

NAZARENE MESSENGER

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ON STREET MEETINGS

FROM that day in Jerusalem when this dispensation of the Holy Ghost was ushered in by these who had tarried in the upper room, the Church of Christ has been an institution of many phases. The zeal to see the cause of Christ preached to the whole world has given rise to many activities. The methods used have run the gamut of human ingenuity. And no phase of this great work has interested me more than one of its comparatively modern developments—the street meeting. It has not only interested me, but it has been the source of many honest doubts, many surmises, and many arguments.

Before I was converted I looked upon street-meetings as the institution of impractical religionists. Frankly, but honestly, I can say that for many years I cannot remember of any street-meeting that ever put any desire in my heart to lead a Christian life. Almost without exception they had the opposite effect. In order to ameliorate this somewhat drastic statement let me offer an explanation.

Prior to coming to the Northwest Nazarene College at Nampa, all the street meetings that I had ever heard were held on the streets of a large city. A large city harbors many religious sects. Consequently, on one corner I would watch with disgust the antics of a band of disreputable, strange-looking individuals as they incoherently jabbered and babbled their "confession of faith," to a crowd of laughing, sneering citizens who had gathered to watch them. I would laugh too, derisively, and then walk on. At another corner, I would find another crowd listening more seriously, to the arguments of some long haired fanatic who maintained that it was his church or hell. I listened here, interested perhaps in his theory, but entirely unmoved. And then further uptown the Salvation Army, with its drums, tambourines, and horns would be holding forth. Here the onlookers were respectful. They would listen a bit to the truthful words of some speaker, perfunctorily throw

a bit of money on the upturned drum and pass on. These people were orthodox, I knew they were, but somehow they couldn't interest me. I didn't care to listen. And so on, the town was littered with these groups. It followed, of course, that street-meetings became synonymous with fanaticism to me. I became intolerant of them.

Then, during the course of events, it came to pass that I changed the field of my life and came to a holiness school. I not only changed geographically, but I came to live with a new people. I dwelt in an atmosphere that was new to me. I had gone to church occasionally, but to mingle with a Christian student-body was a peculiar experience to me. And these people had street meetings—I had heard they did. Immediately I began to remonstrate against this absurd custom. I felt they were going too far, that it would put them in a class with fanatics I had seen. Triumphant I showed one of the defenders of the street-meeting the passage of the Bible beginning, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them," convinced that my objection was scriptural. But my text effected no startling results.



OLIVE M. WINCHESTER
Vice-President

One night I deliberately went to see one of their street meetings. I hoped no one would see me. The group was stationed in the middle of a down-town block and as I turned the corner to come nearer I heard them sing.

*"I'll be a soldier for Jesus
No matter what others may do."*

The words rang out clearly. The thing thrilled me, strangely, because I knew they meant it. I came closer so I could study the personalities of the group. Here was something that defied me—I could not understand it. Here was a band of young men and women, intelligent, clean-cut, neatly dressed, actually holding a street-meeting. Why did they do it? What motive impelled them. A young man stepped

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THE NAZARENE MESSENGER

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H. ORTON WILEY, *Editor*

President of Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho.

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Editorials

The Nazarene Messenger this month was prepared by Mr. Glenn Wallace and Mr. Calvin Emerson, both seniors in the College. Mr. Emerson is the son of the President of our Board of Directors and Mr. Wallace the son of Mrs. Rhoda Wallace, our Dean of Women. These young men will continue the publication of the paper until further notice. We feel certain that they will keep the paper full of life and interest and make it representative of the spirit of the institution.

