

# LIVING WATER

"CALL UNTO ME, AND I WILL ANSWER THEE, AND SHEW THEE GREAT AND MIGHTY THINGS, WHICH THOU KNOWEST NOT"....Jer. 33:3

J. O. McCLURKAN, EDITOR  
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## KOREA AS A MISSION FIELD

W. E. TOWSON

### SOME ESTIMATES OF THE SITUATION.

"Foremost among all the signs of the times we deem the present situation in Korea."—*Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, Missionary Editor.*

"Korea is unique among mission lands today. It may be questioned whether her case has ever had a parallel in missionary history."

"No other work appeared to me comparable to the Korean work. This is manifestly an extraordinary instance of the special workings of a supernatural spirit."—*Wm. T. Ellis, Correspondent of the Philadelphia Free Press.*

"It is practically impossible to overstate the urgencies of the situation in Korea at present."—*Dr. John F. Goucher, College President.*

"Men are clamoring for Bibles and are running to any one who can teach them, saying, 'tell me the meaning.'"—*William Junkin, Missionary.*

"The field is dead ripe."—*John R. Mott, Leader of the Student Volunteer Movement.*

Korea, blurred, blackened and broken by sin, hangs as a pendant on the bosom of Asia, but the light which shines in the face of Jesus Christ has fallen upon it and the promise is that very soon "Chosen"—the "land of the Morning Calm"—will be among the crown jewels of our Lord.

Korea is about equal in size to the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and has a population, at the highest estimate, of but twelve or thirteen millions. Though thus comparatively small in area and in the number of its inhabitants, there is no single mission field which has aroused throughout the Protestant world the intense interest and

concern that Korea has. Why this intense interest in one of the smaller mission fields, in a country without any prestige or influence, in a people poor, oppressed and ignorant? The answer is that these people have become deeply interested in the Christian's Christ and are praying, "Come over into Korea and help us."

A few dates with which to refresh our memories. Until 1882, Korea was a hermit nation. It was death for any foreigner to enter the country, or for a native to leave it.

With adherents to the Christian faith numbering approximately one million. Christian truth has spread throughout the country to such an extent that an official of the government has recently said: "There are none of my people who are not favorable to Christianity."

There are but two denominations of Christians at work in the kingdom, the Presbyterians and the Methodists, represented by four or five missions. These are working in such blessed harmony that it is very probable that, in the near future, all the churches in Korea will be organized into one body—the Christian Church of Korea. And it should be so, for there is no reason in wisdom or in Christianity why the expensive, unnecessary and frequently sinful divisions among American and English Christians should be continued on the mission field.

The Southern Methodist Church began its work in Korea twelve years ago. Its report for 1907 shows over five thousand church members, besides more than five thousand probationers. It has one hundred and eighty organized churches, and is erecting church buildings at the rate of one a week. The Presbyterian

Church has doubled itself nine times in seventeen years, and increased its membership fifty per cent last year. Dr. Underwood, one of the oldest missionaries in the country, says: "The Korean converts are characterized by four marked features: (1) They are a Bible-loving, (2) a prayer-believing, (3) a money-giving and (4) an actively-working people."

(1) "They are a Bible-loving people." "They have a passion for the Word of God." It is a frequent thing in Korea to have



KOREAN WOMEN POUNDING RICE.

The first treaty made with any nation was secured that year by the United States. The first missionary—an American—Dr. N. H. Allen, entered the country in 1884, and the first baptism was in 1886. At this time the nation was "savagely hostile to Christianity." In 1888, seven converts gathered, in Seoul, the capital, with Dr. Allen, secretly, around the Lord's table, in celebration of the first communion. And now behold a miracle of missions! In 1908 there are in Korea more than one hundred and fifty thousand Chris-

classes of men, numbering from five hundred to thirteen hundred, to meet together for ten days for the single purpose of study-

ment for the old-time religion."

(3) "A money-giving people." The Koreans are poor, miserably poor. The average

wage of a working man is from fifteen to twenty cents a day, but "out of their poverty they abound unto the riches of liberality." Last year fifteen thousand seven hundred Presbyterian Christians gave twenty-seven thousand dollars in American currency. Tithers among them are numerous, and there are others who contribute as much as a third of their income. Some of the women have established what they call a "rice collection." Having no money to contribute, they take a handful of the grain from the portion to be cooked, which is laid aside to accumulate, and is finally

given—so that each meal pays a toll unto the Lord's cause. Of fifty-eight church buildings of the Southern Methodist Mission, forty-eight of these were built and paid for by the native people. These houses are as good, or better, than those the people live in themselves. The other three had partial assistance from the missionaries. When Dr. Lambuth, the secretary of the Board of Missions of the Southern Methodist Church, was in Korea, last year, six Korean women gave him their wedding rings with the request that he sell them in America, as they wanted to use the money for the building of a church house in their neighborhood. A sacrifice of this kind means far more to an Oriental woman than it would to her sister in the Occident.

(4) "An actively-working people." "One condition of church membership in Korea is that the applicant has already begun to witness to others." The people having but little money to give for the employment of evangelists, have hit upon the splendid plan of contributing work instead. Subscription lists in which the people pledge so many days of active evangelistic work are passed around. Churches have been known, in this way, to promise to give, within a few months, what amounts to several years' work for one person. The missionaries say that over one-half, perhaps two-thirds, of all the converts in Korea have been brought to Christ by the Koreans themselves. This is an ideal condition, and one in perfect harmony with the plan and purpose of the Master Himself as to the extension of His kingdom. Missionaries alone, no matter how numerous, can never win a heathen nation to Christ; native made Christians must take up the work and carry it on, or it will never be done.

The missionaries in Korea

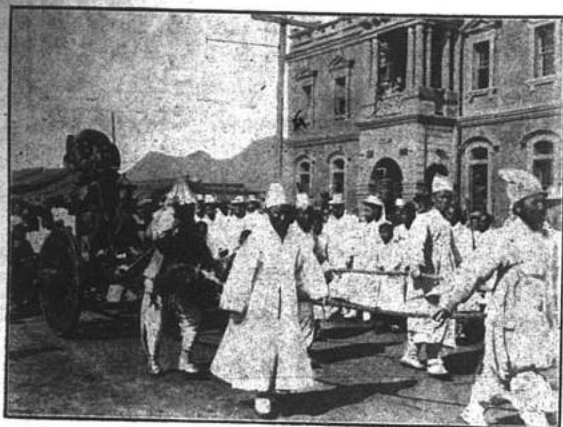
are utterly unable to answer all the calls that come to them, and unable, at times, to examine even all the candidates for baptism. "The missionaries cannot keep up with the procession of native made converts, and are in danger of nervous prostration in trying to do so," is the statement of one who has recently visited the field. One of my friends has sixty congregations on his circuit, which he is trying to visit. Another writes: "If I were to travel every day in the year it would be impossible for me to visit all the Christian communities in the bounds of my work." "If there were enough missionaries to guide this infant church, Korea might be speedily evangelized, for all things are now ready—*except the Church at home.*"

### A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE RAPID MOVEMENT OF THE WORK IN KOREA.

Fifteen years ago, Rev. G. H. Jones was denied admission into the city of Kang Hwa, where he went for the purpose of preaching the gospel. Last year, he was met at the boat landing by four hundred Kang Hwa Christians, escorted by them to the city gate, four miles away, and there welcomed by a larger delegation, the representatives of thirty-five hundred Christian in the city. The next day he preached to fifteen hundred Christians, all who could get into the house, and baptized one hundred and thirty. He asked for \$450.00 for new work in the province and was given \$750.00, and with it opened three new missions.

In 1897 there was but one Christian at Syen Chung, and the missionary, in order to avoid ridicule and disturbance, was forced to hold his first service outside the city on the hillside. Now there are 1,500 Christians at Syen Chung; ten other congregations have been organized in the city and vicinity. The prayer-meeting at this place has an attendance of one thousand or more.

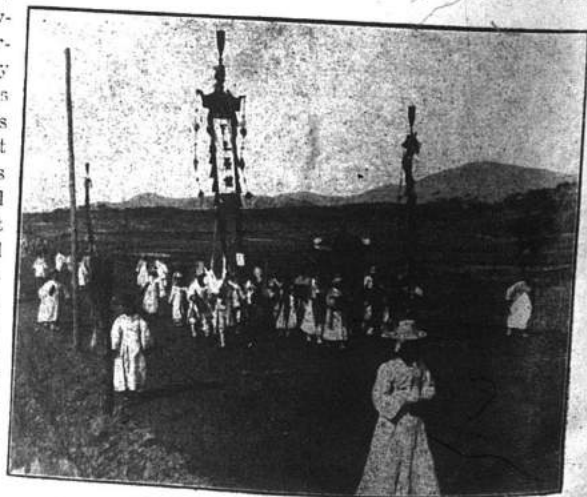
The work began in Ping Yang, "a perfect sink of iniquity," in 1892, Dr. Moffett, the missionary being stoned by some of the inhabitants. Now there are over five thousand Christians in the city and a prayer-meeting attendance of over three thousand five hundred. Of the seven ordained to the ministry last year, one of them was the leader of those who stoned Dr. Moffett fifteen years before.



CARRYING A GOD THROUGH THE STREETS.

ing the Bible. These will go on foot over the mountains and through the valleys, frequently through the snow, from one to seven days' journey, carrying their bed clothing and food with them, in order to take part in this study of God's Word. When the men return their wives and daughters gather for a similar purpose. It is a constant occurrence for some of them to walk ten and twenty miles to be present at an ordinary Bible class. Many, in their old age, learn to read in order to be able to read and study God's Word. Do not these representatives of a so-called "heathen nation" put us to blush by their eagerness for God's truth? Are they not more "noble" than some in Christian America, "in that they receive the word with all readiness and search the Scriptures daily whether these things are so?" A missionary says: "These Koreans seem to have a genius for Christianity. They grasp it with a comprehension and a comprehensiveness that amazes the missionary. Frequently, New Testament passages that perplex us are clear to Koreans."

(2) "They are a prayer-believing people." "The prayer-meeting is the spiritual thermometer of the church," is a frequent saying. Judged by this standard, the spiritual tide in the Korean Church must run high. Mid-week prayer services, ranging in attendance from eight hundred to twelve and fifteen hundred, are a constant occurrence. The Central Presbyterian Church at Ping Yang has an average attendance of twelve hundred at its prayer services, while there are four other prayer-meetings in session, in the same city, with a total attendance of thirty-five hundred. These gatherings for prayer thrill all who attend them. Listen to a few testimonies from American visitors—not missionaries—who were privileged to be present at some of these week-day services: A lady visitor: "I think I was never quite so near heaven before in my life." A Philadelphia pastor: "The service was an uplift towards the uppermost heights." A newspaper correspondent: "That was the most interesting church congregation I have ever seen. Alert, devout, radiant, they were an argu-



A KOREAN FUNERAL PROCESSION.



The work that is now in progress in Korea is frequently spoken of as "primitive and apostolic." A visitor said: "It reminds me of the days of the apostles." The missionary to whom the remark was addressed replied: "When in the days of the apostles was there ever anything like it?" It can be said of Korea, as was said of another mission field, "It is not a campaign that is being waged, but a harvest field that is being reaped."

The fear has been expressed that this wonderful work may be superficial. Mr. Ellis, the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, who made a very critical study of this and a number of other mission fields, in the interest of truth and accuracy, is on record to the effect that the examination given the natives applying for admission into the church was so strict and thorough he could not have passed it himself. The church in Korea has the narrowest door of all the churches in the world.

What of the future? It is confidently predicted that within fifteen years, certainly within twenty, that the people, as a whole, will have turned to Christ and Korea will be the "first nation of the non-Christian world to become a Christian nation." Thoughtful Christians are asking, "What does this present wonderful work in Korea mean; what plans has God for this people?" "Without doubt God intends to use this little nation in some wonderful way." Some think that, because of the kinship of the Chinese, both in origin and tongue, God purposes to use them as missionaries among these people. "It is through Korea that the light of Christianity will shine on the Far Eastern world," says one.

Korea is now in the hands of the Japanese Government—under her absolute control and management. If Korea is patient, trying and humiliating as the process may be, the outcome will be for the larger life of the Korean people. Japan will do for the country what England has already done for Egypt. Japan has made mistakes in Korea, and doubtless will make more, but so has the United States made serious blunders in the Philippines. No true American, however, believes that our country is simply exploiting these islands for her own benefit, neither is the Japanese Government doing this with Korea. I speak of the government, not of individuals. At heart, the Japanese Government is seeking the welfare of the Korean people. Better far that Korea should be in the hands of Japan for a hundred years than in the clutches of Russia for one day. The control of the latter would have meant the death of all missionary propaganda, but Japan permits the utmost freedom in matters of religion. "Although now bitter is its process, the ultimate outcome of the Japanese regime will doubtless be beneficial."

