

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
Vol. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL 28, 1910

\$1.00 a Year In Advance
NO. 17.

A MISSIONARY SERMON

By ROSE POTTER CRIST

Isaiah 52:7: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth.'"



ALEXANDER DUFF.

J. Hudson Taylor said: "Though not a few are jealous of being in the apostolic succession, I would rather be in the succession of the Samaritan woman who while the apostles went to bring bread, but brought no inquiring souls, forgot her water-pot in her zeal for others' salvation." "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us" (Psalms 90:17). Note the connection: "And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it." The Psalmist did not ask for something to be consumed upon himself, but that the work of his hands might be established. Jesus said: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Count Zinzendorf, the leader of the Moravian Church, exclaimed: "That land henceforth is my country that most needs the gospel!" Would that God's people in America were more moved by the same definite impulse. Alexander Duff, the missionary, said: "There was a time when I had no concern for the foreign field, but that was a time when I had no concern for my own soul." In his closet he cried out: "Silver and gold have I none, but I give myself to Thee. Wilt Thou accept the gift?"

I insist there is a privilege side to this great question, and, as someone has said, with our present light we need a definite call to stay at home rather than a call to go, so urgent is the need. When Howard Taylor was being called of God to China Inland Mission work, while he was hesitating and counting the cost, God finally seemed to say to him: "I am going to take a walk through China; do you want to go along?" The great danger is that we will hesitate or draw back and another step in and take our crown, for God is going to publish the good tidings on the mountains of the dark lands, and if we refuse He will "beautify the feet"

of those that go. If our ears were not filled with the din and noise of other things we would hear a great sobbing cry going up to God. What is it? you ask. "No man careth for my soul." When He comes again and walks amid the wreck of all things, methinks many will hear Him say, "Thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground."

If our daily papers gave us a true report of things as they really are, every morning we would read that a hundred thousand heathen have ~~been~~ ^{went} into eternity. A ~~thousand~~ ^{thousand} ~~violators~~ ^{sinners} have ~~uttered~~ ^{uttered} ~~upon~~ ^{upon} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lips~~ ^{lips} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~every~~ ^{every} ~~quarter~~ ^{quarter} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~hour~~ ^{hour}. Think of it! Every fifteen minutes—less time than it took you to make your toilet this morning, less time than you spent over the morning meal! The earth's population is about one and a half billion, and of these one billion, or two-thirds, are unevangelized. Therefore, heathendom requires two-thirds of all our effort. Did I

unto death and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart



REGINALD HEBER.

consider it? and He that keepeth the soul, doth He not know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?" (Prov. 24:11, 12.) We are today spending ninety-six cents at home and four cents in the foreign field. Thirty million a year go to meet God. Are you willing to meet that number that have gone since light came to you on this great question? In nothing is the Scripture truer than this: "Line upon line; precept upon precept." We hear, but we forget. The word is so often choked in our hearts by the thorns and briars of other things.

Here is a little review, not something new especially, but to stir up our pure minds by way of remembrance. You have picked up missionary literature over and again, and read of "China's teeming millions," but what does it mean to you? Has it gripped our hearts at any time? Repeat it slowly: "China's teeming millions."

A missionary in describing China said: "Great, dark, hungry China." Between three and four hundred million souls. If you would see them pass, you must stand here for one hundred years night and day, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, never sleeping, hurrying them by thirty every minute. China is the greatest compact country on the globe. Its shores are washed by the sea for three thousand miles. In area it is one-third of Asia and one-tenth



COUNT ZINZENDORF.

say heathendom? Yes—but more; God demands it. Open your Bible and read, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn down

of the whole habitable globe. The British Isles would cover only one-eighth of China. Cut it up and it would make 176 Scotlands or 104 Englands. Lay it on the United States and it would extend over in the Pa-



INDIAN DEVOTEE SITTING ON SPIKES.

cific Ocean 250 miles and run down into the Gulf of Mexico. The population is nearly five times that of the United States. China has eighteen provinces and each province has a capital city of a million people. Think of it! It has 1,700 cities whose population aggregates sixty millions. Just remember that every fourth person you meet would be Chinese if the population were distributed evenly over the globe; every fourth person who lives and breathes, toils and suffers under the sun is a Chinaman.

Wm. Arthur says: "Think of all the count them your prayers; but, oh, think of China, where nearly 400,000,000 of Adam's sons dwell. Take a little leisure and think that of every four infants born, one opens its eyes in China. Of every four brides that pledge their love and faith, one of them is in China; of every four widows who mourn, one of them is in China; of every four orphans that wander homeless, one is in China." Thirty-three thousand Chinese die every day—a number equal to the population of New York City die every month.

We read from *World-Wide Missions* that if the people of China were put in rank and joined hands they would girdle the globe ten times. Make an army of them and let them move at the rate of a thousand a day, week after week, month after month, they will not pass you in a thousand years. Constitute them pilgrims and let 2,000 go past every day and every night under the sunlight and under the solemn stars, and you would hear the ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp of the weary, throbbing throng for five hundred years.

All people are included in the commission, "Go ye." But here is a people both capable and influential, surpassed in industry and patience only by the Anglo-Saxons. Their past history speaks loudly. They have four hundred canals—as many as all the rest of the world combined. It is the oldest race; had an elective monarchy 2,000 years before Christ. History records the names and dates of fifty-eight monarchs before Romulus founded Rome. The oldest newspaper in the world is there. It has been running over a thousand years. China had a lexicon 1,700 years ago, and astronomy in the time of Abraham; laws and literature in the days of Moses; classics before David; poems in the days of Homer. History tells us when our ancestors were barbarians in Europe, China was the seat of culture and manners. Her people had

been using paper, gunpowder and printing for centuries before they were invented in Europe. One great proof of their mental strength is shown by four thousand years of national life amid all the changes and wrecks of empires about them.

By this little, hurried review we get a glimpse of "great, dark, hungry China." Isabelle Bird Bishop says: "I have seen the houses of missionaries in China thronged from seven o'clock in the morning until dark by souls anxious for Christian instruction, pleading and begging for it. Men have come two and three hundred miles begging that Christian teachers might be sent them, longing to know the way to God, and always the answer given, 'We have neither men nor money.'"

Let us look a moment at Japan. Many see in Japan an open door into China, a key that will unlock the situation. Many of the Chinese are gathering into Japan, seeking civilization; but we must remember that civilization is not evangelization. "Japan is dark," said one of her sons, "not because she is not civilized; not because she is immoral; indeed, many of her people are more moral than in so-called Christian America. But Japan is dark because she has not God—



CHINESE BRIDE.

does not know God." In one temple alone are found 33,333 gods. Out of fifty million, only some sixty or seventy thousand are Christians, and many of these only ethical Christians.

Let us take India. We are told there are 145,000,000 secluded women in India and only 700 female workers there; one to every 200,000. The secluded women of India double the population of the United States. If they are ever reached they must be reached by women—our work, my sisters. A missionary on the field writes me: "Dear old India! My heart is getting all the more in sympathy with its suffering and sadness. When will its redemption come? But it is coming. Amen!"

Let us notice Africa a few moments. Our attention, as we lift up our eyes, is held by the Soudan. The word Soudan is an Arabic word meaning "The land of darkness," and oh, how dark! This is a country as large as all Europe minus Russia. It stretches across the widest part of Africa, an irregular belt 600 miles north and south, and 3,000 miles east and west. It is the ancient Ethiopia. Its population is 80,000,000, at least. Some put the figures at 90,000,000, with less than fifty Protestant missionaries among them, over one and one-half million

to a missionary. Pagan tribes are calling for missionaries. The door is wide open. British control in the south insures us stable government, with postal and telegraph communications, and unless we hasten and carry the cup of salvation to these for whom Jesus died, many will go over to Mohammedanism. For 2,500 miles the river Niger flows through a region where Christ is not named, and as yet there is only one mission station. If one missionary could be sent out each day and given a parish of 10,000 people, it would be sixteen years before the Soudan, "the land of darkness, could be occupied."

This is only one part of that great Africa. David Livingstone gave his life for Africa. He said: "Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader?" We cry, "Surely!" People talked to Livingstone about the sacrifice of spending so much of his life in Africa, and he said: "Anxiety, weakness, suffering, danger, the foregoing of the comforts of this life make us pause and waver and the soul to sink, but it is nothing compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us and for us. I never made a sacrifice." So said that godly man.

In Africa five glass beads will buy a woman. It takes ten to buy a cow.

Let us turn our eyes for a moment to South America, our next-door neighbor. Here is one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, with 38,000,000 people, twelve great countries and only 260 Protestant missionaries. Catholicism has been weighed and found wanting. Millions are indifferent to it. Henry Martyn, the missionary, said of South America, "Crosses there are in abundance, but no preaching of the cross." A returned missionary says that every bicycle tire we use in this country represents at least the life of one slave.

We hold in our hand a letter from one of our workers, a native convert who is laboring among his own people in South America. He writes: "I can see the gospel is winning its way into their hearts, for some who once rebelled are not doing it now. They have really seen that there is something far better to be found in Jesus than what they have, and while many do rebel, deep down in their hearts they know what I am telling them is true, and before long the Lord will make a mighty break among them and thousands of these very people will be born to call the Redeemer blessed." He further



CHINESE PUPIL.

writes: "I am looking to the Lord to raise up some who would not feel it a burden to come and labor in this field. I can always read and hear of dear ones going to India

and thousands of dollars are being sent them as the years roll on, and none comes this way. Perhaps some sisters could come to speak to the heathen women and girls. Among these I am helpless. But before long this glorious gospel will reach forth



INDIA WIDOWS, NOW BIBLE WOMEN.

from one end of this continent to another. Bless His dear name! And every one of their altars destroyed, the images broken in pieces, and their groves cut down; no strange gods shall be worshiped, but the true Saviour and Redeemer. Bless His name!" Yes, the gates are ajar everywhere.

Only a word about dark, heathen Russia. A missionary there writes: "During the many years of service I never saw anything like it in either Eastern or Western Hemisphere. The people are longing everywhere for a fuller knowledge of God's Word. The nation is showing hopeful signs by giving opportunity for the spread of the Word."

As we look out over these fields our hearts would fail us if we would see only the darkness, but thank God for rifts in the clouds! A little glimpse at Korea makes us take courage and shout aloud, "It shall be done!" A missionary from Korea writes that when he went to Pyeng Yang seventeen years ago there was not a Christian in the city. He was repeatedly stoned in the streets. Last year when he left men, women and children walked miles to the railroad to bid him good-by, and pinned little silver medals on him in token of what he had done for them. Tears streamed from their eyes. Today the largest building in the city is a church, and it has a prayer-meeting of 1,200 by actual count. One-third of the population are in the church, and village after village has become Christian. Little Christian churches dot the country, until one-half of the population are within five miles of a church. Last year 30,000 were brought in touch with the gospel. They are hungry for the Word. In the same year 20,000 spent from two days to two weeks in Bible classes and went back to their homes carrying the message. Does it pay? I hear you say, "Surely!"

If we value souls as God values them, it does pay. One of the finest jewels that blazes in the crown of one of the sovereigns of Europe lay for years on the shelf in a shop in Rome marked "Quartz crystal, price one franc." A man who understood the value of precious stones found it and put it in its right place. Have we been content too long to allow the souls of these dark ones to lie untouched, marked "Quartz crystal," not realizing, perhaps, they too were intended, when in their rightful place, to be among the jewels in the coronet of our king? John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides, said: "If God gave me my life to live over again, I would, without a quiver of hesitation, put it on the altar that He

might use it among those who never heard of Jesus. Nothing that has been endured and nothing that can now befall me makes me tremble. On the contrary, I greatly rejoice, and when I breathe a prayer it is that it may please the blessed Lord to turn the hearts of all my children to the missionary field."

