVEMENT

The Doctor remained in the Methodist Church until 1894. He had become very active in evangelistic holiness work and led in divers movements which resulted in great ingathering of souls and the quickening of the spiritual life of the church. It is needless to pause here to repeat what we gave a few weeks ago—how that in October, 1895, with one hundred other advocates of entire sanctification Dr. Bresee organized the First Church of the Nazarene in Los Angeles, Cal. He and Dr. Widney were the first pastors and General Superintendents of the newly formed church. A few years later Dr. Widney withdrawing from the church, Dr. Bresee was left as sole pastor of the local church and General Superintendent of the denomination. We can not pause to mark the successive stages of growth from this one church society to the present denomination, which now has three General Superintendents; 792 churches; 31,600 members; 1,523 elders and licensed preachers; church property valued at \$1,395,274.50; the church raised \$41,955.62 last year; the total amount raised for all purposes by the denomination was \$570,857.60.

AFTER THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The Doctor lived only twenty-nine days after returning from the General Assembly at Kansas City. It was during those days that the Doctor said to a friend those sweet words about his dearly beloved wife:

"The greatest blessing I have ever had is my wife."

A little later he said these words:

"Position is nothing; reputation a little. True godliness is the only thing which has any value."

On one of his visits to him during these days Brother E. A. Girvin, on leaving told him he was going to the 6 p. m. Upper Room meeting at the First Church. The Doctor said to him:

"Tell them all that I love them, and that I pray that the glory of God may come upon them, and that they may have complete victory through the precious blood of Jesus."

During these weary days of suffering he frequently rallied and sent for a number of the brethren at different times and spoke to them in deep earnestness and tenderness not only about the different phases of the work, but urged the importance of fully and freely forgiving every one that had ever injured them, and dwelling and working together in the divine love and unity of the Spirit.

On Thursday evening, November 4th, he sent for all his children, as he felt that his end was very near. First he spoke to his four sons — Ernest, Phineas, Paul, and Melvin — and then called for his two daughters, Bertha and Sue, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Paul Bresee, whom he loved as a daughter. As they all knelt around him, with his faithful wife among them, he prayed for them and all the absent members of his family, mentioning each by name and commending them to the mercy of God. He thanked the Lord for the great love and kindness of his children to him and besought the Savior to bring them all to heaven. As he prayed in a way which Sister Bresee characterized as wonderful and something that would be indelibly impressed on the memories of all present, the tears rolled down his cheeks and were wiped away by his son, Ernest, who knelt close to him. During those days he said many sweet and precious things to Sister Bresee.

Thus wound to a close a useful, beautiful, laborious, triumphant life. We all know full well "that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." But we know as well that, "his works do follow him." He will grow larger in

our view and in the view of the church of his founding as we remove from his personality in point of time. Large as we knew him to be, broad as was his vision, indefatigable as were his labors, and far-sighted and statesmanlike as were his plans and provisions, he was one of those few men whose works could not be fully appraised at the time of their doing. We are persuaded, therefore, that as the great movement which God set on foot through his instrumentality sweeps on through the years to come, broadening and deepening, we will all find that Dr. Bresee planned and labored and organized more wisely than he knew, and that he was a greater man than even we dreamed who knew him in the flesh.

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice in daytime came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'T was death to sin—'t was life
To all who mourned for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Off with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy,

A True and Noble Wife

IN rendering honor and credit to the heroes and greatly used men of renown in this world we often miss largely the mark by ignoring some of the main lines of influence which went into the making of the men or into the causes of the mighty work for which we seek to do honor to such servants of God.

In the case of Dr. Bresee we are in danger of doing this very thing. Not that we would dim by one iota the luster due his memory. This we dare not attempt to do. But we do not diminish his due by according his heroic wife the honor due her humble and tender and faithful ministries during a long and wonderful life of wedded love and bliss. The Doctor himself in his last hours showed us plainly how he viewed this matter by doing her the honor due her in words which we should cherish as among the best and manliest and most beautiful he ever uttered.

The dear old man of God—prophet, priest, and king of human hearts—said ten thousand things worthy of being remembered and venerated, but here is one thing he said on his dying bed worth its weight in gold. It shows us into the holy of holies of his heart in those most sacred cloisters of the home

life. Looking at the brother at his side with whom he was talking, he said:

"The greatest blessing I have ever had is my wife."

I am so glad Dr. Bresee said these words in his last days. He always felt them true and no doubt had often said them. But Sister Bresee deserved them to be said in these last days, although she modestly demurred to them when he uttered the noble tribute to a true and noble wife.

How this brings to mind the words Shakespeare makes Brutus say to Portia:

"You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

And these words of Cowper:

"What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine?"

All along down the long and eventful years through which they had gone hand in hand they had been one. Not one word

or hint of dissent from her lips when the Doctor would take a course that led through loss of popularity and preferment. Not one word of hesitancy or rebellion when she saw fading from her view the visions of episcopal honor and distinction and ease and plenty. No turning back from the sweet loyalty and co-operation and support when these temptations to worldliness and pomp and earthly ease and fame came. But quietly and patiently and tenderly and faithfully she accompanied him through these thorny and rough places just as when she went by his side in great pastorates and big salaries and great prospects of ecclesiastical rewards. There was the same devotion and loyalty and love unfeigned in the one role as in the other. She was true as a bride and true as a mother of little ones whom she tried to train and trend heavenward. But her devotion was the same in later years when the little ones had grown up and left the old roof and the responsibilities of motherhood, especially to the little ones, were shifted to those practically of co-pastor, or co-General Superintendent, or co-editor, or co-college president. Not that she obtruded herself into any of these positions. No wife was ever more modest or retiring or shrinking. She was true as a wife in all things. We mean to say she was equal to all the wifely delicate responsibilities of equality of interest and care and solicitude in every one of these tremendous responsibilities. Whenever and wherever she could add a word of counsel or whenever she was sought to render counsel in anything concerning the troubles and difficulties arising in these relations she was ready to give it freely and modestly.

Though frail of body and often really physically in a condition wherein other women would not have dared to think of undergoing the exposure and fatigue and stress and perils of travel and changes of fare and rooms and entertainment in such journeyings as the Doctor had to make in his official duties, this heroic little woman bravely went forth in all sorts of weather and traveled tens of thousands of miles to help and relieve the strain of things on this dear old man's brain and heart and body.

Thus she grew dearer to him with the onward sweep of years. He realized the truth of the words:

"How much the wife is dearer than the bride."

In all of life's strain and stress through which he passed in his life of storm and trial, of labor and success, of misconception and persecution, Doctor Bresee realized the absolute truth of Pope's words of a true wife:

"All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven."

Dear Sister Bresee, will you permit just a word personal from the editor? And yet he will dare to make it representative

of the great body of Nazarenes he lives and labors among because he believes that every one of them will indorse what he shall say.

We know not how long God will permit you to remain with us. But we want you to understand and feel perfectly sure that we all love and revere you just as we did the dear man of God by whom you stood so faithfully for so many long and eventful years. We recognize you as the joyful sharer of all his burdens and achievements and we gladly render you this appraisal. We feel that you did this not only for his sake but also for the sake of the work he represented and for the sake of the Christ whom he served and for our sakes whom he was so greatly helping by his wise and faithful labor of love and sacrifice.

We desire to assure you, dear Mother Bresee, that we will keep you in our prayers and tenderest memories while you remain among us. We want you to understand that we want to see and meet and greet you at our Assemblies always when you can make it at all convenient to attend. It shall always be an especial pleasure and privilege which we will cherish to greet you in person and hold fellowship with you in the flesh as when the dear Doctor was with us.

We want you to understand that these words are not merely the conventional words of formal condolence. These words are heart words as becometh Nazarenes, for we should be different in this as in all other things.

We will so be in this case by the help of God. We hereby extend to you our hands not only of sympathy and love and prayers, but of the most intense welcome and cordial greeting whenever you can be with us in our meetings or Assemblies or gatherings of any kind. We want to keep you not only in our minds and hearts, but also as much in our eyes as is possible.

We imagine we hear the great "amen" of the Nazarene hosts as we say in conclusion, "As one whom his mother comforteth so may the Lord comfort thee." May He guide you adown the declivity softly and tenderly and sweetly until that "Eastern Gate" swings wide open and you enter, welcomed by the courtly and loving presence of the dear departed consort who has gone on in advance of you to the glories of that beautiful land above.

When in that clime where sickness and pain and death are for ever unknown what joy will swell your heart as Doctor Bresee shows you about that beautiful land from glory to glory, and from one acclivity to another! May you be permitted to await that meeting and greeting in great patience and victory! May your path be indeed as the path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day!



Mrs. P. F. BRESEE

Forward, March!

As we turn from the funeral scenes of our lamented leader, let us catch what would probably be his impulse, if not his words, could he speak from the grave as he looked onward upon the fields white unto the harvest. Would not his thought and his counsel be "Brethren, dear brethren, march onward to still further conquests in the name, and by the power of our Lord and Master?"

Let us make the life of Dr. Bresee, which was marked by such prodigious labors, an inspiration to labors more abundant than ever before! Let his mighty faith nerve us to greater and greater faith; his love charm us to even greater devotion and loyalty to the great cause to which he dedicated his life; let us emulate his spirit of hope and forgiveness and courtesy and brotherliness.

The Funeral Services of Our Senior General Superintendent

THE last sad rites connected with the death of Doctor P. F. Bresee, our beloved senior General Superintendent, occurred at the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Los Angeles, on the afternoon of November 16, 1915. Long before 2 o'clock, the hour set for the beginning of the service, the auditorium was crowded, and in a short time there was no longer standing room, and probably two hundred people unable to gain admittance were gathered in the street. The beautiful casket containing the remains was placed in front of the altar of the church between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., when it was closed. During the period indicated, two thousand men, women, and children took advantage of the opportunity to view the lifeless form of him whom they loved so well. Some twenty or more seats were reserved for the family of the deceased, immediately in front of the pulpit, all of which were filled. The display of floral offerings was remarkable, not only for the number of pieces, but for their beauty of design and the loveliness of the flowers which composed them. The largest, from First Church, was a representation of the Eastern Gate, surrounded by a beautiful white dove. The Sunday school, Young People's society and Dorcas society were also appropriately represented among the floral offerings, and a large and exquisite floral emblem, bearing the word "Papa," was the last loving tribute of the children of Dr. Bresee. In another column there appears a more detailed description of the floral pieces, which completely filled the space between the altar and the platform, and surrounded the twenty or more elders of the church who occupied seats back of the pulpit.

At 2 o'clock the family and relatives of our beloved leader walked down one of the central aisles and took their seats, whereupon Rev. C. E. Cornell, the pastor of the church, opened the sweetly solemn service as follows:

"Here lies a holy, humble man of God. God has translated him. We will stop a little while amidst the busy cares of life and pay our last tribute to our great leader. His place can not be filled, but we will close up the ranks, and with our great High Priest to lead us on, we will push forward to victory. It seems fitting and appropriate for us to sing one of the old hymns—one of the great hymns of the church—a hymn that many of you know; so we will join together as a great congregation in that beautiful old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.'"

After the singing of this great hymn, Brother Cornell said that Dr. Bresee in his lifetime had conducted more than two thousand five hundred funeral services, and that he was always desirous of having the breath of God on the people on such occasions. Rev. J. P. Coleman, who had been an intimate friend of Dr. Bresee and his family for many years, read the Scriptures as follows:

(Gen. 12:1-5.) Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee: And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.

And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.

So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran. And Abram took Sarah his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.