The future of Korea, however, is not to be determined by Japan, but by the Church of Christ. "Christ is head over all things to the Church," and He is head of the interests of His kingdom in Korea, and He will bring it to pass. The Church of Christ has now the unique opportunity of winning a people to the standard of their Master who are pleading for the gospel. Will she heed the

cry? "Usually it has been the unfelt need of an unawakened people that has appealed to the Church of Christ; but now we hear the cry of millions who feel their need and wait in tears before God and His Church for help. What shall become of us if, having excited their hopes, we only taunt their hunger with visions of bread beyond their reach?

The Church *must* heed the blessed yet awe-inspiring cry. With all the tongues of flesh and type at our command, let us sound it over this land of plenty. Contract our lines! What province, which thousand of the multitude, shall we abandon to the demons that have long tormented them? The bread of life for *all* Korea, and *all* Korea for Christ!"

## IDENTIFIED WITH CHRIST

(Rom. 6: 10, 11.)

BY J. GREGORY MANTLE, IN THE CHRISTIAN.

The great teaching of this chapter is that of identification with the Lord Jesus Christ in His death and in His risen and glorified life, tenets peculiar to Christianity. You will find in non-Christian faiths the idea of death to the fleshly self as the end of the human and the beginning of a divine life, but that thought has never worked out in practice; it has never been realized in action, either intellectually or morally, because there has not been coupled with it this great doctrine of identification with a person. The burden of the prayers made to the Buddha at the pagodas is this: "Make me as good as you are; make me as gentle as you are; make me as holy as you are." But patience, gentleness, and holiness only become possible in that we are identified with our crucified but risen and ascended Lord. It is noticeable that in this chapter the apostle over and over again uses the words: "Know ye not?" In verse 3: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?" In the sixth verse we have: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him"; and at the beginning of the seventh chapter: "Know ye not?" How anxious Paul was that Christians should know these things, for the truths are so profound, so marvelous, and have such a wonderful influence upon life, revolutionizing it, transforming it, turning defeat into victory, weakness into strength, gloom into gladness and glory, and changing death into life.

Paul felt that the great thing was to know these wonderful truths. If we do not know them how can we live in their power? We may have these wonderful truths in the letters of the New Testament, but of what value is that if we do not know them? We discovered electricity and other wonderful things after centuries of ignorance of them. We have many wonderful truths in our Bible. May God help us to utilize them, so that we may be identified with our crucified, risen and ascended Lord.

### "RECKONING."

In considering this subject I would suggest four lines of reckoning. We have to reckon on the fact of death, then the fact of the fellowship of death; the fact of the continuity of death, then of the realization of death.

(1) *The fact of death.* If I am going to reckon myself dead with Christ—that is what this wonderful chapter puts forth—if I am to rest my faith unwaveringly and without any hesitation, I must remind myself of the glorious truth that Jesus Christ took this sinful

nature of ours; and that this body of sin, our old unregenerate nature, was condemned and executed in His death on the cross. Romans 8:3 has helped me perhaps more than any other passage in relation to this great truth. Our Lord took this flesh of sin to the only place where it could for all time be cured from its disease, and He delivered us from the power of it. "Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree." The flesh of sin is, therefore, in the sight of God an accursed thing. Am I, therefore, going to fondle it, or pamper it, when Jesus has taken it to the Cross? Do we ever say to self: "Thou must be improved"? There is no healing medicine for the flesh: "Thou sinful self, thou hateful thing, which breaketh out in pride, in passion, in jealousy, in indolence, in self-consciousness and a thousand hateful forms, I put thee where God has put thee." And there is the secret of victory. We must reckon on this glorious fact, that in the death of Christ we died to sin, that He appeared once to put away sin. Whose sin? Not His own, for He was the sinless One. For our sins He suffered; and it is our privilege to say, each one: "I reckon myself dead to sin because I identified myself by an act of daring faith with Christ."

(2) *The fellowship of death.* Read the fourth and eighth verses of this chapter in conjunction. What a magnificent contrast that is, at the end of the fifth chapter, between the first and the last Adam. Every living soul is identified with either one or the other; lost in the one or saved in the other; defeated in the one or victorious in the other. All that happened to Christ as head of the new race happened in the purpose of God to us. When He hung upon the Cross I hung there in the purpose of God; and we must say to ourselves: "I died with Christ; I was planted with Him 'in the likeness of His death.'" Our relationship with the first Adam is not a relationship of choice; we are born in sin, but our relationship with the second Adam is a matter of choice; and the outcome of it is that we are to bear sweet and luscious fruit to the glory of Christ's name. We can make it possible for Him to express His life, beauty and winsomeness, and victory; and how He longs for men and women in whom He may do this!

### RESURRECTION GLORY.

But there is not only, as it were, a stream of death running through the chapter; there is the resurrection, the Easter glory. On the other side of the Cross, joy and gladness.

Read in the fourth verse: "Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father." More glory gathers about the Cross than at any other period in His life. His first salutation after leaving the tomb was: "All hail!" Of Him it is written: "Death hath no more dominion over him." He left those yards of linen graveclothes undisturbed in all their windings, not carefully folded up, as we thought when we were younger. I do not wonder that those who looked into the sepulchre saw the greatness of the miracle. Ought we not to leave behind us the old life? I am alive in the risen, victorious, indissoluble life of my risen Lord; the glory of that Easter morn is mine! We cannot think of that for five minutes without being glad, and saying "Good-bye" to sorrowing and sighing. Buried with Christ! Raised with Him! What is there left for me to do? "Surely to cease from struggling and strife." By His glory He will give us a glorious resurrection if we will only let Him do it.

(3) *The continuity of death.* The R. V. gives "once" in verse 5 as "once for all." It has disheartened me at times to find those who professed conversion falling back. All our dealings with God are dealings for eter-

nity. Do not let us play at identification with Christ or trifle with these tremendously solemn truths, remembering that it is written: "If any man shall draw back, my soul hath no pleasure in him." As old leaves are shed from plants by the cutting off of the supply of nourishment, so may everything in our life that is not of Christ be eliminated and cut off.

(4) *The realization of death.* God graciously honors the faith of those who trust in Jesus, who enter into the fellowship of His death, so that many who were once deep down in sin can now pass by the public-houses and other places that formerly tempted them, without the least desire to go in. God can do these things for all. Why am I authorized to reckon on these glorious facts? Because God does it. He reckons me to be dead to the world and living to Christ, and I am going to reckon myself where God puts me. Just as Abraham, when he "believed," literally said "Amen" to God, so may we all say "Amen" to Him.

"Buried with Christ," and raised with Him, too;  
What is there left for me to do?  
Simply to cease from struggling and strife,  
Simply to "walk in newness of life,"  
Glory be to God!

Spray and foam may cover and spangle; but the rocks are there still, unimpressed and unimpressible. The human heart can no more be swept of its hardness and sin by these human forces than these rocks can be swept away by the ocean's ceaseless flow.

This unction is the consecration force, and its presence the continuous test of that consecration. It is this divine anointing on the preacher that secures his consecration to God and His work. Other forces and motives may call him to the work, but this only is consecration. A separation to God's work by the power of the Holy Spirit is the only consecration recognized by God as legitimate.

The unction, the divine unction, this heavenly anointing, is what the pulpit needs and must have. This divine and heavenly oil put on it by the imposition of God's hand must soften and lubricate the whole man—heart, head, spirit—until it separates him with a mighty separation from all earthly, secular, worldly, selfish motives and aims, separating him to everything that is pure and Godlike.

It is the presence of this unction on the preacher that creates the stir and friction in many a congregation. The same truths have been told in the strictness of the letter, but no ruffle has been seen, no pain or pulsation felt. All is quiet as a graveyard. Another preacher comes, and this mysterious influence is on him; the letter of the Word has been fired by the Spirit, the throes of a mighty movement are felt, it is the unction that pervades and stirs the conscience and breaks the heart. Uctionless preaching makes everything hard, dry, acrid, dead.

This unction is not a memory or an era of the past only; it is a present, realized, conscious fact. It belongs to the experience of the man as well as to his preaching. It is that which transforms him into the image of his divine Master, as well as that by which he declares the truths of Christ with power. It is so much the power in the ministry as to make all else seem feeble and vain without it, and by its presence to atone for the absence of all other and feebler forces.

This unction is not an inalienable gift. It is a conditional gift, and its presence is perpetuated and increased by the same process by which it was at first secured; by unceasing prayer to God, by impassioned desires after God, by estimating it, by seeking it with tireless ardor, by deeming all else loss and failure without it.

How and whence comes this unction? Direct from God in answer to prayer. Praying hearts only are the hearts filled with this holy oil; praying lips only are anointed with this divine unction.

Prayer, much prayer, is the price of preaching unction; prayer, much prayer, is the one, sole condition of keeping this unction. Without unceasing prayer the unction never comes to the preacher. Without perseverance in prayer, the unction, like the manna overkept, breeds worms.

Tired of your old song book? Why don't you get the last one out—Bread of Life Songs?

## Preacher and Prayer\*

E. M. BOUNDS

*All the minister's efforts will be vanity or worse than vanity if he have not unction. Uction must come down from heaven and spread a savor and feeling and relish over his ministry; and among the other means of qualifying himself for his office, the Bible must hold the first place, and the last also must be given to the Word of God and prayer.*  
—RICHARD CECIL.

In the Christian system unction is the anointing of the Holy Ghost, separating unto God's work and qualifying for it. This unction is the one divine enablement by which the preacher accomplishes the peculiar and saving ends of preaching. Without this unction there are no true spiritual results accomplished; the results and forces in preaching do not rise above the results of unsanctified speech. Without unction the former is as potent as the pulpit.

This divine unction on the preacher generates through the Word of God the spiritual results that flow from the gospel; and without this unction, these results are not secured. Many pleasant impressions may be made, but these all fall far below the ends of gospel preaching. This unction may be simulated. There are many things that look like it, there are many results that resemble its effects; but they are foreign to its results and to its nature. The fervor or softness excited by a pathetic or emotional sermon may look like the movements of the divine unction, but they have no pungent, penetrating, heart-breaking force. No heart-healing balm is

\*From "Preacher and Prayer," by E. M. Bounds, pastor of this office.

there in these surface, sympathetic, emotional movements; they are not radical, neither sin-searching nor sin-curing.

This divine unction is the one distinguishing feature that separates true gospel preaching from all other methods of presenting truth. It backs and interpenetrates the revealed truth with all the force of God. It illumines the Word and broadens and enriches the intellect and empowers it to grasp and apprehend the Word. It qualifies the preacher's heart, and brings it to that condition of tenderness, of purity, of force and light that are necessary to secure the highest results. This unction gives to the preacher liberty and enlargement of thought and soul—a freedom, fulness and directness of utterances that can be secured by no other process.

Without this unction on the preacher the gospel has no more power to propagate itself than any other system of truth. This is the seal of its divinity. Uction in the preacher puts God in the gospel. Without the unction, God is absent, and the gospel is left to the low and unsatisfactory forces that the ingenuity, interest or talents of men can devise to enforce and project its doctrines.

It is in this element that the pulpit oftener fails than in any other element. Just at this all-important point it lapses. Learning it may have, brilliancy and eloquence may delight and charm, sensation or less offensive methods may bring the populace in crowds, mental power may impress and enforce truth with all its resources; but without this unction, each and all these will be but as the fretful assault of the waters on a Gibraltar.



