

# Living Water

"Call unto me and I will answer Thee and shew Thee great and mighty things, which Thou knowest not."—Jer. 33-3

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## FAITH

BY GEORGE MULLER.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Heb. 11:1, 3.

The subject of our meditation this evening is, What is faith—how it may be increased? and the growth of faith, which I will endeavor to illustrate by some of the experiences which, by the grace of God, I have realized in the exercise of belief in His promises as revealed in His Word.

First: *What is faith?* In the simplest manner in which I am able to express it I answer, *Faith is the assurance that the thing which God has said in His Word is true, and that God will act according to what He has said in His Word.* This assurance, this reliance on God's Word, this confidence, is faith.

No impressions are to be taken in connection with faith. Impressions have neither one thing nor the other to do with faith. Faith has to do with the Word of God. It is not impression, strong or weak, which will make any difference. We have to do with the written Word. We have to rely on the written Word, and not on ourselves or our impressions.

Probabilities are not to be taken into account. Many people are willing to believe regarding those things that seem to them probable. The province of faith begins where probabilities cease and sight and sense fail. A great many of God's children are cast down, and lament their want of faith. They write to me, and say they have no impressions, no feeling; they see no probability that the thing they wish will come to pass. (Luke 18:27). Appearances are not to be taken into account. Impressions and feelings and probabilities are not to be taken into account. The question is—if God has spoken it in His Word.

Now, preliminary to what I have to say to you, dear Christian friends, lay to heart that it is because there is so much dependence on these things that we have so little blessedness among us. All these things must be left alone. *The naked Word of God is what we are to depend upon. This is enough for us.*

And now, beloved Christian friends, you are in great need to ask yourselves whether you are in the habit of thus confiding in your inmost soul in what God has said, and whether you are in earnest in seeking to find whether the thing you want is in accordance with what He has said in His Word. If it is, that the thing you ask for will come to pass is as sure as that you were able to confide in Him.

Second: *How faith may be increased!* God delights to increase the faith of His children. He is thus glorified before an ungodly world and the powers of darkness. The confidence of His children in times of trial, discouragement, pain and sorrow, gives great encouragement to other Christians. God delights that He may do good to others through them and that they themselves, *through the exercise of faith, may obtain an increase of it.* For difficulties, costs, crusts, hindrances, bereavements and losses, though we shrink from them, and shrink exceedingly, are the very things God uses to develop us more and more, as the young infant has its weak limbs developed, till by and by they grow to the power of a man's. For I am *not* one of those who believe that we can attain to strong faith at once, any more than a weak infant can spring into manhood at once. Our faith, which is weak and feeble at first, is developed and strengthened more and more by use.

What we have to do instead of wanting no trials before victory, no exercise for patience, is to be willing to take them from God's hands as a means, I say, and say it deliberately—trials, difficulties, obstacles, bereavements, necessities, are the very food of faith. I get letters from so many of God's dear children who say, "Dear Mr. Muller: I'm writing this because I'm so weak and feeble in faith." Just so surely as we ask to have our faith strengthened we must be willing to take from God's hands the means for strengthening it. We must allow Him to educate us through trials and bereavements and troubles. For it is through trial that faith is exercised and developed more and more. God affectionately permits difficulties that He may develop increasingly that which

He is willing to do for us; and to this end we should not shrink, but if He gives us sorrows and hindrances, and losses, and afflictions, we should take them out of His hands as evidences of His love, and His care for us in developing more and more in us that faith which He is seeking to strengthen in us.

*Again, it is necessary that we seek to acquaint ourselves with God as He has revealed Himself in the Scriptures.* We must not content ourselves with the notions that people have about God, but we must diligently seek to know what He has disclosed regarding Himself. And we must not take the notions which the Church and many professing Christians have of God; for I say deliberately that the notions which the Church of Christ has about God are not the truth, and we do not want to gather our views from what the Church says about God, or what Christian men say about Him; but we want to come to the very fountain, the revelation the Lord has made of Himself in His written Word, and step by step, as we read, to learn not only of the power, infinite wisdom, justice, and holiness of our God, but also of His gentleness, pity, beautifulness and bountifulness. When we read and see what God has revealed of Himself in His Word we shall find out more and more from it that God is the Lovable One, *God is the Lovable One, GOD IS THE LOVABLE ONE;* and before I go any further, I stop and ask you what is the response of your inmost soul? Is God, to you, the Lovable One? If not, you are not acquainted with Him. You have yet to find out that He is the most Lovable One. Oh, seek to say in your inmost heart that He is the Lovable One! The result will be that you will confide in Him unreservedly, at all times, in all circumstances. Though He slay you yet will you trust in Him. Turn and read the ninth Psalm. With your very own eyes read the ninth and tenth verses: "The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble." And, "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee: for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee." We who learn to see God as He has revealed Himself in His Word, are so satis-

fied with God, and in His dealings with us, we see how everything is for our good. On this account it is so deeply important for our usefulness and for our growth in faith that we get correct ideas of God from the fountain of truth contained in His Word. *In the exercise of our faith, and in studying God in His Word, our faith grows.* I say this deliberately, advisedly, and tens of thousands of God's tried children will say the same thing.

The Church of Christ is not aroused to see God as the beautiful and lovable One He is, and hence the small measure of blessedness. Oh, beloved brothers and sisters in Christ, seek to learn for yourselves, for I cannot tell you the blessedness! In the darkest moments I am able to confide in Him, for I know what a beautiful and kind and faithful and lovable Being He is, and if it be the will of God to put us in the furnace, let Him do it, so that we may acquaint ourselves with Him as He will reveal Himself, and as we know Him better, we come to the conclusion that God is the most lovable Being, and we are satisfied with Him, and say, "It is my Father—let Him do as He pleases."

When I first began allowing God to deal with me, relying on Him, taking Him at His Word, and set out fifty-one years ago simply relying on Him for myself, family, taxes, traveling expenses and every other need, I rested on the simple promises. I found in the 6th chapter of Matthew a passage, "I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Therefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" No man could by care and forethought array a lily. Put a flower under a microscope and you will say it has been attired by no other than the living God. "Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

I believed the Word. I rested on it and practiced it. I "took God at His Word." A

stranger, a foreigner in England, I knew seven languages and might have used them perhaps as a means of remunerative employment, but I had concentrated myself to labor for the Lord. I put my reliance in the God who has promised, and He has acted according to His Word. I've lacked nothing—nothing. I have had my trials, my difficulties, and my empty purse, but my receipts have aggregated tens of thousands of dollars, while the work has gone on these fifty-one years. Then with regard to my pastoral work for the past fifty-one years, I have had great difficulties, great trials and perplexities. There will be always difficulties, always trials. But God has sustained me under them and delivered me out of them, and the work has gone on.

Now, this is not, as some have said, because I am a man of great mental power or endowed with energy and perseverance—these are not the reasons. It is because I have confided in God; because I have sought God and He has cared for the institution which, under His direction, has one hundred and seventeen schools with masters and mistresses, and other departments of which I have told you before. The difficulties in such an undertaking have been gigantic, but I read that they that put their trust in the Lord shall not be ashamed. Nearly twenty years ago a beloved brother from America came to see me, and he expected to find me an old man, helpless and decrepit, bowed down with burdens, and he wondered I did not look old. "How is this?" he said, "that you keep so young under such a load as you are carrying?"

"My dear brother," I said, "I have always rolled the burden on the Lord. I do not carry one-hundredth part of it. The burden comes to me, and I roll it back on Him." I do not carry the burden. And now, in my seventy-sixth year, I have physical strength and mental vigor for work as great as when I was a young man in the University, studying and preparing Latin orations. I am just as vigorous as at that time.

How comes this? Because in the last half century of labor I've been able, with the simplicity of a little child, to rely upon God. I have had my trials, but I have laid hold on God, and so it has come that I have been sustained. *It is not only permission, but positive command that He gives us to cast the burden upon Him.* Oh, let us do it, my beloved brothers and sisters in Christ. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." Day by day I do it. This morning again sixty matters in connection with the church, of which I am a pastor, I brought before the Lord, and thus it is day by day, and year by year; ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years. And now, my beloved brothers and sisters, come with your burdens, the burdens of your business, your profession, your trials and difficulties, and you will find help.

Many persons suppose it is only about money that I trust the Lord in prayer. I do

bring this money question before the Lord, but it is only one out of many things I speak to God about, and I find He helps. Often I have perplexity in finding persons of ability and fitness for the various posts that I have to have supplied. Sometimes weeks and months pass, and day by day, day by day, I bring the matter before the Lord, and invariably He helps. It is so about the conversion of persons—prayer, sooner or later is turned into praise. After a while, God helps. It is so about the needs of our work in sending our tracts and books, and missionary efforts: After a while God helps. We're never left, we're never confounded.

Do not, however, expect to attain full faith at once. All such things as jumping into full exercise of faith in such things I discountenance. I do not believe in it, I do not believe in it, I do NOT believe in it, and I want you to plainly understand I do not believe in it. All such things go on in a natural way. The little I did obtain I did not obtain all at once. All this I say particularly, because letters come to me full of questions from those who seek to have their faith strengthened. Begin over again, staying your soul on the Word of God, and you will find an increase of your faith as you exercise it.

One thing more. Some say, "Oh, I shall never have the gift of faith Mr. Muller has got. He has the gift of faith." This is the greatest mistake—it is a great error—there is not a particle of truth in it. My faith is just the same kind of faith that all of God's children have had. It is the same kind that Simon Peter had, and all Christians may obtain the like faith. My faith is their faith, though there may be more of it because my faith has been a little more developed by exercise than theirs; but their faith is precisely the faith I exercise, only, with regard to the degree, mine may be more strongly exercised.

*What little faith I have is the grace of faith, not the gift.* But he who has the grace of faith always has it accompanied by love rendered "charity." The gift of faith is able to command, and may even command devils. The grace of faith has to do with the written Word of the Lord.

Now, my beloved brothers and sisters, begin in a little way. At first I was able to trust the Lord for ten dollars, then for a hundred dollars, then for a thousand dollars, then for a hundred thousand dollars, and now, with the greatest ease, I could trust Him for millions of dollars if there was occasion. But, first, I should quietly, carefully, deliberately examine and see whether what I was trusting for was something in accordance with His promise in His written Word. If I found it was, the amount of the difficulties would be no hindrance to my trust. Fifty-one years, and God has never failed me! Trust Him for yourselves and find how true to His Word He is.