(Isaiah 40:1-8.) Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of

It gives us great pleasure to yield this issue almost entirely as a memorial number in honor of our sainted founder and leader, Dr. P. F. Bresee. We are sure the entire church will be delighted that we are able to furnish so full and varied matter concerning this great and good man, who had imbedded himself in the affections of all, as few leaders of men have ever done.—EDITOR.

the Lord hath spoken it. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

(John 14:1-3.) Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

(Rev. 7:13-17.) And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more; neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

(Rev. 21:1-5.) And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

Rev. Howard Eckel, Superintendent of the Southern California District, then led in prayer:

"Oh, Lord, our God, as we come before Thee at this time, we find ourselves unable to find words to express our feelings of mingled sorrow and joy. We say, Thy will be done. We do not know; we can not understand. If we were to have our way, the scene that we now look upon would be far in the distant future; but Thou who knowest the end from the beginning, Thou who holdest the destiny of men and nations and worlds in Thy hands, knowest best. We say Amen to the will of our God. But Lord, we want to thank Thee for many things. The first and great thing for which we want to offer thanks is that Thou didst give Thy son Jesus to come into the world and die for us, to make it possible for us to live; to make it possible for this man to live—this great preacher, and this marvelous leader—who was born into this world seventy-seven years ago; who walked out under the stars twenty years ago, not knowing the great work he was about to build and further in the world; not knowing that his act of that day would be felt in the remotest bounds of the earth. Every continent upon which the sun shines, has felt the touch of this life. We go to the darkest parts of heathenism today and we find men and women rescued and living Christian-lives because this man obeyed God. We go to the jungles of Africa, and there we find rejoicing because this man obeyed God. We thank Thee for his life; we thank Thee for his work; we thank Thee that we know him; we thank Thee, Lord, that we came in touch with this great life, this great man, who has led us on to this time; who, under the leadership and guidance of the divine Holy Ghost went out alone, touched men and women here and there, raised them up, and began this great work that has gone on and on, and shall go on with Thee until the Captain of our salvation shall sound the great reveille, and we shall all be called from labor to reward. We thank Thee for him. We thank Thee for the great church that under God, he was enabled to raise up in the world. We pray that Thou wilt help us to close up the ranks, and push on in the work

that lies so near to his great heart, the thing that he talked about until his last conscious moment, the thing that was so dear to him, which absorbed him, for which he gave his life and energy. Help us, as we push on as best we can, to carry forward the work he started in the world.

"Then we would remember these dear ones who are here, this precious wife, who for more than half a century has stood by his side. O Lord, may she feel underneath her the everlasting arms of our God, bearing her up and sustaining her in this hour of great loss. And these daughters and sons—O God, we pray that such an impress may have been made upon their lives by this father, that when the 'Eastern Gate' shall unfold sometime again, every one of these boys and these girls shall pass in to meet the father who has set before them such an example of holiness.

"Bless this congregation. O Lord, we pray that somehow a touch from God may come on us all here, such as we have never felt before. We believe that, if our precious leader stood here today in life, he would want to see and feel a touch from God, and the fire from God come down and kindle afire on every heart, sending us out with renewed energy and vigor and determination, to press on in the great work of holiness. Bless us all. Give us all a fresh touch today. We here on our knees before Thee, pledge ourselves to do our best, to do our very utmost, to carry forward the work which we believe would please Thee most, to get people converted and sanctified and ready for heaven. Keep us all true and so united in perfect love, and so under the precious blood, and so humble before Thee, that we will give Thee all the praise and all the glory in the name of Jesus our Lord. Amen."

Rev. E. A. Girvin, who had been closely associated with Dr. Bresee and his family for twenty-six years, then read a biographical sketch as follows:

"Phineas F. Bresee was born of noble Christian parents, in the lovely glen through which the river Outcrop flows, at Franklin, Delaware county, New York. His birthplace was a log house, and the date of his birth, December 31, 1838. He worked on the farm, learned what he could at the district school and the academy, and grew into a sturdy youth. He was converted at seventeen, and at once began Christian work. In his own words: 'My soul was filled with great intensity to do the work of the Lord.' From his earliest childhood he felt called to preach, and was surprised that everybody did not know it. When eighteen years old he went out as a circuit preacher in Iowa, and kept on preaching until his last illness. He took for his first text: 'The bird has escaped out of the snare of the fowler.' The last sermon that I heard him preach in this church, which was on July 25, 1915, was from Luke 10:41, 42. And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this day, the things which belong unto thy peace.' The theme of that sermon was: 'The sigh of unwritten possibilities.' At the close of the sermon he prayed: 'Help us that we may give ourselves to Thee, and be Thine own for earth and the skies. Lord, here we are. Take us to be Thine for two worlds, for Jesus sake, amen and amen.' The last sermon that Dr. Bresee ever prepared was never preached. Its text was: 'Be still and know that I am God.'

"The Lord helped him, and the history of his successive pastorates in Methodist churches in Iowa, is a narrative of revivals. He was married at the age of twenty-one, and had seven children, one of whom died in infancy. During the Civil War he and his faithful wife endured dire poverty and many privations.

"Later he came into the experience of sanctification. God showed him the vital importance of holiness, and like Paul, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. From that time on he laid more and more stress upon the supreme importance of divine manifestation.

"He came to California with his family in 1883, and took the pastorate of the First M. E. church, in Los Angeles. During his connection with the Methodist Episcopal church, he was twice elected as a delegate to the general conference.

"In 1895, he organized the First Church of the Nazarene, and became its pastor and one of its two General Superintendents. God marvelously blessed his labors as pastor, Superintendent, editor of the *Nazarene Messenger*, president of the Deets Bible College and the Nazarene University, and chief executive and organizer of the Nazarene movement, which today has a membership of thirty-two thousand, and extends throughout the American continent.

"Dr. Bresee was indefatigable in his labors as the pastor of the First Church. He prayed with such faith and preached with such unction, that within a few years, more than ten thousand seekers knelt at the altar of the church, which was the scene of a constant and indescribably glorious revival.

"God made Phineas F. Bresee big and brave and strong, and yet with a soul as delicately poised and

as sensitive to environment as an aspen leaf. The verdict of posterity will be that he was one of the greatest men who have arisen in the Church of Christ through all the ages. He was endowed in a high degree with retentive memory, vivid imagination, keen analysis, marked synthetic ability, the power of analogy, and an exceptionally rich and copious vocabulary. His diction was beautiful. He coined many new, striking and characteristic phrases, such as the 'quick tomorrows,' 'the inner temple,' 'went out under the stars,' and 'meeting at the Eastern Gate.' He possessed that three-fold personality of poet, orator, and philosopher which has characterized every great preacher of ancient and modern times. He was also a strong executive and man of affairs, knowing how to manage men, master difficult situations, and thus bring things to pass for the glory of God. None could fly higher than he or soar longer in the vast altitudes of vision, thought, and rapturous personal experience; but he was also at home on the ground. His judgment was safe and sane. He arose into the upper regions at his own volition, but was never swept off his feet by any sudden gust of passion or wind of doctrine. He was unswerving in his loyalty to God and men. He was a faithful friend. His character was beautiful for its simplicity and deep appreciation of love and kindness. He sympathized with those who failed, was a stranger to envy, and was full of admiration for his brothers in the ministry. He was so humble that he did not realize his own strength, greatness, and self-sacrifice. In his masterly address on Commencement Day, June, 1913, he eloquently depicted the regnant man, and unconsciously gave a description of himself. He said: 'For him the generations past have lived and labored. For him all noble words were spoken and all heroic deeds done. For him Moses lived and wrought. For him three hundred perished at Thermopylae. For him Demosthenes spoke words of matchless eloquence. For him Columbus sailed the untraveled seas. For him Galileo gazed on the starry vault. For him the Savior died. For him poverty and difficulty and opposition and persecutions have lifted their heads that he might be lifted into greater love and lowliness and strength. The regnant soul is crowned with peace. It is his to be kind, gentle, patient, to be buffeted and bear the burdens of men; to weep with those that weep, and to love and care for them for whom nobody else cared; to come unto the woes of men and gaze into the heavens until he can see over all the stars, until he ascends the throne of Christ's own standard of greatness, and becomes the servant of all. Thus a man is crowned with a diadem of brightest jewels. Tenderness and love are regal. The regnant man fulfills God's own ideal. 'A man shall be as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land'—a sheltering rock in the desert, a rock that makes a sheltered place, that makes possible a green place when all is fear—a garden in the desert. A man shall stay or hold back the trend of a sin-cursed civilization, and make it easier for other men to be good.' On another occasion he said: 'A river never competes with other streams; it opens its bosom and takes them into its life, and bears them to the great sea.' Dr. Breese's life was pre-eminently such a river of blessing.

"I would like to speak at much greater length of our beloved leader, who has gone before us, for there are many things in my mind and heart, but time forbids. His last days were full of suffering, alleviated as much as possible by the loving care of his wife and children. They were also full of prayerful, loving thought and consideration for the welfare of his family, friends, and brethren, and for the prosperity of the great work which God had helped him to establish. Like the Apostle Paul, he finished his course with joy, and like him, he fought a good fight and kept the faith.

"There was much of heaven in his sermons and prayers, and so I am permitted to describe his passing away from us in his own words: 'He has slipped away from us and gone sweeping through the gates into the unseen Holy—to ascend and be for ever with the Lord. He knew that the mansions would be ready and that Jesus would come and take him to his own divine home, and bring him on in triumph, that he might be for ever with the Lord. He did not miss the goal, but swept through the Eastern Gate into the inner temple.'

"I will close with the marvelous prayer with which dear Doctor Breese concluded his sermon preached in this church on April 11, 1915:

"Our Father, we worship Thee. We praise and adore Thy holy name, that we are permitted to be here where unitedly we may call upon Thy name and hear Thy voice. O God, accept our devotions and speak into the depths of our being. O God, strengthen every one of our hearts, that the broken-hearted may receive the balm of Thy love. Let the weakest ones feel the power of Thy coming. Oh, let the penitent find the joy of Thy grace. Let hungry hearts be filled with the fulness of Thy presence. O God, make this an hour of Thy glory. Take Thy poor servant once again; hold him up close to Thy heart, and let him say out the simple message of Thine eternal life. O Lord, fill the place with Thy presence, and give unctuous utterance and unctuous hearing, as we wait before Thee. Let the voice of God be heard today. O speak through lips of clay, and let Thy name be glorified, for Jesus sake, amen."

"And when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready bride,
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified."

The male quartet of the Nazarene University then sang "Lead, kindly light."

Rev. John W. Goodwin, pastor of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at San Diego, and a man very near and dear to Dr. Breese, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of our beloved senior General Superintendent. Among other things he said:

"As he took my hand in both his, he said: 'Oh, Brother Goodwin, I am so glad to see you. I shall be so glad to be in closest association with you.' This was the first time I met him, and was in the rear room of this church. The utterance seemed to be somewhat a prophecy of our lives together. Of all the undertakings he has asked me to undertake, to say a few words at this hour is the greatest. My heart is deeply touched, and we are all mourners together. And yet our faith looks out and beyond. For this last year the Doctor had been trying to prepare me for this hour. I did not understand it. Dr. Breese was the greatest man I have ever met. He was a prince among men. Not only was he great in all the particulars that were mentioned in your presence today, but he combined the greatest qualities in one man that I have ever known. He had courage, and the dash of a lion, that would go into the thickest of the forests, and yet he had that peculiar patience, that would wait and wait for his time, and for victory. He could mingle among earth's greatest men, and yet was content to sit down at the altar rail with the humblest of God's people. He was great, and was able to lead. He could stand with any of the great men that adorn the pages of history, and yet he never sought leadership. He never wanted place or position. He was always retiring and lived in the valley of humility. He was a true friend, the truest friend I ever expect to have. He was a good Samaritan. If anybody was downcast, or full of sorrow, or discouraged, or had fallen, or was in the wrong, it was only another occasion for the outburst of his great soul, to be their friend, and to stand by them, and to stand with them. If the doctor ever had any weakness at all, it was that in his strong friendship, he would stand by and stand with men, even though it meant difficulty on his part.

