

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. XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCT. 17, 1907.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE
No. 41

The Wonderful Power of Prayer

BY JAMES H. CONKEY.

"IF YE ASK, I WILL DO." (Jno. 14:14).

It is a wonderful promise.

MANY and precious are the promises which God gives to His praying children. He tells us that as we pray and receive our joy shall be full (Jno. 16:24); that if we bring all things to Him in prayer His own unspeakable peace shall possess and keep our hearts in Jesus Christ, (Phil. 4:7); that of all who ask from Him not one shall be turned away; that to any who knock at His door it shall without fail be opened (Matt. 7:7, 8). Familiar enough and gracious, too, is His truth that as we ask He gives. So says His Word again and again: "Ask and it shall be given you;" "every one that asketh receiveth;" "How much more will your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask Him." But in the heart of this great chapter, the fourteenth of John, we come upon the greatest promise God has ever given to His praying children. Presuming—as we do in all that is said in these opening chapters concerning prayer—that the child of God is asking in His name, or according to His will, the wonderful statement is here twice made that not only as we pray does God give, but that

AS WE PRAY GOD WORKS.

God, the eternal God of the universe, stands, as it were, like an almighty servant and says: "If you, my child, will only pray I will work; if you will only be busy with asking, I will see to the doing." Not only does He bestow at our cry, but He acts. Not only does our praying evoke His bounty, it sets in motion His omnipotence. Wherefore, as we enter into the secret chamber of prayer, nothing will so stir us to mighty intercession, nothing will so soon make us master-leaders with God for a lost world, as to whisper to our own soul, again and again, this wonderful truth, "While I am praying God is really doing that which I am asking!"

Thus to a child of God bowed in prayer that the Gospel may be sent to the dark lands, though he may not see it, yet as he prays God baffles the powers of darkness; as he prays God moves the hearts of kings; as he

prays God breaks down the barriers to evangelization; as he prays God loosens the bands of superstition; as he prays God opens up the pathways of forbidden lands; as he prays God unclasp the purses of His children; as he prays God raises up and thrusts forth the gospel messengers to the whitened harvests. As he is praying GOD IS DOING. This is explicitly asserted. "Search my word," says our Lord. "Find out clearly in it what my will is concerning the world. Pray according to that will." Then as you pray "Lord thrust forth laborers into the harvest," I THRUST THEM FORTH! As you pray "Lord break down the obstacles," I BREAK THEM DOWN! As you pray "Lord stir men's hearts to give," I STIR THEM! Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I DO." Beloved, what a tremendous responsibility is ours! What a unique privilege! That all the power of an omnipotent God is ready and waiting to be put into triumphant, irresistible action at the prayer of one of His children! That the very hosts of heaven marshalled against the powers of darkness at that importunate call of yours which is according to the will of God! He declares that all power in heaven and earth is His, and then, as it were, places Himself at our disposal and says, "Now my child, you pray and I will work. You ask and I will do." As an engineer might suffer a child, powerless in itself, to call forth mighty power, not its own, by opening the throttle of his great machine, so God says to the weaklings, "all power is mine, but unto you it is given to call it forth by prayer." If it be true, then, that God's omnipotence is placed at our disposal, we are as responsible for its exercise through prayer as though we possessed it ourselves. Behold here the shame of an unevangelized world, of two thousand years delay, of our cowardice and faltering in the presence of difficulties. For though we have had no power to do, yet the mighty God, linking Himself with us as a real yoke-fellow and co-worker has said

"IF YE ASK I WILL DO."

It is a promise by AN OMNIPOTENT DOER.
They who are charged with the erection

of costly public or private buildings count it a rare privilege to have a great artist offer his services. They seek to employ the greatest architect, the most famous painter, the most skillful sculptor to do their work. But who is it here who offers to do for us, if we will only ask? It is no untried apprentice, no bungling worker accustomed to failure. It is GOD HIMSELF. It is the mightiest doer in the universe who says, "I will do, if you ask. Unrivalled wisdom, boundless skill, limitless power, infinite resources are His. Think a moment who it is that promises. He who shrouded the land of Egypt in awful darkness; He who turned her streams of water to streams of blood; He who laid His hand upon her first-born and filled her borders with mourning; He who broke the stubborn will of her impious king; He who led forth His people Israel, with mighty arm and outstretched hand; He who parted the great sea, and made the glassy wall of water to be bulwarks of safety to them, ad swift avalanches of death to their pursuing foes; He who, when His children cried for water, sweetened the bitter wells to quench their thirst; He who, when they hungered sent them bread from heaven; He who, when they marched about Jericho in utter selfhelplessness, levelled its towering walls by the word of His power; He who walked with His three children in the fierce, fiery furnace, yet kept them even from the smell of scorching garments; He who stilled the tempest, walked on the seas, cast out devils, healed the living and raised the dead—it is this same mighty doer who says He will do for me, if I ask! This omnipotence is the same omnipotence whose doing is awaiting my praying!

Yea the God who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand; the God who swings this ponderous globe of earth in its orbit more easily than you could swing a child's toy rubber ball; the God who marshalls the stars and guides the planets in their blazing paths with undeviating accuracy; the God of Sinai, and of Horeb; the heaven-creating, devil-conquering, dead-raising God,—it is this very God who says to you and to me:

IF YE ASK I WILL DO.

It is a promise which shows how much more wonderful than OUR doing is His doing called forth by OUR ASKING.

You can at will close your eyes and, in vision, call up before you the men and women whom you love, yet know to be lost. Friend after friend has wrought with and entreated them; you yourself would almost be willing to be anathema for them, if so be they might be saved; but all has been in vain. Suppose now there came some day a message from the Lord Jesus Christ promising that if you would but ask, He himself would go to these unsaved ones and deal directly with them. What an unheard of privilege would you count it to have Jesus Christ himself deal in person with a soul you loved! To have Jesus Christ work—not indeed in the body but in the Spirit—in your home, your church, your community; to have Jesus Christ give secret messages to your lost loved ones; to have Jesus Christ speak, woo, and win, as none else could; to have Jesus Christ with all His tact, wisdom, winsomeness, patience, gentleness, and compassion following on with unwearied zeal and tenderest love to bring back to God that soul for whom He had died;—what a promise! And yet this is exactly what prayer will accomplish, for He explicitly says, "If ye ask I will do."

Think a moment of that unsaved loved one for whom all these years you have been doing. You have pleaded, argued, and expostulated in vain. You have preached Christ, you have tried to live Christ. You have exhausted every device and means that love, faith or hope could conceive. Now that all your doings has failed how wondrous it would be into that life to bring His doing through your ASKING.

Hear Him speak: "My child you know not how to convict of sin, but I, who work as you pray, can bow down that soul in a very agony of conviction. You know not when to woo, and when to reprove, but I who work as you ask, know just when to pour in the balm of love, and when to let fall the sharp, quick blow of needed judgment. You cannot follow a soul in daily, unbroken pursuit, for you are finite and must eat, rest, and sleep, but I, who do as you ask, follow that soul day and night, with sleepless vigilance, through every second of his existence. Now comforting, now troubling; now giving darkness, now light; now sending prosperity, now adversity, now using the knife, now the healing balm; chastening, troubling; bereaving, blessing; bending, breaking, making, yea, I can do all things needed to be done to bring that wandered to himself and cause him to cry 'I will arise and go unto my Father.'"

What a message, too, is this for God's children who, through years of pain and affliction as invalids and "shut-ins," have mourned because cut off from the active service in which others are busy for God. Beloved sufferers be comforted. Blessed as

is the ministry of *doing*, there is no higher, holier calling under heaven than that *asking* which calls forth God's *doing* in the lives of others. Your Master Jesus Christ, through every second of His eternal, heavenly life, is pouring out His soul in *unceasing asking* ("He ever liveth to make intercession.") What an honor that God should call you to that same eternal ministry to which His great son now unceasingly gives Himself! Covet no other if this be thine. To enter into a needy life with your own doing is indeed precious, but to have God enter it through your *asking*, is it not greater by so much as God's doing is greater than thine? Hear Him speak to you. "O child of mine, laid upon a bed of helplessness and suffering, cease to repine because thou canst not busy thyself with thine own doing, as others. For I tell thee that as in the silence of the night watches thou dost cry unto me for the lost world, I am *DOING* what of my will thou art *asking*. Wouldst thou not rather call forth mine omnipotent doing by thine asking, if to this I have called thee, than even to be busy with thine own doing? For if THOU shalt ASK (according to my will) I will do." And let your glad answer be, "Lord, I rejoice. Though, shut within these four walls, I cannot touch men, yet Thou who hast promised to do for me, wilt touch and quicken them if I but ask. Though I am all the day weary and helpless yet Thou, who hast promised to do for me, art in Thy doing tireless and omnipotent. Though I cannot raise a hand nor stir a foot yet Thou, who hast promised to do if I but ask, wilt move heaven and earth to bless those for whom I pray. Though my human asking must soon end with my passing away, yet Thy mighty doing, called forth by my asking, will go on through all time, yea through eternity itself. Yea, Lord, since I can pray down Thy mighty doing into the lives I love, shall I longer mourn because I am shut out from my doing? What though I cannot do if Thou who dost work at my asking can do *miracles*? So, Lord, though I can do nothing, help me to remember with new joy and hope thy blessed promise."

"IF YE ASK I WILL DO."

It is a promise for OUR SERVICE.

