

# LIVING WATER

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

J. O. McCLURKAN, EDITOR.  
Vol. XV

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, JUNE 1, 1905.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE  
No 22

## Early Incidents in the Life of J. Hudson Taylor

From "A Short Sketch of the China Inland Mission" BY MARY REED

The story of the China Inland Mission is so closely connected with Mr. Taylor's own life that we have thought it best to give in detail several incidents that occurred prior to his first departure to China, as they show how wonderfully God led His servant to trust Him fully, and to live in entire dependence upon Him.

It is interesting to know that the heart of Mr. Taylor's father was once deeply stirred as to the needs of China; his own circumstances made it impossible for him to go to that heathen land himself, so he was led to pray that God would call his son in his stead.

Mr. Taylor's conversion was a remarkable answer to prayer. One afternoon he took up an interesting-looking tract to pass the time, intending to read the "story," and leave the "sermon" at the end. He was in a skeptical state of mind, but God's Spirit used an expression which he read in the tract to his conversion, and he was soon praising God in the old warehouse to which he had retired. The same afternoon Mr. Taylor's mother, 70 or 80 miles away, had gone to her room with an intense longing for her son's conversion; she gave herself to prayer, and resolved not to cease until she was assured of the answer. Hour after hour she pleaded with God until at length she could but praise Him, so strong was her conviction that she was heard. And the event proved how well grounded was her confidence.

Not many months after his conversion Mr. Taylor dates the time when he definitely consecrated all to God; it was a deeply solemn hour, and though but sixteen, his whole soul was filled with unspeakable awe and joy, as he was conscious that his surrender was accepted.

Within a short time of his consecration Mr. Taylor's eyes were turned to China, and he felt sure that his life service was to be for that great empire; as this impression grew stronger, he sought to prepare himself, in every possible way, for missionary work. He read all the books on China accessible to him, and finding that medical knowledge would be of much use, after a time of preparatory study at home, he went to Hull for medical and surgical training.

Referring to this time Mr. Taylor wrote:—  
"Having the twofold object before me of ac-

customing myself to endure hardness, and of economizing in order to be able to assist more largely the needy ones among whom I spent a good deal of time laboring in the Gospel, I soon found that I could live at home for very much less than I had any conception of. Butter and milk, and expensive luxuries, such as bread and meat, I soon got rid of; and I found that by living mainly on oatmeal and rice, with occasional changes, a very small sum would suffice. In this way I had more than



J. HUDSON TAYLOR

two-thirds of my income available for works of mercy and religious purposes; and I found that the less I consumed and the more I gave away, the fuller of happiness and blessing did I become. Unspeakable joy all the day long, and every day, was my happy experience. God, even my God, was a living, bright reality, and all I had to do was joyful service.

"It was a very grave thought, however, to my mind to contemplate going out to China, far away from all human aid, and there to depend alone on the living God for protection, supplies, and helps of every kind. I felt that one's spiritual muscles required strengthening. There was no doubt that if one's faith did not fail, God would not fail; but then, what if one's faith did fail? I had not then

learned that 'If we believe not, He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself;' and consequently it was a very serious question, not whether He was faithful, but whether I had strong enough faith to warrant my embarking in the enterprise set before me.

"I thought to myself, 'When I get out there I shall have no claim on anyone for anything—my claim will alone be on God; and I must learn, before I leave England, to move man, through God, by prayer alone.' My kind employer wished me, as he was busily occupied, always to remind him when my salary became due. I determined not to do so directly, but to ask God to bring the fact to his recollection, and thus to encourage me by answering prayer. As the time drew near for my receiving a quarter's salary, I was much in prayer about it. The day arrived, but my kind friend made no allusion to it. I continued praying, and days passed on, but he did not remember, until at length, on settling up my weekly accounts on Saturday night, I found myself possessed of only half-a-crown, and that half-a-crown happened to be in one coin.

"Still, I had hitherto had no lack, and I continued in prayer. The Sunday was a happy one. As usual, my heart was full and brimming over with blessing. After attending the service in the morning, my afternoons and evenings were filled with gospel work in the various lodging houses that I was accustomed to visit in the lowest part of town. It always seemed to me as if heaven was begun below, and that all that could be looked for was an enlargement of one's capacity for joy, not a truer filling than I already possessed. After I had concluded my last service, about ten o'clock at night, a poor man asked me to go and pray with his wife, stating she was dying. I agreed, and on my way to his house asked him why he had not been for the priest, as his accent told me he was an Irishman. He had been, he said, but the priest had refused to come without being paid one shilling and six-pence, which he did not possess, as the family was starving. It at once occurred to my mind that all I had in the world was this solitary half-a-crown, and that, while the basin of water-gruel that I usually took for my supper was awaiting me, and there was sufficient in the house for break-

fast, I had nothing for dinner next day. Somehow or other there was a stoppage in the flow of joy in my heart; but instead of reproving myself, I began to reprove the old man, and to tell him it was very wrong of him to let matters get into such a state as he described—that he ought to have gone to the relieving officer. He had been, he said, and had been told to come at eleven o'clock the next morning, but he feared his wife might not live so long. 'Ah,' I thought, 'if I had only two shillings and a sixpence, instead of half-a-crown, how gladly would I give these poor people one shilling of it!' But to part with the half-a-crown was far from my thoughts. I little dreamed that the real meaning of this feeling was this—I would trust God with one shilling and sixpence, but I was not prepared to trust Him without any money at all in my pocket.

"My conductor led me into a court, down which I followed him with some nervousness. I had been there before, and had been at the last visit so roughly handled, while my tracts were torn to pieces, and I had received such a warning not to come again, that I felt more than a little concerned; still, it was the path of duty, and I followed on. Up a miserable flight of stairs, into a wretched room, he led me, and oh, what a sight presented itself to my eye! four or five poor children stood about, their sunken cheeks and temples and eyes telling an unmistakable story of slow starvation; they had evidently had little food for a long time, and lying on a wretched pallet was a poor, exhausted mother, with a little infant thirty-six hours old, moaning, rather than crying, at her side, for it, too, seemed spent and exhausted. 'Ah,' thought I, 'if I had two shillings and a sixpence, instead of a half-a-crown, how gladly they should have one shilling and a sixpence of it!' But still a wretched unbelief practically prevented me from obeying the impulse of relieving their distress at the cost of all I had. You will not think it strange that I was not able to say very much to comfort these poor-people. I needed comfort myself! I began to tell them that they must not be cast down, that though their circumstances were very distressing, there was a kind and loving Father in heaven; but something said within, 'You hypocrite! You to tell these unconverted people about a kind and loving Father in heaven, with half-a-crown in your pocket, and you not prepared to trust

Him with half-a-crown!' I was nearly choked, how gladly I would have compromised with conscience if I had had a florin and a sixpence! I would have given the florin and kept the sixpence, for I was not yet prepared to trust God without the sixpence.

"To talk was impossible under these circumstances; yet, strange to say, I thought I should have no difficulty in praying! Prayer was a delightful exercise to me then, and I seemed to think that all I should have to do would be to kneel down and engage in prayer, and that relief would come to them and to myself. 'You asked me to come and pray with your wife,' I said to the man—'Let us pray,' and I knelt down, but I had scarcely opened my lips with, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' when conscience said within, 'Dare you mock God? Dare you kneel down and call Him "Father," with that half-a-crown in your pocket?' I went through such a time of conflict as I have

back in full flood-tide to my heart, and I could say anything to him and feel it then, and the hindrance to blessing was gone—I trust forever gone.

"Not only was the poor woman's life saved, but I felt that I was saved, my life might have been a wreck—would have been a wreck probably, as a Christian life—had not grace at that time conquered, and the strivings of God's Spirit been obeyed. I well remember how that night, as I went home to my lodgings, my heart was as light as my pocket. The lonely, deserted streets resounded with a hymn of praise which I could not keep in. When I took my basin of water-gruel before retiring, I would not have exchanged it for a prince's feast. I reminded the Lord as I knelt at my little bedside of His own Word, that he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and I asked Him not to let my loan be a long one, or I should have no dinner next day; and with peace within and peace without I spent a happy, restful night.

"Next morning for breakfast my plate of porridge remained, and before it was consumed the postman's knock was heard at the door. I was not in the habit of receiving letters on Monday, most of my friends, as well as my parents, abstained from posting letters on Saturday, so that I was somewhat surprised when my landlady came in, holding a letter or packet in her wet hand, covered by her apron. I looked at it; but I could not make out the hand-writing. It was either a strange hand or a feigned hand, and the postmark was blurred. Where it came from I could not tell. On opening the envelope I found



BUDDHIST TEMPLE

never known before or since, how I got through the form of prayer I know not—whether the words uttered were connected or disconnected I know not—but I arose from my knees in great distress of mind.

"The poor father turned to me and said: 'You see what a terrible state we are in sir; if you can help us, for God's sake do;' and the Word said, 'Give to him that asketh of thee.'

"There was no resource left, for in the word of a king there is power. I put my hand into my pocket, and slowly drawing forth the half-a-crown, put it into the man's palm, telling him that it might seem a small thing to him for me to relieve him, seeing I was well clad, but that in giving him the coin I was giving him all I had. What I had been trying to tell him was all true—God really was a Father, and might be trusted. The joy all came

nothing written within; but inside a sheet of blank paper was folded a pair of kid gloves, from which, as I opened them in astonishment, half-a-sovereign fell to the ground. 'Praise the Lord!' I exclaimed; 'four hundred per cent. for twelve hours' investment—that is good interest! How glad the merchants of Hull would be if they could lend their money at such a rate!' I determined then and there, that a bank which would not break should have my savings or earnings as the case might be, a determination I have not learnt to regret.

"I cannot tell you how often my mind has recurred to this little incident, or all the help it has been to me in circumstances of difficulty in after life. If we are faithful to God in little things, we shall gain experience and strength that will be helpful to us when the more serious trials of life beset us."

## Putting on the Graces

By G. D. Watson

For a long time I was puzzled to get the exact Bible thought of what was meant by the expression of "putting on," as "put on Christ," "put on the new man," "put on kindness, compassion," and other graces, and, above all, "put on charity." (Col. 3:10,14.) Could it mean that by our will-power we could dress ourselves up in these things? It surely could not mean that we were to simulate them, or put them on as society folks do their artificial manners. I knew there was some way by which we could put them on in a true Scriptural and living way. At last the Holy Spirit opened up the truth to my mind, and I saw we were to put on all these spiritual graces from a life in the heart, just as a tree puts on spring foliage from the living sap inside. Before there can be a "putting on" there must be a "putting in." We are to "work out our salvation," "for it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure," and what He works within we are to work out.

One day when studying the words "put off the old man" and "put on the new man," I saw as clear as light that Christ was to be in us just exactly as Adam had been in us; and that Adam was to be taken out of us, and Christ was to occupy the exact place of Adam, and be in us in a holy and living way just as Adam had been in a sinful and selfish way. So that if you will enumerate what Adam has been in your life, that is just what Christ is to be, only in everything opposite to Adam. Now, then, just as Adam living in the heart will cause a person to put on the features, the manners, the vices, the looks, and the dispositions of Adam, so Christ is to actually be planted in the heart, and out from that living Christ the believer will put on the graces, the conduct, and the outward righteousness of Christ in daily life.

