

# 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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## The Regular Church Services and The Perennial Revival

BY REV. W. B. RILEY.

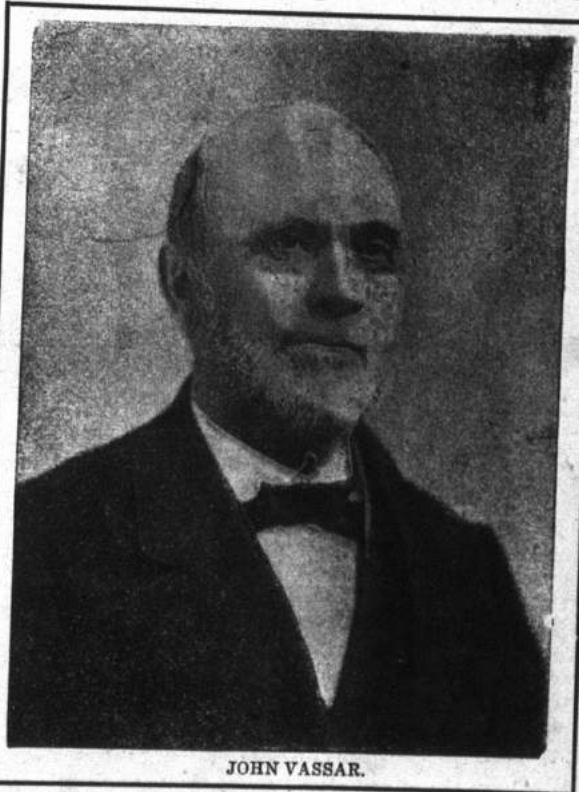
**R**EVIVAL! What do we mean by it? Let the Standard Dictionary speak: "A renewal of special interest in, and attention to, religious services and duties and the subject of personal salvation; a religious awakening." Who can object to the definition? 'Is not that exactly what the Psalmist meant when he cried, "Wilt Thou not revive us again that thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

Many years ago we knew a church which had been without preaching for months; it had worshiped only occasionally in a hired hall, while divisions between official brethren detracted the forces of the institution which had once been God's agency for saving men. A pastor was secured, a house was erected; services became regular; brotherly love displaced the old hatred and healed the differences; at the end of six months conversions began, and every communion witnessed new accessions to the organized body of believers. The pastor's salary was doubled and paid with greater promptness; offerings to missions multiplied many fold; the "twice a month" preaching gave way to the employment of a pastor for all his time; the little body which had, for a long season, been without prestige in its association became one of the most influential. That was a revival!

*Perennial!* "Continuing through the year or through many years; un-failing; unceasing; as, perennial springs." The dictionary's figure "As perennial springs," is a most happy one when applied to the problem of the church. Those of us who were brought up in the hill country of the South appreciate the difference between the wet-weather and the perennial spring. Many a time in the rainy season we have driven our knees into the black loam of a newly cleared hill-side and drank from a vein, full to-day, but

From "Perennial Revival." Sold at this office.

destined to fail to-morrow. The water was always sorry stuff and was always used as a makeshift of indolence, since the perennial spring was at the foot of the hill, and to enjoy it imposed a walk in going and work in returning. And yet the cold refreshing draught from the latter always sent one back to his service with a sense of compensation.



JOHN VASSAR.

The springs of revival which have characterized recent centuries have been too much after the wet-weather sort; they have opened only at a certain season and remained in action for a very short time. Our fathers in the faith behaved as if they believed the streams of salvation were closed the rest of the year; and one man, at least, brought up in a church where that idea of a revival ob-

tained, will never forget the utter disappointment, the despair akin to that which must characterize the damned, when the annual meeting of two weeks had closed and left him unsaved. He was like the man in the Bethesda porch. He had seen the waters troubled at a "certain season" and others stepping in to be made whole, while he must remain in

his paralysis; for the waters grew quiet, and he knew that it would be a twelve-month before the opportunity would return. Strange to say, his seniors seemed also to forget that Jesus was at hand and could work the miracle of healing out of season. We believe that the very bitterness of that experience gave origin to the idea of this book, and emphasis to a ministry which, for twenty years, has sought as assiduously to reach men's souls in the dog-days of August as in the appointed season of January.

Perennial! Is not that the word upon which we are to lay emphasis if we are rightly to interpret the injunction of Paul to Timothy, "Preach the word. Be urgent in season, out of season?"

With this definition of the Perennial Revival before us, let us pass on to the discussion of

### THE NECESSITY.

The very word "necessity" removes us from the realm of argument. There are voices more eloquent than were ever heard upon platform, pleading this necessity; there are silences more urgent than the voices of angels.

The prayer of the saint pleads it.

It is a blessed fact that regenerate men are ill-content to lead a languid Christian life, or to see their churches experience the same. William Cowper's hymn is now seldom sung in the sanctuary, but we believe it is often repeated in the closet:

"O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee."

There are men and women in our churches—thank God for them—who feel that there is something wrong with them when soul-winning ceases and the church becomes con-

tent in her barrenness. It is claimed that when Tulley was banished from Italy and Demosthenes from Athens they were never able to look toward their home-lands without bursting into sobs—such was their desire to be in their fatherlands again. There are men and women to whom the presence and evident favor of God is dearer than fair Italy's skies and landscapes were beautiful to her native born, and for whom the thought of His lost love is more difficult to bear than was banishment from the streets of the world's most intellectual city. If one wants to feel the necessity of a re-

revival let him go with such into their closets of prayer and listen while they cry to God, "Wilt Thou be angry with us forever? Wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations? Wilt Thou not revive us again that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

But we have said there are silences more eloquent still. Think of the sanctuaries, in country places and at the centers of great cities which were once crowded with ardent worshipers, but now reveal to the Sabbath-traveling public closed doors or discouragingly small congregations. Think of the churches, better filled, but Spirit-deserted and dead. Charles Spurgeon says, "Have you ever read 'The Ancient Mariner'? I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of dead men rising up to man the ship. Dead men pulling the ropes, dead men at the oars, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails! I thought what a strange idea! And

yet I have lived to see that. I have gone into churches where there was a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man reading the notices, a dead man rendering the solos, a dead man taking the collection, and the pews were filled with the dead." And Spurgeon has spoken no exceptional experience. What an appeal for the necessity of the Perennial Revival!

There are other arguments concerning this necessity that are eloquent enough. The steady decrease in the accessions to the great denominations in proportion to their numbers which has characterized recent years; the cry for retrenchment that has smitten the very souls of missionary secretaries and treasurers, the compromise with worldliness by which the ambitious have hoped to keep up appearances and increase the local church exchequer, the introduction of sensationalism into the pulpit, the parading of so-called new theology in baiting for Athenians, the turning of men from church to lodge, and of women

## THE SOURCE.

Calling attention to defects is a cruel work unless one is able to suggest a remedy and is willing to lend his best endeavor toward bringing it about. If it be conceded that the Perennial Revival is the long-needed remedy, the question remains, "Whence is it to come?" The answer to this question is valuable only in proportion as it is Scriptural. The man who seeks to solve the problem of successful evangelism outside of what the Scriptures say deals in pure speculation, deceives himself, and destroys others. Turning to the Book for the answers to our question, we draw on the source of true wisdom.

Probably no one will dispute the statement that the first and second chapters of the book of Acts present a sample revival. The earnest study of these chapters reveals the source of the true revival:

It originates with the Holy Ghost.

The promise of the ascended Lord to His disciples was this:

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." "When the day of Pentecost was fully come" Peter explained his own ability and that of his brethren by reminding his auditors of Joel's remark: "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit," and Peter declared they were experiencing its ful-

fillment. The revival did not originate with Peter, then; he was only the spokesman. The real source was higher yet, namely, in the Holy Ghost.

This very fact often explains the revival, the origin of which non-spiritual men can not understand. In 1828, in Oswego County, New York, a work of grace began on a barren field. In mid-summer one hundred and fifty souls were saved and added to the country church. People were at a loss to account for it. But wonder was at an end with the godly when it was learned that two old men, living a mile apart, had selected a point midway, in a cluster of trees, and there at the down-going of the sun had met for months to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit of God. Dr. S. F. Smith knew why he wrote the words:

"Spirit of holiness descend,  
Thine ear in kind compassion lend,  
Let us thy mercy see.  
Behold thy wearying churches wait

"Revive thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul thirst for thee,  
And hungering for the Bread of Life  
Oh may our spirits be."



ANTIOCH.

and children from sacred meetings to matinees—all these, and more, that might be mentioned, emphasize this necessity. No orator could do it so well. No angel from heaven could affirm it so eloquently. To the man who has an ear capable of receiving divine messages these things are nothing else than the voice of God announcing the great need of the church—a genuine revival, and a revival that shall be perennial.

If He cries to us from heaven, "Turn ye, turn ye," why should we not confess our helpless estate, and yet express our faith in His ability to better us by answering back, "Turn us, O God, of our salvation?" Albert Midlane felt and voiced this necessity when he wrote:

With wistful, longing eyes,  
Let us no more lie bereft,  
Oh, bid thy light arise.  
Spirit of Holiness 'tis thine  
To hear our feeble prayer,  
Come, for we wait thy power divine,  
Let us thy mercy share."

The Holy Ghost works through human agencies.

Peter was the principal in the first Pentecost, and from that day the Holy Spirit has commenced every considerable work of grace with the more consecrated. Those were wise women who prayed for Mr. Moody first and for the people afterward. The first night after Father Chiniquy was converted he spent the entire night in prayer. The next day he preached and a thousand souls were saved. Sometime ago the author received a letter from an evangelist at work in Colorado. The city was a popular resort and famed for its worldliness, and yet in the first night of the meeting souls were saved. The evangelist attributed this to the fact that one woman in the town had long prayed for just such a work, and at the beginning of these meetings declared her faith that the time for God's answer was at hand.

Several summers ago at a lake resort in northern Indiana we had to watch against prairie fires. One night after our lawn had been cleaned and grass and brush burned, we went out before retiring and poured water over the embers until not a spark was visible, and then went off to bed, believing that the fire had been utterly extinguished. But, ere the morning, the wind had risen and stirred a slumbering ember into a rolling flame, which fed itself upon the adjacent fuel and threatened the whole prairie and the woodland near at hand. We knew not what stick had the coal that, touched by a breath of wind, burst into flame and fired the contiguous fuel. It may have been a large stick, and quite as likely a small one. No matter; the material together, the wind at work, a live coal accounted for all. So in spiritual things, a spark of love in one heart may not excite apparent promise, but when the divine breath blows upon that, others catch the fire and a revival often follows which sweeps the church, and, going beyond, spreads into the dead, dry timber of sin-slain souls, and converts them into glorious light.