May God's richest, choicest blessings rest

upon you now, and upon all who do now feel encouraged to put their whole trust in Christ hereafter. Then will peace, sunshine and

happiness begin with the beginning of the exercise of the grace of faith, which is always found united with love.—Sel.

## The Spiritual Combat

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Those who have fallen in love with St. Francis de Sales, as all must who get acquainted with him, will have intense interest in the little book on which he formed his life. When asked by his most intimate friend, the Bishop of Belley, who was his director, he drew from his pocket *The Spiritual Combat* and said: "This is he, who, with God, taught me from my youth up; he is my master in all the exercises of the inward life. When I was a scholar at Padua a Theatine made me acquainted with it, and commended it to me; I followed his advice, and it has been well with me." Writing to Madame de Chantal, he calls it "my dear book which I have carried in my pocket these eighteen years, and which I never reread without profit." To another he writes: "Read and reread *The Spiritual Combat*; this ought to be your dear book; it is clear and all practical." That which this most holy man read daily, and which vast numbers of others have perused with benefit, may well have a message to us, even after three centuries and a quarter, for it deals with truths that do not change.

It was first sent forth in 1589, and attained immediately an enduring popularity. In the twenty-one years that the author had yet to live it had been spread abroad in nearly fifty editions, and had been translated into many languages. In 190 years there were (including the translations) 260 editions. All the tongues of Europe, as well as some in Asia, had received it. The first three editions were published at Venice, the first with no indication of the author; the second and third said it was "by a servant of God." The eighth edition, at Milan, 1593, attributed it to the Theatines. It was not until the year of the author's death (at Nales, where he passed away "in the odor of sanctity" November 26, 1610) that an edition published at Bologna had his name attached.

That name was Lorenzo (or Lawrence) Scupoli. He was born in the city of Otranto, Southern Italy, about 1530. He lived with his parents till he was forty years of age, when he addressed himself to St. Andrew Avellino by whom he was admitted to the religious habit in the convent of St. Paul's at Naples, January 25, 1570. This St. Andrew (born in 1520) at Naples in 1556 embraced the rule of the Regular Clerks of the Theatines and was an extremely holy man, laboring incessantly to establish the reign of pure love in all his affections. He vowed to fight perpetually against his own will and always to advance to the uttermost of his power in Christian perfection. All the hours that were free from exterior employments of duty or charity were devoted to prayer and contemplation. He attained a very eminent spirit

of piety, and imparted that spirit to many disciples. Among them was Scupoli. After some time spent in retirement and holy meditation, Scupoli displayed extraordinary talents in preaching and in the care of souls, at Naples, Placentia, Milan, Venice, and Genoa.

This ministry continued to the great profit and comfort of many for a considerable time. But the trial of his faith had not yet been perfected by fire. God, therefore, permitted him to fall into violent persecution, through slander and jealousy, by which he was removed from serving the public. During the year 1585, while at Genoa, whither he had been sent by his superiors to minister to those afflicted by the plague, some shocking bit of calumny, the exact nature of which is not known, was circulated about him. It is to be presumed that he was entirely innocent, but that the fact of his innocence could not be clearly proven. So he deemed it best to bear quietly this heavy cross, and in the silence of a monastic cell to serve God in other ways. He adored the decrees of Providence which permitted this to happen, committed himself in all meekness, humbleness, and patience to God, absorbed himself entirely in the contemplation of Divine things, so that he seemed scarcely to live any longer in a mortal body, and found, as God's children always do, under such circumstances, the hard ways turned into soft. Where he had gained his thousands in active duty he now won his thousands of thousands as he poured forth his soul united in fervent love with his crucified Master. Four years after his withdrawal from the pulpit there was sent out, 1589, from Venice, his place of retirement, the little book which the Lord has so marvelously blessed.

Dr. E. B. Pusey, professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and canon of Christ Church there, in editing an edition which lies before us as we write (published by Parker of Oxford and Rivingtons, London, 1875, and marked 20th thousand), and writing a preface, 1846, says: "Nowhere, perhaps, among human books, in the same space is there the same fulness and explicitness of rules, how to live holily. It seems the experience of a life condensed." Bishop Wilson, of the Anglican Church, also praises it, as do numbers of others. Archbishop Fenelon mentions it with admiration.

The work has for its motto the words of Paul: "A man is not crowned except he strive lawfully." It is dedicated "To the chief Captain and most glorious Conqueror, Jesus Christ." The author says: "Seeing that the sacrifices and offerings of us mortals, when offered unto Thee from a pure heart to Thy glory, ever have been, and ever will be, pleasing unto Thy Majesty; I present unto Thee

this little treatise of the Spiritual Combat, dedicating it to Thy Divine Majesty, who art King of heaven and earth. Whatsoever this treatise teacheth, all is Thy teaching; for Thou hast taught us that distrusting ourselves we should trust in Thee, fight, and pray." He signs himself "Thy most humble servant, purchased with Thy blood."

It was at first sent out with twenty-four short chapters only. Then it was enlarged to sixty-six; then a supplement of thirty-seven more was appended. There is also an Appendix called *Inward Peace* or the Path to Paradise; to which are joined Maxims for the Soul That Wishes to Love Jesus Christ Perfectly, and Aspirations of Love Toward God. The whole is not large. The style is simple and concise. It is a capital manual for those who wish to make themselves masters in the art of godly living. The selections we append will doubtless whet the appetite of the reader for more.

"The whole world is filled with books, and yet all put together cannot teach so perfectly the way to acquire all virtues as doth the contemplation of God crucified."

"To mortify and conquer our own appetites, in however trifling instances, is more praiseworthy than to storm strong cities, to defeat mighty armies, work miracles, or raise the dead."

"Cast off all thought and care, strip thyself of all anxiety about thyself and of all affections for earthly things, that God may clothe thee with Himself, and give thee that which thou hast not been able to conceive."

"The key which unlocks the secrets of the spiritual treasury is the knowing how to deny thyself at all times and in all things."

"Let everything be a means of leading thee to God, and let nothing hinder thee on the way."

"Purpose in all things to do what thou canst and oughtest to do; be indifferent and resigned to all that may follow out of thyself."

"Consider that not only do all the works which thou hast done fall short of the light which has been given thee to know them, and the grace to execute them, but also that they are very imperfect, and but too far removed from that pure intention, and due diligence and fervor with which they should be done, and which should ever accompany them." DISQUIET.

"As we should do our utmost to recover our peace of mind when we have lost it, so we must learn that there is nothing which ought to take it away, or ever disturb it."

"Be assured that all disquiet is displeasing in His sight; for, be it what it may, it is never free from imperfection, and always springs from some evil root of self-love."

"For the disquiet thou feelst on account of thy sin comes not from having offended God, but from having injured thyself."

"If when thou fallest thou art so saddened and disquieted as to be tempted to despair of advancing and doing well, this is a sure sign that thou trustest in thyself and not in God."

"Consider that all these disquieting things

and such like evils are not real evils, though outwardly they seem so, nor can they rob us of any real good, but are all ordered or permitted by God for righteous ends."

## SPEECH.

"Speak as little as may be of thy neighbor, or of anything that concerns him, unless an opportunity offers to say something good of him."

"Let the things which thy heart suggests to thee to say be well considered before they pass on to the tongue; for thou wilt perceive that it would be well to keep back many of them."

"Speak always with mildness and in a low tone of voice."

"Be silent when disquieted."

"Speak well of all and excuse their intention if thou canst not excuse their action."

"Speak neither well nor ill of thyself."

## SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

"It is a sign of progress in holiness, if amid dryness and darkness and anguish of soul and the withdrawal of spiritual joys, we go on firmly in our exercises of virtue."

"Another clear sign will be the degree of resistance made by the senses to the performance of acts of virtue; for the weaker this resistance the greater our advancement. When, then, we cease to feel any contradiction and rebellion in the lower and sensual part, and especially in case of sudden and unexpected attacks, we may look upon this as a token of having already attained to the virtue."

## HABITS.

"There can be no question that as habits of sin are formed by many and frequent acts of the higher will when it yields to the sensual appetite, so, on the contrary, habits of evangelical holiness are acquired by the performance of frequent and repeated acts of conformity to the Divine Will, by which we are called to the practice now of one virtue, now of another."

"When anything occurs to thee to be done, any struggle with self to be undertaken and victory over self to be attempted, before thou propose or resolve upon it, first think upon thine own weakness; next, filled with mistrust of self, turn to the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of God, and in reliance upon these, resolve to labor and to fight manfully."

"The exercise of doing all things with the single aim of pleasing God alone seems hard at first, but will become plain and easy by practice, if with the warmest affections of the heart we desire God alone; and long for Him as our only and most perfect good."

"We must watch with like jealousy over the passion of hatred, that we may hate nothing but sin and all which leads to sin. For these two passions of love and hatred are the foundation of the building of perfection."

## PERFECTION.

"We are wont to pray most perfectly by placing ourselves in the presence of God, darting from time to time sighs unto Him, turning our eyes to Him with a heart longing to please Him, and with a quick and burning

desire that He would help us to love Him purely, to honor and serve Him."

"Study to do some one act with as great fullness of will and purity of heart as if in it alone consisted all perfection, and the whole pleasure and honor of God."

"The aim of the whole life of the Christian who wills to become perfect must be a striving to form the habits of daily forgetting self more and more, and accustoming himself not to do his own will, that so he may do all things as moved thereto by the sole will of God, in order to please and honor Him."

"Remember to attend rather to advancement in holiness than to an examination of thy progress; for the Lord God, the true and only searcher of our hearts, gives this knowledge to some and withholds it from others, according as He sees that it will lead to pride or to humiliation; and, like a loving Father, He removes a danger from one while to another He offers an opportunity of increasing in holiness." VEXATIONS.