We often say that people are "putting on" in the sense of affectation and artificial manners, and is this corrupt use of the word that prevents some from getting the true Bible idea of putting on graces. And again we use the words "putting on" in the true sense, when we speak of a young woman "putting on the graces and beauty of womanhood," or a young man "putting on the dignity and thoughtfulness of manhood." We mean that these things are appearing on the outward life from the living principle within. When a sick person is convalescent, and begins to regain health, we say they are "putting on flesh." It is in this sense that we are to put on the graces. It is a universal law that everything shall grow its own raiment. The fish, from its own blood, puts on scales, and the sheep puts on wool, and the bird puts on feathers, and the vine puts on leaves,

and this law goes up into the mental and spiritual world. We are told that "God covers Himself with light as a garment," the sinner covers himself with outward wickedness, and the Bible speaks of men "being clothed with pride." We are told that the sinner, at the judgment, shall be driven away in his own wickedness, as of out from his heart he had woven for himself a terrible shroud of sackcloth, and enveloped in his own sins, he is banished from the presence of God. What awful thought of wicked people being literally enshrouded with all the vices and crookedness that has grown out of their hearts and covered them, until they are enchained with their own sins forever!

On the other hand, every part of the character of Jesus will sooner or later work itself out into open manifestation, like the foliage of the tree. We can take a barren desert and plant a grape vine in it, and irrigate the vine, and very soon that vine will clothe itself with beautiful verdure and sweet-smelling blossoms and clusters of luscious fruit. In like manner Christ, as the true vine, is to be planted in the desert, and watered by the Holy Spirit, until from that inner vine there will be put on in our conduct, or words, our expressions, the very graces that Jesus manifested in his life.

In the different graces enumerated by St. Paul, he begins with the softer and gentler graces, and goes on to those which are more hardy and heroic. After the old man is purged out, and Christ has been planted within, Paul then speaks of the believer as being the "elect and holy," and says to such a one, "put on bowels of mercies," that is, compassion; "kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, mutual forbearance and mutual forgiveness." You will notice in this order that the soft spirit of compassion comes first, and the hardy virtues of long-suffering and forbearance come last. Now, this is just the order in the natural world, for when trees and vines put on their spring growth, they first put on very tender, delicate leaves and flowers, but as the summer advances the foliage gets stronger and the soft blossom ripens into hard fruit. Thus we see the exact likeness to a tree putting on leaves and fruit from its inside life, and a believer putting on the tender bud and then the flower and then the strong foliage and the ripened fruit, from the life of Christ, the heavenly Vine, who is planted in the heart.

The language of Paul also corresponds with the way we clothe our bodies; for we, naturally, put on first next to our flesh the soft and warm garments, and the rough, heavier garments on the outside. This is the way we are to clothe ourselves with white robes, and

be ready for the coming of the Lord. Our hearts and minds are like a loom, from which we are constantly weaving out the habits and outward clothing of our soul's lives, and we are to wash our robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. The robes are our own, but the whiteness is obtained through Christ.—Way of Faith.

## TWO KINDS OF HOLINESS

The Scriptures teach that there are two kinds of holiness—true and false. (Eph. 4:24.)

True holiness wherever found, is essentially the same. In matters not material, there may be a wide difference, but in the essentials there is agreement. An English sovereign and an American eagle were not cast in the same mold and have different inscriptions, but the metal of which they are composed is the same. One could be easily converted into the other. Whatever form gold is made to assume it retains its qualities. So, true holiness has, among all people, and in all ages, the same characteristics.

It is the work of the Holy Spirit.

No education, however Scriptural, no training, however religious, can produce it. He who is truly holy is sanctified by the Holy Ghost. He has ceased from his own works. As God works in him, he works out his own salvation.

Hence, since true holiness has nothing in it of human merit, it is always found in connection with deep humility. There is nothing of self in it, and it does not seek self-glorification in any form.

This humility is manifested in every manner. Its possessor dresses plain. Nothing is worn for show or ornament. It cannot be told from the appearance of a soldier in the ranks whether he is rich or poor, so the dress of a saint does not indicate his temporal condition.

He is unassuming, not claiming superiority to others.

Another element of true holiness is an all-absorbing love for God and man. God is loved, adored, obeyed. Man is loved as the image of God, the representative of Christ, and however fallen he may be, he is pitied, instructed, helped and elevated.

True holiness is obtained through faith in God, and is never separated from an unwavering trust in Him. The car separated from the locomotive on an uphill grade soon loses its motion in the right direction and begins to run down hill. The soul which lets go its hold of God by unbelief loses holiness, falls into sin either of heart or life or both, and takes the downward track to perdition.

False holiness may be classed under several heads. There is an aristocratic, self-indulgent holiness. It gives its influence to build up fine, costly houses of worship, with popular preachers, choir singing, select congregations, from which the poor are excluded as regular attendants by selling or renting the seats. It

puts on airs, dresses sufficiently in style to make the impression that it does not belong to the common people. It seeks the society of the upper classes, and endeavors to explain away the requirements of the gospel to suit their tastes. It goes as far in self-indulgence as public sentiment will permit. Tertulian, about the year A. D. 207, in cutting irony refers to this class of holiness professors: "Who among you is superior in holiness except him who is more frequent in banqueting, more sumptuous in catering, more leaned in cups? Men of soul and flesh alone as you are, justly do you reject things spiritual." This kind of holiness is not generally persecuted by the world. If it is, it is ready to apologize and put on less offensive form.

There is a fanatical holiness. It lays great stress upon that for which it has the least reason and Scripture for its support. Its self-denial is great, and is only equalled by its self will. It has in it an element of sincerity, but it is vitiated by being consecrated to its own will, rather than to the will of God. It lacks the quality of submission. It does not know how to yield, even in matters the smallest and most indifferent. It must have its own way in everything. Everyone must submit to its dictation or receive its fiery denunciation.

There is a covetous holiness. It wears cheap clothing, but it is to avoid expense. It has sharp criticism for every project that calls for an expenditure of money; but it is because it is unwilling to bear its part. It may have little or it may have much, but what it has it holds on to with a miser's grasp. Frequently it opposes all church organizations, really because it wishes for some excuse for refusing to support them. It is mighty at tearing down—it never tries its hand at building up. It may burn palaces—it cannot rear a hovel.

See to it then that you have true holiness. Let your consecration be to God. Give yourself up for a habitation of the Holy Spirit. Let Him lead you into all truth. Let the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount be as much to you as "the exceeding great and precious promises." Let them dovetail together in your experience.

Take pains to be "clothed with humility." It is not enough not to feel proud, you should not look proud. Be of an humble spirit, then everything about you will show forth that spirit. Whatever you lack, do not lack "that sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 12: 14.) If you are without it be in haste to obtain it. There is no time to be lost. Eternity is at hand. The great preparation for it is true holiness. It must be obtained here. The death-bed may be too late. Consecrate yourself fully to God.

Obeys the leadings of the Spirit. Make every confession He prompts you to make. Take any position he directs you to take. Trust fully in Christ. Rely on Him. Believe His every promise, but, above all believe Him.—B. T. Roberts, in the Earnest Christian.

## The Evangelist Conducting An Altar Service

C. W. Ruth, In Christian Witness

The altar service is a means to an end. The gospel having been presented, one of the chief advantages of the altar is that it affords an opportunity to urge the hearer to an immediate decision and acceptance of Christ. Another advantage is to be seen in the open and public surrender to Christ. Since men have sinned publicly why should they not surrender and confess publicly? Another advantage of the altar is that here the seeker may be instructed, and have the help of the united prayer and faith of the people of God.

If the evangelist conducting altar services hopes for permanent and definite results, he should be very definite in dealing with seekers; unless men seek *definitely* they seldom make any real progress. It is not the sheet-lightning prayer but the chain-lightning prayer that brings victory. Sometimes a general call to the altar for a season of prayer may be made especially helpful by asking such as have need of cleansing to kneel first; and then such as may have need of pardon or reclamation to kneel with them. In this way the seeker can indicate his need. Or, if all have knelt together so that the evangelist does not know the need of the seekers, he may ask all who desire prayer for cleansing, or pardon, to lift their hands, and thus indicate their need; or, he may be able to speak to each seeker personally and to ascertain the need of the seekers. But until he knows definitely the object of their seeking he cannot give proper instruction to the seekers, nor direction to the service. Having first ascertained the need of the seeker he may now help him by urging him to an immediate compliance with conditions, and indicate the steps he should take. If the seeker is a penitent needing pardon he should be urged to an unconditional surrender and the confession of his sins; if he is seeking purity he should be urged to make a death-bed consecration—a complete abandonment for time and eternity of his all to God. Sometimes the singing of an appropriate chorus may help the struggling soul to say the eternal "Yes" to God. However, it would be folly to say or to sing to a seeker of holiness, "Come ye sinners poor and needy," etc., or to say or sing to a penitent seeking pardon, "Refining fire go through my heart," etc. Indiscriminate instruction, either in song or exhortation, is certain to be confusing, if not misleading to the seeker. The experienced evangelist will discriminate between the surrender of the rebel and the consecration of the Christian. Only the definite seeker can hope for a definite experience.

The successful evangelist will not confine himself to any one particular method in conducting an altar service, but will be largely governed by circumstances and conditions existing at the time and place of the service. If conviction does not seem to be sufficiently deep, or the seeker not enough in earnest, he

must urge them to a deeper heart-searching and more intensity. Every seeker should be urged to pray out for himself, and pray to a heart-break. While this may be difficult to describe, the experienced evangelist will distinguish between a heart-cry and a mere formal prayer. When there is the unmistakable heart-cry, and the real yielding up to God, the presentation of some promise adapted to the case, either in song or exhortation, may enable the struggling heart to lay hold upon God for the blessing sought.

The evangelist who understands his business will be careful not to allow anything to divert or distract the seeker; he will never approach a seeker abruptly; he will never say to a seeker, "Don't you feel better?" and so divert the attention of the seeker from Jesus to himself; he will never say to the seeker, "Only believe," when the seeker does not give evidence that he is on believing ground; he will not manifest undue familiarity with seekers of the opposite sex, nor allow others to do so, by placing their arms about seekers, etc; he will never tell a seeker, "You have got the blessing," but will urge the seeker to pray through for himself.

### Difficult Cases.

What to do with persons who want to instruct seekers at the altar who have more "zeal than knowledge;" or persons who are known themselves to be inconsistent, lacking the confidence of the people, and perhaps of the seeker to whom he is talking; what to do in such cases may not always be easy to decide. But it is always safe to ask men to pray; so I have made it my custom to call to prayer, and then call upon the would-be instructor (either privately or publicly) to lead us in prayer; and while the instructor was thus engaged in prayer, go and place myself, or some godly saint, between him and the seeker; or, if I was certain it was simply a case of "more zeal than knowledge," I have privately requested the instructor to go to a certain person in the congregation and give a personal invitation to come and seek the Lord, and so have relieved the seeker at the altar.

Yet a more difficult problem presents itself to the evangelist when called upon to deal with "chronic cases;" persons who are in the habit of coming to the altar at every call, but never seem to make and progress. My first effort is to locate their difficulty. A little testing or probing touching their surrender or consecration may discover the difficulty; but when a soul seems fully yielded their difficulty will most likely be found in the matter of feeling or manifestations; quite frequently persons are seeking an experience similar to that of some one else. Such persons may be helped to a better advantage in a little private conversation than at the public altar. After insistence on the unconditional surrender, I would especially emphasize the *love of God* and the *faithfulness of God* reminding them that God is no respecter of persons, and point out some promise covering their case; by having the seeker relax from his struggling, and diverting his attention from himself to the *faithfulness of God*, the desired blessing will usually be found.