My heart goes out in pity for the man or woman, especially our young men and women, who have not a life controlled and dominated by some high and holy purpose. "If we would have beauty, the beauty of the Lord that lingers at forty and sixty, we must live outside of ourselves." I think it was Emerson who said happiness was not a thing to be found by searching, but if you have it you must carry it with you. This is true of beauty; it comes not with outward adorning, but something within, a hidden spring whose source is in God. Paul said, "I have been crucified with Christ, and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith—the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me."

While visiting the art institute in Chicago several years ago, my attention was called by a friend to an old violin on which there was the inscription: "While I was alive and in the forest I was silent, but now that I am cut down and dead I make sweet music."

The following illustration is from S. D. Gordon's "Quiet Talks on Service." It was in London, and a crowd of people had gathered in a small auction shop for an advertised sale of fine old antiques and curios. The auctioneer brought out an old, blackened, dirty-looking violin. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is a remarkable old instrument I have the great privilege of offering you. It is a genuine Cremona, made by the famous Antonius Stradivarius himself. It is very rare and worth its weight in gold. What am I bid?" The people looked at it critically. Some doubted. They saw that it did not have the Stradivarius name cut in it. He explained that some of the earliest ones made did not have the name, and that some that had the name cut in were not genuine. Still the buyers doubted and criticised. Five guineas in gold were all bid, but no more. The auctioneer pleaded for more.



NATIVE PREACHER AND FAMILY—INDIA.

Meantime a man had entered the shop from the street who was very tall and slender, with very black hair, middle aged, and wore a velvet coat. He walked up to the counter with a peculiar sidewise step and,

without noticing anybody in the shop, picked up the violin and was at once absorbed in it. He dusted it tenderly with his handkerchief, changed the tension of the strings, held it to his ear longingly, as though hearing something. Then, putting the end of it



A STREET SCENE IN ZACAPA, C. A.

in position, he reached for the bow, while a murmur ran through the little audience, "Paganini." The bow seemed hardly to have touched the strings when such a soft, exquisite note came out, filling the shop and holding the people spellbound. As he played the listeners laughed for very delight, and then wept for the fullness of their emotions. He played upon their emotions as he played upon the old, soiled, begrimed violin.

Ry-and-by he stopped, and as they were released from the spell of the music, the people began clamoring for the violin. "Fifty guineas!" "Sixty!" "Eighty!" they bid in the crowd. At last it was knocked down to the famous player himself for one hundred guineas in gold. And that evening he held a vast audience of thousands breathless under the spell of the music he drew from the old, dirty, blackened, despised violin.

Is it not possible that some who read these lines have been lying seemingly useless, dust-covered, blackened and despised? But as truly as the old violin was made to bring forth sweet music and touch the hearts and lives of thousands, so truly may your life be used, my brother, sister, if once the Master can get possession of it. None but the hand of Paganini could bring to light the real value of an old violin, and none but the hand of our God can touch the strings of your soul and make it bring forth melody for His glory. Will you not offer it to him now in an eternal, unreserved consecration for these great white fields of which we have been speaking? It is true, as one has said, "God alone can save the world, but God cannot save the world alone." He waits for you to put your hand in His and be led forth as one in our text, "that bringing good tidings, that publisheth peace."

Yam Sing came from China to California, and was brought to know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. When examined before baptism concerning his experience and faith, some one asked him how he found Jesus. "I no find Jesus at all; He find me," was the answer of the converted man, an answer which was more than satisfactory to the questioner, and which showed that he had learned something of the love of Him who came to "seek and to save that which was lost."—S. S. Times.

The Immortality of the Soul

J. ALBERT SHEPHERD.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" (Job 14:14.)

A UNIVERSAL QUESTION.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Every man that ever came into the world has asked that question, and every man has tried in some way to answer it. "If a man die, shall he live again?" As the sailor, driven by the storm into an unknown sea, peers through the darkness and the gloom for some haven of rest, so the soul of man, tossed about on the sea of life, peers through the clouds and the shadows to see if it cannot find somewhere an eternal resting place.

A UNIVERSAL BELIEF.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" As the body hungers for meat and drink, so the soul of man hungers for immortality, and among all people, at all times and in all places the answer of faith goes up from the heart: "If a man die, he shall live again."

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

life is as universal as the belief in God. It is one of those primary religious ideas which God himself has planted in the soul of man. Men simply will not believe that death is the end of life. Somewhere, in the great beyond, the soul will live again. And so the old Greek placed a coin in the mouth of the deceased, that he might have wherewith to pay his passage across the River Styx. And so the Chinese today burn large pasteboard horses, that the soul of the departed might ride into the next world. And the Indians bury their warriors with bow and arrow, that they might feel at home and find employment in the happy hunting ground. And the African savage places offerings of bread and milk on the grave for the use of the departed. Everywhere, among all people, from the cultured Greek to the savage African, men look for and expect an existence beyond the grave.

SHRINKING FROM ANNIHILATION.

We may deny the doctrine of the future life, and yet there still remains in the heart an inexpressible yearning after immortality. Bob Ingersoll, at the open grave of his brother, expressed his real self more truly than he ever did in all his life: "There is no God, there is no heaven, there are no angels," he said. And then, as he looked at the casket of the brother whom he loved,

that primary instinct of the soul, which he had stifled so long, broke through the thin covering of skepticism and infidelity, and with inexpressible longing of soul, he added: "But I wish there were."

We shrink from the thought of annihilation. As I come down to the grave; as I, too, lay down my body in the dust of the earth, to become food for worms; as my body rots away into nothingness, like the body of the brute—is there to be no future life for the soul? My friends, I cannot, I will not, believe it. Somewhere in the great beyond the soul must live again.

CHARLES B. ROUSS.

I have stood in the family burying ground of Charles B. Rouss, the New York merchant



CANA OF GALILEE.

prince, and have read those sad, sad words which the infidelity of the man had chiseled on the tomb of his father and mother: "The path to the unknown eternal ends here." And yet this man, in spite of his disbelief in a future life, sought immortality in another way; for before he died he gave directions that a million dollars should be set aside to build a monument over his grave, so that his name should not be forgotten among men. Poor man! He thought he could build a monument that would stand forever. But somewhere the soul of C. B. Rouss will live when the finger of the centuries has erased his name from the granite—yea, even when that massive mountain of stone that he has reared at such cost has become nothing but a heap of sand, which the breath of the wind driveth away; even then, the soul of the builder of that monument will live somewhere. Did I say *live*? I mean it will exist, for there can be no life apart from God. Poor, rich man! He sought immortal glory, but he sought it in the wrong way, and as for me, I had rather be the humblest peasant in the world, and

die in a hovel, and have my grave marked by a pine shingle, and have burning in my heart that simple faith in Christ that assures of eternal life, than die like that poor, rich man in a palace and have my body laid away in a million-dollar tomb, while the soul goes out into the great beyond, away from the presence of God forever.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ASSURANCE.

But does the path to the unknown eternal end at the grave? Is the future all veiled in cloud and mystery? Is it true, as Gray sang in his immortal elegy, "The path to glory leads but to the grave," and does it lead no further? Is not the grave rather the gateway, through which the "path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day?"

Thank God, the Bible does not leave us in darkness here. Old Job asked, away back yonder, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and Job answered the question with confident assurance: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." And the Christian, peering through the grave as through an open gateway, catches a glimpse of the many mansions that Jesus is preparing for His people, and faith giving

place to certainty, he exclaims, as the habitation of flesh falls into decay: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

What comfort that thought is to the Christian! As the end of life creeps on apace, and each day brings him nearer the grave, to feel that death is but a step out into a fuller and a larger life. No one can describe the glories of that life. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." St. John catches a glimpse of that other world and ransacks the vocabulary for words to describe the vision, but we feel that the picture, gorgeous as it is, is but a faint reflection of the reality. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," etc.

I shall see my Saviour some day face to

LIVING WATER

face. Could anything be more glorious than that? Do you wonder that I do not dread death, when death brings me into the presence of Jesus? Do you wonder that I can say, like David, "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness?"

THE STING REMOVED.

To one who has this hope, the sting of death is removed. The old Stoic faced death calmly, bravely, receiving it as a necessary but an unwelcome visitor. In this spirit Socrates, condemned to die, pressed the cup of poison to his lips and passed away, calmly discoursing to his pupils on the immortality of the soul. But of a higher and better sort is the spirit of the Christian. He faces death calmly, bravely, to be sure, but, more than that, triumphantly. He meets him as the enemy that has already been conquered, and even as he feels the cold, damp touch of death upon him he shouts in the face of this last enemy: "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE GRAVE ROBBERED.

This hope of a future life robs the grave of its terror. Over the remains of our loved ones committed to Mother Earth we say, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," but we also add, "Looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ." So we go from the place

of parting with the hope of a glad reunion sometime, somewhere.

To the Christian the cemetery is not a dreary place. The grave is not dark, for light from the risen Christ shines across the sepulcher and lights the pathway to eternal day. As a skeptical philosopher stood gazing into a cemetery, his heart filled with gloomy foreboding, a little girl came tripping along among the tombs, singing a merry song. This seemed so out of keeping with the solemnity of the place that he called her back and asked, "Are you not afraid to go singing through the graveyard?" "Oh, no," she replied, "I am not afraid, for my home lies through the graveyard." My home, also, lies through the graveyard, if Jesus delays his coming, and I am not afraid.

INCENTIVE TO HOLINESS.

What an incentive this belief in a future life is to right living, and what a terror to wrong-doing! St. Paul closes his wonderful chapter on the resurrection with this practical application: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." I tell you this thought gives to life a tremendous seriousness and importance. For we live, not for time only, but for eternity. For the life beyond the grave is but a continuation of the life you are living here. As you are living here, so you will live forever. As the trend of your life here, so will it continue to be over there. If you have walked with Christ in this world, you will walk with

Him in the next. If you have lived without Christ here, you will live without Him there. If you have enjoyed pure and holy things in this life, you will enjoy pure and holy things in the next life. If all your desires and aims have been low and base and vile in this world, they will be low and base and vile in the next world as well. Death has no effect whatever upon the moral character. Know assuredly that death never yet made a saint of a sinner. If you live a sinner you are very apt to die a sinner. The only effect that death can have on the soul is that you pass out of a state of probation into a fixed condition, which can only keep on growing in the same direction forever. That invisible line between the sinner and the saint, which in this life may be crossed at will, becomes in the next life a great gulf fixed. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still."

There comes a time when your destiny is fixed forever, and you determine for yourself what that destiny shall be. God only pronounces the judgement that you have decreed for yourself. To each of you is given the power to decide what your life here and your life hereafter may be. Do you realize that your eternal destiny may hang upon the decision of this hour? As Moses closed his great farewell address to the children of Israel, he said: "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore thou and thy seed may live." Like Moses, I would urge you to choose life, that you may live forever.

THE COMPASSIONATE CHRIST

BY THE LATE THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There is no place in which human sorrows are felt as they are felt in the heart of Jesus. No one knows human weakness as He knows it, or pities as He can pity. Every suffering of the body is known to our sympathizing Lord, and every grief that makes the heart ache. Human pity is often worn out from overuse. It impatiently mutters, "Is that poor creature here again? I have helped him a dozen times already." Or it says, "That miserable fellow has taken to drink again, has he? I am done trying to save him. He makes himself a brute; let him die like the brutes!" Human pity often gives way just when it should stand the heaviest strain.

