

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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"If Not—!"

BY REV. J. STUART HOLDEN.

I SUPPOSE it is safe to say that the majority of us, and especially those who have been brought recently to the adoption of new attitudes of surrender and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, are going forth with great expectations. We have been led by the proclamation of God's truth, and in all the illumination of His Spirit to expect large changes in our experience, large renewals of strength and grace, large openings of fruitful service; and with these expectations we are leaving this place of vision to get back to the valley of duty.

FOREARMED AGAINST DISAPPOINTMENT.

I want to speak as simply—and God knows I want to speak as tenderly—as may be to those who in the days to come may not realize these expectations; to those who in days to come, and not many days hence, are going to be sadly disappointed because their experience does not reach up to their ~~expectation~~ ^{expectation}. I want that each one of us shall see that God has larger meanings in life than we are now able to read, that God has larger answers to our prayers than we are able to anticipate, that God has a thousand ways of fulfilling His promise in human lives that trust Him; that so, forewarned by this knowledge of God's wondrous greatness and transcendence, we may be forearmed against the perils of disappointment, forearmed against that disheartening of soul which makes our hearts the ground, the fruitful ground, for the most noxious seed the devil can ever sow there.

Therefore I want to speak to you on three simple words, as you find them in Daniel 3:18. Without reading the whole story, let me read with you from the sixteenth verse, which will recall the incident of which this is part to your minds.

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods; nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." (Dan. 3:16-18.)

You remember the story well. Challenged not to worship God at all, challenged to bow down to the popular idol, challenged to join the fickle multitude in acclaiming an earthly king, to the degradation of the King of their hearts, with a burning fiery furnace in front of them as an alternative to obedience, this is the answer of the three Hebrew children. "Our God is able to deliver us. More than that, our God will deliver us. More than that, if He does not deliver us we are still not going to worship your idol. If He does not deliver us, our faith is not at an end. If He

does not deliver us, our resolution is entirely unshaken; we still believe God."

THE ALTERNATIVE OF FAITH.

Now, beloved, it may be for you and me that the experiences we have sought here, the prayers we have offered here, the hopes that have been aroused here, are none of them going to be realized just in the way we have imagined. It may be that you who have claimed a deliverance which you have seen as part of God's plan in your life are going to find that God works by human co-operation with His Divine Spirit, and that your way of deliverance is a Via Dolorosa. It may be that you, my brother, who have claimed a Pentecost from God, are going to find that it leads you not to a revival, but to tremendous Satanic opposition. It may be that in your Church and mission you are not going to see a great ingathering of souls at all, but a great revolt of worldly Christians ~~but so~~ ^{but so}. It may be that you are going into ~~the way~~ ^{the way} which is dark with the mysteries of God's dealings with you. And let me say to you here that if your faith has not got an alternative, you are going to be done, you are going to be worsted. If you are going to be bowled over because of the things which in some shape or form you are bound to meet, then the world which is looking on, and which is taking its measure of Jesus Christ from the loyalty and fidelity of your witness to Him, is going to be staggered. Oh, blessed be God, our gracious God, who teaches our hands to war and our fingers to fight, who is our Hope and our Fortress, our Battleaxe and our Deliverer. Blessed be God, who speaks to us ere we go from this place into the unknown life of peril and danger and opposition. Let us see to it that our faith has an alternative to our present expectation. Blessed is the man who goes forth saying something of the same thing which these three Hebrews said to the great king who vaunted himself against God: "We will not serve thee; we will not bow down to thine image, even if God does not do for us as we have trusted Him to do." O God, give us a faith like this!

FAITH RELATED TO CONTRADICTIONS.

Do not, beloved, think that this is faithlessness on the part of these men. Read their protestant words: "Our God is able, and He will; but if He does not, we still recognize His will as entirely supreme. If He does not, we still reckon God as greater than our hearts and all their imaginings. If He does not do just what we thought He was going to do, we still believe, though we have no evidence of sense to support our faith." This is the faith which accepts God's will, not merely with equanimity, but with positive enthusiasm. This is the faith which relates itself not only to the commands of God, but to His contradictions;

and if you and I go on with Him, we shall find that pathway to be one of constant contradiction; Christ contradicting my conceptions; Christ, my Teacher, contradicting my impulse and my aims; Christ, my Master, bringing all things within me into conformity with His holy purpose. Oh, this is not faithlessness; it is faith, which says: "But if not, my course is already clear; if not, my determination has already been made; if not, my resolve is entirely unaltered, for it has been made in the conscious presence of God, and on the warrant of His own sure Word."

Beloved, I would like to say here that it is by these contradictions oftentimes that God teaches us in ways which otherwise were impossible either to Him or to us. There are words which I often read to my own enlightening and comfort, and you will allow me to repeat them to you now. They are these:

If all my years were summer, could I know
What my Lord means by His "made white as snow?"
If all my days were sunny, could I say,
"In His fair land He wipes all tears away?"
If I were never weary, could I keep
Close to my heart, "He gives His loved ones sleep?"
Were no griefs mine, might I not come to deem
The life eternal but a baseless dream?
My winter and my tears and weariness,
Even my griefs may be His way to bless.
I call them ill, yet that can surely be
Nothing but love that shows my Lord to me.

In these days which lie ahead of each one of us, with their perplexing experiences, remember, beloved, that His meanings of life are essentially larger than ours; and it will fill our hearts with peace and put stability into our lives to be able to say, "But if not, Lord, I still trust Thee; and if not, I am here as truly Thine as ever I was; as truly Thine in the darkness of my life as I was in the sunlight of my youth; as truly Thine in the unsympathetic home, as truly Thine, my God, in the darkness as I was Thine in the light. But, if not—!"

THE TEST OF QUALITY.

This alternative to disappointed faith tests the entire quality of the man who professes the faith of God. I know the man—I have him in mind who, being disappointed in his experience, nervously begins to pity himself, the man to whom self-consequence is everything. When God contradicts his expectation and longing, his faith is staggered and his backsliding begins. I know the man who is willing to accept the shallow answer to a great question, the man to whom disappointment becomes disbelief, the man who measures God in the tiny scales of his own self-consciousness. Many a one such has gone forth to be utterly disheartened, utterly despondent, and ultimately a deserter. He had never learned to say: "But if not, my God, but if not!"

There is a subtle interaction in the life of every one of us of courage and conscience; and the man who does not stand firm with God and for Him, who loses his integrity, loses also his power of vision, because one experience of his faith staggers him. On the other hand, I know the man who has learned to say courageously with these three Hebrews: "But if not!" "There shall be no deviation from my duty; its dominance shall be entirely unaffected in my life. But if not—if no ecstatic joy fills me, if no revival fruits appear in my work, I mean to go on and do the next thing. If I do not get the sunshine in all its full-orbed light upon my life, I mean to follow the gleam which I have already seen. If I cannot see the distance scene, I can at least see one step. God has given me enough light to walk by, and therefore, if not, I am going on with my work. If not, there shall be no cessation of hostility to evil, no

begging out of the conflict with all the forces of the devil in the world. There shall be no lowering of my aim, even if I am conscious of repeated failure." It is not failure, it is low aim, that is the crime of our lives; and by the grace of God, forgetting the things that are behind, I press on toward the mark for the prize. Even if the battle seems to be going against me, there shall be no desertion of the colors.

A REST WITHIN THE VEIL.

My friend there, the business man, has come to a determination to seek first the kingdom of God in his business, that all things else may be added to him, and he finds not additions, but subtraction; he finds that his profits are not greater, but beautifully less each year. He finds that the pathway of the cross is no sentimental, emotional thing to sing about, but the cross is heavy and the way is narrow, and the positions innumerable difficult for the man who says: "But if not, I do not intend to pull the flag down; if not, I do not intend for a moment to desert my Lord, for I can never unsee what I have seen in Him, and I can never unlearn what I have learned from Him, and I can never lose that which He has begun to work in me. Therefore, be the consequences of my fidelity what they may, I am going on with God."

My faith does not stand in the wisdom of men; my faith does not stand in the memory of an emotional thrill which came through me, lifting me on to a higher life in this place; my faith does not rest upon anything that is visible, but upon that which is within the veil, where Jesus is. Therefore, in the calm confidence of a child, I may say with these three Hebrew children: "I am expecting God to do wonderful things for me; I am expecting God to break down iron gates before me, and to beat down my foes all around me. I am expecting God to give me great power in His work, manifested by souls gathered in and wondrous revival all round. But if He does not, I am still going on with Him, persuaded that He doeth all things well, and that His wisdom is my sheet-anchor."

DELIVERED IN THE FURNACE.