Concerning those things that only God can do we naturally betake ourselves to prayer. For knowing that we ourselves cannot do them, we find our hope only in that asking which brings GOD'S doing. But let us remember, too, that our personal service, in the things which *we can do*, needs also that asking which will bring GOD'S doing into it? Do we realize that every thing we do needs to be saturated with the spirit of prayer that God may be the real doer, the real worker in the things which we are busily doing? Yet this is a mighty truth: "If ye ask I will do" applies to your own services as well as your intercession for others.

Have you ever toyed with the key of a telegraph instrument while the circuit was

closed? If so you have noted this fact. On that key you may write a complete message, from address to signature. Upon it every telegraphic character may be perfectly formed; every condition of expert operating may be fulfilled. But it matters not how skillful an operator you are, so long as the electric current is closed, all your efforts are simply sounding brass and clattering platinum. Not a spark of electric life do you transmit; not a single message of good or ill, of bane or blessing is conveyed to the waiting listener at the other end of the line. Why? *Because the battery is not working.* And all your working is effort without result, activity without power. But now you open the little brass lever which connects your key to the battery hidden beneath the table. Immediately every letter you form thrills with life, every word you write flashes a living message into the mind and heart of the far-away receiver. Through your work, dead and mechanical in itself, the electric battery is now pouring forth its vital stream, flooding with life and power every deft motion of your flying fingers.

The lesson is plain. It is in spiritual telegraphy as in material. If the battery is not working the message is mere clatter. *We may do*, but if God is not doing through us, then all our doing is naught. If we work in our own fleshly strength we shall but effect fleshly results, for "whatsoever is born of the flesh is flesh." God alone is spiritual life. God is the only begetter of life. Our highest function as servants is to be transmitters of the life of God to others. Our highest doing is that in which God is doing through us. And how shall this be? Through PRAYER. Prayer connects you with the divine battery of life and power. Prayer puts you "in the Spirit," and "it is the Spirit that quickeneth." From the chamber of prayer you come forth to men with the unction, the subtle power, the thrill of God's own life upon you, and as you touch them in speech, deed or prayer, "virtue goes forth from you," for then it is not you, but God that worketh in you. As you keep asking God keeps doing. When you grow prayerless your deeds grow powerless. Lead no meeting without asking that God may be the real leader through you; speak no message without asking that He may speak through you; begin no work without asking that God may work through you. For

"IF YE ASK I WILL DO."

—Selected

GOD'S SUPPLY

Abundant mercy, 1 Pet. 1:3.
Abundant grace, 2 Cor. 4:15.
Abundant consolation, 2 Cor. 1:5.
Abundant joy, 2 Cor. 8:2.
Abundant pardon, Isa. 45:7.
Abundant peace, Ps. 37:11.
Abundant entrance, 2 Pet. 1:11.

—C. H. Yatman.

"OPENED HEAVENS"

BY JESSIE PENN-LEWIS

THE VISION OF GOD AND JUDGMENT.

"It came to pass . . . as I sat in mine house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, that the hand of the Lord God fell there upon me." (Ezek. 8:1).

As we turn to Ezekiel 8, we shall see how it comes into line again with the thought of the "Visions of God."

There is a message of deliverance for us, but we do not want it until the Lord has said to us all He wants to about ourselves. The deeper He deals with us the more room there will be for Him in our hearts.

The religious people of Judah had come to Ezekiel to learn about God; but Ezekiel sat silent before them. He had nothing to say. The way God dealt with Ezekiel is very striking, because he was a man really in the hands of God, and it shows us what it means to truly be a mouth-piece for God.

God's messengers cannot make pleasant messages to suit the people. If the children of God come and want what they call "teaching," from messengers who are in the hand of the Lord, He will not allow them to "teach," whilst He sees something wrong in the lives of His people.

It is a very great temptation to draw upon our own resources, and give some "address" that God has not given, because it is expected of us.

The religious people of Judah came before Ezekiel to hear the word of the Lord, and, as they sat, the hand of the Lord fell upon Ezekiel, and God said, "I will show you what is wrong." Then He gave him a very startling message. If the fear of God had not been more real to Ezekiel than the fear of man, he could not have been true to God, and given such a message.

Ezekiel thus describes his experience. "The hand of the Lord God fell there upon me. Then I beheld, and, lo, a likeness as the appearance of fire." (verses 1, 2.)

A fresh unveiling of God was given to the prophet, and he hardly knew in what sort of language to describe what he had seen. He could only say it was "as the appearance of fire." "Our God is a consuming fire."

Messengers of God are needed today who are able to come to the people, and say, "Thus saith the Lord," not "I think this or that." The Christians may come and say, "What are your views?" but how many of us are willing to simply say, "It is written?" The world is in a turmoil because of the many voices. Oh, how souls are craving for a "Thus saith the Lord," with the confirming power of God behind it.

With Ezekiel "The hand of God fell there upon him." It was only under the constraining hand of God that he could face all the

elders of Judah, and give them the most awful message that could be given them, dealing with the sin in their holy things.

They were comforting themselves that they were all right; they were the people of God! and here was this one man to speak to them of God as a consuming fire.

Now let us see what the Lord gave Ezekiel to say to the religious people. We will remember that his message was to Israel primarily, but it is also a message to us today.

"He put forth the form of a hand . . . and the Spirit lifted me up . . . and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem, to the door of the inner court . . . where was the seat of the image of jealousy, which provoketh to jealousy." (verse 3).

In the dispensation of grace God's children are now His temple. (2 Cor. 6:16). When Paul wrote to the Romans he said, "Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?" We shrink from outward idolatry as heathenish, at the very same time that we may be committing sacrilege in these temples of God—our bodies.

What image stands at the entrance with us? The image of self, or the image of Christ? Do others see the great big image of "I" which provokes God to jealousy? God is a jealous God, and the Spirit that dwells in us yearneth over us with jealous envy, coveting us for Himself alone.

Is there a great big image of ourselves which stands in the entrance that everyone can see? Taking God's place, and blocking the door so that God cannot reveal Himself through us?

"He said unto me, Son of Man, seest thou what they do? even the great abominations that the house of Israel do commit here, that I should go far off from My sanctuary?" (verse 3).

The Lord calls the image in the entry an abomination.

"Thou shalt again see yet other greater abominations. And He brought me to the door of the court; and when I looked, behold a hole in the wall. Then said He unto me, Son of man, dig down in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And He said unto me, Go in, and see the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw; and behold, every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about." (verse 6-10).

How can this be applied to us? Every form of creeping thing! Surely that speaks to us about the earth, and being occupied with the things of earth; creeping instead of flying; crawling instead of mounting up

with wings as eagles; when God would have us running and not being weary; walking and not fainting. Earthly things occupy our hearts, and idols portrayed upon the wall round about.

Perhaps you say that this has nothing to do with you, for God dealt with you about these things years ago, when He cleansed, and took possession. But it may be in the most subtle way that some part of this may be true even now. Let us read on—

"Then said He unto me, Son of Man, hast thou seen what the elders of the house of Israel do in the dark? every man in his chambers of imagery?" (verse 12).

The chambers of imagery! Do you ever let your imagination run riot? It is one of the most difficult things the Lord has to deal with. There can be self-indulgence, and a great many wrong things springing forth from an unhealthy imagination.

"What they do in the dark," said the Lord to Ezekiel. It is want of light in the chambers of imagery. As you get to know the Lord, remember the devil will come along with his most subtle counterfeits, and seek to put thoughts in your mind that appear to be of the Blessed Spirit, but truly come from Satan as an angel of light.

In walking through the dangers of today nothing will help us more than to be intent upon the life of Jesus being acted out in practical action day by day. Let us seek to be absolutely honest and straightforward in all our dealings, never saying an unkind word about another; never talking over our neighbors, even their spiritual experiences; never discussing them under any circumstances; and walking straight in line with the word of God.

"See what they do in the dark," is what God will have to say about some who may be actually talking about having been crucified with Christ, and yet admitting subtle self-indulgence in the chambers of imagery. What are you doing in the dark? What thoughts are you admitting? The mind needs the power of God to control it. Many of us say, "My heart is true." Yes, but take heed of the mischief that comes from the mind not being renewed, and kept under the helmet of salvation.

Never allow your imagination to go back to yesterday. Walk with God simply and straight-forwardly now! The very instant you are conscious of a thought, or a word out of your lips that seems unlike the Master, say in a moment, "Lord, apply the power of the precious blood!"

What are you doing today? Thinking about yesterday—about last week? Are you allowing your mind to go over that suffering you went through three months ago? Nay, never allow your mind to turn back and dwell on the past, nor allow your imagination to run forward, thinking, "Oh, what will it be next week," and "I have such a dread of so-and-so!"

"He said also unto me, Thou shalt again see yet other great abominations which they do. Then He brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house . . . and behold, there sat the women weeping for Tammuz." (verses 13, 14).

There are many tears shed over the consequences of wrong doing, rather than over the sin against God. You have gone to the Lord in bitter tears over something that has been done. What lies at the back of those tears? Are you sorry for yourself, for all the unhappy hours? Or have you really sorrowed over the pain to the heart of Christ? Have you learned to look at sin, and everything that comes short of the glory of God, as a wound to the heart of Jesus? Note that the Lord calls it an abomination to weep over what we have lost because of the suffering to ourselves, instead of weeping over what sin means to Him.

Are you so sensitive to sin as to be able to weep over the pain of sin to our God? It will alter your relationship to other children of God very materially. Have you ever been brought into that union with the heart of Jesus, when anything that is grief to Him in another child of God, sends you to your room to weep?