# A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

## THE SALOON KEEPER'S SIGN.

A boy was passing by a saloon, and, seeing a drunken man lying in the gutter in front of it, he opened the door and said: "Mister, your sign's fell down!" The saloon keeper, in a rage, chased him for several blocks.—*Ex.*

## A CHILD OF A KING.

Correggio stood before a grand painting, enraptured; and as he gazed, grasping the sublime conception, amazed at the wondrous execution and coloring of the picture, he exclaimed: "Thank God! I, too, am a painter." So, when a Christian looks steadily at what it is to be children of our Father, with a sublime thrill of joy he can say: "Thank God! I, too, am a child of the Lord God Almighty."—*Evangelical Herald.*

## SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES.

One day when Napoleon was reviewing his troops in Paris he let fall the reins of his bridle and his proud charger galloped swiftly away. Before he could recover himself, a common soldier ran out of the ranks, caught the horse, and placed the reins again in the Emperor's hands: "Much obliged to you, *Captain*," said Napoleon. The man immediately believed the chief, and said, "Of what regiment, sire?" Napoleon, delighted with the ready trust in his word, replied, "Of my guard!" and rode away. The soldier laid down his gun, saying, "He may take it who will. I am captain of the guard." So the soldier walked proudly to his position as captain of Napoleon's guard.—*Sel.*

## POWER OF PRAYER.

Mrs. Frances R. Ford had been to Brooklyn to attend the class of primary teachers, and was returning home on the train between nine and ten o'clock, when it ran into a loaded freight car. The headlight of the passenger train exploded and set fire to the car. She says: "It was soon put out, but when I saw the flames sweeping back on each side of us, I did not expect to see my children again in this world. All day I had been conscious of the sustaining power of prayer for me, and when I wakened in the morning, to tell my daughter of my wonderful preservation, she said: 'I was praying for you at ten o'clock last night, mamma.' She had often prayed for me, being interrupted by the striking of the clock."—*S. S. Illustrator.*

## THE OPIUM SMOKER'S HARD BONDAGE.

"They made their lives bitter with hard service." Sin is a hard taskmaster. Speaking in a large union evangelistic service, Dr. Biederwolf said that once in San Francisco he had gone down into an opium den and there saw an old Chinaman lying half asleep on a bench, smoking his opium pipe. Dr. Biederwolf began to speak to him, and said: "John, do you like it?" The answer came

swift and terrible, "I got to like it. I've been smoked forty year." Such is the awful slavery of sin. Pitiless, desperate, hopeless. Yet we thank God for the greatness of the glorious gospel of the liberty-giving Christ. "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." The same God who led the Israelites out of a bitter bondage stands ready to knock the shackles from every slave of sin.—*S. S. Times.*

## GOD'S GUEST.

I think I could be a perfect Christian if I were always a visitor, as I have sometimes been, at the house of some hospitable friend. I can show a great deal of self-denial where the best of everything is urged upon me with kindly importunity. When I meditate upon the pains taken for our entertainment in this life, in the endless variety of seasons, of human character and fortune, on the costliness of the hangings and the furniture of our dwellings here, I sometimes feel a singular joy in looking upon myself as God's guest, and cannot but believe that we would be wiser and happier, because more grateful, if we were always mindful of our privilege in this regard. And should we not rate more cheaply any honor that men could pay us if we remembered that every day we sat at the table of the Great King?—*James Russell Lowell.*

## "THE MARK OF THE PRIZE."

Phil. 3:13, 14.

Did you ever ride a wheel? Do you remember how, when you first learned, it seemed as if the thing went right straight for every puddle and every post or tree? And you had to learn not to think of these obstacles in your path. You found that it was because you concentrated your attention upon them that the wheel always went directly at them. When you could once keep your attention on the path, when you thought more of that path than of anything else, then your bicycle kept the path. Exactly so with the cycle of human life. Men seem to bear straight for everything low and mean and vile. It is unavoidable when the mind is set upon these things. Only in learning to concentrate the attention on the path in which we should go does the wheel of experience find that path. Set your mind on things above.—*Rev. C. Julian Tuthill.*

## TESTS OF CHARACTER.

Some years ago I was shown through the railroad foundry at Marshall, Texas, by the manager. Every car wheel manufactured in this foundry passes the severest test before it is placed under a passenger train to carry the precious burden of human life. When the agent of a railroad comes to this foundry to buy car wheels, each wheel is placed on a steel foundation and a hammer weighing one hundred and forty pounds is lifted twelve feet in the air and dropped eight times on the

wheel. The manager said to me: "I have often cringed as this great weight fell upon my wheel, and it gave me great pleasure when, after the eighth time, the wheel rang out clear and stood the test. We could then trust it to go under a passenger train and carry its burden of human life." What a picture of the test of human character! How often has every Christian felt the stroke of the testing hammer, as it fell upon his character! Look at Job standing the test: see the great hammer of Providence lifted. Down it comes in the words: "Your cattle are dead." Again it is lifted: "Your flocks are dead." Again it is lifted: "Your children are dead." The last stroke is given—Job stands the test and receives the honor of his God.—*Stories and Parables.*

## THE DEFIANCE OF PELE.

The recent death of one of the first of the missionaries who went to the Sandwich Islands brings to remembrance the work of civilization which has been done there. It was in 1820 that the American Board sent out representatives to Hawaii. Forty years later Mr. Richard Henry Dana said: "They have taught a whole people to read and write, cipher and sew. They have given them an alphabet, a dictionary, and a grammar, preserved the language from extinction, and established schools. The missionaries found a nation of savages; they have left a civilized people."

One of the most picturesque incidents connected with the overthrow of idolatry was the defiance of Pele by the Princess Kapiolani. Pele was the most dreaded deity of the Sandwich Islands, a goddess supposed to be of great and terrible power, who resided in the crater of the volcano of Kilauea. Superstition in regard to this revengeful spirit who dwelt in the fiery, seething pit was hard to dislodge from the savage mind.

The Princess journeyed one hundred miles, most of the way on foot, to the great crater of Kilauea. The missionaries at Hilo, twenty-five miles from the volcano, heard of her pilgrimage, and wished to meet her at the mountain. One was obliged to give up going because he had no shoes, and his feet were tender. The other had no shoes either, but he was used to walking barefooted, so he started out.

The Princess was much affected at this meeting with the missionary. The two, watched by a company of about eighty natives, descended from the rim of the crater to the "black rock." "There, in full view of the terrific panorama, Kapiolani calmly spoke.

"Jehovah is my God," she said. "He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish from the anger of Pele, you may fear the power of Pele. If I do not perish, all the gods of Hawaii are vain."

She then sang a hymn of praise, and returned to the wondering, fearful company unscathed. In that few moments she had done much to overthrow the remaining paganism.—*Sel.*

## "Of The Household Of Faith"

T. J. BARNARDO.

It was a murky evening at the close of September, and the outlook was drab and dreary. A few splashy drops of rain occasionally fell, and the muddy streets were most unpleasant for pedestrians. Truly, an uninviting night to be abroad in!

I had been attending the board meeting of a society in which I was interested, and I was absorbed in thinking over some points of the business transacted. I hardly noticed, therefore, that as I left Moorgate Street Station a timid little voice began to assail my ears. "Matches, sir," it said, in a curious, persistent whine. I walked steadily on, but the voice followed, challenging my attention. The speaker must have been a diminutive little match-seller, for the sound was near the ground. Again he repeated earnestly, "Two a' ha'penny! Two boxes a ha'penny! Buy 'em, sir!" Then after a pause, he resumed: "Could give yer three, but there ain't much profit!"

That curious chant, with its quaint comment, at length checked my progress. My thoughts were effectually broken into. I stopped, and at a glance took in the scene and the speaker at once. I saw a sight, common enough, alas, in London; a little street-vendor, shoeless and stockingless, his bare feet well muddled, his trousers ragged, his jacket torn. Trousers and jacket were all he had to cover him from the drizzling rain and the shivering fog. A queer little old patched cap was perched on one side of his head in a knowing fashion, pathetically at variance with the sad lines of his face. The child looked to me about eight years of age; but I guessed him to be nine, for he was of stunted growth.

"Sold much today?" I inquired. He shook his head.

"Six boxes ain't much; only t'ree a'pence for the lot."

"Who sent you out?"

"Mother."

"And why does mother send out a little chap like you?"

"She can't help it: she's werry bad."

"Where is she?"

"Home."

"Anybody else there?"

"Sissy."

"How old is she?"

"Oh! she don't count! She's littler than me—lots littler!"

"Do you make much money?"

"Sometimes, if I'm lucky."

"Are you often lucky?"

"Not 'xactly often; I wor in real luck yesterday."

"How's that?"

"Such a nice gemman kem along, and says he, 'You are a pore little chap'; and he gev me a bob. Oh! he wor a nice gemman, he wor!"

My young companion had wasted no words, and, now, when such emphasis was laid upon this particular gentleman, I felt he was being held up for imitation!

"Why don't you go home with your three ha'pence?" I continued.

"Tain't no use," said the boy. "Tain't no use going home with littler nor a tanner, sir!"

"Must you always have 'a tanner'?"

The little head was nodded quickly and emphatically. Clearly sixpence was the irreducible minimum!

"Well, now," I said, "tell me where your mother lives."

"Thirteen, Plough Court, Banner Street, St. Luke's," was the prompt answer.

I knew Banner Street. The place was not more than ten minutes' walk away. "Come on with me," I said, "and I will see your mother. I am a doctor, you know, and, perhaps I can do her some good."



"In the Playground," Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, Kent

Without more ado the little chap gave himself up to the new idea, and trotted off by my side, his tongue wagging briskly the while. Here was an adventure, or, at least, an event! He managed to keep up a never-failing stream of small talk which, I could not help observing, always came round, often by the very sharp angles, to the "nice gemman"!

We soon reached Banner Street. A few minutes then brought us to the corner of a dingy, pestilential-looking court, lined on each side by tumble-down two-story houses—houses that looked as if they had been originally jerry-built, and had been out of repair for many years back. They were noisome in the extreme, fetid, reeking of slime and neglect. No. 13 presented a set of creaky and very filthy stairs. My guide hooked his small hand firmly into mine, and without delay we began to climb up and up and up, until at last we reached a back room on the top floor. The boy ran in first, while I waited outside. Only a minute elapsed, and then the door was thrown open, and in response to a muffled "Come in, sir," I entered.

The room was literally devoid of furniture. There was no chair to sit down on; no table to fill up the bare floor-space. Yet there was a marvelous air of peace and even of comfort in that empty garret! All, for instance, was wondrously clean. And one felt that there was a decent and gracious air about the place that spoke well for its human occupants.

It was some time before my eyes could take in my surroundings. But presently I saw a figure lying near the window on the floor, on a heap of rags. It was that of a poor, decent-looking woman. A few words of sympathy and explanation, and I learned her simple story. The woman was a widow of about forty-five. She had injured her leg, and the wound, instead of healing, had apparently festered. A large unwholesome ulcer was exposed to view as I examined it. She had gone twice as an out-patient to the nearest hospital, but she could walk no longer. Her work as a charwoman had had perforce to be given up; so there she lay, helpless to move hand or foot on her own behalf! By her side stood a little girl of about six years of age—"our Bess," she called her—a bright-eyed, winsome little lassie.

But Billy was the bread-winner! He it was who kept the wolf from the door. It was he who had boldly gone into trade in the endeavor to supply mother, sister and himself with bread. Deeply affected, I listened to the simple, homely, heroic story. Men are inclined to the belief that heroes are only made on special occasions. Yet in truth the finest heroes are home-spun, and are often hidden in obscurity. Billy was of the true stuff, and his modest struggle might have made an epic!

Why, I asked of the woman, did she not go into a hospital? The question was hardly asked when I felt rebuked. "What would become of the children?" said the poor woman. "Billy might do for a bit by himself—he is a brave lad!

but our Bess—" And then the poor soul fairly broke down. Yet in a minute the tears were wiped away, and as I looked at the calm, resolute face, I discovered where Bill got his bravery from.

"Well, then," said I, "why not try to get the children into some home or refuge, while you are taken to the hospital and properly treated?"

"Ah, yes, sir!" replied she, eagerly; "that's what I would like; but then I don't know how to set about it."

Then, to my surprise, she added, in the simplest, most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, "I have been prayin' to the Lord all the time I have been here to take care of the children, and to keep our Bess from the streets." Here, in this wretched room, deprived of everything, depending absolutely upon a child of nine years of age for food and fuel—here lay this decent, industrious creature, with a firm trust in the God of Prayer, and in her breast there still burned the flame of faith and hope!

Yes, indeed: God has His own in every nook of the great city! Poor Mrs. Rider was a Christian woman, strong in prayer and



## LIVING WATER

drawing in simple trust upon all the powers of the Omnipotent. She put her hand under the pillow, and pulled out a leaf of a well-known religious weekly journal. "Look here, sir; read that!" And under my very eyes she placed a short narrative of one of my own rescues, which had been reprinted in its columns! How the page had drifted to her I know not; but the last lines of the story contained that statement of mine which has been so oft repeated and which all my readers know so well: "Never during all these years have I refused a single destitute child who has made application at our doors." "There, sir," said the poor creature, not knowing in the least to whom she spoke, "I have been hopin' and prayin' that God would let Billy and our Bess get in there. I know they'd be safe, and they'd both be together, and then I'd go in cheerful to the 'ospital!"

I thought for a few minutes before I answered. At length I said slowly: "I did not tell you who I am; but now I must let you know." The poor woman looked up with something like alarm written on her face. I continued: "My name is Barnardo, and I have a great many poor boys and girls in my keeping. And really that is why I asked your little lad to bring me here today. Now, if I can help you by keeping the children for a while, I will."

It is impossible to describe the emotions of wonder and amazement which passed over that poor suffering mother's face. The tears poured down her cheeks. "Billy!" she called, and the boy ran quickly to his mother's side. "Bess, dear," she added; and then, holding the two children in her trembling hands, she said: "This is the gentleman that has all the little boys and girls. I told yer God would hear me, and now He's just sent him here to take, and keep you both until I am well again."

As for me, I felt at once humbled, encouraged and thankful; humbled to think that, in any hour of darkness and difficulty, I had ever doubted that God heard and answered prayer; encouraged by this fresh proof of our Father's guiding hand; and thankful for the opportunity thus afforded me of stretching out a helping hand to one of our Lord's own children.