Now, beloved, let me point out to you that God's response to this spirit is to do a bigger thing than we trust Him for, not a smaller. These men said: "Our God is able to deliver us from your fire. What do we care about your furnace, heated seven times? It does not affect us; it does not even make us perspire with fright; we are absolutely calm in front of it." But, mind you, God did a far bigger thing for them than they thought He would do. He did not deliver them from the peril at all, but He delivered them in it, and that is an infinitely greater thing. He did not effect their escape from the furnace, but He gave them an experience of fellowship in the furnace that they had never dreamed of, for Jesus Himself came to walk with them in that furnace. I wonder what they talked about. They did talk, and they heard words there which it is not lawful for men to utter or to imagine; and they learned more in that furnace with Jesus than they had ever dreamed it possible for men to know of God. That is the kind of thing God does to the men who have this spirit. They said, "He is going to check your hand, O king;" but He did not do it at all. He did something greater; He changed the king's heart; He brought the king to a knowledge of His almighty power and grace. And, beloved, great though your expectations are, they are not great enough; great though the promises are to your conception tonight, that conception is not nearly great enough. God is going to do an infinitely larger and more influential thing in our lives if we will stand with Him.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

Very briefly, let me point out to you that this is not an isolated instance. I find this principle running right through the Word of God. Let me give you an illustration or two ere I close. God said unto Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac;" and he took him, and together they mounted the hill. I hear the boy saying to the father, "Father, here is the wood for the sacrifice, but where is the lamb?" And I hear Abraham say to him, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb; but if not, the programme is going to be carried out. But if not, there is going to be a sacrifice. My purpose is entirely undeterred; my obedience to God, is entirely unmoved, even if He does not provide a lamb, and if I have to put my son to the knife and to the fire." That is the secret of Abraham's fruitfulness—his faithfulness; that is the secret of God's blessing to the nation through that man.

I see it again in a man who has lost everything. His home is gone, his friends are against him, his health is gone. He sits there mourning, and under the mourning there is a note of triumph. "God shall bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold Him." Then he says in effect, "But if not—though He slay me, yet will I trust Him. Even if He does not bring me out to the place where I beheld His face in righteousness, I shall still trust Him. I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I remember another man. He is in prison—a man persuaded of Christ's identity and mission, a man who stands for the most wondrous self-effacement this world has ever seen, a man who cried to others, "Behold the Lamb of God," and rejoiced when his own disciples left him to go with Jesus; a man who knew the power of God in his life, for he was filled with the Holy Ghost from his birth; a man who saw in Jesus the great Baptizer with the Holy Ghost and with fire; and a man whose faithfulness was put to such severe test as you and I have never known in the prison house on the shores of the Dead Sea. He sent his disciples to Jesus, the Jesus who said He had come to liberate the prisoners, and here is one of His loyal friends whom He does not liberate. Here is the One whom he has proclaimed as the mighty Messiah of God, but He seems so slow at coming to the victorious side of His work. John sends his disciples to Jesus and he says, "Master, after all, have I been mistaken? Art Thou He that should come? I thought you were, but if you are not, I am still going on to look for another, for the promise of God cannot be broken."

THE CHRISTIAN AFFIRMATION.

I think of Paul, too. Oh, those wonderful, those magnificent declarations of Paul's faith. Listen to them above the howling of the tempest. "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us." "Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to ride in triumph in Christ." And he ended—where? In a prison; not in a great burst of praise and victory, but in a prison, chained to two Roman soldiers. But Paul had this "If not" spirit in him; and if you want to read its expression, turn to his prison Epistles; turn to the words that came from his heart in that prison-house in Rome, and you will see the indomitable spirit of the man who was filled with the Spirit of God.

But before I close there is Someone higher, greater than Abraham, and Job, and John, and Paul; there is the Blessed One Himself. Oh, beloved, listen for a moment. Away

there yonder in the Garden He cries: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; but if not, Thy will be done." That is the spirit that made the world's redemption an accomplished fact; and that is the spirit in you and me which will invest our lives with redemptive value, as we go out from the throne of God down to the gutter of sin to do the work of the Redeemer. This is the spirit, and the only spirit, which means victory beyond anything we can conceive.

May God make this your spirit and mine, in view of all the future may hold, in view of all the mystery that may becloud your pathway, in view of all that may stagger you for a moment as God's greater thoughts are brought into conflict with your own inferior and unworthier thoughts concerning His purpose. When your prayers, instead of being speedily answered, are delayed of answer; when those things you thought God must do for you He still keeps you waiting for, O God, help each one of us to say in some such words as these, "But if not"—

I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver;
I'll follow Thee, loving Redeemer;
I'll follow Thee, deny Thee never;
By Thy grace, I'll follow Thee.

I will say just one thing more, and it is this, that the world is perfectly helpless before that kind of Christian; the world is perfectly helpless before the man who positively laughs at its shams, because he knows what they are worth. The world is perfectly helpless before the man who goes into the fire for God with a song in his heart. It cannot light a fire, however vehement its flame, that can do more than burn up a man's bonds and bring him into greater liberty.

Across the path of light let the path of God;
Not where the flesh delights, but where the Spirit of Jesus trod.
What though the path be lonely, and dark, and bleak and lone,
Though crags and tangles cross it—
Praise God, we will go on!

That is the spirit in which to live. Why not reaffirm this same glad note in the presence of God to-night: "O God, I am expecting so much from Thee. Correct all my misconceptions. I am expecting Thee to do such wonderful things. My God, I am expecting Thee to make all things new with one word of Thy power. But if not, if Thou keepest me waiting, if Thou dost discipline me into patience, I here and now covenant with Thee, my Lord, that I will stand by Thee. I here and now covenant, my Lord, in all the nakedness and sincerity of my soul, that I am Thine utterly, absolutely, to the last crust and candle-flicker of life. I am Thine, Lord Jesus, for time and eternity." O God, bring us there to-night!—*The Life of Faith.*

LABORERS OF CHRIST.

Laborers of Christ—lift up your heads. Be not dismayed or disheartened. . . . God is for us: who can be against us! The mountain is full of horses and chariots of fire, and we must not trust the carnal vision to which spiritual forces are invisible and unreal. The only way to do any work for the unseen God is to work as well as walk by faith and not by sight—to believe that beyond the range of our short vision and finite observation stretch limitless realms of truth and fact. *Behind all work for God stands God Himself, its inspiration and its assurance, its warrant and its reward. Let us believe that His command constitutes authority and His promise security, and in that faith to the end dare to do our duty as He has shown it, waiting for the end to interpret the beginning and all that lies between.*—Arthur T. Pierson.

Three Meetings With the Savior

A SERMON BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Text: "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud." (Ps. 55:17.)

THE sainted Spurgeon, in commenting upon this Scripture, says that the Psalmist is determined to pray fervently. He has found the three divisions of the day, and has set up an altar at each division, being determined to meet God face to face. There is a time when meditation is prayer, there is a time when attitude is prayer, there is a time when it is prayer to say: "Our Father, which art in heaven," and there is a time when in praying we simply give a cry out of a broken heart. But here the Psalmist has come to a place where he is determined to pray fervently. I was conducting a mission just outside New York, on the Hudson River, and had preached for five days with no evidence of blessing. The church was packed to suffocation, but a crowd is by no means an evidence of victory, and night after night, when the appeal was given, not a hand was lifted. Early one morning

I HEARD A RAP AT MY DOOR,

and when I said, "Come in," there came in one of the most distinguished ministers in America. His face was as white as death, and he was trembling in every muscle of his body. He sank down into a chair and said, "I have come to ask if you will pray with me for one of my neighbors and friends." He said: "At ten o'clock last night the concern came to me, at eleven I was on my knees, and prayed until midnight. Then I prayed on until daylight came; and I have come to say to you that unless I can get relief from this concern, I think my mind will break." I shall never forget kneeling beside that distinguished minister and offering up my petition with his, and all the time he was sobbing. When the evening time came, and the same church was filled with the same people, I had only to give the invitation, when one of the Methodist ministers said: "I have counted fifty standing for prayer." Then they came flocking into the kingdom like doves to their windows, and in less than five days six hundred people came to Christ, of whom five hundred united with the churches in the city. I met that same minister a short time ago, and said: "Do you remember when the break came in the meetings?" He said: "I remember when the break came in my own heart, and I spent

THE NIGHT IN PRAYER!"

It seems to me that the Psalmist in this petition and this verse has come to the same experience. "At evening, and at morning, and at noon will I pray and cry aloud." Let us look at these three meeting times with the Saviour, and we will take three texts of Scripture.

The first is in St. John 21:4: "But when the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore, but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." I can imagine the picture. I remember some years ago passing with some members of my family through the Holy Land, and we came to Nazareth, and one day our guide came and said: "Tomorrow we will set our faces toward the Sea of Galilee; we will spend Sunday there." We stopped for luncheon at the Horns of Hattin, where tradition says the Sermon on the Mount was preached. "Now," I said, "we will look at the Sea of Galilee with no one beside us." Very soon we came to the bluff where we could see the waters that Jesus loved.

