

# Living Water

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

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## EVANGELIZING THE OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES

EDITORIAL.

We make a plea for out-of-the-way places. The prominent evangelist and the more successful pastors avoid fields of this kind, but there are three reasons why they should be cultivated. First, "every creature" is entitled to the message. Secondly, it is an age of gathering out and some of those who are there will gladly respond when the call is given. Third, God purposes that all shall hear, and those who obey Him in thus ministering to the neglected will be blessed in so doing.

Yes, it is difficult to reach these out-of-the-way places. They are off the main lines of travel and those who minister to them will be compelled to endure hardships, but these inconveniences are not worthy to be classed with what the church has had to suffer in other days. A home missionary dropped in the office yesterday and was telling us about the difficulties under which she labored in a southern field. She said, "I traveled some distance on the train, reached the station from which we were to travel through the country about noon, and rode in an uncovered wagon for forty miles. When we started the sun was intensely hot. We prayed the Lord to help us. In a little while there was a cloud over the sun and we made the journey all right." But what is the forty-mile trip in a wagon compared to the privations through which many passed in order that we might have the gospel. This western continent was once an out of the way place. A few heroic souls who dared to do right and suffer rather than to do wrong and have an easy time, set sail for our inhospitable shores, settled in a wilderness indwelt by savages, braved the horrors of a New England winter and with a Bible in one hand and a musket in the other they traveled the rugged path of duty as they understood it, and today we are enjoying the

fruitage of their physical and moral heroism. The facts are that it would be a great deal better for many of us if we would get out and rough it more. There is too much looking for easy places and soft jobs. It would be a great blessing to the church if those who have "been born with a golden spoon in their mouths," those who shield themselves from hardship and selfdenial, could be thrown out in a place where they would have the great privilege of suffering until they were heavily marked with the scars of severe conflict. The roads may be rough, the beds may not

bequeathed unto us. Somebody ventured into, toiled and died ministering in some out-of-the-way place.

Out-of-the-way places offer peculiar advantages in the way of soul winning. They are not gospel hardened. They hear gladly. The Master said of the town in which he lived, "And thou Capernaum which art exalted up to heaven shall be cast down to hell." This ancient city by the sea enjoyed such great privileges and yet she so signally rejected them that even the heathen cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and Tyre and Sidon would rise up in judgment against her. It is a terrible thing to reject such light and yet that is precisely what is happening in many centers of religious activity. People who have faced the truth have rejected it and have gone back into darkness, and in many instances the proclamation of the gospel finds little response among those who have thus sinned against light even until their hearts have turned to stone, but such is not the case in unfrequented places. Comparatively speaking, they have had no such opportunities. They belong to the non-privileged class and they are generally among those who will give the gospel a welcome. Not that all will do so. Not that they all will be saved, for when light



A PIONEER CHURCH.

be so good, the food may be scarce and poorly prepared, but shame on any gospel messenger who would turn aside for causes like this. The indefatigable circuit rider of the early days followed wherever the track of the adventurous hunter could be seen. No sooner had some brave fearless spirit plunged into the wilderness to push the frontiers of civilization a little further westward than these heroes of the gospel were there with Bible and hymn-book in hand ready to establish a church. It was in this way only that the gospel in all its priceless worth was

comes some will reject it there as elsewhere, but while some thus refuse to walk in the light, many others will gladly do so. Why is it that evangelists spend much of their time in burnt districts where there is so little response to these messages instead of working in places where there would be many to gladly receive the Word. The explanation is found in the fact that these points are difficult of access and the financial returns are meager because the people have never been trained to give and they have been left in their need.

There should be an awakening to the importance of cultivating these neglected fields. It is wrong to pass them by. There are many, many places where gracious revivals could be had and many souls converted with far less effort than is expended on gospel hardened centres. Not that the centres are to be abandoned but the time divided with more needy fields. Will not some who read these lines consecrate themselves to a ministry of this kind? Carrie Nation in lecturing here said, "I told the Lord I would do what he could get nobody else to do." Do we not need workers who will tell the Lord that they are willing to go where nobody will go?

We believe it was Larmartine who said that great fanatics came from barren and sterile districts, mentioning such as Cromwell, Mohammed and others, but he might have broadened his vision and avoided such a serious misstatement, and said that great men usually come from such environments, for we are not yet through with exemplifications of the desert product in human character. Life at the center, in these strange and distorted days, is so artificial. People do not live close enough to the heart of nature and the heart of God. They have not discerned the greatness of simplicity. Those who live near and drink in the spirit of the towering mountain, the running brook, the undulating meadow, the singing bird and the open heavens see what is hidden from many. The best preacher material is sired and reared amid rural scenes. The loftiest thinking is done in quiet retreats, and while it has become proverbial to speak of the dullness of the laboring classes, there are many instances in which such a charge is false. The educated man is the one who has learned how to think and keeps everlastingly at it. Take the successful business men of the day. Go back to their boyhood and in most cases it will be found that they came from the quiet retreat of a country home, and that often in some out-of-the-way place, around these simple hearth-stones were formed those rugged elements of character such as industry, native independence, honesty and moral conviction, by which they soon forged themselves to the front in the survival of the fittest, for it is a well known fact that decaying civilization of the cities is continually calling for the new blood of the country to keep it vitalized to the point of successful endeavor.

Away out on spreading plains and amid rolling hills there are today many noble generous natures who would quickly respond to the warm glowing message of a Spirit-filled preacher. A religious instinct lies hidden in every breast, buried among the deepest things of our nature, and it will re-

spond when touched by the Master's hand. There lies wrapped up in that country boy or girl marvellous possibilities, latent forces, that if once awakened will multiply their lives one hundred fold. They must be reached and it can only be done by going where they are. Someone must love God and souls well enough to leave ship, train, auto, buggy, and sometimes even wagon, to go where they are, but they are worth going after. Not only because of the priceless value of their souls, but also because of the priceless enrichment which they will pour back into the coffers of church and state when they are once aroused.

Look out for the country boy who comes to town for the first time with broad brimmed hat, No. 10 shoes, mouth wide open, staring at the first big white house that he ever saw. This greenness will soon wear off. Beneath it all there may live a thinker and as soon as he is trained to think most effectively he will be heard from as one of the successful men of the day.



THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT IN COLORADO.

The tendency of the church is to follow the drift of the population away from the country to the cities, but we insist that this neglect of the country church is a grievous mistake and that sooner or later this signal blunder of the part of those who ought to know better will react with terrific results upon the heads of those who have been so blinded to the facts, for what would the church be today without those magnificent men and women who were rocked in the old fashioned cradle and spent their early years romping around the old homestead clad in humble attire.

We must go after these folks. We must get our eyes off the big crowd, the big meetings, the big preacher, etc. The value of the individual must be emphasized. Some quiet thoughtful child hidden away in the hills may do more for God than scores who are not being hurried away to college from the homes of the better known. It will require an individual house to house ministry. They must be won in shop and store, on the farm

and in the home, as well as the humble church, but it matters not, wherever the people are found let the glorious truths of Christianity be presented and there will not be lacking those who will say yes to the same, yield their lives wholly to the sovereign control of the Lord Almighty and go forth to bless the world. Many are going "out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city," but those who are willing to go "to the highways and hedges" and toil in the Spirit of the Master are few and far between. The times demand a large number of self sacrificing heroic souls who will if necessary walk the circuit to live among the people so as to get close enough to them to interpret their joys and sorrows, to win their confidence and lead them to Christ. Who will respond, "Here am I, send me," on this highway and hedge ministry to gather these diamonds in the rough for the Master's crown?

HOW LOVE COVERS SIN

Sin is the denial of love, and its tap-root is selfishness, which is the contradiction of love. How, then, can St. Peter say, "Love will cover the multitude of sins,?" Yet it is just against this dark background of human sin that the light of love shines most brightly.

Love conceals the sins of the loved one. It shuts its eyes to many faults, and when it can no longer be blind, it still conceals them from the face of an unsympathetic world. As graceful vines and bloom clothe the decay of the rotting log in the forest, absorbing and turning into fragrance the foul products of corruption, so love shields, and by a strange spiritual chemistry, finds growth for its own graces in the failings of its dear ones.

Love covers sin by finding the good still latent in the erring life. However blind to faults, it has eyes for all excellencies. There is a deep comprehension in sympathy which at once penetrates to the best in a human heart.

Love covers sin with gentle allowances. It always imagines the best conceivable motive for every erring deed. It is fertile in excuses; Jesus could find one for his brutal executioners: "They know not what they do." There is a touch of ignorance in all sin for which the knowing insight of love allows in all its judgments.

Love covers sin by saving the sinner. Divine charity seeks not to condemn but to redeem the lost. The touch of love is the cure of sin. We cannot save the world when it does not believe in us, and it cannot confide in a worldly and selfish Church. Nothing but love can conquer human hearts. A regiment of "elder brothers," however pious or respectable, could not save one prodigal.—Ex-



# ROMANS AND SANCTIFICATION

BY A. M. HILLS.

"For until the law sin was in the world; but sin is not imputed when there is no law. Nevertheless the death (principle) reigned from Adam until Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the likeness of Adam's transgression, who is a figure of Him that was to come." (Rom. v. 13, 14).

In verse 12 the apostle stated one side of a comparison, but does not state the other side till the eighteenth verse. The intervening five verses are logically a parenthesis. The apostle tells the Jews that the antithesis is not narrowed to the period of the Mosaic law alone, but covers the whole of human history and the whole race.

In the period between Adam and Moses men did not have the written law of the Israelites, nor the single specific command that Adam had. Had there been no law of sin. ("Sin" is without the article in verse 13). Nevertheless, the sin-principle reigned. There was the light of nature, described in the first and second chapters, and also what light came to them, handed down by tradition. This light they did not follow. The sin-principle generally reigned, and death and ruin followed in its train.

The expression "death reigned" is very striking. It is a personification of death as a monarch, having dominion over all that period and over all those generations. Under his dark and withering reign men went down to death, conquered by the "king of terrors." Were it not for the atoning Saviour and His mighty Gospel of full salvation, this dread power would bring unmitigated woes upon the earth, and his silent tread and resistless sceptre would cause only desolation and woe for ever.