## LOVE IS OF GOD

B. HELM

Love is of God as gravitation is of matter, it is its mode of existence. The highest law in the material universe is that of gravitation: so in the moral world the supreme law is love. It binds families and clans together, making mutual aid and sympathy support society, counteracting the selfishness of depraved nature to some extent. This is human love. Animals have love, but it is only such as the animal is capable of. It carries no moral element in it; is purely the spontaneous generation of the nature of the animal. The dog loves with wondrous devotion and self-forgetfulness. In Edinburg, Scotland, I saw a statue to a dog who lived and died on the grave of its master, never leaving the spot but to go to a kind butcher who fed it.

But the dog would have to be born again with another nature to put into his love the moral qualities that enter into a man's love.

Human love pertains to the nature and relationships which we here bear to each other. The love of a parent to a child and vice versa springs from their inter-relationship. So the love of husband and wife.

In Scripture this human love is called *philos* and is compounded with wisdom in our word *philosophy*—love of wisdom. Peter used this when Jesus ask him, "Lovest thou me?" But the word used twice by our Lord is *agape*, a word mainly used in Scripture of a love belonging to a higher grade of being. It is the love pertaining to the spirit world. Its fountain is God. Even when men are exhorted to "have fervent charity" (*agape*) among themselves it is only those who have the divine nature who are so exhorted. Love is the highest attribute of nature. Hence human nature is possessed of *philos*, the divine nature of *agape*.

Now a dog to have human love would need to be born again with a human soul, for love has its seat in the soul of man. But man, when born of God, receives anew from God a spiritual life. (Ezek. 36: 25-27.) In the fall he lost all connection with God, who is a Spirit; and the source of all spiritual life, hence the fountain of all *agape*, spiritual love.

Man until born of God can neither love God, nor man with this higher kind of love enjoined upon the disciples.

Only this *agape* is the fulfilling of the law. Human love (*philos*) is born of a depraved soul, and can be no better than the soul, though it is the noblest product of that soul.

Yet it is often mingled with, or tainted by jealousy, or depraved by lust, and may become more bestial than even in the animal race.

But the divine love is the outflow of the divine nature in the regenerate man. And as

a dog would have to be born with the nature of a man to have human love, so man must be born of God to have the divine love, *agape*.

Love is the outflow of nature and nature is the outcome of birth. "Ye must be born from above."

No man can fulfil the law of God unless so born for "love is the fulfilling of the law." Hence no man can please God without faith, for by faith he is born again and so has the divine love.

This divine love is marred and diluted when flowing through a heart indwelt still by carnality, just as water flowing from a crystal fountain through a bog is no longer limpid. Human love, affection, and other qualities may taint it. Only when it flows through a pure heart can it be like God's love—pure. Then it can render human love holy. It dominates, pervades the human and the love of parents, husband and wife, etc., will become holy, of a higher order than in the unregenerate. It may not be more intense, some natures are naturally more intense, but it has an element of durability that is divine.

We are asked about the affection of heaven. The unregenerate will not be there. We know the tendency of sin is to destroy all that is good. How soon hell with nothing but sin will make men like Satan, who says, "Evil thou art my good," we know not, but love must die in hell.

As heaven is a spiritual world, and we neither marry nor are given in marriage, there is reason to believe the purely natural affection, *philos*, which springs from this relation will not be found in heaven. I know this will grate on many a heart, but truth, not pleasing illusions, is our need. As the natural affection sprang out of the natural relation and it is terminated at death, we enter a new world, with new relations, only that love which is spiritual, sprung from God, and was exercised by spiritual life, will probably survive the death and resurrection change. As spiritual children of God we will love as *brethren* in Him. The spiritual love cultivated here between individuals may survive the cataclysm of death and resurrection. Hence husband and wife, whose love has been of a higher order than merely natural affection, who have loved and labored in the *Lord*, as Priscilla and Aquila, may have an individual attachment in heaven, that is a deeper spiritual love, than they have for other saints, as we here love friends best known, more than others less associated with.

These facts explain how a father can see his son lost and yet be happy. He will have the same feelings toward him God the Father has. Both, mutually originated that son's being,

and if the loving Father can send the sinner to hell and be happy, the father can see it and feel as God feels. He is one with Jesus in nature, purpose and love.

There may yet be a deeper degree of love here. It is not the love our new nature originates, *agape*, but this same love directly "Shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us." This is the fulness of love. One filled with the Spirit not only has this love as flowing from his new nature born of God and hence divine love, but poured through that nature by the indwelling Spirit direct from God in divine fulness. How important then that we be "filled with the Spirit," and purified of carnality. 1. To have a full flow of the divine love. 2. That it be kept pure from carnal contamination. 3. That all our human love be regulated and ruled by and permeated with the divine, elevating it, and thus stimulating the divine friendships for eternity. Marriage love in the Lord is so sublime, so holy, so unshaken, it partaking of the constancy and stability of the divine. Truly such marriage is in the Lord, of God, for God and blessed by the Lord. It borrows the very atmosphere of heaven and is part of, as well as typical of, the marriage of the Lamb and His bride. How few realize such truth.

### IS YOUR HEART SINGING

Speaking to yourselves (or, one to another, R. V.) in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord (Eph. 5:19).

What is it to praise the Lord? It does not mean that we should always be singing. I hope you do sing a good deal, with all your heart; but some praise is not singing. Very often when people do not open their lips they are praising the Lord most loudly and most sweetly. Have you ever thought that God listens to our hearts more than to our lips? And this praise is to always have a thankful feeling in our hearts. Praise is the heart singing. The heart that sees and feels how kind our Father is, and loves Him above everything is a praising heart.

One day as I was going along the road I saw a large coil of telegraph wire lying in a heap. There keeping itself all to itself, dull and heavy, it was the very last thing that you would ever expect to get any music out of. Soon afterwards, as we were going that way again, my little girl said to me: "Hark! what is that playing?" I pointed to the wire—the same wire that lay coiled up in heavy silence; now it was stretched along from post to post, and was making music the whole day through.

And so it is with us. If we keep our love in to ourselves and wrapped around ourselves, there is no music; but when our love stretches away to Jesus, then it makes the constant music of praise. It mattered not where the wire went, through the wood, up the hill, down the valley, it was singing still; and so when the love of our heart is set on Jesus, the gladness goes with us everywhere—at home or at school, at work or at play. It did not matter to the telegraph wire how the wind blew; warm and sunny from the south, chill and nipping from the north, it was all the same, it sung still; and if we love Jesus it will keep our hearts always singing, for He can keep us in joy or sorrow, in health or sickness in life or death. Thus the praise comes when our heart is set on Jesus.—Light Bearer.

## WATERS FROM THE SANCTUARY

Ezek. 47:1-10

Mrs. May Mabbette Anderson, Avondale, Alabama

### WINGS OR WEIGHTS—WHICH?

So many sad letters reach the writer that sometimes it almost seems as if one great groan were going up from the heart of God's dear children, unmixed with praise.

Precious ones, you whose hearts are breaking under your heavy burdens, pause a moment and look away from your sorrowful environments, right up to God. Ask Him to enable you to see His love, as never before.

You were lost from Him, eternally lost. There was no way for you to reach Him to find life. So He gave His heart's choicest Treasure, His one only Son in whom He delighted, to bridge the gulf that yawned between you and peace, and life, and blessedness. And in your wretchedness you found Christ, and were saved.

Is not this enough to fill your heart and life with praise? Will not eternity be too short in which to thank Him?

Are you alone in your sorrow? Suppose you look for awhile on the sorrows of God. Ah! you did not think that He could experience sorrows. Nor can He, in our human sense. Yet in another sense whose so great or so cruel as His?

His own offspring—the creation of His love—formed for honor and glory, have turned and are still turning from Him in wrath and hatred, and are gladly following a liar, a deceiver, a murderer, step by step, down to a yawning hell! Do you think He does not care? Do you fancy this has caused Him no sorrow, as man counts sorrow?

You think it hard, unbearable, dear one, that your son dishonors and abuses you with his tongue. Yet God's children, His by creation, and His by love, would many of them kill Him if they could. So wrathful, so vindictive is their hatred toward Him, (the One to whom they owe every joy and blessing that has ever come into their lives) that they cannot speak His name without curses and blasphemy.

Yet His long-suffering love waits and patiently bears with them until their cup of iniquity is full; waits for the chance to win them, to joy and blessedness until the last solemn, tender call has been spurned and forever rejected.

Did it cost Him no suffering to give His only begotten Son to die the death of a criminal? Can you not understand, (dimly at least) the pang that rent His heart when He turned His loving face away from that well-beloved Son—in His hour of supreme anguish and need—

because your sins and mine were laid upon His guiltless head?

In no other way could the awful chasm be bridged to lead us back from endless ruin. Dry your tears, cease your moans, and think about it.

Oh, we talk so much about our own sufferings, but how few pause to consider their Lord's sorrows.

We sigh and weep over the defection of our loved ones; think it hard when kindness is met by ingratitude; tenderness by cruelty.

Jesus came to those who were His very own, and they scorned, rejected and crucified Him.

Have you ever paused to note the tears as they coursed down His sorrowful face the day He turned toward Jerusalem with that heart-broken cry (that revealed in a measure the depth of His sufferings) because of His people's hatred and rejection of His love.

We read: (Luke 19:41, 42). "And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying: If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes."

Beloved, do not our little sorrows seem dwarfed into insignificance as the light thus reveals His breaking heart, and all the chain of cruel events so soon to follow? A world's anguish was piercing His bosom, and no one cared.

Have you ever striven to gauge the depths of his human loneliness and isolation in those last dread hours when even his chosen ones—the three disciples closest to His love—so little understood or sympathized with His sufferings, that, in spite of His earnestly expressed desire that they should "watch with Him" carelessly fell asleep?

We need not, today, follow His lonely pathway longer. Each footprint is marked with blood; the blood that flowed from a wounded human heart, as human as your's or mine.

He understands and sympathizes with every pang you suffer, dear, burdened soul.

That thoughtless, dissolute boy over whom you weep, and for whose welfare you would lay down your life, is more precious to Him than to you. He longs for his salvation far more intensely than do you. Believe this; act on it; trust Him. Begin to praise Him for His love and His long-forebearance. Yield the loved one utterly to Him, and then pour out your soul in thanksgiving that He accepts him.

Let your faith, undimmed by doubt or fear, hold him so persistently before the throne

that Satan will have no opportunity to wrest him from your clasp. The time you have been spending, in the past, in tears and complaints, and self-commiseration over your hard trials, spend now in telling and proving to Jesus that you believe His promises at last, and are resting on them with your full weight.

"Whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye do receive, and ye shall have."

"Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive."

When your sorrows are heaviest, beloved, your heart most crushed, form the habit of turning from them to look long and persistently on the sorrows of your Lord.

Study His vantage "marred more than any man"—FOR YOU; see Him "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted"—FOR YOU; see Him "wounded, bruised, chastised, oppressed;" "brought as a lamb to the slaughter," FOR YOU.