IT IS A MARVELOUS PICTURE.

The waters are as blue as the sky, and the sky is indescribable. The earth is a sort of red color, the foliage is

as grand as anything I have seen in my life, and away to the left stands Mount Hermon, snow-capped all the year through, like a white-robed priest keeping watch over the Holy Land. When the day was dying, the disciples had gathered upon the shore, and they saw their old friends going out fishing. I can imagine a little boat going out from the shore, the water splashing, and in the sunset light the drops of water look like jewels. Then I see Peter with his fingers twitching, his face flushing, his eyes flashing. He has been a fisherman; and they say that if a man has been a fisherman he cannot get over it, even if he becomes a Christian. So Peter stands on the shore and gazes at the faces of his fellow disciples, and presently he bursts out with this: "I go a-fishing!" And it was all the other disciples needed. They said, "We will go with you," and they stepped into the little boat and pushed out from the shore, and got away to sea. Then the night came on, and they threw out the net, but every time they laid hands upon it they knew it was empty. They exhausted all the fisherman's skill known to men who fished upon the sea of Galilee, and they failed. Then just as the day was being born—and there is always a mist on the Sea of Galilee with the new day—they heard

A VOICE THROUGH THE MIST.

Somebody has said that this is the only time in the ministry of Jesus when He used a sarcasm, but here He seems to be sarcastic. He knows they have toiled all night and taken nothing. He knows that the nets are empty, and knows they are discouraged. ~~Someone has said they could just~~ imagine the smile playing over the features of Jesus as He said: "Children, have ye any meat?" They hesitated a second, and then they said: "We have toiled all night, and have taken nothing." Jesus' voice then, I imagine, lost its sarcasm as He said: "Cast your net on the right side of the boat." They did so, and the moment they touched it they knew something was happening, and the moment they began to draw in the net, their faith was confirmed, and the net was filled, yet it did not break. Suddenly Peter has the old thrill of heart take possession of him, his heart tells him it is Jesus on the shore, and he girds his fisher's coat about him and springs into the sea, pushes his way to the shore and stands face to face with his Master. That is the setting.

Now, I know some of you ministers and devout Bible students will have said: "Why a story so familiar?" Because I want to tell you some things that possibly you may have overlooked. First, it was the morning, and Jesus stood upon the shore. Do you know that He has been standing

ON THE SHORE EVERY MORNING

since? When you closed your eyes in sleep last night, you could not keep watch, but He kept watch. All the dangers that might have beset you He pushed back. All the dangers that might have overtaken you He sheltered you from. He kept watch, and when the morning came, and the sun had arisen, and your eyes were opened, He was still there. Did you speak to Him? Did you begin the day with prayer? Before you spoke to your wife by your side, did you speak to Him? Before you let business come into your mind, did you speak to Him? Your experience is the same as mine: the day that begins without prayer ends in confusion and defeat. Your experience is the same as mine: the day that

gins with prayer goes on with increasing victory and power. We have a hymn that we sing in our country:

"I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me;
He loves me with a tender love,
He loves so faithfully.
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh,
And so we talk together—
My Lord and I."

He was on the shore this morning; did you speak to Him?

The second thing I want to emphasize is the difference between the third verse and this in that twenty-first chapter. In the third verse they toiled all night and took nothing. In this they cast the net into the sea on the right side, and the net was full. It was the same sea, same net, same boat, same fishermen, but different results. I want to emphasize that. There are a great many of us in these days fishing on the wrong side and fishing by wrong methods. When I was a minister in Philadelphia, the Rev. F. B. Meyer came to be my guest, and when he had finished his service one evening, and he was talking about his work, I found we were doing much the same thing in Philadelphia as he was doing in England, only he helped the discharged prisoners, and we tried to help those from the penitentiaries. We both had woodyards to help these men, and we both had the same experience of losing money on it. When he came to the end of the week, he had to put his hand into his pocket to make up the deficit, and when I came to the end of the week I had to put my hands in both my pockets and into the pockets of my friends as well. "Then," said Mr. Meyer, "a man came to see my woodyard, where I had a fine saw, and he said, 'Mr. Meyer, why don't you have a steam engine? If you had a steam engine, you would make money.' So I got a little engine, and put it in that woodyard and started it going, and at the end of the first week I had made money, and have been making it ever since. Now, supposing I had gone to that saw and said, 'See here, old saw, you are just the same as you were last week. You are working in the same frame, you have got the same teeth, and you have not been sharpened in the meantime. Last week I lost money by you; this week I have made money; what is the difference?' I can imagine the old saw saying, 'Last week I had man power at the back of me; this week I have steam power at the back of me.'" It makes all the difference in the world.

WHAT POWER IS AT THE BACK OF YOU.

There is many a man in our country who is preaching simply with the power of intellect, and that is not to be despised; some have genius at the back of them, and that is not to be despised; others preach because they have had a college education, and have a number of degrees, and these things are not to be despised; but I know that in the United States the only man who is preaching with power, the only man who is drawing and swaying the multitudes, the only man who is leading multitudes to Jesus, is the man that has got at the back of him the story of the Cross, the man that has got back of him the third Person of the adorable Trinity. It all depends upon the power back of everything, and my hope for this mission is not that I may teach ministers older than I, but that I may be able to do for some young minister what D. L. Moody did for me, and if I can do that, it would be worth the journey across the sea.

But there is something more. I think I see Simon Peter coming up from the shore in the early morning, and the water is dripping from his fisher's coat. Can any of you tell me what he saw first? You say he saw Jesus! I did

not ask whom did he see. I said, *what* did he see? I do not think it is simply fancy of mine that

THE FIRST THING HE SAW

when he came on shore that morning was the fire of coals burning. Answer me this: Where else in the New Testament is a fire of coals mentioned? There is just one place—John 18:18. Peter stood warming himself, looking straight into the fire, for he never could have looked into anybody's face just then. They tell about a French astronomer who was going out to make some study of the heavens, and looking into the sky, he caught a glimpse of the sun, and, fascinated, he went on gazing at the sun, and they say that it made such an impression on his vision that for a day and a night and a day he never got the sun out of his vision, and I think Peter never got the vision of that fire of coals out of his mind. He stood warming himself, and they said, "You are one of His disciples!" Straight into the fire he looked as he said, "I do not even know Him." Then somebody else said, "Your speech betrays you;" and he said with an oath, "I do not know Him," beginning to curse and to swear. And I think when he came on shore that morning the first thought that came to him was, "I denied Him." If he did, the one thing I am perfectly sure of is this—that he must have dropped on his knees as he said, "Master, I did deny Thee. I did it with an oath." And if he said it, I know Jesus must have stooped down and taken him by the hand and lifted him up, and their hands came together—not as in the olden days, because Jesus' hands were pierced with the nails—and every single sin of Peter's had been blotted out.

The second meeting is at the noontide hour—John 4:6. Jesus is sitting at the well, and the woman comes up, not to speak to Him, but to get water. Can you tell me who began the conversation at that noontide hour? The noontime is a trying time in the Holy Land; the birds hush their singing, the cattles get into the shade of the great rocks, travelers seek shelter from the burning sun, and Jesus went to the well to get a drink. Who began the conversation? Who always begins it? Who began it when you were a sinner? Did you seek Jesus, or did Jesus seek you? I like that hymn we sing in America. I suppose you sing it here in England:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God."

Who spoke first when you were a backslider? Did you seek Him? Jesus turned to the woman and said, "Woman, give Me to drink." I think that is beautiful. We are all the time thinking that He is giving us things. Has He not given me pardon, given me peace, given me forgiveness, given me everything that makes life worth living? One of our great Americans,

JOHN G. WOOLLEY, WAS A DRUNKARD,

and he says that he was staggering along the streets of New York in rags one day, and he came to the corner of a street where he met Jesus Christ face to face. And he says that Jesus Christ stopped him on that street corner in his mad career, and, laying His hand upon his shoulder, He said, "John G. Woolley, do you want help?" and he says he looked up into His face and said, "No, Lord Jesus, I do not want help, but I want You." He has given us everything—pardon and peace and Himself. And what will you give Him? A man says, "I will give Him my time. Why, He holds time in His hands until it bursts into eternity. Mr. Moody used to say: 'He has gold on the streets better than in your banks.' He does not want money. Then some poor man who has neither money nor position drops his head

into his hands and says: "I will give Him myself." That is it. "Give Me to drink," He says, and the best you can give Him is yourself. Then Jesus looked into her face and said, "If thou knewest." "If thou knewest," and suddenly in the midst of their conversation Jesus turns to her and said, "Go, call thy husband." That is why I am speaking of the second meeting with Jesus at noon. Well, that is a singular break. They were not

TALKING ABOUT HUSBANDS.