Adam is "a figure of Him that was to come." That is, there may be instituted a comparison between the results of Adam's sin and Christ's atonement. It is mainly by way of contrast that the comparison is instituted, as the following verses show:—

Verse 15: "For if by the trespass of the one the many died, MUCH MORE did the grace of God, and the gift by the grace of the one Man, Jesus Christ, abound unto the many."

This is a contrast in quality.

(1) It was *trespass* in one: it was *holiness* in the other.

(2) A *curse* came through one: *grace* came through the other; and it abounded "*much more*," so that greater benefits have resulted from the work of Christ than evils from the fall of Adam.

Verse 16: "And not as through one that sinned, so is the gift: for the judgment came of one unto condemnation, but the free gift came of many trespasses unto justification."

The contrast here is in numbers.

(1) The sin was of *one man*: the grace comes to *all men*.

(2) The judgment was for *one sin*: the grace is offered to cover the *multitude of sins* of the multitude of men.

Verse 17: "For if, by the trespass of the one, death reigned through the one; MUCH MORE shall they that receive the abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness reign in life through the One, even Jesus Christ."

The contrast here is in result.

(1) The trespass of Adam brought *death*: but the grace of Christ brings *life*.

(2) The ravage of death is limited: but they who receive the abundance of grace in Christ shall reign in life "*much more*"—even for ever.

And it is a *gift*, to be received voluntarily and freely. To infants and irresponsible beings the grace and gift are unconditional.



A. M. HILLS.

To free agents it is offered gratuitously. Nothing but man's voluntary rejection of the offer can deprive him of eternal life, through Christ.

Verse 18: "So then as through one trespass the judgment came unto all men to condemnation; even so through one act of righteousness the free gift came unto all men to justification of life."

(1) Adam committed *one* trespass: Christ forgives *many* trespasses.

(2) Adam brought *judgment*: Christ brought *justification*.

(3) Adam's curse fell upon "*ALL MEN*": Christ's free gift came to "*ALL MEN*."

It is difficult to believe that God would have allowed our first parent to propagate a depraved race, if He had not provided for its cure by the atonement of Christ. So grace

was provided on the day of the Fall, before a child was born; and the curse and the cure have come together down the ages.

As the work of Christ does not wholly save the race unless it is embraced by personal faith, so the deed of Adam, while it brings sorrow and loss, does not bring criminality and final ruin unless there is some wicked conduct of our own. It is not any imaginary, imputed sin that destroys us, but our own "many trespasses" (verse 16). We must act to be damned by Adam: we must act to be saved by Christ.

Verse 19: "For as through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the One shall the many be made righteous."

Here we will let Alford speak: "By the disobedience of one man the many were made sinners (not 'were accounted as,' nor 'became so by imputation,' nor 'were proved to be'—the kind of sin spoken of in this whole passage is both original and actual—but 'were made sinners'), actual sinners by practice. So by Christ shall the many be made righteous; not by imputation merely, any more than in the other case, BUT SHALL BE MADE REALLY AND ACTUALLY RIGHTEOUS, AS COMPLETELY SO AS THE OTHERS WERE MADE REALLY AND ACTUALLY SINNERS. Man in Christ and united to Him is *made righteous*, not by a fiction, nor my imputation only of Christ's righteousness, but by a real and living spiritual union with a righteous Head, as a righteous member, righteous *by means of*, as an effect of, the righteousness of that Head, but not merely righteous by transference of the righteousness of that Head."

Reader, to be made "actually righteous" by Christ means to be *sanctified*; means to have "*the sin*," inherited from Adam, taken away by the mightier Christ.

Verse 20: "And the law came in beside, that the trespass might abound; but where the sin abounded, the grace did abound more exceedingly: . . ."

When the law came it deepened the sinfulness of sins, aggravated the carnal nature of men, and stirred them up to trespass still more. But where sins multiplied, grace in Christ abounded much more.

The Gospel offers full pardon for all that is past. All the transgressions for which the soul is condemned to death are forgiven freely. And more, the Holy Spirit is sent by Christ to cleanse the heart from the indwelling sin, and impart His gifts and graces, and prepare for service here and heaven hereafter.

Thus the grace of the Gospel not only redeems from death and restores to life, but brings the soul into such a relationship with

God, and such a glorious character and destiny, as we have no authority to believe ever would have been ours, nor even Adam's if he had never sinned. So the *abounding sin* is over-matched by the *abounding grace*.

Verse 21: "That as the sin reigned in death, even so might the grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Here, as Dr. Maclaren observes, we have "The warring Queens. The Sin and The Grace are both personified. They stand face to face, and each recognizes as her enemy the other. The one has established her dominion: 'The Sin hath reigned.' The other is fighting to establish hers: 'That The Grace might reign.' And the struggle is going on in the heart of each of us. The Sin stands there, a hideous hag. The Grace stands here, in all her gestures, dignity and love. This antagonist Queen is nothing but the love of God in exercise of sinful men."

And how can this Divine Queen give us a "much-more" salvation, unless she can conquer and destroy that old hag of SINFUL PROPENSITY? But exactly this is her self-allotted task. She proposes to *sanctify* us, and "reign through righteousness unto eternal life." This is the real need of the world. Says Dr. Maclaren, "The thing that the world wants is to have sin dealt with . . . in the way of drying up its source and delivering men from the power of it. Unless you do that you but pour a bottleful of cold water into Vesuvius and try to put the fire out with that. You may educate, you may cultivate, you may refine; you may set political and economical arrangements right in accordance with the newest notions of the century: and what then? Why, the old thing will just begin over again, and the old miseries will appear over again, because the old grandmother of them all is there, 'The Sin' that has led to them. You may have high education, beautiful refinement of culture and manners; you may give everybody 'a living wage,' and the world will groan still because you have not dealt with the taproot of all the mischief. You cannot kill an internal cancer with a plaster on the little finger; and you will never stanch the world's wounds until you go to the Physician, Jesus Christ, that TAKES AWAY 'THE SIN' of the world. What each of us wants, before we can see the Lord, is that something shall lay hold of us, and utterly change our natures, and express from our hearts that black drop that lies there tainting everything."

Precisely that is what Jesus proposes to do, and must do, or His salvation is a failure.

#### INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES.

##### FIRST ADAM.

1. Depravity at birth for all.
2. Physical death for all.
3. Pains and sorrows for all.
4. Possibility for eternal death for all.
5. Disaster from one sin to all.
6. Mental and spiritual darkness upon all.
7. The condemnation.
8. The sin-abounded, depravity in all.

##### SECOND ADAM OR CHRIST.

1. Birth in realm of grace for all.
2. Resurrection for all.
3. Helping grace for all.
4. Possibility of eternal life for all.
5. Provisional salvation from all sins to all.
6. The light that lightheth every man that cometh unto the world.
7. The free gift.
8. The grace did much abound in sanctification for all, and heaven.

#### WHAT DEPENDS UPON CHOICE ON BOTH SIDES.

1. No guilt from sin of Adam until endorsed by our own choice of sin.

2. No responsibility for possession of depravity until remedy is rejected.
3. In spite of all misfortunes from Adam, no hell except by our own choice of sin.
4. The sin hath reigned (by consent).
  1. No salvation from Christ's righteousness until endorsed by our choice of salvation.
  2. No escape from the depravity through Adam's sin till the remedy is accepted.
  3. Notwithstanding all Jesus has done for salvation; no heaven but by our own free choice.
  4. The grace may reign (by consent).

—The Way of Holiness.

## Waters From The Sanctuary

(Ezek. 47:1-10).

MRS. MAY MABBETTE ANDERSON.

### ALL IS WELL.

A vivid picture rises from the past,  
'Midst lapping waves and tossing billows swell:—  
An ocean steamer, and the twilight hour!  
Once more I feel the sweet and witching power  
That held my heart, as darkness settled fast,  
And through the silence, from some region far below,  
I heard this quiet utterance, clear, and calm and slow:  
"Tis eight o'clock:—and all is well."

And hour by hour, throughout the livelong night,  
Those cheering words across the silence fell  
Until they reached and thrilled my deepest heart.  
I slumbered, yet I wakened, with a start,  
From troubled dreams and sense of awe and fright,  
With midnight brooding o'er the dark and silent deep,  
And caught again the words, 'midst restless billows  
sweep:  
"Tis twelve o'clock:—and all is well."

And slowly, as the years have fitted by  
With weight of pain, and sorrow's saddening knell,  
My heart has learned, through many a falling tear,  
To trust my Father's love:—to quell each fear  
That fain would rise as storm-clouds draped my sky,  
And whisper softly, as I groped to find His hand  
'Midst gloom which only breaking hearts can understand:  
"Tis dark—'tis dark:—and all is well."

And when the shade has deepened, day by day,  
'Till hushed and broken swings each silent bell  
That erst made sweetest music through my life  
To soothe me, 'midst the turmoil and the strife;—  
And when each cherished plan in fragments lay,  
Still He, the Blessed One, has never turned away,  
But through His wondrous grace has taught me  
still to say:  
"Tis midnight, now:—but all is well."

Until, at last, against His loving breast,  
With tender touch no human tongue may tell,  
His arm has drawn me, and His bending Face  
Now fills with glory all the darksome place.  
Full well I know His sweet and hallowed rest,  
And sorrow may not hold me whilst in Him I hide,  
For peace enfolds and shuts me in on every side:—  
The Day has broken:—all is well.

Have you ever watched, beloved, during a long night of darkness, for the first shaft of light from the coming dawn to pencil the east with its promise of full-orbed day

The vigil has not been one of joy, for the darkness was filled with sorrow and with dread. Perhaps a loved one, in mortal anguish, was looking to you for help, and you waited for the breaking of the day before relief could be summoned. How slowly the hours passed: how endless seemed the night.

Whatever the cause, a lonely vigil spent in midnight gloom—with the heart wrung with grief and with suspense—is not a happy experience.