"Of this be sure that the more unreasonable in itself the trial seems, and the greater indignity it has by reason of the quarter whence it comes, and therefore to thee the more vexatious and the harder to be borne, so much the more pleasing wilt thou be to the Lord if, in things disordered in themselves and so the more bitter to thee, thou canst approve and love His Divine Will and Providence in which all events, howsoever disordered, have a most perfect rule and order."

"Value as dear friends every vexation and contempt which the world can heap upon thee. It is because men are not aware of the necessity of this daily warfare, and make too little account of it, that their victories are infrequent, difficult, imperfect, and unstable."

"If thou canst succeed in trampling under foot and destroying all thine unruly appetites, desires, and wishes, even the slightest of them, thou wilt render a more acceptable service to God than if thou shouldst scourge thyself unto blood or shouldst fast more rigorously than hermits and anchorites of old, or convert millions of souls, and yet willingly suffer one rebel will to live."

"Happen what may, remain thou ever steadfast and joyful in humble submission to His Divine Providence."

"Everything which befalls us comes from God for our good, and we may profit by it. And though some of these (such as our own failings or those of others) cannot be said to be of God who willeth no sin, yet are they from Him in that He permits them and, though able to hinder them, hinders them not." ONE THING AT A TIME.

"I do not advise thee to attend mainly to all or to many virtues at once, but to one only, and afterwards to the others; thus will the virtuous habit be more easily and firmly planted in the soul. For by the constant exercise of one single virtue the memory recurs to it more readily on all occasions, the intellect becomes continually more quickened to

discern new ways and reasons for attaining to it, and the will inclines to follow more easily and lovingly, than if occupied with many virtues at one and the same time. And whoever exercises himself well in one virtue learns at the same time the way to exercise himself in another, and thus all grow together with the increase of one."

"Let thy whole thought, thy desire, thy heart, think of nothing, desire nothing, long for nothing, but to conquer that passion with which thou art struggling and to acquire its opposite virtue. Be this all thy world, thy heaven, thy earth, thine every treasure; and all in order to please God."

"Love all occasions which lead to the exercise of any virtue, and especially those which are most difficult, seeing that habits are more quickly formed and more deeply rooted, the greater the difficulties to be overcome; therefore love those which offer thee such difficulties." THE WILL OF GOD.

"As soon as things of a holy and spiritual nature are presented to us we look longingly upon them and desire them; not because such is the will of God, nor with the sole view of pleasing Him, but for the sake of the benefit and satisfaction we ourselves desire from willing those things which God wills. This delusion is the more subtle as the thing desired is in itself the more excellent. Hence, even in the desire after God Himself, we are exposed to the delusions of self-love, which often leads us to look more to our own interests and to the benefits we expect from God than to His will, whose pleasure it is that we love, desire, and obey Him for His own glory alone."

"When anything is presented to thee as willed by God, do not allow thyself to will it till thou hast first raised thy thoughts to Him to discover whether He willeth thee to will it, and because He so wills it and to please Him alone."

"In all things make it a general rule to keep thy wishes so far removed from every other object, that they may aim simply and solely at its true and only end; that is, the will of God. For in this way will they be well ordered and righteous; and thou, in any contrary event whatsoever, wilt be not only calm but contented; for, as nothing can happen without the Supreme Will, thou, by willing the same, wilt come at all times both to will and to have all that happens and all that thou desirest."

"Let thy will be always so loosed from self that thou wilt not anything; and when thou dost will something, will it so that if what thou willest be not done, but the contrary, it may not grieve thee, but let thy spirit remain as calm as if thou hadst willed nothing."

"He who acts as moved by God wishes to have that only which pleases God that he should have, and at the time and in the way which may be most agreeable to him; and whether he have it or not, he is equally calm and contented, because in either case he obtains his wish and fulfils his intention, which was no other than to please God."—Sel.

## Terrible Experience of Missionaries

At Tsaoyang, in Hupeh Providence, China.

Rev. H. S. Fauske, one of the missionaries who had been held on ransom by the robbers at Tsaoyang, arrived in Hankow on Sunday. When interviewed by a Hanhwo newspaper representative gave the following harrowing narrative of the fearful hardships the captives suffered from the hands of the bandits. Mr. Fauske said:

"The robbers broke in at the back gate of the mission compound about 5:30 on the morning of September 26. They were dressed in silks and satins and had silk girdles which hung nearly to the ground. Each one had a rifle and revolver. About five or six men pointed their rifles at us and demanded silver, money, our watches and valuables, and also demanded that we give up what guns or revolvers we had. Mr. Holm had no weapons and I had only one revolver which I gave up to the robbers.

"Then because we had no silver they took Mr. Holm captive and we did not know where they went with him. Then came fifteen or twenty men in by the back gate again demanding silver of me, and because I did not have any they took me captive and held me for ransom. They demanded twenty rifles of me. Of course, I could not give them any rifles. They then demanded that I manufacture rifles as I was a *foreigner*, and, so they said, "able to do so."

"When I was taken away the women and children were left alone. They were Mrs. Holm and one child, Mrs. Fauske and two children and Miss Sather. The robbers became so numerous that the ladies and children fled to a Chinese house, where they hid in the kitchen. The next day the women and children were taken to the yamen (the official building) by the robbers, who knew where they were hidden in the Chinese house. They were held captive at the yamen by the robbers and the advisor of the robber chief assisted them in as much as he did not allow any of the robbers to go into the yamen and do them harm.

"They remained in the yamen ten days. I was taken captive at the mission station about 6:30 o'clock on the morning of September 26, and was taken to a Chinese house on the main street. On the 27th, Saturday morning, the robbers allowed me to go back to the mission station in order to secure food for my wife and children. I did not know at that time where my wife and children were. Upon my arrival at the mission station I could find none of my family. No one could tell me where they were or what had happened to them. At the mission station I encountered Mr. Holm, who had also secured permission from the robbers to return in order to look after his family. The robbers who brought up back to the station were not the same who took us captive. We found that everything in the mission was absolutely destroyed. The windows, doors, floors and furniture were all smashed up. All food,

clothing and movables had been stolen. The horse and cow had been taken away and the carriage entirely demolished.

"Then Mr. Holm and I went into the street to try to find our families, but our search was fruitless. At this time the troops of soldiers which had arrived started to attack the robbers by firing from outside the city walls, the shots whistling through the streets in which we were, spattering up against the buildings. This alarmed the robbers, who immediately started for another part of the city. We took advantage of this opportunity to make our escape, so we fled to an old Chinese house which at the moment was vacated. In the house lived a man named Wang and his wife and two children and a relative. We ran into a side room being used for a kitchen and hid ourselves in a pile of old wheat straw, in the corner of the room. No sooner had we got inside the straw than the robbers came and began their search for us. They pulled the straw about, jumped on top of it, and ran their bayonets through the straw pile. Time and again the bayonets just missed my legs. They searched for us in that house and on that street for four days. All this time the robbers were living in the same house, in a room opposite to us. For three days and nights we were without water and food. We did not sleep at all for eleven days and nights, for the robbers were all the time in the same house with us, most of the time in the adjoining room.

"They were smoking opium and we frequently heard them say that when they caught us they would kill us. The only time we could move a muscle was when a pig moved about, rustling the straw in which we were hidden, and when the rats scampered about, at which time we would move a little to relieve the terrible tension of our muscles from their cramped position. We were almost choked with the dust in the straw and the burning in our throats, noses and eyes. I chewed on my handkerchief for a half day in the attempt to moisten my mouth. When I could stand it no longer I got up in the night from out the straw and groped about until I found about a cupful of water which I drank with eagerness. It was dirty water left in a wash tub. That revived me and my heart began to work better. This was on September 30.

"That morning the owner of the house, Mr. Wang, who was treated as a slave by the robbers, being made to care for their horses and to do their work for them, came in to see his family, and they arranged to hide their clothing in the straw in which we were secreted. We spoke to Mr. Wang, who was startled and surprised to find us there, but he promised not to tell anybody where we were. He gave us some water to drink. I will never forget it, and then some cold

rice to eat. He did not get an opportunity to give us any more then, on account of the robbers, but each day after that we got a little rice and water enough to keep us alive. He had not much chance to give us food or water, as he was forced by the robbers to work for them outside all the time.

"The last day but one that we were in the straw Wang found out where our families were and told us they were in the yamen. Of course, we were very anxious, as we did not even then know whether they were being well treated. No message could be sent to them by us for fear that we would be discovered.

"Prof. Stokstad and Rev. Johnson" (these were two missionaries of their mission that went to their rescue) "came to Tsaoyang on October 3 and took command of the troops by order of Vice-President Lee Yuan-hung. If they had not arrived the city would have been burned and we would have all perished. On the nights of October 4, 5 and 6 the robbers tried to escape from the city and endeavored to pass the troops, but were driven back into the city again. On the 7th of October they managed to get by the Nanyangfu troops, who did not do their duty. About 400 of the robbers were killed in the city during the time they were in Tsaoyang. The robbers murdered 2,000 people in Tsaoyang. The number of troops was about 1,000.

"On the morning of the 7th of October Wang took Mr. Holm's card to his wife, who had already returned from the yamen to the mission station. The robbers had left the city, going northward to Liu Chia C'hai. When we got back to the mission station we found a can of oatmeal which the robbers had overlooked, which we boiled and ate, and we got a little rice soup from the Chinese street. It was impossible to stay at the mission on account of the stench rising from the dead bodies lying around, so we left the next day for Fancheng with an escort of troops. Later on food came from Fancheng and Siangyang, which we met on the road as we were going to Fancheng, being carried by two bearers. We all were in a very weakened condition and could hardly stand."

Mr. Fauske was here in Hankow last Saturday, buying clothing and the necessary things to take the place of that which was destroyed by the robbers. Mr. and Mr. Holm and child and Miss Sather, all of whom are in a serious state from the terrible exposure and shock, will leave for America in the near future. Miss Sather has only been in China a short time, and this is her second attack by robbers. The other time they cut her on the head.

So many mission stations have been attacked by robbers this fall, but no missionaries have been held as prisoners as these have. We knew they were being held for a ransom, but were so relieved when we heard that General Lee had sent troops to drive out the robbers. Surely the Lord spared their lives in this time of awful danger.