They were talking about drinking water, and Jesus said, "If thou knewest," and then He said, "Call thy husband." Why did He make that break? Because that was her sin, and He laid His finger upon it. "Get your husband. You call him husband who is not your husband. Get him!" And suddenly the woman saw her sin, and then she saw her Saviour, and she rushed back to the city and said: "Come, see a Man that told me all things that ever I did." I will tell you why you fail as ministers, why you fail as church officers, why you fail as church members, and you will not like what I am going to say. It is sin not confessed. But you know, friends, there is not a sin in my life that He will not make right, not a weakness in my life that He will not reveal, not a shortcoming in my experience that He will not make up for. "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!" Meet Him at the noontide hour. Mr. Spurgeon once said to our great American preacher, Dr. Theodore Cuyler: "If there is ten minutes in the day when I am not as conscious of the presence of Jesus as I am of yours, I go alone to my room and say, 'Oh, Jesus, what have I done to lose the vision?'" Meet Him at noontide. Get alone with Him.

3. Now I come to the last, and, to me, the thing that is most beautiful. John 20:19. It is the evening hour and the disciples are alone in the upper room for fear of the Jews. Their hearts are beating rapidly, and their faces as white as death, when, suddenly, without the door opening, Jesus stands in the midst of them. Now, I want you to watch this. "And He showed them His hands and His side, and He breathed upon them, and He said, As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Now, answer me this: What is the difference between the closed door of a room and the closed door of your heart? If there is a man or a woman in this building that has a chamber in their heart where the door is closed, or a little secret place that you have never given to Jesus, what is the difference? He could go through the door of the room at His will, but He can never pass through the closed door of your heart. You have to bid Him come in. Then He says: As the Father hath sent Me."

"And He breathed upon them." My big college boy came up to kiss me good-by just before I sailed from New York, and as he came near me, I felt his breath upon my cheek, and I knew he was near, but he was not nearer to me that day upon the deck than Jesus is today.

CANNOT YOU FEEL HIS BREATH?

Then listen: If He is breathing out on you, then you breathe in what He breathes out. To keep breathing in and out that is the Christian life.

"And He showed them His hands." That is my last point. He showed them His hand, those powerful marvelous hands that divided the Red Sea for Israel. Those indescribable hands that held God's chosen people all through their wanderings, and brought them safe into God's presence. Those beautiful hands that He had placed on babies' heads to bless them. Those wonderful hands that He laid on men's eyes and said, "See," and the first face they saw was His. Those matchless hands, which stooped down to write a

woman's forgiveness in the dust. He showed them His hands—all scarred and marred. We had a distinguished man who came across to America to Mr. Moody's conference, and Mr. Moody sent him on to my conference. He came from Scotland, and, sitting one day in my home, he told me the story of a titled lady in Scotland who always went about her house with gloved hands. No one had ever seen her go with hands uncovered, not even the servants, until

ONE DAY HER DAUGHTER ENTERED.

her dressing room unexpectedly, and her mother's hands were bare, and she saw that they were all scarred and marred. She started back in alarm, but her mother said: "It is time you knew about these hands, my child. It happened when you were a baby, and the castle was on fire. We thought everybody was out, but we found you had been left behind, and I fought my way back through the flames with these hands until they were all burned. But I found you, and, carrying you to the window, I dropped you down into arms waiting to receive you. Then I had to escape by the window, and started to climb down the trellis-work, but I missed my footing and slipped, and I had to cling on to the trellis-work with my burnt hands. But they were burned and scarred for you—for you." "And," said the gentleman who told me the story, "the daughter made one spring and caught the hands that were all scarred and marred, and burying her face in them, she covered them with kisses, as she said, 'They are beautiful hands, beautiful hands.'" That is what I say about those hands of Jesus. They steadied me when I first came into the kingdom, they guided me when I first thought of preaching, they held me when I preached my first sermon, they soothed me when my heart was aching and well-nigh breaking, they kept me until my heart again was healed and helped, and they hold me still. Beautiful hands! Oh, meet Him in the evening. Never close your eyes in sleep until He takes those hands of His and untangles all the entanglements of the day. I hold Him up before you—Jesus, my adorable Redeemer—and beg you follow Him. Amen.—Selected.

BRITAIN'S BANE.

In the British Isles we have a population of say forty-five millions of people, of which it is calculated that not more than twenty per cent attend any place of worship; and of this number not one-third at present subscribe regularly to the cause of foreign missions. It is surely enough to make any Christian rub his eyes with astonishment and shame to realize that all the people in the kingdom who give to missions could be well accommodated in one fairly large town! And what does this giving amount to? We are spending on missions, that is, on the people who know not God, about two million two hundred thousand pounds per annum, and have sent seven thousand missionaries to do the work of the world, while at home we can afford to subscribe sixteen millions of money for Christian labor and provide forty-two thousand ministers of different denominations to look after the interests of the Kingdom of God in our little islands. Let the contrast have its full force by the recollection that the non-Christians abroad number one thousand millions, compared with which the whole population of our enlightened kingdom is as a drop in a bucket! And before we turn away from these instructive but humiliating statistics, we grieve to recall the awful fact that this forty-five millions of our people are spending eighty millions of money on betting and gambling, at a very low estimate, and one hundred and sixty millions, actual figures, on the liquor traffic!—Selected.

A BLOODLESS RELIGION.

THE popular religion of the present day is a bloodless religion. This is largely the case because of the prevalent rejection of the God-head of Jesus Christ. If Jesus is not God as well as man, then His shed blood did not have that infinite value and efficacy which is absolutely necessary to save man, and thus fallen humanity is at once deprived of its only ground of hope. Satan very well knows this, and therefore uses all his energy and cunning in fighting the doctrine of the Cross. He does not care how much is said or written on the line of morality and good works, so long as the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ is left out of it, for then he is well assured it will never save a soul from hell. But if the atonement is thus robbed of all its power to save, what can fallen man do? Deprived of his only refuge, where, Oh, where shall he fly from the doom that awaits him? To escape from this inextricable dilemma, the next downward step in this unchristian theology is a belabored, but illogical and absurd effort to prove that no atonement is needed; that man is not a totally depraved being; that about all he needs is training and culture. Hence, it is the fashion nowadays to lay great stress on the dignity and grandeur of man. Much is said of the example of Christ, what Christ did, and so forth. This kind of teaching is becoming more and more prominent. No wonder it meets with such favor, for the doctrine of total depravity is a very humbling one, and fallen, proud man is naturally averse to accepting it. Any teaching which will puff him up and aim to show him there is no need of deep repentance and a change of heart will meet with almost universal acceptance.

But what are the facts in the case? God's Word declares "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Man did sin. God's law has been broken, and some one must die, the penalty must be borne by some one—there is no escaping from it, justice must be satisfied. God would belie Himself and traduce His own character if He allowed otherwise. The awful meaning of that slain lamb to the Israelites in Egypt, the object lesson of all those Jewish sacrifices and types of Old Testament time, the crimson stream which flowed from dark Calvary, as well as man's deplorable condition, all point in one loud, emphatic chorus, saying: "Without shedding of blood there is no remission."

This blessed doctrine of the Cross is the very foundation of all man's best and brightest hopes. Without it the present life has naught but bondage, degradation, and shame, and the future has not one single ray of light across its dark path. Oh, the blood, the precious blood! How infinite its value! No doctrine is so absolutely necessary as that of the Cross; no truth which hell hates and fears so much as this, and none which God honors more. It brings peace to the guilty, life to the dead, liberty to the slave, eternal riches to the moral bankrupt, and immortality beyond the grave.

"In the Cross of Christ I'll glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me,
Still it glows with peace and joy." —Sel.

When we call up the central telephone office and there is no answer, we know there is something wrong somewhere. And when silence follows our praying something must be wrong, not with God but with us.—Sel.

THE MESSAGE OF A LIFE.

MANY years ago, in an old French church in Berne, a great choir under the famous old leader, Father Reichel, was having its final rehearsal for the production of the Messiah. The chorus had triumphantly sung through to the place where the soprano solo takes up the refrain, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." The singer was a beautiful woman, whose voice had been faultlessly trained. As the tones came out high and clear, the listeners were filled with wonder at her perfect technique. Her breathing was faultless; her note placing perfect; her enunciation beyond criticism.

After the final note there was a pause and all eyes were turned toward the old conductor to catch his look of approval. Great was the surprise, however, when a sharp tap of the baton was heard, as a command for the orchestra to pause, and with a look of sorrow Father Reichel said to the singer: "My daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer liveth, do you?"