"He had the truest vision of the gospel of Jesus Christ, of any man with whom I have ever associated. On the day in Pasadena when he looked out over the valley, and saw the golden west, as only God is able with His golden brush to paint the beautiful, gorgeous west, he looked into the skies and asked God that he might have some experience that was peculiar only to himself, and then he saw in the distant heavens a ball of sacred fire come down from the skies. He opened his mouth and swallowed it, and from that day to this all through his life, his soul has been on fire for the gospel of Jesus Christ, and he has preached as few men ever preached, and labored as few men have ever labored. Last night, as I viewed the mortal home in which he lived, I looked into his face; the electric light was just casting its rays down upon his saintly brow in the casket, and making a halo of light on his brow. Then I thought of the times when I have seen him at this desk pouring forth the word of truth, and uttering the truth as no man I have ever heard spoke it; and he would take a flight and rise higher until he reached a point in sacred eloquence, so near the throne, that it seemed at times as if the very light came over the hills of God and made a very halo of glory above his brow, while he took us into the heavens with Jesus Christ, and led the saints to drink of the crystal springs that pour forth from the throne of God, and eat of the hidden manna as it dropped from the hand of God. And then for a few moments we seemed to feast with Jesus as Priest and King. I have listened to him when he took us into the valley of humiliation—the Garden of Gethsemane, and we heard the groans and saw the bloody sweat—and he took us where we saw Christ on the cross; and then to the tomb, and from the tomb he would come forth and rise to heaven itself, and then cry 'Sing, you ransomed, how your great Deliverer has risen.'

"For a number of days Doctor Breese has reminded me somewhat of the Apostle Paul. Paul said at the close of his great battle and the great conflict of life: 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.' Last Saturday Dr. Breese broke the last chain that bound him to the wharf of this world; he lifted the sails and left the harbor, and went to the unseen Holy; and today at the throne of God he is praising Jesus Christ, who has redeemed him and saved him. I believe—I can not help it—that when he passed through the pearly gates, the angels struck up their harps anew, with a new string, and sang as they have not sung for many a day. A great hero has entered the pearly gates, and he will be there soon to wait at the Eastern Gate for the loved ones who are coming.

"I can never tell how I love this holy man. I want to mourn. I will not give way, because of the friends; but, oh, friends, preachers, by the grace of God let us rise to our possibilities. Here lies the body of the saintliest, holiest man, who left earth, who left its treasures, its opportunities, its honors for the sake of holiness, and came down low enough to mingle with us common people; and stepped out under the stars to make it possible that a few men who loved holiness, humble as they might be, should have a place.

"Preachers of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, let us buckle now our belts around us, and let us with courage and strength and bravery go out and win the world to Jesus Christ. Somehow I feel the tread of the mighty conqueror from Bozrah, with His dyed garments. He is riding on, conquering and to conquer. I want to see this church of the Nazarene mightily on fire with the fire of the Holy Ghost, following in the steps of the sacred man whose spirit is now at the throne. I pray that we shall have the fire and glory of God upon our brow. I want to see the Nazarene University, for which he almost died, pouring forth a mighty volume of holy, sacred light, like mighty lava flowing down over the hills and into the valley. Somehow my soul is stirred. Somehow my soul is on fire. I want to see the glory of God upon our people, that when the days are past, he shall have a name in the pages of history that shall be a glory to Jesus Christ and an honor to every one that loved this man—one of the greatest of earth's great men.

"God bless you! God help us! God bless the dear wife! God bless the dear sons and daughters! I am sure He will—and bring us closer to Jesus Christ. Pardon me for these remarks, but my soul was on fire. He was my friend, and I do not know that I ever disappointed him in the ten years of my association with him. Oh, let us not disappoint him as he looks over the battlements of heaven, in Jesus name."

Dr. E. A. Healy, dean of the Theological Department of the University of Southern California, who was present and asked the privilege of speaking a few words, was then introduced to the congregation. He said:

"It is a rare privilege to be allowed a moment to bring, though unofficially, a tribute of affection and love from many who were associated as brothers in former days with P. F. Breese in the ministry of the gospel of the Son of God. Twenty-nine years ago P. F. Breese was my pastor, and the first thing I remember of him was his announcement of his prayermeeting. I need not tell you here that he was a prince in it, prayermeeting, as ~~was~~ powerful in the pulpit, and he amused and thrilled the people that day with a characteristic announcement. He knew that there were hundreds in Pasadena who had come there for their health, and he spoke directly to them and said: 'You need to know that the time when you should be careful about taking cold is a 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and from then on until sundown; but about half-past seven, the equilibrium is restored in the atmosphere, and there is not any danger at all if you come to the prayermeeting.' I remember him fifteen years ago, when two caskets lay before him, containing the still forms of my father and mother, and what Dr. Breese said of my father, I say with all my soul of him. He said: 'This man was a blood relation by the way of the cross to every son and daughter of the race; and I know that you, his people, will apply that testimony to him, who gave it that day of a brother that he loved. I have seldom known a preacher of the gospel who held so everlastingly before him as an objective the salvation of the people, in the conversion of sinners, and the building of believers in the holy faith. My prayer is joined with yours that we may walk in the light as He is in the light and have fellowship one with another, knowing that the blood of Jesus Christ the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin. I rejoice with you. While we feel grieved that your General Superintendent is gone, we are glad to feel that he is exploring the mysteries lying under that expression that he loved so well—he has gone into the unseen holy and walks today among the asphodels. God grant that none may be missing when we go up to meet him there.'

Rev. C. E. Cornell, the pastor of the First Church, said among other things:

"The 37th Psalm is a psalm of contrast between the wicked and the righteous, a contrast as to the destiny of the wicked and the destiny of the righteous. In the Psalm are some words that are very striking, and you can always remember them if you will associate numbers, Psalm 37:37; and these are the words: 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'

Brother Cornell gave a brief, but strong and luminous exposition of his text, showing that the word "perfect" referred to the experience of Christian perfection, which is a definite second work of grace, and the heritage and privilege of all God's people. He continued:

"If it had not been for this grace, marvelous, rich, divinely bestowed, it is a question in my mind, this hour, if we would ever have heard of Dr. Breese as the leader of this glorious work. But he discovered, as John Wesley discovered, that there was a subsequent work after regeneration. He sought the blessing, and God met him and put the lion within him, and put power within him, and put dynamite within him, and put irresistible character in that man, so that down through these years he has been a prince to lead men and get men saved. Dr. Breese's life fairly radiated with this marvelous grace. He dared to preach it. He recognized that what Wesley said was true. Wes-

ley said: 'It is the word that the Devil peculiarly hates.' I fear that is the reason that a good many preachers do not preach it; but Wesley said also: 'It is the word that God will always bless.' I have a profound conviction that, if the church of Jesus Christ would preach this truth and press it upon the people, we would take the world. Henry Ward Beecher said: 'It does not make so much difference where a man comes from as where he ends up.' When the grim monster begins to grip your vitals, and your breath begins to get short, and your strength leaves you so that you can not lift a teaspoon, it is worth while to have the experience of full salvation. I have never seen a sanctified Christian die that did not die in holy triumph. Every one of them has died well, like the early Methodists. This work alone subsequent to regeneration will fit a man to live, and fit a man to die.

"I should have liked to lay a few garlands on the memory of this precious man. I will take just a moment to say that for these five years nearly, in a most difficult place he put his arms around me. This man had the hearts of the people, and when I came in as a stranger to be the pastor of this great church, it was no easy place; but this man put his arms around me. Will you let me characterize him? I believe I am safe in saying that here lies the John Wesley of American Protestantism. If you will look at his face and look at Wesley's, you will see that they looked alike. This man put his arm around me as though I were his boy, and we talked together in his study. He made his suggestion. He was always alert—away ahead of me in that. He would always look down the way to see some great day or some great event, and he would suggest special services for these special days and in commemoration of these special events, and would help me to carry them out. In all these years he has just been like my father, right close up to my heart, and always full of courage and full of faith. Thank God that I have ever known him. I feel that with the help of God we will not yield a single inch. We will press this battle through. This great cause of holiness must

be heard around the world. I give you this beautiful little tribute from Charley Wesley:

'Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.'

William L. Jones, professor of music at the Nazarene University, then sang, "In the land of painless day, lies the city four-square."

Rev. H. O. Wiley, president of the Nazarene University, concluded the service with the following prayer and benediction, the audience standing:

"This great company has come to pay a last tribute to the one whom they loved so well. We look upon the form of this man, this preacher of righteousness, apostolic in his power, this leader, and this mighty hero, this one that above all has been the friend of those who have been in sin, that he might bind them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. O Lord, we pray Thee to bless this company. Somehow, there is a loneliness, and sadness and emptiness, for one whom we have learned to love so well has gone on, but we believe that in the great company, the cloud of witnesses that are looking down upon us who are still running the race—that in that great company, he will leap over the battlements of heaven and watch this church as it moves on with mighty conquering tread, and preaches full salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Lord, we pray thee to bless those that mourn. Bless our dear Sister Bresee and every member of the family. Bless them in this time of sorrow; comfort their hearts; be sacredly near them. Comfort them with the comfort which Thou alone canst give. And then we will ask Thee to bless the Church at large. All over this land, and in foreign countries, there are those who looked to our dear Doctor as their leader, and that mourn for him. Bless this movement and let it go on with great

power and great victory. And then, Lord, we ask that Thou wouldst bless in the First Church, where he stood behind this sacred desk for so many years, preaching the sacred riches of grace. And bless the Nazarene University. Truly, as has been said, he gave his life for it. Bless it and make it all that it should be in honor of him who sacrificed so much for it.

"Now, Lord, we ask Thee that Thou wouldst be with us as we lay this form to rest, awaiting the great resurrection day.

"Now may the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will; working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory both now and for ever, amen."

At the close of the service in the church, the still form of him whom we all loved so well, was taken to Evergreen Cemetery, accompanied by a vast cortege, in automobiles, and street cars chartered for the occasion. Here in the midst of the greensward, all that was left of Phineas F. Bresee was laid to rest. His grave was in the lovely spot where his sainted parents were buried. As the weeping family, relatives, and friends stood about the grave, Rev. C. E. Cornell gave the committal; Rev. H. H. Miller, Superintendent of the San Francisco District, uttered words of earnest prayer; and Rev. Arnold Hodgins pronounced the benediction. The scene was impressive and beautiful. We left him in the midst of the grass, the trees, the flowers, and the singing birds, beneath the sunny California sky which he loved so well, to wait with his father and mother for the resurrection morn.

E. A. GRAY.

"Today a Prince and a Great Man Has Fallen"

A Great and Good Man Has Gone to Be With God

From Dr. H. F. REYNOLDS,
General Superintendent

Being requested by Dr. Haynes to prepare a tribute to the memory of Dr. Bresee, my sad heart gladly responds, and I hasten to add my brief testimony to the many that are offered by those who knew him longer and better.

A good man: My first and continually increasing impression of Dr. Bresee was that he was a good man. This grew upon me when associated with him in his home or traveling across the continent and in Assembly work. He always manifested great zeal and love for the spread and conservation of holiness in this and other lands.

A great man: His many years of wide and varied experiences with men and his knowledge of civil and ecclesiastical law, combined with his great vision of God's creative, redemptive, and salvation plan, together with his wise and untiring efforts to perfect our present church movement, clearly demonstrated that he was also a great man.

Gone to be with God: While to some of us it does not yet seem to be real, nevertheless it is true—he has gone—but our sorrowing hearts are comforted by the assurance that he has gone to be with God, for to be absent from the body to him was to be present with the Lord. Therefore, we will not sorrow as those who have no hope, for we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Therefore, if Jesus does not come before we go, we shall meet him near the "Eastern Gate"; and, should Jesus come before we die, we are confident that we shall be caught up together with all these saints and meet this good and great man with all the bloodwashed and remain for ever with the Lord. Wherefore, while waiting and watching we will comfort one another and praise God for this good and great man.

The following are the tributes of respect paid Dr. Bresee by a large number of brethren, most of whom were co-workers with him in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. They clearly indicate the high esteem in which this venerable servant of God was held, not only for his personal worth, but for the distinguished services he rendered the cause of holiness. — EDWTON.

The Lion and the Lamb

From Dr. E. F. WALKER,
General Superintendent

There are some forms and features that are specially difficult of reproduction by the skill of the artist. The pencil, the brush, the camera, fail to represent what is in the living subject, and what the living, sympathetic person sees in him. There are lineaments, contours, shadings, illuminations, that seem physical, but yet are essentially intellectual and spiritual, and which can not be reproduced by that which is merely artificial.