Then see Him in His resurrection body, at God's right hand; interceding—FOR YOU. See Him as He waits, in your glory, to baptize "with the Holy Ghost and fire"—YOU. Yes, EVEN YOU.

Aye! and as many others as your faith will bring to Him. Oh, bring many, many, for He sorely needs them in His service!

As you thus look to Him, thus study Him, thus wait before Him, you will find that your sorrows, your trials, instead of being weights, will prove wings with which to bear you up into the very heart of God.

Which will you allow them to be, weights or wings?

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Rev. Dr. Deems recently told the following story to his congregation:

A minister once called on an aged class leader, and after having prayed with the family said, 'Brother, how is it that you have been a church member so long and yet you are not a converted man?'

"Are you my judge?"

"I know by your fruits. You have no family worship."

"Well, it is true; but I would like to know who told you?"

"No one told me, but had you been in the habit of having family worship, that cat would not have jumped out of the window, frightened, as it did when we knelt to pray."

The test was true in that case. The brother confessed that he had omitted family worship because he did not wish to hinder his workmen. He was touched with the reproof and immediately commenced it, and years afterwards testified that he had found it profitable, even financially, to acknowledge God in the house. Since he has made his religion real in his daily life, his workmen have become more industrious and faithful, so we come back to the old statement: "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey."—The Star and Crown.

# A Quiver of Arrows

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

The first Sunday night Mr Moody was in Cambridge the students tried to break the meeting up. The next night things were even worse. On Tuesday, a lady, a bed-ridden saint, invited a few Christians to meet and pray for these students. That night, when Moody gave the invitation to go into the inquiry room, fifty-two men sprang to their feet. About one o'clock one man was still kneeling, tears running down his cheeks. It was the first wrangler, and that night he found Christ. "It was not the preaching," said Moody, "but the prayer that turned the tide."—Selected.

ooo  
IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings and work all day when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of work. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow while others roll about in their carriages."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry;

ooo  
IT'S A GREAT BLESSING

to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf or suffering!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard!" said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Dick, there is one thing that I do think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that the heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."—Sel.

ooo

*Go quickly, and tell his disciples, he is risen from the dead. (Matt., 27:7.)*

Beneath Westminster Abbey is an old crypt which for centuries was used as the burial-place of the early kings. It is related that one day, some years ago, a visitor who had wandered into this vault was locked in. He did not notice as the doors swung together. The janitors were busy, and no one heard the muffled voice which began to cry from the crypt, or the muffled blows which began to beat upon its oaken door. The afternoon passed away. What that imprisoned man suffered as it gradually grew upon him that he was buried alive, who can know? At the usual hour the janitor made his evening round

before closing the building for the night. The entombed man heard him as his footsteps came near, then retreated, came near again, then, finally receding, grew fainter and fainter, and died away at length in the distance. What imagination can conceive his agony? He redoubled his cries. He shrieked. He dashed his body wildly against the solid door. In vain. Now he thought he heard the distant entrance-doors creak on their hinges, and the key pushed into the great iron lock. In a moment more the vast tomb would be closed for the night. Fortunately, before turning the key, the janitor paused a moment and listened. He thought he heard dull blows, faint and far away,—a sound as of stifled, agonizing cries. He listened more intently. A horrible thought suggested itself to his mind. "Someone is locked into the crypt." He hastened to the place, threw open the heavy oaken door, and held his lantern up to see. The buried man had fallen senseless on the stone-floor. He was rescued just in time to save his reason. Were it not for the resurrection of Jesus Christ, we had all been like that poor imprisoned man, helplessly and hopelessly beating our wounded fists and raising our hopeless cries against the bolted door of the living tomb.—Watchword and Truth.

ooo  
MULTIPLIED SEED.  
Abble C. Morrow.

One summer, at a Convention, the room in the house where I was entertained was large, pleasant and sunny, but the windows had neither shade, screens nor blinds.

One afternoon I was sleepy and threw myself on the bed. Presently as the music from the tent came in at the window, the thought came, "You ought to be at the service. Jesus Christ never laid down to sleep in the day time." I was about to rise when the Holy Spirit reminded me of a Bible incident.

"And when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him. And, behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm." (Mat. 8: 23-26.)

Then I knew Jesus did sleep in the day time. So I lay down again, but I could not sleep for the sun streaming in through the window and the many flies crawling over my face and hands and buzzing around my head.

I prayed:  
"Father, if I am pleasing you in lying

down send the flies away and put me to sleep." Soon the buzzing ceased and opening my eyes I saw far above me, close to the ceiling, that swarm of insects, flying round and round in perfect silence.

Immediately I fell asleep and awakened in time to give my address.

This summer I related the incident in an address given in New Hampshire. After I left, a group of men, speaking of my talk, agreed that it was all right except the incident about the flies. That they did not believe. One man among them, however, said, "I believe it."

The next day this deacon was painting and was so annoyed by flies and caterpillars getting into his paint that at last in despair he was about to give up the task as being impossible when he remembered the story of the flies.

He went away to the barn and asked the Lord to take away all the troublesome insects. How long he was gone he does not know, but when he returned not a fly nor a caterpillar was to be seen anywhere, nor did he see one the whole time he was painting the house. He related this incident to the company of people who had rejected the stranger's testimony concerning the flies. They believed him, as he is a man whom everybody respects.

Later these incidents were related at a camp-meeting. Soon after a company of tent workers entered a house where they were to remain some weeks and found the trees in front of the cottage covered with worms. They were crawling in every direction. One of the workers cried out, "Oh, I can never live in this house with all these worms!" Then she remembered the flies, and before she slept, asked the Father to send away the worms.

In the morning when she looked out of the window, not a worm was to be seen anywhere, nor were they ever troubled with them afterward.

A while after this as I sat at a farmer's table he said to me, "I am afraid I am going to lose my crop of potatoes. I have done everything I can."

I told him about the worms and that God would destroy the bugs. He said, "Well, if anybody has faith enough for potato bugs I wish they would pray them away."

Afterward, in my room I offered a prayer and went my way.

The next time I saw him he said, "I took some Paris Green out to put on the potatoes, but when I got there the bugs were all gone."

Some weeks afterward, when harvesting his vegetables, he said, "I never saw such a handsome crop of potatoes as I have this year."

Beloved, "God is able to . . . multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness." (2 Co. 9: 8, 10.) He says, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mk. 11:24.)

## LIVING WATER

(Formerly known as Zion's Outlook.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NASHVILLE, TENN.,  
Summer St. and Jo Johnston Ave.,

BY THE

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.  
(INCORPORATED.)

J. O. McCLURKAN, EDITOR.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered Jan. 3, 1903 at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter  
under Act of Congress, March 1, 1879.

## EDITORIAL

## JUST WHERE YOU ARE

Just where thou art lift up thy voice  
And sing the song that stirs thy heart;  
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand  
To lift, to save, just where thou art.  
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,  
'Tis dark to others as 'to thee;  
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,  
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder: in the broad, full glare  
Of many lamps thine own might pale,  
And thy sweet song amid the roar  
Of many voices slowly fail;  
While these thy kindred wandered on  
Uncheered, unlighted, to an end,  
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,  
Wherever sad hearts need a friend.

—Selected.

## COME OUT OF YOURSELF

Self is your greatest enemy. Covetousness, or living in and for self, is the sin of the age. Fenelon says:

"So long as we dwell within ourselves we are exposed on all sides, by reason of the sensitiveness of our passions, and the jealousy of our pride. No peace is to be looked for within when one lives at the mercy of a crowd of greedy and insatiable desires, and when he can never satisfy this "me" which is so keen and so touchy as to whatever concerns it. The only remedy is to come out of one's self in order to find peace. The more perfect is our self-surrender, the more perfect is our peace. God's peace can only be found when all self-seeking and all self-will are utterly thrown aside. When you cease to be eager for anything save the glory of God and the fulfillment of His good pleasure, your peace will be as deep as the ocean, and flow with the strength of a flood."

## A NEEDED CAUTION

We received a letter the other day insisting that evangelists be more guarded in their statements before the public as to the Lord's leading them or telling them to do certain things, and then in a little while saying that they were led by the Lord to do something the very opposite of what they said they were first called to do.

Does the Lord LEAD His people? Most assuredly. But we sometimes run ahead of the Holy Spirit, make extravagant statements, and do foolish things which confuse the minds of the faithful, and cause unbelievers to stumble.

In dealing with the public, such statements should be used sparingly. If they are true, the public will generally discover the fact sooner or later, and if for any reason they are not true, the least said is the easiest mended. Let us walk humbly and quietly before the Lord, holding firmly to all revealed truth; but concerning questions of duty, where there is room for uncertainty as to God's will in the matter, let us say we believe, rather than say we know, and then if we have misinterpreted the Spirit's "leading" the effect on others will not be so bad.

## The Drug Habit

Is it not time to call a halt in the reckless use of morphine, cocaine and similar deadly drugs? We believe that many physicians are responsible for fostering this deadly habit on their unsuspecting patients. We are constantly meeting persons who acquired the habit through a physician's prescription. Better let the people suffer a little, rather than bind them with the horrible chains of an opium or cocaine fiend. Someone, writing of the cocaine habit, says: "Many will be astonished to know the awful extent of this drug curse among us, and the thousands who are victims to its use. There are startling facts connected with it which should be known."

Why the great increase of specialists in the last ten years? Throat and nose specialists use cocaine freely in their treatment of the throat and nose. The nature of cocaine is to deaden the nerves. They profess to cure diseases of the throat and nose, and charge high for a single treatment. This application of cocaine shrivels up the nerves and tissues, and apparently clears out the diseased parts. The patient finds instant relief, and pays a good price for the treatment. Later he has another attack of his trouble, and returns to the specialist for another application of that wonderful (?) medicine, only to be duped again. This process continues until at last the deceived man awakes to the awful fact that he is a cocaine fiend! Poor man! And all the while the doctor knew what he was doing, but for the sake of the filthy lucre, he goes on ruining thousands of precious lives.

"One doctor in a city not far from here, according to the statement of his own assistant, made in one year \$50,000 clear, doing this awful work, and he is only one of the thousands who will be held responsible at God's bar for the ruin of souls. When a man goes into a saloon for a drink he goes with his eyes open. He sees the sign on the outside, and knows what he is doing. But the man or woman who receives this treatment in the office of specialists goes blindfolded, and knows not the awful snare into which he is falling.

"A physician told us that 80 per cent. or more of the patent medicines found on the shelves of drug stores contain some kind of opiate. He saw in a certain drug store in this city a pile of perhaps 150 papers containing morphine or cocaine powders. He inquired of the druggist what they were for, and was told that they would all be called for before midnight, and he would have to make up a good many more to supply the demand. Think of it! At the close of the day the young men of our city, yes, and young women too, make their daily march into these drug stores to have their craving for this HELLISH drug satisfied. 'O, what will the harvest be?' Its effects upon body, mind and soul are worse than the dregs from any barrel house on earth. One of the symptoms of the cocaine habit is a disposition to LIE. The moral sensibilities are destroyed, the intellect is blasted, and the body a mass of corruption and decay.

"Only by an interposition of divine power is there any hope for a cocaine fiend. But thanks be unto God who is able to deliver all who call upon Him. He is the Great Physician and unlike many so-called, specialists never deceives men. Oh that men would get their eyes open to these facts and put their cases in God's hands."