## Gospel Work Among the Mountain People

The mountaineer is an interesting personage from whatever side you view him. For 150 years he has occupied the mountain coves and valleys, holding himself aloof from the outside world, and caring little for the great transactions of that busy world. His occupation is farming on a small scale and in a primitive manner, and hunting the small game abounding in the mountains. His life is simple as his surroundings can make it. He lives near to nature's heart; communes, from the mountain peak, with nature and nature's God; is naturally religious, and not a little superstitious. He is jealous and suspicious of strangers, of strong prejudices, tenacious to his opinions, free and generous when friendships are formed. He rigidly withholds his confidence until he is sure that confidence will not be betrayed.

The mountaineer has tried to live an honest, moral life, but his environment has been against him. With preaching often worse than no preaching, with no schools, or for only two or three months during the year, with no communication with the outside world, with no luxuries, few comforts and often only the bare necessities of life, he has struggled on with a determination which commands our respect and admiration.

A mountaineer does not feel his deprivations keenly. He is used to them. To be away from the current of the world's life does not worry him, for he has always been away. To live in a cabin with but few, even of what others call the necessities of life, seems the natural thing to him. I have seen children wading in the snow with bare feet, but they seemed to enjoy it. Many suffer from insufficient clothing and from open houses.

Outsiders would be struck, very likely, with the mountaineer's hospitality. He entertains friends and strangers alike, free of charge. The people visit each other more frequently than is common elsewhere. One takes his whole family and goes miles to visit some uncle or aunt or second cousin. The visit usually lasts a week or more. People passing along the road stop in for dinner or to stay all night just where the hour finds them. No one refuses hospitality or charges for the entertainment.

If a mountaineer should omit to ask you back again, he would chide himself for impoliteness. "Come over again and bring your old woman (wife) with you," is always the parting word.

The people make few social distinctions.

There is no aristocracy, no middle class, no lower stratum of society. As one said to me: "One man is as good as another, if he behaves himself."

He is of a religious disposition. The faith of the fathers is especially dear to him. Out and out skepticism is a thing of detestation. Religious tendencies are inborn. He is a keen observer. Habits of birds and beasts are attentively studied. He acquires his

natural history at first hand. He does not have the "Signal Service" to forecast the weather for him. The cloud with its mountain background tells by its movement and direction what the weather will be.

Division of labor has not yet reached the mountaineer. Many articles considered as necessities among people nearer the centers of traffic are wanting altogether or else are self-made. The spinning wheel and hand loom has not yet disappeared. Nearly every man mends his own shoes and his harness as a matter of course. The problem suggested to the mountaineer, on seeing an article he wants is how he can make it himself, rather than where he can buy it.

I have heard so much talk about the peculiarities and ways of living of the mountain people that one might almost conclude that they were a distinct race, but in my experience with them I find that they are about what might be expected of any people who had been shut in, to live in the seclusion they have. Lack of opportunity and contact with the outside world has kept them back from

the advancement which those who have had the privileges have attained. There is no reason to doubt that if they were given the same opportunities they would make just as intelligent and refined citizens as can be found anywhere. Many show quick observation and good, sound judgment, so that we are encouraged to labor on.

Oh, if the purses of our wealthy Christian people could be opened we could in ten years capture this entire mountain region—for Christ! Neglected communities are waiting for us to send teachers to educate their children. Colporteurs to carry them the Bible and other gospel truth. Meanwhile, those now on the field are tireless in their efforts to reach the largest possible number and lift them to a high plane of Christian morality. The field is whitening to harvest; the Master says, "Go and teach them."

The mountaineer is brave, generous, hospitable, patriotic and religious in a sense, and is just awakening to his needs. He needs help. The whole section needs to be worked; we have hardly broken the crust. Literature, schools, are much needed. May God hasten the day when every valley and every hillside shall resound with praise His name!—Sel.

## A Mountain Bible Trip of a Colporteur

This has been both a weary and interesting trip among the highest, ruggedest and most rocky mountains in Georgia. I have been astonished to find people living up, almost on top of the mountain peaks, and down, away down, in the lowest mountain depths and to me, in some of the most inaccessible little mountain flats, in their small cabin homes and their little patches of land in cultivation, near the steep hillsides, some so steep that the work has all to be done with hoes.

I have found during this trip the people (without exceptions, men, women and children, to be a hard working, industrious people, so much so that I have scarcely found any one at home later than 7 o'clock in the morning, all the family being away in their fields and corn patches, working with their hoes, plows, etc.

It has been very touching to see the little children hard at work, with their hoes. They seemed scarcely able to carry them.

I have often wondered how these could possibly make a living and though many are very poor and comparatively destitute, yet, they are a contented, uncomplaining, happy people and so united in their homes as families; also among themselves as neighbors, and with relation to the children. God bless them. I can truly say, that in all my extensive travels, I have never found (as a whole) a more loving, kind, gentle, well behaved, bright, and intelligent class of children. These poor people have received me with true open-hearted kindness and generous hospitality, and the Bibles, Testaments, papers and cards have been received with

such joy and gratitude that I am sure if those who so kindly made it possible for the distribution of such could see the eagerness and thankfulness of those to whom they have been given they would feel well paid, like myself, after leaving my horse and buggy at the foot of a mountain and with Bibles and Testaments under my arm and climbing the steep mountain-side, where horse and wagon have never been and likely never will be.

On reaching the tops, fairly exhausted, how glad my heart has been to be received with joy and to hear the poor people, on leaving them, blessing God for a Christian Missionary visit and a Bible all their very own for which they had been wishing so long, but unable to get.

A widow lady with four children, and without a Bible in her home, on receiving one clasped it to her breast, exclaiming, "I won't neglect my precious Bible!"

A poor preacher away up on a mountain who had an old ragged Bible, on receiving a good one, was almost beside himself with joy.

I stayed at a little cabin and talked with two girls, one aged 14 years and the other about 9.

They told me they had a brother and sister still younger, a mother, but no father.

Their mother was away working to earn bread for her children and would be gone for several days. They were exceedingly poor and somewhat destitute and the poor children were unassuming, gentle and respectful and the place was desolate looking.

I asked the eldest girl if they were not afraid to stay alone, and she replied: "No."

we ask Jesus to take care of us, so we are not afraid." I asked, "Have you always plenty to eat?" She replied with such contented simplicity, "No, not always, but we get along."

I talked with them quite a while, then went up the mountain to visit another family and on coming down again the eldest girl was waiting for me with sheet of note paper in hand, which she offered me. I asked her why she wanted me to take the paper. She replied:

"Well, you gave us the nice papers and cards and I want to give you something in return." This was all she had to give.

Sometime after, on a very hot day, I was returning and she had seen me coming and was waiting on the road with a pitcher and glass to give me a drink of fresh, cool, spring water.

Such gratitude! Oh, kind Father, enfold in thine arms of love Thy mountain fatherless ones.

Shortly after I met the mother of those children at a house where she was working. I asked her if she had a Bible at home. She said she had none, but had long wished for one, and had never been able to get it. Would she use it, and live as it taught her, and teach her own children also? She said: "Indeed I would." I said then, "Mother here is a Bible for you." I turned to speak to some one in the room and on turning again to the widow the Bible was in her lap, her head was bowed between her hands and she was weeping for joy, to know that at last she was the happy possessor of God's holy word. There were many people in the room at the time, all of whom were completely overcome.

Oh! what is toil, weariness or sacrifice compared with the joy, of being a co-worker in so great a cause. Glory to God! who permits us to be so.

I am happy to say to those through whose love and liberality such work's being done that our labor's not in vain, for the Master's name has been glorified during the last three weeks' work of carrying the Word of Life, papers, cards; and preaching from house to house, from church to church or by the wayside. Apparently eleven souls have been brought to Jesus. One very old man, not far from the valley of shadows, whom I met on the road and talked with, on parting, grasped my hand and with tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed, "My load is gone, my heart is glad, my soul rejoices. What comfort you have brought. Praise God that we have met."

Many I have left praising God for sending one of His messengers that way.

This is indeed a weary, toilsome life. I have been so exhausted that I have stopped my horse on the roadside and fallen asleep with my head resting on the "lazy" back of my buggy; yet, all we can sacrifice, or suffer, how little it is to do for "Him who hath loved us and gave himself for us."

Happy if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death  
Behold, behold, the Lamb.—Sel.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION—THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

BY Z. L. DAVIS.

The greatest question in the world is salvation of the immortal soul. Jesus said, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." One man, no matter how degraded, despised or ignorant he is, is worth more than the whole world. Put all of earth's golden treasures together, the ropes of pearl, the jeweled crowns, the scepters encrusted with gems, in the balance of the scales and one human soul in God's sight would outweigh them all.

Go into the great city with its marble statues, its tall buildings reaching to the sky, its pillared cathedrals, its fat vaults, and what is the greatest thing in it? Not its floral parks, its vast libraries, its commercial enterprises, its revolving wheels, its innumerable motors, but the greatest, grandest of all amid its splendor and dazzling wealth is the immortal soul.

When those have crumbled to dust, that will live on. When time has changed to eternity, that will live on. When the heavens have parted as a scroll, that will live on and on forever and ever, or burn on forever through endless ages, according to the deeds done in the body.

It is plain, then, that the supreme question is salvation of the immortal soul. Jesus Christ was incarnate in human flesh for our redemption. He came to us accredited of the Father. For this He left His beautiful home in Heaven, came down to this world lost in darkness, and in the night of unbelief, He lived among men, and He died for us. He was the Spirit of God, and He was the life of the world. He was the light of the world, and He was the truth. He was the Word of God, and He was the life of the world. He was the Spirit of God, and He was the life of the world. He was the light of the world, and He was the truth. He was the Word of God, and He was the life of the world.

He stopped deaf ears, made the blind to see and the lame to walk. He fed the hungry and raised the dead to life. His work was an endless revival of holy labor. He went about doing good. He taught us to do unto others that which we would have them do unto us. To-day our every need can be met in Jesus Christ. It is written, "My God shall supply all your need."