There and then I entered fully into the mother's story and made notes of the various names and addresses with which she supplied me, so that we could verify the facts and assure ourselves that there was genuine need and friendlessness in the case. I left with a promise that, if all proved right, I would admit the children to the Homes for a time while the mother entered the hospital. Of course, I saw to the immediate needs of the family, but not until I made Billy tell me once again the story of the "nice gemman."

"Now, Billy, what shall I do to be like the nice gentleman? Shall I give you a shilling now? or shall I take both you and Bessie into my Home and send your mother to the hospital?"

Billy hesitated, but there was no feeling of doubt in Bessie's mind. The words were hardly out when she sidled over to me and placed her little hand trustingly in mine.

Billy said more slowly, "If mother wor well, I think it would be nicer to have the shillin'; but I'll go with you, sir, all right."

Ere long one of my good women helpers was in the room supplying the wants of the patient, bringing food and fuel and a few needed garments to the children, while I, meanwhile, obtained an order giving admission to the hospital to this poor member of the Household of Faith.

And that was how Billy and Bess came to be counted among the greatest family in the world, 5,400 strong! The two children are not solitary in their history! I have in the homes today not a few who, although rescued from the deepest destitution, are the offspring of praying people. Surely there are none who have stronger claims than these upon the sympathies of all the followers of Jesus Christ!

Thus our work goes on by day and night, rescuing from untold degradation, not merely the suffering and nameless of parents who, because they are vicious and criminal, are their children's greatest enemies, but also many hapless bairns who are, it may be, of "the seed of the righteous." Such never apply to me in vain. I am now receiving, from all of the destitute classes and homeless poor, more than nine children as the average for every working day in the year! Besides this, we are assisting in divers ways an immense number of others, needing help, though unsuitable for actual admission. During last year we FREELY admitted no fewer than TWO THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE fresh cases into the Homes; while during the present year I have placed out in Canada alone the record total of over one thousand boys and girls who have been trained in our English Homes. Today I have still five thousand four hundred other waifs under my care, requiring daily food, training, education and clothing, and for all these we are dependent, under God, upon the free-will offerings of His people everywhere.—Sel.

## DIRECTION.

Driving in the northern suburbs of the city I came across a man with a box of homing pigeons.

He told me that he came from the southern part of the city and had brought the birds out for practice.

I waited for him to liberate one, and observed the actions of the bird. It flew back and forth in various directions for a while over the roofs of houses and between the tall chimneys of near-by factories, as if it were lost. Then it began to soar upward until, at quite a height, it started south, and until lost to view was going in a direct line for its home.

So the Christian whose life is given to worldliness loses the sense of the heavenly home, and rushes aimlessly hither and thither.

But let him recognize his heavenly citizenship, and let his spirit soar into the pure atmosphere of God's love; then his spiritual vision sees the New Jerusalem, and the life takes on directness and steadies itself upon its course toward life eternal.—G. F. W.

## Silver Filings

—00—

"Purity is a prize gained only once."

"Self-control is the secret of all control."

"A holy God cannot accept a sinful service."

"Society has its temptations as solitude has."

"We 'cannot' go east and west at the same time."

An aimless life is poor and worthless.—Dr. Beet.

"Public duty should not interfere with family piety."

"Holy living is to words what powder is to the bullet."

"Rash facing of danger does not atone for fleeing from duty."

"It oftentimes takes more courage to say no than to say yes."

"Every time you try to please sin, you put yourself in its power."

"The spirit of captious criticism grows. It ever feeds on itself."

"You cannot right your own life by the ruin even of your enemies."

"Murmuring, like a rash upon the skin, betrays the evil blood within."

"I can only know of being God's choice by God being my choice."

"Three things make a divine: meditation, temptation and prayer.—Luther.

"Public health and public morals are twin interests of the highest importance."

"Some men are worth remembering chiefly for what they might have been."

"It is to the one who confides in him that God shows his purposes" (Ps. 25:14).

"Beware that no coldness creeps into your heart toward those who antagonize you."

"We are responsible for fighting well, not for conquering, hence we never need fail."

"God is often better than His promise, always far better than our deserts" (Eph. 3:20).

"What is man better than a brute, if to him a full stomach eclipses all other blessings?"

True love is radiant and wholesome, clean and clear as crystal.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A.

"There are people who will go miles for the marvelous who will not go one step for duty."

Faith brings us near to God. Unbelief puts us from God, when we are near to Him.—John Bunyan.

"When God says, 'Therefore,' men should inquire 'Wherefore?'"

"I've Pitched My Tent in Canaan" is destined to prove one of the most popular songs in Bread of Life Songs.

# LIVING WATER

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## EDITORIAL

### THE HELPER.

The way seems rough, over brier and root,  
And the road is so long;  
But the Feet that was tired with going afoot  
Help mine to be strong.

The Hand that He reaches out to me  
Has a scar in the palm;  
'Tis a heart that was broken on Calvary  
Teaches mine to be calm.

### THE TRUE SELF.

Thomas a Kempis said: "Seeking myself I lost myself; seeking Thee I found both Thee and myself." We never discover our real selves until we have found the Lord. The closer the union with Him the more vivid will be our realization of ourselves. Man was created for a certain relation to his Maker, and it is only as he sustains that relation that he has the right conception of the dignity and inherent values of the humblest personality.

### FOURSQUARE.

Some one said of Cleveland that he stood foursquare to all the winds that blow. In other words, he had a symmetrical character. How many otherwise gifted men have been seriously crippled in their usefulness for want of a proper adjustment of all their powers? Much of a make-up of this kind comes from heritage or bestowment; but cultivation, and the grace of God, can make even the weak strong. Happy the man whose powers are so disciplined that he can stand foursquare in the face of any difficulty.

### GOOD HEARERS.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," said the Savior of men. Ears are furnished us for the purpose of hearing, but all who have ears do not hear. Unwilling, indifferent or listless hearers very much hamper the message. A dull, stupid preacher will reproduce himself in his hearers; and vice versa, an audience of indolent hearers puts a double load upon the preacher.

Jesus could do no mighty works because of His audience, is the way J. H. Jowett renders this familiar passage. The pulpit is usually scored for whatever dullness there is in the service, but it is well to remember that

## LIVING WATER

a responsive pew goes a long ways in the making of a successful meeting. The pew reacts on the pulpit as much as the pulpit on the pew, and there is not wanting a multitude of preachers who would have been much more effective if they had not been frozen out by a cold, formal audience. It is hard to sustain a high level of enthusiasm confronting an icy, phlegmatic, sleepy, listless crowd. There is grace enough to do it successfully, but there are scores of poor mortals who do not appropriate it sufficiently, but yield to the reflex action of such uncongenial surroundings. The most successful ministry results from a union of preaching and hearing with an intense, God-given purpose to make the most of the occasion.

### A DECAY IN DOCTRINE.

"Ye have wearied the Lord . . . when ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good" (Mal. 2:17).

The charge that God brought against His ancient people would be peculiarly applicable now. There has been such a decay in doctrinal integrity that the majority of people are indifferent to the truth. Unitarians deny the divinity of Christ, and yet Edward Everett Hale, one of the most noted lights of the Unitarian faith, has been for some time chaplain of the United States Senate, and there is seldom a protest heard; and William H. Taft, candidate for President of the United States, is also a Unitarian, and most of those who worship Christ, of his political faith, pay little attention to the fact that they are voting for a man who rejects the very cornerstone of Christian faith. The divinity of Christ and His vicarious suffering as the ground of our salvation are the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. Take away these two great facts and what have we left? We doubt not that the scholarly Hale and the genial Taft are both good men, judged by the world's standards, but this professes to be a Christian country, and we protest against Christianity supporting for political preferment those who are so radically wrong as to Christian doctrine. We much prefer to see men at the head of this nation who adore and worship the Lord Jesus as the Son of God. This is not a matter of political affiliation, but one of religious principle.

### GIFTS AND FRUITS.

Gift is a bestowment—something that comes on us as an equipment; fruits are produced from within. Gifts are from above, and therefore, come from without, while fruits are the result of grace within. Possibly none of us will have all the gifts, but all of us should produce the fruits. The nine gifts as enumerated in 1 Cor. 12:7-10 are as follows: Wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and interpretation of tongues; while the nine fruits of the Spirit, as set forth in Gal. 5:22, 23 are as follows: Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. The faith mentioned among the gifts probably has reference to a bestowment above the ordinary.

If we distinguish between the gift of faith and the grace of faith, we will readily see why it is numbered both with gifts and fruits. 1 Cor. 12:1 (dividing to every man severally as He will) indicates a sovereignty in the distribution of the various gifts; 1 Cor. 12:31 (but covet earnestly the best gifts) implies that they may be obtained through seeking; but the consensus of teaching on this subject implies that they all exist in the Church as a body, and that they are severally divided to individual members, in such a manner as to promote the best interests of the Church, while all real Christians bring forth, in a measure, at least, all the fruits of the Spirit. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his," and none can have this Spirit within without corresponding fruit.

### A DESIRE TO BE USED.

A desire to be used is a healthful one. It is always right to do good, but how much of the requisite discipline are we willing to endure in preparing for efficient service? The possession of large gifts carries with it large responsibilities and consequently calls for more strength of character. There are many who could not be used to a great extent without being injured themselves. They would falsely imagine that their success was due to some extraordinary merit on their part. The highest usefulness requires the deepest crucifixion. The farther we are from self-centeredness the wider will be our influence. We doubt not but what there are many earnest souls who really desire to be more largely useful who have not the necessary self-effacement but that, should the gifts for which they yearn be bestowed, would regard themselves as persons of superior sanctity or intelligence and become popish in their demeanor.

Poor old human nature has been so battered and knocked around by sin that it cannot stand a great deal of promotion unless thoroughly garrisoned by Divine grace. Our gracious heavenly Father loves us too well to bestow a gift that would destroy us. There are vast deposits of blessing awaiting those who will receive them humbly and faithfully pass them on to others. So many have never even once dreamed but what they could receive to their edification most any kind of a gift. They have never considered that a certain quality of character was necessary lest they be puffed up and pervert the very blessing bestowed. One has only to scan the pages of ecclesiastical history to see how heaven's gifts have been made to minister to foolish lusts. The strut and pomp of earthly ecclesiastics ill accords with the humble life of the Lord Jesus. When we reach the point where we give all the glory to God, taking no honor unto ourselves for any measure of grace which He may see proper to give us, then we are getting in the place of large blessing. Perhaps many of us are now working on limited capital who might have an inexhaustible supply on hand were we in a position to not abuse the gift. They who recognize that every good and perfect gift cometh from the Father above, and give Him all the glory for the same, are few in number. It is easy to say



this with our lips, but to realize it in the very depths of our spirit is another thing. Any gift of grace prostituted to self-interest is a hurt to ourselves and a betrayal of trust.

Again, it requires a certain wideness of outlook and depth of thought to wisely use these gifts. Servants suddenly promoted to masters are liable to become the most tyrannical of lords. Why? The answer is self-evident. They haven't the bigness of character to stand such promotion—they are too little. And so in the kingdom of grace we find that God prepares us for and then bestows upon us such blessings as we need day by day. We will receive all the blessings for which we are prepared.

destinies. The divine purpose is as readily accomplished by the combination of little things as in the larger fields of service. Geo. Matheson, in writing on this subject, says:

"The Spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot" (Acts 8:29). The Spirit of Providence is always manifested in joining things. It does not work miraculously, but it causes separate things to work together. Here was a whole train of separate incidents. An Ethiopian sat in His chariot. He was on his return journey; his business was done and, therefore, his mind was at leisure. Being at leisure, he began to read. Out of the many books with which he might have passed an hour, he chose the Prophecies of Isaiah and, as the place was a desert, he was not likely to be disturbed. But on the road the chariot happened to pass a man, and the man whom it passed happened to be a Christian missionary. Into the heart of the missionary there came an unaccountable impulse to run after the chariot. All the circumstances were against the Ethiopian stopping his horses. Why should he take up a pedestrian simply because he was so impertinent as to run after his carriage? And then the Ethiopian was reading. Why interrupt his reading by taking in a perfect stranger? Everything said, Do not stop! But he did; and by that act all the separate rays were united. They came together in one providential beam. Taken by themselves, any one of them might have been an accident. A carriage on a lonely road with a man reading inside is a very common thing. A pedestrian running behind a carriage is a very common thing. A religious teacher in an obscure sphere is a very common thing. An individual studying a chapter of the Bible is a very common thing. The momentary stopping of a conveyance is a very common thing. But when all these seeming accidents were united, the result was a startling providence—the Christianizing of a kingdom.