Why, then, should one criticise his brethren when a revival is lacking, since a question should be raised with reference to his own life—why is it the Holy Ghost has not done such a work in and through me? Concerning the church in Laodicea, Christ said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, and if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in unto him and sup with him, and he with me." Some man, some woman will be door-keeper to let the Lord in. Why should not I be that one?

The Holy Spirit would gladly enlist all saints in this soul-winning service.

One of the most remarkable things in that second chapter of the book of Acts is in the eighth verse; every man heard the Gospel in that day in the tongue wherein he was born.

Peter, then, was not left to work alone. The whole company of the disciples must have taken part. Jerusalem never saw a greater crowd in her streets; her people never heard such a sermon as Peter preached; but the most marvelous thing, that day, was the personal work done. The average church now has a larger number of disciples of Jesus than were in Jerusalem at that time, and yet not a man escaped them. What a suggestion! Why should not laymen receive it? While your pastors preach will you not engage to speak to men in an intelligible tongue? Will you not federate your forces and take a solemn pledge that the unsaved shall not pass from the sanctuary without a personal appeal? Why should the voice of one saved man be silent before such opportunities? Why should God find in His family one dumb child? Joseph Parker says: "We have heard of the great musical director, who was conducting a rehearsal by four thousand performers. All manner of instruments were being played and all parts of music were being sung. In one of the grand choruses, which sounded through the vast building like a wind from heaven, the keen-eyed conductor suddenly threw up his baton

Jesus revises every tribute offered in love, and harmonizes the discords of our broken life in the music of his own perfection." Love Him and bring unto Him your best.

THE RESULTS.

There is a growing disposition to ask for the evidences of revival, and the question is not impertinent. Revival without apparent results is commonly a term without a corresponding fact.

Let us make mention of some of the results that will surely appear if the word be worthily employed.

First, The refreshing of the saints.

The Psalmist cried, "Wilt thou not revive us again that thy people may rejoice in thee?" Oh the joy among God's sons and daughters when the times of refreshing are really on! The sweetest singing is done by the people of the Perennial Revival. The most effective prayers are poured out in the midst of soul-winning; the most energetic service is rendered; the most liberal offerings are made; the most extensive and genuine sympathy with the sinful and sorrowing is evidenced then. One of the sad things of bleak winter is that the birds so seldom sing. In winter the perfume of flowers fails, the fruits are more scarce than evergreens. But what a transformation comes with spring! Then the air is bursting with song, laden with perfume. All the earth is rich in blossoms—promise of harvest time; and spring is Nature's revival! But sweeter than the songs of birds is the song of the saint; and he does not sing, he cannot sing, except when refreshed in soul:

"In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise,  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies."

On the old farm in Kentucky the large lawn was filled with evergreens and fruit trees, together with a beautiful maple or two. In March the song birds were in the cedars, unseen, but with music sweet. The new green twigs putting out were gracious to the smell, and ere the month of May was gone, the cherry fruit reddened to ripeness. Songs, sweet savors, and luscious fruit! That is what Nature's revival brings! But God's revival of grace fills the soul with sweeter strains, and causes it to breathe out upon the air a purer breath and gives to it a richer fruit! The happiest man, the holiest man, the man most helpful under heaven, is that Christian man compassed about with the grace of God. No wonder David said: "Wilt thou not revive us again that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

When saints are revived sinners are saved. Our religious newspapers sometimes report protracted meetings as having resulted in great revival to the church, although no conversions occurred. That is quite impossible! When Paul and Silas sang the prisoners heard them and grew penitent. When a Pentecost came to the apostles and disciples the streets of Jerusalem were full of penitent sinners inquiring: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Some time ago, when Dr.



EDWARD PAYSON.

and exclaimed 'Flageolet!' One of the flageolet players had stopped. Something was wanting, therefore, to the completeness of the performance, and the conductor would not go on. Jesus Christ is conducting His own music. There is indeed a vast volume of resounding harmony rolling up in anthems that fill the heavens; yet if one voice is missing He knows it. If the voice of one little child has ceased he notices the omission. He can not be satisfied with the mightiest billow that breaks in thunder around His throne so long as the tiniest wavelet falls elsewhere. Flageolet, where is thy tribute? Pealing trumpet, He waits thy blast. Sweet cymbals, He desires your silvery chimes. Mighty organ, unite thy many voices in the deepening thunder of the Saviour's praise; and if there be one among us who thinks his coarse tones would be out of harmony let him know that

Alexander Blackburn was pastor at Lafayette, Ind., certain pastors in that state were oppressed by the reports of the churches and agreed to meet and pray in certain centers for a revival of the churches located there. When four or five of them came to Lafayette, to pray with the pastor, no public announcement was made of their coming; no newspaper made mention of it; but during the day about a dozen members of the church, scarce knowing why, dropped into the chapel to pray, and lo, the pastor and his associates were on their knees. When night came, without any announcement except what these people had made, the chapel contained an audience. Afterward they were crowded into the main church, and some weeks later about a hundred converts had sought the Lord, and Dr. Blackburn administered such a baptismal service as the church had never

seen before, nor has it seen such a service since. When the saints are refreshed sinners are saved.

Then, also, the church receives accessions. The Holy Ghost husbands the results of His work.

It is distressing to report concerning a revival that a thousand, fifteen hundred, three thousand have been converted, when the most diligent after-search brings but a bagatelle of that number into the church. The time ought to pass when men consider as converts those who have held up their hands "to count." When men's names are written in the Lamb's book of Life they will naturally seek membership with the church of which that Lamb is the Head. Have we not been impressed with the fact that the three thousand converts in Jerusalem were "added together," or associated themselves in the visi-

ble organization? When one says, "I am a Christian, but I do not think it necessary to be a church member," does he not raise a question concerning his regeneration? Of what worth is a secret disciple to the church, or to Christ?

We regard him as having been a wise old man, who, falling in with young Allyn as he went from Cincinnati to Philadelphia to embark in business, asked, "Have you any letters of commendation?" "Only two." "None others?" asked the old man. "Only my church letter." "Ah," said the old man, "that is what I wanted to hear. Put it into a church as soon as you get into the city. I am an old sea captain. I have sailed the world around, and I have found on reaching ports it was best to tie up to the wharf. It has cost me something, but it has kept me from going down before the storm."

## Two Sides To Our Sanctification

BY REV. C. J. FOWLER.

**I**N THE beginning of the revelation "God said, Let us make man in our image."

This reveals God's purpose. "God created man in His own image," shows the accomplishment of His purpose. "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good," is the verdict passed upon it.

Thus we see that the Bible opens with holiness; the world was a holy world, having holy people in it. If we turn to almost the close of the Bible (Rev. xxi. 1-7) we find these words: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth . . . the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." So the Bible closes with holiness,—a holy world having holy people in it. It opens with holiness and closes with holiness. If this were all we saw in the Bible, then we should have an account of nothing but holiness; but you are all aware that there is another record—that man became unholy, and the very earth was brought under curse by reason of his sin; and yet, when we come to the closing of the Bible we see that man is recovered to holiness, the human kind is recovered from sin and the very curse is lifted from the earth.

### THAT SUGGESTS DIVINE INTERPOSITION

It suggests that somebody has been in the arena who is more than man. The history of mankind is the history of utter helplessness. Man has no power to save himself or pick himself up; and the fact that we see man up again indicates that someone has been working who is mightier than man.

### THAT SUGGESTS A DIVINE REVELATION.

We are not only weak, but ignorant. We have no knowledge of anybody who can do it, except it is imparted to us. The fact that there has been a helper indicates that there is a revelation that shows who and where the helper is.

If there is going to be a voice out of the silence, if we are going to hear from a quar-

ter that is outside ourselves, what is the nature of the revelation that is going to come to us? Is it to be a revelation that we are off our feet and down? Mankind knows this already. John iii. 17: "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be



CHARLES M. CULLIS.

saved." The world was already condemned. We need no voice out of the silence, we need nobody to come from the unseen to tell us that we are away, and down, and off our feet, but we need somebody to tell us how to get up onto our feet; how, being lost, we can be saved; how, being far away, we may be brought nigh.

Here is a book we call the Bible, which is a revelation from some quarter, greater than the human quarter. A Holy Bible. The

word "Bible" means "book." This book is not holy materially; the cover is not holy, the leaves are not holy, neither is the silk or glue holy. You do not mean to say that because they are not capable of being holy it is called an unholy book, or if they were capable of being holy that it is a holy book. You talk of an arithmetic book, a geography book or grammar book: what do you mean? A book on arithmetic; a book on geography; a book on grammar. A holy book therefore means a book on holiness—nothing more or less.

The catechism of a great church in America says: "Sanctification is that act of Divine grace by which we are made holy." Here, on the table-land of holiness, is where we were created; we have dropped off it into unhappiness, into sin. Sanctification is the way to get from down there up here. It "is that act of Divine grace by which we are made holy," picked up from down there and put up here by an act. If there is any way to be made holy, this book is going to be burdened with that message. If there is any way at all of getting from down there back up here, this book is going to be freighted with that.

Let us look at some of the factors which this book says enter into our sanctification; in other words, let us see if we may be sanctified according to the teaching of this book.

### 1. THE DETERMINING FACTOR.

In this tenth chapter we have a contrasting of the old economy of blood sacrifices under the law with the new economy of the sacrifice of Jesus. "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God. He taketh away the first, that He may establish the second, by which will we are sanctified." We are said there to be sanctified by the will of God, by the pleasure of God, by the choice of God; that God's will, God's choice, God's pleasure, and God's purpose enter into our sanctification as a great factor. That is what a theologian would call the determining factor in our sanctification. He

# LIVING WATER

## III. THE EFFICIENT FACTOR.

I want you to notice particularly that these people to whom Jude wrote were "sanctified by God the Father." There has entered into the arena what the theologian would call the efficient factor. God the Father is said to sanctify. In Ephesians v. 25 and 26 we read, "That He might sanctify and cleanse it." Christ is said to sanctify—another factor in this efficient work. Romans xv. 15 says, "That the offering up of the Gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." So we are said to be sanctified by God, by Christ, and by the Holy Ghost. The efficient factor; God in Tri-unity, is said to come into the arena of your need and mine, and take hold of our cases and sanctify us. If the blood has been shed for it, if it is the will of God that we may have it, and if God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, God in the blessed Tri-unity, are said to sanctify us, then it looks as though, if I would submit myself to God, He would take hold of my case and sanctify me. Scientists have discovered a few millions of worlds that God has above us. These are all marching in order and precision in their paths and orbits, and not the deviation of a minute occurs in a thousand years, so accurate is God's work in this direction. But yet there are wonders still unrevealed to men, and we have only the smallest fraction of knowledge concerning the stars which God has created above us. That very same God comes down into your need and mine, comes into the arena of our want, and takes our cases, and sanctifies us, and sends us out clean and clear. The infinite work of an infinite God! You ought not to wait a minute, but throw up your hands and let God have you right now.