## THE SECOND BLESSING

We seldom use the above term because we prefer to use Bible phraseology. But we have no objection to the phrase "Second Blessing" and we are in hearty sympathy with the truth contained therein. We pass the first great epoch in our religious experience when we repent of all our sins and accept Jesus as our Savior; then usually follows the *up and down* experience of the wilderness life. Finally the soul, wearied with inbred corruption and oft-repeated failures, learns of "the more excellent way" and lays all on God's altar as a living sacrifice, trusting Him to sanctify and keep the *all* thus committed to Him. This is the second great epoch in Christian experience. In the first you trust God for salvation, and in the second you yield all your ransomed being to Him and trust Him to enthrone Himself in the very depths of your heart and and to take all the evil tendencies out and to live in there and keep them out. *This is the second rest.*

Andrew Murray says:

"The two sanctuaries stand for two distinct degrees of divine nearness, two stages of access to God's presence two modes of fellowship with God, two ways of serving Him. One the service of God at a distance, with a veil between, without the full light of His countenance; the other a direct, immediate approach into the presence and fellowship of God. The new and living way, through the veil (Heb. 10:20), has reference to Christ's death, as our forerunner, who opened up a path to God, in which He first walked Himself and then draws us to follow Him. Christ came in the

likeness of sinful flesh and dwelt with us here outside the veil (Jno. 1:14; Rom. 8:3; Heb. 2:14). In the days of His flesh, He was tempted as we are. He learned obedience even unto death (Heb. 5:7). Through the rent veil of His flesh, His will, His life, as yielded up to God in death, He entered into the holiest. Through the rent veil He rose to the throne of God (Ps. 2:8,9). This way He dedicated for us (2 Peter 1:21). Christ is Leader as well as Substitute and Redeemer. He is our way. As little as He could enter and open for us the holiest of all, except in His path of suffering, obedience and self-sacrifice, as little can we enter in unless we walk in the same path (Jno. 12:24, 25; 2 Cor. 4:10). Whoever accepts Christ's finished work accepts what constitutes its spirit and its power, the putting away sin by the sacrifice of self. Life out of death constitutes the new and living way in which we draw nigh to God. The way of obedience, self-sacrifice and death is a living way. It not only opens a track but supplies the strength to carry the traveler. It acts in the power of an endless life. The mighty energy of the Holy Spirit pervades this way and inspires it with life divine. (Rom. 1:5.) As we are made partakers of Christ, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus takes possession of us, and in His strength we follow in the footsteps of Jesus. The way into the holiest is the living way of perfect conformity to Jesus, wrought in us by the Holy Spirit. The way of death is the way of life. To be free from the sin of our fallen nature we must die to it. Jesus would do nothing to please that nature He had taken. He denied it; He died to it. This was to Him the path of life. It is to us the living way. In the power of the Holy Spirit we are borne along as He was to where He is."

**"HE REACHED FORTH HIS HAND AND TOUCHED THEM"**

Jesus touched the people. His heart went out in these touches, so often mentioned in connection with His ministry. This is the secret of soul winning. Get filled with the Spirit of Christ, and then, like Him, we will go about doing good. We will go down where the folks are, and put our arms of love about them and bring them to Jesus. A. T. Pierson, writing in the *Missionary Review of the World* on "Stooping to save souls," says:

"A woman died in Philadelphia, on the second of January, 1888, who has in herself done more to solve the problem of how to heal the breach between the so-called "higher" and "lower" classes, than all the wise plans and resolutions adopted by ecclesiastical bodies. She was herself a woman of elegant refinement, wealthy, beautiful in feature and character, lovely in disposition, generous and charitable. But instead of identifying herself and all her family with one of the wealthy and aristocratic churches, she deliberately joined a church mostly and almost exclusively

composed of the working people. She became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and practically the pastor of the entire parish which her large class constituted. She visited each member of the class systematically, and they were no social calls either, but spiritual visits, dealing directly with souls. When they were sick she went to them, on foot, and in humble attire, she carried them little dainties, she read her Bible at their bedside, she knelt and prayed with them, she inquired of their spiritual condition, and directed them to Jesus. No pastoral care became needful where that woman went. She declined invitations to social parties, that she might be free to devote her time to the Lord's work. She might be bearing a sorrow that would have crushed another woman, but no one would ever suspect it behind that cheerful face. She was one among the people with whom she was identified. There was no sign of conscious superiority. Into the prayer-meetings and missionary circles and Dorcas gatherings she went, just as though she had no high blood, no social rank, nor ample purse. Everybody loved her. The poorest working-woman would drop everything and go to her call or beck, as though they were serving a queen. Her last act was to rise from her dying bed, as her disease suddenly developed fatal symptoms, and write out checks to cover various benevolent expenditures, and among others a contribution to the church of which she was a member, and which just then was making heroic efforts to cancel a large mortgage debt. She wrote her checks with a clear, firm hand, and went back to die. When the news of her decease came like a thunder-clap from a clear sky, a hush fell on the entire people as though the ground were trembling with an earthquake. They could hardly speak to one another. The prayer-meeting ended in sobs and tears.

We talk of missions. There is no trouble in reaching souls, but it takes a soul to do it. When we are in dead earnest—when all else is practically trampled under foot in our intense desire and determination to bring souls near to God—when self-indulgence gives way, and even self-love, before the burning, consuming flame of devotion to Christ and those for whom He died, we shall sweep earth as with a conflagration! One Paul, in thirty-three years, made a journey on foot over the greater part of the known world west of the Golden Horn and bore the gospel into the regions beyond. Give us a score of such men and women as this, and we can close up the slums in our great cities, build a chapel in every remote hamlet, and girdle the globe with a zone of missionary labor. We are scarcely sincere when we talk of insuperable obstacles in the way of evangelizing the cities of the world.

**The Present Truth**

Some one has said that the Lord gives to His people in each dispensation a message, which if faithfully delivered will always cause the world to cry out against and persecute them. We believe this to be true, and the following article by Abbie C. Morrow in the *Sunday School Illustrator* thoroughly proves the same.

She says:

"The command of Peter, writing to those who 'have obtained like precious faith,' is 'Be established in the present truth.' (2 Pet. 1:12.) In every age there seems to have been one vital message, a 'present truth' for that day and that generation. The 'present truth' to Adam was, 'Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat.' (Gen. 2:17.) The 'present truth' for Noah, the preacher of righteousness, was the destruction of the world by a flood, after one hundred and twenty years, and the building of the ark. (Gen. 6:3, 14-17.) The 'present truth' from Moses to Paraoah was, 'Let my people go.' (Ex. 5:1); and from Moses to Israel, 'The sacrifice of the Lord's Passover.' (Ex. 12:27, 28.) The 'present truth' from Joshua to Israel was, 'Go in to possess the land.' (Josh. 1:11.) The 'present truth' from Jonah to Nineveh was 'Yet forty days and Nineveh will be overthrown.' (Jon. 3:4.) The 'present truth' from the lips of John the Baptist was 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' (Matt. 3:2.) The message of the Pentecostal apostles was, 'Jesus and the resurrection.' (Acts 2:31-33; 5:42.) Martin Luther had his special message of 'present truth,' so did Wesley, so has every true preacher of righteousness. And sad it is to those who hear and do not heed."

C. H. Sweet, in the *World's Crisis*, says, 'Sad consequences have always followed the rejection of the present truth in the past. It was so in the time of Noah and of Lot, also in the case of Babylon, Tyre, Jerusalem and the Jews: it will be so with those of the last generation who reject the present truth. (Luke 12:35-48.) The last of the days are to be, in many respects, like the days of Noah. (Matt. 24:37.) As the present truth of his time was unpopular, so will the last message be despised. Nothing seemed more unlikely to the antediluvians than Noah's warning of the coming flood. Nothing of the kind had ever been known. The so-called science of the day was against it. The great men of the time did not credit the prophecy. Why should Noah be the only man to give such a warning? Thus they decided against it. Those things were written as our ensample, and for our admonition, on whom the ends of the world are come. They were warned, and rejected the warning. Let us be admonished. God is no respecter of persons. The Lord is soon coming; signs are everywhere appearing; the warning is sounding through the world, and a people are being gathered out to wait for His appearing. A worldly church and ministry are closing their eyes to the view as it really is, and are indulging in inflated hopes of peaceful, palmy days immediately to come. What is our present duty? Is it not to regard the signs, heed the warning, and join hands with those who are trying to arouse the world concerning its impending doom? Satan operated in the Garden of Eden, and before the flood, and in Sodom. I do not expect him to give up his hold upon this world without a last desperate struggle. In spite of all the errors, follies and sins connected with this last message, I believe it to be the present truth in which God would have each one of us so established, rooted and grounded, that Satan can neither laugh, persecute, nor flatter us out of it. It matters little what the world or a worldly church may say or think of us, if Jesus approves; and He will approve all those whom He finds faithfully preaching the necessary preparation for His speedy coming."

## OUR Young People

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

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

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

A sister sends \$5.00 for missions, and asks prayer that the members of her family be sanctified. God bless these dear ones and give them a vision of the utter failure of human life outside of the will of God.

Quitman, La.

Dear Cousin Eva:—"I am five years old and try to be a good little boy. I don't say bad words, for mamma tells me it is wrong. I tell the big boys that the bad man will get them for saying ugly words. My little three year old sister and I have a nice time playing and swinging. Her name is Bessie. My papa and mamma are members of the M. E. Church. Cousin Eva pray for me that I may be a good boy. Goodby,  
Lester Ryons Anderson.

Joaquin, Tex.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I go to Sunday-school. Mamma takes LIVING WATER and I love to hear her read the children's letters. Papa and mamma are Christians and I want to be one and little sister too. Lovingly,  
Earlie Beach.

Earlie and Lester, as I read your letters, I was thinking *how* is it that we can be good. How beautiful a clear stream of water is, as it flows on, and on, mile after mile, making green everything along its banks. Is there no beginning to it? Yes, always. Every stream of water in this world has its source—its starting place. Nearly always it is some bubbling spring, that doesn't give out winter or summer. Now, if we would live right, there must be a source, a beginning, a spring from which the good life can flow. If we just make up our minds to be good, is that all that we need? Ah, no. There is no good spring inside us, and so no really good life can flow out, and on, through the days and years. Jesus promises to give us salvation, make us right inside, put in a spring of water that will bubble and flow eternally. Joining the church isn't this spring, nor being good in our own strength. No, Jesus must make us His. Why don't you ask Him to, now? He will if you mean it.

Quitman, La.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am eleven years old. Kiss little John for me. I had a little brother named John but he went to live with Jesus. I have two little brothers in heaven and four brothers and three sisters living. My little baby brother Walter is only nine months old and can walk a little. I am going to school. My teacher's name is Miss Lillie Wyatt and I love her. Cousin Eva, pray for me and kiss Mary Laura for me. Goodby,  
Rebecca Anderson.

Cousin Eva just looked out the window and in the middle of her round flower bed was Baby John, his hands filled with her red-poppies. Not one was left. But he looked such a sweet blossom himself, I paid little attention to the others. How many precious little ones are with Jesus. And how blessed it will be when time has run its course and God throws open wide the doors and gathers in all His loved ones. I am so glad I have settled things now for that time. We can. We need not wait days or months, but *today* can make perfect peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ and be ready, without fear or trembling for that time. Believe in Jesus, accept Him now, before this wicked world, and you will be safe then.