It seems to me that an intellectual and moral artist of very peculiar skill is necessary to give an adequate portrayal of the character—personal and ministerial—of our beloved, translated Dr. Phineas F. Bresee.

To me, Dr. Bresee gave a strong, intellectual, moral, and spiritual impression of which it is impossible, with pencil and paper—or even with living, well-chosen, and appropriate words—to give an adequate expression that might prove satisfactory to any one else, or even to the affectionate and zealous portrayer: such an unique, composite character was the subject.

Certainly he was, physically, pleasant to look upon.

Assuredly he was, intellectually, illuminating and quickening.

Always he was, socially, sympathetic, entertaining, pleasant, inspiring, given to hospitality.

Ever he was, morally, staunch, strong, serviceable, aggressive, a force to be depended on.

Supreme he was, spiritually, a personality and power—in private and in public, in pulpit and prayer—regnant and triumphant.

Yet, as I have received the impression on my living mind and heart, such words seem to me so utterly tame, and colorless, and inadequate, that I hesitate to write them as expressions of the impressions that I have, vivid, deep, and ineffaceable, in my memory and heart.

In connection with my thought and feeling of this brother and man of God, I am reminded of the prophet's vision of a composite being of old: the face of an ox, the face of a lion, the face of an eagle, the face of a man. All were combined in that character which we thus but roughly sketch. In service, he showed the strength, the endurance, the patience of the ox; in courage and leadership, he exhibited the royalty of the lion; in independence and eloquent flight, he was like the soaring eagle; in intelligence, in appreciation, in brotherliness, in helpfulness, he showed himself a man.

Not infrequently, as I have contemplated him in his ministerial capacity, I have seen in him the combination of the lion and the lamb together, reminding me of the Lion of Judah and the Lamb of God, in that Divine One whom we love and adore and trust. Never was there the thought of the roaring lion, seeking to devour; or the timid lamb, bleating in helplessness and fear; but of the lion of courage and strength, against wrong, for right, in protection of innocence and furtherance of holiness—the lamb of gentleness and readiness for sacrifice for others. There were times that such a lion was so in the front that the lamb seemed to be lost; but again, the lamb was so in evidence that the lion was lost sight of. Yet both were

always present and near, though both were not always in sight.

Well, we shall never in this world again look upon Dr. Bresee or his like. Alas! for us who remain! But, as he so frequently made reference to that happy meeting at the Eastern Gate to that Home of the Soul, and always had us sing at the holy communion of that beautiful land, where we shall meet one another again, so let us live and love and labor as he did till the last, that he and we shall not be disappointed, but shall enjoy the fruition of that happy meeting.

"Oh how sweet it will be,

In that beautiful land,

So free from all sorrow and pain!

With songs on our lips,

And with harps in our hands,

To meet one another again!"

A Statesman of Insight

I have known and have been somewhat closely associated with Dr. Bresee for a number of years. For the most of this time, not being a member of the church over which he had superintendency, I can speak of him in a different way from many of those who will write about him—that of an outsider.

My acquaintance with our brother began about seven years ago, when he came to Nashville and preached for us at the Tabernacle. The sermon made a deep impression upon me. It was strong and forceful and yet full of that joyfulness which seemed to be so striking a characteristic of the man. It was then I first heard the expression "Pray the glory down" and my heart was strangely warmed as he talked earnestly about how the Lord would give this glory to His people who asked and expected it.

While considering the question of uniting our work with that of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Dr. Bresee came to us several times. I also had the privilege of attending the General Assemblies held at Pilot Point and Nashville, and was given the freedom of the floor and committee rooms. Though not a member of the church at that time, I was in this way brought in close contact with our brother's work, both in the Assemblies and committee rooms.

He impressed me as a man of strong convictions, holding tenaciously to the truths and doctrines of the church and unwilling to compromise in the least on matters of vital importance.

During the several years in which the union of the two churches was in consideration, he was always firm and outspoken in his views and yet kind and brotherly in his dealings with us. Many perplexing questions arose and there was much difference of opinion but we always realized that he was perfectly fair in his judgments—big enough to see both sides of the question and to respect the views held by others. Looking back over those days of anxious thought and prayer we see that in many of these things he was nearer right than it seemed at the time.

He was a man of unusual insight, with the ability to understand and appreciate the work of other men, called of God, like himself, to be leaders in the holiness movement. His estimate of the work and teaching of our deceased Brother McClurkan as expressed in one of these conferences, was to my mind the fairest and clearest statement concerning this man of God, which I have ever heard from one of his fellow-leaders. This one thing endeared Dr. Bresee to me in a very peculiar way.

We had learned to love him before the union was consummated, and our association with him since has only added to this love. "Our church has sustained a great loss—only God knows how great—and He alone can supply the one or ones who shall take up and continue the work which our brother has laid down.

JOHN T. BENSON.

The following telegram was received from Dr. C. J. Fowler, a lifelong friend of our late senior General Superintendent:

West Newton, Mass.,
Nov. 21, 1915.

Dr. B. F. HAYNES:

Time forbids writing as you request. Have been closely related to Brother Bresee for thirty-two years in his home parishes and field. Have found him exemplary; most manly man; faithful and fearless preacher; indomitable worker; successful evangelist; commanding and modest leader; and loyal friend. Above all, of strikingly persistent Christian spirit. I remember all with greatest satisfaction and mention them with sincerest unhesitancy.

CHARLES J. FOWLER.

His Example an Inspiration

In the passing from earth of our beloved Doctor Bresee, the Death Angel seems to have entered all of our homes; but he has left no dark pall nor shadow there.

Rather he has laid a heavenly light and glory upon our altars and a holy hush upon our lips.

While our hearts are overwhelmed with a sense of our sorrow and bereavement, yet we rejoice, in that our mourning is not without hope. We know that he will wait for us and welcome us at the "Eastern Gate."

His example has been an inspiration to us, and his life a benediction and a psalm.

In our homes, his presence has been our comfort, and his counsels our stay.

In his translation we have seemed to catch a glimpse of the glory encircled throne as the pearly gates opened to receive him.

Few men have ever been more highly honored or more sincerely esteemed by any people, than was Brother Bresee, by the entire membership of our church, whom he loved so much and for whom he gave his all.

Their love for him was filial and tender. Their confidence in him was boundless and unshaken. Their faith in him was sublime.

The church has produced no man, in the last century, that bore a stronger and more striking likeness to John Wesley. In holiness writings and preaching, Wesley was a pioneer, and far in advance of his day. In his clear understanding and grasp of the doctrine of Christian perfection or holiness, he has had few if any equals and certainly no superiors. But so far as I have gathered from his writings and testimonies, Brother Bresee surpassed Wesley in the exemplification and experience of the doctrine and grace.

If the doctrine of reincarnation had ever appealed to me, I think I should now find it easy to bring myself to believe that one of the grand old prophets had reappeared in Brother Bresee—coming in the unselfish devotion of John the Baptist, in the gentleness and sweetness of Hosea, and in the spirit and power of Elijah.

J. W. AKERS.

Every Inch a Bishop

Word comes to me that Dr. Bresee has ceased to work and live. All that remains is the mortal form in which dwelt the mighty spirit of a great man in Zion. Forcibly come the words of David, applied in a higher and truer sense, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" These words apply well now to Dr. Bresee that he is gone; none who knew him well will question this. Like Barnabas, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." And I might paraphrase the last sentence because of whom he was and what he did, "Much people were added to the Lord."

Surely the Pentecostal Church of the Naz-

arene has been greatly bereaved. By common consent, without a dissenting voice, every brother in the ministry of our church placed him at the head, not only because he was full of the Holy Ghost and faith, but because of his rare wisdom and sound judgment. None of his brethren questioned this at any time. His love, wisdom, patience, forbearance, and dignity never forsook him for a moment.

What he was in himself in the true, scriptural sense stamped him every inch a bishop. No man at the head of any movement was more loved, respected, and honored in the hearts of his brethren than Dr. Bresee. We are poorer and heaven is richer. We shall miss him. May his mantle fall upon many of his brethren! We bow to the divine will, knowing God has made no mistake. He will give more grace.

JOHN N. SHORT.

A Man of Humility and Gentleness

Thirty-two years ago Rev. P. F. Bresee came to the First M. E. Church of Los Angeles, Cal., to be its pastor.

As a member of the Church and Board I had my part in welcoming him and his precious family. Before his coming arrangements were perfected for the coming of Rev. William McDonald and Rev. George D. Watson who held revival services in First Church and on the District during the following winter. In the meeting held in First Church a part of the results was about one hundred coming clearly into the experience of entire sanctification. Dr. Bresee came out with great power resting on him. From that time no one need question where he stood on that most important doctrine of Methodism. The result of this was constant and steady revivals. He conserved the work, giving unity, permanency, and effectiveness in church growth and development.

An intelligent, holy man is not the author of division. A great pastor, his sheep had great and constant care and abundant food supply, especially tender in the sickroom, with the bereaved and children. He revealed clearly everywhere that he had drank deeply from supernatural sources. Thirty-two years of close association revealed greater things than those mentioned, his constant humility and gentleness of spirit. He lived to help others in preference to himself. This spirit made the Church of the Nazarene. "Pay the expenses of the church and we will live on what remains." He was no sponge. Kindred to this, his merciful, tender regard for the erring and his enemies, refusing to remember anything done against himself. Must I stop? The greatest of all great men I ever knew.

LESLIE F. GAY.

Pentecostal Moses

With a sad heart I read a letter from Dr. B. F. Haynes announcing the death of our beloved senior General Superintendent Dr. P. F. Bresee. My heart sank within me, my eyes filled with tears, and my whole being trembled with emotion as I fully realized that our beloved chieftain and God-called leader was gone.

Like lightning my mind ran back to the first time that I ever saw Dr. Bresee. He was presiding at the first General Assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at the First Church in Chicago, as the Southern delegates marched down the aisle amid shouts of praise and songs of victory. Dr. Bresee arose with out-stretched arms and open heart to receive us. I shall never forget that moment, and the face that stood before us. He wore the expression of a Wesley; his words burned like Paul, while his love and tenderness was that of John. His very face was that of a commander; yet the sunlight of love beamed from every angle.

It carried the very mein of extraordinary personage. A chosen leader of God. A hero of today.

A hero he was indeed—had a purpose born of a deep conviction that dared to do in the face of every foe. He dared to step down from a place of position and trust in the largest and best organized religious body in America, and go out under the stars and launch a new movement; to be called "a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition [among the churches] throughout the whole world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes."

A hero indeed—to attempt the organization of a church for the great holiness movement, while her leaders and great preachers in the ranks of this undenominational movement were contending that this was the heaven to change the whole church into a lump of holiness.

He was a wise builder, with a vision of a mighty army, sweeping the great continental divide, bridging the Mississippi, and obliterating for ever the Mason and Dixon line, and sending missionaries to every land until we had "girdled the globe with salvation, with holiness unto the Lord."

I shall never forget his first visit to Texas, where he came to assist us in bringing about the union of all of the holiness bodies that then existed. It was in April, 1908. He was opposed by many of our holiness leaders, but God gave him their hearts. He was firm in his convictions for an organized church, but as gentle as a lamb in his dealings with the opposer.

I shall never forget his godly counsel as we sat in our own humble home at Pilot Point, Texas, and planned and prayed together for the consummation of the union that was initiated at the Assembly at Chicago. Then again as he presided at the General Assembly the following October at Pilot Point, Texas, where the union was fully consummated, his whole soul and mind seemed absorbed in one thought—"that we all may be one."

As truly as God needed a Moses to lead Israel out of bondage, He called Dr. Phineas F. Bresee to lead the holiness movement into a well organized church; and our God allowed him to "see the travail of his soul" and be satisfied. He was a Napoleon without cruelty, an Alexander the Great without revenge, a Bismark without bigotry, a Moses who did enter in, a Joshua who saw Jericho fall and the kingdom divided, a David whose kingdom was established, a Paul who planted churches with his own hands.