## IV. THE INSTRUMENTAL FACTOR.

(John xvii. 17).

Another factor entering into our sanctification is the Truth. "Sanctify them through Thy truth." This is what would be called the instrumental factor. By using the truth, by doing what the truth tells us, we are sanctified. "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only." If we do what the Word tells us to do we shall get sanctified, for it will put us in connection with God.

## V. THE CONDITIONAL FACTOR.

(Acts xxvi. 18).

"Inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith." There is the conditional factor. We are said to be sanctified by faith. People seem to think that we are sanctified by growth. "Faith" does not spell "growth" or "death." "Faith" does not spell "a long process of development." "Faith" spells "faith."

There are then two sides to this matter of sanctification: First, God's side—the Divine side; second, man's side—the human side.

### GOD'S SIDE.

Determining Factor.....The Will of God  
 Meritorious Factor.....The Blood of Christ  
 Efficient..God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
 Instrumental Factor.....The Word of God

### MAN'S SIDE.

Conditional Factor .....Faith

I am so glad that there are not three sides, for I should have to get the consent of a third party. As it is I have to get the consent of just two parties—God and myself. People say, "My friends do not look at it this way." There is no other way of looking at it but this way. You have not to get the consent of your friends to get sanctified, or my consent, or the consent of your preacher, or your neighbour or wife, but you have to get the consent of God on the one hand and of yourself on the other hand. Get your eyes off this and that, and get them on God and yourself, and believe Him and let Him have your case, and see if you do not hear from Him right away.

God wants you to be sanctified. God wants you to be His own, and you may be, and the responsibility rests with you individually; it is the will of God. There are just two sides to it, bless God! I got this blessing in spite of everything that was against me. I love God's people with increased interest and love, but I got this without them. God gave it to me, and I can keep it in spite of everything and everybody; and so can you. It is within your reach. Will you not have it now?

# "You Are So Narrow"

BY E. P. MARVIN.

THE ABOVE stigma is often met by Christians who are faithful in doctrine and life. We find in prophecy that lawlessness and lukewarmness are the marked characteristics of the last times. Christ sets before us the straight gate and narrow way on one hand, and the wide gate and broad way on the other. We cannot broaden the narrow way, and if men get "broad-minded" they belong in the broad way.

The church is "a little flock" in the narrow way, embracing all evangelical bodies, with the motto, "Unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, and charity in all things."

Christ and the apostles might be called narrow. Christ was "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners." He allowed no compromise with error, sins or worldliness. His gospel was delivered once for all, never to be antiquated or modified.

John says that if any man come to you

wills it, He purposes it; He desires it. This is the great foundation upon which you and I can put our feet—the will of God.

## 2. THE MERITORIOUS FACTOR.

"That He might sanctify the people with His own blood." This is what a theologian would call the meritorious factor. There is merit in the blood of Jesus Christ. There is no merit in our prayers, in our coming forward as seekers, no merit in our faith; the merit is in the blood. If you are kneeling by the side of a man who is seeking to be born again, you say, "Look to Jesus; look to the shed blood." You would not say, "God will hear you because you are earnest"; that would be meriting by earnestness. The merit is in the poured-out blood of Jesus. We are sanctified by the meritorious factor of the blood of Jesus. There is real merit in the blood; it stands over your need and mine, and we can have help and hope just there.

Let me call your attention to the fact that sanctification is not a new thing. Some people think it is a new fad. But Jude wrote his epistle "to them that are sanctified by God the Father," so it must have been around twenty hundred years ago if there were people who were sanctified as long ago as these Christians to whom Jude writes. If they had it in those days, then it is real. If anybody ever did have it, then there is such a thing as having it now.

Sometimes people say, "I would like to see somebody who is sanctified." It might be a very difficult thing to show you someone who is sanctified, not because there is not anyone to be seen, but because you have not sense enough to see them. Why? Because you have not got the eyes to see such folk. After a missionary had spoken in a large conference in America, a traveller got up and said, "I have been in India a good bit, but have never seen a Christian there." By-and-bye it was the missionary's turn to speak again. "My friend has never seen a Christian. I would like to ask my friend if he ever saw a tiger in India." "O, yes," replied the traveller, "and killed them." "I have been twenty years in India, and I have never seen a tiger," replied the missionary. One man was looking for tigers and he saw them, and another man was looking for Christians and he saw them. You have got to be looking for sanctified people if you want to see them. Whether there are any here or not, there were some in Jude's day.

Suppose a letter were to come to Manchester, addressed, "To them that are sanctified, Manchester, England," do you suppose anyone would get it? Yes, I think they would. We had a man in Boston (and of course the Post Office is quite an affair there), one of the best men we ever had, Dr. Charles Cullis. He was famed particularly because of his relation to faith healing. God evidently gave him that gift. A letter was addressed to Cullis after this fashion: "To the man who believes God, Boston, Mass." The postal authorities did not know what to do with it. Finally they sent it to the postmaster. "Why," he said, "send it to Cullis." He read it and answered it. It was for him.

and bring not this doctrine we are not to salute him, receive him into our house, nor eat in fellowship with him.

Paul was intelligently and unflinchingly loyal to the truth. He condemned yokes with unbelievers, and calls us out from among them to a separated and consecrated life. God cannot own and use us as his children if we compromise the truths and fellowship worldlings. We come into contact with sinners, but not into fellowship. We should be a friend of sinners, but not of sin. We should be amiable but radical.

The church is not to court or marry the world. Its patronage is more dangerous than its persecution. The world is a moral ruin, and if any are saved it must be by coming out and being separate. The society life of the world is proud, hypocritical, carnal and godless and we must renounce its claims, spirit and fellowship. The compromises of the Church to win the world result in conversion, but it is the conversion of the Church to the world, and the world despises us for it.

Preachers who cater by secular and sensational themes, betray their trust and ruin souls. Churches that split up into worldly clubs and trumpery societies for sociability,

feasting and fun are like Samson shorn of his locks.

We are not to use culture for conversion, nor reformation for regeneration. We are to have strong moral convictions, abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good. Moral truth, like mathematical truth, is eternal and unchangeable. Liberal mathematics will wreck a bank and liberal theology will wreck a soul.

The world conscientiously respects a radical Christian and despises a worldly one. We need more intelligent and conscientious separation from the world. The preacher is a gospel specialist and not a smart trumpeter of scientific, secular and sensational themes. He is under a special commission.

The Church is a specialistic, soul-winning society and not a bureau of amusements, a social club or a soup kitchen. The less knowledge and piety a church has, the more clubs, societies, oysters, ice cream and fun it takes to run it, and the faster it runs from God.

God organized the church with the maximum of spiritual power and the minimum of frictional machinery. Let us then not mind the backsliders, taunt of narrowness, but be Christians according to Christ and try to make the Church apostolic.

ent in regeneration or sanctification with the believer. Not that the Holy Spirit's presence is recognized by the sinner. Far from it. Many times the sinner is under the influence of the convicting power of the Spirit, and does not know what is the matter with him. He is aware that a Divine Person is dealing with him. But it is nevertheless true that this Divine Person is with and in him, stirring his inmost soul, causing a sense of guilt and arousing a dread of God and a fear of the future.

All this being true, then it follows that we need to be guarded lest we overlook the Holy Spirit's work in His ministry to sinners and set Him aside. He needs just now more than ever to be magnified in His office to the unwakened and unsaved. The emphasis need not be taken from the "baptism of the Spirit," but it does need to be placed upon the work of conviction for sin. We need in this present superficial age, filled with delusions and shams, to go back to praying for the Holy Spirit to do His peculiar work in the hearts of unsaved men, and to magnifying Him in His primary office of "reproving the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." I must believe that one reason why He does not work so perceptibly, so directly, and so pungently in these days as in former ones must be because He has been forgotten, overlooked, set aside, in this necessary and vital office to sinners.

Atlanta, Ga.

## The Holy Spirit's Ministry to Sinners

CLEMENT C. CARY.

**S**INNERS have a direct interest in the Holy Spirit, and a very important one. He has come into the world for their benefit, and to do for them a very necessary work, a work which no one else can do, and which must be done in order that they may do their part in fulfilling the conditions of salvation.

The Holy Spirit is not confined to the believer. He has been sent into the world to the sinner as well as the believer. His very first office has to do with the unsaved. His first work is performed in the heart of the unbeliever. The work of conviction for sin supposes this truth. "When he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." It is true He is in the world to sanctify, to guide, to teach, to bear witness, but none the less is He here to awaken sinners and aid them in returning to God. To restrict His offices alone to those already saved will be to restrict Him and make His work very defective and imperfect, as well as to leave the sinner helpless and undone from the effects of the fall.

If He is denied to the sinner as such, then this would simply mean that the sinner would be placed where he could not receive the Holy Spirit as a believer, since all his further offices depend upon His work among the unsaved. The Holy Spirit is given to sinners to awaken them in order to enable them to receive Him afterward in a still higher sense. To deny Him to the sinner is a mistake and very erroneous view

which affirms that the Holy Spirit is given only to believers, and that none but they have an interest in Him. He is sent into the world to "reprove," to convince, to convict, to move, to impress, to influence sinners, and this is the Holy Spirit's very first work. It is as necessary for this "reproving" work to be done as is the work of regeneration, bearing witness and sanctifying. We may readily grant that the "gift of the Holy Spirit," technically called, belongs peculiarly to those who have been born again as a high and gracious privilege, lifting them into a sweeter and higher religious experience, which is ever to be kept before the eyes of believers. But let it not be forgotten nor overlooked that the Holy Spirit is also given to the unregenerate to awaken them to a sense of sin, to cause them to feel the need of salvation, and to assist them in repenting and believing. It is not necessary to discount the "gift of the Spirit" to believers, but it is vital that in speaking of that Divine "gift," we do not minimize and set aside the gift of the Spirit to sinners as such.

There is a distinct sense in which the Holy Spirit is given to sinners for a particular purpose, an office in a sense entirely distinct from that in which He is given to any other character. It is a serious mistake to suppose that the sinner is entirely devoid of the Holy Spirit till he is born again. In the office of conviction for sin, the Holy Spirit is as distinctly present with the sinner as He is pres-

### CHINESE SLAVES FREED.

The Gospel and Christian civilization are having effect upon many nations of the earth and in heathen lands. Notably among these in China. Some great reform measures have been adopted the past few years. We call attention to the following decree recently made in that land that is awakening and shaking herself and preparing for higher and holier things:

"The Chinese government by imperial rescript has abolished slavery throughout the empire and has prohibited henceforth the purchase and sale of human beings under any pretext. The reform, however, is not altogether complete, as by the rescript certain forms of slavery will still be tolerated. In a report made to the State Department it is said that the retainers of Manchu princes are not to be emancipated, but it is forbidden to call them slaves. They have long enjoyed educational and other privileges, although still bound to their hereditary masters.