Perhaps the pressure of some great sorrow is, even now, plunging you into dark-

ness. You search about for help, for relief, but finding nothing but what appears to be silent, empty space, filled with suffocating gloom. The cry of your soul turns back upon itself, until the darkness seems to hold nothing but your own vain appeals for help.

Dear heart, how well I know your harrowing experience. How fully I can understand the despair that is tugging at your soul, seeking an entrance! Your stifled moans, your smothered cries for help from above, not fully voiced for fear that others may hear and misinterpret God's silence, are sounding in my ears and in my heart.

But listen, dear sufferer, to One who has trodden a darker path than the one through which you are now stumbling, and hear Him softly, tenderly say: "Lo, I am with you always." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The darkness is vocal with His breath of love, His consoling voice, if only you can become quiet enough to hear Him. The air you breathe is throbbing with His presence, and His arms enfold you, as with a garment, to guard you from the chill that seeks to clutch you fast and to freeze your faith.

I know this, beloved, for I have walked the same starless path, and, although I could not see Him because of blinding tears, nor hear His voice because of my sobbing, He was ever close beside me. His arms upheld, His strength sustained, and, in time, He comforted me, as He alone can comfort.

Trust Him, trust Him! Cast yourself utterly upon His love, with all your doubts and questionings and fears. Do not fear to pour out your inmost soul to Him. He knows you through and through, and He remembers that you "are dust," and compassionates you as an earthly father compassionates his suffering child. Lean hard upon His strength, and, ere long the darkness will pass, and you will see Him in fuller light than ever before.

And now, at this moment, even whilst the trial still seems more than you can bear, turn to Him—as He is revealed to you in that wonderful chapter,—the fifty-third of Isaiah—and whisper to him: "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee."

Station A., Washington, D. C.



# Striking Incidents From a Missionary's Life

BY J. T. BUTLER.

## SACRED MONEY.

Our printing work done in Guatamala is entirely supported by voluntary offerings. We never know where the next dollar will come from, and it often comes from people we have never heard of before. Once I received a letter from Brother Pike with a draft of \$25.00, and he said, I had better write to the man that he might be able to help me more in other days. I wrote to this brother whose name was Killam and among other things, said to him that I hoped he was prospering in his body, in his business and in his soul. In due time I received an answer and he said that he could not say that he was prospering in his body or in his business, but he did have the sunshine of God in his soul. He said it had been seventeen years since he worked any. He was a mechanic and while he was able to work he had bought some lots and had sold them. The only income he had was a small pension from the service of the Civil War and that barely gave him an existence. After while I received another letter from Brother Killam in which he sent me \$25.00, more. A few months went by and another letter came with a draft for \$50.00, and he said, "Brother Butler, I think you must be needing some more money by this time, and I send you this; it is the last dollar I have between me and the grave, except that little pension. If you never hear from me again down here, I hope to meet you up in heaven. My hand is so trembly that it is difficult to write and I don't think I have much longer for this world." When I handle such money I know it is sacred money and that I must some day give an account to God for it.

## HUMILITY AND REVERENCE IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

In the month of May, 1810, it was my privilege to visit an Indian town in the department of Quiche, Guatamala, C. A. The fellow laborers with me were Miss Augie Holland and Miss Esther Smith. We reached this town a little after 10 o'clock in the morning and the Indians were waiting for us to hold a meeting with them. They asked if it would not be better to eat before having the meeting and we told them that it would. We went into a small house used for a dining room and found a long table spread with linen that was spotlessly white and loaded down with good things to eat. The men wait on the table. No women were seen in the room except my two sister missionaries.

When I sat down to the table I had to quit talking because something got into my throat and tears filled my eyes until I couldn't see very well. The thing that rather overcame me was the knowledge that those now sitting with us, a few months before were drinking and carousing in their lost and ruined condition. Near the other end of the table sat an old witch doctor, or medicine man. During the meal I asked him to tell me something about his witch life and he modestly replied that he was ashamed of his past life and did not like to talk about it. I did not ask him the second time to tell me about it for I saw that he evidently had received the lesson Paul meant to teach when he said, "there are some things we ought not to mention." After dinner we went into their chapel, a most interesting place because of what I knew had taken place in that room a few months before and because of its adornments and the spirit that now

The decorations on the walls were interesting. They had a few charts, pictures like Christ walking on the sea, feeding the multitude, etc. Then the advertisement of Scott's Emulsion, the man with the big fish on his back, and in the rear of the room was a picture of Roosevelt. When the time came for worship the women came in a body one behind another in the Indian style. They were fine looking women, but all barefooted, bareheaded, with short low-necked kimonas. Their skirts were of many colors and beautiful. An Indian woman's skirt is not made like skirts here in this land, but is often a piece of about nine yards wrapped around them until it is taken up and tucked in under a belt. These women sat down in silence, covered up their heads with their scarfs and bowed them down in prayer to God. The men came in quietly, sat down on the other side of the aisle and bowed their heads in prayer. I could not but think of the contrast between that and so many meetings at home where there is talking and laughing until the preacher begins to give out the hymn. It was easy to preach to such a congregation as that.

All this transformation had been wrought by the Gospel within a few years. Certainly it is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believed.

## THE CAMP MEETING ON THE FRONTIER OF HONDURAS.

Last May it was my privilege to go into the frontier of Spanish Honduras, C. A., in company with two other missionaries. We went down at an urgent call on the part of a man who had been saved only a few months before. We had a good day riding over the mountains for about twenty-five miles, until late in the afternoon when we were climbing a steep mountain there came down a torrential rain. We stopped for a few minutes to tighten the girth of a slipping saddle. When we reached the top of this hill, a number of barefooted boys came running down over the muddy path to meet us and the thing that attracted our attention at once was that each boy had written on his hat some word like, Mercy, Patience, Grace, etc. When we were still nearer the house men and women came out to meet us. We were right down in the bush. It did not seem as if we were going anywhere much but presently we came to the house and found a number of women out under a bush-arbor preparing food. The



STREET SCENE IN GUATEMALA.

pervaded it. Something like two years before that time a very dissipated Indian woman in that town had been converted. She lived a consistent life and gave a good testimony. In one of their meetings a few months before the time we were visiting there, this woman came to the meetings one day and at an opportune time she stood up and said, "Brethren, I believe the Lord has called me to go home. I have some cloth (she was a weaver) which I want you to sell for my burial expenses. I have a hundred dollars (which would be about \$6.50 in U. S. money) which I want you to divide and send fifty to Brother Butler for his printing work and fifty to Brother Secord for his medical work. Now I want you to sing this hymn, 'Ask Me Not to Linger Long.'" They sang the hymn and then she died right there in the chapel.

rain had wet the arbor until everything was dripping. The good brother that had invited us had taken out one end of his pole house and had built a bush-arbor at that end to accomodate the people. Supper was soon served, a big turkey, rice, corn-cakes and coffee. Everything was 'oo wet to have a meeting under the arbor, but the house was big enough to hold the people. The pews were not such as are used here, even in camp meetings. They consisted of two poles laid together along on other poles. The floor was covered with pine straw and a place was left in front for a table and the organ. Our meeting began about seven o'clock and lasted until ten. These people were so anxious to learn the hymns they had heard that they did not quit trying to sing even after we had retired in a little shut off porch right by the side of this pole house. They kept working at the tune until we really wished they would get sleepy too. We stayed at this place for four nights. It rained much and as we were up in the

mountains it was rather cold, yet not freezing. Some evenings we would wonder where our congregations would come from, but after the night would settle down we could see a torch coming up through the bushes and as it would get nearer we would see an Indian and his family coming in out of the rain. The people were anxious to hear. One night a young man brought his invalid sister on his back, a distance of three miles over these slippery hills. We had two weddings during that meeting, two couples that had lived together for years, had children grown up around them yet they had never been married. Perhaps I should not have said we had weddings they had to marry civilly before there is any religious ceremony. These two couples had been married civilly and we just had a consecrated meeting. I have called this a camp meeting because most of the people who came slept on these pole benches and on the ground floor covered with pine straw. They had whittled out of blocks of wood some thin boards and

had written Bible texts on them and nailed them upon the wall for mottoes. Sister Smith offered to give to each one who could repeat from memory ten verses of the Bible, a spoon. The spoons were all soon taken up. Some of these mountaineers could repeat from memory whole chapters of the Bible. All the expenses of this meeting were borne by one man. When we left there we were exceedingly tired in our bodies, but glad in our souls. They put their arms around us and wept, and even after we had mounted our horses they followed us down the road, tears running down our cheeks too, and we did not try to keep them from it. We left these people without any prospect of going back to them at any early time. The doors for evangelism in Central America are wide open. There is great need for evangelists and their support. Reader are You Giving Your Part for This Needy Field? He that goeth forth with weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

## PLEASURES MAY KILL MY JOY

A SERMON BY A. C. DIXON.

"I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure; and, behold, this also is vanity." (Ecclesiastes ii, 1).

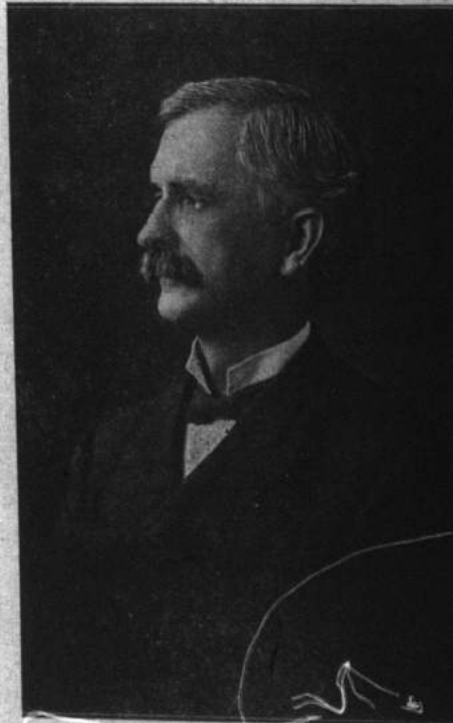
"The things which amuse us do much toward molding our characters for good or evil," said Dr. Dixon. "It is, therefore, needful that the young Christian should be as careful about his amusements as his duties. There are certain principles by which he may be guided."