Daniel, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am a little girl ten years of age and have black eyes and light hair. I have five sisters and two brothers. My mother and father are both dead. I live with one of my sisters and she is sanctified. I am not a Christian but want to be one soon. We do not take LIVING WATER but one of my uncles takes it and lets us have it to read. There was a Christmas tree at our church Christmas Eve night. I am looking for one of my brothers from Southside to see me. With love,  
Mary Rodgers.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am a little girl eleven years old. I am not a Christian but want to be some day. Pray for me. I like to go to Sunday-school. I also go to every day school and my teacher's name is Miss Rose Parks and I like her. Mamma takes LIVING WATER and is very fond of it. I have three sisters and one brother living. For pet I have two dollies and can ride the billy goat and can help papa plow some. A new cousin,  
Elsie Winchester.

If the owner of a fine home knew a terrible storm was coming, he would be a most unwise man not to make all the preparation he could. Well, Mary and Elsie, a most dreadful storm is going to break over this earth some day. God says so. Men are going to cry for the rocks and hills to cover them because they are afraid of the face of Him that will sit upon a throne as their judge. How foolish not to prepare. It may sweep down upon us at any moment, so the Bible warns us. How glad I am this morning that God has a way for us to make ready. Jesus is our ark of safety and all who are His will be sweetly and quietly kept amid these fearful scenes. More than this, they will have fear taken out of their hearts, and be willing to enter God's holy presence, because they know their sins are blotted out in Jesus' precious blood. Fly to Jesus today, as your *only* refuge and ask Him to make you His.

Whitesboro, Tex.

The experience of Mrs. B. E. Berry and it was only a dream I dreamed. I was wandering in a sad lonely wilderness and coming to some cedar trees I stopped and was gathering some little twigs. I looked up and saw into heaven. It was so beautiful and white and I saw the sweet angels flying around in that lovely home. There was a narrow path that came from heaven to me and there came an angel with her beautiful snow white wings and would strike me on the shoulder so sweetly and softly and I felt so happy. But that path was so rocky and rough it takes climbing and struggling to get there but bless the good Lord he gives us strength to climb, if we only ask in faith. I believe I am climbing up that rough and rugged way, for so many times

when trouble comes (and it comes so often) the words come "you are climbing up over some of these great rough rocks" and then I am made to rejoice in my blessed Savior, honor and glory to His sweet name! Let the trials come. If we only look to Jesus He can make them sweet. Heaven's door is open to me, bless the Lord! a poor creature like me and praise His holy name, to my children and to you and everyone else in this wicked world. Oh, if they could only see how beautiful it is to walk in the light of God. Cousin Eva, I would love to see you and talk with you and I will when we meet across the river. Yours in Christ,  
Mrs. Bettie E. Berry.

Yes, the path is narrow, so Jesus said, and often times rough and thorny. But Cousin Eva is *really* learning this truth. However hard the Christian's path, *the worlding's is harder*. Do you believe it? I do. God says, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and He knows all about it. Do you ever grow heart-sick over the rough way? Let us remember that our path would be still rougher if we were sinners. Lots of Christian people, even, don't believe this. But I do. I suppose no one can travel through this life, without striking rocks, thorns and hardships. And listen, dear cousins, I would rather take the hardships of God's children, anytime, than the hardships of sinners. I am not willing to make even an exchange of trials with worldly people. Thank this dear sister for her letter.

Petersburg, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am one of your new cousins and am thirteen years old. I have five brothers younger than myself living and two in heaven. Mamma left us April 16th and went to their abode, the City of God. She was sick only two days and died singing, "In the sweet by and by," "Home, sweet home," and "I'll soon be there." I am not a Christian but want to be one. Ask God that I may be a better boy and meet her in heaven. I have no pets except my little twin brothers, Be and De. Mamma died in Dodd City, Texas, and papa had her embalmed and brought back here and laid to rest in old New Hope Cemetery, away from her cares. I want to be saved from my sins and live so close to the Master that He can use me as a worker in His vineyard. Pray for my little brothers that He may use us all. Aunt Cora McAdams, who lives at Belfast, has my little baby brother. He is three months old and his name is J. M., my mother's initials. The four others and myself are here in this place, sheltered in my grandmother's home, Mrs. Elizabeth Yowell. I like to read LIVING WATER. I expect to go to Sunday-school just across the street from my present home. I will start to the college in this place soon. Uncle Morris says he will help papa educate my twin brothers and myself. Your new cousin, Forrest Yowell.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Many hundreds of years ago these comforting words were written, and I thought of them as I read of your mother's victorious passing away. Such a rich legacy to leave her children, the memory of her triumphant faith in Christ and the knowledge of her acceptance with Him. Jesus gave her these songs of joy, and made her a witness for Him in her last moments. I would rather leave such memories for my children than all this world's goods. And my dear boy, while your heart is tender and responsive yield yourself to God. Now in the bright morning of youth, while still free from Satan's cruel chains, give yourself to the Lord. His watchful eye is ever upon man's heart, even as the skillful physician feels the pulse of his pa-

tient. When *in our hearts* we make a *decision*, decide to refuse Satan's and the world's offers to us, and take instead what God freely offers—eternal life—then God begins to fix our hearts that we may live the life we have chosen. I have great faith in a Christian mother's prayers and the God to whom she prayed. He is faithful, and makes every effort to save her children. Sometimes they go out into sin, their lives are marred, and saddened and blackened by sin. Broken down, often disgraced, they yield to God. How blessed that someone held on to God for them. And yet there is much that is heart-rending as we look at the havoc sin wrought and realize how much God could have saved them from. There is a better way. It is when the children let God save them from all this. He can and will, oh so gladly. Dear boy, let mother's prayers be answered *now*. Let Jesus save your bright young manhood from Satan's foul touch and keep you from sin.

Cousin Eva.

**SOME RESULTS OF THE WELSH REVIVAL**

1. The poorhouses are losing their inmates. Sons and daughters, blessed of God, are saying to aged ones who have been cast off, "Come home and share with us the bounties and goodness of the Lord." So the picture of Will Carlton's "Over the Hill From the Poorhouse" is finding many a counterpart in favored Wales.
  2. Drunkards' trains, which were run from the mining districts to the larger town on Saturday night, have no passengers.
  3. The prize rings are abandoned because no one wants to fight.
  4. Theater troupes avoid the people of Wales. One company were defiant, and insisted on carrying out their program, and they played to an audience of eight people. A band of chorus girls failed to make enough to take them out of town, and so went to a revival meeting and were converted.
  5. Judges on their benches often have no criminal cases to try.
  6. Breweries are closed entirely or in part. Some brew once in three weeks, where they had been accustomed to brew three times a week.
  7. Girls in public positions are solemnized and sobered and free from the giddy, frivolous talk and flirtations of the past. Many other evidences might be given to prove the reality of this marvelous work of grace.
- How did it all come about? Through prayer in 500 places where the few or the many met to wait on God. In a hundred places where Evan Roberts has not gone and cannot go, and where no evangelist has appeared the Spirit has fallen.
- If the conditions are fulfilled here, if our American Christians become as humble, trustful, zealous, faithful and prayerful as the Welsh people have been, the results will be as real and gratifying. May the Lord hasten it in His time.—Living Truths.

**OUR CLUB OFFERS**

LIVING WATER, Nashville, Tenn.  
 THE HERALD OF LIGHT, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 THE WAY OF FAITH, Columbia, S. C.  
 TEXAS HOLINESS ADVOCATE, Greenville, Texas.  
 PENTECOSTAL HERALD, Louisville, Ky.

are all good full salvation papers, regular price \$1.00 per year each. We will be glad to mail any one of them with LIVING WATER for \$1.50, two of them with LIVING WATER for \$2.25, three of them with LIVING WATER for \$3.00 or four of them with LIVING WATER for \$3.75 for one year.

If you would like a sample of either of these papers, write them at the address given above and they will gladly supply you with one.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO., Nashville, Tenn.

**HAVE YOU SEEN  
 A COPY OF  
 Living Water Songs  
 128 Pages 180 Songs.**

Just the book for use in churches, Sunday-schools, missions, prayer-meetings, camp-meeting and homes

**BECAUSE**

It is full of the brightest and best spiritual songs we could find, both new and old—altar songs, songs of invitation, solos and duets, as well as songs for the congregation covering the entire range of religious experience.

Try It—You Will Not Be Disappointed

In ordering be sure to state whether SHAPED or ROUND notes are desired

Liberal Discounts to Evangelists and Other Dealers

PRICE: { 15 cents each } Prepaid  
 { \$1.50 per dozen }  
 { \$10.00 per hundred—not prepaid

Pentecostal Mission Publishing Company  
 Nashville, Tenn.

**JUST IN FROM ENGLAND  
 A Large Stock of  
 Beautiful New  
 Wall Mottoes**

Many colors and designs,  
 Prices ranging from 5c to  
 75c. Order now while the  
 stock is fresh and un-  
 broken

**SEND FOR CATALOGUE**

Pentecostal Mission Publishing Company  
 Nashville, Tenn.

**Old Type For Sale**

We have between 200 and 250 lbs. of Long Primer type which we will be glad to sell at 15 cts. per pound.

This type is well sorted, being that which we formerly used in our paper. This advertisement is printed with the type. Write this office.

**"THINGS AS THEY ARE."**

is an intensely interesting story of life in India. The illustrations are especially fine. There is a demand, in this day of many books, for something out of the ordinary and we know of no book which more fully meets this demand. This is probably due to the author's ability to tell the simple truth without partiality or embellishment. Almost anyone can tell things, but the insight, sympathy and unbiased judgment necessary to tell things *as they are* are rare gifts. The curtain is pulled aside and the reader is given a glimpse (which is as much as the author could give or you could read) of the depths of degradation and awful bondage to sin existing where Satan's rule is undisputed by the gospel. Order of this office. Price, paper, 75c postpaid.

**PROMPT ATTENTION**

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

**Good Books in Neat Binding**

Printed on fine paper, daintily and durably bound in full, white vellum, handsome design in gold and colors.

- Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture  
 W. E. Gladstone
  - John Ploughman's Talks  
 C. H. Spurgeon
  - The Pilgrim's Progress  
 John Bunyan
  - Prince of the House of David  
 J. H. Ingraham
  - Stepping Heavenward  
 Mrs. E. Prentiss
- Price, postpaid, 50 cts. each.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.,  
 Nashville, Tenn.

See our premium offer for new subscribers on page 15.

## FIELD NOTES

W. P. B. Kinard is engaged in a tent-meeting at Latta, S. C.

B. Carradine will hold a camp-meeting at Ozark, Ark., beginning July 28th to Aug. 6th.

Miss Alice Cowen held a ten days' meeting at Bardwell, Ky., beginning May 7th. God honored the preaching and praying and good was done.

We began meeting here in M. E. Church, South, yesterday. Large audience yesterday and last night; great interest. The Lord stood by me and is helping me to throw the lance full in the face of sin and hold up the banner of holiness. Pray for us, Byhalla, Miss. J. H. Collins.

The meeting here is opening well. Large crowd and deep interest last night. Pray for us. I want to say to those desiring to write me in reference to meetings this summer, my address until June 4th, is Sylvia, Tenn., from June 4-18 it will be Cumberland Furnace, Tenn. Yours under the blood. E. C. Sanders. Sylvia, Tenn.