How can we fail to see anything which comes short of the glory of God in any child of God does concern us, because it wounds the heart of Jesus? We should be suffering with the other members of the body; and never speak of their wrong doing without a broken heart.

What are these women weeping for? For themselves. Oh, if the Lord would but lift us out of our narrow, petty selves into Himself as our environment. Into union with His heart, so that we shall know something of His crying and tears; something of His Gethsemane, and something of His cross. "I have a baptism to be baptized with," He said. There was a love in Him that impelled Him to His death; and until that was fulfilled, He said, "I am straitened until it be accomplished." He knew that through His death, His life would be set free for the dying world.

"Then He said unto me . . . greater abominations than these. And He brought me into the inner court of the Lord's house, and . . . between the porch and the altar . . . men, with their backs toward the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the east; and they worshipped the sun toward the east." (verses 15, 16).

What does this mean to us spiritually? The light of God searching our worship. Is there sin in our worship? Is there sacrilege in our holy things? Oh, the flippant talking about sacred things, instead of hush and godly awe. There is a flippant using of the Name of the Lord as we would use other people's names. Does it mean that we are not to speak His Name? Nay, but there should come upon us a reverent hush in speaking it, because we never lose the presence of the Holy One.

When that word, the "Holiest of All," comes to our lips, what does it convey? The "experience?" Oh, God forbid it! It is the place where the angels hide their faces before God, the place where we dare not put the foot if it were not for the blood of the Lord Jesus.

If there is anything that is lacking today, it is godly awe, and godly fear. "To this man will I look, even to him that . . . trembleth at my word." Yes, God can create in you such a godly awe, that you really tremble at His word. May the Lord deliver us from sacrilege in the most deep and solemn things of God.

"He cried in mine ears with a loud voice saying, 'Cause ye them that have charge of the city to draw near.'" (chapter 9:1).

He shows all these things to Ezekiel, and then He says, "I must deal with them."

"And behold, six men came from the way of the upper gate . . . every man with his slaughter weapon in his hand; and one man in the midst of them clothed in linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side. And they went in, and stood beside the brazen altar." (chapter 9:2).

The brazen altar typifies the Cross. See this solemn procession going to the altar in response to the loud voice calling for judgment. And the Lord said to the man with the inkhorn,

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

"FOLLOW ME"

Beecher said: "The strength of a man consists in finding out the way God is going, and in going in that way, too; for God goes before and plows, and we can but follow after and plant our seed in His furrow."—Sel.

GOD LIVES

Luther is said once to have been brought back to faith and courage in a dark hour by his wife, who appeared before him, dressed in deep mourning. When questioned by her astonished husband, she replied, "God is dead!"

"No, no!" he answered, more and more perplexed.

"I supposed He must be dead or you would not have been so despairing."

This brought Luther to faith and composure again.—Ex.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

Dr. Mason, of Burmah, once wanted a teacher to visit and labor among a war-like tribe. He asked his converted boatman, Shapon, if he would go, and told him he would have only four rupees a month as a teacher, whereas he was then earning fifteen as a boatman. After praying over the matter he returned to the doctor, and the follow-

"Go through the midst of the city . . . and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." (chap. 9:4).

He marked everyone that grieved over souls, everyone that cried or sighed over all these things.

"And to the others He said . . . Go ye through the city after him, and smite . . . but come not near any man upon whom is the mark; and begin at My Sanctuary." (chap. 9:5, 6).

The Lord must judge sin. Yea, He did judge sin at the brazen altar—the Cross of Calvary—but now the slaughter weapon must do its work. The Cross of Christ is the slaughter weapon. The power of Christ's death must come to us like a knife applied by the Holy Ghost.

Has the Lord set the mark on you? Are you one of those who weep over these things in the professing church today?

Is there not today the great image of jealousy revealed in the children of God? Are they not occupied with the creeping things of earth? Is there not sacrilege in the temple of God? The Lord is keeping a record and He sees it all. With that record He will come, yea, judgment is now beginning at the house of God.

ing conversation ensued: "Well, Shapon," said the doctor, "what have you decided, will you go for four rupees a month?" "No, teacher," replied Shapon. "I will not go for four rupees a month; but I will go for Christ." And for Christ's sake he did go.—Ex.

A COMPLETE OUTLINE

Recently the writer browsed in a bookstore. He was attracted by a framed picture that stood on a counter. Catching a sudden view of the picture, he was surprised to find one of the best representations of the face and head of Satan that he had ever seen. As he stood and looked, he realized more keenly the skill of the artist in catching the conception of the evil character, and in putting it into the picture. One could feel the evil presence. To examine the work better he stepped closer; the picture grew into a group of beautiful women in close conversation, a new companion just joining them. Beneath the picture were the words, "And Gossip Also Came."

Is the artist just? Is it true that a group of fair women can represent the character of Satan as they talk about people? When Gossip joined the group the outline was complete.—Sel.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

Jahilo, a New Hebrides chief, shot another chief because he had declared himself a Christian. Fortunately the wound did not prove fatal. The man was taken to the mission hospital for treatment, where he listened daily to the story of Christ. A few months after this shooting affair, Jahilo was wounded by a chief named Seoul. He was tenderly cared for by the native Christians and the missionaries, and soon gave evidence of a changed life. Hearing that Seoul was very ill, Jahilo obeyed the Bible injunction, "Love your enemies," and at once visited him. Seoul was dismayed, and in great fear chided the Christians who were with Jahilo. "Why have you brought him?" he said. "I have no pigs now with which to make peace with him, and why does he come when he knows I am ill?" "You do not need to make peace with me," replied Jahilo tenderly. "Jesus has made me at peace. I have come to tell you to go to the mission hospital to learn about Jesus and to get made better, and come back and lead your people to the worship." Seoul went, and in two weeks was quite well.—*Sel.*

A CHALLENGE ANSWERED.

At a temperance meeting in a large town in Pennsylvania, many years ago, a learned and influential judge of the city arose at the close of the lecture and requested permission to speak a few words. Permission having been granted, he spoke as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: before this audience is dismissed, I wish to say a few words in behalf of myself and the class I represent. Now, it is hard to have it publicly stated that I set a bad example. I am a moderate drinker. Everybody knows me. I take my glass at home, I take it abroad; I am a moderate drinker, a respectable, moderate drinker. Who dare say anything against me? Who ever saw me the worse for drink? Who ever saw me out of the way by drink? If young men followed my example, they would be as I am, respectable and respected. I challenge the town in which I live. I challenge the county, to say whether my example is a bad one. Let young men follow my example and they will be as I am."

At this point a man in the audience cried out, "Give it to him, old man, give it to him. Put a header on him!" Some one said, "Put that man out!" Another gentleman said, "No; let that man remain. He is the only son of the judge."

The only son of the man who had spoken, challenging the public to say whether the example he had set was a bad one, had tried to follow his father's example, with the result that he had fallen so low as in drunkenness to disturb a respectable meeting. No other answer was needed to the judge's idle challenge.—*S. S. Illustrator.*

THE BISHOP'S TEST

The late Doctor Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, was above all practical, and his methods, even of carrying out theological

theories, were extremely realistic. It was not enough for the young men who came under his charge to tell him what they thought they would do under such circumstances; he insisted that they should show him just how they would go to work.

While he was Bishop of London it was Doctor Temple's habit to invite parties of young candidates for ordination to stay at Fulham Palace. One evening, on such an occasion, he came into the room where six of these young men were, and informed them that he was going into his study to lie on his sofa, and they were to come to him in turn and administer such counsel and comfort as they would to a sick or sorrowing parishioner.

When the bishop left the room there was an awful hush and a long silence, for this test of their future capabilities did not impress them favorably.

"Are you going to be all night?" called the bishop at last.

This roused them, and they decided to draw lots as to who should go. The lot fell to a young Irishman, who, taking his courage in both hands, went into the sanctum. He bent over the supposed sufferer, but words failed him. But for an instant only. Then he shook his head, and bent still lower.

"Oh, Frederick, Frederick!" said the audacious young candidate, "it's the dhrink again!"

The bishop gasped, then his face lighted. "You'll be altogether admirable in an East End parish," he said, calmly.—*Youth's Companion.*

"IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH"

(Gen. 1: 1.)

An infidel, traveling in Australia, was led to see that there must have been a Divine Creative Power to account for certain marvelous provisions in Nature. He was journeying on a very close sultry day, when he became so weary that he was compelled to seek rest under a shady tree until the cool of the evening. His attention was soon attracted by seeing the seed-stem of a little plant close by move slightly several times, each time accompanying the motion with a single, low, sharp sound like the tick of a

watch. Curious to discover the connection between the motion and the sound, he proceeded to investigate. It was a small plant, with a short, thick flower-stem, having a single seed-pod at the extremity. The seed-pod was not much larger than a garden pea, but was composed of a number of sections, which, shrinking as it ripened, separated themselves from one another; and finally each section detached itself at the bottom of the stalk, which ran right through to the upper side, and sprang out, nearly straightening itself; so that eventually, when all the sections had extended themselves, it would be something like an open umbrella. But to the extremity of each of these sections, before it sprang out, on the inside was attached a single small round seed, which was cast, by the spring of the section to which it belonged, to a considerable distance. The observer struck the stem lightly, thus causing the operation to be repeated, and found that the seeds were thrown a distance of more than two feet.

