

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

REVERENCE THE WORD.

One who had been accustomed to associate passages of Scripture with low jokes and common witticism, lay dying in distress. A Christian repeated a number of precious promises. His answer was: "They cannot comfort me, I have spoiled them every one."—*Selected.*

PRAYER.

Operators used to say that one of the hardest things to teach users of the telephone was that they were not talking into a lifeless instrument, but directly into the ear of a living man who was intently listening to the message. There never was complaint as long as this was remembered.

That is one of the secrets of prayer. When we are conscious of the reality of God; when we bring ourselves to feel that He is listening, and that we are not talking into the air, then our prayer will have meaning to us and to God.—*Selected.*

THE GREAT MUSICIAN.

Dr. F. B. Meyer, of London, told how he was confronted once by an incident which occurred at a summer hotel in Norway. There was a little girl at the hotel who was just learning to play the piano. She could play a few tunes with one finger, and these she played over and over until the guests were despairing.

One day a brilliant musician came to the hotel. He and the little girl became friends at once. Sitting down to the piano beside her, he accompanied her with the most exquisite improvisation. Each struggling little melody of hers brought a new and wonderful harmony from the great musician, while the guests crowded into the parlor and listened breathlessly.

When the performance was over the accompanist took the little maiden by the hand and led her around the parlor, saying:

"Let me introduce the young lady to whom you are indebted for this music."

It was true that they were indebted to her, but they all knew that it was the weakness and inefficiency of the little girl, supplemented by the mighty gifts of the great man, which had made the music beautiful.

Our efforts alone—how poor! Our efforts supplemented by the Great Musician, will be real music.—*Selected.*

MISSIONARY WRAPPING PAPER.

It is related that a bible colporteur in Spain one day entered a village and offered his Bibles for sale. Among others, he sold a large Bible intended for family use. The village priest heard of his presence and ran to the colporteur. He tore the book out of the buyer's hand, and angrily exclaimed, "These books shall never enter my parish." He roused the women, and especially the pious women, to anger, and they took up stones and cast them at the man.

Six weeks later he was again on the road

leading to the self-same village. Gladly would he have avoided it had he been able to find a roundabout way. Approaching the village at dusk, he hoped the inhabitants would fail to recognize him. To his astonishment, the very first man he met at the city gate detained him with the question:

"Are you not the man who sold the Bible?"

"Yes, I am the man."

"Then welcome to our village; every one of us desires to purchase your book," was the amazing reply. In his utmost astonishment, the man inquired:

"Are you not the people, who a few weeks ago cast stones at me?"

"Most certainly," answered the man, "but a great change has come over us, so that each and every one desires one of your books."

A merchant of the village had picked up the book in the market place, concluding that the paper might be used. Leaf after leaf was torn out to serve as wrappers for salt, sugar, rice, or other groceries, thus entering every hut in the village.

Through this means the people became acquainted with the Gospel and were burning to learn more of the wondrous message which had been conveyed to them by a leaf of the Bible, which the priest thought he had destroyed. The village became a center of Christian activity.—*Selected.*

CHRIST'S CONSTRAINING LOVE.

Mr. Kincaid records the following touching incident:

"Some time since, I went to the house of an aged woman who worshiped God. For several months she had been unable to leave the house, and was fast wearing out with consumption. She has four children, but one is blind and another is deaf. She is very poor. The house might have been worth fifteen rupees, and all in it fifteen more. She could talk but little on account of her cough, but expressed great anxiety for the eternal welfare of her children.

"After about an hour spent in conversation and prayer, I rose to take my leave, when the poor woman bade me remain a little longer. She crept along to another part of the house, and, returning soon, she put into my hand a rupee. I could not comprehend what she meant, and said: 'What is to be done with this?'

"This is very little," she replied; 'but it is all I have, and it is to help the cause of Christ.'

"But you are old, and infirm, and poor."

"Yes, but I love Christ, and this is very little."

"Surely, I thought, here in the midst of poverty and decrepitude, is a converted heathen exercising the enlightened faith which works by love, purifies the heart and overcomes the world.

"For days I could not cease from reflecting on the expression, 'This is to help the cause of Christ;' and when I thought of the

withered hand and wrinkled face of her who gave it, that rupee was magnified to a thousand times its real value."

The same rupee was brought to this country, and its exhibition by agents of benevolent societies, in connection with this affecting incident, has awakened in thousands of hearts a deeper interest in missions, holier emotions, and firmer purposes of Christian benevolence.—*Selected.*

THE ACCOUNT TRANSFERRED.