H. ORTON WILEY, *President.*

The coming national presidential election is looming large on the horizon and by means of perspiring orators, flaming newspaper bulletins, and howling radio sets, we are constantly being reminded either of the outstanding admirable qualities or the unmitigated incapacities of the several candidates; the defense or attack depending on the political propensities of the spokesman. This is nothing to be alarmed at. It is merely a part of that distinctly American institution known as the Political Campaign. It is a part of our inheritance and Democracy, using the term Democracy in its broad sense. We are a nation of wide awake intelligent people and we want to know and will know if at all possible what we do and why we do it. American inquisitiveness leads to American invention and American invention leads the world. So then, let us consider openmindedly and fairly the issues of the present campaign; let us strive to remain unbiased and unprejudiced; and let us all go to the polls to cast an intelligent vote. Let us not neglect that outstanding possession of a free people in a free country—The Ballot.

There came to our notice recently a quotation from a book by Dr. Frank Crane, *Why I am a Christian*, which illustrates, to our minds the attitude of many people concerning religion. The story is intended to be a satire upon pro-

fessed Christians. It is the story of the man who went to Ubique. "Ubique" is the Latin word for everywhere.

The man goes to the town of Ubique for the first time on business. He arrived at the railroad station on a blustering December day. There was a cool wind and a flurry of snow. As he walked along the street he saw women dressed in costly furs and gentlemen in fur coats, but all having bare feet. The population seemed respectable and well-to-do, but no one wore shoes. They limped along, were afflicted with chilblains and bruises and suffered great pain.

"When he went to the hotel he found the clerk at the desk, the bellboys and all the other attendants barefoot. At the dinner table he sat next to a prosperous old gentleman and fell into conversation. As this new acquaintance seemed kindly and open-minded our traveler said to him, "Pardon me if I seem intrusive, but I notice that nobody in this town seems to wear shoes, yet everybody appears to suffer from cold and bruised feet. Would you mind telling me why?"

"Ah!" said the old gentleman raising his eyes piously, "why indeed?"

"He talked further with his companion but could not get past this point. The old gentleman was perfectly willing to admit that shoes were desirable above all things, and that everybody ought to wear them, but he could not tell why they did not do so.

The traveler took a walk through the town and found that there were large, beautiful buildings more elaborate and larger than the ordinary. Seeing the janitor sweep the steps of one of these elaborate structures, he stopped and talked to him.

"What is this building? I am a stranger in this town and notice that there are many buildings like this".

"This is a shoe factory," said the janitor.

"Oh! they make shoes here?"

"Oh, not at all," was the reply. "They just talk about making shoes, and sing about making shoes and pray about them."

Pointing to a sign by the door he saw an announcement that the chief official of the factory was going to give a lecture every seven days on shoes. He was informed by the janitor that once every seven days every other business in town was required by law to close, that nothing was allowed to be open but the shoe factories and the people all gathered in them to sing and pray and to hear lectures about shoes, but no shoes were produced and nobody wore them.

Finally in a little side street he found a small shop inside of which an old German cobbler was making a pair of

shoes. He bought a pair and took them back to the hotel to present them to the old gentleman with whom he had become acquainted.

To his surprise the old gentleman declined his gift, assuring him that none of the best people ever wore shoes, and, in fact, is was considered a sign of fanaticism and hypocrisy to ever really wear them.

The moral of this tale is so obvious that we decline to make any comments.

Occasionally it is said that the life of a christian is dull and commonplace; that it is a life of monotony, unbroken by the comedy and tragedy which seems to prevail in a life of sin. Such an opinion can only come from one who is woefully ignorant or maliciously untruthful. Why should it seem that to live morally is less interesting than to live sinfully. Is moral uprightness less attractive than self-indulgence? Is courageous self-decision more commonplace than moral lassitude? No! any such viewpoint is a perverted one. The greatest life in the world, the noblest, the truest, the most

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On Street Meetings

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out to testify. I listened closely. Logically and forcibly he told his story—a remarkable experience. Was it true? could religion do that? Again I examined the speaker—no fanatic there. The high forehead, penetrating eyes, and well-modulated voice of the youth firmly clinched his argument with me. He stepped back in the semi-circle and a young woman came forward. She was neat, attractive, and unsophisticated. In a voice that did not conceal the emotion that stirred her, she spoke. Like the others she had been "saved". "Saved"—I didn't like the word; it bothered me.