"The household slaves of the Manchus are also refused emancipation, but their status under the new law is improved. They are to be regarded as hired servants, but their services are due for an unlimited term of years, so that they are in reality perpetual slaves. Under this rescript the practice of selling children in China in times of famine is abolished, although they may be bound for a specified term, but never beyond the age of twenty-five.

"Concubinage is still to be permitted, but there is to be no bargain and sale. Such con-

cubines are to be married with proper legal formalities, and they will enjoy the protection of the law, but in reality they will be no better than perpetual slaves to the principal wife.

"The rescript is said to be a compromise measure, but it will eventually give freedom to millions of human beings, and is declared to mark a distinct advance in civilization."—*Free Methodist*.

to be so, still I find myself, even yet, thinking now and then of this or that thing which I must do in order to make sure of my acceptance with God.

Of course, the more of good work we do, the better, provided it does not imply a lurking fear that God would be somewhat less willing to forgive and save us, but for the self-denials we practice, or the good works which we do. Of the two He is better pleased, as I believe, with a calm, quiet, effortless and childlike "confidence" in His overflowing, self-moved compassion and love for us, than with any amount of religious activity which may be thought necessary to secure our salvation.

For myself, at any rate, "Be still and know that I am God" is about the hardest lesson for me to learn. I hope to learn it, now that I am stronger and well, and without waiting to be laid upon a sick bed where quietly trusting would be all that I could possibly do.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

## A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

Let us be kind;  
The way is long and lonely,  
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only  
That we be kind.  
We cannot know the grief that men may borrow,  
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,  
But love can shine upon the way to-day, to-morrow,  
Let us be kind.

### A PRICELESS TREASURE.

When Alexander the Great was plundering the palace of Darius, one of his soldiers found a leather bag containing the crown jewels of Persia. The prize was worth millions, but the stupid fellow, ignorant of its value, shook out the little glittering stones among the rubbish and went away boasting about the fine bag he had found for carrying his food. So have the higher critics thrown from the Bible priceless treasures belonging to the King of kings and Lord of lords, and have left nothing but an empty bag! An Irishman's description of a lace curtain as "a lot of holes tied together" fitly describes the mutilated Bible of the destructive critics.

### HAPPY OLD MEN.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, meeting an old man one day going to the place of prayer, said to him: "Aged friend, why should an old man be so merry and cheerful?" "All are not," he said. "Well, then, why should you be merry?" "Because I belong to the Lord." "Are none others happy at your time of life?" "No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he, and his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration glowed upon his countenance as he said: "Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows; then wing it round the world, and no man of three-score and ten shall be found to gainsay it. The devil has no happy old men."—*Selected*.

### THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU.

If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come outside of us; but in the hearts of us. "The kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost;" joy, that is to say, in the

holy, healthful and helpful Spirit.—*John Ruskin*.

### POWER IN RIGHT LIVING.

One of our largest bell-makers says: "It is a well-known law of sound that an instrument, constructed strictly according to musical rules, has greater carrying power than even one of larger size of less expert manufacture, although, apparently, not producing so much noise near by. Sound travels, in waves, and the nearer perfect the waves the less resistance from the air." It isn't necessarily the biggest bell that you want in your church steeple or the noisiest men in the pews. It isn't the man of the loudest profession whose influence is farthest felt, but the man who backs up his profession with his life. Beecher used to say, "Be as good as you possibly can be and then say as little as possible about it."—*Selected*.

### A CONVERTED MINER'S SWAN SONG.

Writing of the '59 revival, Rev. William Mottram relates: "I remember a stalwart Staffordshire miner, a converted drunkard, to whom the drink had afterwards occasioned a sorrowful stumbling, being again reclaimed and filled with holy joy, at a time when the whole countryside was throbbing with glorious revival under the powerful ministry of Richard Weaver. One morning early, the dear fellow was walking through the fields on his way to his daily labor in the iron-stone pit, and was heard singing with a voice of jubilant gladness:

"By faith I see my Savior dying  
On the tree;  
To every nation He is crying,  
"Look to Me."  
He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.  
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear—Mercy's  
free."

Within one short hour a fall of earth had crushed the life out of him. How beautiful that holy song appeared to us when the singer was gone!

"While endless ages roll along,  
In concert with the heavenly throng,  
This shall be still my sweetest song—Mercy's  
free."

### BE STILL.

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," is the verse that has come to me with wonderful sweetness this morning. It tells me that I must put my whole trust for salvation and for service in the absolutely free, full and wholly unmerited mercy of God. Although I have long professed to know this

### THE PRAYER HOUR.

General Gordon, whose name shines so brightly in the records of England's noble soldiers, was as loyal to Christ as he was to his country. Each morning, during his journey in the Soudan, there was one-half hour when there lay outside General Gordon's tent a handkerchief, and the whole camp knew the meaning of that small token, and most religiously was it respected by all, whatever their creed, color, or business. No foot dared to enter the tent while this handkerchief lay there. No force of sentinels could better have guarded the tent door. Everyone knew that God and Gordon were alone there together; that the servant prayed and communed, and that the Master heard and answered. Into the heart so opened, the presence and the life of God came down. Into the life so laid upon the altar the strength was poured. No wonder that when that man came out of his tent the glory of God seemed to shine on his face and the fragrance of heaven to cling to his very garments, and that he had such sublime peace and such calm, majestic power. We all need to get more of such half hours into our lives, when God's very angels will pause in reverent silence at our doors, while within we commune with the blessed Trinity. Then we shall be strong for service, and our influence shall be hallowed by the very touch of Christ.—*J. R. Miller, in Ez.*

Lord, make my heart a place where angels sing;  
For surely thought low-breathed by Thee  
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing;  
And where a home they see,  
Swept clean, and garnished with adoring joy,  
They enter in and dwell,  
And teach the heart to swell  
With heavenly melody, their own untired employ.  
—John Keble.

"Do you believe the Bible?" asked a learned skeptic of a plain blacksmith. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Why do you believe it?" he asked. "I am acquainted with the Author," was the convincing answer.—*Southern Presbyterian*.

# LIVING WATER

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## EDITORIAL

### A MERITED REBUKE.

Commercialized brutality received a merited rebuke when the governor of California refused to let the prize fight take place in San Francisco. Perhaps he ought to have interfered sooner so as to have saved the vast expense of erecting a building, but at any rate he is to be commended for stopping it. The public conscience has become so deadened that these things just come and go largely as a matter of course. There are many who will say, "O yes, they ought not to be, but—" and that ends the matter. What ought not should not be. Nashville is now realizing the inwardness of the scriptural statement that "when the wicked rule the people mourn." We are in the hands of the Philistines. The saloons are running in full blast with but little interruption. Those who have sworn to enforce the law seem content to have it trampled under foot, but things will change. Victory is coming. Lawlessness will be rebuked and truth will win. In the meanwhile let every one who loves the right stand boldly against the wrong, whether it is a saloon or prize fight, it matters not.

### CONSCIENCE AS TO MONEY.

Speaking with a brother the other day with regard to a certain beneficence we intimated that we didn't want him to burden himself in the matter. It wasn't a wise remark, and he gently corrected us by saying that we ought to give until it hurts. That is true, but how few do it. Oh, well, some people are so stingy that to give anything at all hurts, but we are speaking of contributing to the point of suffering. Few have learned that lesson. They do not hesitate to lavish abundantly upon their own selfish gratification. The flesh will riot, but when it comes to turning loose their money for the benefit of others, really they are turning themselves to the point of sacrifice, and know little if anything about it. Oh, how many are who even wear the name. Yonder is a brother in need,

there is a poor, pale-faced, feeble-bodied widow toiling to keep the wolf from the door; yonder is a thousand million of heathen waiting for the gospel, but what do they care? They talk about their fun, their stores, their banks, never seeming to realize that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and that they are only tenants endeavoring to defraud Jehovah out of His rent. How does it look to God? How do our professions sound in His ears when we go to church on Sabbath and sing:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee."

when we don't know what a cross means, and as to leaving all, such a claim would be absurd. The Master is still standing over against the treasury. (Mark 12:14.) He is still looking at the people as they make their offerings. How does mine look, and how does yours? Are we recognizing our responsibility as servants of the Most High? Are we discharging the duties to which we were appointed? Are we awake to the vast cry and need all around us? Have our hearts been broken for the lost? Are we controlled by one overmastering passion, namely, that of living so as to do the most good. If so, His smile is upon us and in the beyond we shall doubtless here the applaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Over against the treasury this day  
The Master silent sits; whilst, unaware  
Of that celestial Presence, still and fair,  
The people pass, or pause upon their way.  
And some go laden with His treasure sweet,  
And dressed in costly robes of His device  
Which cover hearts of stone and soul of ice,  
Who bear no token to the Master's feet,  
And some pass, gaily singing, joy and fro,  
And cast a careless gift before His face,  
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,  
But kneel to grave no blessing ere they go.

### CARING FOR THE POOR.

F. Peck, in "Social Wreckage," says: "A religious community which does not provide for its own poor, taint is for those who in happier days have consistently maintained a religious confession in communion with it stands self-condemned. The relief of such is the special business of the pastor and officers of the church, and if any poor brother is suffered by them to fall into such want as to be compelled to apply for extraneous alms of parish relief, the church is convicted of want of brotherly love, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Recently we called attention to the fact that the multiplicity of public charities should not be allowed to interfere with the obligations growing out of our being members of the body of Christ. Christian beneficence is organized on a broader basis than the common charities, it has a warmer and more delicate touch, and the church cannot afford to shove the whole responsibility of caring for her poor on anyone else. In the event they do, both the donor and the recipient are losers, for the church loses the blessing of having given it, and the poor the bless-

ing of having received it in such a brotherly spirit and from such a source. The neglect of their poor is one of the most common sins of the church. Many are allowed to go to the poor house or to be dependent on some other similar charity. No one can blame them for not wanting to go to such a place, for to put it most kindly, institutions of this kind are not noted for overgenerous dealing. Paupers are not pampered.