Lord, Thy life-miracle to me is the great issue that comes from the union of trifling things. In the world of chemistry I can make a third substance by uniting two separate substances. Thine is the chemistry of life, O Lord. We go our separate ways, my brother and I. He takes the high road on his own errand; I take the low on mine. We meet at an unexpected turning, and, as the result, there is fulfilled neither his errand nor mine, but Thine. And what in all this is Thy message to my soul? It is the reverence for the trivial. Can I ever again say that a desert road is purposeless? Can I ever again say that an obscure ministerial sphere is burial? Can I ever again say that the passing of a carriage is uneventful? No, my Father. Henceforth to me these shall all be possible, sacraments. I shall uncover my head to them as I go by; I shall look with veneration on the neglected stones of life's temple. When my lot is cast in an obscure place, I shall bow to the solitude. Who knows but Thou shalt make that cloud my chariot! When I am interrupted in reading a chapter, I shall not say, "The flesh warreth against the Spirit." Who knows but my interruption may be Thy commentary! When I see but one man in my audience, I shall not cry, "The mission has failed." Who knows but in that one there is secured the most crowded of all cathedrals! I shall build an altar to the commonplace. I shall reverence life's daily round. I shall tremble before trifles. I shall sacrifice to the small. I shall worship what the world calls worthless. Samaria's well may be Thy welcome. Simon's feast may be Thy fellowship. A broken box of ointment may bring beatitude to Thy heart. Make me solemn in the secular, O my God!

## Editorial Comment

### BACK TO OUR KNEES.

An English clergyman, commenting on "the cold waves now passing over the churches," suggests as a remedy the following:

Back to our knees, our Bibles; to the sinner we must go, and at all costs!

... We shall never succeed by "the will of the flesh." At best our arrangements are but the preparation of channels and instrumentalities: the power is of God. If He be pleased to use us as He did our fathers, then we shall succeed; but if our sins—our worldliness, our contempt and neglect of His Word and prayer, our luxury, our indifference to the bleat of the lost sheep, our love of wealth and ease—if these things offend the Spirit of the Crucified, then we shall still be left, like a standard on a hill, the sign of a once active and living host.

The London Christian aptly remarks that this message is for all the churches alike. The only safeguard against worldliness is holy living. The church that ceases to live thus, like Samson of old, is shorn of its powers. Much fleshly ado may attract the superficial and deceive the unwary, but it will never bring men to Christ. "Not by might nor by power, but my Spirit, said the Lord," and "He giveth the Holy Spirit to them who obey him."

### THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING.

Much has been written as to the meaning of sorrow, some of it foolish and some wise, but this we know, that God is too wise to make a mistake and too good to do wrong, and we know that some way all things are working for good to those who love Him. Oftentimes it does not seem so, but just the very opposite appears to be the case. But God is at the helm and the bitter cup contains a blessing and the dark cloud has a silver lining. There is a joy in sorrow and a fulness of reward that will amply compensate for all the suffering. We will only pass through the fire when necessary. As Joseph Parker says:

This is the end of discipline—"Till thou know." When will God take us out of the furnace? When He can see His image enough. When will God cease to lacerate our poor, shrinking flesh? When we have learned to obey Him. When will He take the wolf away from the door, so that we can go out into the

meadow and enjoy the sunshine? When we have yielded back all wickedly-acquired gain, and have thrown down the thirty pieces of burning silver for which we sold the Christ of God. Why this penal system in the universe? Why loss? Why decrepitude and helplessness? Why burning fevers? Why all the maladies that afflict the body? Why all the ills that flesh is heir to? "Till thou know." Will they then be taken away? Perhaps not; but they will have a new meaning, and we shall have acquired a new strength with which to bear them, and it may be that even affliction will be a welcome guest, for we shall say to the black visitant, "Come in; thou only canst teach us one side of God's meaning and God's thought; come in, and teach us what we never could learn by the mere vanity of the intellect, and could never understand by a mere exercise of the mind; chasten us, yea, refine and purify us; make us mellow and tender and patient; yea, work out in us all Christ's mystery of love; come in, thou darksome angel of Providence."

#### PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness  
If He felt you could bear the light;  
But you would not cling to His guiding hand  
If the way were always bright;  
And you would not care to walk by faith  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish  
For your sorrowful heart to bear,  
And many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear;  
He knows how few would reach heaven at all  
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness  
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;  
'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to His feet.  
For 'tis always easy to wander  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

### PROVIDENCE IN THE COMMONPLACE\*

Jacob met the angels as he was journeying in the path of duty. It will fall to the lot of few of us to do what the world calls extraordinary things; the pathway of most of us will run through the common and uneventful scenes of life. Hence, if we serve the Lord at all we will have to serve Him in this sphere. He who would not serve Him in a lowly place would not serve Him at all. The humblest life should be lived as in the presence of the King. What are often considered trifles are the pivots on which hang mighty

\*From Thoughts for Life's Journey, published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.



LETTERS WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED UNLESS WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET ONLY

great truth, boys and girls. You are forming character now for the future. If you are truthful, faithful, industrious, obedient to your parents, keeping God's commandments, you have made a fine start now, for success in the years to come. I pray that James will be just the right sort of boy, at school, at home, among his playmates and at church.

Taylor's Store, Franklin Co., Va., Sept. 14, 1908.

Dear Sister Benson: I send one dollar to help pay for the cart and ponies. God in His goodness allows me to earn some money by my own labor and I am glad to spend some of it in His cause. May God bless you for showing us how we can be used for His glory.

Your sister in Christ and under the blood,  
MRS. JAS. P. THOMASSON.

fact that Jesus can make the young happy. Be true to Him, Katie, and don't let any one come between you and your Lord.

R. F. D. No. 1, Box 90, Bells Tenn., Sept. 18, 1908.  
Mrs. John T. Benson.

Dear Sister in Christ: I write you and send you \$1.50 for the ponies and cart. I am a subscriber to LIVING WATER and it is food to my soul. I do not have the privilege of hearing Holiness preached, but I have the experience. I have not heard a sermon on Holiness since Sister Donia Mitchum preached for us about two years ago. You may know how hungry I am for the pure gospel. I do so much enjoy reading the letters and your answers. May the Lord's richest blessing rest on you and your work, is the prayer of your humble sister in Christ,

A. W. EMISON.

My heart goes out in real sympathy to this hungry heart. I heard such a good sermon on holiness last night. How I did enjoy the truth from God's Word. I wish this dear one might have had my privilege. Sometimes we are tempted not to keep sweet when we are deprived of things we want so much. But I pray that Sister Emison will be a "living epistle" of holy living, known and read in that community where it is not preached.

Mrs. John T. Benson.

Dear Cousin Eva: Inclosed you will find one dollar for the cart and ponies. I only wish it was ten times as much. If the sisters are willing to deny themselves so much to leave home and all that is dear to them and go through so many hardships for Jesus' sake, we in the home land ought to furnish them with all the conveniences we can. I expect if we could all see our records written out the most of us would be like the brother—we would be ashamed of it; for I am afraid the evil would overbalance the good. So let us try to do more good than ever. I am not quite as young as some of the cousins, for I am 54 years old, so I will make up for lost time. There are so few of us that pay even what we owe to the Lord. One-tenth of everything we make is His, and we have no right to use it any other way. But Cousin Eva, that scares some people; they think they would starve almost if they paid a tenth of their corn, wheat and everything they made, and some are in debt and they think their debts must be paid first; but the Lord's debt is the oldest and He has been so patient with us and still credits us every day.

MRS. S. B. ALLEN.

I, too, fear that few Christians will be gratified over their records when they meet them. Jesus teaches us that He is going to inquire into the doings of His own servants when He returns, and see if they have made good use of time, money and talents. This will take place before the "judgment seat of Christ." We ought to live so that we will not be ashamed before Him at His coming. No one need fear paying God His share of our possessions. I truly believe that it increases our prosperity to deal honestly with God.

Route 1, Helena, Ga.

Dear Cousin Eva: I am a boy eleven years old. My papa takes LIVING WATER, and I like to read the Children's Page. My papa and mama have got religion. I am going to try to be a Christian boy. We have Holiness preaching all the time. Pray that I might get religion. Your little cousin,

JOHN H. CLARK.

Well, John, religion is a sure enough thing, therefore it is all right to say that you want to get it. Don't make the mistake, however, of trying to get a feeling, for religion is something deeper, better and more lasting than

Arno, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva: My twelfth birthday has passed. I send dues for three of us—one cent for Welborn, who is two months old; twelve cents for myself, and seven cents for Emma. I will close for this time.

HEARN JOHNSON.

EMMA JOHNSON.

WELBORN JOHNSON.

You see, cousins, that we have another wee, wee member, wouldn't you like to see him? Hearn, did you enjoy the Sunday-school lessons about Saul, Jonathan and David? Saul's life is one of the saddest in the Scriptures. He started out with the smile of God upon Him, and every chance to make a brilliant success. But he became vain—wanted the favor of the people and obeyed them rather than God. He went from one disobedience to another, and his life ended in wreck and ruin. Jonathan was a very different character. He was a brave soldier. David speaks of him as being stronger than a lion, swifter than an eagle. Did you read the account of his great bravery, and the battle he won, in the fourteenth chapter of 1 Samuel? Jonathan was also a devout man. He trusted in God, and served Him. He was a true friend to the man who was to take his place upon his father's throne. You see from this that he had a big heart, above envy and jealousy. He was also true to his unhappy father, and went down to death with him, fighting the battles of Israel. We can say that Jonathan was true to his father, true to his friend, even though he was a rival, true to his country, and true to his God. Like Joseph, there is no sin recorded against him, no blot upon his life. I asked God to make me a better woman because I studied about this beautiful character. What sort of boy are you being, day by day, Hearn? Ask Jesus to make you a good, true boy.

Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Mrs. Benson: I send \$1.00 for the ponies and cart in India.

JAMES W. WARREN.

James is one of the cousins who has been standing by us for a long time. On Sunday one of our teachers made us a talk about David. He was a country boy, she told us, and took care of his father's sheep. In those days a man's wealth often lay in the sheep he owned, so that David was really trusted with his father's business. It was pointed out to the children that David was faithful as a lad, and because of this was ready for the work of ruling God's people in after years. This is a

It is a good thing to be able to say, "Under the blood." Children, this is a day of many religions. People are believing all sorts of teaching, and sad to say, many of them bear the name of Christ but leave Him out of their belief. They say He was a good man, but was not the Son of God; that He did not die for our sins; that it was not necessary for any one to do this. Thus they deny the value of the blood of Jesus. How sad this is. Multitudes are deceived into believing they have religion without Jesus, and the cross, and the blood He poured out for sinful men. I would rather know I was unsaved than to be fooled into believing myself all right if I was not. God tells us that those who believe in Jesus as His Son, and who trust the blood to blot out their sins, have eternal life within them. And that those who do not believe have not life. I praise God for that life in my soul. It is there, and I feel it springing up, a well of living water, just as Jesus said. I am so glad I believe in the blood. You can have a form of religion without it; but you can't have the spring of water, eternal life, in your soul unless you are trusting in the Lamb of God and His shed blood.

Franklin, Tenn., August 27, 1908.

Dear Cousin Eva: I read your plan for getting the ponies and cart for Misses Eva and Lizzie. I was interested, and wanted to give something, so send one-half dollar, which is a part of my tithing money. I knew Miss Eva and felt like this was as good an investment as I could make of the Lord's money. I was converted at the age of eleven, and at the age of twelve consecrated my all to God and trusted Him to sanctify me, and have found that He can save, sanctify and keep the young people as well as the old. I am just fifteen years of age now and I find Him the best friend that a young girl could have. If all girls would believe this, how much better off they would be. I ask the prayers of the cousins that I may always be just what God wants me to be.

Your cousin,

KATIE PITTS COTTON.

The Bible speaks of Satan blinding the eyes of people, Katie. And the particular way in which he blinds the young is to make them believe that they can't be happy as Christians. This week I heard another young girl tell of the satisfaction and joy she found in Jesus. She had a hard struggle to give up worldliness and the pride of her life, but said that she was delighted with the exchange she had made. Her face was bright and shining, and I felt that she was a living example of the



# LIVING WATER

any feeling you might have. It is a wonderful thing, and yet we do not have to be very wise to get it. I am very glad of this. I tried to understand it when I was seeking it, and got very much tangled up about it. But I was sorry for my sins, and did not want to be lost; also, I felt a great desire to belong to Jesus. He seemed very lovely to me. And at last I just gave myself to Him, all unworthy as I was, and trusted Him to receive me, to forgive my sins, and save me. He did it. He always does when He has the opportunity. Be His now, John. He is the sweetest, best and most delightful friend a boy ever had.

Laurens, S. C., Sept. 9, 1908.

Dear Cousin Eva: We send our dues this week, and hope they will get there all right. We are glad to help in the Lord's work. We have one uncle and one great-uncle in Central America as missionaries. Pray that we may be what God wants us to be.