To the Sunday School Times we are indebted for the following striking illustration: "Certainly. I am grateful to you for asking me. Put me down for twenty-five dollars."

A look of pleased surprise passed over the solicitor's face, succeeded by another of perplexity; for it happened that he knew that his friend had precisely the same salary as himself, and that twenty-five dollars was a generous fraction of his month's income.

"Oh, that's more than we expect, Frank—and than you can afford, too, I fear," he added, with the freedom of a comrade.

"Oh, no! Let me tell you how it is, Jack. You know I turned right-about-face when I became a Christian last winter; and I resolved at the start not to enter into a junior partnership with the world and senior partnership with the church.

"You knew my habits. I was not an inordinate smoker. Three cigars a day, with a treat to the fellows now and then, cut off, reduced my expenses a hundred dollars a year. Then I had a careless fashion, ruinous to my digestion, of adding a bottle of claret, or some fancy, indigestible pudding or cream, at least twice a week to a wholesome lunch. Looked squarely in the face, and giving its right name, it was an indulgence of unlawful appetite; so I made seventy-five dollars a year by stopping that. Sunday headaches, too, went at the same time.

"One day I was looking over my neckties to find some particular color, and I found I had thirty-seven with at least ten scarfpins. That made me run through my accounts next day—they weren't very well kept, but I guessed as nearly as I could—to see what there was in my wardrobe that would leave me better dressed from a Christian and artistic point of view, too, for that matter, if I never wore it again; and I am ashamed to say I had a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of dry goods on hand that was the price, not of good taste, but mere caprice.

"Now, I don't propose to submit to a taxation in behalf of my weaknesses and vices, and be niggardly with the church I've promised before God and man to support and increase.

"There you have it all! I spent over three hundred a year, you see, in the service of appetite and fashion, for things that made me less a man. I've transferred that mortgage; yes, I can easily afford that twenty-five dollars, especially when it is to rescue some other fellow deeper in than I was. Come to think of it, make it thirty! The other five is a thank offering!"—*Selected.*

LIVING WATER

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J. O. MCCLURKAN.....EDITOR

JNO. T. BENSON.....BUSINESS MANAGER

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EDITORIAL

THE PURE IN HEART.

Some one says: "At this time I saw plainly that whatever the Lord would communicate and make known of Himself and the mystery of His kingdom, He would do it in the way of purity and holiness." Andrew Murray, commenting on this thought in his book, "The Holiest of All," says: "There are two sides from which we can approach this higher truth of God's Word as to holiness and likeness to Jesus. The one is the desire to know all Scripture and truth fully, and to have our system of doctrine complete and perfect. The other is the deep, intense longing to be made free from sin, as free as God can make us in this life. It is only from this side that real access will be given into the heavenly life of Christ, and mere intellectual approach to God will never produce holiness of heart, for it is "with the heart man believeth into righteousness." Holiness must be sought heart foremost rather than head foremost. If the efforts that many are making to understand all the doctrinal phases of sanctification were directed toward obtaining the blessing, multitudes who are now at Kadeshbarnea would soon cross over into Canaan.

"FAITHFUL SHEPHERDS."

John Summerfield swayed the multitudes with his marvelous eloquence. He died at the age of twenty-seven. It is said that during his fatal illness he exclaimed: "O, how I would preach if I were raised up! I have had a peep into eternity. Already a flame of fire and preaching with seraphic sweetness, his soul was still more mightily stirred as he gazed into the beyond.

The holy Baxter said: "I wonder at myself that I do not tremble as one who looks for the great day when he must give an account unto God. I wonder that I can think of anything else, that I can preach so calmly, that I can let men alone in their sins, that I do not go and beseech them to be reconciled to God. I rarely come out of my pulpit that I do not say, 'How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart; how couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless manner? Art thou in earnest or art thou

jesting? Shouldst thou not weep over such a people?"

The Chinaman said, "Send us missionaries with hot hearts." Such are needed everywhere both in the home and foreign lands. Practice the presence of God. It will promote courage and zeal. No wonder Elijah was undaunted in the presence of Ahab, when he looked the guilty monarch in the eye and said: "The Lord God before whom I stand." The splendor of Ahab's court paled into insignificance when compared to the glory of the one before whom he continually stood.

Ah, we need to go every moment realizing that the eye of the living God is upon us and that we have no time to trifle with men's souls.

Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, while preparing an Easter sermon, suddenly sprang to his feet exclaiming, "He is living, He is living." Tears ran down his cheeks, and the truth came with a new, thrilling force. It is said that the sermon was the greatest he ever preached. A live coal had touched his lips.

We should believe *intensely* if we expect to make others believe. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." J. Wilbur Chapman says:

"I received a letter the other day from a minister who asked me to send to him an evangelist, and then said, 'He must be an evangelist on the old line, believing in the inspiration of the Scriptures and the atonement of Christ. I am not able to accept these truths fully myself, and therefore I am not a soul-winner. Every man that has joined my church for five years has come under the influence of such an evangelist or pastor as I now want you to send to me.'"

Skepticism had eaten like a canker in this man's heart until his preaching was devoid of saving power. The higher critics have sown much pernicious error in many a preacher's heart.

David said, "I believe, therefore have I spoken." Tremendous believing will result in powerful preaching. Let us be careful lest we take the *dry rot* in our very hearts and degenerate into a powerless, backslidden ministry. How can we, the ambassadors of heaven, having the care of souls, be other than flames of fire? The Lord save us from becoming formal and lifeless preachers.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

"Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." (Eph. 6:16.)

The apostle's words indicate that the shield of faith is the most important part of the armor. Happy the Christian who has learned to use it. Other portions of the armor were stationary, but the shield was to be shifted to the point of attack, so as to cover the exposed part. Were an enemy approaching from the right, the shield must be thrown on that side. Were he coming from the front, then the shield must ward off the arrows hurled in that direction.

The lesson is obvious. Faith covers the exposed part. It matters not what the method of attack may be, the shield of faith is there. Does the enemy suggest that you will suffer for food or raiment, faith at once says, "Your

Father knoweth what things ye have need of," and thus wards off the blow. Is it a subtle fear that you will be crushed under the weight of some great sorrow? Faith exclaims, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Is it a horrible temptation that God has forsaken you? Faith sweetly whispers, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Is it a crushing sense of incompetence and human frailty? Faith exclaims, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Is it a subtle fear that you are too big a sinner to be saved? Faith triumphantly answers, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

Is it a torturing fear of falling away? Faith replies, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

When it looks as if the church might be driven from the field, faith answers, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In response to the anxious query, "What is going to be the final result of the conflict, faith joyously exclaims, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." And to the perplexed question, "Shall sorrow, sin and death never cease," faith, in thrilling tones, replies, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

And so faith is continually warding off the blows of the adversary with the "Thus saith the Lord." Jesus resisted the thrusts of Satan with the shields of scriptures. It matters not where the point of attack, there is a promise in the Word covering such point, and faith grips the promise and makes a bulwark of it. Instead of going into a fright when feelings and seemings are against us, we should plant ourselves squarely on the truth, and, like our Master, resist every blow of Satan's with a promise, for "whereby is given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature."

No wonder the apostle said, "Above all, taking the shield of faith," for it is certainly the most important of the entire armour, and he who uses it aright will join in the great apostle's song of triumph. "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us, and gave himself for us."

"My trade is the trade of a cobbler, but my calling is a propagandist," said a prophet of anarchy. He mended shoes for a living, but really his mission in life was to spread anarchical teaching. If an exponent of this red-handed order thus devotes himself, what flaming evangels ought we, the exponents of the gospel, to be.

Editorial Comment

What could have been accomplished by even one man equal to the emergency is graphically set forth in Ezekiel 22:30:

"I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it, but I found none."

The importance of missionaries abroad being sustained in prayer by the Christians of the home land is vividly emphasized in the following testimony of James Gilmour, who labored so faithfully among the Mongolians:

"Unprayed for, I feel like a diver at the bottom of a river with no air to breathe or like a fireman on a blazing building with an empty hose."

WHY NOT ALWAYS STRONG?

Whoever prays most helps most, says one and a devout parson adds, "Prayer is the first thing, the second thing and the third thing necessary to a minister. Pray then, my dear brother; pray, pray; pray!" We doubt not that most of the backsliding among both preachers and people begins in the neglect of prayer. He who is faithful in this ministry will never drift away from God. Good prayers are more needed than anything else.

"I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night; ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence. And give Him no rest till He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."—Isa. 62:6-7.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds revive, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near,
Stand forth a sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!

WHY ARE THERE NOT MORE CONVERSIONS?