With a flushed face she replied: "Why, yes, I think I do." "Then sing it," he cried. "Sing it from your heart. Tell it to me so I and all who hear you will know, and know that you know the joy and power of it." Then with an imperious gesture he motioned for the orchestra to go over it again.

This time the young woman sang with no thought of herself or of technique and applause from her hearers. She sang the truth that she knew in her heart and experienced in her life, and that she wished to send home to the hearts of the listeners. As the last notes died away there was no wonder at the craftsman's work, but there were quickened hearts that had been moved by the glorious message they heard. The singer stood forgetful of applause, the old master stepped up and with tears in his eyes kissed her on her forehead and said: "You do know, for you have told me."

Are there not many of us who bear the name of Christ who say that we know that our Redeemer liveth, the motive of whose lives is not to give this message to the world? It seems a rather supreme struggle for perfect technique, in performance of life, with the object to attain a standard and to win applause of men. The world may wonder and praise, but the Master is disappointed for he sees that we have failed. If our lives are to carry a true message to make other lives better, we must have this truth in our hearts and then live it in our daily lives. Then the technique will be natural and applause will be a minor consideration. Our Redeemer lives. He is our Redeemer and a Redeemer for all the world. We cannot truly know that our Redeemer liveth unless the whole motive of the song of life is this glad refrain.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

THE SENSE OF THE ETERNAL.

It has been said of the German Herder, that "in his later years he panted after the invisible world, merely because the visible (as he often said) ceased to stimulate him." It is then, indeed, that the soul finds and knows its true home. As the earth on which we live, resting on nothing, is upheld by invisible forces and carried by them easily through the immensities of space; so the soul, detached from its grosser relationships, from its roots in the world, exulting in its new freedom, commits itself joyously to the invisible to which it belongs, secure of being carried by its powers into higher experiences in the holy realms of God.

—Selected.

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EDITORIAL

WEEKLY TEXT.

"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." (Gal. 6:9.)

HE KNOWS:

Dear heart, He knows it all—
The burden that you carry,
The longed-for joys that tarry;
He knows the hope deferred and counts
The lonely tears that fall.
Let not thy faith be shaken,
For thou art not forsaken;
He loves and pities thee, dear heart,
Thy Saviour knows it all.
Yes, Jesus knows and cares!
He hears thy feeblest crying,
And, needful grace supplying,
He sees thy sorrow, feels thy pain,
And all thy anguish shares!
Let this thought, comfort bringing,
Change all thy sighs to singing,
He loves and pities thee, dear heart—
Thy Saviour knows and cares!

—Selected.

We are greatly grieved to hear of the severe illness of Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of London. The dread disease, typhoid fever, is preying upon his life and his condition is indeed critical. We are sure that many will join in the prayer that is going up for his recovery. His life and labors are greatly needed today. It seems that men of his kind were never more needed than at this time. There is an imperative need for men who are standing as he is for the Bible and for the foundation principles of Christianity. England, it seems, has never needed him more than now. In these war times he has been of incalculable aid.

Our missionaries in India are now in the midst of their touring season. They are going to these villages where the gospel has never been preached; then they are going to other villages where they have been before and have sown some seed. We want to ask our friends to pray much for them. They need an especial anointing for this service. Pray that God may break down prejudice and prepare the hearts of the heathen for the reception of the Gospel message.

There is a very urgent need everywhere for prayer. How selfish it would be not to pray for the bereaved, heart-broken families of Europe! We are unable to form a con-

ception of the heartaches, the distress, the suffering that has been brought about by this cruel war. Then shall we not pray that this war may come to an end? Much of the best manhood of these contending countries is being sacrificed. These fine young men are going out to be slaughtered in this terrible manner. Surely Satan is holding high carnival in Europe.

The remainder of the editorial was written by the deceased editor.

WEARY IN WELL DOING.

LET us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." It was said of Christ that He should not fail nor be discouraged until He had set judgment in the earth. A sustained effort requires a constant supply of strength; the hidden fires must be kept burning; if the life is unctuous, daily nutriment must be provided if vigorous service is maintained; half-starved horses cannot pull well; neither can ill-fed Christians work well.

Weariness in well doing may result from a number of causes, some of which we mention:

1. The worker has no root himself; he didn't get a good start; he entered the race without considering the distance, and enlisted for the war without counting the cost; and when testings come they fall away because they have no root in themselves.

2. People weary in well doing who walk by sight rather than by faith; they want to see something going on. When the results of their labors are visible, they are in an exultant mood. But when it is theirs to prepare the soil and sow the seed, with not even a tiny bud in sight, they become discouraged. Ah! how little we know what we are doing, and what poor judges we are of results. Sometimes we call ill good and good ill; our greatest blessings come to us amid the thickest shadows. "All these things are against me," exclaimed Jacob, when his sons had returned from Egypt and reported the status of things there. He judged by appearances, and they who thus do will often be cast down when they should be rejoicing. Instead of everything being against him, God, in a most marvelous way, was turning all to his advantage, and just ahead of him lay one of the most joyous experiences of his long and varied life.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace.
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

All discouragement is of the devil and results from not walking by faith. We may see or we may not see, it matters not—God is true. The seemings are often against us; it looks at times as if we were accomplishing nothing, but we should press steadily onward, neither unduly elated or depressed, "knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Inner decay—a decline in things spiritual—causes us to weary in well doing, but loss of spiritual vigor is followed by a corresponding decline in spiritual effort. We must "be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," if we "do exploits" for Him. Weaklings are soon exhausted; babes cannot do the work of adults; the majority of those who wear the name of Christ are sickly, and spend most of their time in the hospital. They haven't the soul health essential for strenuous and continued service; they soon weary in well doing.

Weariness in the work of the Lord will only cease when they learn to walk in the Spirit. The sad failure of so many

to go farther in service than that rendered by mere infancy in Christ is the cause of the deplorable state of things so prevalent among professing Christians. Like children, they soon grow weary and quit.

An old gentleman arose in a meeting and said he hoped that in the revival which they were contemplating a great number would be born into the family of God. Whereupon a deeply spiritual woman said: "If any more children are born into this church, I don't know where we would put them; every cradle in the church now has a baby in it." Ah! that's the trouble—cradles full of babies, ten, twenty, thirty, and forty-year-old babies, who must be nursed and in every way cared for, thus consuming the time of the spiritual-minded.

Weariness in well doing is prevented by daily walking with God. It is a spiritual defect, and can only be remedied by building up the spiritual health. Mere beating and slashing the church around will not do; they must be fed until they "grow up as calves of the stall," and become "fat and flourishing in the courts of our Lord."


4. A misapprehension of God's purpose for the age may cause us to weary in well doing. They who are working with the expectation of seeing the world converted in this age are doomed to disappointment. The Scriptures do not promise it. This is an age of outgathering; the Gospel must be preached to all nations for a witness, and then shall the end come of the age, as we understand it—the time when the dispensation will change and Christ shall set up His kingdom on the earth.

The Holy Spirit is now brooding over the earth, convicting people of sin and moving them Christward. Those who yield and accept the Lord Jesus will be indwelt by the Spirit, and equipped for a glorious ministry hereafter. (Eph. 2:7.)

A grasp on the plan of the ages—understanding at least something of God's purposes for this age—is a wonderful encouragement to us. The weary centuries have dragged along, and yet, comparatively speaking, only a few have bowed the knee to Christ, but we are toiling on in joyous expectancy that by and by the work of witnessing will be accomplished and that the dispensation will change; the Lord will return; Satan will be bound, and the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. What a mighty incentive it is to us to be up and doing, witnessing in the power of the Spirit and sending the gospel throughout the whole earth that as many as possible may accept it and be disciplined for the ages to come.

Glory to God! What a privilege to have part in such a work! It stirs us to the very depths and inspires every effort. We are a part in a wondrous plan, and instead of the Lord's service being wearisome, how we should delight in living at a time like this and assisting in the out-gathering of the blood-washed army, preparatory of the coming of the King, followed by the millennial reign and then the age of universal righteousness, when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." (Rev. 21:4.) Nevertheless, we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. "Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him, in grace without spot and blameless." (2 Pet. 3:13, 14.)

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He,
And I walked, in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.—Sel.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

PRAYER FORCES.

Prayer brings things to pass that would not otherwise happen. It is much easier to excel in songs, sermons, or other forms of Christian work than in prayer. We believe that skilled prayers are few. How few of us really heed the following exhortation:

"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men;

"For kings and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

"For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior;

"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. 2:1-4.)

We are often too busy or too indifferent to pray for any except those who are in some special way thrust upon us. What a need for a revival of the ministry of intercession. A missionary, writing from Japan, says:

"Your prayers are almost everything to us. Often the mails are delayed, and we may be weeks letterless, as in many another land they are months; but the prayers come *via* heaven, and God forwards the answers straight to us. Dear friends, will you not send us *ever so many* prayer telegrams? Pray for us whenever you think of us, turning thought into prayer, and now that not one ever miscarries. Nor will the answer come too late."