JOHN LAW ANDERSON.  
WM. RAY ANDERSON.  
PAUL ANDERSON.

It is very hard for us to give up our own way, and let God have His in our lives. When we stop and think about it, this is very strange. God's way is perfect; ours is full of mistakes. He can see far ahead; we cannot. He is always wise and kind; we are neither, except as we get it from Him. It seems that we would be eager to let Him do all the planning; but we are not. This is because we are a very stupid, blind race of creatures. One thing I feel sure of, dear children: No life is a success, a real success, unless God has planned it. I do indeed hope you will be wise enough to do what God wants you to do.

Dear Cousin Eva: I will write to tell you I have been greatly benefited by your kind, encouraging letters. I long to do some good in the world, but so far have not been able to, can hardly say why. I read your letters and think, Oh, if it was just me (or rather I was so good and happy). I don't feel like this letter will benefit any one, so I do not desire publication. Give the space to some one else. I have five children to rear and it is so hard to know the right way to manage them. I lose my temper so much when they do wrong. I joined the church at sixteen years of age and long to know I am a Christian. I do not feel as well satisfied as I would like to. I send a little for the orphans. I sympathize with them very much. Yours,

MRS. —

This letter touched my heart deeply. Our sister needs to see Jesus as her substitute, as her salvation, her surety. I do praise God I am not saved according to my holiness, or deeds of righteousness, or worthiness. No; I am saved because of His righteousness, holiness and worthiness. He took my place, and I took His. I am going to keep it, in spite of failures, faults and Satan's accusations. He gave it to me, and I have accepted it. For a long time I did not get grounded, settled in the atonement of Jesus for me. Now I rest in that, come what will. Only a deliberate choice of sin and a sinful life can separate me from this perfect sacrifice for my sin, bless God forever. I am so glad my salvation, first of all, is fixed in Him who changes not—the Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever. Have you put your trust in Jesus? Then stand

firm, and ask God to make the atonement a real truth to you. Then go on, taking Jesus as your sanctifier, and trusting Him daily to work in your heart and life. He has started out to conform you to the image of Himself. What a great undertaking! Do not get discouraged, or become impatient with self. Just remember the magnitude of the work He has begun, and rest in His hands as He carries it on. Some day He will perfect it. Then He will present you faultless and blameless before the throne of His glory, an exact likeness of Himself. Isn't it worth striving for, being patient about, and believing in?

## SELF-DENIAL FUND.

Mrs. Mary Neely, \$3.00.  
Mrs. T. H. Seals, 50c.

## OTHER BIRTHDAY DUES.

Lida C. McEwen, Franklin, Tenn.  
J. T. Todd, Charleston, S. C.

## CENTRAL HOLINESS UNIVERSITY, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

School opened September 15. The first week's registration shows a good increase over last year's enrollment for the first week.

We are not rejoicing so much over the increase in numbers, however, as we are over the unity and good feeling that permeates the school. The Holy Ghost has been present in power. At our third chapel service the presence of the Lord was so manifest that seekers were invited to the altar, and a number came. Classes were suspended for the next hour, while some of the seekers prayed through to victory. At the Friday and Saturday night meetings others came for reclamation or sanctification. Sunday morning and evening Prof. George Shaw and the University Quartette had charge of the services. There were seekers at both services. We are not counting the number that come to the altar: God knows how many. We wish to keep from using God's work for advertising purposes as much as possible. We publish this little sketch for the glory and praise of His dear name rather than for the praise of the school or those who are in charge.

How deceitful religious statistics must sometimes be! We hardly dare to say how many are saved and sanctified in our meetings; we cannot see the heart as God can.

Our revival is in progress at this writing, and we believe almost a clean sweep will be made for God. Pray that this may be so. On Wednesday night, September 16, after the second day of enrollment, the trustees, faculty, students and resident friends and patrons of the school met for a reception to the students. As each person entered the door a piece of paper on which his or her name had been written was pinned on the coat or waist. Introductions were thus made easy. After a little more than half an hour of hand-shaking and getting acquainted, the three professors of the Music Department and Prof. W. C. Dennis, professor of Elocution, gave a program, which was highly appreciated. Trustee Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, of the Christian Witness, was present, and gave a very delightful talk to the school. The University Quartette was called for and rendered two selections. After these exercises, Prof. Shaw led a testimony meeting, which was not the least enjoyable feature of the occasion. Dr. McLaughlin closed the exercises with a very fervent prayer for the school and the people went away feeling that the evening had been well spent.

B. W. AYRES, Acting President.

"I'm Goin There," the first song in our new book, Bread of Life Songs, was sung thirty nights in succession in a Philadelphia meeting, and they still wanted to hear it.



**CELLULOID BOOKMARKS**  
In designs of Crosses, Anchors, etc., with beautiful floral decorations. Assorted Texts. Packages of six, 25 cents, postpaid.

## RIBBON BOOKMARKS.

The following poems, printed on heavy satin ribbon, assorted colors:

Nearer My God to Thee.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Held in His Mighty Arms.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

Jesus, I am Resting, Resting.

Not I, But Christ.

The Lord's Prayer.

Price, 20 cents.

## Choice Reading

### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES G. FINNEY.

By Miss Henrietta Matson. This book has been written by one of his old pupils, and abounds in striking reminiscences of this great preacher. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 20 cents.

### SANCTIFICATION; What It Is, How Obtained, and How Retained.

By Prominent Holiness Writers. A strong presentation of the doctrine of sanctification, and the way to obtain and retain the experience. Price, cloth, 40 cents; paper, 10 cents.

### SATAN'S DEVICES.

By Rev. A. M. Hills. Exposes the cunning schemes devised by the enemy to keep souls from being regenerated, sanctified, and used in God's service. This knowledge will help you to be an overcomer in the contest. Price, 5 cents.

### SATAN'S SIDE-TRACKS.

By Rev. W. B. Godbey. A timely warning from this veteran of the dangers that beset the Holiness people. Price, 10 cents.

### SCRIPTURAL SANCTIFICATION.

By Rev. P. R. Nugent. This book treats the subject from the following standpoint—The Need—What It Does Not Mean—What It Does Mean—How Obtained—How Not Obtained—When Obtained—How Maintained—What Hinders—Objections Answered. Price, paper, 5 cents.

### SIGNS OF HIS COMING.

By Rev. W. B. Godbey. Full of useful information on this important subject. It takes up the various prophecies and shows their fulfillment, proving the near coming of the Lord. Price, 10 cents.

### STRANGERS OF EARTH.

By W. M. Tidwell. A helpful message to the little flock who are really pilgrims seeking a city whose builder is God, telling how they are kept through trial, humiliation, and suffering, awaiting their inheritance. Price, 10 cents.

### SOUTH AMERICA FOR CHRIST.

By Lula B. Hutcherson. Showing the needs of missionary work in this continent, so bound by chains of idolatry and superstition. Price, 5 cents.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Nashville, Tenn.

### THE LIFE OF PERFECT LOVE Or Holiness in Practice.

We are sure all who have heard Mrs. Lella Owen Stratton will want a copy of this helpful little booklet which contains her address before the Holiness Union last fall. If you have not heard her, then the next best thing is to read the book anyway. Price, 5c each, or 6 for 25c.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Nashville, Tenn.

## FIELD NOTES

We have received many inquiries about "The Bridal Procession." This song is in our new book, Bread of Life Songs.

U. D. T. Murray writes from Warwick, Okla., that he has had good meetings this summer, and asks prayer for his wife, who has been sick about three weeks.

We will appreciate it very much if all our friends who have copies of LIVING WATER dated April 30, 1908, would send them to us. Through an oversight we did not save any of that issue for our files.

I am here at Pera, Ala., in a meeting; interest good; souls at altar every service. Our God is helping me preach with power. Will Mrs. A. L. Bullard, of Alabama, please write me her postoffice address, or any reader write me her address?

Yours and His,

Dozier, Ala.

J. E. BRASHER.

After helping in the camp-meeting at Gordonsville, Brother Cooper and myself went to New Middleton and stayed eleven days. The Lord blessed us and gave victory. Some were saved and some sanctified. We closed the meeting amid great interest. There were eighteen at the altar the night the meeting closed, most of them seeking to be sanctified. Pray that they may receive the blessing. We give the Lord the praise for it all. Bless His dear name.

J. F. HOPPER.

The meeting began at Pleasant View, in Denton's Valley, September 17. We were glad to have Brother J. C. Martin join us on Friday night. On last night (Sunday) the house was full. About fifty stood for prayer, between twenty and twenty-five came to the altar, and two made very bright professions of salvation. Please remember us at a throne of grace.

Yours for the lost,

P. E. BAILY AND WIFE.

R. F. D. No. 1, Alvarado, Va.

We closed our last tent-meeting for this year in Chattanooga, last night. With the exception of about eleven nights (during which time we were moving the tent), have had services constantly since the first of May. The Lord has graciously blessed in the redemption and sanctification of many souls. To Him "who loved us, and gave himself for us," be all the glory. Will (D. V.) continue the work in the hall, open air, and anywhere He may lead.

In His name,

Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. M. TIDWELL.

The Cleveland, Miss., camp-meeting closed in a blaze of glory. We had good crowds and good results, between forty and fifty being definitely blessed, and the saints greatly built up. Brother and Sister E. P. Ellyson preached with power and unction of the Spirit. Brothers A. C. Searcy and P. M. Covington led in song acceptably at several of the services. The Holy Ghost was manifested in a wonderful way, the saints shouting and sinners awfully convicted. The seven o'clock prayer services were seasons of refreshing. Rev. E. A. Ferguson and W. B. Yates will hold the camp next year.

"Thanks be unto God who always causes us to triumph in Christ." Since my last report I have conducted several services, in which the presence of the Lord was manifested. At Beury, W. Va., I preached twice, and four souls were saved. I am now pastor of a Holiness band at Pulaski City, Va. The work is progressing nicely. The believers here are a "peculiar people, zealous of good works." Please pray for me that I, having "all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work."

Very truly yours and His,

M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Newbern, Va.

We have just closed a good meeting held in West Dickson, which was a great blessing to all who attended it. There were twenty-seven professions and eleven accessions to the church. Two or three backsliders were reclaimed, and a great feast to my soul. We are glad to hear of so many good meetings all over the country. God is wonderfully blessing His people. Oh, may the people look to Him more for the blessings. I am in the thick of the fight against sin. I ask the prayers of all the people to hold me up and enable me to fight harder. I preached thirteen days twice a day except three sermons, and the Lord gave me a good voice all the time, and it was in the grove.

Dickson, Tenn.

J. A. HARRIS.

The Birmingham Convention will be held from October 20 to 25. Those who want information regarding the great Convention, please write Rev. W. M. Croman, 820 North Fifth Street, Avondale Station, Birmingham, Ala., who is presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and he will give you all the information possible. Brother Croman is taking the place of Brother J. W. Randolph, who has moved from Birmingham. You may go expecting to pay board and have a great feast of spiritual things. Very few can be entertained free, as so few are in sympathy with the movement. Go expecting to get a blessing and to be a blessing to the city. Pray much for the Convention.

J. W. BEESON,  
Committee on Program.

Have been working with Rev. Jos. N. Speakes this season. We have had some hard battles, but we enjoyed them. God has given us a blessed time together. Brother Speakes uncovers sin in every form and fights every demon on the field, the lodge and tobacco evils not excepted. We just closed a meeting at Beach Grove, Ark., in which God wonderfully poured out His Spirit upon the people. Quite a number were redeemed and sanctified by the blood and made to leap and praise God as did the people of old. Holy Ghost revivals are not out of date, glory to God. We met some blessed good people in Arkansas. We hope they will stand true and be faithful until Jesus comes, and meet us around the great white throne and sing together, "Saved Through Jesus' Blood." We go from here to Caruthersville, Mo., for a ten-days' meeting. Pray for us.

Yours, trusting in Jesus,

Beach Grove, Ark.

J. E. LINZA.

## THE WORK AT SALEM, VA.

Our interdenominational meeting at Salem has just closed. This meeting was under the direction of D. B. Strouse.

Messrs. McClurkan, of Nashville; Meminger, of New York; Kilbourne, of Tokio, Japan; Cunningham and wife, of China; and Nugent, of Richmond, took part in the meeting. The congregations were large and the speakers won their hearts.

The auditorium is large, but though sometimes packed, failed to hold the people.

The names were taken of thirty-eight who professed to be filled and sanctified, and seventy-eight who professed to receive forgiveness of sins—all at the altar.

Money to cover all the expenses has been paid in and \$4,633 was raised for foreign missions.

This is thought to have been the best meeting held here for a long time. We hear only commendation.