"Amusements that injure the body, weaken the mind, or corrupt the morals ought to be avoided. So with amusements that vitiate our joys. The German proverb says, 'The good is enemy of the better and the best.' Amusements, fun and pleasure may be good; but joy is better. Amusement is the dash of the spray, the sparkle on the surface; joy is the flow of the deep current in the soul. We should not sacrifice the current for the spray or the sparkle. Whenever, therefore, we find that amusement is entrenching upon our joy, we should sacrifice amusement, that joy may be saved.

"Amusements should always be avoided when they are associated with any great evil institution. The people of Israel played before the golden calf. Their play was associated with the evil institution of idolatry. Paul said that he could eat meat offered to idols, for he regarded an idol as nothing, and it would not, therefore, injure him. He had a right to eat, but he had a higher right, which was the right to give up his personal right for the good of the weaker brother. He therefore determined to surrender this right and exercise the higher right of self-denial for the benefit of others.

"Two men were in a boat above Niagra Falls. When they saw that the current was

taking them down, by a bold stroke they reached the bank, and there on a tree was the placard, 'No trespassing on these grounds.' A farmer appeared with a fierce bulldog at his side, and one of the men was cruelly torn. The magistrate at Niagra used



A. C. DIXON.

these words, which are worthy of a place on the fly leaf of your Bible: 'You had a right, sir, to placard your land, but in this case

there was involved the higher right to surrender your right for the good of humanity, and because you failed to do so, I send you to jail for thirty days.' We may contend for the Christian privilege of indulging in certain things, while we forget the higher privilege of self-denial that we may have a larger influence for good.

"A safe rule for the young convert is never to indulge in any amusement that links him with a great evil institution. Try the card table, the dance and the theater by this test. The card table is a world wide evil institution which you find in all countries, Christian and pagan. It is the gambler's instrument. It has been blackened by dishonesty, stained by murder and disgraced by innumerable wrecks of character.

"A pack of cards is suggestive, not of an innocent game, but of a great foul institution which has been a curse to mankind. Shall I indulge, and thus link myself with this institution? Or shall I deny myself, that I may not be suggestive of evil?

"The square dance may be considered by some as an innocent pastime, if indulged in moderately, but in general it may be said that dancing has become a worldwide institution of evil. The dance house cannot be described in polite society. Dancing is not only worldly, but in many of its forms it is desperately wicked. Its associations are malodorous. There may be pleasure in the physical response to music; shall I yield to it and thus associate myself with a bad institution?

"The theater as an institution is also bad. There are some moral plays, as well as some moral actors and actresses, but, so far as I



can find, there is not a moral theater in the world. Edwin Booth determined to establish a moral theater, before whose footlights there should not be a display of spectacular obscenity. The result was that Booth's theater failed and paid 5 cents on the dollar.

"Henry Irving determined that the Lyceum theater should be moral, but the management had to change its quality to keep from bankruptcy. Mary Anderson left the stage, and declared that on moral grounds she did not wish her children to attend the theater. McCready would not allow his children to go to the theater. Edwin Forrest, after hearing Dr. Brantly in Augusta, Ga., preached a sermon denouncing the theater for its immorality, lingered after the service long enough to take the preacher by the hand and say to him, 'Sir, what you have said tonight is true, only you have not painted the picture as dark as it is.'

"There is a difference between pleasure in the midst of business, and making a business of pleasure. The pleasure-seeking spirit is a living death, for 'she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.' If you will turn to Job xxi. 12, you will find some of the results of this pleasure-seeking spirit. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave. Therefore, they say unto God, 'Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?'

"When the pleasure-seeking spirit fills a man's life he ceases to desire God. He says to him, 'Depart from us.' He sees no profit in prayer or in the service of the Almighty. Pleasure is his god, and he becomes vain and empty like the god he worships.

"The picture of a pleasure-seeking life which is given us in the second chapter of Ecclesiastes is enough to startle one who desires to be something or do something in the world. Solomon was rich enough to have everything that he desired, and he set himself to seeking pleasure. The result was that he hated life and declared that 'All is vanity and striving after wind.'

"Some one has described the palace of pleasure as a building which has a gorgeous street entrance adorned with statuary and brilliant with variegated lights, and the passerby is lured in by strains of music. The exit is a dark, narrow, concealed rearway, which leads into the fields where swine are kept.

"As a gentleman entered the theater several years ago the usher beckoned to him with the words, 'This is the way to the pit.' The word 'pit' was so suggestive that the man turned and left the theater in haste. However beautiful the entrance to the pleasure-seeking life, and however entrancing the music, the exit is into the swine field, and near the swine field is the precipice over which sooner or later we fall into the pit.

"The danger is that the pleasure-seeking spirit may displace the serious work of life. In the parable of the sower, the seed was

'choked by the pleasure of this life,' and when one makes up his mind that the end of life is simply to have a good time, duty is neglected, sacred obligations are ignored, business lags, the prospects of life wither and the end is despair. Here is a good place to hold the red flag of danger.

"When the Duke of Orleans was in this country he happened to be in a small village when a circus was there. He could not obtain dinner or any sort of service. The people of the hotel informed him that no one would work that day, for everybody was going to the show. Such a holiday once in a while might produce little harm, but suppose that village should decide to quit work and attend the show every day; the result would be stagnation and death.

"Just so with the life of a man who allows pleasure to displace business, who lets fun and frolic swallow up the serious duties of life. The Romans became so greedy for amusement that they demanded great outlay in purchasing wild animals and gladiators for their enjoyment in the arena. This pleasure-seeking spirit so enervated the people of Rome that they became an easy prey to the serious northmen who came down upon them.

"As with the nation, so with the individual. Pleasure-seeking weakens character and makes it easy for us to be captured and destroyed by evil habits. I have read of some cavalymen who during five or six years of rest, taught their horses to dance to the music of the band. It was great sport, but when they were riding into battle and the band began to play, hoping to inspire the soldiers, the horses stopped the charge and began to dance. The result was the enemy swept down upon them and conquered them.

"Many a man has lost the battle of life for the same reason. He is so possessed by the pleasure-seeking spirit that when he ought to be serious and dutiful he is dancing or gambling or in some other way frittering away his time.

"After Napoleon Bonaparte had killed the Duke D'Enghien the indignation of the French people was so intense that there was danger of a revolution. The wily Emperor quieted their consciences by producing for them the most magnificent ballet that Paris had ever seen. They rushed to the theater and forgot their grievances. It is hard for conscience to assert itself when the pleasure-seeking spirit is master.

"Everything that any one ought to enjoy the Christian may enjoy. What is sinful or hurtful to body, mind or soul should not be indulged in by any one, and such indulgences displace a purer enjoyment. If the young Christian will take Jesus Christ as the umpire of his life, submitting to him his pleasures as well as his duties, his life will be full of light, and the shadows that come will only refresh.

"Jesus said, 'I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' And this light never becomes darkness."—*Inter-Ocean*.

## "GETTING ALONG."

"One of the most profitable experiences I got out of camp life wasn't what I went for," said a young woman who had chaperoned a party of girls for a month's outing in the woods. "The air, the fun and rest were good, but I learned how to get along without, and how to be resourceful."

It is well worth one's while to take a course in camp life just for the sake of learning how little it takes to make one really comfortable, if one is disposed to be quiet and make the best of a situation; also how to be mistress of a situation when the seemingly indispensable supplies give out unexpectedly. Not only is this a good lesson to learn for camping days, or as a defense against limited means; it is good for everyone as a practical lesson in many ways. Rarely does a person pass through a year without coming to a place where some of the usual comfort-appurtenances are lacking. If in traveling one must stop at a poorly furnished hotel, it is no small matter to know how to get on with one towel for a time, how to dispose of one's clothes in a hookless room. Delayed trunk, moving times, unexpected calls from home, railroad accidents, misplaced belongings—these all make emergencies which can be robbed of their worst aspects, if only one is practiced in the art of getting along "over the circumstances," as someone has put it. No small factor of the accomplishments should be the ability to do what one must gracefully, daintily and merrily, finding fun in coming out ahead, having a lively story to tell afterward.—*Wellspring*.

## EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

That religion that isn't good for every day isn't much good for any day. If it doesn't stay with a man on Monday, it was only a cloak and a mockery on Sunday. If it doesn't show itself in the home, breathing upon every one therein a kindly and helpful and strengthening influence, then it will make a fine show in the house of God to very little purpose indeed. If religion doesn't grip a man's soul, if it isn't the one thing in his whole life, Sunday and Saturday, day and night, then it becomes so near to being nothing that it is scarcely worth reckoning at all. When we speak of every-day religion, we speak of the only genuine kind of religion that there is. And it is its homely, every-day quality that will commend it to the world, and will in the end win for it the allegiance of the world.

Religion is for every day. Its blessings and benefits, its comforts and sweet consolations, its guidance and its inspiration are for the commonplace days in the commonplace lives of commonplace men and women. It is something to take with one, something that will never be out of place anywhere, something that will add to life's joy its best touch of sweetness, and will mix with all life's sorrows, hope and courage and power. A man who has every-day religion in good wholesome quantity can easily afford to be without a good many other things.—*Sel*.

# Living Water

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

## Editorial

### WELL SAID.

"Some people have a passion for statistics. They want big churches with big congregations. I would rather have a little church with a big soul than a big church with a little soul."—*Silvester Horne*.

This is well said. There is a craze for big things. Bulk rather than quality is desired. If statistics would evangelize the world the task would have been completed long ago. We tire of this continual effort to evangelize by statistics. The optimistic reports of so many of our ecclesiastical gatherings are, to put it mildly, highly colored. Counting members and value of church property may work up an enthusiasm in superficial sources, but they who study the inwardness of things are bound to confess that the church often abounds in these when it has the least spiritual force.

### SUICIDE.

"The sorrow of the world worketh death." This is fully attested in the rapid increase of suicide. Life's fierce competitions, its rude and sudden upheavals, its crushing defeats will severely test any man, but when men do not know God they are more liable to yield to desperation. When the world's sorrow piles like a mountain upon your head, you are in danger of being crushed unless you have the help of the Lord. The devil drives men to despair. He incites to suicide. He never undertakes to comfort anyone.