O wonderful words of truth. O most comforting assurance. Let us have a revival of faith. "Faith is the gift of God," but are there not those who hold aloof from God's best gifts? Now let us no more hold back, but let us reach up for these good gifts from above. It is when looking upward, and lifting upward that the burden rolls off. When the back is bowed earthward, the burdens mount up higher and higher until, like the woman whom Jesus healed, when she touched the hem of His garment, they are bowed

nearly double. How long our country has been stooping earthward. Money has been the great concern of the government, not salvation. To obtain revenue, it has gone into the business of wrecking homes, ruining souls through the liquor shop. Just as soon as our whole nation rises up and takes a penitent look toward the King of Kings, these awful burdens, (license, crime, ignorance, vice, racial troubles, etc.) will roll off at the feet of the Lord of Lords. O for a revival, nation wide, so that the money-mad ones will get a look at our Saviour from sin.

We want the faith that will enable us to lay hold of God's infinite promises, and appropriate them. We want the child-like faith that will ask, seek and knock, that will not let go of God until we have a blessing.

We want a faith that believes in Christ as "the only Name given under Heaven

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

## EDITORIAL

More than 162 students have already been enrolled, with others coming. The work is prospering and we know of no place where money invested will go further.

If a thousand of our people would make a Christmas offering for this purpose it would settle the problem. Will every reader help as the Lord may direct?

### THE SHOUT OF FAITH.

The passing of the Israelites from Egypt into Canaan is typical of the Christian experience. Evidently it was so designed and a more striking illustration of the varied experiences through which the people of God pass could not be found.

### THE JOURNEY.

They left Egypt for Canaan. They were brought out of the former that they might be brought into the latter. They were strangers and pilgrims journeying unto a land of which the Lord had said, "I will give it unto thee." Leaving Egypt, a type of the world; crossing the Red Sea, a type of conversion, they began the journey, which illustrates the Christian experience in all its phases. First came the bitter waters of Marah—the first trial after their deliverance. Alas! how many Christians pine in the first hour of trial. Then came Elim with its cool, refreshing shade—an oasis in the desert. Thank God for the Elims that follow the Marahs! Out of the bitter into the sweet; out of the darkness into the light. People who know the Lord have learned that weeping may endure for the night, but the joy cometh in the morning. Then came the hunger, followed by the manna, and so on, the supply always standing over against the need until the devout soul can sing:

But it is of the Jericho experience that we wish to write more particularly. They ultimately came out of the wilderness and passed over the Jordan and came into Canaan, the land of obedience, but there are enemies in the land that must be driven out. While to their great ancestor, Abraham, the entire country had been given, it only became theirs as a possession, according to the measure of their conquest, all that they "pressed with the soles of their feet." Just as in the wilderness experience, their first test was at Marah, so in the Canaan life the first battle was at Jericho. There are Jerichos lying in the path of every obedient soul, and the Scriptures are not silent as to how to conquer them. Specific instructions were given for the capture of this ancient citadel? The directions were specific, the method was unique, the victory was complete. Rams' horns were a new kind of

weapon, but is not God always choosing "the weak things of the world to confound the mighty? Gideon's pitchers represented a striking change of methods to implement of war.) Then came the six days march, followed by the seven times of the seventh day, then the shout of victory.

There are many other lessons from this bit of ancient history. The Bible is a looking glass in which human nature is graphically mirrored and its needs clearly shown. We are continually journeying a way that we never traveled before, beginning each day the word of the Lord may be heard saying, "Thou hast not gone this way before, but I am the God of the way." In the way new experiences are occurring daily, new difficulties arising, and new victories being wrought. Their path led by waters bitter, through palm groves cool and refreshing, through the desert of hunger, and over across into Canaan, either by Kadesh-Barnea, or the swelling Jordan, the latter only made necessary by disobedience, for they might have gone right over at Kadesh-barnea without the forty years of wandering in the wilderness. In the line of obedience there is traveling, but no wandering, for God clearly marked out the way, and they were wholly to blame for the failure to walk therein.

All pilgrims will arrive sooner or later at Jericho. Of this they may rest assured. How much needless alarm would be prevented if we only recognized that Jericho is of divine appointment.

### CAPTURED.

Jerichos are to be taken. That is what they are in our road for. We are not to stop at them, retreat before them, nor go around them; they must be subjugated. No doubt many, on beginning the Canaan journey, failed to see the place that Jericho had in their life, became discouraged, and went back into the wilderness. Jerichos are not misfortunes, they are only occasions for larger training. They occupy a very important place in God's method of discipline. There is no need of being afraid when the city looms up in the distance. It is at this juncture that many fail. They have heard such glowing descriptions of the Canaan life that there is no place in their thought left for a Jericho siege, but every soul who, like Caleb, follows the Lord wholly will pass his Jericho triumphantly.

### MEANS USED.

First, not of the world. Certainly a ram's horn siege was not of human devising. No doubt the Jerichoites looked with disdain upon such implements of war, not knowing that "our weapons are not carnal, but spiritual to the pulling down of the strongholds." The rams horns of the church have provoked much ridicule. There was no beauty that they should be desired, and most folks are continually trying to improve upon them, beguiling the simple soul with the thought that long, high-sounding liturgies, striking ritual and phylacteries in general are better than



the simple but profound services of the truly spiritual. "Not many wise, not many great, not many noble are called." Perhaps for one reason because we are so prone to pride that if the slightest pretext be given we are in danger of falling into the condemnation of the devil." **OBEDIENCE.**

Six days around Jericho without a sign of anything being accomplished. It was certainly a test of their obedience. Their courage might have been kept up better if they could have been allowed to fight a little. Sir Thomas Moore accepted office on the condition "that he was first to look to God and after God to the king." So it is ours to obey, whether we understand or not. When some one asked the wife of Havelock how he was holding up amid the terrible battles of India, she replied: "I know not, but I know he is trusting God and doing his duty." This is the spirit in which every Jericho must be compassed, just keeping at it, marching around in the path of duty regardless of whether or not any victory is manifest. The task may be difficult. A great surgeon having finished a very difficult operation exclaimed, "There is another nail in my coffin," and it is only by pouring out our lives that we may enrich others. It is comparatively easy to march around Jericho once, but then to go again with no walls falling, and then again and again and again, people lose courage and become "weary in well doing." Dean Stanley and Carlyle were walking down the streets of London many years ago, the Crimean war was on and Carlyle, as usual, was earnestly denouncing the present order of things when the great preacher asked him: "What, under the circumstances, is your advice to a canon of an English cathedral." He answered, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

It is so natural to become weary of just marching around. If a wall would fall every day courage would be renewed, but how trying is the waiting. Many tire of the monotony and quiet, remember seven is the perfect number, indicating the completion of the fullness of the effort that was to be made at the end of which God would deliver. This very important truth is often lost sight of. People seem to think that they can drift along in a slovenly way and find the blessing at the end of the day, but not so. There is no wall going to fall before a man who lounges carelessly around. The walls will fall before every one who does what is required of him. Don't go around three times and stop, nor five times and stop, nor six times and stop, obedience is not complete until the seventh journey is made; that is, do all you are told to do. It is not difficult to find a reason for the Jerichos that are standing all over the country. There was some little marching around them, but not for the full seven days. A little doing here and there what God says to do, but no full obedience. There are those who make a start in family prayer, studying the Scriptures, doing personal work, tithing, or

something of the kind, but they stop before they reach the second day, others reach the second and stop at the third, and some go on as far as the sixth, right in sight of victory, and then stop. Evidently Beauregard could have taken Washington just after the battle of Manassas, and Hannibal could have taken Rome after the battle of Cannae, but they failed to make the seventh round. Alas! alas! how many stop short of that seventh march. It is in behalf of the man "whose heart is perfect toward Him that the Lord is seeking to show Himself mighty." People go so far and then stop; they will do a little marching, but not enough, and many reason that it is not necessary to make the seventh trip, but reader, bear in mind that unless that seventh trip, the fullness of obedience, is made, the walls will not fall. This is the explanation of the defeat so widespread among the people of God. They have made a beginning in many things good, but they have not gone on to the seventh round. Remember that the falling of the wall was conditioned upon the seven days marching, and if any portion of the command was not obeyed no wall would fall, but at the end of doing just what God told them to do it would and did fall. The same is as true today as in olden times.

#### THE SHOUT.

After the seventh round on the seventh day. The perfection of obedience was realized in a mighty shout. It was a shout of faith. Now there are some very interesting things about this shout. It was to be at a certain time, it was not in order until the

seventh march of the seventh day; in other words, no walls could be shouted down until they had done what the Lord told them to do. The walls will never fall before a shouting that is not preceded by obedience. Let each be in order, first, obey, then shout and down comes the wall. The farmer plows, sows, harrows, and then expects the harvest over which he shouts. The patient soul meets the condition and shouts. The faithful worker sows beside all waters, knowing that there is no place where there is not some good ground that will bring forth thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. We are not speaking now of that habit of praise which should accompany us all along the journey, but rather of that definite shout of faith just before the falling of the wall. A praiseful heart should always be cultivated, but the shout of which we are now speaking is that definite one of faith which climaxes the effort, and down comes the wall. They had for the seven days marched, as commanded. The last step of the last journey had been taken, nothing remained to be done but to shout. It was the evidence of completed obedience, and the signal for Jehovah's deliverance. They might have done everything else but shout and the wall would not have fallen. It matters not what has already been done, faith must claim the victory. It is folly to attempt to shout the walls down until the conditions have been met, but when they have been met then arise in the strength of the Lord and shout and every Jericho of every sort, time and place will fall. Praise the Lord!

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

for Christian work. Let us not forget our absolute need of the same fullness if we are to resist and overcome the temptations that meet us in ordinary daily life. If we are not filled with the Spirit, we cannot be faithful witnesses for Christ in dark nights of trial. We shall certainly fail under some sudden assault, some unexpected provocation or disappointment. It is only as we are filled with the Spirit that we can wield with unflinching success the sword of the Spirit."