Compassion dwells in the heart of Christ, as inexhaustible as the sunlight. Our tears hang heavier on that heart than the planets which His divine hand holds in their orbits; our sighs are more audible to His ear than the blasts of wintry winds are to us. When we pray aright, we are reaching up and taking hold on that compassion. The penitent Publican was laying hold of it when he cried out of that broken heart, "Be merciful to me, a sinner!" It is His sublime pity that listens to our prayers and hears our cries

and grants us what we want. Therefore let us come boldly to the throne of grace and make our weakness, our guiltiness, and our griefs to be their own pleas to Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. One of the most characteristic stories of Abraham Lincoln is that a poor soldier's wife came to the White House with her infant in her arms, and asked admission to see the President. She came to beg him to grant a pardon to her husband, who was under a military sentence. "Be sure and take the baby up with you," said the Irish porter at the White House door. At length the woman descended the stairway, weeping for joy; and the Irishman exclaimed: "Ah, mum, it was the baby that did it!"

So doth our weakness appeal to the compassionate heart of our Redeemer. There is no more exquisite description of Him than in this touch: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom; He shall gently lead those that are with young." Such is our blessed Master's tender mercy to the weak. It is tender because it never breaks the bruised reed or quenches the feeblest spark. This world of ours contains

vastly more weak things than strong things. Here and there towers a mountain pine or stalwart oak; but the frail reeds and rushes are innumerable. Even in the Bible gallery of characters, how few are strong; yea, none but had some weakness. Abraham's tongue is once twisted to a falsehood; the temper of Moses is not always proof against provocation; Elijah loses heart under the juniper tree, and boastful Peter turns poltroon under the taunts of a servant maid. But evermore there waits and watches over us that infinite compassion that knoweth what is in poor man, and remembereth that we are but dust. For our want-book, He has an infinitely larger supply book. The same sympathizing Jesus who raised the Jewish maiden from her bed of death, who rescued sinking Peter, and pitied a hungry multitude, and wept with the sister of Bethany ere He raised a dead brother to life, is living yet. His love, as Samuel Rutherford said, "hath neither brim nor bottom."

This compassionate Jesus ought to be living also in the persons of those whom He makes His representatives. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of

Christ." That law is love. This law of Christian sympathy works in two ways: it either helps our fellow-creatures get rid of their burdens, or, if failing in that, it helps them to carry the load more lightly. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." Here, for example, is a strong, rich, well-manned church, some of its members are dying of dignity and others are debilitated with indolence. Yonder is a feeble

church in numbers and money. Let the man who counts one in the strong church go where he can count ten in the weak church. If the compassionate Christ should come into some of our churches, I suspect that He would order more than one rich, well-fed member off his cushion and send him to work in some mission school or struggling young enterprise.

That early Church was saturated with the compassionate spirit of their Lord. They

fulfilled the "law of Christ." The only genuine successors of those apostles are the load-lifters. Jesus Christ exerted His divine might and infinite love in bearing the load of man's sin and sorrows. Consecration means copying the compassionate Christ. Power means debt—the debt we owe to the poor, the feeble, the sick, the ignorant, the fallen, the guilty and the perishing. May God inspire us, and help us to pay that debt! —China's Millions.

THE DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP

BY THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

In Psalm 23:4 it is thus written: "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Who is not familiar with that verse from earliest days? We will take from this particular familiar Psalm one of the facts and secrets of the Christian life—the secret of the divine Companion, and companionship with Him. The Psalmist speaks of his Shepherd in the valley of the shadow. The shadow here seems not so much of death as of blackness and shadow in the course of life. In the solemnity of the darkness the divine Companion, my Lord and Shepherd, is at my side.

It needs no train of logic to reassure the soul, for "Thou art with me," all tenderness. Shadow ^{is} danger is round the soul and life; "Thou art with me"—thus all shall be well. "Thou." Remember this is a fact for every Christian heart. It is written by the Psalmist probably 1,000 years before Christ, about the time which separated him from the coming of his great Son, Jesus. Jesus announced Himself "the good Shepherd, who giveth His life." He claimed to be all that the Psalm describes Jehovah to be. He assumes to Himself this mysterious and most tender title. This is the Psalm to recite to my soul when I want to remember the fact of the divine, yet human; mysterious, yet understood, Person who delights to be with us and who would be the companion of our hearts. The power of faith lies not in itself, but in the power of the object. The way to grow is to let the power of the Word and the reality of the Lord sink into the soul.

When voyaging by an ocean liner my faith is not because I am a brave man, but because it is a great ship. Thus at the sight by faith of the Lord Jesus Christ faith becomes instinct—it becomes natural to believe, because of the supernatural greatness of Him who is beloved.

Christians become full of faith in God and faithfulness for God by steadfastly recollecting what a God we have, what a Christ, what He has done to make us trust Him. Remember thy nature is the handiwork of God, made in the image of thy maker. He took our image, our God became our sacrifice, and bore the burden of His own broken law. What an abundant, all-sufficient reason to know Him! God of peace, King and Lord. He stooped to the agony of the

garden, the death of the cross, that men might be clasped to His heart and forgiven. He is no absentee Saviour. He is on the spot. "Lo, I am with you all the days." His character loves the companionship of His disciples, loves being close beside them. He spent the first day of His immortal life putting Himself beside the disciples. He spent the morning with Mary in the garden, the whole afternoon with the disciples on the road to Emmaus, that He might dispel their doubts.

The evening remained, and He passed it with those who shortly before had denied Him. The Lord who loves to be at the right hand of the sinner who trusts Him. Our security is not because we feel good, but because He is with us. He would have man in complete submission to God and loyal to His love. "Lo, I am with you always;" in the Greek: "Lo, I will be with you all the days, and all the day long." This fact of deepest tenderness must result in consecration of our conscience and will. It will show the need to be always holy and pure in our own house as in His house, at our own table as at the Lord's table.

Duty becomes rest, as we are never out of the companionship of the Son of God. Let this sink into our thoughts, that we may hate evil and do good because of the Companion who is with us. Not one, but two. "Thou art with me," who art light and love. I am almost dear to Thee, not lovable, but Thou art love. Why fear perpetual darkness, hard passages in life, when He is close beside me, His arms around, and His heart beating close to mine? Lord, I believe—I will not fear. The reality that Christ lives and is close by me is the heart of Christian life, the central fact in the life of the true, happy Christian who talks to the Lord in simple prayer, takes Him into counsel in the simplest things in the life and use, and rises to the thought, "My Lord and Saviour is near me." Life is lighted up by the companionship of the great companion and for death. We know little of that other life. We know that the Lord's companionship in life will be more than realized. It securely carries us through life and the life beyond. The Lord Jesus receives my spirit as I pass through the veil to the other side. A veil, thin, yet opaque, but beyond we know this—that it is "today with Him." In compar-

ing the points of a landscape we get lost; light comes and glorifies the whole. The sure point of light, the central fact for us, is "today with Christ." Heaven and all eternal ages are developments of that fact.

Through all material earthly joy, in service to Him, the meeting in the air, through all the heartbeats at center, "forever with the Lord," and with the believers who sleep. That we shall know them again I have no more doubt than of my own being. What makes this safe and glorious "we, with Him?" Take the message home, learn the secret given in it. The divine companionship makes hopeful every sorrow, safe every joy, a life perfectly natural; it leads us over untrodden ways into a life of power and of peace.

THE JOY OF FAITH.

The joys of victory are not greater than the joys of faith—a faith that rests and delights itself on the living God, and glories in Him as much before the conflict has begun as it rejoices in Him when the victory is achieved. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Was there no joy in the hearts of Caleb and Joshua when they triumphantly declared of the dreaded foes, "They are bread for us: their defense has departed from them?" Was Jonathan troubled in the presence of his enemies when he exclaimed: "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few?" What were David's feelings when he said, "Who is the uncircumcised Philistine, than he may defy the armies of the living God?" and confronted the giant himself with the words, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the Name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou has defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand . . . that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands." Oftentimes have the armies of the Lord of hosts gone forth to war as did Jehoshaphat, who appointed singers to go before the army, praising the Lord, whose mercy endureth for ever! Rich spoils are gathered when the people of God battle after this sort!—Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.

The Baptism In The Holy Spirit

All the dealings of the apostles with those who had not received the Holy Ghost, as recorded in the book of the Acts, show that they did not look upon the Lord's command to them in Luke 24:49 as obligatory after the Holy Spirit had come—i. e., Peter did not say to the multitude on the day of Pentecost, "Tarry, as we have done, and ye shall receive," nor in Samaria, when Peter and John say that the converts of Philip had not "received the Holy Ghost" (Acts 8:15-17), did they say, "tarry," but "laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

The Apostle Paul also does not once bid believers "tarry," but, showing them their position towards Calvary, tells them that they are to "receive the promise of the Spirit through faith" (Gal. 3). Reading, therefore, in broad outline the whole teaching of the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, we can see that the word to us who are living in the dispensation of the Spirit is not "tarry," but "receive."

Remember, in saying this, that the subjective side is not being considered now, but the teaching of the Scriptures—as we seek to "rightly divide the Word of truth." We must be careful never to read the Word in the light of our subjective experience, but rather test the "experience" by the Word. Many of us have erred in this way in the past by taking one text—such as Luke 24:49—and quoting it out of its place in the Scriptures, to the perplexity of many seeking souls, who cannot understand why there are so many varying "teachings" on the work of the Holy Ghost, and even the message of Calvary. The wrenching of single texts out of their contexts, and chosen to fit our subjective experiences, has been the cause of much confusion and apparent contradiction of "teaching" on the themes we refer to.

But are there not many exhortations to "wait" on the Lord, you say? Yes, but if you take a concordance you will see that

nearly all of these are in the Psalms, and have to do with an inward attitude of patient waiting for Him, and upon Him, in connection with many things. In the New Testament the only "waiting" referred to is waiting for the redemption of the body; and waiting for the coming of the Lord—never once a "waiting" for the Spirit.

The truth is, that the Holy Spirit is waiting for us, and any delay in our proving of (1) the finished work of Calvary; (2) the power of the resurrection life, and (3) the equipment for witnessing in the power of the Holy Ghost, comes from the blessed Spirit waiting for the truth to break in upon our minds, and our then acting upon it in simple faith upon His Word.

Granted all this, I must repeat in conclusion, that experimentally there is as definite an "endowment of power" in response to faith laying hold of the Pentecostal fullness of the Spirit as there is a definite witness of the Spirit to faith laying hold of the forgiveness of sins as the believer's share in Calvary; as there is likewise a definite deliverance from the power of sin and a definite life-quickenning power for victory, in response to faith laying hold of Christ's death as the believer's death, and Christ's life as his life. For each there must be preparation, of course. The sinner must be convicted of sin—this may mean time! The believer must be ready to part with sin—again time! Yes—and the believer who knows union with the risen Lord, needs to be prepared as only the Holy Spirit knows how, for the endowment of power—his share in the Pentecostal equipment for service. This, too, means time! The Holy Spirit is in charge of each redeemed soul. Look to Him, and call Him in as "Paraclete," and He will lead you on to know for yourself the endowment of power, when you, too, shall be "clothed with power from on high," and become a Spirit-equipped witness to the risen and ascended Lord.—*The Overcomes.*

I begin to feel afraid, God seems to say to me: 'Don't be frightened, Margie; it's only Father,' and all my fear vanishes."—*Selected.*

A WISE DECISION.

Thirty-seven years before her death, Jennie Lind abandoned the operatic stage. The motive of the great renunciation was a purely spiritual one. Every appearance had been a triumph, and her pecuniary reward was large; yet she never regretted her decision. Her motive is made clear by the following narrative. Once an English friend found her sitting by the seashore with a Bible on her knee, looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters. After they had talked for a few moments her friend asked her how it was that she ever came to abandon the stage at the very height of her success. "When every day," was the quiet answer, "it made me think less of this (laying a finger on the Bible) and nothing at all of that (pointing to the sunset), what else could I do?"—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

"BE STILL AND KNOW."