Suicide is a cowardly thing. To retreat from life's back door to escape its burdens is not a brave act. No doubt many who take their lives are mentally unbalanced and are to an extent at least excusable, but there needs to be a clear, unmistakable protest against self murder. Have we any more right to kill ourselves than we have to murder anyone else? There is needed some vigorous thinking and positive teaching on this subject. Men ought to be ashamed, much more afraid, to sneak out of life in any such a manner.

### IMPRESSIVE.

"One reason why the church does not impress the world more may be because we are too much on impressing it. More bent on impressing than confessing, have a deeper sense of its need than of our own fulness, of its problem than of our answer. The modern preacher is more familiar with the reformer's perpetual energy than the saint's everlasting rest, and the modern church is more concerned in getting people into a wide and easy church with a facile manhood than getting them into a humbling, toiling and sifting cause with a manhood true, proved and braced. It attempts to occupy more property than it can hold and men admire our energy more than they wonder at our spell." The above copied in the main by Joyful News from an article in the Quarterly Review, by Sylvester Horne is tersely and forcibly put. Any one conversant with the facts knows that these statements are true. The modern church is catering to the world in matters social, financial, political, intellectual and religious. The ecclesiastical atmosphere smacks of worldliness. The soul humbling doctrines of the cross are not aggressively manifested. They are at least held in the back ground. Secular methods are exploited. There is the profession without the fruit, the life without the power. It seems to us that the general tendency is to emphasize externals rather than the life hidden with Christ in God. The church has never been at her best on dress parade. While she is to be aggressively active in the work assigned her by the Master, she is not in this age to be worldly prominent. It is the time of her retirement. It is not the day of her showing. It will be in the next dispensation. Push, yes. Get from behind breastworks and fight out in the open. Press the battle to the very gates. Yes, but let it all be done along deeply spiritual lines with a people gathered out from the world and separated unto God for then, and then only will the church be impressive as a spiritual force.

### BRIBERY.

In the provisions made for the governing of the Lord's ancient people, gifts that would have the effect of a bribe were prohibited, because of their blinding effect. The same principle holds today. Walking up from a Criminal Court the other day with a former Attorney General he said, "I am not doing much practicing in the Criminal Court, and cannot while the present force remains." After explaining himself more fully, he mentioned two cases that he had recently turned down involving over \$600.00 fees, because of what he regarded as a biased court. If the accusation is true, there is some kind of a bribe at the bottom of it, and whether true in this case or not, it evidently is in many, and in fact it comes much closer home than we would at first sight. Abraham refused to accept gifts from the King of Sodom. Evidently he did not deem it proper to accept

gifts from such a man, not to get under obligations to him. There are many ways to bribe. The receiving of favors of any kind in such a way as to bias the recipient in favor of the donor is as frequent as the hours of the day. A man is elected to office. He feels under obligations to the views of certain individuals who contributed to his election, and if those views are lawless he is prone to yield somewhat to them. Such a state as this prevails now in our city. The law-breaking element is in the ascendancy and the men whom they elect are either in sympathy with, or under obligations to this crowd and we have been powerless to have any law enforced that did not meet the approval of these lawless constituents. However, we need not confine ourselves to the political world for illustrations of this principle. They are found everywhere. How many ministers have been muzzled by well paying parishoners, members of their church who live ungodly lives, who have influence in the counsels of the church and the poor preacher did not wish to antagonize them. His lips were closed for fear that his own interests would suffer. He was so obligated to those Godless folks that to break with them meant the loss of his own ecclesiastical head and he was unwilling to pay such a price as that for many independence and ministerial rectitude. Alas, the King of Sodom, (the king of the world) is today smiling and bestowing his gifts upon many so-called shepherds of the flock. Need we wonder that the poor sheep are soon left to wander over the mountains and to be torn to pieces by the wolves.

It is true that the same principle holds in the commercial world. Financial interests make men blind to moral values. There is an election on in which the issue is simply one between right and wrong, but many who pose as good citizens and perhaps even Christians will espouse the side of the wrong. Why? There is only one reason. They are bribed by self interests. They own gas stock, railroad stock, telephone stock, brewery stock, newspaper stock or bank stock, and some of these interests might suffer if they did right. This is the reason why it is so difficult for moral issues to prevail. Such a large number of persons are blinded by self interest. Men will readily sell their souls to the devil for money. They will prostitute every sacred principle for the making of money. "Surely a bribe blindeth the wise." We were talking to an old deacon in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the far west. We were urging the claims of prohibition on this old man when he exclaimed, "What would become of the hops." It was a hop country and he thought prohibition might hurt this industry. Instead of reasoning from the standpoint of moral values, and seeing that one boy outweighed all the hops of the world. Lot evidently did the same thing. He chose the well watered plain, but in doing so he pitched his tent toward Sodom and ere long we find him one



of the big men of the city, but he paid a terrible price in the loss of his family. We are in sore need of faithful preaching of the Word that will uncover sin and expose its hideous deformities, and that will result in righting wrongs and holy living. This veneered selfish age needs the thunders of Sinai as the plaintive cry of Calvary. They must be killed before they can be made alive.

It is a soft, easy, effeminate kind of piety which many profess now-a-days. It is not the rugged old truth of Sinai and Calvary which makes men right both without and within and causes them "to swear to their own hurt and change not," and so separates them from the world that everybody will know that they belong to God. The Lord give us such a revival.

ius for solving them is not in numbers or wealth, but in a baptism of pentecostal power."

The above from the Central Methodist Advocate will be of interest to the church at large. The most serious decline has been in the Wesleyan Church in England. The Southern Methodist Church quotes an advance of 35 per cent during the last decade. No doubt the deadly blight of higher criticism, new thought, thought movements and the peculiar pressure of worldliness in these last days are responsible for this decline and as stated in the above comment, the only solution for the difficulty is back to Bible preaching in the fulness of the Spirit. A devout, thoughtful man told us the other day that

## Editorial Comment

### AS OTHERS SEE IT.

"What America needs more than railway extension, and western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest, that quit field work a half hour earlier Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusinesslike behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions."

The Free Methodist quotes the above from the Wall Street Journal which is a paper devoted to the interest of men who do business in Wall Street. Some time ago this Journal gave the preachers some sound advice as to the necessity of preaching retributive justice, and thundering from their pulpits the stern and solemn facts of a "judgment to come." Now comes this utterance which is certainly timely. Evidently there is someone connected with the paper who has had sufficient experience with the inwardness of Christianity to appreciate spiritual things, for his words are weighty and to the point. He is right, what the country needs is a return to the basal principles on which this republic was founded. Its very corner stones were laid in prayer coupled with a rugged integrity that has furnished whatever moral momentum the country now possesses.

### THROUGH THE FIRE.

Passing through the fire is an essential part of the richest Christian experience. It serves the same purpose now it did for the Hebrew children, burns the bands off and as in their case the "form of the fourth" will be beside His suffering one. The way to Glory may be through fire and flood, but he that has learned the value of discipline will rejoice in the way.

Frank Dewitt Talmage preaching on "A call to Joy" in the Christian Herald, says:

Some time ago it was my privilege to examine some of the most exquisite pieces of painted China. There was one plaque especially beautiful. It was a portrait of a young woman. The eyes were so true that they

seemed open windows, out of which the soul was watching you. The cheeks were glowing with the flush of youthful health. The eyelashes were as distinct as the threads of an intricate piece of lace. What fascinated me most in that picture was a necklace of jewels about the throat of this portrait. The precious stones sparkled so realistically that it seemed as though the artist had finished his picture and then had gone to the jewel case of his model and strung about her neck the most brilliant gems of her treasure box. "How often did that piece of china have to be burned in order to produce that effect?" I asked my hostess, who was herself a painter. "Many, many times," was her answer. "We paint our china and then burn it. We keep on burning it, until at last we get just the right color for all parts of our pictures." "How true with God's kilns!" I said to myself. God takes a man's soul with its covering of clay. Then He moulds it. Then He paints it. Then He purifies it by His fires. Then He keeps on purifying that soul by the fires of tribulation until at last that human soul shines with the glow of the Divine face." Thus it is with those people who have been living closest to God.

### METHODIST FIGURES FOR THE LAST DECADE.

"According to Dr. Carroll, Methodism in this section of the world, if not actually losing ground, is little more than holding its own. The rate of increase by decades during the last thirty years has shown a discouraging variation. From 1881 to 1891 the rate of increase was nearly thirty-three and one-half per cent; from 1891 to 1901 it was twenty-eight per cent; from 1901 to 1911 it was only fifteen per cent. 'Admitting as we must,' says Dr. Carroll, 'that no severer test could be applied than comparison of Methodist growth with Methodist growth, still the fact that 10,000 more preachers, 14,000 more pulpits, and two and a quarter million more members produced a smaller increase by 400,000 in the last ten years than in the decade ending in 1891, is of momentous concern.' Dr. Carroll found a similar discouraging state of affairs in the matter of the ministry. Taking the same period of thirty years he found that during the first decade the increase in number of itinerant ministers was more than fifty per cent, in the second decade it was sixteen per cent, and in the third only ten per cent. To be sure, the large increase during the first decade was chiefly among the colored churches; and for the whole period the increase was ninety-one per cent, which is favorable rather than otherwise. The problems confronting the Church are of the most serious moment, and, according to Dr. Carroll, the gen-

CHRIST attributed the authorship of the Pentateuch to Moses that he was either doing it to humor a popular tradition, or because He did not know any better Himself. The same Professor further said that Christ may have been mistaken as to His own divinity. Now when young preachers are to be fed on such pabulum as this need we not expect them to be fortified against the many attacks which skepticism is making on the church. Infidelity that fought first outside the church never gave us much trouble. It is the unbelief, doubt and infidelity inside, that instead of storming the gates from without, is actually captivating the pulpits within, and is by far the worst foe. Yes, nothing but a return to preaching the gospel in the power and demonstration will ever correct the evil.