THE CROSS

"In apostolic days men advocated a Gospel without the Cross. But St. Paul would have none of it. In the fourth century Arius taught a Christianity without a perfectly divine Savior, and the Church would not have it. In the fifteenth century the Renaissance, intoxicated by the discovery of Greek and Roman literature, despised the 'jargon of St. Paul,' and would have paganized Christianity, but the Reformation brought northern Europe back to the Scriptures and to the Christ. Today men are proclaiming a Gospel without the supernatural. They are asking us to be content with a perfect human Christ; with a Bethlehem where no miracle was wrought; with a Calvary which saw sublime self-sacrifice, but no atonement for sin; with a sepulcher from which no angel's hand rolled away the stone. But we must have none of it. We will hold fast, we will transmit the faith once for all delivered to the saints. We will hand down to our children, we will proclaim to all the tribes of the earth, Christ Incarnate, Atoning, Risen, Ascending, our Intercessor at God's right hand, waiting to come again to judge the quick and the dead."

These are weighty words—such as we should hear from the lips of every religious teacher. The Cross reveals the heinousness of sin, and that none but a divine being could atone for it. Salvation is ours through what He then did. The Son of God, by being made sin—taking the place of sin suffered the pangs of spiritual death, or separation from God, so that we might be united to God. There must be no muncing of matters here; this goody-goody talk about the Lord Jesus dying just to set us an example is the veriest nonsense. He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; that is just as the world all sinned in Adam, its federal head, it is reconciled unto God in Christ, and men are lost now-a-days for the rejection of this great salvation as provided in Jesus Christ. All are born in a saved state, judicially, by virtue of the atonement, and remain so until they come to the years of accountability, at which time they either accept or reject the Lord Jesus.

Memorial Service for J. O. McClurkan

At the recent annual convention of the Pentecostal-Mission the service on Sunday at eleven o'clock was a memorial service for Rev. James O. McClurkan; who has been its chairman from the time that it has had its existence. How fitting that this hour should have been spent in this manner. He has always been the moving spirit of these annual gatherings. Other men have preached. Men of ability and of oratorical gifts were present to speak, but he was the life of the services. The one who was everywhere present to welcome, to encourage, to give spiritual tone, and under God to direct and to ensure success. He loved these meetings and spared no effort nor sacrifice to make them a blessing.

The large platform of the Pentecostal Tabernacle was filled with the students and teachers of Trevecca College, also all former students of the college who were present were seated on the platform. These students and co-workers formed a large chorus and for the opening hymn they sang with a tone of victory that song so loved by their departed friend—

"Our Lord is coming back to earth again."

Rev. J. J. Rye led in the opening prayer. The other hymns sung were: "The Eastern Gate," "There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus," "Amazing Grace," and "Only Wait." This last hymn was sung by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Benson. It was the habit of Brother McClurkan when the burdens were heavy to call for Mr. and Mrs. Benson to sing this song in the services. The other songs were especial favorites of his.

It was fitting that Mr. Ransom, who had been so closely associated with Brother McClurkan in this work, should preside at this service. The first speaker was Mr. E. W. Thompson of Nashville who was a helper in the beginning of the work of the Pentecostal Mission in this city and who spoke of Brother McClurkan in this connection as follows:

"I remember so well the first time I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing our beloved pastor. It was shortly after a summer tent campaign had closed, he being in the city, was asked to conduct a service at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Eighth Avenue, South. He took some Scripture connected with David for the subject of his thoughts. He spoke of this lad with the smooth pebbles out of the brook and his shepherd's bag and sling, also of the mighty armies of the Philistines, and how it was that this lad with God directing and backing him defied the mighty armies of the enemy. I remember so well how his message thrilled my heart. When the tent campaign was closed out, a committee was appointed to provide ways and means for promoting, and taking care of the work which had been done in these revivals, two of the most successful of which had been conducted by our departed leader. I being a member of this committee, with Brother Ransom and Brother McClurkan, sought out a place to carry on the work. We first located for a few weeks in the Conservatory of Music on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Cedar Street. I remember so well the building and the few services that were conducted there. While there were only a few of us at that time, God was with us in a blessed way and we felt that His Holy Spirit was leading. He gave us a few unusually helpful services in this building. We then went to South Nashville and God gave us a gracious revival in the Methodist Church, which lasted three or four weeks. I remember so well how all South Nashville was stirred in this meeting, and how the

people came in from the country for miles to enjoy the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit under the leadership of this man of God. Another Methodist Church in North Nashville, of which Rev. S. M. Cherry was pastor, was opened to us and there the Lord graciously manifested His power in the salvation and sanctification of a number of souls. The memory of these services still brings great blessing to my heart. God wonderfully used his servant in directing the meeting and proclaiming the Truth.

From this meeting we went to old Tulip Street church on Fifth Street, in East Nashville. This church had not been used for several years. How well I remember cleaning the windows, making some necessary repairs, sweeping out and cleaning the building preparatory for the services. The sweetest memory of all is how God met with us in that old building, graciously setting His seal of approval upon the work. Souls were saved, others reclaimed, and others sanctified in almost every service. In this building our departed brother, E. H. Wellburn, was led into the Canaan experience. We all remember how faithfully he stood by the work until God called him up higher. Also our Brother and Sister Benson, who have been so faithful to the work of these years, were led into the light; and Brother Tim H. Moore and others were led into the sanctified experience and became actively identified with the work. How blessed are the memories that cling about the work in these early days. I remember Aunt Puss Garrett, who shouted the praise of God in all of these meetings, and was enabled by His grace to thank Him for blindness. We know that she is now in heaven, where the vision is clear.

About this time God put the paper, LIVING WATER, into the hands of our departed editor and a few of his friends who got under the responsibility of financing the same with him. I do not need to mention the signal way in which God's blessing has rested upon LIVING WATER from that time until now, and how God has used this paper as a channel of blessing to multitudes of hungry hearts.

From Tulip Street the work moved to the Hinds School Building, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Joe Johnston, which had been secured for the purpose of carrying on the work.

Brother McClurkan had God's call in his heart to open a school for training young men and young women for the special work to which God was calling them in this great movement that was sweeping over the land.

The printing press, the school, and the chapel were all brought together in this building. Many of us remember how signally God's hand rested upon the work in this place. Street meetings were conducted at different points in the city, and God wonderfully poured out His Spirit upon the school in its infancy, and upon the general missionary work which was being done. While in this place God called a number of our beloved workers to the foreign field and graciously opened the way for this work to be carried on. The work continued to enlarge so rapidly that it was necessary to secure other quarters, consequently this building was exchanged for the one in which we are now worshipping. We all know how graciously God has poured out His Spirit upon the work in this building.

A word in regard to the success of this work. We shall never know until we get to heaven what a great blessing this consecrated life has been to the world. We feel that his efforts have been felt around the world; and although God in His mercy has seen fit to take him to heaven, the

work which has been so successfully carried on will continue to blossom and bear fruit throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity."

Rev. W. M. Tidwell, of Chattanooga, who was one of the first students of the school, spoke of those beginnings and of their influence on his life as follows:

"About 1910 I felt that the Lord would have me enter a Bible school. Various schools were suggested, none of which I felt clear to enter. I had never met Bro. McClurkan, but had known of him for years. So while looking to the Lord for direction felt impressed to visit Bro. McClurkan and his work in Nashville. So I came and after we had talked together Bro. McClurkan prayed. I have never forgotten that prayer. It has been an inspiration to me from that time until now. After the prayer it was all settled. I felt clear that God would have me there.

The school was small at that time. Very nearly all, if not all, who attended were preparing for Christian work either in the home or foreign fields. It was a blessed place. The atmosphere was like heaven. Such gracious harmony and sweet fellowship pervaded the place. A company of kindred spirits had come together to learn of God and prepare for effective service in the vineyard of the Master. Bro. McClurkan's talks were indeed wonderful. They were instructive, spiritual, inspiring and always new. We were in the school four years and do not remember ever to have heard him make the same talk twice. He was inexhaustible. He seemed to draw from God's eternal storehouse of truth.

Often he came to me and said: "Bro. Tidwell, if you like I would be glad to have you go with me to see some sick people." Of course I was delighted to go. Often before we returned it seemed to me we had gone almost ~~all over the~~ ~~trip.~~ ~~We would go into stores, shops, homes, and anywhere~~ ~~needy souls were to be found.~~ I had never done work of this kind, and so I sincerely thank God for having had the privilege of going with this earnest, holy man in this ministry of personal work.