How can God give us visions when life is hurrying at a precipitate rate? I have stood in the national gallery and seen people gallop round the chamber and glance at Turner's picture in the space of five minutes. Surely we might say to such trippers, "Be still and know Turner!" Gaze quietly at one little bit of cloud or at one branch or at one wave of the sea or at one ray of the drifting moon. "Be still, and know Turner." But God has difficulty in getting us still. That is perhaps why He has sometimes employed the ministry of dreams. Men have had "visions in the night." In the daytime I have a divine visitor in the shape of some worthy thought or noble impulse or hallowed suggestion, but I am in such feverish haste that I do not heed it and pass along. I do not "turn aside to see this great thing," and so I lose the heavenly vision. If I would know more of God, I must relax the strain and moderate the pace. I must be "still."—*J. H. Jowett.*

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

Don't you sometimes find it very hard to make even your doctor understand what the pain is like? Words do not seem to convey it. And after you have explained the trying and wearing sensation as best you can, you are convinced those who have not felt it do not understand it. Now, think of Jesus not merely entering into the fact, but into the feeling, of what you are going through. "Touched with the feeling." How deep that goes!—*F. R. Havergal.*

"IT IS ONLY FATHER."

Dr. J. R. Miller relates a story of some children alone during a thunderstorm; each gave a favorite Scripture verse. One of the children chose "The Lord of glory thundereth," and when she was asked why she gave these words, she said: "Once I heard a great noise when I thought I was alone in the house, and I was so frightened that I screamed with terror. My father was near, and he called: 'Don't be frightened, Margie; it's only father.' Now when it thunders, and

GOOD ENOUGH FOR A WHITE MAN.

A young Indian convert once brought Bishop Whipple a two-dollar bill which he requested him to change, that he might give half to the Lord's work, and his wife gave the other half. "Is this all the money you have?" asked the Bishop. The man replied that it was. The Bishop was about to remonstrate and advise him to give a part of it, when another saved Indian whispered in his ear: "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for a poor Indian, who has this year for the first time heard of his Saviour." What a rebuke this is to the lukewarm Christians who live on the fatness of the good land God has given them, and seem to feel no responsibility to give of their abundance to the work of carrying the gospel to others!—*Selected.*

G WATER

WEEKLY AT NASHVILLE, TENN.
125 Fourth Avenue, North,BY THE
EPISTOCAL MISSION
PUBLISHING COMPANY
(Incorporated)J. O. McCLURKAN.....EDITOR
JNO. T. BENSON.....BUSINESS MANAGER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered Jan. 3, 1903, at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter
under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL

"IT SHALL BE TOLD THEE."

The place that human instrumentality occupied in the plan of God is aptly set forth in the incident from which the above caption is taken. Saul was sent to Annanias for further instructions. He might have received all this information in the "midday glory," but it was not the divine method. He must hear it from the lips of a fellow man.

"It shall be told thee what thou must do." God has His messengers ready to impart the necessary instruction. In the divine guidance, four methods of help are suggested:

1. The counsel of the devout.
2. Prayer.
3. Providence.
4. That sense of oughtness or rightness that constitutes the inner voice.

It could not be said now that the voice of the Church is the voice of God, for the present mixed state of things causes worldly wisdom to often be substituted for the divine, but the counsel of devout people is invaluable, and the great Head of the Church often speaks to us through human lips, especially if they are consecrated to Him.

THE REAL BATTLE.

We sing the fight is on, and so it is with every faithful soul, but is it not true that in many cases there is no longer any fight? We have surrendered to the foe. There is no fear as to results as long as the fight continues. There can be but one end to the good warfare. It is thus capitulating to the foe that alarms us. "One can chase a thousand, two can put ten thousand to flight; the righteous are bold as a lion," but "the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." Infidelity is powerless in the face of a holy Church. We must go back to the heroic element. People must be brought to see that

faithfulness to Christ demands hard fighting. Soldiers of the cross, like all other warriors, must go to the front and stand their ground in the face of any foe. The Church is called to leap out of her trenches. We have fought too long on the defensive. Ours is an aggressive religion. No other can stand before a faithful presentation of the doctrines of the cross. The war must be carried into the enemy's country. The time has come for a world-wide invasion, wherever there is darkness, let the light shine; wherever there is corruption, let the salt be sprinkled; wherever there is weakness, strength should be manifested. The fight is on. No time for lying in the hospital nor loitering around the camp. The enemy is bearing down upon us in great numbers, but God is sufficient. Who will go forth to battle? The ease-loving, covetous spirit is an utter failure. Men are needed, men who fear nothing but God, men who would die before they would betray the master. Men of heroic purpose are needed in this age, when the spirit of Christianity is so little understood.

THE BURNING HEART.

(Luke 24:32.)

Some one says that "when the church is dying God sends men like Wesley and Whitfield to blow it into flame." The fires are smoldering and must be stirred again. The fervent or burning spirit is essential for the most effective ministry.

J. H. Jowett attributes the weakness of the church to "coldness and remoteness." We have never heard a better diagnosis. The almost deification of psychological studies is quenching much of the little fire that is left. The glowing, fervent spirit is being supplanted by a frigid dignity. Many nowadays would consider praising God aloud as a mark of evident weakness. Coldness in the home, a frosty prayer meeting, an icy breath from the pulpit, and what else could we look for but cold storage for the pew? Could we expect the people to do anything else but stay away? If religion is characterized by anything, it is warmth. A heart filled with the Spirit burns like a furnace at white heat.

As the lack of this burning is the need of the church, so the possession of it is her strength. Remoteness results from coldness. Hearts aflame are direct and practical. They get closer to God. Love finds its object. There is a *brought nearer* instead of a *far offness*.

Much that is now passing for church work is unworthy of that name. It doesn't meet the need of a wrecked world. It is a base imitation of religion. When the Chinaman said "Send us missionaries with hot hearts," he expressed the universal cry. Fire draws. Even a little outhouse burning attracts a crowd, and a blazing heart will also draw. Cold, stiff people seldom attract,

but the genial, loving, fervent spirit attracts folks as readily as honey does bees. Glowing testimonies, unctuous prayers, fervid sermons melt, subdue, and move the people. Fire in the pew, fire in the pulpit—a fervent spirit everywhere, and the church of God would sweep over the earth like the flames in prairie grass.

By hot hearts we do not mean that we must be whooping and yelling all the time, neither do we mean that imitation that lives merely in the realm of emotion and pays little or no regard to character. Neither do we mean that strange fire that is lit from the devil's torch and only burns to destroy, but we are talking of that deep yearning compassion of heart which is cradled in the profoundest depths of our innermost nature. Such as was seen in that apostolic spirit who said, "Now let us burn out for God;" such as was displayed by Henry Martin when he burst into tears on contemplating the miseries of India's paupers. No shallow cry, this, but his great heart was wrung with anguish as he looked upon their wretchedness.

All great soul-winners have had the fervent spirit. Look up the biographies of those whose memory, like precious ointment, still pervades the church, and you will see that the fire of heaven burned within.

It was as the Master talked to those two pensive travelers that their hearts burned, hence there must be communion and fellowship if we have this celestial glow. The immortal poet of Methodism addresses the third person in the Trinity as "the Spirit of burning," and they who walk in the Spirit will always have hot hearts. The church's greatest need is always supplied when the conditions are met. Every Christian should be a flaming torch, and such he is when the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto him. Scotland's great preacher, Chalmers—brilliant, massive, and eloquent, toiled on for some time doing but little good, until, like the youthful Isaiah, the live coal touched his lips and then followed such a ministry as the church has seldom known. What was the secret? He was set on fire by the Holy Ghost. Given a fervent spirit, and the church will not lack in her work. Possessed with holy love, the heart glows like a cinder with the heat of inexpressible desire and measureless compassion for others. Enthusiasm is derived from a word meaning God in us, and when Jesus is enthroned within we will be actuated by celestial energy and inspired by the loftiest enthusiasm. Religionists ransack Christendom to find sufficient motive power to awaken a lethargic church, when there is really but one thing necessary, and that is for the people to be filled with the Spirit. There is nothing else that so strengthens believers and moves sinners as Spirit-filled utterances. Alas, alas! the coldness and remoteness everywhere prevalent—it chills and repels. We need to cry mightily to God until there shall come such an awakening that the heart will glow again like a furnace of divine love, and the church will be as a city set upon a hill.

Editorial C

well clothed and trained, where the childish fun and comforts provided a... truths taught by parents far... of their times, the condition of... mass of the people has been one of... and deplorable darkness.

"FALLACY OF BIGNESS."

It is a mark of weakness to be longing for the dramatic, the spectacular, the weird, the imposing as we plod along life's journey. At times they will be given, but they are not the usual manifestations in a life wholly yielded to God. Some one says:

Great things are not necessary for the attainment of great character. This is strikingly manifest in the pattern life—the life of our Lord. For thirty years that life was entirely uneventful, unhistorical. He lived in a village, mixed with peasants, wrought at the bench, dwelt in a cottage. There was no great trial like the temptation in the wilderness; no moving triumph, like the palm-strewing; no ecstasy, like the transfiguration; no humiliation, like the crown of thorns; no grief, like Gethsemane. Without dazzling episodes, striking situations, or tragic sorrows; without the dramatic, the uncommon, or the miraculous, He grew into the fullness of that supreme character which commands the admiration and reverence of mankind. It is most encouraging to the obscure millions to know that the noblest life attained its last completeness in the tamest scenes, unprompted, undisciplined by anything extraordinary. Use spiritually and faithfully a life of apparent trifles, and it shall furnish all you need.

IRREVERENCE.

This is not a reverent age. The spirit of the times is materialistic. Perhaps some enterprising financier would get a corner on salvation if he could. Sacred things are often handled in a profane way; even good people are sometimes guilty of using Scriptures in a jesting way; fragments of the Word are tossed about in social circles in a very careless way, and the spirit of the age is becoming less and less reverent. Never use the work of God lightly. The Youth's Companion says:

It is no new charge against the present time to say that it is irreverent. Parents no longer teach their children to say "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," or to display that deference for age and authority which did so much to beautify life a generation or two ago. The growth of the scientific spirit, with the stress which it lays upon individual investigation, and the methods pursued by the schools, all foster a spirit which, to put it mildly, is not the spirit of reverence.

There is, however, another and more offensive way in which this spirit shows itself—the habit of making sacred literature the source of ill-bred wit and parody; of twisting words or texts about which cluster the most solemn memories, until they do duty as headlines for a newspaper or title for a cartoon.

In a recent story the words, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," are used in a jocose way; a publisher calls attention to a book by heading his advertisement of it with the line, "Consider the lilies of the field;" and a dealer in small wares displays above his shelves the sign, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and most of his customers smile and regard it as a good joke.

ow, however, child-life in Turkey... in the slow dawning of a brighter... loving Saviour, who took the little... in His arms and blessed them, still lo... it blesses through the open Bible you... them and the devoted Christ... thers you are ever sending out to... needy and darkened land whose... se remember, is only dawning.—Selected... Prussia... ent in... seven languages... practice the grace of silence even in one. "In the multitude of words, there wanteth not sin." The art of good conversation is a rare accomplishment.

PIONEERING.