I waited until the girl was through, and walked away. I wanted to think. Strangely this religion had become a personal matter. I realized that consciously or unconsciously I must make a choice. So I lost my prejudice toward street meetings in this more fundamental question.

But I have neglected my subject. This was to be a discourse on the relative value of street-meetings. May I conclude then, by saying that I believe in street-meetings. They are undoubtedly a positive force in spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ. They touch a class of people that formal services might never reach. The Church of the Nazarene must never fail in the phase of evangelical work. The need is there and must be filled.

—G. W.



The Alumni Page



For the last month or so I have been enjoying a very rare privilege, that is, I have been having a part in harvesting the greatest wheat crop in the history of Northeastern Montana. Wrestling wheat bundles, as anybody knows who has tried it, is not strictly conducive to the "writer's inspiration" but it does provoke a good appetite and five meals a day, (that's among the Scandinavians, who constitute a majority of the population of this region,) has proven to be none too many. But that is enough by way of an apology for the absence of an Alumni page last month.

One could write pages enumerating the good things about this country, her crops, her climate, and her people. But that is not the most important. First and foremost is the fact that Montana presents one of the most needy and promising fields in the whole land. As yet she is scarcely touched by the gospel of Holiness; in many places there is little religious work of any kind. If any of our Alumni friends happen to be out of a job and are looking for a place where hard work counts, here it is. And you won't be crowded for competition.

Alumni Notes

Mrs. Barbara Anderson Embree ('22) writes from Jebba, Niageria, West Africa: "We went to Makwa to attend the annual meeting. It was a great blessing to meet with the other missionaries, and the Lord gave us some very gracious times together. One evening a special service was held for the boys and girls of the mission who had come in from the different stations. Mr. Finley talked in Yornba and Miss Lantz in Nupe, after which an opportunity was given for any one who wanted to be saved to kneel in the center of the room. It was a real joy to see a dozen or more begin crying to God for mercy—not in the formal "prayer-book" fashion which some have learned in other missions, but real earnest prayer. It was a scene to make the angels rejoice — whites and blacks mingled together, praying in a least four different languages, but God could understand them all. Two of our boys were saved, one was formerly a Mohammedan and never came to church till a short time ago; the other claimed to be a Christian and had been baptized, but he said he never knew he was saved until that night. We are so thankful that the power of God is the same here as in the homeland.

"We are back at Shore for another year, the same place where we were last year. We like it here. It seems that we

are just beginning to get acquainted with the people.

"I began teaching school a while ago—quite a new thing for me. My school is not very large, so I have it on the veranda of our house for a couple of hours each forenoon. Reading, writing, arithmetic and Bible constitute the course of study. The children all want to learn English too, but we insist that they know how to read the Yornba Bible well before beginning English."

"Last week we had visitors—the field superintendent and his wife and one of the lady missionaries from Makwa. Sometimes we see no other white people for months at a time."

Mr. E. C. Klindworth ('23) is getting acquainted with the inside of the textile industry. He is time and production clerk for the Jantzen Knitting Mills of Portland.

Miss Lois Young ('24) has been spending a few weeks in the Colorado Rockies. She plans to teach school this winter.

Mr. C. E. Carver ('23) is on the last lap of the race for the A. M. degree at the U. of C., Berkeley, California.

Rev. M. Nishimura ('23) is still pastoring a Japanese congregation in Los Angeles. God is blessing him and giving him souls.

The Lord is stirring us up somewhat in Froid, Montana. Recently five precious souls prayed through to victory. To God be all the glory.

R. E. SWIM.

Special—Say, fellow-Alumnis, the rest of us are wondering where you are. Drop a line to the editor and give an account of yourself. His address is Froid, Montana. His name is Roy E. Swim. Also if you know any news item whatever that would be of interest to the rest of us send it along. Now, don't forget.