#### ADJUSTABLE.

We heard S. P. Henson lecturing on Backbone, illustrate foolhardiness by a bull which squared himself on the track facing an incoming train to contend its right to invade his pasture. Shortly there was nothing left from the fray but fragments of the foolish animal scattered promiscuously around. Backbone without sense or adjustability dooms its possessor to a life of constant defeat through needless conflict. True courage is tempered with that wisdom which gives not that which is holy unto the dogs nor casts pearls before swine. The lack of adjustability is well illustrated by the following from W. L. Watkinson:

The FRAM escaped the perils of the North Pole because her commander built her wide at the decks, narrowing her down to the keel, so that she did not withstand the ice, but

#### ANOTHER REASON.

Grace to withstand temptation is one of the chief reasons for being filled with the Spirit. The Spirit-filled Christian recognizes that there is dwelling within one greater than the enemy without. Just as the healthy body expels disease, so the strong Christian resists evil. The secret is to have the heart fortified by the indwelling Spirit and to work from this center. As another says:

"Learn how to prepare for temptation. How was Christ prepared for temptation? By the baptism of the Spirit. St. Luke, you remember, tells us that Jesus, being full of the Holy Ghost, was led by the Spirit into the wilderness. We speak much of the need to be filled with the Spirit as a preparation

yielded to its pressure. The terrible masses could not get a grip on the cleverly constructed craft. When the awful pressure came, so far from crushing the vessel, it lifted her clean out of the ice, and she rode triumphantly on the floes. This is the secret of safety. If we, unyielding, defiantly, and proudly deal with life, it grinds us to powder; but there is a wise passivity, an accommodativeness which conquers the sternness of things.

#### DIFFERENT METHODS.

Chas. H. Spurgeon said:

"I do not know how many years it will take to make Christ known at the rate of the present movement. A few men are set apart as missionaries and directed with complicated machinery, and good people feel sorry about the heathen. I find no fault with what is done, but the fault is that we are not doing a hundred times as much in ways more spontaneous."

The primitive Christians went everywhere preaching the Word and such a fiery baptism as rested upon them would send the church of today to every part of the habitable globe. Missionaries would be thrust forth by the Spirit in every direction. There would be a marked limbering of our staid methods. There are many mission fields where the work could soon be made self-sustaining. Not a few could support themselves with their own hands like the great apostle while they established missions. This would not be practicable in some countries, but in others it could be done. Why can't we have devout business men go to South America, for instance, and establish missions in connection with their other work? It could be done if people were sufficiently in earnest. To evangelize the world in this generation will require a degree of sacrifice never dreamed of by the modern church. It could be done if people were only awakened; but in their present worldly stupor they have little interest in salvation work. There are some gratifying signs of an awakening—not what it should be, but better than it has been. Let us push the battle for worldwide avenging.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;  
Not the wine drunk, but by the wine poured  
forth;  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;  
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

#### THE MADNESS OF SIN.

A. B. Simpson says:

Once in England, it is said, a bold and blatant infidel had amused and overawed a crowd by his defiance of God to strike him dead, and after again and again appealing to heaven to prove if there was anything in Christianity, without any apparent effect, he turned to his audience and ridiculed the God that was powerless to harm him. Some were influenced by his audacity, but God was waiting. On his way home, apparently in good health, he suddenly fell from his horse, and in a few moments expired. A medical examination was held and it was found that the cause of his death was inhaling a little insect no larger than a sand fly; that this little creature, the smallest of insects, was sent against him to show how contemptible all his strength and opposition were, and

how easily God could confound and destroy him by the feeblest of his creatures.

Such daring blasphemy only illustrates the madness of sin. Moral insanity is far more deadly in its effects than the dethronement of reason. Any man who contends against God is doing a very foolish thing. Continued resistance means ruin. How can an arm of flesh cope with Jehovah, and yet the world is full of people who deliberately reject God and will have none of his counsel. They had just as well try to stop the ebbing and flowing of the tides or the evolutions of the stars as to withstand God. What folly, what madness, to fight against Him who holds the worlds on the ends of His fingers. The only explanation that can be given is that man has been marred and intoxicated by sin, blinded by the god of this world.

#### MINISTERIAL FIDELITY.\*

The *Life of Faith* quotes a secular paper testifying as follows to the work of a New York clergyman who recently passed to his reward. To all of which we say amen:

Here was a preacher who sought no adventitious aids to attract attention, yet who never lacked a great and deeply interested congregation. Here was a pastor who never indulged in exploits outside the limit of pastoral duty, yet who never was distressed by desertions from his parish. Here was a religious teacher who sought no new fantasies of faith, and who discarded none of the vital and robust doctrines of his belief, and yet who never had occasion to lament the decline of faith or the failure of Christianity to lay hold upon the hearts and lives of men and women. His was a living example of the way in which to make the churches prosperous and Christianity a triumphant force in the world; and it will remain a living and potent example in his death as it was in his life.

It is the highest commendation. If he is content to be an humble minister of the gospel, to go among the people as a servant of the Lord, to minister at every altar, to preach anywhere to anybody, caring for publicity only so far as it enlarges his influence over the hearts of men, he will never be lacking for hearers, neither will his ministry be barren. The heart responds as of old to the truth presented in the power of the Holy Ghost, and all the reforms suggested by the latest additions in sociology are like a grain of sand to the mountain when compared to the power of the truth issuing from a heart all aglow with love to God and fellowmen. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. It is the fountain head of all true reform, the source of all abiding victory. He

who is faithful in the proclaiming of the same will never lack for auditors here nor for a crown up yonder. The minister who skims around like a swallow, touching a little here and a little there, known more as a lady's man and a society gentleman than a counselor for broken hearts and a winner of souls, may succeed in keeping his name in the paper, may apparently flourish for a while on cheap notoriety, but in the end those who are so unfortunate as to have to listen to him will starve for the bread of life, and he will ultimately awake to the fact that he has betrayed the most solemn trust committed to a human being. "Oh, what will the harvest be?"

#### PRAYER RATHER THAN MACHINERY.

Order is the first law of nature, organization is essential, method is necessary, but the more we pray the less machinery we need, and the less we pray the more machinery multiplies. There is no doubt that much of the extreme tendency to organization is attributable to a decline in spirituality. As the church drifts organization is added in the vain hope of making up the deficit, but spiritual loss cannot be repaired any such way. As R. A. Torrey, speaking on the subject, says:

The devil is perfectly willing that the church should multiply its organizations and deftly contrive machinery for the conquest of the world Christ, if it will only give up praying. He laughs softly as he looks at the church of today and says under his breath: "You can have your Sunday Schools, and your Y. M. C. A.'s, and your Y. W. C. A.'s, and your Y. P. C. E.'s, and your B. Y. P. U.'s, and your Epworth Leagues, and your W. C. T. U.'s, and your Boys' Brigades, and your institutional churches, and your men's clubs, and your grand choirs, and your fine organs, and your brilliant preachers, and your revival efforts, even, if you do not bring to them the power of Almighty God, sought and obtained by earnest, persistent, believing, mighty prayer." The devil is not afraid of machinery; he is only afraid of God and machinery without prayer is machinery without God. Our day is characterized by the multiplication of man's machinery and the diminution of God's power sought and obtained by prayer. But when men and women arise who believe in prayer, and who pray in the way the Bible teaches us to pray, prayer accomplishes as much as it ever did. Prayer can do anything God can do; for the arm of God responds to the touch of prayer. All the infinite resources of God are at the command of prayer. "Ask, and it shall be given you," cries our Heavenly Father, as He swings wide open the doors of the divine treasurehouse. There is only one limit to what prayer can do—that is what God can do. But all things are possible to God; therefore prayer is omnipotent.

"Are we living, habitually, in such nearness to the Lord Jesus that the gentlest intimation of His wish comes to us with the force of a command, and with the consciousness that some way or other it is possible to obey, and that we shall be carried through in any service to which He calls us?"

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. John T. Benson, Eastland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.  
Letters will not be published unless written on one side of the sheet only.

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

At the foot of the hill upon which the little town of Bethlehem is built there are many green fields, where shepherds guard their flocks of sheep from wolves and robbers. One bright winter's day many years ago, while the fields were still green, for there is seldom snow in that country, the shepherds sitting there suddenly heard the sound of laughter and of children's voices in the air. Around the curve in the steep path down the hillside poured a throng of merry children. Each one bore a well-filled earthen jar containing the noonday meal for their fathers, and the tall, brown-cloaked men arose and hurried to meet them.

No sooner had the children been relieved of their burdens than they scampered off among the sheep, greeting old pets and racing with the frisky lambs. Only two, a boy and a girl, remained behind with their father. He drew his little daughter, Ruth, down beside him, tucking his warm cloak carefully around her, while the seven-year-old boy, Nathaniel, who was about two years older than his sister, curled up beside her, playing with her father's great crook and listening to every word of the shepherd's talk. Several days before he had overheard one shepherd say, "Surely the time is ripe for the coming of the King." And since then he and Ruth had listened eagerly to all the news they could gather about this wonderful event. This day the men were again talking about the King.

"When He comes," one shepherd said, "He will bring peace and brotherly love to the whole world," and another answered, "Yea, and I have read that those who sit on princes' seats shall be no greater in His sight than little children."

Ruth and Nathaniel clasped hands excitedly beneath their father's cloak. From the scraps of conversation they had heard these last days they had imagined for themselves a wonderful picture of the new King whose coming was so near. He would wear royal purple robes, of course, and live in a marble palace in the near-by city of Jerusalem. They had been to Jerusalem once, to a service in the great temple, and had passed the very palace where they felt sure this King would dwell. It had high marble columns in front, a splashing fountain in the midst of a garden, and separating it from the street was a golden gate, at each side of which a marble lion was crouching.

The children had imagined the gates swinging open as the King and His train swept in or out. Yet this great King, with His followers and golden crown and marble lions, would be the friend of the shepherds, their father's friend!

And now, today, they had heard something even more remarkable. He would not

be too proud to speak to them, the children of a shepherd!

They talked about it as they lay awake that night in the tiny attic of their home.

"What will we say to Him when He stops to speak to us?" asked Ruth.

Nathaniel, puzzled, did not answer for a moment. "If only we could bring Him a present," he said at last, "that would be better than speaking. I really don't think little boys ever do talk to kings."

"But what could we bring Him?" questioned Ruth, sleepily. "I haven't anything 'cept my old dolly, and you haven't even as much as that."

They were standing close together, listening eagerly to the oldest shepherd who was reading aloud from a roll of parchment. As the children approached they caught these words, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; the government shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

"He is speaking of the King," whispered Nathaniel to Ruth, and they hurried to their father's side.