E. A. BRUMBAUGH.

We are still having some good prayer-meetings at Sherwood. The people are still hungry for the truth and some have gone through to the Rock and others are anxious for the light. We were there last Sunday and the Lord gave us a good, warm, spiritual meeting. Brother Simons, a preacher of forty years, who was sanctified in the tent-meeting Brothers Weaver and Pitman held, has gone to preaching hol-

ness, praise the Lord. I want to praise God for the old-time power that fell on us at Sherwood during the tent-meeting. A number of souls wept and cried their way through to Calvary and got victory. About seventy were saved, reclaimed or sanctified. Oh, it means so much to go all the way with Jesus. Brother Weaver is going to preach to the people there once a month. About eighteen joined the Holiness Church and were baptized. I am still saved and sanctified and out for lost men and women. Praise the name of Jesus.

Yours in Him,

Cowan, Tenn.

J. S. ROLLINS.

Our meeting closed out at Cato, in Trousdale County, on September 13. There were only one or two conversions. This was one of the hardest battles I was ever in. When Brother Kelly and myself went there only one citizen believed in holiness, Brother T. J. Gregory, who has been standing for many years as an advance guard for holiness in that locality, and who also had to bear most of the expense of the meeting. We found the people wonderfully down in Egypt, but Brother Kelly preached in the power of the Spirit and sowed holiness seed there that the devil will never be able to uproot. If we could have continued another week I believe we would have had a glorious revival, but we had to close out on account of the tent having to go to Cookeville. Brother and Sister Pomeroy, Brother Cooper and myself commenced here at Cookeville September 20. Pray much for us. I do not believe I will get to come to the Convention, but may God's richest blessings rest on the Convention and all the saints.

Yours and His in song,

Cookeville, Tenn.

J. T. GRISSOM.

Home address, Rock Island, Tenn.

## OUR FIRST CONVENTION IN INDIA.

Dhulla, Khandesh, India.

My Dear Living Water Friends:

Last week, beginning Tuesday morning, the first convention of Pentecostal Mission in India opened. From the first to the last the precious presence of the blessed Holy Ghost was present, and each missionary seemed to receive special help and our hearts were drawn closer together, and I believe we love God and the people of India more, to God be all the glory.

Miss Leonard, Miss Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Coddington, Misses Long and Williams, Mr. Gregory and I composed the number, Miss Carpenter having remained at Khardi with the boys. Brother and Sister Coddington are still here, as both are quite broken down in health, Brother Coddington especially. We pray that God may spare him to us and the people of India. You have no idea what the loss of one such missionary means in this vast field. How I praise God that He let me come, and this is the sentiment of every missionary on the field. I mean our missionaries. We trust that more may answer the call.

Yours in Jesus' name,

PEARL THOMPSON GREGORY.

Since our latest report we have been in two meetings in Maryland, with Brother A. N. Warner. The first was near Doncaster, where the Lord gave us a good meeting; about thirty professed to be saved, reclaimed or sanctified. Brother D. W. Sweeney has charge of the Holiness work at this place. May the Lord bless him. We then went to DuBois, Md., which is on Brother Buckmaster's work. On account of rain we had services only five days. The people were busy and did not attend very well, but we believe the Lord worked in some hearts. There were about four professions at this place. Our next meeting was not far from Nashville, on the Hillsboro Pike. Brother Sullivan was with us most of the time. There were only about four professions there, but feel sure that prejudice was greatly broken down and seed sown which will bring forth fruit later. We left many under conviction. Pray for these people.



We are now with Brother Mackey Brown, in a meeting at Beersheba Springs, Tenn., his home. The Lord is sending conviction upon the people and about ten have professed regeneration, reclamation or sanctification. Meeting will probably run about a week longer. Remember us in prayer. To God be all the glory for every victory which we have had. Praise His holy name forever! Your brother,

J. F. PENN.

GENERAL CONVOCATION FOR PRAYER.

In the providence of God, the Eighth General Convocation for Prayer has just closed at Grand Rapids, Mich. The notice of the meeting was short, and it came just at conference time, but a dozen or more denominations were represented. Many were revived and brought nearer to God. Many learned more of the secret of prevailing prayer, and saw the importance as they never had before. God's Spirit was present, and it was a common occurrence to see the saints of God led out in prayer for all branches and departments of God's work, both at home and abroad.

Several of the city pastors heartily co-operated with us, and among the preachers from a distance were: Rev. John Kirn, Three Rivers, Mich.; Rev. Arthur C. Zepp, Troy, Ohio; Rev. T. J. Clemons, Belding; Rev. George Bennard, Albion, Mich.; Sarah A. Cooke, Chicago; Rev. C. A. Brown, Lima, Ohio; Carrie A. Nation, Washington, D. C.; Col. E. Mayhew, Hershey, Mich.; Rev. C. A. Pegram, Elkton, Mich.; Rev. S. P. Jacobs, Bloomdale, Ohio; Rev. F. Bartleman, Los Angeles, Cal.; Ensign Munselle, Lansing, Mich., and others.

The preaching and exhortations were almost entirely along the lines of prevailing prayer, deep unity among Christians, and for a general revival in our own city and throughout the world, and many wept as they spoke of the great-need.

The local attendance was very good, and sometimes the congregations were very large. Many felt that similar convocations of prayer should be held more frequently in all of the large cities, and wherever the people could be brought together. Some of the workers said they never saw so much weeping and crying to God, or witnessed such heavy burden for souls and the desolation of Zion everywhere. All were unanimous that it would be to the glory of God to hold a similar Convocation of Prayer next summer. Yours for the unity of the faith,

S. B. SHAW.

Although our train from Nashville left at 10 p. m., we did not think we could afford the luxury of a berth; but scarcely were the voices of our friends and loved ones singing "God Be with You Till We Meet Again," lost in the roar and distance, before a kindly stranger was offering us a berth. I was so very tired from the work and strain of those last "getting ready" days, and my physical nature shrank from the inconveniences and perils of the journey before me; and, too, we were going out without the pledge of human support; and, more still, among that crowd of singers stood a little woman who looked so pale and thin and lonely, and who, less than a year before, had given a daughter to the foreign mission field. Now her eldest and companion during the years of her widowhood was leaving on the same mission. The above little incident was, therefore, indeed significant to me; it was a practical assurance that God would, according to His promise in Phil. 4:19, care for her and us. How truly this promise was verified on that journey would take pages to relate. But one incident more. The last night of that journey of forty days I was quite ill, but the Great Physician rebuked the fever so that I reached my destination in excellent health, and with my heart full of praises to Him, who had called me to be His co-laborer in winning this lost multitude back to Himself. After allowing us to pass through some minor testings on the daily bread problem, He opened some school work to us by means of which we were able to sustain ourselves and buy some much-needed furniture. We did indeed praise God for this means of making a living, but continued to pray that He would put it on the hearts of some in the home land to "take our support," so that we might have time for acquiring the language and doing evangelistic work. How we did praise Him, there-

fore, for the announcement, accompanied by a check, that the missionary society of the Bible School in Nashville had assumed my support! Thus one answer to prayer has crowded upon another, the eight months we have been on the field being almost a continual manifestation of our Father's special care for us.

This is truly a dark land. Christianity has been paganized, and this paganism is all the worse on account of the prostitution of holy things. One needs only to see the idolatrous and heinous practices in the name of our holy religion to be convinced that what he is pleased to call the "faint light of Romanism" is a misnomer. I would that the true followers of the Christ would "lift up their eyes and look upon the field." Seeing the conditions which the pen of even a ready writer could merely suggest, they would join us in more earnest prayer for well-equipped, Holy-Ghost-filled laborers and for a general awakening in Latin America to its need of evangelical Christianity.

Brother and Sister Ferguson had preceded us some months, and had, through much labor and privation, fitted up a nice mission hall, where services have been held regularly three times a week for ten months. At first our audiences were made up largely of mischief makers; but the people that attend now are respectful and seem interested, and often serious, the change being due, I believe, to the faithful preaching of God's Word and the distribution of Christian literature. It has been a seed-sowing time, and we are claiming Psalm 126:6 as our special promise.

How I do praise God for the privilege of living here as a witness to the saving, cleansing and keeping power of our Christ!

MRS. JNO. BURMAN.

La Paz, Bolivia, S. A., August 12, 1908.

DEATHS

HATTIE SANDERS.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sanders sympathize with them in their sorrow over the death of their daughter, Hattie. Many people loved and admired her. She was patient, kind, unselfish, showing forth much of the gentleness, firmness, beauty of a young life yielded to the blessed control of Christ. It is good to be enabled to look on any trial of bereavement from the heaven-side of view.

The continuation of life through the vast forever is not so great a miracle or mystery as is the beginning of life, and were it not for sorrow, the separation that comes through what we term death, there would be great joy over the home-going of those whom we love, who leave us for a little while and are with the Lord forever more. It is good to "comfort one another with these words":

"Life is Lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own."

In the beginning God . . . from the beginning . . . life. "He who is the life will swallow up death in victory."

LEILA OWEN STRATTON.

Lebanon, Tenn.

HERBERT CHRISTIAN.

Jean Paul Richter has won for himself a place in many hearts through this utterance, "I love God and little children." It was not hard to love little Herbert, not quite five years of life for him here, but he had so much of love and in his little hands held many heart-strings. I think I have known few children more winsome, attractive and intelligent than he, and from my heart I "wept with those who wept," as we stood about the little white casket containing the beautiful body of the child so suddenly gone from the home in which he filled so large a place.

"Sometimes the soul climbs slowly, and three score years and ten are spent upon the altar stairs; sometimes the spirit is swifter than the light, and steps

which outrun the flight of angel wings leave baby footprints upon the altar stairs."

To the little pilgrim whose flight was from childhood to glory, and whose little hands beckon us on to the summit, is this memorial lovingly penned:

The dear Savior hath claimed him,  
Laid him upon His breast,  
Folded His arms about him,  
Hushed him to endless rest.  
Jesus has felt your pain—  
He did thy child but borrow:  
He will give him back again.

LEILA OWEN STRATTON.

Lebanon, Tenn.

REQUEST FOR PRAYER

For a brother who has been sick for nine months. Will all LIVING WATER readers and Christian people join in fasting and prayer that he may be healed and used in God's service?

H. F. PARK.

Arlton, Ala., Sept. 17, 1908.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

REV. J. O. MCCLURKAN, EDITOR  
JOHN T. BENSON, BUSINESS MGR.

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## "Break Not the Alabaster Box Too Late"

"Father!" called a sweet voice, "May I come in and see you just a short while to-night?"

"What do you wish, Charlie?" replied a stern-faced man, viewing the little intruder with piercing eyes over a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

"Nothing very important, father, only I— I just wanted to talk about—er—"

"Well, what, child? Go on and say what you wish. I am always busy at this hour, which you know, and I am surprised and annoyed at your interruption."

"Yes, I know, father; but you are always engaged during the day, so I supposed you would not object very much to my coming in after tea and telling you a little about school and how I am doing."

"Well, begin, my child, and get through, as all of these papers you see here"—pointing to a large heap upon the table before him—"are to be read and noted ere bedtime to-night."

"Very well, father, I will hurry." And drawing a chair up to the table, he continued: "You remember some time ago our teacher offered a handsome gold medal to the boy who stood highest in his classes for the year. So far I have kept ahead, and now there is just one month longer. Would you be just a little bit glad, father, if I won the medal?"

"O child, you had better wait and see how it terminates. There is a possibility of your not meriting it, though you are ahead at present. Never feel sure of anything until you have secured it."

"Yes; but, father, I thought I might work for it and, then—then I wanted to see if you would like for me to have it."

"Well, such things are all very well in their place, I suppose, although I don't especially approve them; for there are generally ill feelings connected with them. But run along now. Father is busy, and we will have plenty of time to talk over this matter at some future time."

At these words Charlie arose and, looking back wistfully at his father, left the room.

Poor little motherless boy! Had his father only one time spoken a word of encouragement, had he been a little willing to have listened, what a different heart would little Charlie have carried out of that room that night. Charlie was a quiet, good child. With his deep brown eyes and golden hair he was like some pure, white rose ere the chilling winds of sin had fallen upon him, blighting and blackening his beauty. His mother having died when he was only an infant, his entire childhood was left to the care of a most valuable nurse, while his father, wholly unacquainted with the wants and requirements of children, allowed her so much a month to cover all his expenses and wishes.

Colonel Athington, being a quiet, reserved man, never demonstrated his feelings fully upon any subject. Honorable, just and learned, his opinions were revered by all when he chose to express them. Being very much away from his child, first on business, then recreative journeys, he had permitted the little one to reach the age of ten and knew comparatively nothing about him. However, he always kept himself informed in regard to Charlie's health and welfare, allowing his every whim and wish to be gratified. Yet he kept the alabaster box of precious demonstrations, sympathy, praise and counsel tightly locked, when the opening thereof would have made happier one little life which was worth so much to him.