Those who pioneered the gospel through the inhospitable regions of our early civilization were men and women of the heroic mould. They were consumed by love for God and souls, and they went everywhere braving the hardships of the wilderness and the dangers of savage warfare. Collier's Weekly, in alluding to the hardships of these pioneers, says:

One parsonage at Virginia City, Montana, in the early days was built of green logs, shinked with mud, and with a dirt roof. An extemporized carpet was made of cow skins, nailed, while green, to the floor, hair side up. A straw bed, with coarse army blankets, was a luxury. Male members of the different congregations often wore revolvers and knives strapped about them. Invitations to preach were extended by gamblers and saloon proprietors. Never was a meeting disturbed, nor was ever any man of God treated with anything but kindness—a fact which accounts for the charity of the Western missionary for the open and larger frailties of the Western pioneer. The preacher was often broadened by the brotherly spirit of the community and by the freedom from social conventionalities and restraints—at least he grew tolerant. There was little bigotry of creed. Jason Lee preached the first Protestant sermon west of the Rock Mountains, at Fort Hall, Idaho, in 1834. Father Ravelli, the Jesuit, was an accomplished physician, ministering to the physical as well as moral ills of a widely scattered flock. In his little mission church at Stevensville, Montana, hangs still the old flintlock rifle, stern bar to savage dangers. Statues and seats for his church he carved and made with his own hands from primitive wood. Rev. A. M. Hough, the first Methodist preacher of Montana, traveled for three days in a stage coach between Virginia City and Helena. The morning after his arrival in Helena he saw suspended from "Hangman's Tree" the body of one of his traveling companions of the day before. Yet honest men were safe but for road agents, and the people were kindly and generous.

After all, there is something in humanity that responds to conditions of this kind. The heroic is developed amid hardships. An easy time is a misfortune to any man. We are here, not to while away our time amid the enervating influences of sensual gratifica-

tion, but we are here to dare and do, to be put through the mill and ground up, to be run through the furnace, to pour out our lives for others, and to build a character that will fit in the heavens.

BEGIN AT HOME.

It is passing strange to hear one talking about going to the foreign field and yet manifesting no special concern for the people in the home land. Would-be missionaries to Africa must have some interest in the African at his door, and they who long to evangelize China need to begin with the home opportunities. There are people yearning to preach to whom it has never occurred that perhaps they had better begin with an audience of one. They are planning for tents and singers and looking to the time when they will have a crowd to whom they may preach, when every day they are coming in contact with people who need preaching badly, but it never occurs to them to preach to so small an audience. Alas! how many of us make this mistake. Better begin with ones, twos and threes, and then take the larger audiences as opportunity may permit. Paul J. Gilbert, in writing on this subject in the

King's Great Business, well says: Too many Christians are like the blind woman whom Dr. Torrey tells about. "Do you think my blindness will hinder me from working for the Lord?" she asked. "Not at all; it may hinder you from seeing your neighbors, but it will not hinder you from speaking to you, and the opportunity of giving to the Lord is Christ, and of leading them to the burning. "Oh, that is not what I want," she replied. "It seems to me a waste of time, when one might be speaking to five or six hundred at once, just to be speaking to an individual."

He answered that our Lord Jesus Christ was able to speak to more than five thousand at once, and yet he never thought personal work beneath His dignity or gifts. Christian worker, it is one or none. He who waits for numbers before undertaking to win men for Christ will never succeed. He may perchance have his ambition gratified to stand and address thousands, but the effect will be lacking in that effectiveness which God expects. The personal way is His way. He that is faithful with that will be faithless with the other. Some time ago a man came to a friend of Dr. I. Wilbur Chapman and said:

"I have about decided to enter upon evangelistic work, and want a few suggestions from you. I am going to Colorado or California, and I am sure that with such a class as I shall find there I shall be successful." His friend said: "Do you live here?" "Yes, sir, with my brothers and sisters." "Then may I ask you this question: Is your brother a Christian?" "Well, no," he said; "he is not. The fact is, I have never asked him."

"May I ask if your sisters are Christians?" "No, they are not, for, as a matter of fact, we are not on very good terms with each other, and I know little about their spiritual condition." Then the friend turned on him very suddenly, and said: "God will never use the broader work until you are in your home field."

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 Avenue Nashville, Tenn

Letters Will Not Be Published Unless Written
On One Side Of The Sheet Only

...of the cross, like all other
must go to the front and stand
nd in the face of any foe. The
called to leap out of her trenches.
fought too long on the defensive.
in aggressive religion. No other
before a faithful presentation of
nes of the cross. The war must
into the enemy's country. The
come for a world-wide invasion,
there is darkness, let the light
erever there is corruption, let the
rinkled; wherever there is weak-
gh should be manifested. The
No time for lying in the hos-
pitering around the camp. The
earing down upon us in selected.

on vigorously with the uproar. The Mo-
hammedan boys are learning to read the dif-
ficult Arabic Koran, the Armenian boys the
Psalms in Ancient Armenian, the Greeks,
Syrians and Jacobites reading in their clas-
sical tongues, and not one of these little fel-
lows can truly understand a sentence that
he reads! Do you wonder that they are
restless and fall to punching and pushing
each other and want a drink continually for
a change?

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

Where are the little girls? It is only in
the very large cities that a school can ever
be found for Mohammedan girls, and for
the nominally Christian races it was rare
to carry the education of girls beyond the
reading of the Psalms in classical language.
To read these rapidly, in a sing-song voice,
without pause or inflection, was once the
height of skill.

But our Protestant missionary schools
have now so far affected public sentiment
that it has become the fashion to be edu-
cated, and even Gregorian mothers are
scarce who will now say, "Is my girl to be
a priest, that she should learn to read?" It
is becoming rare for girls to be taken out
of school at twelve, as formerly, to be en-
gaged and married. Even Gregorian young
men are seeking educated girls for wives,
and so mothers are eager to put their wee
daughters into our schools, and they regard
the order and morality of our schools as far

How different there the smoothly brushed
locks from the tangled mass of hair that
used to feel the comb only once a week!
How different the neat patches on dresses
and coats, where there used to be rags!
What alert attention, where there was once
stupidity! What new thoughts and awak-
ing of the soul life where there used to be
only a blank as uninteresting as the huge
earthen bins of wheat within the four mud
walls of the living room, at which the child's
eyes vacantly stared in listless silence!

RELIGION.

Next Sabbath and every Sabbath in all
our American towns, long processions of lit-
tle children will go to God's house and to
Sabbath school and to Y. P. S. C. E. meet-
ings; but in Turkey, the hollow service of
the mosque, in the Arabic tongue on Friday,
has no meaning for the Mohammedan child.
It is only the sons of Moslems who can tread
these courts. They learn to bend and bow
in adoration even to touching the forehead
to the ground. They learn that five times
a day a good Mohammedan must wash feet
and hands and spread his prayer-rug to-
wards Mecca; must turn at a certain point
in the petition to the east, and his tongue
must frame the long repetition of meaning-
ingless words, but the soul learns nothing
of its sin, its sorrow, or its Saviour.

A part of the Moslem boy's religious
training relates to Ramadan, "the Moham-
medan Lent," a movable fast of thirty days
during which men must not take even a drop

Child Life In Turkey

PLAY.

It is the brightest morning a Fourth of
July ever saw. All the little children of our
free America are rollicking in noise and fun.
But no such day dawns upon Turkey. The
gay, red flag, with star and crescent, waves
over palace and mosque each Friday, but
excites no buoyant, triumphant joy in the
heart there, as do the Stars and Stripes

"It shall be told thee white of humanity here.
God His messengers reimagines fun as associated
with patriotism there, where this noble qual-
ity of man seems only to be exercised when
in grim conflict with encroaching Christian
races and where so little has ever been done
to give it the faintest encouragement among
subject peoples.

BABYHOOD.

Of course there are all grades of home life
in Turkey, as in this land, yet how rarely
is one found in America (save among the
very lowest) where some special thought is
not given to the comfort and enjoyment of
its children. Even the day laborer's child
must have a rattle and be neatly and warm-
ly clad. His birthday must be remembered
and Christmas be made bright with a few
toys. From his earliest life the finely shaped
head, the keen, observant eye and bright
smile are often noticeable.

The little child of the same class in Tur-
key, whether Mohammedan or Christian, is
most often noticeable for the vacant expres-
sion, the dull eye, the low forehead, the un-
shapely head. He is clad in coarse, home-
spun, colored, cotton garments. He is
"wrapped in swaddling clothes" and bound
tightly into his unpainted wooden cradle, so
that he can move neither hand nor foot. The
bump, bump of the rockers over the rough
floor and the rattle of the wooden rings on a
bar over the top of the cradle lull him to
sleep instead of the soft, mother's lullaby.
Over his face is thrown a smothering cloth
or kerchief, through which he must breathe
or cry. There is no warm, clean room for
his daily bath, but he must be taken out to

one side of the bitter cold room, or the
courtyard or the somewhat warmer stable
and go through a process which calls forth
most heart-rending cries as he feels the
rough hand or the too hot water.

The mothers do not believe in bringing
up their children tenderly, but wish to make
them tough, and I have long ago ceased to
pity the wee children of the poor, trotting
about in one little shirt, since I have seen
so many rich ones in the same plight, and
most comfortable in the too.

PLAYTHINGS.

Toys are not much thought of. Stiff, awk-
ward dolls, in native dress, are sometimes
seen, but oh, how eagerly a ball, picture, or
toy animal is accepted by mother and child,
when a kind missionary, with tender love
for her own child, grown up and gone to
America, takes the plaything of her loved
one to some forlorn home.

But now girls from our Protestant schools,
who have grown up, married and become
mothers, see the need of child-life in this di-
rection, and try to supply it. The children
of such parents have a brighter look. They
attend our kindergartens and primary
schools. They dearly love their books and
plays, and truer, happier child-life is lived
by them. What a long step in advance will
their children be!

STUDY.

Frequently in passing through a street,
side a mosque or a Gregorian church, "Oh,
there is a school," we say. Turkish or Gre-
gorian it will be. Do not imagine it is play
hour. They are studying, and he who stud-
ies loudest is supposed to make most prog-
ress!

The children are all seated, *a la Turk*, on
the floor, around the walls of room or court,
their shoes in rows on shelves by the out-
side door, their red fezzes, with the long,
dandy tassels on their heads. The teacher
pounds the desk (or their heads) with his
stick to make them quiet, while they keep

of water or a taste of food or use tobacco in any forms from sunrise to sunset, although they have no scruples against feasting and carousing all night. You should see them fingering their cigarettes impatiently as they watch the sinking sun or listen for the sunset gun that ends the fast for that day, while steaming food waits upon the table, untouched until the welcome signal sounds. When this fast occurs in midsummer it is peculiarly trying, yet upon its strict observance "the faithful" place much of their hope of future bliss.

What of the Mohammedan girls? They never enter the mosque, never hear a sermon, nor a public religious service, but learn to pray at home, if they pray at all. Whether a Mohammedan girl has any soul, or any hope of salvation, save as, of course, she must form part of the joys of paradise for men, must be a grave question.

The Gregorian and all nominal Christian children are seen on Easter and Christmas mornings, clad in their newest tunics, brightest girdles, and shiniest shoes, trotting off to church to show their clothes and attend the mass. On other Sundays they are allowed to play. They understand none of the service, and there is no sermon, Sunday school or prayer meeting.

CHILD TEACHERS.

Formerly the children had no real teachers of religion, either in home or school; they are the teachers in their own

"Father, you forgot to bless the food," suggests the little girl to her thoughtless parent. "Mother, it is wrong to tell the neighbor that your spade is broken when it isn't only you don't wish to lend it." "Brother, you must not kill that sheep and have the meat cut up and cooked on the Sabbath; 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,' the Bible says," came boldly from the lips of a little child.

The young son of a Protestant preacher, whose mother had taught him most carefully to read the Bible, stood watching a workman whitening copper vessels. The man many times used profane language. "Aren't you afraid of God when you curse and swear so?" said the little boy. The man told the preacher next day that he could not sleep that night because the question kept ringing in his ears, and he resolved never to use such words again.

"Mother," said a dying girl in a Gregorian home, "why do you look so sad? If the gardener wants the fruit of his vineyard, why should you cry? You are only the keeper of the vineyard; I am the fruit, and why should you not give me up to the owner?"

Children trained in Protestant schools are constantly repeating their lessons in the Bible and catechism and stories told them in meetings and Sabbath schools, in their homes, to delighted parents and friends who never enter a Protestant church, and so the truth is being spread throughout the land.