We are still on the victory side. Praise the Lord! He is wonderfully keeping us in body and spirit. I would be glad if our friends would address all our letters via New Orleans, and remember that it takes 5cts to bring a letter to this country. This will save us a little trouble in several ways. Yours in the battle, R. S. Anderson.

Zacapa, Guatemala, Central America.

We have just closed a seven weeks' meeting—one week of prayer, three weeks in the city, and three weeks in East Florence. One hundred and ten either saved or sanctified. It was a time of great victory. God gave us a great victory in our hearts for Sheffield, Ala., where a meeting is to be held soon. The preaching was done by our pastor, J. E. Sanders. Your brother in Him, J. M. Stafford.

I have just closed a good meeting at Mt. Olive, Mississippi. Wicked men found Jesus. The devil got mad and cut our tent up and put it in the creek and when we got it out it was torn so we cannot use it. Will all of God's people help me get another tent? If so send to Clinton, Louisiana. May God bless LIVING WATER. W. T. Currie.

Lockhart, Miss.

We have just closed our meeting in Jasper, Ala. We were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Pitts, two devout soldiers of the Cross. Had a very good meeting. One young man was sweetly saved, for which we thank God, and go on our way rejoicing. "We ask an interest in your prayers. Our next engagement is in Epps, Miss. Your sister in Christ, Mrs. Mattie Anderson Lancaster.

The meeting in Jesse Lee Church, of Boston, Mass., has been growing in interest from the first service. The congregations are three or four times what they were when we began. People are being saved or sanctified at every service. We often have a dozen or more at the altar and as many as thirty seekers at a time. God has saved and sanctified the people by the score. Sunday, May 14th, was a great day indeed. At night the workers were praying and shouting; sinners weeping and even screaming all over the congregation. The interest has grown to such an extent and the demands of this people are so great that the brethren have decided to have me remain in Boston until May 28th instead of going to Cambridge. From here I go to Indiana. My heart has never been so on fire for the work. James M. Taylor.

Boston, Mass.

Home address—Knoxville, Tenn.

During the storm which passed through Waco last Sunday night the tabernacle at the camp ground was blown down. It will cost about \$1,000.00 to replace everything. This is a hard blow on our already burdened people, but we must rebuild in time for the meeting August 8, 1905. In haste. Yours in Christ, Jno. H. Appell.

Waco, Texas.

We closed our meeting here in the Red Lick church last night. We had a very good meeting for everybody to be so busy at work. The people want us to hold another meeting here, so we have arranged to do so, beginning July 22nd. (D. V.) We had three bright professions of justification—one old man who had been very wicked. Pray for me that I may be of use of the Lord. Your brother in Christ, J. B. Beavers. R. R. No. 1, Park, Texas.

We are praising God for a rising tide at this place. "There is a sound of a going in the top of the mulberry trees." We are having some gracious cottage prayer-meetings. Two came to the altar for prayer last Sunday—one seeking a clean heart, the other the pardon of his sins, which he found, "glory to His name." Bros. Herbert, Allen and J. A. Shelton will commence a series of meetings at a school house near Liberty, Tenn. June 4th. Pray for this meeting and the work at Liberty, Tenn. Yours under the blood, W. P. Furrell.

Charlotte, Tenn.

Glory to God for victory through the blood of Jesus I went from Nashville to Raleigh, North Carolina. We had a battle against sin and the devil but Jesus gave the victory. A number of souls were blest. We went next to Wilson, pitched our tent and began to tell people about the power of Jesus to save and several came to the altar. I did not tarry any longer but went to Spring Creek, West Virginia, where we had a great victory. About thirty-five or forty souls saved and sanctified. I am now in Roanoke, will begin here Friday. Please pray for the work here. W. H. Hudgins.

Roanoke, Va.

God is blessing our work. Souls are being saved, yet we find many in this State that are not saved. We still need more workers. There is great need of such work here. We will do work in any state; but we feel led to work some in Louisiana. Anyone led of God to work in a mission please write us at Dodson, Louisiana. Do not feel that there will be too many. We will take pleasure in answering any questions in reference to mission work that you may write us. We will welcome you as a brother or sister if you will come and help us. Saved and sanctified, D. T. Ponder. Dubach, Louisiana.

I am still in the battle against sin and for holiness. I had a very profitable season of study at the Bible School in Birmingham through the fall and winter. I am sure Bible Schools are a blessing to all who attend them. I am preaching every Sunday from one to three times. I am expected to preach four times tomorrow at four different places. I study, pray, and kill grass, and weeds through the week days, and preach, pray, sing and shout, on Sunday. I will be glad when crop time is over, so I can be in the work of the Lord all the time. I will be ready to do revival work after July 1st. References, Rev. J. J. Brasler, or Sister Wilbur Daniels. J. B. Ellis.

Birmingham, Ala., Third Ave., & Twenty-Second St.

Have just closed a meeting in the College Hill division of this city. Victory is a conservative expression of its wonderful success. The writer began on the 12th inst., and Sister Purdine, of Atlanta, Texas, joined us on the 17th and continued until the 22nd. The Lord was with us from the beginning, and continued in increased power throughout the series. The power was so manifest that the people wept, laughed and shouted as if they were in the most remote rural district. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and members of the

Christian church all alike were captivated and church lines were forgotten and swept away by the mighty tidal wave of conviction, salvation and sanctification. We didn't count numbers. The Methodist and Christian preachers both began meetings during the time, not more than four and eight blocks away, but utterly failed to diminish our congregation. It increased continuously to the end. The universal verdict is that it was the best meeting ever witnessed in this section, if not in the entire city. The denominational blind-bridle is laid aside and the Spirit of unity prevails. To God be all the glory! Amen! W. J. Walthall. Texarkana, Ark.

How sweet the name of our dear paper LIVING WATER. O that we may all bring souls not only to the name but to the nature of LIVING WATER. The two elect ladies, Sisters Foster and Cowen just closed a meeting of ten days at Bardwell, Ky., the home of the writer. They did good work. Their preaching, prayers, and songs were especially inspiring, helpful and in season to all who came under their ministry, and the fire from heaven fell in the conviction and conversion, and sanctification of souls. It is not often I get to attend other evangelists' meetings but in these I found a season both of rest and refreshment to my heart, so onward and onward we move, "Bound to the land of bright spirits above." The land is filled with evangelists, but they are like the homer pigeons, they bear about their necks the message of the King, news of the progress of the battle, their plumage is glittering in the sunbeams, they are fired for the distant goal, and they plume their flight in midair above this vain, transient world, heading for their home beyond the skies eternal in the heavens. I am now writing in this city, (Memphis) and am on my way to Miller, Byhalla, and Holly Springs, Miss. I am "joined to all the living," and in harmony with that song, "We'll work till Jesus comes and then be gathered home." Those who desire my service as evangelist write me at Holly Springs, Miss., care of Bro. Gladney, pastor of the M. E. Church, South. Yours in Jesus, J. H. Collins.

We have just closed a good meeting at Pelham, Tenn. Bro. C. B. Jernigan and wife, of Texas, and Bro. C. P. Roberts were our assistants. Bro. Roberts had charge of the singing and did good work singing, praying, leading the testimonies and in the altar. Bro. Jernigan is one of our very best and strongest preachers and gave the people messages they will be a long time forgetting. Thank God for such men as Bro. Jernigan. Sister Jernigan is one of the best workers I know of in a meeting. She knows God and she knows how to pray and God wonderfully uses her in the salvation of souls. She lectured on rescue work at 3 p.m. May 14th. God blessed the message and broke up the hearts of the people and they gave ten dollars for the work. God is especially blessing "rescue work" and the worker who gets the real need of this work on their hearts will surely be blessed in telling others about it. Then there was Charles, Bro. Jernigan's little boy, who labored so faithfully at the organ. God bless him, he was a great help in this meeting. There were between forty and fifty professions in all, either of pardon or holiness and the saints were greatly strengthened. This is my third trip to Pelham in about a year. God has blessed wonderfully every time. This was a new field when I first came here, over a year ago. Now they have a Holiness church with nearly forty members, a Holiness prayer-meeting and Sunday-school and own their own church house and so the work goes on. Bro. Jernigan opened last night at Monteagle and Bro. Roberts and I here. The prospect here is fine for a meeting. Pray for us. We continue in Tennessee until June 26th, then back to Texas and on in the war. James B. Chapman. Tracy City, Tenn.

I have been a subscriber to LIVING WATER for nearly two years and I am so glad. Some friend sent my name and there were some sample copies sent me and I have not missed more than two copies since. I cannot do without LIVING WATER while I can get it. It is a welcome guest in our home and we take and read it through like we do a book. I praise God for holiness

literature; it is next to the Bible; and it is soul food. This and the surrounding community is a needy field, for there is so much worldliness in the churches. With the Lord's help we are trying to build up a mission about two miles from this place. There are sixteen that have joined the band to work for souls. I do not believe holiness is needed any worse anywhere than it is here. We need Holiness literature among the people. A few weeks ago I sent in seven subscriptions to LIVING WATER and distributed 100 tracts among the people in the community but that was only a very few and we are poor people and not able to do much, but we want to do what the Lord wants us to do. We have a Sunday-school with about fifty enrolled. Will some Holy Ghost filled man or woman give through LIVING WATER some advice as to the best way to carry on mission work in the country for the glory of God? A brother has given two acres of land on which to build. We want to build a cheap house but need some help. We are praying and trusting the Lord for the needed help. Dear friends, ask the Lord what to do about this matter. My husband has been in bad health for more than a year but is happy in the Lord. He preaches or helps to hold the Sunday-school most every Sunday. We ask the prayers of all the saints that he may be well again and spend the balance of his life in the service of God. We are praying for the Lord to send us a good Holiness preacher to hold a meeting for us after we get the house ready and we will see that he is cared for. We must go forward for the Lord. Now, dear friends, any amount you want to send we will praise God for, and use it for his glory. Please send to Mrs. Elizabeth P. Davis, Corresponding Secretary, Bumpus Mills, Tenn.

LETTER FROM MISS LEONA GARDNER.

Trinidad, Cuba, May 10th, 1905.

Dear Living Water Friends:—

It only lacks a few weeks of being three years since we came to Trinidad. These have been blessedly happy years, in the services of Him who said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." These years have by no means been without trials, but our heavenly Father has always made His Word so very precious to my heart. The love of Jesus has been dearer, and the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit has seemed more necessary than ever before. Thank God He is still abiding. My feet are still planted on the Bible truth of sanctification by faith in the blood of Christ through the power of the Holy Spirit. Praise His name. Nothing less than Bible holiness in my own heart and life can ever satisfy the longings of my heart. God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory. He does sanctify me tonight, and my prayer is that I may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that I, too, may be filled with all the fullness of God. God has given us some fruit here—precious souls for whom Jesus gave his life, who were in darkness, sin, and idolatry when we came and are now rejoicing in Christ Jesus the Light and Life of men. O I praise God that He ever let me come and be a witness for Him here in this old-wicked idolatrous city. It now seems to be His good pleasure for me to spend the summer with His people in the home land. I hope to meet many dear Christian friends while there and to be better prepared for work when I return. The Lord willing, I will leave here the 13th of this month and reach Nashville, about the 28th. My address will be 525 Third Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn. Pray for me; pray for the dear fellow workers who will remain here to press the work through the long hot unhealthy summer. Pray that God may give them strength and grace for each separate day and trial. God bless you all. Your sister in Christ.