We are not speaking of that lazy, indolent set who could but will not work. The book says that they should not eat. We are speaking of the poor who cannot help themselves, the victims of misfortune who have been driven to such sore straits by things over which they have no control. We often smile upon the rich and frown upon the poor. This is one of the crimes for which a worldly church will have to answer in the judgment. As Mark Guy Pearse says: "The only direction in the New Testament for 'laying by' is in relation to the poor, and the first appointment of officers in the Christian church was to this care of the poor. Very few indeed, after the most persistent effort, can be induced to even tithe nowadays, but the Jews gave three-tenths, one of which was to the poor. Judging from our conduct, we have evidently not grasped the Scriptural teaching on this subject. Over and over is a blessing pronounced upon those who succor the poor and a curse upon those who neglect or oppress them. Hear the word of the Lord in Psalm 41: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive and he shall be placed upon the earth. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing. They will make all his bed in his sickness." In the fourth chapter of Acts we read: "And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus and great grace was upon them all, neither was there any among them that lacked for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the price of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

It is said that the three organizations who wholly support their poor are the Jews, Quakers and Plymouth Brethren, and these organizations are noted for the absence of extravagance in church edifice and simplicity of worship. If the church had done its duty toward the poor, the lodge would never have gotten such a foothold among its members. All honor to those who are dispensing charity in the spirit of the Master, but alas how often is it the case that relief, though administered in the name of Jesus, is in the censorious and fault-finding spirit of a cold professionalism. There is a place for all the various societies working in the interest of charity, but if the good Samaritan had waited to get the Ladies' Aid Society or some other charitable committee together, his man might have died before relief came. One of the lessons of that beautiful parable is that we are under obligations to help the needy wherever they cross our path. Their



need is an appeal to which no right minded man can say no as long as he has the power to relieve. Quoting again from the author mentioned above, well may we ask, startled and alarmed, "Is it the church of to-day which shall stand knocking at the closed door, vainly crying, open to us, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name and in thy name cast out devils and in thy name done many wonderful works." Is it to these that He will say, "Depart from me. I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was a stranger and ye took me not in. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me." When once and only once Christ lifted the veil of the world, it was to reveal one tormented in the white heat of God's indignation, whose offense was not that he was rich, Abraham was rich as Dives, perhaps richer—his sin was in this—that he found life's good in his goods and not in doing good; and that he left his poor brother at the gate unpitied and unrelieved."

The poor worldly church is like Dives, sitting at their tables feasting while Lazarus still lies at the gate feeding upon the crumbs. Charity when dispensed at all is doled out in such a stingy way that many sensitive and refined souls had rather suffer than receive it. Shame on us. With our granaries bursting, with our banks full of money, with the masses of our people rolling in plenty, there should be no neglect of the helpless and dependent. We verily believe that one reason the heavens are so often silent to our need is because of our wanton neglect of the poor. Perhaps it has not been a matter of just steeling the heart against them, but neglect, growing out of indifference. We have been so absorbed with other things, so concerned with our own selfish interests, that our ears have been deaf to the cry of the poor. We need to come down off of our stilts, get away

from the mad rush of those who in their haste to be rich have fallen into the snare of the devil and take time to be quiet and pray, read the word, see the obligations we are under to those in need and then go to their relief. Many of us have been so absorbed in the world that we will neither see nor feel the force of the Scriptural obligation we sustain to our unfortunate brother until we have pored over the sacred pages, until we have become saturated with them. We have only to look around at the extravagance in dress, in eating and drinking, in pleasure seeking, from the grossest sensuality on down, to be awakened to the sin of the church with regard to those in need.

The pulpit should thunder on this subject, the press should write on it, and every spirit-filled man should speak out in no uncertain sound, until the conscience of the church is aroused to a sense of her awful departure from the word of God, to her awful neglect of the poor.

If people would only tithe, give one-tenth of their income instead of three as the Jews did, there would be no lack of funds to meet all these needs. Much of the barrenness of soul is due to covetousness. The church can never expect to prosper as long as the masses of her people are as stingy as they are now. The love of money, the mania to make it, and the selfish way in which it is spent is enough to curse any institution. The old prophet, Malachi, said: "Will a man rob God, yet ye have robbed me, but ye say, wherein have we robbed thee. In tithes, and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and prove me now, herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

titious 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.

A preacher need not be continually shouting around like a skyrocket and keeping himself in the public eye in order to be efficient. It isn't necessary that he should be praying at every Fourth of July celebration, presiding over the festivities of every giddy set that may be among the four hundred of his parish, or taking part in initiating some fellow into the seventeenth degree of the latest lodge craze. He doesn't need to hang around newspapers for writeups. His own work 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?"

## Editorial Comment

### 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 dethrone-

ment 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 adven-

"Just to be tender, just to be true,  
Just to be glad the whole day through;  
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,  
Just to be trustful as a child;  
Just to be gentle, kind and sweet;  
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,  
Just to drive sadness away with a song;  
Whether the hour is dark or bright,  
Just to be loyal to God and right;  
Just to believe that God knows best,  
Just in His promise ever to rest;  
Just to let love be our daily key—  
This is God's will for you and for me."

—Selected.

Him for—of all the many blessings He has promised us. He longs to comfort His children in times of loneliness and sorrow. May He comfort you as only His loving heart knows how to do!

DEAR COUSIN EVA: Here I come again with my third birthday dues. I was ten years old the 30th of April, 1910, but I am a little behind with my dues. Well, Cousin Eva, I must tell you what the Lord did for me; he saved me last summer at the tent meeting at Kedron. I have so much to praise God for now. He has given me a Christian heart and I do praise Him for all he has done for me. I want you to pray for me, you and all the cousins, that I may be a faithful Christian. We all think LIVING WATER paper is the best we ever read. It is next to the Bible. Inclosed you will find 10 cents for my dues. Pray for mamma, papa and me. Your cousin,  
REE OVERTON COLEMAN.

## Itinerating and Sowing Down the Land In Guatemala, C. A.

To all who may read this, greetings in the name of the Lord.

Sometimes the missionary is tempted to leave off writing up his journeys and labors for the reading public, because there is a sameness about the work which makes him think that people in the home land might become tired of his letters, but as people in the home-land have no other way of knowing facts which they should know, except through the letters of the missionaries, one takes courage and writes again.

The writer feels assured that when he has done the best he can to describe conditions and how the work is done, many will not get a very correct idea of things as they are. But he is assured at the same time that God will in some way use the writing to awaken some souls to more prayer and some to more liberal giving of their substance to carry on the work here in this part of the field. May the Lord make it to be so!

On the 3d of May, before I had gotten well rested up from a former journey of evangelization, I set out on another journey toward the western part of Guatemala, all new territory for me.

It might not be amiss to describe a little of what my outfit looked like on starting off. I was mounted on one horse with the halter of my mule, Bill, tied to my saddle and a little white mare tied to Bill's tail. Why so many horses, do you say? It came about this way. Sisters Augie Holland and Esther Smith were over in the West and I was taking the horses for them. In one of the saddles I had some big saddle bags loaded with Gospels, Testaments and tracts and on top of that a box with a magic lantern in it. In the other saddle were a bundle of clothing, rain coats and blankets.

Before getting out of sight of my house I looked back to see how the train was coming on and saw that the last coach had come unoccupied. The little white mare was standing back there as if she did not care to leave home. She was tied on again and the coupling held for some time, although the same thing occurred more than once again in the following days.

The second day out I was met by a brother whom Dr. Secord had sent to meet me. This native brother was a great help to me in looking after the horses. It was difficult in some places to find feed for the horses. In some sections the people do not store up hay and fodder as the people do at home, in the States, but depend on green forage. In some places they do cut the corn stalks with the fodder on them and store them up. That kind of feed had given out and the green had not come in, consequently the horses suffered some for lack of feed.

The third day out from Coban I was in a section where wheat grows. How delighted I was to see some fields waving with the golden headed grain.

That night was spent at Gunen, where Dr. Secord has opened up a work which is in charge of a native sister. I was exceedingly tired, but was asked if I would preach and told them I would. It was rainy and cold, but quite a number of people came inside

What good news this cousin brings us! May she grow in grace each year and learn to know better the dear Savior whom she has found! If this ten-year-old cousin were to be no larger nor taller in a few years than she now is, how sorry her parents would be. It is so with our Heavenly Father, when He sees we are not growing in our love to Him, and those about us. But in the Christian life I do not believe there is such a thing as remaining the same, for each year we are either better or worse than we were the year before. If we go on to serve Him we find that the way grows brighter as the years go by.

and more in the door. Hope the Lord will cause some blessed results.

On Friday, May the 6th, we went out of the beautiful wheat section into a dry and lower altitude where the heat is rather intense at times. Gave out many tracts and sold gospels.

In the afternoon we met Dr. Secord on his way to see some sick people who lived some two days away from his home. He told us that we had better stop for the night, as we would not be able to get anything for the horses if we went on further, because we could not possibly reach Quiche, the town we were hoping to reach. After talking about an hour he went on his way and we tarried for the night. There is a school house, court house and one residence with two or three other houses in sight. After supper we sang some hymns to the family and some of the neighbors who came in. We slept in the court house, I on a short table pieced out with my lantern box on top of a brick bench on one side of the room.

May the 7th, my fortieth birthday, found me leaving my table-bed at an early hour. Halley's comet was a beautiful sight that morning. Coffee, bread and a cold chicken made us a good breakfast and we were off early to avoid the heat of a later hour. I thought much about my dear old mother during the day, and felt sure she must be thinking about her baby boy. Even a pilgrim missionary, happy in his work, wishes for home and mother at times.

We were up in the Highlands of Guatemala where the Indians of long ago lived, hunted and fought. In the early afternoon we rode into Quiche, the capital of the Quiche department, or state. Some beautiful farming land around the city. After eating and resting we rode on to Chichicastenango, the town in which Dr. Secord lives and has a good work among the Indians. Mrs. Secord is a royal hostess and a busy woman. She has not been well for quite a while, but is now better. When Dr. Secord is away she looks after the drug store. They have no children of their own, but have two girls and a boy whom they have in their home as their own children. I was charmed with the good manners and discipline of the children.

Sunday morning at seven had the privilege of taking the Lord's supper with the Church in Chichicastenango and at night preached there. Dr. Secord and his wife have done good work since they came there about nine years ago. Many poor sufferers have found relief for both soul and body. They came out looking to the Lord for their support and have carried on the work in the same way.

On Monday, May the 9th, my native brother, who had been with me for a few days on the road, and myself set out for Totonicapam. I sent a telegram to Sisters Holland and Smith, at Quezaltenango, to meet me in Totonicapam, with a small organ, so as to have a meeting at night.

The road was interesting. Many flocks of sheep could be seen guarded by women, small boys and girls, or sometimes men. Frequently these shepherds were seen with some wool in their hands, which they had

gathered from bushes or briars, where the sheep had lost it, spinning it into thread. Their spinning wheel consisted of a kind of weight something like a top that schoolboys spin, only much longer drawn out. To this they give a whirl, drawing out the quantity of wool necessary to make the thread.