One day, after the twilight had fallen, Charlie closed his books for that day's study and, turning to his nurse, remarked:

"Auntie," for he always called her so, "do you suppose papa would feel glad if I should win the prize offered at school?"

"I don't know, dear. He ought to, I should think."

"Don't you think he would love and praise me just a little, when he found out how hard I had tried?"

"Well, Charlie, you know that is not your father's way. Of course, he loves you, but he never compliments anything, while he always lets us know what displeases him."

"O Auntie, it would have been so different had mamma lived. If he would only take me in his arms and tell me he loved me and it was right in me to try, or kiss me, or stroke my hair, or any of these little things, it would make me so happy and glad. You and father are all I have to love, and I—I—" but here the little heart gave way, and the brown eyes, altogether too large and bright of late, filled with tears that came from a heart starving for affection from the objects of its love.

The next few weeks passed rapidly away. Charlie still studied on day and night, striving to the utmost of his strength to win that which he felt sure would bring some demonstration from his father. He had grown thinner and paler of late, and his eyes had that haunted look that so often comes with overwork and exhaustion.

It was the last day of June. The college chapel was packed with visitors. The speaking was ended, and last came the awarding of medals.

Colonel Athington had been called away on very urgent business a day or so previous to this occasion, and much to Charlie's grief had not yet returned. How long, how eagerly had the child looked for him, yet he knew his father would remain till the last vestige of business was transacted. He did not know his father had in his usual quiet way gone to the teacher and ascertained the fact of who would get the prize. He did not hear the

words of love and praise he had heaped on his boy. He only remembered a hurried "Good-bye" and a light kiss upon his cheek, then his father was gone and the little fellow left behind in his disappointment. The alabaster box with its precious ointment was still unbroken.

All eyes were turned, this beautiful, bright June day, upon a frail, delicate lad, as his name, Charlie H. Athington, was called out clearly and distinctly. He received the medal and bowed in a manly way, but upon returning to his seat he began to grow dizzy; the crowd, the heat, the close air, together with the strain his system had undergone, proved too much, and he sank fainting to the floor.

Some few days after a small white casket was being borne along the streets. A long line of devoted playmates, teachers and friends followed with aching hearts the last remains of the little child to its final resting place. Each heart in that procession was heavy with grief, but yonder, oh, yonder, close to the casket, goes one whose very heart-strings seemed snapped asunder. That father with bowed head, with a look of despair stamped upon his face, with his rigid lips mute and speechless, was racked with a pain which beggars all human description. He could bear the blow, the agony, the parting, if he could only look back upon a different past. The unspoken words of love, the sympathy, the caress, the hours of companionship he could have given him were forever withheld now. Too late, alas, too late! was the alabaster box broken and its priceless contents emptied now upon only a memory of his child! He had loved his child, but, like many a man, he had withheld so much of the sweetness of his love from him. Such a lesson!

Who of us has not kept closed the alabaster box and robbed some life of some sweetness, of some comfort that a kind word, a loving smile, a silent tear, could have given? So ready are we, after death has borne away some worthy person, to then come forward, and, opening our box of treasures, pour forth its contents of praises, its blessings, tears, sympathy, memorial services and commendations upon the life that is ended and done. No good can this do the dead. We need sympathy, love, blessings, tears this side of the grave, not when it is too late. Open wide the little alabaster box ere it is too late, while the opportunity is still yours. Open it wide, ere that sweet child, ere the companion at your side, ere the aged parent with her silver hair, be gone, and let its ointment fall into their lives, drying weeping eyes, binding broken hearts, saving dying souls, and sweetening all that endless eternity to come.—*Wesleyan Christian Advocate.*

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# LIVING WATER

## TESTIMONY

I praise God for saving and sanctifying me and now cling to Him for every blessing, as I have found Him nothing but a bank of love. I will ever feast on His promises. Oh, I thank Him so much for sending Brother J. A. Chenault on the Gainesboro circuit, as God spoke full salvation to me through his preaching. Oh readers, let's never miss an opportunity to serve God. I wish I could see Brother J. A. Chenault once more, so I could tell him the blessing God gave through his obedience; but if it is not ours to meet on earth again, I will tell it up yonder. He was upon a visit last July and preached at the old home church, but as I was ill with fever, had no chance to see him.

Tennessee. **EUNIE V. WHEELER.**

I have been impressed to send a testimony to the *Living Water* for some time, and I will endeavor to do so, feeling God so near to me. I was converted when I was about seventeen years of age, though I felt that I was not all that God wanted me to be; but He, with His tender love and great, wonder-working power, has showed me a more excellent way by sanctifying my soul in a meeting held here by P. E. Baily and J. C. Martin. I praise His holy name for some who can teach us the height and depth of His love. There are so many who make light of sanctification, but I pray that God may forgive them, for they know not what they do; and believing that God will hear and answer my prayers, their thoughts will be changed some day, for "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord." My husband died November 7, 1902, leaving me with one little girl, for whom I beg the prayers of *Living Water* family, that I may raise her for the Lord, for she, as myself, is laid on the altar and I am looking to Jesus for help that I may bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Giving God all the praise for the blood of His Son that cleanseth from all sin.

Your sister in Christ,  
Virginia. **MRS. S. J. VENCILL.**

I praise the dear Lord for His goodness toward us and His loving kindness and for the blessed assurance that Jesus is my Savior, Sanctifier, Keeper, glorious Lord and coming King. The precious Lord saved me a good many years ago and later on sanctified me and healed me, and I praise Him for it. Jesus is so precious to my soul. I am more and more determined to fight on than ever before in my life. "God has not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." He wants His children to live holy every moment. He says He will instruct us and teach us in the way which we shall go, and will guide us with His eye, which He will do if we will only be true. Oh, what a wonderful Savior we have. I am so glad I am in this holy way. I want to have part in the first resurrection, "for blessed and holy is he that has part in the first resur-

rection." I love so well to meet with God's people and hear them pray and testify to what our heavenly Father has done and is doing for them. Dear readers of this paper, I want to tell you that I am not tired of the way, but I am so glad I'm in the way. I am just a few days past seventy-one years old, and the way grows brighter day by day. Pray for me that I may be faithful unto death.

Yours in Him, waiting for His coming,  
Tennessee. **T. C. MORRIS.**

It is with overflowing heart that I write these words. I want to tell you what Jesus has done for me. Something keeps saying, Write, write your testimony; but words can never express the joy that is in my heart today. October 1, 1907, I entered Brother McClurkan's Bible Training School a sinful, heart-sick soul, where there were a houseful of Christian boys and girls. I had tried and tried to give up *all* and be converted, and at last got so discouraged I thought Jesus did not want me to be His child. But praise His name, He stooped down and saved even me. I was among so many Christians, and it seemed I couldn't be one, at times I was so unhappy and wished to die. Well, praise His name, the dear students talked and prayed for me the whole winter and still prayed and

prayed and didn't give me up, at last I was brought low with that awful disease, consumption. The Lord had to draw me near to Him some way, and praise His holy Name, He gloriously saved me on April 27, 1908. Have been sick ever since that day; cannot sit up half the time, but He cheers and comforts me each day; if not, I am waiting till He will ever regain my health, but I am rejoicing to know I will be ready when Jesus calls. If it is His will I would stay on earth and work for Him; if not, I am waiting till He calls. Psalm 91 is such comfort to me, also John 14:1. If any sinner reads this, I beg them to seek Jesus. There is no true happiness without Him, and heaven is better than earthly pleasures. I had no Christian parents to tell me of a blessed Savior; and oh, I lived in sin until it is 'most too late to do any good in this world. May all who read this say a little prayer for me that God will richly bless and comfort me in my illness. And, dear students with whom I parted not long ago, meet me on that golden shore. I may be up in heaven in a few more months, and praise God I will see your dear faces one by one and be with Jesus ever more.

Yours, leaning on Jesus,  
Tennessee. **ROBBIE COLE.**

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Lesson for Oct. 4 1908

**GOD'S PROMISES TO DAVID.**  
1 Chron. 17:1-4.

**Golden Text:** "There hath not failed one word of all his good promises" (1 Kings 8:56). Read the whole chapter.

1. **David's Purpose** (1). Perhaps the recollection of his own years of a wandering life as contrasted with the comfort and elegance of the home he then occupied, suggested to David that, as the ark of the Lord had so long been going about, the time had come for it also to settle down in a permanent home worthy of its greatness. He may have felt a sort of tender sympathy with God, and also a grateful desire to honor Him and give Him before the nation a place somewhat worthy of Him. His disposition was just the reverse of that mentioned in Hag. 1:4.

2. **Nathan's Mistake** (2). It was quite natural for Nathan to at once join in with David's idea. It seemed so entirely right for the king to thus honor the greatest King that he immediately said, "Do all that is in thine heart; for God is with thee." Nathan here thought and spoke entirely according to his mere human judgment. Apart from inspiration, the prophet was as human as other people. He was carried away by an apparently fine plan and, instead of saying, "Let us ask God about it," he acted on his own impulse and gave wrong advice. Many have erred in the same way. Not every thought about service for God is according to His purpose, and if not, it cannot have His blessing. The very best of purposes should be tested by prayer for clear guidance.

3. **God's Refusal** (4-6). The building of the temple meant much more than David supposed. It was more than a present abiding place for God. It foreshadowed the future as a type of things to come, and hence even the matter of its construction and

bulder was one of importance. David and his reign were characterized by wars and bloodshed (ch. 22: 7, 8), and as such could not do a work that belonged to a time of peace and rest, such as the temple was to represent. The present application of this truth is that God has different lines of work for different ones of His servants, and the part of each is to do and not be unduly concerned about his fellow servant.

4. **God's Message** (7:14).

1. **Reminding** (7, 8). Along with David's good purpose there may have been some thought of, or self-satisfaction on account of his prosperity and greatness. On this account, as a preparation for what was coming, God reminds him of his humble origin, thus reminding him that all his honor and greatness came from God and that He had a definite purpose in thus exalting him. He was to be just as obedient to, and dependent upon, God on the throne as in the days of littleness, for he owed all to God, who acted in sovereign grace. This is always true, for the greatness of all servants of God is owing to the fact that He "took" them and was with them to subdue all enemies and give them a name in the earth. Pure, sovereign grace lies back of it all.

2. **Promising** (9-14). Attention has been called to the fact that ten promises are contained in these verses. They come under two general heads, some to the nation and some to David. To the nation there is promise of an established place, permanent dwelling in it, and freedom from the wasting power of their enemies. This was true for a season in the days of Solomon, but the complete fulfillment will come in the reign of Christ on earth.

Promises to David begin in v. 10 and extend to v. 14. God could not accept a material house at his hands, and instead of receiving such from him, bestows upon him a house in the form of descendants. The house God gave David was far better than any David could have given to God. He who would give, or does give, to God may be sure that he will receive far more than he could ever bestow. "Thy seed" (10) includes Solomon, whose kingdom was established till his death, and the line of his descendants till the fall of Jerusalem. Yet even these do not sum up all that was contained in Nathan's message. The establishment of his throne "forever" (v. 14) points onward to the reign of the Lord Jesus, who shall some day sit on David's throne (Lk. 1:32). God's message was short but it touched ages.

It is well to note the effect of these promises on David. He showed deep humility (16) and thorough appreciation (17) of the far-reaching meaning of the promises. There was nothing more for him to ask (18). "His cup was full." And he showed a clear insight into the matter of prayer by immediately taking God's promises as a call to, and ground for, prayer (23-27). God's promises are of the nature of offers which have to be believingly accepted in order to be realized. So when God said "I will," David prayed, "Do as thou hast said" (23). Prayer is connected with the promises by a strong "therefore" (25), just as the effect follows the cause or a logical conclusion follows certain facts. To really see a promise and not ask for its fulfillment is equivalent to refusing to allow the operation of a necessary law—the law of believing petition.

If you have the "second blessing," "The Lot in Canaan's Land" and "Walking in the King's Highway" are two songs that will just suit you.

**CENTRAL PLAINS COLLEGE.**

For the past three weeks I have been in the above young and progressive institution, hence can speak from personal knowledge of the delightful climate during the most disagreeable part of the summer, the nights being cool and days uniformly pleasant. The Middle West, North and East do not afford such bracing breezes as these plains. The buildings and grounds are most excellent. The main building is large and well arranged. The dormitories—one for men, one for women—are roomy, and furnished throughout with the best of furniture. President Gladney is getting together one of the strongest faculties in the South or Southwest. The music department, the art, commercial, theological, classical, scientific, normal, are all well provided for, and excellent work is being done in all. The spiritual atmosphere of the college community is fine and deep, the services being well attended and spiritual truths eagerly sought. For health of body, growth of mind and development of spirit of students this college cannot be excelled in our broad land. On the 16th we open our second session with the blessing of God upon us and the brightest prospects before us.

WILLIAM J. BEESON,  
Head of Department of English and History,  
Plainview, Texas.

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