On examining the plant more closely, he observed that its stem was so strong and stiff, that the wind could not sway it and thus scatter the seed; it was likewise so low, that surrounded as it was by grass, the wind could not reach it to carry the seeds away; and also that the seed-stem was placed in the midst of leaves all spreading upwards and in a funnel form from the root, so that if the seed were not thrown beyond them, they would catch it and carry it back again to the bosom of the plant itself. He perceived that this little plant labored under a three-fold disadvantage in fulfilling its great mission—that of scattering its seed. Some mechanical device must be supplied, if the plant was to perform the office for which it was created. Such a mechanical contrivance had been supplied, and in its design and adoption it was absolutely perfect. The seed, of course, needed to be ripe before it was thrown off, and its Creator had so arranged that the simple contrivance could not act till the seed was fully ripe. When this point was reached, the sections containing the seed began to separate into fragments, and the spring which scattered them came into action. It was an instance of design and contrivance so indisputable, that the man—infidel no longer, could not account for it in any way but by the agency of a God.—*S. S. Illustrator.*

Tidings from Missionary Outposts

AFRICA

I feel that I owe you a great debt of gratitude for the faithful visits *Living Water* makes here in far away Africa. Indeed in this spiritual desert, *Living Water* has been a most refreshing gift and many are the blessings derived therefrom. Its regular appearance also reminds me of the blessed fellowship enjoyed while in your training

school and of the missionary fervor manifest there. I trust that much of this holy enthusiasm has been given a chance to give vent to itself in practical soul saving and in the thrusting forth of some of your number to the regions beyond. Others, I trust, who may not have the privilege of pressing on to the front of the battle, have imbibed so much of the Spirit of Christ that they cannot rest until Matt. 9:37, 38 has become the very

passion of their lives. O, how we need Missionary intercessors. How we feel the need of prayer warriors, especially when perplexing questions and fierce conflicts stare us in the face and it seems we cannot, nay must not stand alone in the fray.

Since leaving Nashville, I have had a siege of illness to battle with which threatened to bar me from the field, and yet the very attacks of the enemy, the very obstacles spur us on to press forward as we would not have done without them. Since here there have been fierce trials, but the greater the darkness, the more He seems to fill our hearts with that joy which only those who really enter into the fellowship of His sufferings can know.

Beside the joy of serving the Master here, even were there no fruit to be seen, there come to us constant evidences of His favor upon this work. We have been pleased with what we might call the *beginning* of a revival, for in proportion as we expect great things of our great God, must we look upon every new blessing as an earnest of still greater ones to follow. When recently, Mr. Hurlburt went to our daily 6:30 chapel service without a message from God, he told the people that the time would be given over to them. One man broke the silence by telling of the agony of the night because of his deep conviction of sin. He was followed by others and at 9 o'clock A. M. they were still in chapel seeking help. To us this seems like a miracle, as most of those who stepped out publicly for God were old men, one of them old Kiheriko, who has nine wives and poisoned his own brother in order to usurp his wives and flocks. Another was Wanora's brother, the blacksmith, who hanged her up by her little finger in a fit of rage resulting in the loss of it. This man has a hardened beastly expression, and the victory is a great one. Kiheriko is Nyeikeru's father, another of my Monday evening Bible Class girls, who are rejoicing because their own people are coming. Two Sundays ago thirteen wanted to be accepted as candidates for baptism. Among the seekers are two women of high social rank, one of them a great-grand-mother and having come to the altar in their clothes of goat skins, we feel as if God has indeed worked, as this is something unheard of in this country. God can overrule the superstitions of centuries, when once His Spirit begins to work. A new boy coming to us a few days ago, was found by itinerating Missionaries, in a village, being branded with hot irons because of his defense of the Gospel. Where he heard it we do not know, except as it came from the lips of one of our Christian boys who returned home to that village for a short visit.

Again, God has put the opposition of the government to shame and put it into the heart of a native chief to go and insist upon being given missionaries. So we are to open a new station two days' journey from here, Miss Schneider, whom I expected to have as my companion, was married to Mr. Sylwulka whom she accompanied to a new place to

build a mud hut for me. In a month they return to get me, and oh how precious the thought of living alone with my Lord seems.

"No never alone" has been my constant experience without even a moment of loneliness. The chief surprised us by coming with 170 men and women to get our things all of which must be packed in sixty-pound loads. The women are half nude and each ear adorned with at least a dozen rings, or a thick plug or stone, and every neck, wrist, knee and upper arm covered with many coils of brass wire. They presented an appalling sight. Their wierd, chant-like singing, keeping time to their wild, sensuous dancing with the almost beastly expression of their faces brought tears to my eyes, as I remembered that these are the beings for whose salvation we are made responsible in a measure. Would it be possible to lift these to a plane of holy living? And why were they deprived of the privileges which have made us what we are? The Savior's whisper of "Lo, I am with you" instilled new courage and as we go forth to wrestle anew with the powers of darkness which enthrall them, we go with a throne vision of what God alone is able to do for them.

These people, like all Eastern people, find it hard to take the initiative; hence the importance of beginning right with them, for whatever methods the pioneer adopts, they will cling to that ever after. This fact enhances our responsibilities. It will be my privilege to establish a day school for boys, the first of its kind there, and as I realize the importance of living out of every precept taught, until a few can read the Word themselves, we covet your earnest prayers for this work. As to funds, I will be able to adopt twelve boys through the aid given by friends. We hope that some of them will be spiritual leaders, the first of their tribe, as all work among the Agikuyu is still in its elementary stages. For these lads to be the first to renounce the superstitions and customs which have dominated in the lives of their ancestors for generations past, will mean fierce opposition and persecution. When a boy is about sixteen, he is supposed to subject himself to the rite of circumcision, which is fraught with the most licentious ceremonies, all of which are calculated to appeal desperately to his lower appetites, to tempt him to make speedy arrangements for the purchase of a wife. Should he refuse to partake of these, he will not be permitted to buy a wife and thus he is coerced by his elders and relatives in the most cruel and oppressive manner. We might relate some instances which display the marvelous power of God in their lives at such times. Others again need to be watched closely, as they can scarcely resist the allurements placed before them.

My heart is burdened for mothers. They seem so hard to win. One reason is because they are the slaves of the land. After we had packed all their household effects, it was sad to see how the men fought for the lightest loads and after they had all been assigned, what a scramble each man made for the

heaviest one of the lot to give to his wife with a little baby to carry through a dense bamboo forest over many high mountains. They cannot conceive of a better lot and thus the appeals of the Gospel seem but myths to them. The word love is not in their vocabulary and thus it is necessary to teach them the meaning of it by way of practical demonstration. The power of example was very forcibly illustrated recently. We had an all day prayer with the native Christians. One man came and said, "I knew nothing about this meeting, but something drew me here today and I know now that it was God." Then he went on to say that they had no faith in the sincerity of the white man. They were sure his teaching would not hold and as soon as they would fall to the ground, the white man would disappear as a deceiver. One morning he came to the station compound in the dark. He came upon Bro. MacKendrik as he was dealing out the orphan boys' portion for their breakfast, as they have some little duties to perform before chapel service at 6:30. This dear brother was almost discouraged at the time because the boys were not willing to be awakened so early in the morning and his daily task became irksome enough. Quietly this man stood there watching the white man with lantern in hand pursuing his duties and he said to himself, "What is he doing all that for?" Was it for pay? No. For are these not poor, homeless boys, who can give nothing in return and oft times fail to appreciate all that is being done for them? Then he returned to this village saying, "There is something in the teaching of the white man, and something worth having too." The faithfulness of that quiet worker did what many a sermon has not done—it turned one soul to God, and who knows what this bright young convert will yet accomplish for his Lord? I was almost discouraged with my boy Kiziru, if a Christian dare use such an expression. Faith knows no discouragement. He was lazy, dirty, and rebellious. One day I was obliged to adopt very severe measures with him. The punishment inflicted caused me sleepless hours and burning tears. Yet it was necessary to deal thus. He is now the most faithful boy I have ever had and is going to leave his people behind in order to go with me to the new station to be what he likes to call himself, "my child." Even now he is at my side washing the dinner dishes, singing cheerfully his favorite hymns. Does it pay to forsake loved ones at home to care for these little ones?

Wishing you God's choicest blessings in your work, I am yours in the fellowship of the Gospel and soul saving,
Kijabe, Africa. Alma E. Doering.

GUATEMALA.

I would like to take the *Living Water* readers on a journey, from Coban to Cahalon, although it will be impossible to picture the reality of the beauties of nature and the roughness of traveling in the mountains. Many times along the way I was made

to proclaim in the language of David in Psalms 24, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, etc." Miss Rosa, daughter of a German friend, accompanied Miss Effie, Mr. Butler and I. Mr. Butler was very desirous to have us know these people and to assist him in the services by our singing and playing the organ. Our German friend gave us a "mozo," a servant boy, who carried our organ on his back to Cahabon, some fifty miles from here. This road is only traveled by horse or on foot. We left early Thursday morning with lively spirits, feeling well equipped, with one little exception, I had no good raincoat and as a substitute only three yards of black oil cloth. But before the day was over my oil cloth proved to be better than the rain coats of the other girls. The merchant laughed at me when I told him I wanted the cloth for a rain coat, and tried to get me to buy one like Miss Effie borrowed. So when I returned without getting wet while Miss Effie and Miss Rosa were wet for three days or more, I had my turn to laugh.

The rain here is very trying on travelers. It rains very hard at times and at other times there are frequent showers, the sun shining all the while. Coats guaranteed to be water proof there are of little worth in this country.