"But thou, *Bethlehem*," continued the reader, "though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall come forth one that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

"We shall see the King here, and before many days have passed," cried the shepherds, and in their wondering joy they all stood still and gazed into each other's shining eyes.

No one noticed Ruth and Nathaniel who had listened to the great news as eagerly as any of them, and who then hurried back up the steep path to the town. They had a hope that the King might come at any moment, riding through the narrow Bethlehem streets upon a snow white charger, a crown upon His head, His royal banners streaming in the breeze.

They stood upon the hill at the entrance to the town watching and waiting until the sun had set, and in the rosy afterglow the stars began to twinkle. They made Nathaniel think of his mother's song, and as the colour in the sky faded and the stars shone out brightly through the darkness he sang the words in his sweet, clear voice. Then suddenly the children exclaimed with wonder and surprise. They did not see the King riding up the hilly street, but they saw something nearly as wonderful. In the sky, among the stars, a new star had suddenly appeared, brighter and larger than all the others. It was so brilliant that it lighted the plains below where the shepherds still guarded their sheep, and yet its golden light was so soft and tender that it seemed to be

shining upon something too wonderful for words. It rose, higher, moved forward and then—it was gone!

As the days grew shorter and the nights colder the shepherds' children carried earthen pitchers of soup to their fathers at sunset. The men heated the supper over their bonfires while the children waited for the spoonfuls of hot soup which always rewarded them for their journey. Then they scampered up the steep hillside, racing to see who could reach the top first.

But gradually they walked more and more slowly, listening to Nathaniel's song, which they picked up one after another, until soon every child in Bethlehem, from baby Ruth to the ten-year-old boy of the master shepherd, sang every word so clearly and sweetly that the shepherds below paused in their talk to listen, and smiled at one another as they exclaimed, "Even the children's hearts are longing for the coming of the King!"

But day after day passed and He did not come, although Ruth and Nathaniel watched for Him eagerly, running to the edge of the town as soon as day broke and standing there again in the evening after they returned from the shepherds.

At dawn they listened for the sound of many horses' hoofs coming up the steep road, but the only sound was the bleat of a baby lamb or a bird's song, and in the dark when they watched for the glimmer of a hundred torches, the only light came from the sparkling stars. For the glorious star had not appeared again and the children felt that in some mysterious way it was connected with the King's coming.

One evening all the children stood around the shepherd's fires watching for the hot soup, warming their hands, and listening as their fathers talked earnestly about their great hope. Suddenly the sky before them became as bright as if the new star was rising and then, instead of the star, there stood before the shepherds and the children a glorious angel.

"Fear not," he said, for some of the children had run, frightened, to their fathers' arms. "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of Bethlehem a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a host of angels all singing:

Glory to God in the Highest,  
And on earth peace,  
Good-will towards men.

It was the sweetest song the world has ever heard. It echoed back from the silent hills over the starlit plain, and then as its last notes softly died away, the shining angels unfolded their great white wings and soared back slowly into the heavens.

Then the shepherds, thinking only of the King who was already waiting for them, hurried up the steep path varying their

finest lambs beneath their cloaks, and the children were left behind.

But the boys and girls had heard enough about the coming of the Christ to know that He was their King also, and although their steps were short and slow in comparison to their fathers', they came climbing afterwards, and reached a rough stable cave in the rocks just in time to see the shepherds disappear within it. A lantern, like a single star, hung across the entrance, but the children did not dare enter nor even peep inside the cave.

They knew that there, close to them, was the glorious King for whose coming the world had waited many years, the King who would teach all men to be brothers. The angel said that He had come as a tiny baby lying in a manger, but surely, the children thought, He could not be like their babies at home. Their minds were full of pictures of jewels and royal robes and golden crowns, and although Ruth and Nathaniel had watched and longed for this moment, they were too shy now that He was so near them to even bow before Him.

"We have no gift for Him," sighed Nathaniel, and in answer the children whispered, "Our fathers can give Him their lambs. When our mothers come they can bring the sheep's wool dyed blue and scarlet. We are so small perhaps we would not even be allowed to come into His presence."

Before long the shepherds came out, their faces shining as if the glory of the angels was still streaming upon them, and without noticing the huddled group of children they hurried off to tell others the good news.

As the children waited the sky again grew bright, and once more the radiant new star appeared. It moved until it shone forth like a small sun, right over the cave in which the King lay. The children were bathed in its tender light they looked almost like child angels, and then suddenly from within the cave they heard a low cry, like the wail of a tiny baby.

Without another thought they slipped into the cave, and there at the farther end they saw a lovely woman, wrapped in a sky blue cloak, and beside her a manger filled with fragrant hay. No royal attendants stood around, only a woolly sheep, a red cow, a quiet gray donkey, and upon the rafters above two blue pigeons.

But within the manger, wrapped, not in purple and gold, but in soft white bands, lay a wonderful baby. He was as beautiful as the new star, whose glory shone around Him, and again He pursed up His wee wouth and uttered a low cry.

Around His manger knelt the children, all with but one thought, to comfort that star-like baby, and when Nathaniel whispered, "Let us sing Him our song," their sweet, childish voices rose and filled the stable cave with the shepherd's lullaby.

The lovely woman smiled upon them. "That is a beautiful gift, dear children,

which you have brought to the Christ Child," she said; "it is my little Son's first Christmas gift from the children whom He has come to lead." From *"The Shepherd of Us All,"* by Mary Stewart. Illustrated, net \$1.25.—*Fleming H. Revell, New York.*

#### MISSION WORK IN PRISONS.

(The following appeal by one of the inmates of Tennessee State Prison was selected by Bro. S. E. Roth and sent in for publication, believing that the message might be appreciated by the readers of the Gospel Herald.)

The man behind the bars is worth consideration. Many of the leading characters of the Bible were convicts. Joseph graduated from the pit to the prison and from there to the king's throne.

Jeremiah was a prophet of prison life. Christ Himself was for years a hunted convict, and at last was arrested and sentenced to death and crucified.

John the Baptist, who drew the curtain introducing Jesus to the world, found the prison his home and the place of his translation.

Consider our Lord's first sermon when in the temple he took for a text the proclamation of liberty to the captive, and opening of the prisons to them that are bound.

The great apostle to the Gentiles delighted to sign himself in his letters from prison, "Paul a prisoner." Even in prison Paul exclaimed, in writing to the Philippians, "For to me to live is Christ," "Rejoice in the Lord always," "The peace of God passeth all understanding," etc.

In later years, or modern times men and women who have become famous were imprisoned and while in prison tried to do good to others. We mention, for instance, Madame Guyon, a prisoner in a French Bastille, who wrote much of prose and poetry. Will quote a stanza:

"Though my cage confine me round,  
And my wings are closely bound,  
My prison walls cannot control  
The flights of freedom of the soul.  
In God's mighty hand I'll find  
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

Others while in prison, wrote things to benefit the world. Francis Baker, of London, wrote that beautiful hymn: Jerusalem, my happy home, while imprisoned.

The greatest book—next to the Bible—was written within prison walls, namely, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

In years gone by it was indeed a sad thing to be in prison. Many have found the old maxim true: "He who enters here, leaves all hopes behind." But the best minds of this generation are awakening to the fact that prisoners are susceptible to improvement, and given a chance, will make good. The old saying: "Once a convict, always a convict; once a thief, always a thief," is not a rule, but rather the exception. The idea of the men who hunted and persecuted him was that the imprisonment was a means of punishment and retribution for his wrong-doing,

quite overlooking the fact that it should be the means of his reformation.

Under the former system of control the State tried to do nothing for an inmate of the prison but break his spirit, crush his manhood, destroy his nerve, wreck his health, and coin his labor into money.

The conclusion was forced upon every prisoner by the treatment that he received that the purpose of his imprisonment was only to punish and humiliate him, not to improve him.

The thinking men and women of our nation are awakening and realize that men and women can be arrested in their downward course and can be made over again into useful citizens. A wisely devised system of remittance for good conduct and parole tend to incite hopes and aspirations in his mind that urge him to better conduct, and the prospect of liberty is so alluring that he begins to fall in love with right, for the good it promises, and finally to realize that its rewards are far beyond anything possible to attain in his old career, and thus a new man is created, and society has restored to it a useful citizen, and there is one less law-breaker.

Are these men worth saving? Is it of importance to bring to them the Gospel that they are to be *born again and start anew?*

Most men in prisons are eager and susceptible to a plain, practical message, bearing to them a new hope and speaking to them a vital truth. But they must be made to feel that they are not entirely forsaken nor lost to hope, but that they have friends who desire their welfare and that they must work out their own salvation by being obedient to God's laws. No law, no prison, no discipline nor lash of punishment can make a bad man good or a weakling strong, the impure clean or the crooked straight, he must work out his own salvation. New desires and higher aspirations must be kindled in the prisoner's heart; then when he has arisen with a longing for better things and has willingly turned his back on his miserable past, we have a right to believe that a higher power will come to aid him, and that the same touch that came to the leper in old Jerusalem will make him clean. "God helps those who help themselves," is an old adage, and the underlying truth of all reformation. Within prison walls there is talent, wit, nerve and plenty of courage. It can be sent into the world to curse, blight, and damage, or turned into right channels and be used for good and be made a blessing to others as well as to themselves.

Perhaps no prison in America has made greater progress and improvements in reform lines than the Tennessee State Prison has in the last few years. Six years ago the prison management was in the hands of politicians. The warden and some of the guards were brutal and inhuman, cursing the men and brutally beating them on the slightest pretext. Talking was entirely forbidden, and if one would say, "Good morning"

to a fellow prisoner, and was caught at it he would be cruelly beaten. But praise the Lord, a light came to the prison when Governor Hooper took charge of state affairs and appointed good men of honor and humanity to govern the prison affairs. A school was organized, a library established, and humanity was installed instead of brutality as a governing factor. May God speed the day when all our prisons will be stepping stones to higher things, a gateway to a new life of hope and promise, that law-breakers

may be reformed, born anew and transformed into useful citizens.

Now what is the duty of a Christian? what his attitude to the prisoner? See what we can find in the twenty-fifty chapter of Matthew about the word prison.