In the afternoon, while going down a steep mountain, one of the biggest hail storms I ever saw broke loose on us. Our horses did not know what to think of it and wanted to run. When we reached the foot of the mountain and looked back we saw some parts of the mountain looking white like snow.

How delighted I was to find Sisters Holland and Smith awaiting me. It seems to me that the meeting of missionaries, especially if they are fellow-workers, has something heavenly about it.

There is a small room fitted up there for meetings. One that Dr. Secord has charge of. In this we had a meeting that night. Some fifty people came and listened very attentively.

From Totonicapam we went to San Cristobal, of the same department, where there is a small church composed entirely of Indians. It is self-supporting also. This also is a work opened up by Bro. Secord.

Sisters Holland and Smith had driven by there the day before and told them that we would pass by and hold a meeting with them if they so desired. They were waiting for us. They asked us if we would like to eat dinner before the meeting and we decided that that would be better so as to leave them free from thinking about it. When we sat down to the table and saw how those Indian brethren had prepared for us my eyes filled with tears and I had to sit in silence for a while. Think of it! Sitting down with Indians who, a few years since, were living in superstition, ignorance, drunkenness and idolatry, are now humble servants of God. One of the men seated at the table with us used to be a witch doctor. We asked him about the practice and he said he was ashamed to talk about his past life and did not say much about it.

Everything on the table was spotlessly clean and the food well cooked. They had soup, vegetables, butter, meat, bread—and it was the best sweet bread or cake that is made, they had bought that, however, from Totonicapam—coffee and pineapple preserves. The table was waited on by the brethren and some boys. Not a woman was seen about the dining room, except Sisters Holland and Smith.

Dinner being over with, we repaired to the room where they hold their meetings. It is rather interesting inside of that room. They have hung on the walls a variety of pictures. Some are pictures of fruit, some of advertisements of Scott's Emulsion, the one with the man with that big fish on his back, one of Theodore Roosevelt and some others I do not remember. But that is not the most interesting thing by any means. Most of the men were in the room when the women came in, some twelve or fifteen of them, one right behind the other. They sat down, covered up their heads and prayed in silence. They did not sit down and begin to tattle, as I have seen people do even in the home-land. The women sat on one side of the room and the men on the other side. A holy quietness prevailed. The pastor of the church, an Indian also, and one other man had on shoes. All the others, men and women, were barefooted. The dress of the women is rather interesting. It consists of a long piece of homemade cloth, with a hole cut in the middle of it to stick the head through. Many of them have needle work around the hole and some of them are with silk and are becoming to them. This piece of cloth is sewed up a little on the sides and leaves a part to hang down over the arms something like Japanese sleeves. This piece of cloth is long enough to serve as an undershirt also. Then they have six yards of cloth wrapped around them for a skirt and fastened at the waist with a belt long enough to go around them three times and tuck in in a way that holds tight. These skirts are many-colored and would make you think of Indians if you were to see the cloth without the Indians. Then they, when they go out in the streets or to church, wear a kind of shawl with which they cover up their heads. The hole cut in the first garment described is rather

(Continued on page 15.)

FIELD NOTES

See our premium advertisement on page 16.

The meeting at Flagpole, Tenn., will begin July 30, and continue for ten days. S. W. McGowan will be the preacher in charge.

The Lord is blessing us in our Atmore meeting. We are expecting a great victory here over sin and the devil. Join us in prayer. Yours in his name, J. A. WADE, S. W. STRICKLIN.

I have moved my headquarters from Oologah, Okla., to Pilot Point, Tex. I am open for calls where people desire holiness meetings. Yours and His, J. R. PATRICK. Pilot Point, Texas.

On account of bad health am not actively engaged in evangelistic work. The Lord is blessing in the work at Beersheba Springs. Pray for my restoration to health. Yours in Christ, MACKAY BROWN. Beersheba Springs, Tenn.

Our meeting at Dodson, our home town, closed Sunday night, July 10, with very encouraging results. The interest was excellent throughout, and many met the Lord. We are in Tennessee again to take charge of the work at Franklin. Pray for us. In his name, W. M. LANTRIP.

I wish to correspond with a brother who can preach and sing holiness in the German language. We have settlements of Germans in Missouri and they desire to hear holiness preached. Your brother, M. B. MARTIN. Columbia, Mo.

The J. J. Rye camp meeting that is to be held at Vernon, Ala., will commence August 25, instead of August 19. We are expecting great things from the Lord at that time. God's richest blessings upon you and the LIVING WATER. Yours in Christ, J. D. SHELTON. Columbus, Miss.

I am at Grenada, Miss., waiting to go out to Cas-cilla, Miss., to help Bro. P. M. Covington in the work of our Lord. I am looking for great things out there. We will use our tent. I ask the prayers of all. I wish to state that anyone needing me with the tent write me. If any one wants a lady preacher to help them in the work write Miss Maggie Eowell, Barnett, Miss. Sister Rowell is clear in doctrine and has the Holy Ghost. Any one needing her will do well to get her. As ever in Him, W. T. CURRIE.

We are in a meeting here. Crowds good, but people seem very hard to reach. Bro. J. A. Dunkum, who was with me, left to sell Bibles, but I am pushing the battle. I have victory in my soul, and although I have been sick I am improving. Praise the Lord, and feel encouraged to go on and serve the Lord. We go from here to Sodom, near Gomorrah, for my next meeting. I got one of Knave's Student Bibles. You can learn more in one day in it than a week in any other Bible. I advise you to buy one. Yours for the King, W. C. ROBINSON.

The North Arkansas Annual Conference of the Congregational Methodist Church will convene (D. S. S.) on Thursday night before the first Sunday in September at Yellville, Ark. We desire a full attendance. We want to have a holiness camp meeting wherever possible. Rev. L. L. Isaacs is to be here with the tent. After the conference work is over the tent will be turned over to Bro. Isaacs. Let everyone that can come prepared to camp on the grounds. We will care for all we can. T. L. WILSON, Pastor C. M. Church.

We are praising God for victory this morning. This is the twelfth and last day of our meeting at Frierstown and God has wonderfully blessed in every service. Already about thirty have professed faith in Christ for salvation or sanctification. Bro. S. W. McGowan and singer, Bro. Clymer, with whom we have been laboring, left this morning to answer another call and we shall probably do the same to-morrow. A Holiness band will be organized and we trust the work will take definite shape and be productive of much lasting good in the name of Jesus. Our next meeting is at Pleasant Springs, near Iron City, Tenn. Pray for us.

M. V. HALL AND MEDA C. TAYLOR. Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

We have just closed one of the best meetings of the year at Grape Creek Schoolhouse. God was with us in love and power, the hearts of some of the hardest sinners were touched, and precious souls were saved for which we give praise to God. Twenty were saved and eight sanctified. The people were greatly stirred and are pressing on for Christ. We organized a society with eleven members. Pray that the Lord may help us in caring for this flock. Our next meeting will be at Hardin Schoolhouse July 22. Come and be with us. We will have plenty of room to camp, pasture free. Come, praying God to bless. Yours in Him, C. C. MONTANDON. Texas.

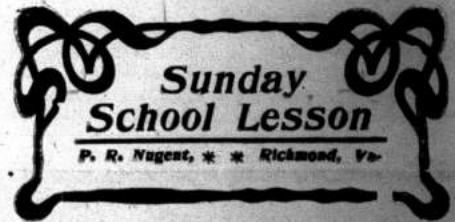
We are now in Tennessee. Our meeting at Cartwright, Ky., was one of the sweetest victories of our life. It rained every day save one. But hungry hearts found the Lord any way. Great crowds, deep conviction and some fifty prayed through to victory. One man over sixty years old was converted. The meeting broke up a whisky outfit. Some who were whisky dealers found the Lord. At one time twenty men were in the altar. Several preachers helped in the meeting. To God be all the glory. They asked us to return in 1911 and promised to get tent or build camp shed. We used Bread of Life songs in the meeting and the book takes well. We open the battle here to-night. Yours for victory, JOHN AND GRACE ROBERTS.

As I have not reported in some time I will send in a word or two. The Lord's work is moving along fairly well in this part considering the hard times. I notice when the "children of Israel" would go off into idolatry God would send calamities upon them for their sin, and then they would be humiliated and the cause of God would prosper, for "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." I have been in the pastorate here for two years. The Lord has graciously blessed my labors in the salvation of many precious souls. I met with much opposition to a full gospel, but I find some who want to travel in the "good old-fashioned way." I am just entering the revival work and my slate so far is as follows: Indian Creek, July 10-20; Fair View, July 30-August 7; Rocky Ridge, August 14-24; Smith's Chapel, September 18-28. I will have some time to help some one else. Let the LIVING WATER family pray for these services. Yours for a full gospel, R. E. STARNES. Monroe, Tenn.

RESCUE MISSION REPORT. Our report of the Union Rescue Mission workers for the months of April, May and June, 1910, is: Sermons preached, 85; funerals conducted, 10; visited and ministered in 45 homes, made five visits to city hospital, one to county jail, one to sanitarium, had twelve conversions and fifteen reclaimed, and hundreds impressed for a better life; got employment for twenty-eight women, three men, and permanent homes for four orphan children, distributed 1,250 useful articles of clothing, four bedsteads, mattress,

spring, ten quilts, two stoves, 750 religious papers and periodicals, eight testaments and some good books, keeping an open hall supplied with the best literature for the tired and lonesome public to rest and read for entertainment and instruction, gave away ninety-two meals, six baskets of provisions and a quantity of bread. The offerings are insufficient for the demands, and we are unable to solicit the fund and attend to the many other important duties and have secured the help of Rev. J. A. Lee and wife, and as they wait upon the people we trust they will get a hearty reception and a liberal pledge for the support and development of the work to meet the present increasing and future demand, for we have many calls from the needy and no one goes away empty handed. We are very thankful to this generous public for what has been given and distributed and we can use to advantage more money and anything that you can or may spare from the home. An effort is being made to purchase the present place, 431 Trimble Street, to make permanent the work.

To my friends and co-laborers in the Lord, I beg you to hear the Macedonian cry. Pray for us and as far as you can help us. James 2:15, 16. I would be glad to come and hold you a meeting. J. A. LEE. Lock Box 657, Paducah, Ky.



Lesson for July 24, 1910

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

(Matt. 17:1-8, 14-20.)

Golden Text: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Matt. 17:5.