The rain continued off and on all day. At noon it checked up a little and we stopped under some trees to eat our lunch and let the animals have a little grass. There was no "rancho" or Indian hut near at which we could buy food for our horses and to carry it along would be impossible, so they had to wait till night. Near by on the roadside was an Indian prayer house or shed six feet square with only three walls, the fourth being the door. Here were five or six little crosses. Two Indians who were passing with cargoes had seated themselves on the ground in this little prayer hut. Up to this place there was nothing much but nature to interest us. True we had stopped a number of passers and given them tracts or sold them a Testament or a portion. While eating, a man, half Indian passed us and Mr. Butler asked him if he could read. He answered, "Yes," and seemed very anxious to buy a portion of the Bible but said he had no money. Mr. Butler gave him a tract and he went on, but soon came back to buy a portion, after which Mr. Butler read to him and marked several passages, such as Acts 4:12, etc. It rejoices our hearts to give the light whether we know they accept it or not. If we depended on the present visible results, we should be very easily discouraged. But our business is to preach the Gospel in love and in the power of the Holy Ghost with much prayer and commit the results to Him and the hearers, thus freeing our skirts from their blood. God help us to be faithful in warning.

After our noon rest we started again, reaching a German finca at sunset. Here we got warm suppers and a comfortable place to sleep, till Friday night, when we reached Cahabon. How hungry and tired

we were! In this German home there seemed to be parts of different families. Three men, a wife and babe, all wicked people, unbelievers. They all drank freely of wine and smoked until I was indeed glad of a change. It was a queer experience to me. Never before in my life did I sit at a table where wine was served and that in abundance. My heart yearned to talk to them of Christ, but I could not speak German nor did they understand much English. How sad; they are out in a lonely world without joy—their idol the greed for money. Across the road from their house is a native servant family. They had bought a portion from Mr. Butler and were reading and had sent to him for a Bible, so on our return Mr. Butler visited the family and said they seemed to be interested and were reading. Let us have your prayers that God may come to that "finca" or farm settlement, Chiacam.

We left Chiacam Wednesday morning in the rain. Not stopping to eat lunch, eating some sweet cakes and boiled eggs as we rode along—we arrived at Languin, a small Indian town, early in the afternoon. We were hungry but there were no eatables to be bought. Praise the Lord, He gave us appetites to eat our lunch of bread, cakes and eggs and refreshed our spirits by giving us a congregation of women and children to preach to that evening and at night. Mr. Butler talked till very late that night as there were several who were interested enough to ask questions. They took part in the singing, too. One woman had been reading a great deal in the Bible it seemed since Bro. Butler passed through before, and she has been to Coban since we were up there and visited us taking two meals with us and having us play and sing some for her. We came in touch with her at first through our little paper, "El Christiano." She had been reading it and sent us \$5.00 as a token of her appreciation. Praise the Lord for the press and type.

The mayor of this little town turned over a room to us. Here we preached and slept. There was one bed and a hammock sent over. The bed was a piece of straw matting upon a plank floor in the bedstead. Miss Rosa tried the hammock and Miss Effie and I tried the bed, but soon Miss Rosa could not stand the swinging of the hammock, so I exchanged with her. Mr. Butler and the Indian boy slept in an adjoining room on his saddle blankets and my oil cloth for his sheet. We slept fairly well and were ready for next day. Before the service that evening, I visited a number of homes. One, the oldest in town, had all the saints of the town there, about forty in number. I looked at them carefully and took the names of some. I told them of God, the true one to worship and invited them to service. This, as I remember, was the mayor's home. I also visited the old worn out church. There were a few images and one of Christ in a coffin. On a post hung a large cross very conspicuously decorated with Indian towels, or scarfs.—saints rags. Some several hundred must

have been tied around it, of all colors and sizes. One of these was given me as a souvenir. One image was decaying with age. Many of the Spanish of this town are not fanatical, but very immoral and wicked. There is no priest. The Indians, most of them, wear "sunshine and smiles" or rather frowns.

We left early Thursday morning and arrived in Cahabon, our last point, about the middle of the afternoon, remaining until Sunday morning. We fared very well here. The mayor gave us his feast room, where he had a number of beautiful saints of the church. It was quite strange to have this privilege of holding our services in a saint's home. There is a kind of priest in this town, but the church has gone to ruin. The mayor told us that the priest was raging mad at us. The mayor, and most of the men, have no confidence in these corrupt priests. The mayor, and his son and daughter attended our five services. We had a large congregation of boys in their "teens," a few men and women, and children. They learned to sing some songs and quote several verses of Scripture. This is a very needy and encouraging station for a missionary. Let us have your prayers that God will fill this point with an equipped soul-loving missionary.

We left Cahabon early Sunday morning and reached Languin about noon. We bought lunch before starting so we fared well in Languin on returning, but we all had to sleep in one room with only one window. This they used for their school room. Two hammocks were sent us by interested families, and we had a long table they used for a desk. Upon this Miss Rosa and Miss Effie slept, or rather spent the night. In the evening we went into a beautiful, large cave which has two openings, one over the other. From the mouth of the lower opening comes out a large river. It is very strange yet beautiful to see God's power in nature. At night we had another service. Leaving next morning early, we reached the German home again about noon. We went up on top of the mountain to see an American family, where we had a pleasant reminder of the home land. This is called Chimalha, and is only three-quarters of an hour's ride, just one thousand feet above Chiacam the German home. The road up is beautiful. Chimalha has the same altitude as Coban, four thousand feet above sea level.

By this time my horse's back was so sore that I could not ride him more. We spent Monday night at the German's and next morning we started in the rain, I on Bro. Butler's mule and he walking. We were some eighteen miles from home. To relieve Mr. Butler and also to rest myself, I walked part of the way. Miss Effie also walked a little but she and Miss Rosa entertained themselves mostly by guiding the lame horse and making him go. We got in about dark, traveling eighteen miles that day.

Augie Holland.

LIVING WATER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NASHVILLE, TENN.,
125 Fourth Avenue, North

BY THE

PENTECOSTAL MISSION

PUBLISHING COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

J. O. McCLURKAN, EDITOR

JNO. T. BENSON, BUSINESS MANAGER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

EDITORIAL

CONVICTION NEEDED.

Some one has said that the strength of will is in proportion to the depth of conviction. Strong wills are deep rooted. David said, "I believed, therefore have I spoken." The drifting everywhere so apparent is the result of shallow conviction. Better far the old Puritans with their narrow notions, but rock-ribbed convictions than the breadth of liberalism without depth of emotion. The forefathers were held steady in their allegiance to saving truth by their iron-clad views, while many of these modern religious teachers are so shallow that they are a prey to most any heresy that comes along. Joseph Parker, the most noted preacher of the last quarter of a century, said, "This century is dying for a grand conviction." The pulpit which is evangelical must name and change the pulpit that is not evangelical. These shall be regarded as censorious, but we must pay the price if this age is to be recovered from its love of money, its selfishness, its frivolity, there must be a great challenge. And that challenge must lie between the two conceptions of the church."

A decay in faith and a decline in holy living go hand in hand. Deep convictions are essential to a strong character. Savonarola, Luther, Knox and Wesley are examples of those who believed with such intensity that God wrought through them marvelously.

BURIED BY THE WORLD.

Christian people should be buried by Christian people. We protest against turning the funeral services of such to worldly organizations. It does not matter how good they are or the name they wear, they are out of place conducting the funeral service of the people of God. The church ought to bury its own dead. Let any society or order attend that may wish to, just like any body else. But let the last rites over the body of a child of God be conducted with that beautiful simplicity of Christian service

which characterized primitive Christianity. A funeral is no place for our pomp and empty show. Surely amidst the solemnities of death the artificial and gorgeous are out of place. It is humiliating to see ministers of the gospel proceed so far with the burial service and then turn the corpse over to some order possibly presided over by an ungodly man who stands with hat on in the house of God playing his part in such a farce. The preacher has been known to go so far with the service and then turn it over to the leader of a certain order who had stood by smoking a cigar while the minister was performing his part. Long ago God charged His people with making no distinction between the precious and the vile. It is a shame for Christian people to allow the burial of their dead to be mixed up with such ridiculous and semi-heathen practices as is sometimes seen in these would-be swell funerals. Shame on any church that will invoke the help of any order to supplement its prayers and sermons with their pompous utterances in which the name of Jesus is notably absent. If need be let the dead bury its dead, but those who know God should not be a party to any vain show. Let the burial of our dead be only with such practices as become those professing godliness. If the church is not competent to bury its own dead, who is? And her consent to divide this service with the world is an evidence of spiritual decay.

THE WELL-BALANCED LIFE.

Samuel Smiles said "cultivate the physical exclusively and you have an athlete or savage; the moral only and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster." Its only by wisely training all three together that the complete man can be formed. It's well to remember that, though we ride on the high places, our feet still touch the earth. It matters not how spiritual we may become there are earthly duties that must be performed if we reach the largest measure of usefulness. In olden times people sought to get to heaven by shunning the responsibilities of earth. They shut themselves up in monasteries in order to get away from a wicked world. But he who lives best is faithful both to the obligations of life that now is and the responsibilities of the one which is to come. The Lord Jesus, instead of shutting Himself up in some cave or behind the towering walls of monastic restriction, lived daily a perfect life in the white heat of the world's activities, thereby teaching us that we are to live unto God right in the midst of life's seething cauldron. Worldliness as a thing of spirit rather than location. As Robison says, "Adam was worldly minded with only one other person in the world for a companion and Daniel was spiritual tho' at the head of one hundred and twenty-three provinces of a great heathen nation." The man who starves his human nature will not be an attractive Christian. The man who ignores

or despises the duties of the life that now is will not win many to that which is to come. We do not serve God by choosing a hermit's cell. For Christians are the light of the world and the salt of the earth. Some would take the light when there is no darkness and the salt where there is no meal. But such is not the Bible plan. Let your light so shine before men is the injunction. There are persons who have such morbid views of life that the merriment of childhood and the laughter of mature years is painful to them. They have so starved their human nature that they have grown sour, bitter and misanthropic. They repel rather than attract people to Christ. While some try to live by bread alone, they are trying to live without bread. Either extreme is suicidal. It's folly to pray that the God-given appetites of the body may be destroyed. This is fanaticism. They are not to be extirpated but regulated by grace. We do not refer to sinful habits or inclinations but to those propensities that belong purely to human nature as originally created. Happy is the man who has learned that the present life symmetrically lived saves him from fads and crankisms and fits him for the larger heritage beyond.