Though there may have been exceptional homes among the Gregorians, where children

were well clothed and trained, where they had childish fun and comforts provided and religious truths taught by parents far in advance of their times, the condition of the great mass of the people has been one of ignorance and deplorable darkness.

Now, however, child-life in Turkey rejoices in the slow dawning of a brighter day. The loving Saviour, who took the little ones up in His arms and blessed them, still loves and blesses through the open Bible you are giving them and the devoted Christian teachers you are ever sending out to that still needy and darkened land whose day, please remember, is only dawning.—*Selected.*

TEMPERANCE POST CARDS



17 Striking Designs, Drawn by a Gifted Cartoonist.

6 for 10c; 20 for 25, Postpaid

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY
NASHVILLE, TENN.

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

Choice Reading

THE BEST THING.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson. Two short, concise discourses by Brother Simpson. One entitled *The Best Thing*, the other, *Jesus Only*. Buy and read them and you will be blessed. Price, paper, 10 cents.

—000—

THE BOUNDLESS BLESSING.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson. Chapters on the wonderful blessing that God has for his children. The book will be very helpful to its readers. Price, paper, 10 cents.

—000—

THE CHRISTHOOD AND THE ANTICHRISTHOOD.

By Rev. W. B. Godbey. A graphic account of the work of these two great opposing forces down through the ages, together with interesting light on the prophecies of the great culmination now so rapidly drawing near. Price, paper, 10 cents.

—000—

THE LORD'S COMING.

By C. H. M. One of the strongest pamphlets published on this subject. Price, paper, 10 cents.

—000—

THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. W. B. Godbey. So few people have any real correct idea of the teaching of God's word about this time. Brother Godbey treats the subject in his usual style. Price, paper, 10 cents.

—000—

THE SANCTIFIED LIFE.

By Rev. B. F. Haynes. Chapters on the deeper Christian experience, pointed and Scriptural. Price, 15 cents.

—000—

THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL POWER.

By Rev. A. M. Sims. A book of over 140 pages. It lets the Bible writers themselves tell the secret of power. It takes what they say and shows the difference between the real secret and our modern "works" of the child of God should be. Price, paper, 10 cents.

PEN.

The Practice of the Presence of God

"It is natural to recommend a book we value; for it adds to our own happiness when we communicate it to others," therefore we recommend to our readers this little pamphlet, feeling sure it will enable them to live consciously closer to God. Price 5 Cents.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Bright

Sparkling

**LIVING WATER SONGS
LIVING WATER SONGS No. 2**

Price { 15 cents each } Postpaid
 { \$1.50 per dozen }

Special Terms to Evangelists and Agents.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.

Spiritual

Soul-Stirring

FIELD NOTES

See Page 16 this week.

J. L. Brasher will hold a meeting at Florence, Ala., May 10-22.

J. B. McBride has just held a blessed meeting at Colgate, Oklahoma.

The Kentucky State Holiness Association is now in session at Owensboro, Ky.

"Bud" Robinson will conduct evangelistic services in Oklahoma City, Okla., May 13-23.

The commencement exercises of John H. Snead Seminary, Boaz, Ala., J. L. Brasher, President, are now going on.

J. B. Adams and W. B. Yates are holding a meeting with J. T. Rushing, pastor of Virginia Avenue Church, Louisville, Ky.

The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Louisville, Ky., is at this time holding a convention and revival meeting in their church.

Mrs. Edna Wells of Cartersville, Ill., and Miss Mattie Perry of Marion, N. C., spent last Sunday with the congregation of the Pentecostal Tabernacle, this city.

The Seventh Annual Anniversary of the Bereah Home, Arlington, Tex., will be held May 14-15. J. T. Upchurch and E. A. Ferguson will conduct the services.

There will be an Indian camp-meeting at the White Eagle Indian Reservation, near Ponca City, Okla., May 5-15. I. G. Martin, Earnest Roberts and wife will conduct the services.

The cornerstone laying of the Central Nazarene University, at Hamlin, Tex., will take place May 4. E. P. Ellyson will have charge of the exercises. Mrs. Mae Roberts and Mrs. Kattie Campbell will have charge of the singing.

Miss Bessie Moody, who has spent four years in the Literary and Bible Training School, this city, wishes to engage in evangelistic work. She is a capable woman. Any one desiring her services address her at 125 Fourth Avenue, N., Nashville, Tenn.

The commencement exercises of the Literary and Bible Training School of this city will be held April 28 to May 1. Rev. G. W. Mathews of Savannah, Ga., will preach Thursday evening and address the graduating class on Friday evening. The annual missionary meeting will be held Saturday evening. All-day services Sunday.

I praise the Lord for victory in my soul just now. I want to follow on to know Him. I am now seeing that the second work of grace, called "entire sanctification," is among the primary steps in a normal Christian life. I fear that many who have crossed over into Canaan are yet camping on the river banks. "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." The Lord is blessing in this city, and souls are finding Him. To our God be all the glory. We are looking to Him for greater things. Pray for us. Yours under the blood,

J. F. PENN.

Knoxville, Tenn.

We are praising the dear Lord this morning for great victory. We just closed a meeting at Bethel Church, Grandview, Ind., where the Lord gave us great victory. We were with the United Brethren pastor, L. T. Taylor, who is a man of God, and filled with the Holy Ghost and fire. Seekers from the first night until the close. We let the dear Lord keep the number of professions, for He knows best, but there were quite a number saved and sanctified. Bless His name forever! This has been a good winter campaign for me. I was with Pastor G. W. Hanks for four meetings. I never worked with a more faithful preacher than he is, and he has the great blessing, and of course we felt free. It was quite a new field for the real doctrine of holiness, but the Lord gave some victory and some listening ears, and the seed sown with prayer is not lost. We fully believe Psalms 126:6. We have been quite busy all the time, however. We have some open dates for the summer which we would like to fill for camps or other meetings. Any one wanting our service for both song leader and preacher will please address us at 810 West Indiana St., Evansville, Ind. C. C. DAVIS.

Perhaps you will be glad to know that I have been out in the evangelistic field again. My first meetings this year were held in London, Ky., beginning there with one of the best men I ever worked with in my life, Rev. J. D. Redd who, with other help, had been running the meeting several days before I got there, which was March 23. It was a very hard fight for

the first ten days, but we began to gain the victory, and before the meeting closed the whole town seemed to be stirred. Old difficulties settled, people weeping their way to God and a great number joining the different churches, and from what we hear, since leaving there the work is in fine condition. Bro. Redd is now building a beautiful \$12,000 church, and he is certainly a hustler. Everybody likes him and they are sorry to have him give up after this year, which is his time limit. I have never seen a sweeter spirit of union than exists in London. We held our meeting in the Christian Church and they fell in line beautifully with our propositions and many other things which we Methodists do that they were not accustomed to. I am satisfied they are short on preaching at that church, for they made me a very flattering offer to take charge of it.

I am in hopes that this gets in your paper in time for the readers to pray, especially for Bro. Bridgers and myself, as we are now engaged in a most glorious meeting here in our home town, where the Lord is giving us wonderful victory. Last night after Bro. Bridgers preached within less than a minute's time a hundred people were down on their faces before God crying for mercy. I have never witnessed anything like the way the Lord is blessing our efforts. Continue to remember us at the throne of Grace. Our next work will be (after a short meeting here) Augusta, Ga. Then we take up the work in Kentucky and on and on.

Yours in His service, CHAS. D. TILLMAN.
Atlanta, Ga., April 23.

Tidings From Abroad

Dear Kind Friends: Two weeks ago, on my return from a visit to Kingston, I found awaiting me a large number of parcels of papers and tracts, and have been wanting to write and thank you, but I have been doing a little too much in some ways and have been overtired. I am so thankful to you all! The little papers, "Echoes of Mercy," came before I left home, and I gave some away in the train, and wished the sender could have seen the absorbed look on the faces of those reading them. The tracts have gone in various directions to those who will use them, where there is greater need than here. An unconverted man, to whom I sent some papers, sent me a dollar asking me to order some religious paper for him. The sermon read last Sunday by the lay reader who takes my father's duties when away at his other church, was read from LIVING WATER, D. L. Moody's sermon on the coming of Christ. To a dear young fellow dying of internal cancer and much depressed spiritually (the result, I think, of the morphia and other opiates he has to take to keep down the pain) I read the account of the triumphant death of Bishop Haven, to his great comfort, also the anecdote of the old Scotchman who was "afraid of a shadow." Thus you see in every direction you help souls. I could mention other instances, but must not be too long. This same young man beguiles some of the tedious hours by looking at the little colored Sunday School cards. My dear friends, I do thank you so much. Many of your names are now familiar to me, accept this as though written personally to each. I have been rejoicing so much lately, as I talked to and sang hymns for the sufferer, in the precious simplicity of the glorious gospel. Blessed be God for it.

Your sister,

L. A. KING.

GREETINGS FROM ISHWARDAT.

When you heard from us last our dear co-laborer, Miss Mattie Long, was preparing to sail for the homeland for a needed rest and change after seven hard years on the field.

We have learned that this is entirely too long for one to remain on the burning plains unless they are able to take a rest and change in the hills

somewhere occasionally. Even those of us who are physically very strong find, after hard, continuous struggles against the power of darkness that is so manifest in this land of idolatry and against the trying climate that our strength soon begins to give way. Yet this is not our hardest fight. To see a precious soul that has been brought to God begin to waver and the enemy come with his terrible power to deceive, to swallow up and destroy, then we feel as if we cannot, must not let go, but with strong cryings and travail of soul we labor under this great burden till the Lord lifts up a standard against him and the victory comes through Jesus Christ. It is this long, fierce battle and standing between our people and the floodtide that takes our strength.

The other day a dear, faithful friend wrote: "I wish I could lighten your burdens, but not for one moment would I take from you the joy of toiling for Christ." Nor would we have our burdens lessened or our work decreased, but wish we could do a hundred times more for our Master. Sometimes we feel as if we dare not lift up our eyes to behold the field that is so white unto harvest, we feel so helpless—bound, bound, because we haven't the means to do with.

We have a good village school, and the Lord is blessing much. While these Hindoo children are small, they will get an understanding of Christianity. We want—yes, we need—half a dozen more such schools, but how can we open schools? How can we put more preachers and Bible women out to work when we have no way to support them? Our hearts ache so when we see such needs and know that we are utterly helpless to meet them.

Our two preachers and four Bible women, with some of the girls from the Bible woman's training class, are doing good evangelistic work. When this class of six is ready for regular work, we will have a dozen preachers—trained, taught and filled with the Spirit. Think of the good these few will do, what victories will be won, how many souls who have never heard before will learn about the Christ, the only way of salvation.

If you could come with me on some feast day and stand apart from the multitudes as they worship their god (some hideous, vile thing, but all they know) you would see an old woman, bent, with white locks, come and place her offering at the god's feet and make a little prayer for herself or some member of her family who may be ill; she will prostrate herself and beg the god to answer, then go away. Next will come an unfortunate wife or a widow whose life is a misery; she will make her offering, fall at its feet and go away without one word of comfort. Then we may notice a frightened child who has been brought to worship the god, or a young man with intelligent face who worships because he must reverence his forefathers and cling to their customs—not because he has faith in the painted stone. In return for this they will receive—not peace, but some pain for their foreheads, and when they are gone the old priest will gobble up the offering. I stood beside a young wife who had made her offering and was praying to the god. There was an earnest longing in her face. I turned to her priest and asked: "Will the god hear her?" He grinned and answered: "How can he?" Then, turning to the poor, deluded soul, he said: "Pray on, the god will answer you." This is only one instance. They are worshipping everywhere gods of wood, stone, brass, even trees, rivers, cows, bullocks and each other. We believe the awful iron grip is giving way, and something is going to happen in India.