He carried his sorrows and his hopes in his own heart. He illumined the low places with the beauty of his life as he moved onward and upward. He filled the busy air around him with a fragrance of heroism that will never die; and left an impress on the pages of church history that will inspire every young preacher who reads it to a nobler life and a greater purpose.

He is gone—but his memory will be written on the pages of history as a man who loved humanity, sacrificed for their salvation, and planned for their safety. We shall meet him at the "Eastern Gate" when our battles have been fought and our final victory has been won. C. B. JERNIGAN.

A Great Hero

Human language seems cold in this effort to express the love and esteem for this great hero in our holy cause. He was a prince among men. There were combined in his great personality all the essentials of a great preacher, the orator, the prophet, the poet, and the philosopher; with all the characteristics of a great general. He needed no position or special occasion to make him great for he was greater than all position,

great enough to make the occasion and mold surrounding circumstances.

Dr. Bresee was more than a great preacher of righteousness or a great leader among men. There were combined in his great

"Bring the Glory Down!"

F. M. LEHMAN

Another warrior brave has laid his armor down—
Laid down the cross he bore to wear the golden crown.

His days of toil are done. He left us for a while.
How we shall miss him here as through our tears we smile!

"Under the stars" and out in the wilderness—
Waving for Christ the "banner of holiness"—
Faithful was he, proclaiming the story here,
Earnest and true in counsel and words of cheer.
We stand around the empty clay and feel our loss,

Remembering that he lived to glorify the cross.
How oft we heard him say, in country or in town:

"Brethren, brethren! be sure to bring the glory down!"

'Twas only yesterday he closed his eyes in sleep—

Today we stand bereft, around his bier, and weep.

Tomorrow we—though left a while to watch and wait—

Will meet our brother "just inside the Eastern Gate."

"Under the stars" the pilgrim was often seen,
"Preaching the Word," and lauding the Nazarenes

Lauding the Blood that cleanses from inbred sin,
Keeping in touch, and letting the glory in.

The "vision far" was caught by Phineas F. Bresee.

The gospel that he preached will save and set men free.

He fought and bled and died, with God in great renown—

His cry: "O brethren; we must bring the glory down!"

"Study to show thyself approved!" and "Preach the Word!"

The hungry heart of ev'ry faithful student stirred.

Beside the lamp that glowed beyond the midnight hour

He laid the Book, and pointed to its hidden power.

"Under the stars," and under earth's roar and din

Ever he preached that men may live free from sin.

Tempted and tried, ev' walking by faith and trust

Did he succeed. Peace be to his slumbering dust!

We lay our lily wreath upon the sacred sod

And dry our tears, for he has gone to be with God.

He bore the cross and pain, and now he wears the crown;

To us there comes the echo—"Bring the glory down!"

We bow our head, and as we pass the Royal Guard

We catch new fire, and vow to press the battle hard.

The work begun, that he has left us here to do,
United and determined, we will carry through.

"Under the stars" the "Church of the Nazarene"
Came into birth, and—sanctified, kept and clean—

"Under the stars," if temples are closed, she'll press

Cleansing from sin till done with the storm and stress.

We say "Farewell!" but not "Good-by!" as here we wait;

We'll meet him soon again—"inside the Eastern Gate."

The pilgrim is "AT REST." Today he wears the crown.

And we must not forget to—"Bring the glory down!"

personality rare qualities so seldom found even in great men.

He had the courage and dash of the lion who fears not to enter the wildest forest of many difficulties; yet he had the patience and fortitude of a martyr. He could mingle among the greatest of the great men of earth as their equal; yet he seemed contented and even pleased to spend unlimited time with the lowly and neglected. He was

born to be a leader but he never sought position or place or the honor that comes from men. No one appreciated the loyalty of his friends more than this man; yet he could "drive" on unmoved when disappointed in his associates. He possessed a keen sense of wit and humor and often used it to a great advantage in overcoming difficulties, but he never indulged in this native gift at the expense of others in their presence. His ability made him equal to any demand placed upon him; although he never felt his own sufficiency, for he lived in the valley of humility. In fact he was too great to do small or spectacular things to draw attention to himself.

Dr. Bresee was the truest friend I ever knew. He was the good Samaritan to the discouraged and fallen. His tender heart beat in sympathy with others, in all their affliction he likewise was afflicted. He loved men and the cause of God better than his own life, giving his "last breath" to the work at our General Assembly. He partook of the very spirit of Christ in pouring out his life for others and ever lived in the all-consuming passion for the manifestation of Christ in life or death. He lived much in the heavenlies with his Lord; this gave him richness of spiritual insight and fresh expressions in many new beauties of truth. He will always live in the memories of all who ever knew him as a father in Israel, a loyal friend, an affectionate brother, a prince among men; molding thousands of other lives into holy manward with the passing years; while he waits for us at the "Eastern Gate" for the oncoming heroes in this holy cause. J. W. GOONWIN.

The Chief Has Fallen

When I was a boy of eighteen, I first met Dr. Bresee. He then gave me my first license. He was then a presiding elder in the M. E. Church, and in the bloom and vigor of young manhood. We then became friends and that friendship endured to the end. Many years later he received me into the Church of the Nazarene.

He was a born leader and a man of great thought and marvelous power. We may well say that "Today a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel." He loved his family, his friends, and his God. He held his large circle of friends by the power of a boundless love.

He accepted the leadership of the Nazarene movement because God laid it upon him and, with boundless devotion, he gave to that work himself and all that he had.

"The chief is fallen! So the troop

Today rides slowly;

Sad heads bend low—broad shoulders droop

Where death lies holy."

We stand today in bereavement and sorrow for a servant of the living God is dead. Dr. Bresee was a very great preacher and evangelist and thousands, in that day, shall call him blessed.

Dr. Bresee had a fine sense of propriety and an ability to deal with delicate situations. He could inspire men. In organizing the church he stepped out by faith under the stars and looked to God for success. I gladly drop this immortelle on the grave of my lifelong friend who has now gone inside of the "Eastern Gate." H. D. BROWN.

Leader of a Mighty Movement

The sad intelligence of the death of our illustrious founder, Rev. P. F. Bresee, has reached us. The great leader of this mighty movement has passed to his reward. I regard him as the greatest man of the age. He was a prince among men; a wise master-

builder; a mighty warrior of a thousand battlefields, yet humble as a child.

It has been my privilege to be intimately acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Bresee, and I have always prized his wise counsel and kindly interest manifested.

I shall always be grateful for having been one of his class in the Nazarene University and for having received my diploma at his hand from that institution. It was from his church, of which I was a member, that I received my first evangelistic commission, and later by him was ordained. It was our beloved founder who organized the church of which I am pastor, and it has been our great privilege to have been favored by several visits from him and Mrs. Bresee.

He was truly a great man; a strong preacher, a giant in intellect, and above all, a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. Many shall rise up and call him blessed.

MARTHA HOWE.

A Prince of Men

Dr. P. F. Bresee was the greatest man I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. I met him first in Brooklyn, N. Y., ten years ago. I then felt myself singularly drawn to him. And in recent years as I came to be more intimately acquainted with him, every moment that I spent in his presence afforded fresh reasons for esteem and veneration. His extensive reading, his vast experience, and his natural amiability of temper combined to make him the most singularly interesting man I ever knew. I always stopped in to see him when coming home from a trip over the District. He always seemed glad to see me, and inquired carefully as to how the work prospered. I would tell of my trip and everything of interest connected with it. He was highly pleased to learn that the general work was prospering. He often closed our interviews by telling me of some late book or article he was reading or had read. He had a very retentive memory, and was a critical reader. He could get the heart of an article or book in a single reading, and with his analytical mind he would take it apart and point out its weaknesses or error and do it in the most masterly but humble way. The happiness of his mind seemed to beam forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed it. The last interview I had with this prince of men was on Tuesday of the week he was translated. He was very weak—sitting on the side of his bed. He insisted that they admit me to his room. I remained with him but a short time, as I saw it was difficult for him to talk. Before leaving I asked him for a message for the churches. He said, "Tell the brethren to love God, and devotedly give themselves to the work to which God has called us, and die if need be for the great cause of holiness." Then he spoke very feelingly of the Nazarene University, plainly indicating that that institution was weighing heavily upon his great heart. And in conclusion he said, "You brethren do not need to elect a successor to me. The church can get on until the next General Assembly with the three General Superintendents." This closed my last interview with the greatest man I ever knew.

HOWARD ECKEL,
Supt., So. California District.

A Genuine Man

Many are the hearts that are sad and the eyes that are dim with tears today, for the sad news is abroad that our dearly beloved friend, co-worker, and faithful "father," has gone from us. We feel keenly the loss and are filled with sorrow, but this sorrow must not overshadow the ever-present joy which

has come to us from contact with his beautiful life. His gentle face is a living picture before us; his kind, courteous, sympathetic manner is ever a source of encouragement to us; his determined stand for the right and his unceasing war against sin, an example to us; and his fixed faith in God and the ultimate victory of God's hosts an inspiration to us.

Of the many noble attributes of Dr. Bresee, the one which presents itself most forcibly to me is his genuineness. His sacrifices for service, his love for the church of God, and his devotion to duty, came so truly from an unselfish heart that one could not but be impressed with the genuineness of it all. He followed truth as he saw it. He did not take the unpopular side of a question to be different or to attract attention. He did not stand with the weak, in order to show his great strength. He did not espouse the cause of the few to gain high position because of less competition. He stood for principle rather than for praise. His soul was bent on accomplishing good for the world not glory for self.

He has gone "through labor to rest," through combat to victory. Such a life becomes a fountain of inspiration.

"Think truly, and thy thought shall the world's great promise feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be a grand and noble creed." R. B. MURCUM.

Greatest Friend and Counselor

I can not express the pang of sorrow that has come to my heart as I have learned of the home-going of our dear Dr. Bresee. Oh, how we shall miss him. I feel it is impossible for me to express the sense of personal loss I experience at this time. I loved him as perhaps I have never loved any other man upon earth.

In the fall of 1901, he called me as an evangelist to conduct an evangelistic campaign in what was then the "Old Tabernacle" on Los Angeles street, Los Angeles, Cal. God gave us a most sweeping revival, during which time more than three hundred souls bowed at the altar. It was at this time I first met Dr. Bresee; our acquaintance at once ripened into most sacred and intimate friendship. Before that revival closed, Dr. Bresee, with his official board, waited on me and insisted that I remain indefinitely as associate pastor. After much prayer arrangements were completed, and I at once removed my family from Indianapolis to Los Angeles, and took the relation of associate pastor with dear Dr. Bresee, and for one year and a half we walked in daily companionship and fellowship together.

Thus I had opportunity to know him as perhaps few have ever known him. Our fellowship was as intimate and our every relationship as sweet as any lovers have ever known. Together we toiled and labored for the Master with one common interest. He appointed me as Assistant General Superintendent; I was made associate editor of the paper; during this time we built the new church; together we started what is now the Pacific Bible College, myself acting as vice-president, as well as teacher of systematic theology and Bible holiness. We planned, and prayed, and wept, and rejoiced together.

During that memorable eighteen months, we made perhaps fifteen hundred pastoral calls, conducted more than a hundred funerals, and never had a week without seeing souls saved and sanctified at our altars—more than one thousand having knelt at our altars for pardon and purity during the last twelve months, and the membership increased from six hundred to twelve hundred.

I mention these things to indicate in some measure the blessing of the Lord that rested upon the Church of the Nazarene in its early beginnings.

Dr. Bresee was not only the most lovable, unselfish, self-sacrificing, magnanimous, whole-hearted man I ever knew, but he was the most indefatigable worker I have ever known. He absolutely recognized no difficulties, knew no discouragement, and never faltered in what he believed to be his divine call and duty.