His life and teaching while in school were to me of untold value, and just now my heart goes up to God in profound gratitude for the blessing that came to me because of having known dear Bro. McClurkan. He has gone to his rich reward. Many will greet him over there and say, "It was you who invited me here." God help us all, like our departed brother, to be faithful and true until the battle is over."

The next two speakers were students of recent years. Mr. H. H. Wise spoke of Brother McClurkan's influence upon the life of the students from the standpoint of service, and Mr. S. W. Strickland of his personal relation to student life.

Wise's talk:

"On the night of November 15, 1908, I, as a poor discouraged boy, walked into the office of Brother McClurkan for the first time. With his usual smile and hearty welcome he greeted me and after a few words he prayed. Somehow I never got over that greeting. These six years it has been my happy privilege to be closely associated with him. Having no earthly father, I have looked to him as both spiritual and earthly father, confiding in him as in no other man. He has always given me the best counsel, and if there is one thing in life I praise God for—outside of Jesus—it is for permitting me to come in contact with Brother McClurkan.

He was a man with not only a remarkable personality, but with a vision bringing such a burden for this needy world that pushed him forward in the Master's work. Like Jesus, he saw the good in people. When Jesus beheld Mat-

them, it was not the despised tax collector he saw, but a winsome, Gospel writer.

"When Brother McClurkan beheld the city's boarding houses crowded with people, to him it was not a crowd of non-church going, sinful men, but he saw lonesome men away from home, wife or mother, and underneath all faults, beautiful characters if only touched by the Master. Thus his students were continually admonished to visit these places, to sing, and to invite them to church.

"In livery stables where, as a rule, men congregate and spend their idle hours the vision caused him to see—not as most of us do—but men who could be won for Jesus, so these places were visited, scattering invitation cards with remarkable success.

"In looking through prison bars, the hard faced criminal appealed to his great heart. He saw poor, pitiable sin-deceived men and underneath the outer surface he saw the good in them; and best of it all, he always saw a way to win them. Students were sent regularly to these places to preach the Gospel. He believed in men, and, like the Master, he went about touching men in all avocations of life. That was one of the secrets of his success. He had the ability to adapt himself to all conditions.

"When the end came we could hardly believe it. As we came in from work—with such a lonesome feeling—and knelt by our bedside to shed a few tears our soul cried out, Oh, God, let some of his spirit fall on us.

"They passed by—a continual stream—and viewed his body as it lay here. Jew, Gentile, colored and all. Especially would we place this little rose at his feet—an aged man, crippled and bent, came tottering along. As he came to the casket he put on two pair of glasses and upon reviewing the body he cried like a child, ~~marking that some twenty years~~ ago, he a wicked sinner, was brought to God under this man's ministry. Friend, he is gone. We shall see him no more until the resurrection. The church of God has lost a great soul. He went home, loaded to the water's edge as was his desire.

"They came from the icy north and leaned upon him with their loads. The South's fair sons and daughters came to him with their heavy burdens. The West sent her children to learn at his feet and trust him for help. The East, even the far East, was looking to this man for help until altogether with the load so heavy and the burden so great he fell beneath it.

"It rests with us who remain as to what will become of the load, and I believe he would be pleased to have me insist that each of us get underneath the burden and push the work for the Master. By help Divine I want to do my best. Peace to his memory."

Mr. Strickland's talk:

"Several years ago Brother McClurkan conceived the idea of establishing a school for the education of Christian young men and young women. To this end he devoted the best energies of several years, until the glad summons came to come up higher. As an educator Brother McClurkan possessed two fundamental principles of success: a charming personality and a spirit of self-sacrifice. The former trait caused those who knew him to love him, and it attracted a large student body from both far and near. His sweet spirit held the student body captive to the school. All enjoyed equally his fatherly care and counsel and were ever eager to receive the words that fell from his masterly lips. His boundless sacrifice for the student body was forcibly felt and profoundly appreciated. Most gladly would he seat the student in his own chair and give to him his own plate at the table if necessary. No student could help feeling that Broth-

had that other necessary qualification, the ability to inspire his co-workers with the same ideals which dominated his own life. He molded lives, He left his imprint so that no man or woman who worked with him led just the same life he was leading before. His energies were directed into other channels; its course clearly and markedly changed. Why are our people a missionary people? It is because, years ago, amid the joyous shouts of our camp-meetings, he called us away from thoughts of our own victory in Christ to a world sitting in darkness. While other camps were entirely given to the great work of getting people saved, and sanctified, in his meetings one or two days were always set apart as missionary days. Returned missionaries held the services; and nothing was left undone to bring earth's heathen millions before the people. His heart burned for those whom he never saw, and the flames kindled fires in hundreds of other hearts, fires which are glowing, and warming today, in India, China, Cuba, Central and South America.

He was a man of prayer, and he made his people, and students a praying band. If you were associated with him, you must learn to pray if you were to feel at home in the work. He was a man of untiring energy. Every activity of his being was gladly laid upon the altar of service to God. He taught people how to work. He inspired new ideals of Christian service. He believed that God sanctified men, not that they might selfishly enjoy the blessing, but that they might better go about their Father's business. God had wonderfully endowed him with the ability to train others. It was the burning desire of his heart that his people and students be trained of God to work around the altar, in the congregation, in homes; that they learn to pray the power down, and use the Word in the home. He kept those about him in a COLLEGE NOTES, pouring out his very life in his efforts to make them workmen approved of God. It has been a marvellous privilege to sit under this teaching three years; to be in this school of training. What are we going to do with the opportunities which this teaching and training have fitted us for? From the depths of my heart I praise God for the inestimable privilege of coming in contact with His servant. And by His grace and help I am resolved to put forth the best efforts of my life in the time which remains to me.

The closing talk of the service was by Mr. John T. Benson, who knew Brother McClurkan so intimately and loved him very tenderly. He spoke thus:

"Many of the friends in speaking of the life of our deceased brother have called attention to the varied gifts that he possessed. Some have spoken of him as a gifted preacher, some as a brilliant teacher, others have emphasized his life as a pastor and friend, some have called attention to his executive ability and the fact that he could govern men without their knowing it. All of these are excellent in themselves. There is one trait, however, that very little, if anything, has been said about. It is the one thing that seems to me has endeared him so much to the people, and the one thing in which he excelled and was so different from the large majority of Christians.

"I speak of the humility of the man. Many have been great as preachers, teachers, pastors, and leaders of men. Some even have all these gifts, but there are few who have added this virtue that I speak of. Jesus said that He was 'meek and lowly of heart.' I have never known a man who had this characteristic more fully developed than Brother McClurkan. How often have I seen him do things and then hide himself out so that it wouldn't be known that he had anything to do with it.

"We heard it said the other day that it took Nashville fifteen years to learn that he was here. I am sure that all of you who know him and his work will agree that what he has done has been done without any blare of tumpets.

"God alone knows his labor of love, his self-sacrifice, his willingness to spend and be spent for the good of others. Eternity will reveal all this. His treasures were laid up in heaven.

"For years he was compelled to live a very lonely life so far as ministerial friends were concerned. On one or two occasions he has unburdened himself to me and told me what this meant: He craved their fellowship and companionship, and I am sure that during the last year or two of his life they came to recognize the true worth of the man and accorded him his proper place. I commend to you, his congregation, this so rare a virtue, that of doing the Lord's work and hiding yourself away so completely that no one would know who did it. I exhort you to follow his example, and when others get the credit and are preferred before you undeservedly, that you stand quietly by and uncomplainingly see the honor belonging to you go to some one else.

How fitting, and specially significant, that at the close of this service an offering should be made for missions. No cause was nearer the heart of our departed friend, and on these convention occasions he was so interested in the missionary offerings. The Regions Beyond appealed to him because he, like his Christ, loved the will of the Father. He bore upon his heart a burden for lost men everywhere thus the heathen world had a large share of his interest, his sympathy, his means, and his prayers. Who will take up this burden that he has laid down?

On Sunday night a large audience gathered early for the opening service. ~~At the regular order of~~ ~~opening service~~ ~~the~~ ~~regular~~ ~~order~~ ~~of~~ ~~opening~~ ~~service~~ ~~the~~ ~~convention~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~whole~~ ~~going~~ ~~into~~ ~~a~~ ~~memorial~~ ~~testimony~~ ~~service~~ ~~for~~ ~~Brother~~ ~~McClurkan~~. This part of the program was opened by singing "Some Golden Daybreak." We shall never forget the sacred influences of that hour, nor the sweetness of this beautiful hymn, sung softly by the large body of students.

Some day the light of earth shall fade away,
And I at last shall cease to roam;
Then burdens I have borne I down shall lay;
Some golden daybreak in my home, sweet home.