We have never known the people to listen to the gospel as they have this past year, and on the other hand, we have never known such opposition as we are having at present. The high caste Hindoos have given us much trouble, and at times we have been in danger, but God has never left us alone. He has time and again verified His precious promises to us, and kept us happy in the darkest moments.

God is blessing us in the orphanage, in every department of the work. We have recently had some remarkable answers to prayer, so take courage and

Our hot season is upon us and already we are beginning to watch the thermometer, and have put the chicks (mats made of certain roots) up at the doors. These we keep wet to cool the rooms. We also pour water on the floors, and when the heat is intense (about one hundred and fifteen in the shade) we have to keep our heads tied up in wet towels. Even now we cannot sleep indoors, and there is the usual cry for water, water, water.

We had hoped so much to have our own well for this dreadful season, but have just succeeded in getting the work started. When this well is finished we can have something growing in our fields all the time, as we are not hindered by seasons. We already have quite a number of fruit trees that are beginning to bear, and if we can only have plenty of water we will make our work here as nearly self-supporting as possible. Instead of resting, Miss Long is working for this well and other necessary improvements in the work. We do trust that she will soon secure the amount needed and get her rest before coming back home to us.

God bless and keep you all ready for that "glorious appearing." In His glad service,
FLORENCE WILLIAMS.

Ishwardat, Dhulia, West Khandesh, India, March 23, 1910.

ISLAM OR MOHAMMEDANISM OPEN FOR THE GOSPEL.

BY E. L. SARMAST.

The history of Christianity has been bloody history for the last fourteen hundred years in Asia Minor, the place where Christianity was born and five hundred years later the religion of Islam (or Mohammedan) sprang out. From the days of Mohammed, the founder of it, until the present time; his followers have been the most bitter enemies of Christianity and the religion of our Master, the

only satisfying religion in the world. Persia and Turkey are the places where Mohammedan religion began and she has spread her wings all over the Asiatic countries. From the beginning of the Islam religion Christianity has been suffering; a single year has not passed without some Christians being put to death. The reader will remember that thirteen years ago about half a million Christians were killed in Turkey, and the last few years the lives of the Christians have been in great danger in Turkey and Persia. Many thousands have been killed.

The most bloody part of the world is the place where our first parental home was, where Christians were butchered. In the northern part of Persia and greater part of Turkey, millions of men and women and children have been cut to pieces. Many have been dragged through the streets of cities and towns, and many have been burned at the stake. The way that Christians have been treated for the sake of Christ cannot be put on paper. The death of God's holy One at last has brought freedom all over the countries that were locked to the religion of Christ. He is the only one able to save, sanctify and keep. As a result of the Christian slaughter the way has been opened for the preaching of the gospel and the saving power of our God everywhere in the world. Glory to His holy name!

Such a thing never has happened before in the history of Christianity that a Mohammedan be put to death by a Mohammedan in behalf of the Christians. You have heard, I am sure, that last April 30,000 Armenian Christians were slaughtered in Turkey. Fifteen Mohammedans were put to death, and on last December 11 and 12 twenty-six other Mohammedans were found guilty of taking part in the slaughter of Christian Armenians, and were publicly put to death. Great crowds saw the execution. No one could tell of such a thing ever happening before. Is this not an opening for the gospel of our Lord to be preached to those hungry people? Freedom of speech, religion and press, has been proclaimed, and people are free to go and worship in Christian churches in Turkey and Persia. Every place has been opened for the gospel; the Mohammedans are flocking into Christian churches and schools. The call from all Mohammedan countries is "Come help us."

The most needy country in the world is Persia. It has been neglected by Christian workers. We never knew this before, that man has a right to put a limit to the preaching of the Word of God because a certain Church has missions in a country and take it easy, and the other Christian workers have no right to go in. Is this rule and regulation from God? Is this only for the heathen countries, or for the homeland, too? I see a small town of not more than five hundred have three or four different churches in it. I am sure such regulations are against the will of our God. What the heathen need is fire-baptized men and women to preach a Christ that will save and satisfy their hungry souls. I love the church; I am for the church as long as I live; but it is time to preach Christ, not the church. All the world belongs to God; no one has a right to say, This is mine. Read, if you please, what Paul, that holy man of God, said: "All is of Christ, and Christ is of God." Heathen cannot be brought to Christ by the church politic, but by the saving blood of Christ. Some Christians are standing in the gate of God's king-

dom; not only are they not entering in, but are keeping others from going in. Has God said no to keep the others from going in? I am crying in behalf of the 15,000,000 Persians that are out of Christ and waiting for God's holy ones to go and tell them about Jesus and His love. We have given the lives of our loved ones and have opened the way and got freedom. Instead of Christians going out and preaching the gospel before it is too late, they are spending their time in dividing the heathen lands, but our Father calls us to come and preach, not to divide the land. He needs you to go on, the world needs you, and the unsaved ones need you.

I beg you, God's holy children, it is time to save souls that are going down to eternal punishment because there is no one to tell them that Christ can and will save them from their sins. What they need is Jesus and the Holy Spirit, but not church politics for the present time. Yours for His service,
B. L. SARMAST.

Oroomiah, Persia.

Preacher and Prayer

BY E. M. BOUNDS.

The place prayer should occupy in a preacher's life is handled in a manner which will prove helpful to all Christian workers.

ATTRACTIVELY BOUND. PRICE 30 CENTS.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Silver Key

...BY...

REV. JOHN PAUL

Is a new book in which the author considers 200 subjects—Civic, Social and Religious. The leading issues of the day are discussed in a practical manner, especial attention being given to Religious topics. The book is bound in cloth. Price, one dollar.

...ORDER OF...

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

PROMPT ATTENTION.

should always be given all postal cards received from us. They are often of more importance than you may think.

WANTED

Agents in Every Community to Sell

Bibles, Mottoes, Religious Books, Song Books, Etc.

Write for Catalogue and Terms

Pentecostal Mission Publishing Co.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Some Celebrated Persons and Their Last Words

BY REV. W. W. LOOMIS.

While human class distinctions are usually artificial and temporary, rather than fundamental or permanent, yet the world will always be interested in its celebrated personages, and the story of their life and death will be of interest in itself, independent of the lessons which it teaches.

Napoleon Bonaparte sprang from a family of comparatively little importance in the island of Corsica, began his military career in the most humble manner and soon rose, through his remarkable talents, to the imperial throne of France. Early in his career he conceived of himself as the "Man of Destiny," and seems to have believed that he was appointed to overthrow the existing governments of Europe and erect upon their ruins one great central throne upon which he himself was to be seated. So far as history records, no other mind had conceived so colossal a design. To the execution of this purpose he brought the most commanding talents and every important European throne, with the single exception of that of the Georges of England, trembled at the very mention of the name of Bonaparte. Nothing seemed to permanently check the progress of his victorious armies until the "Old Guard" square on the fatal day.

And then this mighty man was hurried away to his island prison to spend his days amid the petty vexations to which he was subjected by his English guard and at last to breathe his life away far from his beloved France. As he lay dying in the midst of a raging storm, those in attendance knew that he was living over again the stirring events of the past as they heard him utter something about being "head of the army." But mingled with words like these was heard another word, which probably came from deeper depths of his agitated soul, as his dying lips pronounced the name—*Josephine*. During his life he had worshiped alone at the altar of his own ambition and upon this altar he had at last sacrificed the beautiful and gifted woman, the loving wife, the constant friend and the wise counselor who had been the good angel of his reign, and now, as he lay dying it is not the "fair Austrian princess," but the discarded and deeply wronged, yet devoted *Josephine*, who lives in his memory. Possibly some feeling of penitence, or perhaps only of regret moved his heart. He, at least, probably realized too late the folly of sacrificing love, happiness and righteousness at the shrine of an unconquerable ambition.

A few years before, with her two children, Eugene and Hortense, at her side, overwhelmed by the sorrows of her life, abandoned by the man she loved, yet loved by many of the poor whom she had helped and honored by the nation over which she had reigned as empress, *Josephine* lay dying at

Malmaison. Just coming through the bloodiest period of the French Revolution, during which her first husband was beheaded and she herself barely escaped the guillotine only by the timely death of the tyrant Robespierre, she had met and loved the brilliant young Corsican officer. She became his wife and devoted herself to her husband and his interests during the period of his gradual rise to the imperial throne. Upon being proclaimed emperor, Napoleon formed the Austrian alliance, that his dynasty might be established, and the discarded *Josephine* retires, gives herself to her children, her pleasures and her charities until her end comes. She meets death calmly, and as she passes away her crushed and love-hungry heart breathes into the ears of her listening children the name—*Napoleon*. And *Napoleon*, dying at St. Helena, responds with the name—*Josephine*. And thus the tragedy of their lives ends in the more mournful tragedy of their deaths.

"All my possessions for a moment of time," cried the dying Elizabeth of England, the brilliant daughter of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. During one of the most splendid periods of English history she had sat upon the throne. She was, perhaps, the most powerful of the sovereigns of Europe. A new world has but recently been discovered and English navigators were carrying the name of the virgin queen into the wilds of America. Surrounded by eminent statesmen, courtiers, flatterers, great literary men and foreign princes, she possessed the love and admiration of her people. Riches untold were hers. Her person was decked with jewels, while one thousand dresses were hanging in her wardrobe. Famous for her successful administration, but infamous for her diplomatic lies; honored because of her public services to Protestantism and to her country, but dishonored because of the unscrupulousness, conceit and selfishness of her personal character, she comes to the close of her reign and of her days. Did the shades of Essex and of Mary of Scotland come to trouble her soul as she lay dying? How true is Joseph Cook's statement regarding harmony with conscience, record and God if one would die in peace. "All my possessions for a moment of time." Once she had both time and possessions; now both are slipping from her grasp. Good would it have been for Elizabeth if in life she had thought more of the improvement of her time and less of the accumulation of her possessions.

In the year 1791, in London, a marvelous old man closed a marvelous career with a marvelously peaceful and triumphant death. His life in activity and usefulness would be difficult to parallel in all the annals of individual endeavor. For over fifty years he has been the "King of Itinerants." He was a

religious statesman and organizer of the first rank. He was a preacher of the gospel, having but few equals in his own or any age. He was the peer of the great and the servant of the poorest who needed his help, and by his devotion to Christ and His cause he as truly earned the title, "St. John of Epworth," as did the beloved disciple that of "St. John of Galilee." At the advanced age of eighty-eight he comes down to an almost painless deathbed, and uttering the words, "The best of all is, God is with us—farewell, farewell," the spirit of the great and good John Wesley departs to be with Christ.

"It is well; I must sleep now." The soldier, the statesman, the patriot, having performed the providential task assigned him as well perhaps as any man of any age could have performed it, lays aside his heavy responsibilities and goes to meet his reward. Sinai has its Moses, Egypt has her Menes, Athens has her Solon, Sparta has her Lycurgus, Rome has her Numa, England has her Alfred, and America has her Washington. Barring the one exception—the Jews—no nation has a leader standing at the forefront of its national life who will rank higher in all the attributes of lofty and symmetrical character than have the people of these United States. Wise in council, brave in battle, skillful in generalship, sincere in his devotion to God and in his belief in revealed religion, he was placed in a position of unusual responsibility. How fitting that he should lay his task aside with the words, "It is well; I must sleep now!" Surely we may be permitted to believe that he heard the words, "Well done," from a higher source, and that his last long sleep was the sleep of the righteous.

Among the half dozen greatest names in all this world's literature must be placed the name of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Endowed with splendid intellectual powers, and having money and leisure for their cultivation, he rises to a pinnacle of fame which makes him the admired of all classes—the foremost literary name of Europe. But his spiritual eyesight was dim and his moral standards were low, and he lived in the land of Luther and Melancthon a life which, in some respects, would have seemed more consistent with environment had it been placed in ancient Greece or Rome. His brilliant career closed in painful spiritual dimness, and his last words, "more light," might have found an answer earlier in life had he turned his mind and heart more full toward Him whose "Life was the light of men."