"While the hungry souls are dying,  
And the prisoners feel like crying,  
For sympathy and love,  
Stand no longer idly by,  
You can help them if you try,  
With sympathy and love."

—Selected.

## FIELD NOTES

No paper next week.

W. R. Gilley is holding services at Chesapeake, Ohio.

W. W. Owen has been assisting in revival work at Eminence, Ky.

We have a full line of mottoes for holiday gifts.

W. W. McCord reports glorious victory in a meeting just closed at Sycamore, Georgia.

What better Christmas present could you give a friend than a subscription to Living Water. It is only a dollar a year.

There will be no paper December 25.

N. S. McClurkan and his singer, Mr. Green, are holding revival services at McEwen, Tenn.

We have beautiful wall mottoes at all prices. Order these for Christmas presents. Your friends will appreciate them.

Rev. Aura Smith recently held a meeting for H. B. Hosely in his church in Washington, D. C. Souls were saved in nearly every service.

If you want to buy a Bible to give a friend for a Christmas present, send to the Pentecostal Mission Publishing Company for a Bible catalogue.

G. W. Wright, a Kentucky pastor, writes of a blessed revival on his charge, in which fifty-eight were saved and eighteen sanctified.

Living Water office has a full line of beautiful mottoes. They are cheap and will make Christmas presents that will be a blessing to your friends.

Rev. Andrew Johnson will deliver a series of lectures on Bible, Theology, and Homiletics at the Des Arc, Missouri school from December 29, to January 21.

We trust our friends will not forget to help us on our new building for Trevecca College. A little help at this time will be greatly appreciated and we believe God will bless you in making a sacrifice to do this.

C. C. Davis, in writing from Emma, Illinois, says, "We are in the midst of what promises to be a great meeting. While the battle is hard and the powers of darkness are contending every step of the way, we feel victory is coming and we covet your prayers."

It is our custom to omit an issue of the paper at Christmas time. This year it is the issue of Dec. 25, hence will be our next issue.

Rev. John F. Owen reports victory in a six weeks campaign of revival work at Anson, Kansas. He was assisting Rev. Elbert M. Fly, who has a pastorate in that vicinity. Many of our readers know Brother Fly, who is one of our Tennessee boys and they will be pleased to know that God is blessing him in his pastoral work in Kansas.

Living Water as a Christmas present would be such a blessing to your friends. Every issue would bring a spiritual message.

The account given on page 5 of the experience of missionaries with robbers in China is the terrible experience of missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. They are co-workers of Mrs. Georgia Minter and this account was sent to us by her. She was at another station hence was spared this trying experience.

The following is quoted from a report from H. T. Heironimus: "We closed at Chelyan, Va., with good results. Not so many professions but, the work was deep and thorough and the church was left in a good state, spiritually. Quite a number of the best people of the church were very clearly sanctified, also a great many were saved. There were saved, reclaimed and sanctified about 117. The pastor, Rev. J. L. Dotson, is a fine man to labor with."

### A NOTE FROM BROTHER BUTLER IN GUATEMALA.

Recently Tito went out on an evangelistic journey and a woman loaned him a little mule to carry his baggage and a stereopticon. The mule got sick and died. The money Tito gets does not give him anything over with which to pay for the mule. The woman who loaned him the mule is poor. The mule was old and small but still doing good service. I saw her and asked what would satisfy her and she said anything we had a mind to give. Thirteen dollars will give her \$250 of this money and I told her I believed God would enable me to give her that much by the end of December. I would very much appreciate it if some one would like to help with this little matter. Money can be sent to Brother Benson or direct to me.

Yours in His service,

Coban, Guatemala.

J. T. BUTLER.

### "COURAGE AND COMFORT,"

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We will have no issue of Living Water for December 25. We omit the edition for Christmas week. This time it falls on Christmas Day.

## Ada Beeson Farmer

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# Remembering Christmas

## "HIS STAR IN THE EAST."

It was seen by the wise men. It kindled their faith and hope. They arose and followed it. It led them to Bethlehem. How little the world knew of the existence, and how little it appreciated the significance, of that marvelous star—*His* star! Herod fought against that star in its course; the Church was too busy with her lifeless routine and her pompous ecclesiasticism to take notice of it; the world was too absorbed with ambition, and too entranced with guilty pleasure, to pay any attention to it; infidelity scoffed at it; philosophy sneered at it; learned Greece, the home of literature and art, was too cultured to be attracted by such a commonplace incident; warlike Rome, the seat of political power, and the nursery of selfish greed, would not condescend to give the matter the slightest attention. That bright and winsome star glittered and blazed in the sky, and those humble wise men, after their weary march over the desert, came to Jerusalem to tell the world of its existence. There is little evidence that the world gave any heed to the wonderful tale. Some faithful hearts were ready to welcome the tidings. A loyal few were waiting for the redemption of Israel. Yet that star was the focus of prophecy; it was a gleam from beyond the skies; it was a gem from heaven's treasures; it was the herald of a new day; it led the footsteps of men to where the hope of the world was cradled.

"In the light of that star  
Lie the ages imperaled,  
And that song from afar  
Has swept o'er the world."

Let us hark amid the turmoil and noise and rush of this busy century. What strange tidings of a new Star in the East come to us from over the seas! Is it *His* Star? We hear of the Bible translated into foreign languages, the gospel preached in strange tongues, the rapid progress of Christian education, the growth of a religious literature opening up fountains of truth and grace hitherto unknown, the gathering of churches of spiritual believers around an open Bible, the reverent kneeling of multitudes to offer prayer in the name of Christ, the sweet songs of trusting hearts in humble adoration of Jesus, the tender scenes around communion tables, where lowly and penitent hearts take solemn vows of loyalty to the dear Redeemer, the noble endurance of persecution for Christ's sake, the touch of the healing art, with words of loving sympathy and counsel, in the name of the great Physician. Is it not *His* Star that we see again in the East?

Devout readers and friends of Christ, whose thoughts turn to Syria, as this month of December comes around, you need not doubt that it is *His* Star once more in the East, and it leads your hearts to where the young child lies amid the rude, wild scenes

of the Eastern world. Follow it with your prayers and hopes, your frankincense and myrrh. Bring your gifts, and pledge your loyal allegiance to this new child of the skies. Shrink not at what may seem to you a dreary desert of toil and waiting. This bright star of missions will lead you to another Bethlehem. It will bring you, in the shadows of a night yet dark before the dawn, to where the hope of the long neglected Eastern world lies cradled. Be not faithless, but believing. What a wealth of power, and what marvels of achievement, were wrapped up in that infant of days in Bethlehem! It is His own Gospel; it is His own Love and power and blessed promise which we preach and teach. If Christ is Christ, then missionary effort in the name of Christ, and in the power of Christ, is the hope of the world.

"Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night,  
Shining still before them  
With thy kindly light,  
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together,  
By thy guiding Star."

From "*The Modern Call of Missions*," by Dr. James S. Dennis. Net \$1.50.—*Fleming H. Revell, New York.*

## FROM MANGER TO THRONE.

LIONEL GOLDMAN.

In thinking of Christ's birth we, as a rule, naturally associate it with Calvary. The manger, the angel message, the heavenly choir, the astonished shepherds of the plains, the wise men of the East, in fact, everything connected with His birth seems to be overshadowed by the dark clouds of Calvary. As we stand in Bethlehem's khan each passing Christmas tide, and with the eyes of our imagination gaze upon the infant Christ as He

lies wrapped in swaddling clothes and virgin arms, there is but one thought that fills our minds, it is the thought—"from manger to the cross." The cross is what we see in every passing event of the Savior's life—His birth, His baptism, His miracles—all are but finger boards pointing toward that rugged hill outside Jerusalem with its Living Sacrifice. There where the roaring thunders and jagged lightning flashes of Sinai which speak of judgment, wrath and law are hushed into a calm and mellowed into everlasting love by the rolling tears and dripping blood of God's Eternal Lamb. There where the sinner sees the white-winged angel (Mercy); where he sees a Savior's condescension; a Father's love; a sinner's life and blessedness. For this reason then the manger lies continually in our minds beneath the long retracted shadow of the cross.

But I want us now to view the Master's birth in quite another aspect, for He was not only born to suffer, bleed and die, but He was also born to be a King. Not only is the truth "from manger to cross," but also "from manger to throne." But as surely as He came "to make an end of sins and to make reconciliation for iniquity" by His death, just so surely did He come "to bring in everlasting righteousness" and reign as King eternal. The angel message to Mary was: "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shall call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David: and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His KINGDOM there shall be no end."

The ancient prophet Micah, in writing of the Savior's birthplace, connects it with His reign: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth

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unto me that is to be RULER in Israel." Isaiah beautifully connects the Savior's birth and kingship when he says: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the THRONE OF DAVID, and upon his kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever". Yes, the fact of the Redeemer's birth at Bethlehem and death at Calvary, is no surer than the fact of His coming again, riding upon the clouds of heaven and taking possession of the earth, while all heaven vibrates with resonant cries. "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

Listen to those beautiful strains as they are wafted by heaven's angelic choir across the silent plains of Bethlehem, in the stillness of a beautiful summer's night: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It is true that the first advent of the Savior has brought peace—peace of mind, peace of conscience, peace of heart, peace with God—but all this is not "peace on earth." Since that night the earth has had no peace; enmity, hatred, strife and war have been the order of the age—brother going to war with brother, while huge, iron-clad vessels have ploughed the surface of the mighty deep beneath the awful roar of shot and shell. Did those angels sing a fruitless song? Did their heaven born words convey no truth, no meaning? Nay, we know that He whose birth they heralded with song was born to be a King—a King whose reign will be eternal, whose government will establish righteousness and truly inundate this earth with peace. Thus the manger will yet prove itself to be a stepping stone to that most glorious Throne. Hail, Thou King of Bethlehem's manger; hail, Thou King of earth's redeemed, for Thy peaceful reign we're waiting, hasten now that blissful day.—Sel.

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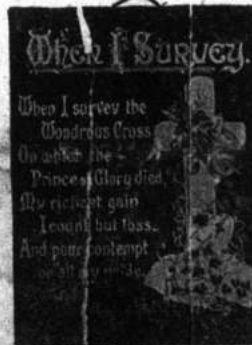
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