CHORUS

Some golden daybreak, some golden daybreak
I shall ever cease to roam;
Some golden daybreak, some golden daybreak
I shall reach my home, sweet home.

That golden daybreak I can almost see,
A veil but thinly intervenes;
Soon at the gates eternal I shall be
To gaze upon those fair, celestial scenes.

The hills of Paradise with purple gleam,
The zephyrs ever softly play,
And all is fairer than the fairest dreams
When breaks at last that glad eternal day.

The exercises of the morning hour had been confined to a few speakers. At this time an opportunity was given to any who desired to say a few words. The responses were many and from sincere hearts. One young preacher said: "I was a poor, country boy up in Pennsylvania. I longed for an education that I might make my life count more for God. Hearing of the Bible school, I wrote Bro. McClurkan, telling him of my longings, and of my small amount of money. He wrote me to come at once, and in a few days I was in his office. He laid his hand on my head and prayed.

I have never gotten away from the prayer of this man of God. Whatever fruitfulness is in my ministry is largely due to him."

A young woman said: "Only those of us who sat daily in his class can realize what a wonderful Bible teacher he was. Yet, great as he was as a teacher, his life spoke even more emphatically and more wonderfully. I shall never cease to praise God for knowing this man who prayed for us and *lived the life.*"

Still another man said: "I was a farmer boy, walking between the plow handles. I heard Bro. McClurkan preach in a meeting near my home. The Lord saved, sanctified and called me to preach. I came to Nashville, feeling I must get a training I did not have. In his office Bro. McClurkan *prayed with me.* That prayer follows me today. I sat under his teaching four years, and today am pushing the battle for my Master."

Another evangelist said: "I came to the city to enter a certain school. By mistake I was directed to Trevecca. Bro. McClurkan directed me to the other school, *praying with me* before I went. That prayer settled matters for me. I felt that God wanted me to prepare for Christian work under a man who knew how to pray."

Another preacher spoke as follows: "I often came to this man of God with my problems. He would talk with me and then say: *We will pray about it. He always prayed, and he always touched the throne.*"

Those of us who listened to one testimony after another were struck with the oft-repeated phrase: "He prayed with me." Beloved, let us pray more. We cannot all be preachers, or singers, or writers for God. But we can be men and women of prayer.

The testimony service was closed by singing, "HALLELUJAH! WE SHALL RISE."

"In the resurrection morning,
What a meeting it will be,
When our fathers and our mothers
And our loved ones we shall see.
We shall rise, we shall rise!
In the resurrection morning,
When death's prison bars are broken,
Hallelujah! in that morning we shall rise."

We praise God for the hope we have of meeting our brother in that morning. Until then, let us be men and women of faith, of service, and of prayer.

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FIELD NOTES

Mrs. Olive Rife is holding services near White Bluff, Tenn.

Rev. Andrew Johnson is engaged in revival work at Conway, Ark.

Rev. Bud Robinson is on a revival campaign in Alabama and Georgia.

Alonzo Parrott is preaching for the Pentecostal Mission at Franklin, Tenn.

W. M. Tidwell is having a most successful year in his work in Chattanooga, Tenn. The Lord is richly blessing, especially in the salvation of the people.

Revs. Will Huff and W. B. Yates have just closed a three weeks revival campaign at Springfield, Tenn. These meetings were held with the Holiness congregation of which Rev. Kegerize is pastor.

Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, of Louisville, Ky., held revival services in the Pentecostal Tabernacle, Nashville, last week. Souls were saved, reclaimed, sanctified, and the people were

TREVECCA COLLEGE NOTES.

Revs. Will Huff and W. B. Yates made a hurried call a few days ago.

John Elmore has some Sunday preaching places in the adjoining counties.

S. W. Strickland is pastoring at Murfreesboro and keeping up his college work.

H. A. Hamby is preaching at Decherd and McMinnville in addition to his school work.

Some of the young women are doing hospital visitation and are greatly enjoying it because it is a means of blessing to those in distress.

Miss McCormick is assisting E. W. Thompson in one of his North Nashville missions, and W. R. and Robert French are assisting in another of these missions.

Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, of Louisville, Ky., has been lecturing to the students. He is a most instructive and helpful Bible teacher. His lessons on prayer have been a great inspiration.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

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SOWING AND REAPING (TEMPERANCE.)

LESSON FOR SUNDAY NOVEMBER 8.

GAL. 6:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7.

V. 1. "If," is also translated "although." "If," suggests the possibility of a brother being overtaken in a fault; "although," is a suggestion to the one who should restore the erring one—a call to mercy and consideration, and a reminder that we must not expect "a man" to be beyond the possibility of failure even though he be a brother in Christ. Although a *Christian* (from whom we rightfully expect success) fail, do not be harsh and unmerciful, but helpful. "Overtaken" (surprised—Alford) indicates a going down under a sudden and unexpected temptation, rather than a deliberate yielding, though it may apply to both. Believers are either carnal or spiritual (1 Cor. 3:1) according as the flesh or the Spirit has the rule in, and over, them. This shows why the "spiritual" are told to restore the overtaken brother. They are evidently more fitted for it. Yet even such are commanded to act in meekness and not in a severe harshness or self-sufficiency. Even the spiritual one who should restore the erring one needs, in doing so, to remember that he also, in spite of his larger grace, may be overtaken. His own superiority and security is in a safe place to restore another. If a man has backslidden and gone into drunkenness and you are trying to bring him back to God, meekly remember that you also may be tempted to drink and only through Christ could you prevail against it.

V. 2. "Burdens" are various. The man who is overtaken in a fault has upon him the burden of his failure. Sorrow, discouragement, despair (as well as guilt) may be upon him and he needs someone to encourage him and to get under his burden by sympathy and prayer, that he may go free from his burden. And people may be burdened by perplexity, responsibility, conflict, temptation, and need some one to bear the burden with them by helping them to believe and to "pray through." And as regards wrong burdens (such as worry, anxiety, fear, discouragement—all of unbelief) there is a sense in which we can bear such by helping one so to believe and obey that the burden will be gotten rid of. "The law of Christ" is the law of self-sacrificing, humble love—ready to relieve others though at personal expense, trouble, loss.

V. 3. "Himself," is to have the emphasis. Paul refers to conceit, self-exaltation, self-sufficiency, for these lead people to think they are something in, and of, themselves and even to be exalted on account of their grace. But a man's thinking he is something does not make him something nor remove his nothingness. If a soap bubble could think itself a solid gold ball that would not make it gold nor even stop it being a mere soap bubble, though it should be deceived into thinking so. How many deceived people there are because they think themselves something!

V. 4. The conceited thought of v. 3 is apt to come by a person comparing himself with, and looking down upon, someone who has fallen. Hence, each one is to put his own

work, his *own* life's course, to the test, without comparing it with another's, and see how much he has to boast of in himself alone and not in his superiority to another.

V. 5. As regards a person's own work (on all lines of what he does), each one bears the load of *that* because he is responsible for it, and cannot build himself up if he is not as bad off as another. Each one of us must give account of himself to God. (Rom. 14:12).

V. 6. The fact that salvation is of free grace does not mean that the people, who are called to give up all their time to preaching and teaching, have no expenses to meet. Those who receive spiritual food and spiritual clothing through the ministry of another are to do their part in helping to feed and clothe materially the one who ministers to them.

V. 8. This verse is suggested, or unfolds from, the former. "All good things," are those in a wrong or in a right way. People may be deceived and use them wrongly, but God is not mocked (or sneered at), finally, by anyone being to say he sowed one thing and reaped another for he will reap exactly as he sowed. Sowing "to his flesh" takes place whenever one uses his time, money, goods, etc., for selfish, wordly, carnal, sinful things. It is following the promptings of the flesh and, as the flesh is corruptible, it follows that the results, or harvest, will be also. The gratification, pleasure, enjoyment that come from such a course soon pass away. The only way to get an enduring result is to act in accord with the Spirit's promptings and teachings as given in the Word.

V. 9. This sowing for an enduring harvest is to be continuous. It involves difficulties, opposition and much to discourage. It also is sometimes quite hard. Hence the exhortation, "be not weary in well-doing." When tempted thus we should look to God for refreshment, help, encouragement. The harvests of earth come in due time (not before), and so will the one for eternity. In both man has to do his part faithfully and wait for the results. In this sowing for an eternal harvest the results are surer than in nature, for in nature crops often fail of a harvest entirely, while this harvest (unless we get weary and stop. Then all labor *may go for naught*) the result is sure. The same fact applies to the harvest of corruption. It also is sure.

V. 10. Here is a practical exhortation and illustration, too, based upon the foregoing principles. To do good to all, especially to God's people, is to sow to the Spirit and reap life everlasting—that is, a harvest that pertains to, and endures unto, life everlasting.

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