I. ON THE MOUNTAIN.

We suppose that the reason that the Lord took Peter, James and John with Him was that their spiritual state was such that they were in better condition to witness the marvelous scene than the other nine. After the Lord had taken them up they were overcome by sleep. (Lk. 9:32). No doubt they fell asleep while the Lord was praying (Lk. 9:28, 29). They were not yet spiritual enough to get the victory over nature's call for sleep, and on this account could not spend hours in prayer at night. This failure caused them to miss seeing the first part of the transfiguration. There are times when we, too, miss something by consulting ease, comfort and nature when God calls us to deny them all in order to spend a special time with Him. How many fall when there is an all night prayer meeting on hand! Many would rather go to sleep for self than keep wide awake for the Lord.

The transfiguration revealed more of the glory of our Lord than the disciples had ever seen. It was the glory of God in the Lord Jesus that burst forth and overflowed His physical being and even His clothing. It was a beforehand realization, in some degree, of the glory that became His after the resurrection. It was, too, the natural outcome of His sinless character and life. Death had no rightful claim over Him.

On this last account we see that our Lord was altogether a freewill offering as regards His death. (Jno. 10:17, 18). He freely (there was no compulsion) turned from glory to shame. We cannot begin to thoroughly appreciate this phase of our Lord's character until we learn for ourselves the difference

between being drawn by fear or mere dull duty, and that glad stepping forth for, and with, God which He brings to pass in those who fully trust and obey.

"Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with thee,"

can become a true testimony and not a mere empty song.

The permanency of Christ also is seen in His transfiguration. The law and prophets, as represented by Moses and Elisha were to pass away and leave Jesus only as the sum total of all excellence.

We see His authority also, the Father's words, "Hear ye him," were an emphasis upon Christ's authority as a teacher and preacher. He had already spoken in a way to impress the people with this fact (Mat. 7:29, 33, 34), but they were slow to believe and obey accordingly.

II. IN THE VALLEY.

Glory and victory on the mount; shame and defeat in the valley. The disciples' experience shows how we may mistake convictions about faith for faith itself. They evidently thought that the demon should be cast out and when it was cast out after their efforts were in vain, they did not know what was the matter. It is easily possible for us to fall through unbelief and yet be blind to the existence of that unbelief even while confronting the failure that shows the presence of unbelief.

Failures in the line of results should cause people to be wise enough (1) to abstain from undertaking things for which they have not faith, and (2) to seek to grow in faith until they can do what they formerly failed at.

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

(Mat. 18:21-35.)

Golden Text: "If you forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you."

Peter's error in the matter of forgiving a trespassing brother was twofold. 1. His thought seems to have been, "How often must I forgive." He looked upon it as a matter of hard necessity—a duty to be discharged only so far as was really necessary and when that was done stop short. This is the legal spirit and does not rightfully belong to the child of God.

2. He established too small a limit—an error that naturally sprang from the first error. There is a vast difference between "How much must I?" and "How much may I?" The former tells of a person acting under necessity and the latter tells of a person who, on account of a loving desire, really wishes to go as far as possible without going beyond the bounds of right. In Lk. 17:4 we have another statement about the same subject. There it is seven times a day, and that would seem to mean—forgive as often as there is a real opportunity to do so.

Forgiveness, in order to be effective, calls for a forgiving heart on one side and a penitent heart on the other. The injured party should always have the former whether the offender has the latter or not. God's attitude, in Christ, toward all men is that of forgiveness (2 Cor. 5:19), but a man does not get the benefit of it if he remains hard and impenitent. By that He refuses the results that come by God's gracious forgiveness.

The parable shows that forgiveness is simply a consistent course for a Christian to pursue. Our sins against God, as compared with any one's sins against us, are as 10,000 talents (a talent, silver, is estimated at about \$1,000; gold, about \$16,000. Hence, the amount was either \$10,000,000 or \$160,000,000), to a hundred pence (about \$17). If we are forgiven so much it is only consistent for us to forgive so little.

Even ordinary self-interest calls upon people to forgive, because if they do not forgive they will not be forgiven.

Forgiveness is, too, altogether in harmony with love and grace. To be unforgiving is to contradict the nature of love and grace.

You can bring a blessing to your friends by getting them to subscribe for LIVING WATER; and you will be rewarded again by the valuable premium you will receive.

An Important Notice

We are enlarging the Literary and Bible Training School. Several new departments are being added, hence it becomes necessary to change the name to Trevecca College for Christian Workers. More room was needed, and for the third time in the history of the school, we are erecting another building, 40 feet wide, 110 feet long and three stories high, at an approximate cost of \$4,000.00. Our friends have generously contributed to the former buildings and we doubt not that many of them will also have a part in this one. All those who are preparing for Christian work are admitted free of tuition, and the rates for board and lodging are made so exceedingly low as not to bar any who should come. The amount needed for the completion of the building is arranged in the following table:

5 at \$100.....	\$ 500	50 at \$10.....	500
10 at \$50.....	500	100 at \$5.....	500
15 at \$20.....	300	200 at \$2.....	400
20 at \$15.....	300	1000 at \$1.....	1,000
		Total.....	\$4,000

Let us raise at least half of this by August 1, and all of it by September 1. Which list will you take? You can choose from the \$1.00 to the \$100.00 contribution. Which shall it be? We are thankful to report that a good beginning has been made in raising the above. If our friends will send in their contributions promptly it will be comparatively easy to secure the desired sum. Will you lend a helping hand? The following have been taken:

4 at \$100.00.....	\$400 00	1 at \$50.00.....	50 00
1 at \$25.00.....	25 00	1 at \$15.00.....	15 00
7 at \$10.00.....	70 00	6 at \$5.00.....	30 00
6 at \$2.00.....	12 00	1 at \$1.25.....	1 25
15 at \$1.00.....	15 00		
		Total.....	\$618 25
Amount necessary.....	\$4,000 00	Amount paid.....	\$ 618 25

Balance necessary.....\$3,381 75

Send all remittances to JNO. T. BENSON, Treas., 125 4th Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

The following amounts have been received from the following donors:

J. F. G. B., Tennessee.....	\$100 00	A. R. P., Tennessee.....	2 00
J. T. B., Tennessee.....	100 00	M. B., Tennessee.....	2 00
T. H. M., Tennessee.....	100 00	H. W., Illinois.....	2 00
J. O. M., Tennessee.....	100 00	J. W. L., Tennessee.....	2 00
R. D. W., Tennessee.....	50 00	J. W. C., Tennessee.....	2 00
Cash, Tennessee.....	25 00	W. B. H., Tennessee.....	1 25
A. S. C., Tennessee.....	15 00	S. M. C., Tennessee.....	1 00
H. C., Tennessee.....	10 00	I. L. J., Tennessee.....	1 00
J., Tennessee.....	10 00	J. W. H., Tennessee.....	1 00
J. W. R., Kentucky.....	10 00	S. P. L., Tennessee.....	1 00
D. B. S., Virginia.....	10 00	H., Tennessee.....	1 00
L. D. N., Tennessee.....	10 00	D. H. M., Tennessee.....	1 00
R. B., Tennessee.....	10 00	R. A. M., Texas.....	1 00
W. A. B., Tennessee.....	10 00	E. F., Tennessee.....	1 00
Cash, Tennessee.....	5 00	W. F., Tennessee.....	1 00
D. N., Tennessee.....	5 00	N. C., Tennessee.....	1 00
M. B., Tennessee.....	5 00	F. W., Ohio.....	1 00
D. M., Tennessee.....	5 00	W. M. A., Tennessee.....	1 00
W. C. H., Tennessee.....	5 00	W. F. C., Tennessee.....	1 00
J. M. W., Tennessee.....	5 00	C. H., Tennessee.....	1 00
E. W., Tennessee.....	3 00		
		Total.....	\$618 25

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## The Trysting Place—An Experience

WHERE shall we go tonight?" It was the eager voice of a young hospital nurse that with this question broke in upon the conversation over the tea-table, in a house upon Lake-road one Sunday afternoon during the last Keswick Convention. Well-known preachers would be in the tents. Godly men, whose names have won honour, were announced to conduct services in the churches and the halls. Manifestly there was an embarrassment of riches for these eager searchers after "the truth as it is in Christ Jesus."

My wife and I kept silence, yea, even from good-words. We had drunk deeply from the wells of salvation in the early morning hour of fellowship in Eskin tent, and later on had joined the throng that worshiped in the sanctuary. And now, mind and body were not a little tired, for this was our holiday after twelve months of strenuous toil in a city sphere, and not yet had come the grateful sense of "rest after weariness" that the holiday should bring. So it happened that after our guests had severally solved the problem, and retired to dress for church, we two stole out, and passing quickly through the deserted streets of the little mountain town, crossed the stone bridge that spans the turbulent Greta, and thence struck our course through the fields till we came to a cluster of half-a-dozen cottages sheltered among some trees, and lying immediately beneath the mighty hills.

Oh, the exquisite joy of that sacred hour! Beyond the hamlet the road doubles back towards Bassenthwaite Water. On the right a purple patch of heather made warm and soft the roughly scarred face of grim old Skiddaw on our left; like an open book lay Derwent Vale, the lake sparkling as molten silver between the sunlit woods about Walla Crag and the darkening shadows of the Catbells.

Along this winding, fragrant lane we quickly discovered the mission church we sought, a rough weather-board structure, no larger than a cottage; for the congregation that presently filled it numbered not more than a score of worshippers. We entered, and with others, awaited, in reverent silence the arrival of the preacher, a silence that remained unbroken, save for the distant bark of a kennelled dog, or the bleating of the sheep on the hillside. Just as the probability of a pulpit disappointment seemed imminent, the preacher came, a tall, well-built son of the soil, a manly man, one of the goodly band of godly laymen in the National Church who keep the faith, and delight to declare in lonely places the unsearchable riches of Christ.

I knew not what prepared the way of the night. It may have been the grand old porch of another church than my own, or the transparent sincerity and quiet earnest-

ness of the messenger; it may have been the simplicity of our evening sacrifice, or the strong reaction from life's common round and daily task; or none of these things at all. All I care to know, and bear witness to, is, that as the service drew towards its close, in mighty waves, the peace of God swept through and through my whole being, bringing unutterable refreshment both to body and spirit. It seemed to me as if the cheerful silence of the fells among which he lived, and the gentleness of the Christ whom he loved, had passed into the very soul of the preacher. From the depths of a personal experience of religion sprang forth a message to meet my needs as profound in thought as it was simple in language. "God is in the world, and overrules all our circumstances. Peter discovered it long ago, when brought face to face with the power of God displayed in the miraculous draught of fishes. The moment there flashed upon the great apostle the vision of God manifest in Christ, there came also a self-revelation which bore immediate fruit in an abhorrence of self, and a ready, full obedience to the Divine command." And as the living lips of the preacher uttered their message a subtle, spiritual atmosphere encircled us. It was enough. Even as the words fell, the scalding tears of a great and holy joy ran down my cheeks, and a deep content with Christ filled my soul.