He was clean in heart, and life, never speaking a word that would suggest the impure; he was benevolent and generous to a fault; he was endowed with a strong constitution, and a great mind, and towering intellect; he was an eloquent and unctuous preacher of the gospel of holiness; he was a magnetic and safe leader; he was always true to his friends, to his conscience, and to his God. Even they who differed with him were compelled to respect and love him because of his evident sincerity and fidelity. No task was too lowly and no undertaking was too great for him; his optimistic heroism, and his unbounded confidence and enthusiasm for the future of the work of the Church of the Nazarene was an inspiration to all with whom he associated. When difficulties seemed well nigh insurmountable, his courage and faith in God remained unwavering and undaunted; he would simply exclaim, "The sun never sets in the morning," and forge ahead to certain victory.

He was never known to complain or murmur; he was a mighty warrior, a general in leadership, a prince in Israel! The influence of his godly life will live to bless the unborn generations. The very mention of his name will ever be as "ointment poured forth." While God has been pleased to crown His faithful servant, and thus remove from our ranks our much loved brother, and "father in Israel," He will yet carry on the work He so well begun. It will not cease until Jesus comes. Peace be to his memory! We shall meet him with great joy, early in the morning, at the "Eastern Gate."

C. W. RUTH.

Prince Among Men

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" How fitting these words to our now translated leader. A prince among preachers was he; no greater ever entered our ranks. His words were fitted alike for the most cultured and the most lowly of earth. A great man in every way. Great as an administrator and leader of men. Great enough to found the Church of the Nazarene, the Nazarene University and the *Nazarene Messenger*. But too great to exalt self because of these things.

He was especially great in hospitality. He made you feel you must accept the hospitality of his roof at 1126 Santee street, Los Angeles, to be his friend. And you felt at home when there. His home was the preachers' paradise midst the storms of the journey. As a personal friend, he surely excelled. How he took us preachers into his great heart; and such godly counsel and advice will last until we meet him on the shores of deliverance, and help us over many a hard place on the way. "I will meet you in the morning, just inside the Eastern Gate, over there."

H. H. MILLER.

A True Friend

It is an old and true proverb that tells us "The streams that turn the machinery of the world rise in solitary places." Moses received the divine call while roaming with his flocks in the silent desert by Horeb's side. The ruddy, courageous, yet contemplative David accepted the call while tending his father's sheep. When God needed a

man in the eighteenth century to raise the cry of "Holiness unto the Lord," in the midst of deadening ecclesiasticism, he chose John, the son of a devout country rector, Samuel Wesley, and his wife Susannah. It is not strange when God needed a man to revive American Protestantism He should find him in the quiet seclusion of an eastern farm in the person of Phineas F. Bresee.

My heart was strangely thrilled when I learned that as a boy of twelve, our departed leader had a vision of his life-work. Truly "Where there is no vision the people perish." The comprehensive vision is a look upward, a look forward, and a look about us. Surely the life of our beloved leader bears witness to such a vision. His was a soul that looked upward with undimmed vision to God, that looked forward to great possibilities, and that looked about upon present opportunities. Dr. Bresee linked vision with service.

My first recollection of Dr. Bresee was some twenty-six years since in the old Fort Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, when he placed his hand upon my infant head and baptized me. The last time Dr. Bresee placed his hand upon my head was during the last summer when he ordained me to the ministry of the gospel. During all these years Dr. Bresee has been my true friend and adviser. And I am but one among the hundreds of young men whom Dr. Bresee has blessed and inspired.

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT.

Called as Church Founder

It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of Rev. Dr. P. F. Bresee early in my Christian life, nearly thirteen years ago, at the first District Assembly held by the Church of the Nazarene at Spokane, Wash.

His deep devotion to God and the cause to which he had been divinely called, as well as the words spoken by him on that occasion, made a profound and indelible impression upon my life and character which has never left me, and I know shall stay with me for ever.

It was mainly due to his faith in God and his untiring efforts and labors, that the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is such a united body and so thoroughly organized, and has become such a mighty living army for God and holiness in the earth today. He was truly called of God as a leader in the ranks of holiness people, at a very providential and needy time in the world's history.

He has been faithful and true to his calling. He has fought a good fight and kept the faith, and no doubt his name is for ever inscribed among the worthies of earth. He has left his family, his many friends, and the church a great heritage.

During the last five years it was my privilege to be closely associated with him, and all the institutional interests of the church lay so close to his heart that often it was my privilege to hear him pour out his heart to God in prayer for them. His fervent love and intense loyal spirit always brought new courage and a larger vision of God and His cause to my own life.

It was such a pleasure to work and plan under his close personal touch and presence. His love for the people was real; his sympathy to all mankind genuine, and his friendship of the most loyal type.

His name shall never die and his works for the Master, no doubt, will survive till Jesus comes. By God's grace, I will meet him at the Eastern Gate. J. F. SANDERS.

Some Impressions

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Dr. P. F. Bresee is dead! But, "he being dead yet speaketh."

It is natural with the announcement of

such a man's departure to dwell upon reminiscences. Probably there are few in our church that have known him longer than the writer of these lines, which covers more than thirty years. In the early days of the Church of the Nazarene when the church worshipped in the rude board tabernacle on Los Angeles street, Los Angeles, for awhile we were acting as his assistant pastor, and had the opportunity to see some things and be impressed along lines which have helped us during these years since.

We wish to call attention to two or three things which stand out in bold relief. Dr. Bresee was a constant exemplar of promptitude. Who ever saw him late? In all our acquaintance with him and in the hundreds of meetings of various kinds where we have attended together, we can recall but one where he was tardy, and that was on account of another engagement. His constant and scrupulous promptness in all his engagements made such an impression upon our mind that many times as we have traveled over this country we have called attention to it, and have endeavored to emulate his example. How many times when we have thought of being tardy, the thought of Dr. Bresee came to our mind!

The picture lingers as we see him standing at the door of the old tabernacle, long before preaching service, shaking hands with the people as they assembled at the place of worship. Who would not feel like coming again, when the pastor at the door would give them such a kind greeting? No wonder the people came.

Another picture indelibly stamped upon our memory is the constant visitation among his people. He always had time to call upon his people. We can see the old gray horse, the two-seated carriage, Dr. Bresee driving, his faithful wife and a deaconess or so accompanying, going all over Los Angeles, making pastoral calls among the people. We have heard him in the Assembly exhorting the preachers to faithfulness in pastoral visiting, and knew at the time he understood by actual experience the value of such service.

But he is gone! He will never more make a pastoral call here below. He no more will stand and welcome the stranger or member to the sanctuary. But what a glorious thought that he will stand at the "Eastern Gate," of which he so often spoke, and welcome the home-coming of all who know him, and prove faithful to the end! May the Lord help us to make the port, enter the gate, and be for ever among the blood-washed. Amen!

W. E. SHEPARD.

The John Wesley of American Protestantism

I characterize Rev. Phineas F. Bresee, D. D., as the John Wesley of American Protestantism. If that is too broad, he was surely the John Wesley of the modern holiness movement.

He bore many of the features of Wesley. The thin nose, smooth cheek, a similar contour of mouth, splendid head, and penetrating eyes much like Wesley. Wesley had more wealth of hair; had Wesley been bald there would have been a marked similarity. Like Wesley, too, his hands were slim and youthful.

Dr. Bresee bore many of the characteristics of Wesley. He was kind and gentle except when the fire broke out in his great soul, and then he was a tornado. He was a friend of the unfortunate, and many is the individual he has helped—literally thousands. He gave away all that he earned so that the home he bought years ago has never quite been paid for. He put in all that he possessed for God and humanity. Wesley did the same.

Like Wesley, he was an original and deep

thinker. He was a remarkable student of the Word, and spent nearly forty years in the special study of Isaiah. His sermons were homiletic, logical, and always deeply spiritual. He always took time to lay a secure foundation, and then he built the noble superstructure, and usually reached a mighty climax.

His central theme was holiness, and he wanted the glory of God to fill the temple. *Divine personality in human hearts* was his constant thought. Get the glory down upon the people until rivers of liquid glory ran everywhere, this was his cry.

He was like a father to the writer; kind, tender, suggestive, with an ever deepened interest in the prosperity of First Church, the church he organized and loved so dearly. He laid his hands on my head in ordination; he prayed a marvelous prayer as only he could pray; he spoke with such pathos, dignity and authority, but with the gentleness of the Man of Galilee, when he said "Take thou authority, etc." I will never forget that hour.

He suffered like Wesley; it was long drawn out, but with such fortitude, maintaining a strong mentality to within a few hours of his going home. He conversed with his children, his friends, giving minute directions to each and urging loyalty to the church and especially the Nazarene University of which he was the founder.

He died in holy triumph like Wesley. He longed to be with Jesus, and went sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

We can not fill his place, but we can close up the ranks and push on for victory in the name of Him, whose we are and whom we serve.

Rev. C. E. CORNELL.

The Mighty Fallen

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle" (2 Sam. 1: 25).

"Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—'magnanimous'—to be this indeed is to be great in life; to become this unceasingly is indeed to 'advance' in life itself. . . . He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth" (Ruskin).

Some one has said "When a great man falls, the nations mourn; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep." True.

Ours is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts has been snapped. The lips from which flowed such living and glorious truths are closed in death. But with the Psalmist we may say, "Thou hast made him blessed for ever, thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance." No mortal tongue has brought forth words adequate to express the tribute we would offer to the memory of this hero of the cross, whose counsel for more than sixteen years has been as of a father. "Very pleasant hast thou been unto us—thy love to us has been wonderful."

We hope, by God's grace, to strike glad hands with him in the bright tomorrow "at the Eastern Gate," of which he so often sang and spoke.

Mr. and Mrs. DELANCE WALLACE.

A Warrior at Home

What a jubilee in heaven!

Hear them shout hallelujah; to see this old warrior has arrived at home in heaven to rest from all his toils. A glad welcome doubtless was given him who has stood so true for what is man's greatest gift to man, the mighty Jesus who came to destroy sin and pour back upon His church the Spirit of holiness.

Surely our Brother Bresee was a true, loyal exponent of this glorious doctrine. What will we do without him? Thank God this work is not yet all done. The truth he preached, the earnest prayers he offered, will live on, and this mighty work, he so faithfully did, will sweep on more and more. How he loved this cause of holiness that the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was raised up to spread over the land.

What an example of sacrifice he has set for the church, and courage undaunted. Never disheartened or afraid but always shouting the host on to greater sacrifice to spread this grand doctrine of holiness. How we all loved and trusted him. It seems that I can almost hear him shouting to the holiness people, "Press on! Jesus reigns; victory is still on your banners," and oh, Church of the Nazarene, we will gird on our armor and come to our crowning day with our precious brother and all the sanctified, crowning Jesus Lord of all.

A. B. RIGGS.

Man of Martyr Spirit

To the memory of our precious Dr. Bresee, who was translated to that celestial city on November 13, 1915. Truly he is gone but not forgotten, and never will be, while time lasts. It was this great man that God raised up to make a church home for the poor, straggling, and homeless holiness people of America. He was so great that he could be small. He was great enough to preach by the side of the unlearned boy and put the boy forward and himself back. He was so tall that his head reached above the clouds and mists and he was so low that he could put both arms around a hungry and perishing world and lift them back to God. He was great enough to be perfectly natural. He had the face of a saint and the heart of a martyr, the courage of a hero and the endurance of a soldier. He had the fire of an Isaiah, the tears of a Jeremiah, and the vision of an Ezekiel. He had the charity of a good Samaritan, the purity of a white dove, and the unselfishness of sunshine. His equal could not be found on earth; no man can take his place. His chair will be empty. How we love his blessed memory. God alone can comfort us, but our loss is his gain. May every member of his family and every Nazarene on earth meet him at the Eastern Gate. These are some of his own expressions: "The indwelling personality"; "get the glory down"; "the inner temple"; "meet me at the Eastern Gate." These are his own beautiful expressions. May God bless his memory to the rising generation until we meet him over there. Faithfully,

BUD ROBINSON.

A Peerless Leader

Phineas F. Bresee, our peerless leader, has been called to even closer fellowship with the Christ whom he adored. The busy hands are still; the clarion voice is silent; the familiar form lies motionless in the tomb.