LETTER FROM J. T. BUTLER.

LIVING WATER comes to us bringing many blessings. We are made glad when we see how God is pouring out His blessings in many places where faithful men and women are proclaiming the words of life. We join with you in praising God for the good success in the Bible School there the last session. We are glad to tell you that two more persons here

in Coban have declared their acceptance of Jesus as their Lord and Savior. If you received my last letter to LIVING WATER you already know of a journey I made recently at the request of a woman here in behalf of her husband. Since his coming home he and his wife have come regularly to our meetings and have visited us in our house many times. We have explained to them the way of life, and God has aroused them to see their need of Jesus to save them. She, the wife, was president and promoter of some of the societies in the Romish Church, and her renunciations of these things has caused, and is causing considerable comment. The young men here in the mission are growing in knowledge of the Word, and now make right good talks in our public meetings.

The little Spanish paper that we began to publish stands temporarily suspended because the printer here in Coban is one of those fellows rich in promises and exceedingly poor in fulfillment. We are inclined to believe that outside influence has been brought to bear on him not to print it. We wish very much indeed that we had a small printing press. We believe we could glorify God with it.

I had a few days of chills and fever after my journey, but am now entirely free from them, thank God.

I would like to advise all persons who would like to send us money not to send registered letter, send New York draft, which can be secured at my bank. I suppose, or send money to Mr. John T. Benson, Treas. of Pentecostal Mission, Nashville, Tenn., and he will forward to us by New York draft. Recently three letters have reached us stating that they contained money but the money had been taken out. It seems that it is ever more unsafe to send a registered letter than to send it without registering. But it is better not to send money in letter, send New York draft.

I have been thinking for some time that I would write a few lines on the subject of "Human Nature," and "Carnal Nature." It seems to me that many persons mix the two when they talk of them in a way that is not according to the Bible. Many say that

human nature is sinful. Is that true? It certainly would throw us into much confusion to say yes it is sinful. Adam and Eve before they sinned had their perfect human nature, but they did not have the carnal nature. Jesus our Savior took upon Him our human nature, and He never sinned, and one of the miracles of eternity is that Christ Jesus still has this human nature and will continue to have. It is the carnal nature that is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be (Rom. 8:7.) The carnal nature is the nature of the devil which he has implanted in man. It is the "old man" the "flesh" (Rom. 6:9, 8:3-5.)

J. T. Butler.

Requests For Prayer

Pray for the healing of my diseased body, also pray that I may rear my two little children up right.

A widowed sister.

DEATHS

Floyd

In memory of Minta Floyd, wife of W. J. Floyd, our friend and sister in Christ, who departed this life April 19, 1905, to join her loved ones in glory, who had only preceded her a few years. She leaves a husband and three children, and four sisters. While we cannot understand why she was taken, yet we know our dear Lord doeth all things well, also the Lord will provide. While it was natural for Minta to express a desire to get well, to help train her children, she was ready when the summons came for her to meet her God, and rejoiced that she had made the preparation in health.

A Friend.

See our premium offer for new subscribers on page 15.

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE

We are preparing to move our headquarters to a much better location, between Broad and Church Sts. on Cherry St. There is a building on the property which is being remodeled for a Tabernacle, book-room, printing department, etc. We want to add another story for the Bible School. The Nashville brethren will provide the room for the local work, and also raise half the amount necessary for the school building. After they have done their work, the architect estimates that it will require about \$3000 to complete the work. We would be glad to have all our friends immediately forward a contribution for this purpose to LIVING WATER.

AMOUNT NECESSARY \$3000

AMOUNT PAID OR PLEDGED

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED . . . . .	\$769.65
R. A. S., Tennessee . . . . .	2.00
A. H. S., " . . . . .	5.00
H. B., " . . . . .	1.00
W. A. J., " . . . . .	.50
J. A. C., " . . . . .	1.00
W. A. B., " . . . . .	2.00
W. T. N., " . . . . .	2.00
J. D., " . . . . .	2.00
W. E. B., " . . . . .	3.00
A. K., " . . . . .	1.00
L. K., " . . . . .	1.00
J. J. J., " . . . . .	36.00
E. C. S., " . . . . .	1.00
C. W. T., " . . . . .	2.00
F. E. R., " . . . . .	25.00
M. B., " . . . . .	2.00
R. C. L., Florida . . . . .	1.00
J. F. B., Arkansas . . . . .	.50
O. N. T., Alabama . . . . .	5.00
D. M. S., " . . . . .	2.00
I. D., Mississippi . . . . .	5.00
F. E., South Carolina . . . . .	1.00
M. P., Pennsylvania . . . . .	1.00
P. P., Virginia . . . . .	15.00
Total . . . . .	\$876.65

## LYDIA C. DANFORTH

HENRIETTA NATSON

Lydia C. Danforth was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister and was born in Southern Ohio. Her home was among the hills that stretch back from the Ohio river, sometimes becoming almost mountains and then sinking down into the loveliest valleys. Her father was pastor of a church there, and Lydia grew up with the flowers and birds in a simple country life. Her mother was a good woman and taught her what prayer meant from her earliest years. At the age of four years Lydia sought God as intelligently as though she had been twenty. Her mother said she had deep and real conviction for sin, and understood perfectly that only Jesus could save her. One night after she had been in bed for sometime she was heard sobbing, and on going to her, Lydia said, "Oh, mother, I want Jesus to come and take my sins away." Her mother prayed and said a few words to her, of how willing Jesus was to do this, and as the child became quiet, left her. When she was gone Lydia said, Jesus did come, and the room was filled with the brightest sunlight. It always seemed to her that she lay in that golden light for hours, and it was ever after a distinct and wonderful memory.

She said nothing about it to her mother in the morning until after the other children had gone to school; they were all older than herself, but the whole family had noticed a strange light on her face, as though the sun were shining through a thin cloud. Her mother rejoiced exceedingly, when Lydia told her how Jesus had come into her room, and how bright it had been all night. She believed, nothing doubting, for she understood how real had been the child's longing after Jesus; but her father trembled and said it was either a delusion of Satan or God was about to take her to Himself, for it was not possible for one so young to receive the saving grace of God. He watched her closely, ready to discover the slightest, childish fault, not that he intended to be severe, but it was much as a naturalist would watch the growth and development of a new and rare plant. Her mother, wiser in the things of God, counselled and cared for her as for a little lamb in the fold of the Good Shepherd.

When Lydia was ten years of age, her father requested the elders to admit her to the church, and with a break in his voice he said he believed his little daughter knew God better than her father knew Him. She never said much of her inner life to anyone but to her mother; to her she was so transparent that the mother read the Christlife as she would read an open page. To others, she was only a very bright, joyous and happy girl, rather mature and thoughtful perhaps for her years, but eager in her studies and interested in everybody and everything. In that little Presbyterian church there were no testimony meetings, and if there had been, a little

girl would have been in better favor to be seen than heard.

When she was still a young girl, she became my dearest friend. I was in a school, where on the first day every teacher and pupil was a stranger to me, and this shy little girl whose desk was just in front of mine, kept glancing at me in a most winning manner. She was very small for her age and her long black hair hung in two braids; her movements were very quick and birdlike, and as I watched her, I became very much interested. We found ourselves in the same classes and at recess she had many little ways of being kind to a stranger. Before night we had promised ourselves to each other for life, a bond that never was broken. In a few days I went home with her, and as her mother met her at the door, Lydia exclaimed, "I've got her mother! here she is," as though I were a discovery. Her sweet-faced mother however, did not allow me to be embarrassed or troubled, but received me as one whom she had long expected. I remember Lydia's grave and stately father, whose austere and almost repellent manner was contradicted by a sunny smile, in which were volumes of tenderness. I was prepared to stand in awe of him, but his kindness disarmed my fears.

From that day Lydia's inner, spiritual life was revealed to me as I was able to understand it. It was not of the earth, earthly, and far above and beyond my ken, yet I saw its beauty, as it was unfolded to me, and knew it was the Christ that dwelt within her heart. It was He, Christ, Himself, who gave such a charm to this young girl, though at that time I knew it not. Early in our acquaintance I spent a night in her home. We got our lessons first, and then by the cosy fire-light talked, as girls will do. Our talk began over our Bibles, and Lydia showed me many sweet and hidden things in the Word. After prayer, we retired and the solemn stillness that filled the room comes back to me over the long, long years. We were silent for sometime but each knew that the other was not asleep. A kind of fear was upon me—a sacred awe. At last Lydia said, "Surely God is in this place, I asked Jesus specially to meet us here tonight, and how His presence fills the room!" Yes, I knew it was true, that God was there, but the thought did not bring joy to me; I was not acquainted with Him. I feared exceedingly, like the children of Israel who could not look upon the face of Moses. But Lydia was at home in the presence of God. I can still hear the thrill in her voice which I now know comes when God has full possession of the soul. What a night that was! A night memorable in my own spiritual life, but I am not telling my own story.

It was two or three years later than this that Lydia received the blessing of sanctifica-

tion and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. She had lived close to God before, in His overshadowing presence, much of the time, but had supposed she must always groan under the bondage of sin. Her father, fearing fanaticism in this his youngest and perhaps most loved child, had taken great pains to instill into her mind, his old school theology of inability, of natural depravity, and a great deal besides that he had taken from the traditions of men. This he did, to fortify her, as he believed, against the wiles of the enemy, teaching her that sin in its very nature must and would have dominion over her while she remained in this mortal body. Lydia was confused and perplexed, she felt her father must be right, and she could not tell him how strangely unlike her actual experience this was; for how could she be under condemnation and fear God's wrath, when He flooded her entire being with His wondrous love? She was about eighteen years of age when she heard "entire consecration" preached, and began to search her own heart to see if she was withholding ought from God. Of course Satan was ready to accuse her, and for a time she fell into sore bondage and condemnation, which brought her great distress and anguish. She had been much interested in music, and Satan accused her of worldliness in this. She closed her piano and when she begged her father to dismiss her teacher, he was sure that what he had feared had to come to pass, Lydia was fast going off into the dreaded fanaticism.

But God had His hand on this child, and led her into a Holiness meeting, where she learned what entire consecration meant, and that the altar sanctifies the gift when laid upon it. She made this consecration and walked with a shining face, but with a consciousness that there was more to follow, she had not received all God had for her.

Her father did not forbid her attending these meetings, perhaps he dare not, but he was sadly anxious. The old problem that this child had been to him since she was four years old, and like Paul, a light from heaven shone round about her, was yet unsolved. He had always been withheld from anything like harshness, or direct opposition to her, and now when her sister and even her mother wished him to forbid the Holiness meeting, he did not do it. His elder daughter in impatience said, "Father, whatever Lydia does, you think is right," and he meekly replied, "Yes, I believe I do."

A few days after Lydia accepted sanctification, she was invited to attend a New Year's meeting. Not a watch-meeting, on New Year's eve: that decorous community had never observed a service of that kind, but a few friends, Holiness people, were going to have a little service in a private house, on the first night of the New Year and Lydia went. There were less than a dozen persons present but as they prayed the place was shaken, if not literally shaken as was that little room where the