## Our Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8:14.

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.

### HERO TALES FROM THE BIBLE EVELEEN HARRISON.

Over two thousand years ago, four boys were earnestly talking together in a room fitted up with Oriental splendor. They were under guard in the palace of a great Eastern king, for they had been carried away captives from their own homes and after three years spent in a training school had suddenly been called to the palace by the king's command. This palace stood on top of a high hill, surrounded by wonderful gardens, with stables full of war horses and gardens, with stables full of war horses and chariots. Fine, handsome, manly fellows they were, especially the leader of the group, whose name was Daniel. Over and over they wondered what the victorious king was now going to do with them—hold them as slaves or give them up as captives.

the four boys and plain, home fare put in its place. Courage? Didn't it take courage, boys, to see all the others at the table eating and drinking the most tempting kind of food, day after day, and be willing to give it up on principle?

After ten days the four boys were dressed in rich clothes, and taken with other captives into the great audience hall to bow low before His Majesty, King Nebuchadnezzar. Immediately the king noticed their fresh, rosy faces, and strong, active bodies. He singled them out for special service, and, finding as they grew into manhood they remained faithful and true, in the course of time he raised them to high places in his kingdom.

This king was a heathen; that is, worshipped idols. On one of the feast days he had a huge idol of wood, covered with gold, set up a hundred feet high, so that every one could see it; and commanded all his princes and rulers to bow down before it.

Daniel was not there for some reason, perhaps was in some other part of the kingdom; but his three friends, who were rulers, had to be present. Of all the great company they alone refused to bow their knees to the idol.

God only would they worship!

The penalty was great—death in the fiery furnace! Here came the testing point of their lives.

As boys they had given up the most tempting meat and drinks, because they thought it right; had they grown into men with courage sufficient to give up life itself in the service of God?

When men live upright lives they always have enemies among the untrue. Some jealous men ran and told the king that the three young Jews would not bow to his image.

"Bring them before me!" he commanded.

"Now, I will give you one chance more. When the trumpet blows you will worship the image, or be thrown into the furnace."

"We worship no idol! We worship God only, O king! Not even the fiery death will make us untrue to our God!" was the magnificent answer of these men of courage.

"Away with them! Make the fire three times hotter than before!" exclaimed the king, in furious rage.

In chains, hand and foot, not even at the rush of flames—which burnt the men who carried them—from the awful fire did their faith or courage waver. What heroes they were!

Suddenly the king stooped down and looked closely into the furnace.

"Quick! Tell me how many men did you throw in?"

"Three, O King!"

"But I see four men walking about unhurt, and the fourth one looks like a god! Come out! Come out of the furnace, ye men that serve the God of heaven!" the king cried out in terror, while all the people gazed in awe.

Out walked our three heroes; God had not allowed a hair of their heads to be singed, nor even the smell of fire to rest on their clothing.

Then the king said: "Blessed be the God of these men! He is the Most High God. I now make a law that no man in my kingdom shall ever say a word against the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, on pain of instant death to himself and his family, and the three heroes were given the highest places in the authority.—*The Alliance Weekly*.

### BEGGARS IN JERUSALEM.

ABBIE C. MORROW BROWN.

Much has been written about the beggars of Jerusalem but no words can adequately describe this apparent poverty, in their rags, filth and vermin; their plaintive tones; their peculiar gestures or their persistent pleading. And no one can understand the pain of the pity in the heart of one to whom God has said, "Turn not thy face away from any poor," except those to whom God has thus spoken.

The Bible precepts concerning beggars is plain, "Give to him that asketh thee," (Mat. 5:42. To one walking in the will of God there is no getting away from it. A disciple of Jesus must either give them what they ask, or something better, as Peter did. (Acts 3:6).

God's first word to me about the beggars in Jerusalem was, "Give everyone that asketh the cabcock," a coin worth three-quarters of a cent.

Soon afterwards a missionary gave me over one hundred cabcocks, the only time in all the history here that any one ever gave me a cabcock.

So every beggar that asketh of me received a coin until one day I was riding to the leper quarters with a party of missionaries. As the carriage stopped a moment the lepers crowded to it, and put out their stumps of hands, covered with a dirty cloth, and began their wail.

Opening my pocketbook to pass out the cabcocks one of the missionaries caught my hand and held it and said, "You must not! We never give to beggars! Why they have more money than you have." And the carriage moved on.

Reaching home I found my purse was missing. I learned my lesson.

When the cabcocks were all gone the Lord said, "Do not give any more money to beggars but pray for them."

After that when a respectable beggar called out "Madame, metalick," or a ragged beggar persistently besought alms, or I passed the blind beggar sitting by the wayside, with their ceaseless, pitiful Arabic wail, whosoever the beggar might be, I prayed. Or thought I did until one day a tiny, ragged, dirty, four-year-old girl followed me crying, "Backsheesh," opening her mouth wide and putting her fingers into it.

Shaking my head and saying, "La backsheesh." "No money" had no effect on her.



It would have been so easy to have given her all the small coin in my purse to have been rid of her. But I only prayed or I thought I did.

And she clung to my side down the streets, through the Jaffa gate, over to the Australian post, up the steps, and on to the letter box.

There a tall Jew sternly rebuked her and motioned her away. He might as well have spoken to the wall. She followed me to the money-order counter. Then I "prayed in a prayer," (Jas. 5:17), marg. really prayed. "Lord, if this child is hungry make someone give her some money."

The tall Jew took out his pocket-book and handed her a coin, and looking at me with a grin she hurried away to satisfy her hunger.

Prayer is asking God for something and getting it. Real intercession costs. This is being written out at Hebron. I have seen only two beggars here. One little Moslem girl with a not very unclean dress, patched with divers colors, danced on one foot, and put pebbles on her toes and flung them in the air and was so altogether happy, and careless, as to whether she received anything from the passers-by, that I neglected to pray for her.

Not so an aged, bent, forlorn-looking Moslem woman, who came to a Jewish sister and in a hospital garden as we sat down under the mulberry trees early one morning, that the sister might eat her breakfast that she had brought with her. The beggar's brown, bony hand was extended and received half of the large roll and half of the cheese and afterwards half of the ginger bread.

I never saw such gratitude. The beggar held the bread and cheese up towards the sky and prayed and prayed in Arabic. It was a blessing that was more than words. As she ate slowly she patted the roll and laughed and uttered strange sounds of satisfaction. A second time she lifted the food as she was eating and gave thanks. How gladly would I have taken her to the hotel and emptied my purse of metalicks and the plate of fruit that the proprietor had laid on my table. But my hands must not give, my aching heart must just pray and all that day there ascended the groanings which cannot be uttered, for the coming of the King and the removing of the curse from the earth. (Rom. 8:21-26; Isa. 35:1-10).

Yes, real intercession costs. But I have strong encouragement to be faithful in this pleading for the beggars of Jerusalem that God has put upon me. For one of our orphans in Glory Home was a beggar. So wild was she that she had not been in the house five minutes before she had bitten baby Marea's hand badly, and Melva hurried her back to Miss Lucy Dunn who had brought her to us. "We could not keep such a child, could we, mamma," Melva said, when I returned from market and she had told me the whole story of Sapruka's coming and going.

I thought to myself that "such" children were the ones who needed our care but did not tell Melva so, only fell back on my two Jerusalem words, "Wait" and "Trust," (Isa. 30:18; Ps. 2:12).

In a few days Melva said: "Do you think we might give Sapruka another chance, mamma?"

So she was brought back to us and love soon wrought a marked change in her. But Melva had one great trouble with her. She would not dress in the morning. Neither coaxing or chastisement could get her down in time for prayer.

But one day General Booth held some meetings in Jerusalem, and Sunday afternoon was given to the children, and it pleased God to let me give the message and every one of our children came to the altar and were genuinely saved.

And Sapruka was one of the first to dress in the morning and run and knock at my door and say, "Little mother, me want to pray."

And her precious little prayer in broken English did me good.

But one morning when I went into the school-room Sapruka had not come down. Slowly I walked up the stairway. What could I do with the backslidden child?

As I opened the door she ran to me with such a bright face, all dressed but one slipper that she held in her hand.

"Oh, little mother," she exclaimed, "Me lose slipper. Me not find it. Helene she pray and she pray and me find it."

Sapruka is a little woman now. Has been teaching in Jerusalem but expects soon to marry a gentleman from America.

O, "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers" stand with me in this painful pleading this sweet incense that it is my privilege to offer, "keep not silence and give Him no rest till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." (Isa. 62:6-7; Jer. 51:59; Ps. 122:6; Rom. 15:29-31; Isa. 66:10-14).

Box 114, French Post, Jerusalem, Palestine.—*The Way of Faith.*

#### A FINE SCENE

Two boys were in a schoolroom alone together, and exploded some fireworks. One boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit or deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys were alone again, the real offender asked: "Why didn't you deny it?"

"Because there were only two of us, and one must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said: "Please sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment

he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat and said aloud: "Ben, Ben lad, he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might almost have heard Ben's tears dropping on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

"The spirit that is out of harmony with God is also out of harmony with its environment and with its fellows."

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# Field Notes

Rev. Allie Irick and wife are holding meetings at Hugo, Oklahoma.

Rev. Lee L. Hambric has been holding revival meetings at Sparta, Tennessee.

Brothers Lige Weaver and J. T. Grissom have recently closed a meeting at Cherry, in Moore County, Tennessee.

Rev. Ernest Roberts and wife, of Texas, and Rev. Preston Roberts, of Georgia, are holding revival services at Cowan, Tennessee.

Rev. J. A. Chenault gives encouraging reports of his work in Japan. The Lord has given larger quarters for the services, and His blessing is upon the meetings.

## WANTED.

A teacher for the Literary Work of the Eighth Grade and Bible. Address J. A. ADAMS, Andalusia, Ala., Route 1, Box 49.

Revs. John and Ernest Roberts, with their wives, have been evangelizing in Kentucky. The Lord has graciously blessed their efforts and much good has been done in His name. The work of these evangelists is especially commendable in that they get away from the "burnt districts" out into sections where others are not working. May the Lord multiply their number.

## TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK.

I have recently compiled a temperance song book which I offer for sale at 10c per copy, and \$1.00 per dozen. This little booklet is invaluable for W. C. T. U. and Anti-Saloon workers. All who are interested in prohibition should purchase a copy.

Vanetta, W. Va. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

After three weeks of hard work in a revival meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Dico, Mich., we are at home again for a few days. Our new field of labor will be Cheyenne Wells, Colo. We will remain in the West all winter. Pastors wishing our help may write us at our home address, 1080 South Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The whole country was greatly stirred, and many were under such deep conviction that they could not rest day or night until they had given their hearts to God. Many of the converts were grown up young people whose parents were converted in the revival we held in this same neighborhood more than a quarter of a century ago. Many of the old members have passed away, others have moved away, but those that remained were heart and soul with us in the work. Twenty-four new members joined the church and I think others will come in later.

We wish to take this opportunity and tell our old friends that we are still preaching against worldly conformity in dress, unscrupulous methods of raising money and secret societies, which brings enough persecution to keep us pleading with God day and night for grace to go through in harmony with the Divine plan.

We have a few open dates and would like to work west of the Rocky Mountains and on the Coast during the winter. Yours in Christian love,

S. B. SHAW.

## TREVECCA COLLEGE NOTES

The present enrollment at the Trevecca College is 110, with possibly thirty more to enter for the year. Most of the students are in training for Christian work. There are twenty teachers, including all branches. Drs. A. L. Sharber, D. B. Blake, C. E. Hardy and George C. Trawick lecture to the medical missionary class.

The faculty has a number of teachers with large experience. Miss Emily Gustafson worked for years for the Salvation Army in England and afterwards held an official position with them in India until failing health necessitated her return to America. Miss Jessie Basford has taught in schools of this state for eighteen years. C. E. Hardy is a graduate of Ruskin Cave College and is also in his senior year in the Vanderbilt Medical College. Clement Carnapas was born in the Island of Cyprus, studied seven years in the Theological College of Jerusalem and taught nine years in Jerusalem. Mrs. Anna McDonald Carnapas was born in Scotland, raised in Canada and educated in Chicago. She accompanied Mrs. Bishop Newman to Jerusalem to establish kindergarten work, where she met Mr. Carnapas and they were married. She is the authoress of a good book in the Holy Land, entitled "The Gospel In Its Native Land."

Students from Trevecca College have gone as missionaries to Cuba, Central America, South America, India and China. Two of the teachers hope to go to Africa as missionaries next spring and there are perhaps not less than a dozen more who are in preparation for the various fields.

Miss Eva Carpenter, of Brentwood, Tenn., who has spent seven years in India in missionary work, is at home on her furlough and is taking special training.

Mrs. Ella Perry, who for years did missionary work in India, is taking special work. They both expect to return next year.

Roy G. Coddling and his wife, who had a furlough in the home land after seven years in India, returned last week to their field of labor. Mr. Coddling had seven years of mission work on the west coast of Africa before going to India. Mrs. Coddling was formerly Miss Rosa Lowe of East Nashville.

Miss Angie Holland left last night for Sucre, Bolivia, South America. She was one of the first students of Trevecca College. Her home is in this city.

A special offering was recently made by the Tabernacle congregation of over \$1,000 for returning missionaries to their respective fields. This did not include the regular offerings made through the year.

## REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

A sister at Roanoke, Virginia, asks prayer for the healing touch of God upon her body.

Prayer is asked for the healing of a sister in West Virginia.

Prayer is requested for the triumph of prohibition in the coming campaign in West Virginia.

Earnest prayer is requested for a brother in Mississippi that he may be healed in body and mind; also that his wife may be strengthened.

If you want to be a blessing to your friends get them to subscribe for Living Water.

## Religious Notes

Missouri has been having some successful elections in favor of prohibition recently.

The total receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year just closed amounted to \$939,000.00.

At the meeting of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, recently held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Mrs. Lillian M. Stevens, of Portland, Maine, was re-elected President; Miss Anna A. Gordon, of Evanston, Vice-President at large; Mrs. Frances P. Parkes, of Evanston, Corresponding Secretary.

"It is estimated that the total number of members and adherents of the Methodist Church as a whole in the United States is 23,086,000, or 8,738,973 more than the adherents reported of the Roman Catholic Church. If the Catholic Church would use the same methods of reporting membership as the Protestant churches do usually, it would not make so much showing."

"Among Indians, Presbyterians are spending \$160,000 a year; Congregationalists, \$40,000; Episcopalians, \$35,000; Baptists, \$25,000, and others in proportion. These sums are going from general missionary appropriations. Locally much more is expended. The manner of its expenditure is chiefly through schools, many of them industrial. Episcopalians have extended work in South Dakota and have just created a new missionary district for Indians, exclusively."

"Bishop Burt of the M. E. Church, who has spent much time in Italy, where he has had fine opportunities to study the history and motives of the Catholic Church, says, "The papacy, instead of representing Christian progress, tends to drag the world back again amid the ideas, rites and customs of idolatrous ages. What has Romanism ever done for any country or people on the face of the earth? And yet there are those who see no danger in the large increase of Catholicism in many sections of our country, and the increased prominence and influence it is given in our social, civil and political life. The experiences of Canada should be a warning to us."

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A large grid of 72 columns and 72 rows, intended for marking contributions. Each cell in the grid represents one block of one dollar. The grid is currently empty.

# A WASHTUB STORY

By Rev. Henry T. Meakin.

How the promises of God became mixed up with a local preacher's village appointment, a washerwoman's dilemma, a raging storm which blocked a railway, and the simple faith of a cripple, is the purpose of this story to tell.

A local preacher in one of the Midland counties was appointed at his native village chapel. He had recently removed to town from the village, under the pressure of business demands. A walk of four miles that Sunday morning took him past the spot on the roadside where God had spoken his sins forgiven ten years previously. He never passed that sacred landmark in his experience alone without raising his hat, and inwardly praying for a renewal of Divine favor; and, on this occasion, he lifted up his heart to heaven, and asked that he might that day be a particular blessing to his village folk. The answer came in one of the texts which, during the week, as the stress of business permitted, he had prepared discourses upon; and he proceeded on his journey conscious of an eventful day.

The Sunday morning congregation at the village chapel was never large. The preacher knew every member of it. There were present, amongst others, one or two farmers distressed by a succession of bad seasons; a family from whom the angel of death had recently taken the breadwinner; laborers whose earnings were considerably below the living wage. Then, under the pulpit, within almost whispering distance of the preacher, sat Samuel Holtfast in his accustomed seat; and a few forms further off was his widowed sister, Martha. Samuel had been grievously crippled by repeated rheumatic attacks, and had become almost dependent upon his widowed sister. But, though affliction had distorted his limbs, his face refused to wrinkle except crossways, and retained a permanent and happy smile.

The brother and sister lived together in a little thatched cottage near to the chapel, their main source of income being the small pittance which Martha earned at the washtub. Times had recently been bad with Martha; the washing business had considerably diminished. The last week had been the worst of all. When Saturday night came, the firegrate and the cupboard were nearly empty. Even the stock of farthing candles had got to the last two.

One of these was lighted so that Samuel could read the daily portion of Scripture before they retired for the night. The portion happened to be Philippians, chapter iv. Samuel was capable of intelligent exposition, and the chapter and their own circumstances that night helped his expository faculty. The notes of joy, and prayer, and contentment,

and affliction which are found in the chapter were played upon severally and collectively with considerable skill; but all the music failed to inspire poor Martha.

"Here, sister," said he, "is the instrument to produce the music when you know your notes. Nineteenth verse. 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus!' That ought to make us sing the old tune, 'Tranquility!'"

"But I don't see how that is to bring me more washing," said dejected Martha. "Mrs. Simpson has gone to town, and sends her washing to the laundry, and Mrs. Briggs, now that the baby has grown a bit, can do her own, she tells me, this week, so that I shall soon have nothing to do. Our need is more washing, and a bachelor like St. Paul would never think of that."

"St. Paul," rejoiced Samuel, "was only saying what God told him to say, and God knows all our needs, washing and all. My God, your need, and infinite supply, are linked up here with the riches of the richest Son in the universe. If we link up our wants instead of our needs, the cable will break, not otherwise."

The exposition was beyond Martha's experience. The hand of her little faith couldn't grasp it. It was impossible for her to associate the Scriptural promises with her washtub. She couldn't see them over the sides of it.

Her brother reminded her of Christ's intervention in the case of the sisters of Bethany and the widow of Nain; Martha's incredulous and unbelieving reply was, "But they didn't take in washing."

Nevertheless, Samuel retired to prayer and rest, never more confident in the promises. Before he slept, the fourth chapter of Philippians, and particularly the nineteenth verse, became the epistle to himself and to his sister with her empty washtub, and cupboard, and firegrate.

Both Samuel and Martha, as we have said, were at the chapel on the Sunday morning. The preacher's order of service was specially sympathetic. The hymns, the prayer, the lesson, touched responsive chords in the hearts of his hearers. Farmers saw empty barns filling with blessings, bereaved ones heard the music of the skies intermingled with the voices of loved ones in the happy throng, and poor laboring men felt the warm grip of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Samuel Holtfast took the spirit of the service with him; but for him the preacher had a surprise. The surprise was in the text. It was Phil. iv. 19. When the preacher announced it, Samuel twisted his head and shoulders round towards the seat in which

his sister sat. It was a painful effort, on account of his affliction; but, determined that his sister should note the text, he said, loud enough for her hearing, "Praise the Lord!" Samuel couldn't sit still through the discourse, though every movement meant physical torture.

"Satan tempts some of you to doubt the inclusion of your particular needs in this promise. That's an old form of unbelief with which you ought now to be quite familiar; it's the way Satan has of dabbling doubt on some of the grandest texts in Scripture. Some of you were tempted to disbelieve your inclusion in the 'Whoever' of John iii. 16, and nearly forfeited your soul's salvation in consequence. You don't doubt it now. You say 'That Whosoever means me.' Like doubting Thomas you cry, 'My Lord and my God. Yes, my God. . . . But don't stop there. Those words are the opening words of the text this morning. Go on with it, and read all your needs as well as yourself into it. The promise includes every one of them. It includes bread for the hungry and water for the thirsty.'"