How truly Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler answers this question in the following graphic paragraph: "I am convinced that one reason is that—with happy exceptions—there has been a decline of direct, pointed, faithful, and persuasive preaching to the unconverted. Too many discourses are addressed to nobody in particular; preaching to Christians has been relatively overdone, and preaching to the impenitent underdone. I do not mean denunciations that only irritate, or mere excoriations that are often a waste of breath. I mean that the preachers should so hold up the ugliness and doom of sin before the sinner's eyes that he should feel his own guiltiness, and so present Jesus Christ that the sinner should flee to Him as his only Savior. 'Warn them from me' is God's solemn injunction to every minister; he has, therefore, no more right to cap Sinai or conceal hell than he has to hide the sin-atonement cross of Jesus. In short, I mean logic set on fire by love." We do not believe that there has been too

much of the right kind of preaching to Christians (we are sure that we have far too little of that), but the indefinite, vague kind that doesn't get one anywhere is to be deplored. Give us preachers filled with the Holy Ghost and they will shoot straight at and hit the mark.

WANTED—A REVIVAL.

Yes, many of us want revivals, but how few of us are willing to pay the price for the same. Revivals come in answer to the cry of earnest, devout souls, travailing in spirit for the salvation of man.

This spirit of prayer or agony of desire always results in sons and daughters being born unto God. A church of weaklings, paralyzed with entangling alliances with the world, lacks the stalwart characteristics essential to a genuine religious awakening. Most professing Christians these days are in either the cradle or the hospital, consuming most of the attention of those who have them in charge, while they should be soldiers standing in the forefront of the battle. In commenting on this subject, China's Millions, the organ of the China Inland Mission, says:

"An English paper recently had a leader which gives expression to what has, for some time, been a growing conviction with many of God's people. We quote a few lines with the hope that they may, by deepening this conviction in all our hearts, stir us up to pray. 'Will it be denied that the last few years, while they have witnessed a great growth of superficial prosperity in religion in general, and the cause of Foreign Missions in particular, have also seen a decline in depth of spiritual life? Are there more pulpits, or fewer, in which the guilt of sin, conversion, the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the enabling power of the Holy Ghost, are faithfully preached? Does the prayer-meeting languish in numbers and in fervor? Is family prayer rarer than it used to be? Is it harder to find devoted helpers for spiritual work? Has the spirit of self-sacrifice died down? We fear that the majority of answers to these questions would be depressing indeed. Theorize about it as we may, the amount of Bible study, and as a consequence the extent of Bible knowledge, does not increase. There is plenty of exhortation to prayer, but when it comes to practice, the very exhorters themselves are more ready to see their neighbors' duty than to act up to their own privilege.' We fear that this is all too true, and there is need for those who are interested in work abroad to pray that at-home God may visit us, that men and means may be more freely dedicated to Him whom we call Master and Lord. It is refreshing to read the following words in Bishop Moule's sermon at the recent English Church Congress:—

"I used long ago to preach of many things; but as life runs onward and age draws near, I can preach of only one thing; it is Jesus Christ. Yes, let us preachers be in a profound sense, 'Men of the One Book,' and, above all, 'Men of one Name,' and we shall never lack listeners. Let us never get out-

side that Name for our message. Let us invoke upon our bearing of it the promised power of the Holy Ghost—the Glorifier of Jesus Christ. We shall find the one Name able to touch all things, and to adjust itself to the whole need and to the whole life of every man that lets it."

TRYING TO BE FUNNY.

Flashes of humor are often seen in the ministry of many great and good men. When properly used, it has a restful effect on the audience, and at the same time intensifies the interest. But in every instance it should bubble up *naturally*, and harmonize with the spirit of the occasion, in other words, sanctified humor. Trying to be funny in the pulpit has spoiled many a sermon. It is no place for the indulgence of clownishness. Light, chaffy talk should be scrupulously avoided in preaching. It degrades the office of the ministry, and disgusts all right-thinking people. A preacher is an ambassador for Christ. He is the mouth-piece of God. He stands between the living and the dead. Eternal issues hang on his words. He cannot afford to trifle with men's souls. He must give an account to God for his ministry. When he duly recognizes the dignity and gravity of his position he looks with disdain upon all tricks and artifices which merely tickle the fancy and gratify the fleshly desires of a Christ-crucifying world. He is the representative of the court of heaven to a rebellious world. He delivers his message with the conviction that the all-seeing eye of Jehovah is upon him. He preaches in the power and demonstration of the Spirit (1 Cor. 2:4). God "answers by fire." The Holy Spirit seals the truth, and work is done for eternity. Ah, how we need such preaching all over this land. G. D. Watson writes in *Living Words* as follows:—