At the time of his translation, he was in the zenith of his intellectual and spiritual powers. He was a man of genius, a prince among his fellows. For sixty years he followed Jesus, and proclaimed the glorious gospel of the Son of God. For nearly two-score years he was a fearless evangel of holiness. During each successive year he laid increasing stress upon the essentials of salvation, the fundamentals of holy living, the primary elements of godliness. He realized with growing intensity that the disciples of Christ must have more and more of the divine manifestation, of the revealed personal presence of God; that they must be lowly and loving and loyal in all the relations of life. But, more than this, his life

corresponded with his teachings. His faith was simple, his love tender, his hope buoyant.

His was a regal soul. A true Christian, a noble man, a good citizen, a loving husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend, a real brother in the Lord, he has left us with saddened hearts and tearful eyes, but with a lively hope of meeting him where the many mansions are.

It may well be said of him:

By voice and pen and constant sacrifice,
This man of God the holy battle waged,
While sympathy he gave and counsel wise
To those who with him in the war engaged.
And in the thickest of the fight I see this man,
And hear his clarion voice denouncing sin,
While looking heavenward, he leads the van,
And trusts in God the victory to win.
E. A. GIBVIN.

Greatest of Organizers

While in attendance at the Hamlin District Assembly at Mineral Wells, Texas, the sad intelligence was flashed over the wires to us that our beloved senior General Superintendent Dr. P. F. Bresee had passed to his reward.

Dr. Bresee was one of the greatest leaders and pre-eminently the greatest organizer in the holiness movement in the last quarter of a century. He was a hero in the highest sense of the word, for he walked out almost alone, despite the frowns of all Christendom, the displeasure of interdenominationalism and comeoutism and the ridicule of the world, to give us ecclesiastical liberty.

When such leaders drop off the stage of action, we, who are left, should feel that a greater responsibility has slipped upon us and should gird up the armor a little tighter, grasp God with a stronger hold and fight with renewed energy and zeal, that the banner of full salvation may not trail in the dust.

Dr. Bresee was a strong advocate of Christian education and was very intensely interested in the propagation and advancement of our schools, for he realized they were a great factor in the promotion of scriptural holiness. The Lord grant that the memory of this great soldier of the cross may inspire us to do greater things than we have done in the past also that we may so live, that we shall some day meet him in the celestial city of God.

J. E. L. MOORE.

A Prince and Great Man

Surely "a prince and great man has fallen this day in Israel." A princely character indeed, and a great man in his noble, all-rounded character. Having sat by the side of Dr. Bresee as secretary of General and District Assemblies in the formative period of the church's history, we were deeply impressed with the patient, gentle, and wise helpfulness of this "great man." Presiding with dignity, his strong personality always held well in hand these great Assemblies.

Like Aaron he has died at the 'top of the Mount.' As we survey the church which he founded, not yet arrived at its majority, we find it with an organization as perfect as that of the older denominations, in all its activities and boards. Its doctrines clearly and briefly set forth—the essentials as solid as the rock and the nonessentials as elastic as rubber. Its polity of the wisest, and its activities alert and alive. What marvels of purity and power are its institutions of learning in so brief a time; what leaps its Publishing House has taken with its production unsurpassed; and how widespread its missionary interests—all conceived, born, and nourished by our farsighted, clear-thinking, robust leader, who unconsciously, perhaps, was building stronger than he thought.

Like his Lord, he was a man that "could not be hid." In whatever professional line Dr. Bresee might have chosen his wonderful and varied characteristics would have brought him to the front, and would have made him a man "sought out." Few men will be more tenderly mourned, for few men were more tenderly loved.

The Great King has come into his banqueting hall and with gentle voice has said, "Friend, come up higher." His spirit has gone to where his treasure is.

Father, brother, friend, "Good morning," for thy sun shall not go down.

R. PIERCE.

He Was a Man

When the sad news reached me that Dr. Bresee had gone to his reward my first thought was, this day a great man and a prince has fallen. A place is vacant that no one else can ever fill as he filled it.

The work accomplished by this mighty man can never die. He served his generation well; he put into motion mighty forces that will aid in the preservation of Christianity and in shaping the destiny of coming generations.

The secret of his greatness is found in one fact—he was a man—a man full of the Holy Ghost and faith. In his opposition to wrong, he was like a cyclone; in his heaven born convictions he was as immovable as the eternal hills; in his thinking he was as brilliant as a philosopher; in his executive ability he was like a Wesley, and withal sweet and tender in spirit and as patient and meek as a lamb. Dr. Bresee sleeps, but he can never die.

ROY T. WILLIAMS.

A Great Leader Fallen?

No! Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ he has entered in triumph into the presence of the King. The ranks on earth will miss him, but the armies of heaven rejoice.

While here he fought a good fight. On the battlefield of his great heart who can fathom the human struggles or estimate the overcoming power of Christ. None but Christ. Persecutions, distresses, false brethren, accusations, infirmities, temptations—he fought a good fight.

He kept the faith. Doctrines of men and devils and increasing apostasy only served to impel him to more earnestly contend for the faith. As sacred to him as God, was His unchanging Word. As vital as his hope of eternal life was the precious blood of Jesus.

He has finished the course. The crown for which he strove was not for himself but for his King. The vision of his work came to him when a boy of twelve years. When the fulness of time came for the crisis in his ministry, he turned with a suffering heart to the God of all comfort and hearkened to the Word given. "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word; your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed" (Isa. 66: 5).

He has finished his course and his works do follow him. Under the influence of his leadership, God-fearing, Spirit-filled men have united heart and brain in the promulgation of "Holiness unto the Lord." Jesus will bring his reward when He comes. "And the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

LUCY P. KNOTT.

Man of Apostolic Activity

To have known Dr. Bresee intimately; to have been for a little while guided by his counsels; to have felt the charm of his strong personality; to have been inspired by his mighty appeals, is a heritage which will grow richer and sweeter through the coming years.

A great man, he was ever above all praise and dispraise of men. For him, the popular breath had no influence, and even though winnowed by the winds of the ages was still pure. His inspiration came from above. His eyes were ever upon the Christ, and in this vision he "lost sight of all beside, so enchained his spirit's vision, gazing at the crucified."

As a scholar, his mind was furnished with the richest treasures of all the ages. He frequently exhorted the students to read widely, and, as far as possible, to make all history and all literature their own.

Above all he was noted for his activity. This was his chief characteristic. He was dominated by a holy purpose and gave himself unreservedly to the work of proclaiming the blessing of the Christ—the blessing which destroys carnality in and through the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was his activity and intensity that has given this peculiar characteristic to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, a characteristic which accounts for its remarkable success. He never tired telling his people that since Pentecost Christ is a new incarnation; that He walks forth in His people, His passion, His intensity, His fury are in His people. "If His people lack the Divine passion; if the fury does not burn in them; if the Divine arm does not bring salvation—then the Conqueror has quit the field."

Dr. Bresee has gone. How we miss him! But death is only the horizon of human vision. From higher altitudes, who shall say that he does not still look down upon us—is still, though silently urging us on. God grant that the church which he founded may partake of his supreme purpose and his holy intensity, and that the manifestation of Divine Personality which made our founder the great leader that he was, may abide in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in richer, fuller glory, until we all meet him at the "Eastern Gate."

H. ORTON WILEY.

The Floral Tribute at the Funeral Of Doctor Bresee

As a tribute of love and honor to our beloved Doctor Bresee, the flowers at his funeral at First Church, Los Angeles, bespoke the hearts' best fashioning for him.

Tribute was laid upon the finest bloom of our Southland, and, as though God had thought upon His servant for this speechful phase of offering, beauty and form and color and fragrance and profusion conspired to make the floral tribute to this good man replete with the best that could be offered. Under their tender touch chancel and pulpit were transformed into a mass of breathing beauty.

At the front of these the form of our great, good pastor-friend lay in a casket which bore upon it two palm branches—the inspired offering of his sons. For what could better symbolize the character of this hero of God who had entered "the Unseen Holy"—"This thy stature is like to a palm tree."

LLY D. BOWWELL.

A Princely Leader

A truly great and good man has fallen. The death of Dr. P. F. Bresee has thrown upon the church which he founded a dark shadow. His ministry, marked to the last by such freshness and vigor, such grand individuality, and such far-reaching sympa-

thy, is stilled. How we shall miss hearing and feeling his words! My own feelings toward him are too reverential to allow me to attempt anything like an analysis of his mind and character. None ever looked to him for fatherliness and looked in vain. His protectiveness, tenderness, and wondrous humility made many realize what could be meant by the term, "Father in Christ."

There are thousands who will ever associate with his countenance and tones, the huge tenderness and strength that they most fitly expressed. So that when we say, "His works do follow him," we think not only of the sermons of this "preacher of righteousness," or of the manifold activities of his ministry, but also of the influence that radiates from his character.

And now he "rests from his labors." Hence on, whatever broke that rest or troubled that great soul is for ever past. The tried and trusted friend, the princely leader, is gone. Like Elisha, we know that our Elijah has gone up into heaven, but mourn that our leader is taken from us today. How we wish that we could place some wreath of love and honor on his grave. We will "meet him in the morning at the Eastern Gate."

H. G. TRUMBAUER.

Great and Wise Leader

In the providence of God, He has seen fit to remove from our midst and translate to the other shore, our senior General Superintendent, Dr. P. F. Bresee. In this the church has lost a great and wise leader, but we feel that our loss is his gain, and we humbly bow and say Thy will be done, and pray that his mantle may fall upon others.

We feel that it was greatly through the efforts of Dr. Bresee to unite the different branches of the holiness churches that we of the New Testament and holiness churches of the South ever learned of, and were brought into union with, the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, which union has been so marvelously blessed of the Lord.

Dr. Bresee is gone; we will miss his wise counsel and godly advice, but we see him now as he stood like Moses of old with outstretched hands to the people he had helped to lead out into an experience and land of ecclesiastical liberty, and make an appointment with them to meet at the Eastern Gate,

which appointment, by the grace of God, we will keep.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

J. C. HENSON.

Better Appreciated in Future

As is usually the case with great men, the present generation can not correctly estimate the greatness of our departed leader. He was great in many respects. My first estimate of him in early acquaintance was that he was the greatest leader of God's hosts since John Wesley. After years of close association that early opinion is abundantly confirmed. He was a true-hearted man, loyal to God and loyal to men. His fidelity to the cause of God to the utter disregard of self and personal interests was truly great. Words can not express my sense of personal loss in the departure of this great and good friend. I shall always consider that one of the greatest privileges of my life was to have been numbered among his friends. May the Lord give me grace and strength to follow him as he followed Christ.

C. J. KINNE.

A Prophet of God

In these latter days our God raised up a prophet, as of old, and led him out under the stars and set him down in the midst of a valley which was full of dry bones, even the whole house of Israel. And he prophesied in the name of the Lord; and behold there was a great shaking, and bone joined to bone, and sinew and flesh came upon them. And he preached, and behold, breath came into them, even the Breath of the Living God. And they became an host, each wielding valiantly the sword of the Spirit, bringing dismay to the kingdom of the enemy of our Lord.

Unto the resurrected ones of the valley the word of the Most High came: "My tabernacle shall also be with them; yea, I will be their God, and they shall be my people, and the heathen shall know that I the Lord do sanctify Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them for evermore."

So the prophet was faithful, and spoke the word and wrought the work God had given him, and passed from the sight of men, but the shining ones met him with great joy, as he entered the Eastern Gate.

CHARLES A. McCONNELL.

Linked with Luther and Wesley

I am not a hero worshiper. I do love and revere God's great men. Dr. Bresee was the greatest man the holiness movement has ever produced since the days of Wesley.

If the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene proves true to her call, the name of P. F. Bresee will be recorded in the annals of history along with Martin Luther and John Wesley.

Through this precious instrumentality—the great wings of the holiness movement throughout the earth have been brought together in one great organic union for the purpose of reviving and contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Dr. Bresee, under God, has given to this church a statement of doctrine, and a form of church government that is destined to sweep around the globe with celestial fire of evangelistic power, that will, through the simple, common folks of earth, administer a tremendous rebuke to higher criticism and unorthodox Christianity, that will shake the gates of hell and hasten the millennium.