Christianity is the foe of no God-given instinct. Its the friend of everything that tends to the betterment of the world. The gist of the above is this: 1. He lives best who recognizes the obligations and discharges the duties belonging to the earth side such as that of a father, brother, son, neighbor, friend, citizen. These properly understood are no hindrances to the deepest spirituality, for they are God-appointed and cannot be evaded without hurt.

2. The most beautiful and effective life possible to the Christian is not to run coward-like from the battle of life, but to go trustingly forward shining for God in every sphere of life.

3. We are not to despise any of the gifts of God whether for the body or spirit. Each is to be received with thankfulness and enjoyed in its proper relation. The nearer we approach the ideal life, the less there will be of the strained, distorted and abnormal. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world but that thou shouldst keep them from evil."

CONSECRATION

While we choose, we are not willing;

Consecration yieldeth all

Consecration means obedience

To the Spirit's every call:—

Meaneth dying, meaneth living,

(Death of self, and life in God).

Meaneth work, or patient waiting,

Or submission 'neath the rod:—

Meaneth such a full surrender,

We shall never dare to ask

Why God gives our faith such testing,

Or assigns so hard a task.

We are here to be perfected:—

Only God our needs can see:

Rarest gems bear hardest grinding.

God's own workmanship are we!

—H. W. Brown.

Editorial Comment

SELF DENIAL

Missionary E. H. Lawson, of India, writing on self denial, says:

"It is stated on good authority that Carey, as a missionary, received at first one hundred dollars a year, and later seven thousand five hundred, but to the last he and his family lived on two hundred dollars a year. He earned by his own labors whatever he got, but all over and above necessary living expenses he turned into the missionary treasury.

William Taylor was interrogated as to the dangers attending his missionary life. He replied: 'Except once, when two men drew their guns on me, the greatest danger I have ever met with was that of eating too much.' Let no one think this a silly remark. It is only too true. This danger meets every Christian, and, it is sad to say, many succumb to its attacks. Look at the people unable to control their appetites for food. Slaves they are as much as the drunkard. How can they pray as they ought? How can they advise others to resist temptation?

A Swede was urged not to go to India as a missionary. 'Why, man,' they said, 'It is so hot there you can't live. It is 120 degrees in the shade.' 'Vell,' said the Swede in great contempt, 'we don't have to stay in the shade, do we?'

The cost of living has increased since Carey's day. A reasonable amount of food is necessary for the preservation of the body and the shade is sometimes necessary but we seldom err in being too temperate. Overeating has slain its millions. Fleshly indulgences "war against the soul" and one cannot be a gormandizer without hurt to his spirit. Laziness is un-Christian. Temperance, chastity, industry, purity—what beautiful graces. May they be greatly multiplied.

ONENESS OF WILL

Union with God is something deeper than a mere feeling. Emotions vary but there need be no break in fellowship with God. As long as the heart is in accord with the Divine will their communion is unbroken. Miss Schofield, in speaking on this subject at Old Orchard, Me., said:

"I am naturally very emotional and used to think that religion consisted in having beautiful feelings of communion with God. I said to a friend, 'Oh, I want to be kept in abiding communion with God!' And he said, 'What do you mean by communion?' I said, 'That beautiful, holy feeling that your soul is wrapped in nearness to God.' 'That is not communion at all,' he said. I was brought up short. 'How is that?' I said. 'That may accompany communion,' he said. 'Then what is communion?' I said. 'Communion,' he said, 'is union of your will with God's will, absolute oneness of will, whether you feel very nice, or whether you do not feel very nice. . . . Look at the people who love each other best in this world. They

have perfect unity of will and when anything is done contrary to the other's will there is a jar at once, and they know it.' Then I said, 'I suppose you never read anything but the Bible. Will you go straight off now and read your Bible?' 'No,' he said, 'I shall go out and skate.' 'How is that?' I said. 'Because that is the will of God for me at this time. You may cross the will of God just as much by reading your Bible as by doing some sin. Life has one standard and that is the will of God. We have got to do the will of God, and communion consists in absolute union whatever happens, and I care not one iota for any emotional experience. If you feel full of glory, shout Hallelujah. If you wake up in the morning and feel dry as a bone, say Hallelujah, because the Lord is the same. Nothing but disobedience and unbelief can make any break in communion with God.'"

WHY HE QUIT TOBACCO

It always pains us to see a minister of the gospel using tobacco. It is bad enough for anyone to be a slave to such a filthy habit but worse for a preacher, as he is an example to the flock. Spiritual people will no longer excuse this evil practice among their pastors. We rejoice to see such a tide of conviction rising against this subtle form of intoxication. Gov. Hughes' father, who is a Baptist minister, relates his tobacco experience as follows:

"I began to smoke when I was sixteen or seventeen, and during my college life I indulged much. We had our college prayer meetings at 6 o'clock in those days. Before each meeting and before I went to my classes I had to have my smoke.

"After my ordination into the ministry I thought it was incongruous for a minister to set the example of smoking to the young men of his congregation. I gave it up again and again, but I always returned to it, because I had tried to give it up of my own strength.

"Finally I had promised my congregation I would give up smoking except with my friends. Some time after this my father-in-law came to visit us, and I was very glad indeed, because I could sit down and smoke three times a day with him. One day I went upstairs, expecting my father-in-law, who was downstairs, to follow me shortly. I filled up my pipe and began to smoke, but my father-in-law didn't come.

"I smoked on and on, expecting him, but feeling rather uneasy about smoking while he was downstairs. I sat down with the open Bible near me. While I was filling my pipe mechanically my eye came upon a verse in the Bible. It was: 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all for the glory of God.'

"It came like a voice from heaven to me. I put my pipe back into the box and knelt down in prayer. I said, 'I don't smoke for the glory of God.' I had never realized that smoking was a sin. I vowed I would never touch tobacco again until I could do it for the glory of God. I have never had the slightest desire for tobacco from that day to this."

THE SECRET OF VICTORY

There is a rapidly increasing number of devout souls who are finding the way of holiness. Their experiences vary but they agree substantially as to how to enter and abide in this blessed life. Consecration and faith are the steps leading into this sanctified life. Daniel Steele, in narrating his experience, says:

"I discovered in one who came across my path the fullness of the Holy Spirit enjoyed as an abiding blessing, styled by him 'Rest in Jesus.' I was convicted; I sought earnestly the same great gift, but could not exercise faith till I had made a public confession of my sin in preaching self more than Christ, and in being satisfied with the applause of the church above the approval of her Divine Head. Immediately I began to feel a strange freedom daily increasing, and was led to seek the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. That is certainly the inner secret of the inward Sabbatic calm.

"I settled the question that the Holy Spirit's perpetual presence in the heart was not intended to be merely an Apostolic blessing, but for all ages. 'He shall abide with you for ever' seemed to settle this. Then I took the promise: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.' The 'verily' had to me all the strength of an oath. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I included myself. Underneath all I wrote the words, 'Today is the day of salvation.' I found that my faith had three points to master: *The Comforter, for me, now.*

"Upon this promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the name of Jesus. For several hours I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley's hymn:—

"Jesus, Thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad."

"I then ran over in my mind the great facts in Christ's life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary, His ascension priesthood, and all-atonement sacrifice. Suddenly Christ became unspeakably precious to me. He stood forth as my Savior, all radiant in loveliness. 'The love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost.' The ecstasy has now subsided into a delicious and unruffled peace."

James B. Taylor is another instance of the same experience. "My earnest desire was that all love of the world might be destroyed, all selfishness extirpated, pride banished, unbelief removed, all idols destroyed, everything hostile to holiness and opposed to the Divine will crucified; that holiness might be engraved on my heart and evermore characterize my conversation. At this juncture I was most delightfully conscious of giving all up to God. I was enabled to say: 'Here, Lord, take me, take my whole soul and seal it Thine.' Then there ensued such emotions as I never before experienced. All was calm and tranquil, silent, solemn, and a heaven of love pervaded my soul."

Shall we not all claim, and enter upon such consecration, and such blessedness? Why should not the Lord become to us from henceforth our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning be ended?

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

Evergreen, Ala.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Here comes a new cousin from Alabama. I am a girl fourteen years old. I am a Christian. We had a good meeting this summer and much good was done. Cousin Eva, do you remember me? I remember you well. I spent nearly one session in the Bible school and it is a good school for young Christians. I am saved, sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. Glory to God! Yours in Christ,
Ruth Edeker.

I do not remember your name, Ruth, but it is very likely I would remember your face. I love the precious young men and women in the Bible School. They are an inspiration and help to me, and I wish I could be with them more. The school opened this week, and we also held our yearly convention. God blessed us and stirred our hearts mightily. The missionary spirit was very strong. We had burning messages from Miss Florence Williams and Miss Arrindel of India, Miss Smith of Cuba, Mr. Anderson of Central America, Mr. Towson of Japan, and from some who are just going out as missionaries. I believe we are going to do more for the evangelization of the world than ever before. The Lord help that none of us will fail to do his part.