"He was a good man and a successful evangelist. At a great meeting one day he took for his text how poor, blind Samson was used by the heathen to make sport for them. He showed what a terrible thing it is to backslide, and have our spiritual eyes put out, and to make sport for Satan's people. But the good brother had fallen into the habit of being witty, and punning, and telling funny things, and keeping the congregation in a state of merriment and laughter; and added to this were some antics, and comical postures and expressions, so much so that the common-sense young people were disgusted, and the spiritually minded were mortified and disappointed, and many said they did not want to engage that evangelist for their next convention or camp-meeting. Then the evangelist wondered why he was not invited back, and thought that somebody had been pulling wires against him. It was all because he had exhibited before the people a little sample of the poor, blind Samson that he took for a text. A soul filled with God will be cheerful, but have no relish for punning and laughing and making light and trifling remarks. Thousands have lost their sweet union with Jesus, and grieved the Holy Spirit, by frivolous conversation, and uttering smart and funny things."

OUR Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."
—Prov. 8:17.

Address all communications for this
Department to Mrs. John T. Benson,
Eastland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

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

Lion's Head, Canada, Feb. 18, 1909.

Dear Cousin Eva: I am writing this in behalf of my three little ones, who want to help the poor heathen. I have consecrated them all to God. I am willing for him to make missionaries or anything he wants to out of them. Just pray for me that I may be able to train them for Him. Find inclosed 35 cents, as a tenth of my last week's butter money, and 13 cents for the children's birthday dues.

Yours in Christ,

MRS. J. FOX.

These little cousins live in the far north, a long way off from most of us. A letter from Canada makes me think of ice and snow, of sleds, skates and toboggans. We are so glad to have them join us. Our little band is an ever-widening circle and stretches from Texas to Maine, from Florida to Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Nay, more than this, little hands have reached out to clasp ours from across both oceans and from some of the islands of the sea. God grant that it will reach around the world, a circle of loving hearts interested in each other—in the Master's work—always ready to help, always welcoming new members.

R. F. D. 3, Thompson Station, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva: Enclosed you will find our birthday dues for this month.

Your little cousins,

HEARN JOHNSON, 13 years.

ELI JOHNSON, 10 years.

EMMA JOHNSON, 8 years.

W. S. JOHNSON, JR., 8 mos.

Almost all of my letters are signed "Your little cousins." I like this. In a peculiar sense, I feel that you are mine, my boys and girls, my band of cousins. I love you all, and I want you to live good, useful, happy lives. I want your hearts left innocent, your character unstained, your honor, virtue and integrity without blot. Only Jesus can do this for my young people. O, how much I want you to give yourselves to Him.

Hurley, Miss., March 15, 1909.

Mrs. John T. Benson:

Dear Cousin Eva: We are so late sending in our dues that perhaps you thought we had forgotten, or had decided not to; but not so. We thought about it, and talked about it, but were just too slow. My last birthday passed March 4, 1909, and makes my dues 75 cents. Wife's passed December 5, 1908, making her dues 66 cents. Daughter's passed January 24, 1909, and her dues are 41 cents. Find enclosed \$1.83 (one dollar and eighty-three cents.) This sum we trust you to use for the most charitable purpose, praying the blessings of Providence upon you

and all your Christian efforts, only asking in return the prayers of Living Water Family and readers.

Yours truly,

ALFRED F. JONES.

MARY J. JONES.

LYDIA L. JONES.

No, I didn't think Brother Jones had forgotten us. With his wife and daughter, he has been among our most faithful members. They joined us early in our history and have taken part in everything we have attempted to do. The blessing of the Lord, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, be theirs.

Apple, Ark., March 11, 1909.

Dear Cousin Eva: We will now renew our birthday dues. We are a little late, but please forgive us. Reba Wright, 10 years; Cathie Wright, 9 years; Erma Wright, 6 years. We here enclose 30 cents, asking God's blessing on the mite, and that He will cause it to help brighten the lives of some poor little boy or girl.

Your little cousins,

REBA, CATHIE and ERMA WRIGHT.

What faithful little members our cousins are. Cousin Eva never sends out any notices, never tries to collect, for each member sends in his or her money, usually very promptly. The Lord bless each one of you. I want to meet every cousin in the home up yonder.

Gattis, Fla., Feb. 26, 1909.

Dear Cousin Eva: I am sending you herewith my birthday dues, ten cents. I am your little cousin, saved by the Blood,

NONIE LEE SPIVEY.