His magnificent, Spirit-filled personality will be felt adown the centuries. He is at rest from his labors, but his works follow him.

W. E. FISHER.

The Conqueror Crowned

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Savior's face.

Redeemed from earth and pain
Ah! When shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

—CHARLES WESLEY.

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

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Announcements

NOTICE

Owing to serious illness of General Superintendent Wilson, he has requested H. F. Reynolds to hold the following Assemblies:

Louisiana, Lake Charles.....	Dec. 1-5
Mississippi, Houston.....	Dec. 8-12
Southeastern, Glenville, Ga.....	Dec. 15-20

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT, DEACONESS MEETING—Will be held at Somerville, Mass., Tuesday, November 30th. Let every deaconess on the District make an effort to attend this meeting, as we are expecting God will give us a gracious time.—(Mrs.) Cora M. Hudson, Sec'y.

NOTICE—Rev. Roy T. Williams, A. B., B. D., of Peniel, Texas, will conduct a Special Bible Course during the month of January, 1916, at the Oklahoma Holiness College, Bethany, Okla. During the first half of the month Brother Williams will hold the mid-winter revival. The expenses for the entire month will be only \$15.00. For information, write Rev. C. B. Widmeyer, Pres., Bethany, Okla.

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING—The December Preachers' Meeting will be held

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on Wednesday, December 1st, at Brother DeLong's church, Davis square, West Somerville, Mass. The morning session will probably be devoted to prayer and business and in the afternoon there will be reports from the General Assembly delegates. There has not been a District Preachers' Meeting held for two months; let the brethren rally from all over the District to this one. Brother DeLong is anxious to have all who can to remain over night. Come up strong!—C. P. Lanpher, Sec'y.

RECOMMENDATION—To any one desiring helpers for revival meetings, I wish to recommend Rev. and Mrs. E. Gurtz, 505 N. Gridley st., Bloomington, Ill. They are Spirit-filled young people, good leaders in song, altar work and personal work. Brother Gurtz also preaches.—Rev. W. A. Ashbrook, Pastor.

NOTICE, PASTOR WANTED—The Nazarene Church at Farmington, N. M., wants to correspond with a man who is not afraid to go on frontier work and begin at the bottom. We have the finest climate in the United States. Sunshine the year around. No chills or fever; it is a real health resort. You need not answer this unless you can come well recommended by your District Superintendent, and are willing to sacrifice for the cause of the Master. Write to T. D. Saffell, Evangelist, Farmington, N. M.

EVANGELIST WANTED—We would like to communicate with any evangelist, a member of our church and a holiness preacher, who expects to be in New England and could give us a date for a two weeks' meeting over three Sundays between January first and April first. We have made several unsuccessful attempts to secure a desirable evangelist, and so take this method of getting in touch with those who are available. Address, Rev. L. D. Keeler, 124 Division st., North Attleboro, Mass.

NOTICE—The Louisiana District Assembly will meet at Lake Charles, December 1st, at 9 a. m. All parties coming, should notify the pastor at once. The entertainment committee will meet all trains November 30th. Parties coming in after this, will take the Shell Beach car; get off corner

Gen. Supt. Wilson Ill

We regret very much the intelligence which reaches us before we go to press, of the serious illness of General Superintendent W. C. Wilson. He returned home from San Antonio and has been ordered by his physician to desist from work for four weeks. We trust he may more speedily recover than seems now expected, and that he may soon be at his loved work of preaching and laboring in the Lord's service.

Ryan and Oakland sts. All delegates and members of the Assembly be on hand for the opening service, November 30th, 7 p. m.—C. E. Woodson, Pastor, 405 Incline st., Lake Charles, La.

NOTICE—Any place desiring a lady for pastor or for Christian work, write Rev. L. W. Scott, pastor of the Nazarene Church, Tallula, Ill.

NOTICE—Any Nazarenes or holiness people, anywhere in the state of Nevada, are requested to write to Rev. H. H. Miller, District Superintendent, 2328 McKinley ave., Berkeley, Cal. Or any one knowing any holiness people in Nevada, is requested to write. So far as I know, there are no Nazarenes in that state; but as the state is attached to the San Francisco District, it is desirable to get any information possible, that will help toward the establishing of work there. Who will go there and break something out? That state certainly needs holiness.—H. H. Miller, Dist. Supt., San Francisco District.

REVIVAL MEETING—Special revival services will be held in the Music Hall of the Missouri Holiness College, Des Arc, Mo., beginning December 1, 1915. Rev. T. P. Roberts will do the preaching. Come and be with us if you are within reach.—B. T. Flanery.

REQUEST FOR PRAYER—I ask your prayers for my brother-in-law who is very low, that he may be saved, and that if it be the will of the Lord that he may be healed.—Lum Jones.

NOTICE TO NEBRASKA DISTRICT—The Minutes of the Assembly will soon be out. Kindly send in 15 cents per copy for the number ordered, to the District Secretary.—Theodore and Minnie E. Ludwig.

EVANGELISTIC—Revs. Theodore, and Minnie Ludwig will hold revival services at the following places: Farnum, Neb., until November 25th; Palco, Kas., November 23th to December 20th.

NATIONAL HOLINESS CONVENTION, MONTPELIER, VERMONT—Arrangements are now under way for a national holiness convention in Montpelier, Vt., to open Friday, December 10th, and close Sunday, the 19th. Rev. Will Huff, evangelist, Rev. C. J. Fowler, D. D., president of the National Holiness Association, and Rev. E. Hilton Post, evangelist, are expected to preach daily. For information, ad-

National Holiness Convention

Bowdoin Square Tabernacle

Nov. 30 to Dec. 9, 1915

Services daily at 10 a. m., 2 and 7 p. m. First service Tuesday, November 30th, at 10 a. m.

Rev. WILL HUFF, Evangelist; Rev. C. J. FOWLER, D. D., and others are expected to preach daily.

All holiness preachers and people in Eastern New England are invited to co-operate in making this the best holiness convention ever held in Boston. This meeting is strictly interdenominational and under the auspices of the National Holiness Association.

For all information, address Rev. E. Hilton Post, 55 High st., Everett, Mass.

dress, Rev. J. E. Taylor, 67 Northfield st., Montpelier, Vt.

REVIVAL MEETING—Evangelist Ernest Dearn and wife are to open up a revival campaign in the Cliftondale Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene on Sunday, November 28th. We feel assured of a great meeting and want you to pray with us for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit.—Tom M. Brown, Pastor.

24 Pictures From Life in INDIA

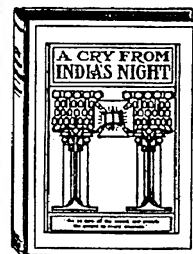
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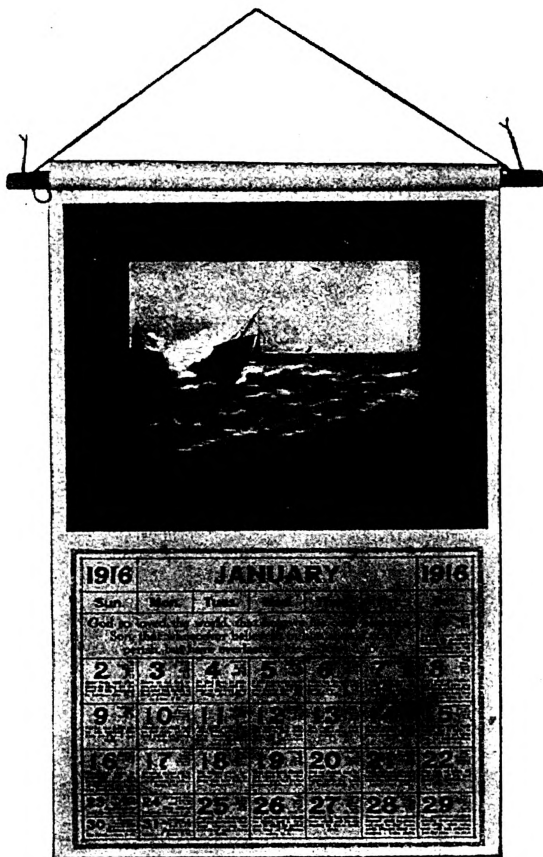
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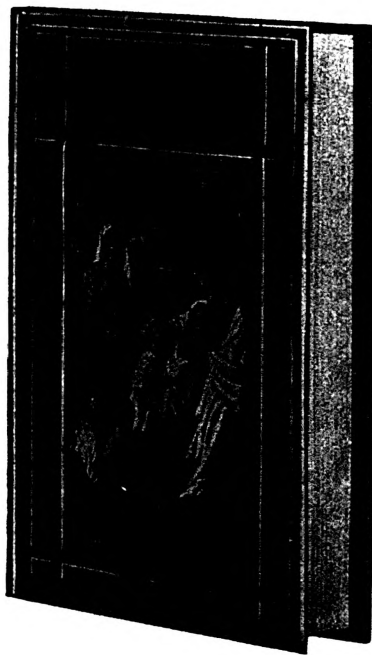
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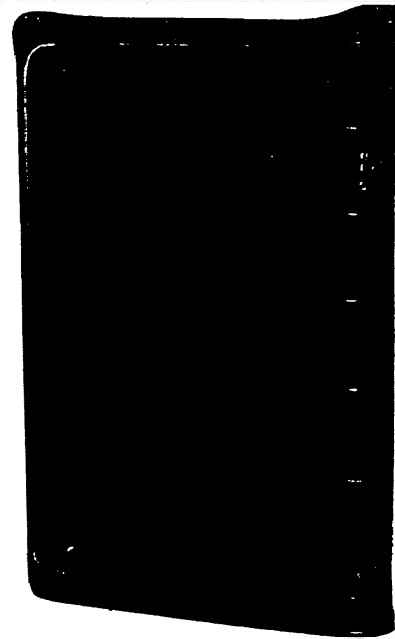
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[SPECIMEN OF TYPE] **Jehoiakim's evil reign. II. KINGS, 24. Jehoiachin succeedeth him.**

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

B.C. 610.
* ver. 33
† Called Jehoiachin,
1 Chr. 3. 16.
Jer. 24. 1.
and
Ezra 1.

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

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- Texts:**
1. The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.
 2. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
 3. This is the will of God even your sanctification.
 4. He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.

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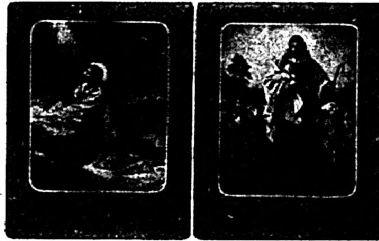


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3. God is our refuge and strength. (The Return to Fort. Haquette.)
4. Commit thy way unto the Lord. (The Windmill. Ruysdale.)



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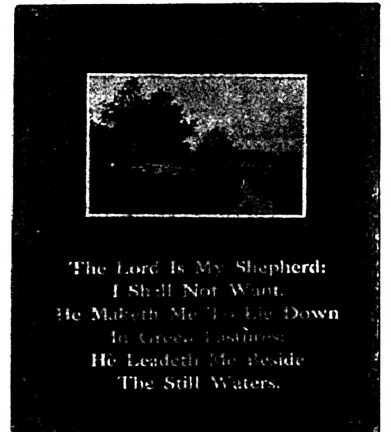
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The Good Shepherd

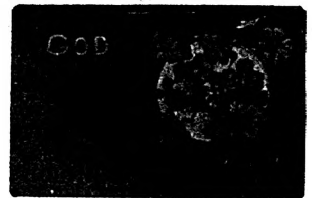
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He Maketh Me to Lie Down
In Green Pastures;
He Leadeth Me Beside
The Still Waters.

Green Pastures

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This is a beautiful and natural imitation of a mahogany panel. The picture is printed in colors, and the text is stamped ----- **25c**



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Size, 6 x 0 inches; price ----- **10c**

- Texts:**
1. He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one.
 2. It is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy.
 3. Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.
 4. God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness.

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