Childress, Tex.

Dear Sister Benson:—Enclosed you will find twenty cents to pay dues for Guy and Willard Queen. Guy is eleven and Willard seven. Yours in Him,
Mrs. J. W. Queen.

Here are two cousins who are not forgetting their dues. I think our older cousins are remembering better that our young ones about the second payment. Don't forget to send in your pennies, children, they help as well as the dollars. During the convention we had with us a good woman from Chattanooga who has a home for colored orphans. Many hundreds have passed through her hands, and God only knows how much sin and crime has been prevented by the Christian training she has given these children. As I heard her tell about the dusky little waifs for whom she cares, I said to myself, the cousins shall have a share in this orphanage also. This week I am going to send them a donation out of our fund, and you must pray for them, and take an interest in them, because you are going to do something toward supporting them, you see.

Slocum, Ala.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Here comes a young girl seventeen years old the twenty-first of September. I want to join your birthday band. I have a pet pig named Gruffee. My little sister was one year old the twenty-eighth of June. Her name is Joy and she is very sweet. I have five brothers and three sisters and two brothers in heaven. I expect to meet them some sweet day. I am a Christian, saved and sanctified and looking for the dear Lord to come back to earth again. Glory to His precious name. I am so happy with Jesus. My father and mother are sanctified and I am so glad we are all going where Jesus is some day. When I got saved I was so happy it seemed that everybody ought to be saved right then. Oh how it grieves my heart to see so many people going down the broad road to hell. I just want to be doing something for Jesus all the time. The devil tries me hard but I am following in that narrow path which leads to life everlasting. Pray for me that I will let the dear Lord have His way with me as long as I live. Your sister in Christ,
Abbie Gilley.

If we want to do something for our Lord, we have only to look about us, for the fields are white unto harvest on all sides. I find a very strange thing in human nature however. We always want to be reaching someone who is far away. We think we would like to go down into the poor districts of some great city, or to China, and all the time we are looking past the neighbor who needs God, the colored wash woman, the paper boy, the beggar at the door. Why is this? I find it in myself, and see what a perverse thing it is. God help us to work, for there is work on every hand. We can be home missionaries, and also take a hand in foreign work by sending our prayers and means. There is no lack of work for the one who longs to serve the Master. I pray that this dear Christian girl will indeed use her time for the Savior and be a blessing to the community, and to those in other lands as well.

R. R. 11, West Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I take Living Water and I do love to read the cousins' letters and your answers I am living as near to my Jesus as I can but I hope I will get nearer to Him. I have but one good neighbor around me and she is a blessing. Jesus is always with me. Dear Cousin Eva, here is a dime. I wish I had more. I feel ashamed to send such a small mite but I am glad to think it will help a little. Your new cousin,
Leome Moss.

I am so glad the Lord is always with us, so that we need never be without the best of company. Too often we think of Him as being very far off and try to let our prayers rise to a great distance in order to reach Him. Sometimes we wish we knew how to get closer to Him, that some angel could come down from heaven to tell us how. But says Paul, we do not need for some one to go up into the heavens and bring Him down, or into the depths to bring Him up, for He is nigh us. He is seeking to become our daily companion, our most intimate friend, to whom we talk about all our affairs. I do not know how much of this your young hearts can take in. But children, believe this, that Jesus wants to enter into everything that touches your lives, even the smallest thing. Don't push Him away, or shut Him out. Form the habit of talking to Him about all you say, do or desire, and talk to Him as one always present with you.

Whiteville, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I was eight years old yesterday and send you ten cents dues. We had one of our missionaries with us last week, Miss Gertrude Smith. She talked in our church twice and we enjoyed hearing about the little Cubans. With love
Robert Bass.

We have Miss Gertrude with us this week, Robert. We feel that she is an old friend, for she was in our home for some months before she went to Cuba. I had a long talk with her this morning, and I feel that we at home know very little of the hardships of a missionary's life. The work they do, for many of them cook and wash for themselves, is very hard. They have no conveniences as we do in our kitchens, and it is a laborous task to get a meals or wash their clothes. They have no ovens, or cooking stoves, and for this reason, cannot prepare their food as they have been used to it at home. Indeed, coal is so high that they could not afford to use a stove if they had it. Only the plainest food can be cooked in the fire place ovens, and many times they long for a good meal like we have at home. Things are very expensive in Cuba. Think of having a little girl knock at your door, and ask if you would like to buy an egg, price five cents! Butter is \$1.20 a pound, and is put up in cans. A can costing 30 cents is used very sparingly, for it is a great dainty, too costly to season with. We had one cake a year, for our Christmas dinner, said Miss Gertrude. Where eggs, butter and flour cost so much, you cannot afford to eat cakes and pies, and then it is almost impossible to cook such things there anyhow. Once she lived on beans and rice for a month. As day after day went by, she became ravenously hungry for beef, chicken, or eggs, and a serious sickness came upon her causing her much pain and weakness. The people of Cuba, are themselves a pale, sickly race. They eat the same food the year around, and it is of too poor a quality to make good, red blood. The missionaries all suffer from indigestion, and some sort of stomach trouble, brought on by the food, the lack of variety and bad water. As I talked these things over with the dear young women, asking questions and drawing her out, I felt ashamed to think of my many comforts, and her hardships. She spoke in such a bright, cheerful spirit, taking it as a matter of course, and without thought of complaining. But children, is it right for them to bear all the privations for Jesus, while we at home have more than we need? I do not believe we are seeing this question as we ought to. My heart tells me that we should suffer some in the home land, while the missionaries are suffering on the fields, in order that the Gospel may be preached to the unsaved. Let us pray earnestly over this, and ask God to open our eyes and save us from selfishness.

Eagleville, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—We have been taking Living Water ever since it had an existence. We received the first issue when it was The Tennessee Methodist and still feel that we cannot afford to be without

Living Water for it has been a blessing to me. The children's letters and your encouraging and appropriate answers are so interesting. You are certainly sowing good seed, which I trust will yield an abundant harvest. It helps the old as well as the young. May the blessing of our Father abide with you and yours and direct you in your efforts to save the children and promote His cause and kingdom here. Pray for me that I may have the spirit of the Master, perfected in love and willing to do whatever Jesus wants me to do. Inclosed find one dollar to be used where you think best. Yours in Christian love, Old Subscriber.

This is what we call one of our "encouraging letters." Now and then some one takes time to encourage us, and our hearts are cheered by the helpful words. God bless all those who stand by the work with their prayers and means. Sometimes the burden grows a little bit heavy, many problems arise, some criticize and find fault. But letter after letter comes in saying that the paper is a blessing, and as long as it is being used to God's glory, we want to send it out weekly. Praise the Lord for the homes that it is reaching, the hearts it is touching, the souls it is feeding. Put *Living Water*, its Editors, and the men who support it on your prayer list.

BIBLE SCHOOL BUILDING.

Amount Necessary	\$3,600.00
Previously pledged	2,035.81
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Mrs. M. D. W., Tennessee	5.00
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J. R. J., Indiana	5.00
Total	\$2,063.81
Balance needed	\$1,536.19

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 Mrs. Teofilo Castellano, Trinidad, Cuba.
 Miss Leona Gardner, Trinidad, Cuba.
 R. S. Anderson, Coban, Guatemala.
 Mrs. R. S. Anderson, Coban, Guatemala.
 J. T. Butler, Coban, Guatemala.
 Mrs. J. T. Butler, Coban, Guatemala.
 Miss Effie Glover, Coban, Guatemala.
 Miss Angie Holland, Coban, Guatemala.
 Roy G. Coddling, Igatpuri, India.
 Mrs. Roy G. Coddling, Igatpuri, India.
 Miss Lizzie Leonard, Igatpuri, India.
 Hugh Gregory, Igatpuri, India.
 Mrs. Hugh Gregory, Igatpuri, India.
 Miss Florence Williams (on furlough) Many, La.
 Miss Mattie Long, Vasing (Thana) India.
 Miss Eva Carpenter, Vasing (Thana) India.
 E. H. Brooks, 275 Reclamation Street, Mong Kok Yau Ma Tai, China, via Hong Kong.
 Mrs. E. H. Brooks, 275 Reclamation Street, Mong Kok Yau Ma Tai, China, via Hong Kong.
 Frank Ferguson, Casilla 405, LaPaz, Bolivia.
 Mrs. Frank Ferguson, Casilla 405, LaPaz, Bolivia.
 C. G. Anderson, (on furlough) Laurens, S. C.
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Annual Convention of the Pentecostal Mission

Reported by C. A. Shreve

The Annual Convention of the Pentecostal Mission, which was held in this city Oct. 3-7, was among the most successful ever held in the history of the work. A large number of delegates from various states were in attendance and at times the crowds were too great to be accommodated. J. O. McClurkan occupied the chair. The spirit of the convention was first of all fervently missionary. Stirring reports from different points of the regions beyond were made, the needs of the heathen emphasized, and appeals for more laborers made. The Divine Spirit rested upon speakers and hearers and rolled the burden of the dying millions on many hearts. Returned missionaries from India, Japan, Cuba, Persia and Central America were present.

Some of the details of the proceedings were as follows: Wednesday, Oct. 2.—This was a day of preliminary work, the convention proper being announced to begin Oct. 3. Reports of delegates were received as to foreign missionary conditions in their respective districts, and suggestions were made pointing to an advance step in foreign missionary work.