Ah! this was the blessing I had been looking for during the preceding days of the Convention, and now, God had met me here, away from the crowded tents and the large congregations in the town. Once more, off from the beaten track of life's dusty and noisy highway, the Voice I knew as a village lad far away in the South had uttered an imperative word of love: "I am God Almighty; walk before Me, and be thou perfect, and I will make a covenant with thee." Deep called unto deep. Oh, all-forgiving, all-embracing love! Oh wonderful fact! In that same instant faith triumphed over every foe, and in the words of Dr. Matheson's noble hymn answered right loyally:—

"O Love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul on Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be."

And happily not for me alone, but for the one whose life was interlocked in mine had that humble church become the trysting-place of an eternal love, the house of God, the gate of heaven.

The service ended, and with little noise the congregation dispersed. Passing down the lane, one or two family groups disappeared through the open doorways into their cottage homes, while others gave us a friendly "Good-night" as they stood about the porches listening to the music of the brook rushing

over the stones. A solitary rook called from the larches, and a sea-gull floated lazily across the valley. A cloud cap rested on Skiddaw, whilst beyond the lake and "the jaws of Borrowdale" the great hills lay piled one against another, their peaks just hidden in the gathering mists. Here and there one could see a lonely figure strolling between the hedgerows or along the dusty road in the far distance; otherwise the landscape was all our own. Around us was a Sabbath evening calm that could be felt. Within, an immeasurable peace, born not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God, through faith in Him; and in that soul-stillness was heard the voice of the Beloved saying in tender tones: "Said I not to thee, to-day and to-morrow, yea even for evermore, ye are all one in Christ Jesus?"—*Life of Faith.*

### HOW TO HELP THE MEETING.

Come.

Come early.

Bring somebody else.

Take a front seat.

Sing. Supposing you don't know one note from another, you will feel better for having tried, and it will encourage the others.

Say something, if it is only two words; twenty-five short testimonies are better than a whole "posey bed of glittering nothings" or "beautiful sunset sky rhetoric." Men who come don't want gush, but they do want life.

Don't keep your mouth shut for fear of making mistakes. Bless your heart, a hundred years from now the fact you used frightful grammar, won't bother you a bit, especially if some soul was saved because you did say something.

Don't start a discussion.

Don't wait till the last one, someone will say just what you wanted to. It always happens so.

Don't think about that engagement tomorrow. Too much world in your heart will act like water on a fire.

If the meeting drags don't you drag; make it snap somehow.

Look just as pleasant as you can. It's contagious. Remember that it is God's service and not the human being leading.

Remember that the leader needs prayers, sympathy and support.

Remember that long prayers are too good for a good meeting.

Finally take home that part of the meeting that hit you the hardest, and think it over. Don't pass it over your shoulder to the one back of you.

Make the stranger welcome.

Talk the meeting up and not down.

If you cannot say anything good about it keep quiet.

You can also help the meeting by praying earnestly and often for it in secret, and by living a consistent Christian life out of meeting. In the home, in business, in politics, covetousness, evil speaking, all in heart of life that grieves the Holy Spirit, and by show-

ing to the world that you in your measure love as Christ did the church, the unsaved and your enemies. Math. 7:5; 5:24; 18:15—through 17. Gal. 5:19, 20, 21. You can then pray in faith and testify with power in the meeting, for the Holy Spirit is given to them that obey Him.

Pray much for a blessing.—*The Union.*

(Continued from page 11.)

large and the neck shows down to the collar bone or more. This open place is somewhat covered with beads. But after all is told, there is far more modesty and decency in their dress than in many of the dresses I saw when last in the States. You will have to see them to appreciate them.

The Lord was present in our meeting. They are not formal but sit down in quietness and wait on the Spirit of the Lord. It was a delight to speak to them. One has to speak slowly and deliberately so that they can understand, as many of them do not understand very well the Spanish language. This meeting house is the same one of which I wrote not long since, telling how an Indian woman rose up in the meeting one day last fall and said that she believed her time had come to die, made her will, had them to sign a hymn and then died right there in the meeting house.

After the meeting we hurried away and reached Quezaltenango, a little before night. It was good to be in the home of Bro. and Sister W. E. McBath, of the Northern Presbyterian Church.

Quezaltenango is the second city of the Republic of Guatemala and has some thirty thousand inhabitants.

We preached there in the mission four nights to attentive people.

Bro. McBath's baby was quite sick and they were hindered some in the work. We had hoped to visit several of the surrounding towns to evangelize and did visit three of them. We found the people eager to receive tracts and buy Gospels. One afternoon we went to a little town three miles out and sold forty Gospels and Testaments and left people holding up their money for others, but we were out. Sisters Holland, Smith and myself went to another town one day and sold a hundred and twelve Gospels and Testaments. On arriving there we sang some hymns out in the porch of a building on the public square so as to gather up the people. They came and then we offered them the Word. They pressed around us until we could not get at our books and had to move out a little. In a few minutes we sold out all we had and left them asking for more. We had not anticipated such a rush in business. That night we three went to another town and preached on the porch of the court house. Some two hundred people came and gave good attention. After the meeting some bought the Word. Bro. McBath has a good Sunday-school of some fifty or more members and is doing a good work. The field is too big for him and he needs help. The roads around Quezaltenango are good and buggies, carriages and automobiles can be used.

On Monday, May 16, Sisters Smith, Holland and myself made ready to leave Quezaltenango. One of our horses was too lame to use, and we needed a man to carry our baggage. Having failed to get a man, Bro. McBath let us have his horse and a good native brother let us have his horse, so we put our baggage on Bill and set out. Spent the night with our Indian brethren in San Cristobal and had a meeting. It was delightful to be with them again. They enjoyed our singing and preaching. Next morning we ate breakfast and went to a bath house close by where big streams of warm water came pouring out of the ground into the baths. We enjoyed that immensely. After the bath we went back to the house and had another meeting, ate dinner, visited some of the homes and set out for Tonicapam. A meeting that night and the next day to Chichicastenango. Dr. Secord had returned from his journey and we had a delightful time there until Saturday morning. Preached Thursday and Friday night's

to believers and believe that God used the preaching to their edification. I should have stated that when we reached San Cristobal on Monday we sent the borrowed horses back and two Indian brethren let us have their mules to help us on to Chichicastenango. Also one brother went along to look after the baggage mule, leaving us free of that care.

On Saturday, May 21, we left Chichicastenango and went up to Chinique. We were again helped on our way with the loan of two beasts of native brethren. Had a meeting in the court house that night and preached to more than a hundred people. A few bought the Word and many received tracts after the meeting. On Sunday we went to another town, Joyabaj, and had a meeting in the schoolhouse that night. We were very tired and felt far more like sleeping than preaching, but the opportunity was ours and we knew that it would never return. We had the promise of feed for the horses, but on going out of the meeting at 9 o'clock we found that our horses did not have anything to eat. By perseverance we secured a few weeds, some shucks and some corn. It was about 10 o'clock when we were able to lie down on the brick floor to spend the remaining hours of the night.

Monday morning, May 23, and we were off again. Our good Indian brother who was accompanying us was suffering of a severe pain in one eye, and when we had gone out about three miles he was unable to go further. We left him at the house where we ate breakfast to wait the return of his son, a young man who came on with us that day. The road was bad and steep much of the way that day and it was nearly night when we reached Cubulco. It was too late to arrange for a meeting that night. Did not get much for the horses to eat that night, either. Next morning we secured several names of people who would like to receive our publications and sold some Gospels.

Cubulco and Rabinal are in the Department of Baja Verapaz. Bro. Amos Bradley, stationed at San Jeronimo, with his wife and sister, Carrie Casey, are the only missionaries in all the department of more than fifty thousand people.

At Cubulco we were able to use our lame horse and secure two men to bring our baggage. At Rabinal we were given a back porch of the court house in which we had a meeting at night. We made a mistake in not having it in the front porch. The next day we were off for San Jeronimo and we had an interesting day of it. In the town of San Miguel Chicaj we sat on our horses in the market place and sold eighty gospels to the men, women and children. One woman tried to keep the Indians from buying the Word, but they bought, and finally we persuaded her that she ought not to try to keep people from buying the Word of God. She came and listened to us read some passages of the Word and before leaving, she accepted some tracts and a gospel and let her servant buy a gospel. Secured several names for our Spanish papers.

That night we reached San Jeronimo. Sister Casey was waiting for us with a good supper. Bro. and Sister Bradley were on the way from Coban to San Jeronimo and we did not see them.

Thursday, May 26, Sister Holland remained in San Jeronimo while I went with Sister Smith to El Rancho, where she boarded the train for Zacapa. We had a good journey down there arriving at El Rancho on Friday morning. Gave out tracts and sold a few gospels on the way.

When the train came in from Guatemala City it brought Sister Stella Parish, two native teachers and six children on their way to the Chiquimula School. Some friends were at the train waiting with sweet cakes and fresco (some good, cool, sweetened drink). That pleased the big folks as well as the children. A few hurried words and then they were gone their way and I set my face for about a hundred mile ride to Coban. Just before leaving El Rancho a man came and asked me if my name was Butler. I told him yes. He said that he had heard that I lived in Coban and he wanted to go there. He is Dr. L. T. Wilson from Benavides, Texas, U. S. A., and had come down to look at some lands. He came on with me to Coban.

On reaching San Jeronimo found that Bro. and Sister Bradley had arrived with their baby girl and were

glad to be at home again. That night we went to Salama and held a meeting. The first I suppose that was ever held in that fanatical city. Only one boy dared to come in, but two or three people stood in the door. Bro. Bradley preached with liberty and unction.

On Monday, May 30, Sister Holland and I reached Coban at noon. How good to be at home again. The five hundred mile ride had told on me considerably. Hundreds of tracts had been distributed. Six hundred and twenty-five gospels and Testaments had been sold since leaving Coban. Sisters Holland and Smith sold something like a hundred and twenty-five of that number.

As I finish this letter the question comes up, well, what did it all amount to? I do not know. We sowed the seed and in many cases we will not have the opportunity to water them at all, but God knows where they fell and His is now the responsibility.

I am now resting up some, but it has taken me longer to rest than it usually does. Perhaps it comes from the accumulation of hard journeys. This year I have ridden some fourteen hundred miles on mule back.

We need your prayers. Pray for us that we may be wise in the use of strength and means God gives. This is a great field and the opportunities are inviting. Talk to the Lord about it and do what He bids you. Yours in His service.

J. T. BUTLER.

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