"Some through the water,
Some through the flood,
Some through the fire,
But all through the blood."

There is no remission of sins without shedding of blood.

As a young Christian I did not know how to put my trust in the blood so that I would find rest from my fears. Ask God to teach you what the blood is to you, dear children.

Alto, Texas, Jan. 1, 1909.

Dear Sister Benson: Find enclosed birthday dues for myself and little daughter, this being our third dues. We take LIVING WATER and Herald of Light, and can truly say that they are a great source of comfort to me, and I don't feel like I could do without them. It affords me great pleasure to belong to such a band. I am 51 and daughter 12. We have no holiness people here, but hope the day will soon come when full salvation will be taught all over the land. I had the experience sixteen years ago; had lived an up and down life many years, thinking I had all there was in store for me, but, thanks to God, by prayer and reading God's precious word, was brought up out of the miry clay and set upon the Rock—Christ Jesus. I hope to see another letter from a sister just my age; I was 51 December 31. Will close, asking the prayers of LIVING WATER family,

Your sister in Christ,

C. B. MURPHEY.

Children, I do praise the Lord that we never get "all there is in store for us." Thousands of God's children are leading up-and-down lives, hungry, half satisfied. And it doesn't make any difference how much we receive, God always has more for us. There is always a better, fuller experience. We can always rise to greater heights. We can know our blessed Lord more and more intimately each day we live. I am glad we can't sound the bottom of His grace.

Apple, Ark., March 11, 1909.

Dear Sister Benson: I here enclose \$1.00 (one dollar), of the Lord's money, for you to use where most needed, as you are better acquainted with the needs of the missionary work than I am. I want it to go where it will do the most good. May God's blessing go with it, and multiply it to His glory. I have always felt too poor to give liberally, or even give the tenth, but, praise God, I am receiving more light on tithing, and as I have promised God to walk in all the light He gives me, by His help I intend to do so. God has always been so good to me, and I am so happy in His service. Pray for me, dear sister, that I may grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. I carelessly stepped on a nail last Monday, and it nearly went through my foot. I carried it to the Lord, as I do all my troubles, and it hasn't hurt me scarcely any, but looks bad, is badly swollen and is very red; but I am not looking at symptoms, but I am looking to Jesus. All glory to His precious name. But as there is strength in unity, and we are commanded to pray one for another, I do sincerely ask the prayers of the LIVING WATER family for a speedy cure, that I may return to my home duties, as there is lots depending on me. May God bless LIVING WATER, its workers and family, and send it on to bless many of God's little ones. May God bless you and yours.

Your sister, all under the Blood,

CALLE WRIGHT.

I am so glad our sister is getting the light on tithing. When God opens up a question to us, it means a blessing is coming to us. It may not look so at the time, but it never fails to turn out that way if we trust and obey.

Taylor's Store, Franklin County, Va.,
Dec. 11, 1908.

Dear Cousin Eva: Enclosed please find 20 cents for our second birthday dues. We are two little brothers, ages 11 and 9. We worked on the farm during the summer, and earned some money. We are glad to send some of it to help those who are not as fortunate as we. We both love Jesus, and try to do right, but, like "Marvin," we find it hard to do sometimes; but we ask Jesus to help us, and also to heal us when we are sick. I would love to tell the cousins how quickly He made the fever leave me so I could breathe easily when I had measles last year. Fear my letter will be too long. With love to all the cousins,

JAMES and FRANK DOOLY.

There are two pathways in life, boys. One is narrow, the other is broad. There is a time in everyone's life when they face these two ways. The wide one looks so easy. It is filled with a gay company and many choose it for these reasons. The other looks hard and few enter its gate. And yet, boys, if we watch those who are traveling these two pathways we find that things begin to change. The broad road gets harder and harder. Rocks, thorns, difficulties, deadly pitfalls, increasing darkness, and we see that God spoke the truth when He said: *The way of the transgressor is hard.* Do you find it hard to do right sometimes? Remember, dear boys, that the hard road after all is the one that the transgressor travels.

Santa Fe, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva: As I have been absent for a long time, I will try and write again. I am still praising God for His wonderful power that keeps me from day to day. I praise Him for ever leading me to the light of salvation. I am glad to say that I have Christian parents to talk and walk before me, and teach me the holy way. I also praise Him for a dear sister, who is religious. I have two brothers and four sisters. I am the oldest of seven children, and am asking God each day to help me to walk in the light He has given me. I want to do all I can to