"Yes, soap and water and washing," were words here interpolated in a suppressed tone loud enough for the preacher and others to hear. Samuel was the interpolator. His anxiety was that there should be no mistake in the classification of his sister's needs, and he thought the mention of water was as near to them as the preacher would get. Therefore and thereat he scheduled in his exclamation the requisites of the washtub.

"Our brother does well," continued the preacher, "to take us into the back kitchen where most of the household work is done, where the cupboard corner is, and where the coal-heap should be. The Lord knows all our kitchen needs, which are always the most pressing. We can wait for luxuries for the front room, but we should soon starve if we lacked kitchen necessities. Think you God doesn't know it? He does, and Phil. iv. 19 is the text card in golden letters for the kitchen."

There were one or two in the congregation who thought the sermon bordering upon the vulgar, and that Samuel's responses, more loud and frequent than usual, were worship spoiling. The rest had heard the preacher with delight and profit. Samuel Holtfast and his sister believed him to be a messenger from heaven.

The preacher's home that day for dinner and tea was indicated on the plan hung up in the vestry. His host was the leader of the class of which Samuel and Martha were members. At dinner the conversation naturally turned to the people present at the morning service. Their spiritual and material welfare was reviewed. Samuel's name and that of his sister were mentioned. The leader spoke of the stress of their circumstances, and how, for the first time, the leaders' meeting had voted them half a crown each from the poor fund, and that during the past week it had taken all his persuasive powers to induce them to accept the same.



"Martha is a capital washerwoman," said the leader, "and if she could only get more washing she wouldn't need charity."

The week, of which that Sunday was the first day, was one of the stormiest known for years. Snowstorms swept the country through. Railways were blocked, particularly in the North, and the railway staff had to work night and day to deal with gluts of traffic. Amongst the workers so engaged was the local preacher to whom we have been introduced. He held a post of some responsibility in the managerial offices, and could not leave it to get home to his meals. He was consequently obliged to use the company's dining club, which had been formed for the benefit of those members of the staff who resided at a distance. His dinner was served at a special table, used by others in positions like his own. The secretary to the club, who was among the diners at the table, apologized for the somewhat dirty state of the table linen.

"Our washerwoman is getting very careless," said he; "we shall be obliged to make a change."

The local preacher was quick to notice the remark. The ejaculation made by Samuel Holtfast in the sermon the previous Sunday morning and the circumstances described by his host at the Sunday dinner-table flashed upon his mind.

"The Lord will supply Martha Holtfast's particular need, and give her more washing," he said to himself.

When dinner was over he quietly sought out the secretary of the club and gave him the name and address of Martha, in case the services of another washerwoman were required. And it is needless to add that Martha's qualifications were eloquently enforced.

Next week hampers of linen began to arrive at the village station with labels printed with Martha's name. The station-master received instructions to have them regularly delivered and re-collected, and porters in uniform at the door of Martha's cottage became a common sight to the villagers, in whose minds Martha became a woman of enhanced importance as the washerwoman to the great dining club at the railway headquarters. The remuneration put her and Samuel in quite comfortable circumstances, and for more than twenty years never a single complaint was made of the linen used at the tables of the club; frequently remarks fell from the members as to its spotlessness, which excited the pride of the secretary.

Martha did not hear them, for she never saw the interior of the club rooms; she was content to serve at the washtub all those years with a heart full of gratitude to God, who had thus dispelled her unbelief and supplied all her needs. The increase in Samuel's infirmities made him a prisoner in the cottage where his voice of praise could daily be heard to the encouragement of his devoted sister.

"Ah, Martha," he would say, "you must never again doubt the Word of God. If you

do, you'll be out of washing again for ever. Praise God, both dirt and doubt will be absent in heaven. The white robes of the redeemed there will never need washing."

Samuel preceded his sister in adorning those spotless garments. Long before God's messengers in uniform (as he called the railway porters) ceased to deliver and fetch hampers of linen from the door of the thatched cottage, God's angelic bodyguards carried his beautiful spirit to the skies.

The local preacher still visits his native village, and only last year Martha, then quite an octogenarian, and he held sweet communion in a cottage to which she had retired, which was not thatched, and from which, a few days later, the dear old soul was promoted to mansions in the skies.—*Joyful News.*

#### THE WIDOWS PRAYER ANSWERED

A minister who preached in a country village in England told his wife that he was going to drive in his buggy into town on business, and he would be able to buy for her what she needed but could not get in that small village. She made out a list of things for him to buy in the city. When he reached the town he put his horse and buggy in the stable of the hotel and went to where the large shops were to execute his wife's commissions. In passing a baker's shop he noticed a large loaf of fresh, brown bread in the window, along with cakes and sweetmeats. He was particularly fond of brown bread, so he went into the shop and bought the loaf. But when he came out of the shop it was raining hard, and he opened his umbrella. Then he exclaimed: "How foolish I have been. I cannot carry this great loaf of bread with me to all the other shops and hold my umbrella up at the same time. What can I do with it?"

Near by was a small cottage, and the thought came to him, "Give the loaf to whoever lives in that little cottage." He opened the gate and, going into the yard he saw an old woman filling a kettle at the well. He called out thoughtfully "Good afternoon! I wonder if you will be so kind as to relieve me of this loaf? I am very fond of brown bread, but I find I cannot manage to hold it and the umbrella also, along with the other parcels I shall have when I get through with my shopping." The old lady took him inside the house and showed him that she had set her table for supper, but had nothing in the house to eat or drink except a pinch of tea leaves. She said, with tears in her eyes: "I prayed to God to send me something to eat, and then I lighted the fire, and I was just filling the kettle when you came into my yard and offered me this beautiful loaf of bread. It was the Lord himself who got you to buy a loaf which you could not carry to your home, and then he whispered to you bring it to me."—*Sel.*

Every command in the Holy writ is only a covenant promise.—*Wesley*

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# Sunday School Lesson

P. R. NUGENT, Richmond, Va.

## Lesson for Dec. 3, 1911 NEHEMIAH BUILDS THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Neh. 4:8-18.

**Golden Text:** "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." (I Cor. 16:13).

The circumstances of the lesson will be better understood by reading Chaps. 2 and 3 as well as 4.

The facts that are set forth come under three heads—prayer, work, warfare. Nehemiah began with prayer with reference to getting the king's consent. No doubt those days of prayer taught him two things—the need for prayer, and the efficiency of prayer. His experience at Jerusalem gave him plenty of opportunity to practice the lessons he learned at Shushan. There is just as much need to continue God's work in prayer as there is to begin it in prayer. And when prayer has reference to work the work should follow prayer as a mere matter of fact for when we believe God hears prayer about work it is right to go on and undertake it, looking, of course, to God to know His will about the time and method.

In doing God's work we are to expect opponents, difficulties and perplexities. The last two naturally come and the first comes from Satan and his agents. None of these things need stop God's servant. If he persists Nehemiah's plan they will not stop him for God is more than equal to all such hindrances. Note the following difficulties Nehemiah had to overcome:—

1. The people in Judea were either discouraged, or indifferent to the needs of the cause. They seem to have settled down to accept the dilapidated condition of things. So the first thing he had to ac-

complish was to get rid of the people's wrong attitude by stirring up interest and activity (2:17, 18). In doing this he called attention to the need and also to the fact that God's favor and help had been with him hitherto. The last was, and is, an important testimony for he who undertakes a work for God should have some evidence that God is with him when he undertakes to interest others in that cause.

2. Unbelieving heathen neighbors were ready with ridicule and misrepresentation (4:1-3; 2:19). These neighbors "had grave differences but they were one in their hate of God and His people" (Torrey). People have often laid aside their own disagreements temporarily in making common cause against those who are doing God's work. There is a sinful, God opposing unity through Satan over against the true, holy unity wrought by the Holy Ghost. And sometimes Satan's agents are more united against God's servants than they are for Him. Ridicule and misrepresentation have turned many from God's will but Nehemiah went steadily on.

3. Angry opposition from his enemies was another difficulty in Nehemiah's way (4:7, 8). This attitude on the part of Sanballat, Tobiah and others was an intensifying of the former opposition. They were angry because the undertaking they had ridiculed was successful. Some enemies are silenced by success, but these people were too deep in their enmity to be so easily and quickly overthrown. Increased opposition did not daunt Nehemiah. It drove him to prayer and watchfulness and that is always the way of help and blessing.

4. Discouraged workers were another difficulty. What "Judah said" (v. 10) was no doubt more calculated to trouble Nehemiah than what Sanballat and other outsiders said. Much weariness in the face of much work was more than his helpers thought they could stand. A pile of work to do with a weary body puts a person's purpose to the test. Judah said—We cannot. Paul said—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." If you are worn (perhaps most of Judah's burden bearers were not used to that sort of work and consequently it was hard on them) in body and get down hearted and discouraged about getting through with your work perhaps you need a little rest and surely there is need of prayer and faith. When God has work for us to do there is always a way to do it. If there

is a wall to build it is not of faith to say, as did Judah, "We are not able to build the wall."

5. Plots came next (11). Open foes decide to work in secret and of course it is easier to face an open foe than a secret one. But the blessed truth for God's obedient servant to know is this—there are no secret foes to God. He sees them all. I have seen prayer in the Spirit for the protector of God's cause though the petitioner knew of no reason for it. Months afterward the reason was clear. Someone had been trying to do what would have been an injury to the work. God can as easily overthrow our unseen foes as those we see.—These threats brought increased watchfulness and stronger purpose and the enemies found their plots were useless (15).

6. Anxious friends were another trouble to Nehemiah (12). A friend full of anxious fear instead of courage, full of unbelief instead of faith is always a disadvantage and may cause failure for such things are contagious. Those who talk unbelief and fear to a person in a trying work are really doing Satan's work.

Notice finally the various things that together brought success—faith, prayer, watchfulness, work, helping each other.

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