The Revival

D. I. Vanderpool, ex-District Superintendent of the Eastern Colorado district, has just closed a two weeks' revival at the Nampa church. From the beginning the church was under the burden of the meetings and God was able to come in gracious reviving power. There was not a barren service. Every altar call was honored by souls seeking pardon, reclamation or heart purity. It is estimated that one hundred prayed through to definite victory.

The simple unaffected manner in which the Evangelist presented the truth supported by a heart full of Christian love and sympathetic understanding was mightily used by God in calling the prodigal home and Christians to the fountain of divine love.

The orchestra, under the direction of Professor Bouchard of the Music department of the college contributed to the success of the meetings while Arthur F. Ingler was a blessing to the audience by his special songs.

Rev. Vanderpool brought special messages to the students of the college at the regular chapel hour, during the days of the revival, which have proven a great spiritual blessing to the school. Hearts have been inspired to a closer walk with God and both the student body and faculty have determined to keep the glory of God's presence and divine favor in the school during the school year, for still our motto is, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things should be added unto you."

HARRIET SHARP.

A Testimony

I have had many happy hours in my life but to me the happiest and most glorious hour was when I was converted.

For five years I had been away from the Lord sinning against Him and rejecting every call to give up my life of unhappiness and darkness. My high school career was one of dancing, "movies" and fast friends. All of these so-called pleasures were much against my parents' wishes and often times I was deceitful. I was not a "bad" girl, I was considered rather good by my associates, but sin places every sinner in the same class.

When I came to N. N. C. I thought I'd be "one of a kind" and not get religion. In fact I had believed for two years that my last chance to be convicted of my sins had passed. But when I felt the age-old pull at my heart I could not resist because I knew the Lord would not tolerate my willfulness any longer. I came to the Lord begging forgiveness, confessing my guilt and surrendering my life to him. He heard my cry took me back and gloriously saved me. No one can describe the joy and sweetness that conversion brings to an aching heart but to me this was truly the happiest hour of my life. Is it not wonderful?

J. A. F.

School Notes

School Notes

School has started. The college machine has swallowed us up for another nine months. We can only hope for a safe emergence next June. The usual inconveniences are present. The usual shy glances of the not-yet-acquainted are noticed. What follows are a few evidences of a normal college atmosphere. The order of events is not necessarily chronological, a random order being followed in the effort to make these columns full of the elusive quality known as interest.

About the best thing in the line of news that we can think of just now is the sudden but happy marriage of Mildred Bingham and James (Jim) Neil. On Tuesday morning October the 7th we noticed by a little sign clipped from a newspaper and posted on the bulletin board, that the expected had overtaken them at Boise, Idaho. The surprise was so great that it was feared a false rumor had been spread. But before long the grinning bridegroom was located and confessed all. We wish him the customary success and continued happiness.

We might add that on the evening of October 11 a small party of students from the Northwest Nazarene College enjoyed the savory details of a supper given at the Rainbow confectionary given by Mr. Neil.

The staff of the 1925 Oasis has been appointed:

Editor-in-Chief Glenn Wallace
Associate Editor William A Penner
Business Manager.....Harold E. Bottemiller
Asst. Bus. ManagerEdward Wooten
College EditorAddie Chism
Literary EditorHarriet Sharp
Organizations Editor.....Ruth Cole
Art EditorLauren Irwin
Art EditorRuth Born
Academy EditorAltha Hansen
SecretaryGenevieve Dixon
Faculty AdvisorProfessor R. H. White

These are the ones who have been chosen to edit the school annual for the coming year. They have a big task ahead of them but with much hard work they intend to produce the best book in the history of the college.

The staff is fortunate this year in being able to get credit for their work. Professor White, faculty advisor, is offering to the staff as well as to outsiders a course in elementary journalism. Actual work on the annual will be done in this class so that the work will be accredited.