Thus have some of the great ones of earth met the "inevitable hour," and passed on into the "undiscovered country," whither we are all traveling. May it be our lot to meet death in the blessed hope and the full possession of eternal life.—*The Free Methodist*.

Sunday School Lesson

P. R. Nugent, * * Richmond, Va

Lesson for May 8, 1910

(Prov. 23:29-35.)

GOLDEN TEXT: "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." (Prov. 23:32.)

As in all other matters, so in that of intemperance—the Word of God gives infallible statements. The exactness of the statements in the lesson is noticeable. The evils, of which six are mentioned, are said to come to those who "tarry long at the wine," and "that go to seek mixed wine." We suppose "mixed wine" was injurious even in small quantities, for in connection with it there is no mention of tarrying long. The six evils of verse 29 are not said to follow the use of a small amount of wine because, as a matter of fact, they do not come from a small amount of wine but from tarrying long at it.

Next, however, some would reply: "These bad results come only from using too much wine; there is no danger in using a little. I drink moderately," we have the exhortation or command in verse 31. A moderate drinker may go beyond the stage of moderation. Many have. We suppose there never was a drunkard who began as a drunkard. Drunkards begin as moderate drinkers. Of necessity a total abstainer is free from experiencing the bad results of liquor. He who obeys this "look not" never is bitten or stung by the serpent's bite. He is not in biting distance.

The bite of a serpent and sting of an adder believe the excessive use of wine—that use which puts people "under the influence" of it—makes people open to demon influence and power. And since it is evident that some invisible demons are of the nature of visible serpents and scorpions (Luke 10-19), it follows that their work upon people is similar in its results to that of serpents and adders (32). The awful slavery that comes to users of whisky, morphine, cigarettes and other poisonous drugs is traceable to more than the mere drug. Through these things demons work upon, and get power over, mind, soul and body, and the victims are ruled, not by a mere drug habit or a whisky habit, but by an unseen personality which makes use of the drug and takes advantage of the person through it.

Christians, in trying to help drunkards and others who are in similar slavery, should be mindful of the true nature of the conflict. In the deliverance of Satan's slaves much depends sometimes upon the faith and prayer of those who are trying to help them. People need deliverance from the "spirit of wine" as well as from the wine itself, and this calls for faith and prayer on the part of others as well as on the part of the one who needs deliverance.

Verses 33-35 give further results of drunkenness. It is a sin that leads to many others, for people under the influence of alcohol will do things they would have no idea of doing when sober.

The following anecdotes given by Jno. G. Woolley in *The Way of Faith*, illustrate the application of total abstinence to business and health matters, for it has a practical side as well as a religious one:

"I went forward with others to congratulate the engineer who had drawn our special train in a glorious burst of speed between two stations. One enthusiastic passenger who was filled with enthusiasm (and other stimulants) passed up into the cab a pretty little flask and said to the engineer: 'Have a drink, old man, and keep the bottle as a souvenir.' The gift was laughingly but emphatically declined, and the giver as good-naturedly asked why. 'Well,' said the engineer reflectively, and without the faintest odor of preaching, 'there are four reasons, and

maybe more. In the first place the company might fire me, for it is the theory of this company and every great railroad company in the United States that no man is fit to hold the throttle of an engine like this if he uses alcoholic drink in any quantity or form. In the second place, some of the passengers back in the coaches might object to my hauling their train on a ticklish trip like this. In the third place, I am trying to make a good engineer out of my boy here who is firing for me, and his chances are better without brandy. In the fourth place, this train might go in the ditch, as trains sometimes do, and a brandy bottle in the cab of the engine would look bad to the coroner's jury."

I was at a hospital when an ambulance came tearing at the door with a man whose leg was crushed. 'Oh, doctor,' he said, 'will it kill me?' The good, blunt man of science answered: 'No—not the leg; but the beer may do you up.' And it did: The clean aseptic cut had really no chance to heal, because the general physical degradation of beer no surgeon's knife can amputate. When life and death grip one another beer stabs life in the back.

A friend of mine was taken with pneumonia. He was a splendid specimen of physical manhood. forty-six inches chest measure, and set up like a Greek god. To the amazement of his friends he died in the first onslaught of disease. The comment of the doctor in private was apt but eloquent: "You can't bank on a fine physique when pneumonia grips a drinker. When life and death meet in a tug of war drink takes the graveyard end of the rope."

TRACT LIST.

Victory.
John 14.
Sanctification.
Jesus is Coming.
What Aileth Thee?
How May I Be Saved?
Has God Spoken to You?
Take These Things Hence.
How Do I Stand Before God?
A Message for Hungry Hearts.
Art Thou Prepared for Eternity?
False Prophets, Teachers, and Religions.
Any of the above sent postpaid for 5 cents a dozen; 50 cents a hundred.

How to Dress.
Woman's Dress.
The Tobacco Vice.
Tobacco—A Rational Appeal to Reasonable Men.
Any of the above sent postpaid for 5 cents a dozen; 50 cents a hundred.

Signs of the Times.
Condit in the Heavens.
Conditions for a Revival.
Why Should I Be Sanctified?
Hard Places in the Way of Faith.
Scriptures Concerning the Second Coming.
Sanctification—What It Is and How Obtained.
Any of the above sent postpaid for 10 cents a dozen; 90 cents a hundred.

Itself.
The Iron Bracelet.
Some Reasons for Missions.
Missionary Feet and Figures.
Should a Youth Always Be Given?
Intercourse Foreign Missionaries.
The Holy Spirit the Prime Factor in Missions.
Any of the above sent postpaid for 5 cents each; 55 cents per dozen; \$2.00 per hundred.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.
Nashville, Tennessee.

We carry in stock a full line of
Bibles and Testaments

as follows:

Oxford, Bagster, Nelson,
Holman and International
In all styles and prices.

Catalogue furnished upon application.
PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.
Nashville, Tennessee.

THE STORY OF LAZARUS.

BY BUD ROBINSON.

A new book from the pen of this unique preacher. Lazarus is set forth as a type of the human family in the various stages of religious experience. The practical applications are apt and original. The book contains 111 pages. Price, 50 cents. Sold by

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.,
Nashville, Tenn.

Don't you want a copy of the American Standard Bible?

Edited by American Revision Committee, a large company of the most renowned and devout scholars, who, working for thirty years, have tried to give the lovers of the Word a translation immeasurably more correct than the King James translation, though that was the best possible at the time.

First—Because modern scholars know Greek and Hebrew far better than the former translators knew those Bible languages.

Second—Because large portions of the Bible have come to light in manuscripts which are older and better than those used to make the King James translation with.

Third—Because there have been discoveries by the thousand in Bible countries which throw floods of light on the meaning of obscure passages. With these and other advantages our modern scholars could get back to the very letter and spirit of the original Scriptures.

We have this book in three styles:

1. Reference Edition, Bourgeois type, Egyptian Seal, divinity circuit.....	\$2.25
2. Reference Edition, India paper, Egyptian Seal, divinity circuit, leather lined, silk sewed.....	\$4.00
3. Concordance Edition, India Paper, Persian Levant, divinity circuit, leather lined, silk sewed.....	\$6.00

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

OUR PREMIUM OFFER

Will Expire September 15, 1910.

OFFER NO. 1.—To all persons sending us 250 yearly subscribers, WE WILL PAY THEIR TRAVELING EXPENSES TO NASHVILLE AND BACK HOME AND GIVE A FREE SCHOLARSHIP IN THE LITERARY AND BIBLE TRAINING ^{for the session commencing Octo} ^{ber 10, 1911.} This ^{49 Mint. St. Mrs. Alice Brown} ^{1617 Long Ave} road expenses, board, lodging, and all matriculation fees for the session, amounting to approximately \$150.00.

OFFER NO. 2.—To all persons sending us 200 yearly subscribers, we will give A FREE SCHOLARSHIP FOR ONE SESSION, beginning and ending the same time as above, and including everything as above, except the traveling expenses. This is worth approximately \$125.00.

OFFER NO. 3.—To all persons sending us 150 yearly subscribers, we will give a FREE SCHOLARSHIP FOR ONE TERM, beginning October 1, 1910, and ending January 15, 1911, which is worth about \$65.00.

OFFER NO. 4.—To all persons sending us 100 yearly subscribers, we will send one of THE CELEBRATED TELESCOPE FOLDING ORGANS. This organ weighs less than 30 pounds, has 30 notes and is a good and very useful instrument.

OFFER NO. 5.—To all persons sending us 50 yearly subscribers, we will give the choice of 500 COPIES OF EITHER OF OUR SONG BOOKS: LIVING WATER SONGS NO. 1, AND NO. 2, or BREAD OF LIFE SONGS; or you can take 500 of them assorted.

OFFER NO. 6.—To all persons sending us 40 yearly subscribers, we will give the choice of 250 OF EITHER ONE OF OUR SONG BOOKS AS ABOVE; or to all persons sending us 40 yearly subscribers we will give a set of ADAM CLARK'S COMMENTARIES, in six volumes, bound in cloth; or a

SET OF MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARIES, in six volumes, bound in cloth.

OFFER NO. 7.—To all persons sending us 25 yearly subscribers, we will send one of our CELEBRATED WORKERS' BIBLES, or one of the SCOFIELD REFERENCE BIBLES. These Bibles are bound in Alaska Seal Divinity Circuit, printed on India paper in large type, and are only one inch thick. The list price is \$12.00; or we will send you A SET OF JAMIESON, FAUSSET AND BROWN'S COMMENTARIES, in four volumes, bound in cloth.

OFFER NO. 8.—To all persons sending us 15 yearly subscribers, we will send one of our WORKERS' BIBLES, same as above, except bound in Persiah Levant. The list price being \$8; or one of the SCOFIELD REFERENCE BIBLES in same binding; or your choice of 50 of our song books, same as in the above offers.

OFFER NO. 9.—To all persons sending us 10 yearly subscribers, we will send one of our beautiful, LARGE PRINT TEACHERS' BIBLES, with the words of Christ printed in red letters, or 25 OF OUR BREAD OF LIFE SONG BOOKS; or one of SCOFIELD'S REFERENCE BIBLES, bound in French Morocco.

OFFER NO. 10.—To all persons sending us 5 yearly subscribers, we will give our SELF-PRONOUNCING TEACHERS' BIBLES. This Bible is bound in Egyptian Morocco, flexible back, divinity circuit, round corners and red under gilt edges. The regular price of which is \$3.00; or we will send a SET OF SEISS LECTURES ON THE APOCALYPSE, in three volumes, bound in cloth.

OFFER NO. 11.—To any person sending us three new yearly subscribers we will send LIVING WATER PAPER FREE FOR ONE YEAR.

To those preferring credit on their expenses in school rather than any of the above premiums, we will allow A MONTH'S SCHOOLING FOR EVERY FORTY SUBSCRIPTIONS SENT IN.

Rules Concerning Premiums

First. Subscriptions can be either new or renewals, but all must be yearly ones and taken at \$1.00.

Second. The cash must accompany all orders.

Third. It is not necessary that all subscriptions be sent in at one time, but the sender must always state at the time they are sent in that they are to be applied upon their list for a premium; otherwise they will not be counted.

Fourth. All subscriptions must be in our office before September 15, 1910.

Fifth. A person can have their friends solicit and send in subscriptions to be placed to their credit. When subscriptions are thus sent in, the sender must state to whom they are to be credited. Subscriptions sent in without any instructions, will not be counted afterwards. When a subscription has been credited to one person it cannot be changed to another.

Please write the names and postoffices plainly, so that no mistake may occur.

LIVING WATER

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.