Miss Nona Sharp who attended N. N. C. in 1921 has returned to take up her

college course again. She is a member of the Sophomore class.

The college Seniors have elected their officers for the year. President, Harriet Sharp; Vice-President, Harold Hart; Secretary, Audrey Phillips; Treasurer, Calvin Emerson. The membership of this class will be about the same as last year. The burden and responsibility of their position has not as yet affected them, but we suspect that as the months pass by their gaiety will give place to solemnity. Themes, theses, and theology aren't conducive to any hilarious philosophy of life.

John Rodman and his sister Dorothy who are known to many of the older students and friends of the college are teaching this year at Scotts Mills, Oregon. Mr. Rodman holds a position as principal of the town high school and his sister is a teacher in the elementary schools.

We pause a moment to welcome back to our midst two former friends and class-mates, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kellom. Mrs. Kellom, formerly Miss Mildred Groenig will be a member of the College Freshman and Mr. Kellom will be a College Junior. They have been living in Yakima, Washington.

The College Junior Class following the tide of the times have elected officers as follows: President, W. A. Penner; Vice-President, Ruth Van Zandt; Secretary, Genevieve Dickson; Treasurer, Minnie Hess; Class Advisor, Professor R. H. White.

The dining club students received a thrill last evening when Miss Gladys Aikens, instructor in Home Economics, marshalled her beginners class out as waitresses. They are to use the dining room as a laboratory for conducting experiments in this science. Doubtless with the exception of a few broken "crucibles" and "test-tubes" their period of apprenticeship will be safely concluded.

This leads us to say that the menus for the dining room are under the supervision of Miss Aikens this year. She is giving us well balanced and tasty meals. We are ready to admit that Miss Aikens' task of keeping us satisfied with our food is a difficult one but we are sure that she will succeed.

The Senior Academy Class has elected for the year. Those chosen are: President, Winona Eastly, Vice-President, Helen Pounds; Sec. Bessie Hostettler; Treasurer, Altha Hansen; Sgt. at Arms, James Walton.

Rev. Fred St. Clair, who held a revival meeting at the college church last year, is conducting a series of meetings at the Greenhurst school house a few miles east of the college. They report a successful meeting thus far. George Bauerle, a student of the college has charge of this appointment. A number of the other students are also assisting in the singing.

We almost forgot to mention that Rev. R. J. Plumb, pastor of the college church, was presented with a new Ford Sedan this week, a gift from his congregation, and his friends in the city.

One of N. N. C.'s favorite evangelists, Rev. Lum Jones, begins a series of meetings at Marsing, Idaho, near Nampa, on October 18th. Harold Hart of the class of '25 is the pastor of this church.

Guy Sharp ('23) and his wife formerly Miss Leah Fry, both former students of the college were in the city Sunday and Monday. They drove from their home at Newbridge, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Embree, also past students of N.N.C., write from Africa saying that their four month old son is quite a prodigy. He seems to have an extensive knowledge of some African language, which one they have not been able to determine—but he cries like an ordinary American baby.

The class in beginning philosophy is being initiated into the mysteries of metaphysics. At present they are amusing themselves with solving such problems as—What is truth, What are thoughts, and what is real? The world is waiting for their answer.

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dramatic, the happiest, is that of the man who follows, or better expressed, he who has "Salvation." The Christian life a dull one? Not as long as there is sin in the world. Self-decision is the most dramatic thing in the world. It comes from the human heart; it involves human happiness; it determines human destiny. Christianity is a constant call to self-decision. It not only demands that a man make a complete break with sin when he is saved, but it demands that in the daily routine of life he continue to make decisions against the appeals of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The Lord gives grace to withstand the onslaughts of the enemy, but he does not fight the battle for us. We must decide that we are going to take the right way and then do battle until we succeed. The Christian life a dull one? Never!