Mr. Isaacs, of Persia, told interestingly of his experience as missionary among the Persians, Mohammedans, Armenians and Jews. He expects to return to Persia and resume his labors among his native people.

Miss Gertrude Smith, missionary to Cuba, and Conway G. Anderson, of Guatemala, were introduced to the conference. Prospective missionaries to South America, Central America, China and Africa were introduced. In the evening street services were held in various parts of the city, and at 8 P. M. J. L. Brasher preached from 1 Kings 19:1-13, on "Silent Forces."

The convention proper was opened Thurs. Oct. 3, at 10 A. M. with prayer offered by J. O. McClurkan and a song, Rock of Ages, sung by the congregation.

Reports from evangelists and pastors followed. At 11 A. M. J. L. Brasher preached from the latter portion of 1 Pet. 1:11, on "The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." Several seekers came to the altar. Morning session adjourned at 12:30.

At 2 P. M. reports of evangelists were resumed. Jno. L. Boaze, formerly of Trinidad, Cuba, conducted this part of the services. Various committee meetings were held during the afternoon and at 8 P. M. J. L. Brasher preached on the text: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He said a pure heart meant a heart which contains nothing which was not originally contained therein as it came from the hand of the Maker. In strong terms he denounced pride in the heart. A pure heart is free from pride. Jealousy and

envy—twin sisters—are in many hearts. These with anger, covetousness and self-will must be expelled from the heart or it is not a pure heart. A pure heart is the foundation stone of the life. A holy life is easy to live, for one who has a pure heart. Blessedness of holiness is in that the heart, having been made pure, the life which follows or is built thereupon will naturally and easily be holy. Sin in the heart is a foreign substance in the heart. The natural man is holy. That thing in the heart of man which manifests itself in evil deeds in the sinner and in evil uprisings in the converted man is foreign substance. It must be removed from within the heart. A man with a pure heart sees things. He has visions, not foolish trances; God does not make fools out of people. Said he had at times been so filled with God that it seemed his soul would spring out of his body, and never had better sense in his life. A pure hearted man sees beauty in things. God will be seen in nature, in people and in the Bible. The time is coming when the pure in heart shall see the King in His beauty. He is coming again. The pure hearted will see Him with joy.

The speaker then drew a picture of the sad state of the impure and ungodly at the coming of Jesus back to the earth, and exhorted the people to seek the Lord. An altar service followed with several at the altar seeking pardon and purity.

Oct. 4.—Morning session was given to a question box conducted by J. L. Brasher, and to reports of evangelists.

W. B. Yates, of Kentucky, sang, "I'm Going Through with Jesus." At 11 A. M., J. L. Brasher preached from the text: "Lo, I have set before you an open door." He said, "Among other things that progress, is the law of being. If one who is justified keeps in touch with God whether he ever sees a holiness preacher or not, or hears the doctrine of holiness, his soul will reach out after God according to the law of progress until rest be found in full surrender to God. What we want is fruit. We should see the open doors and enter them. The home is a very wide and inviting open door. A great many are not entering this open door. Family government is well nigh a thing of the past, children have little or no reverence and do as they please. Eli got into trouble because he did not restrain his sons. If we don't reform this miserable home government, we will have a race of anarchists on hand."

He said he had prayed more for his children this year than ever before and had noted a marked improvement in them as a result. Again, there is a great open door before us to win souls along the roadway of life. Millions are perishing. We ought to be soul winners. Love will find a way. If

we love souls, we will find a way to reach them. Preaching big sermons is not the thing, souls must be loved into the kingdom.

At 12:30 the morning session adjourned for lunch. At 2 P. M. reports of evangelists were resumed. Various committee meetings were held during the afternoon. Many requests for superintendents and evangelists were presented by representatives from the various districts.

The evening session was opened at 7:30 P. M. with prayer and praise. W. B. Yates sang, "I've Always the Pilot in View," and "I'm Going Through." J. L. Brasher preached at 8 P. M. on the subject, "The Call of God."

1. "God calls us to a high calling. First steps of grace are high steps. Adoption into God's family is a high step. If King Edward should go into the slums of East London and pick up a degraded, ragged and filthy boy and make him his child, etc., it would be a high step. God did more than this for sinners, taking the outcast and making a son of him. O, what a high step; what a high calling; too high to barter off for the things of the world. Its a glorious thing to be a son of God. We are not only legally adopted but are born into God's family.

2. God calls us with a holy calling. If a converted man follows God's call he will become holy. The human heart is not satisfied with anything short of holiness. God is not satisfied with anything short of holiness. We are called unto holiness.

3. God calls us to a heavenly calling. A boy knows his kite is flying by the pull of it, even if he can't see it. The eagle is built for altitudes, he gets the sun in his eye and goes up. His glory is in the heights. Do you know you, as a Christian, were not made to be a walking or a creeping thing, but to be an inhabitant of the heavens? We may have heavenly experiences in this life. And then this heavenly calling lands us in Heaven if we follow it. We're going home to heaven pretty soon.

The tabernacle was filled to its capacity, and several seekers were at the altar in the altar service which followed.

Oct. 5.—Convention work was resumed at 8:30 A. M.

Mrs. Steele, of Chattanooga, gave an interesting account of her work among colored orphan children and plead for workers. 1121 children have been cared for by her. W. B. Yates sang, "He'll Never Forget to Keep Me." Rev. Shannon, of Springfield, was introduced and made a report of his work. Rev. C. C. Davis, of Evansville, Ind., was presented and reported his work. Tim H. Moore, of Nashville, offered a resolution making the orphanage, about to be opened in Nashville, an institution of the Pentecostal Mission. W. B. Yates sang, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow," and at 11:30 J. O. McClurkan preached the annual convention sermon. The texts were Mark 7:33-34 and Ezek. 9:4.

He said among other things, Jesus was never satisfied to let things go on as they were going. He who throws himself against the current of sin and stems the tide will be a storm beaten soul when he reaches the other shore.

Joy is good; but the type which Jesus had was joy amid tears. Lightness in religion is not akin to Christ. God said He would show to Paul what great things he should suffer for the sake of the Lord. Now, the sigh. Jesus sighed when He touched a broken world. You are useful to your fellow-men in bringing them to Christ in proportion as your heart is crushed. We are not uneasy about you when we see your heart is subdued and broken, but are pained at the pomp and strut of those who have not the broken heart. Oftentimes we hear testimonies that are painfully light.

Jesus put His hand on the man and sighed. He stood at the grave of Lazarus and groaned. I am glad Jesus sighed. In many places the groan is not heard, people would rather shout. Shouting is good, but while the resurrection morn was blessed, it was preceded by Gethsemane and Calvary. We like your joy, but would have you see that the ministry of God is also one of suffering. As we think of such men as Brainard and hear his groans and pleadings as he wrestled with God for the Indians with body wet with sweat, we say he wrought mightily with God. Henry Martyn in the sands of Persia giving his life for the heathen, David Livingstone in Africa, wading the rivers, traversing the forests, consumed with fever and dying with dysentery, each wrought in suffering and his crown was prepared for him while his heart was breaking. O, the sigh of Jesus! If we live in the world and don't hear the cry of the suffering ones in it, we will go into Heaven poverty stricken, if we go at all. The man who has felt the pain and heard the cry never forgets the call to preach. Nothing will stop him; you may bind him, blind him, kill his friends, shut the door against him and put him in prison, but he will keep on telling it. He has a quenchless fire burning within. People are looking for easy jobs, they would preach, but there are too many obstacles. These kind of people are not fit to preach. We charge modern Christianity with soft-handedness. Notice the sighers in Jerusalem. God sent the prophet to search out those who were hurting over the conditions and to put a mark upon them. We will never know the innerness of grace until we have penetrated into the abysses of the suffering with Jesus. People laugh at the old fashioned groan now-a-days. The world needs the old fashioned groan, coming out of a wretched heart. We should not always be teasing God for sugar teats, condiments, etc., but we should go down and get underneath the cross and press through the difficulties. We don't want to miss the crown, neither do we want to shun the cross.

When a man is in right relation to God,

the same thing which made Jesus sigh will make him sigh. The sin of the world will be on his heart and he will sigh. We are in a battle. Satan is besetting us, and sin is slaying the nations. People are not getting under the world's burden. The death of a barnyard fowl will cause more pain to many people than the perishing of 400,000,000 people in China. You talk of going to Calvary, and of bearing the cross, but are knocked out by the first paper wad the devil throws at you. Get in the right relation to God and you will never be light in speech or feeling regarding the sufferings of others. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

Jesus looked up and sighed. A cold blooded, heartless ministry makes infidels. We will not help people unless we love them. Have you gone through Jerusalem and seen the desecration? Have you seen the altars thrown down and God's name dishonored, and are you weeping over those things? If we go to our fields, weep under the trees in the woods, pray along the road and groan over souls, the harvest will be great. The present day ministry is a shallow one. One Spirit-filled man can do wonders if he will get behind the straying world and roll it back to God. If you don't feel good go on anyhow. A soldier has no business looking at his feelings. The world is sinking in suffering and despair and the man who once gets the vision of it will never be light hearted again. Of course you will feel bad, but you are here for that business. Stand in front of the battle and get shot all to pieces. Don't come to the holiness meeting to get rid of your burdens but come up and get loaded down. You are a miserable coward if you are afraid to take a hard place. If you are afraid of being persecuted go and get you a "sugar teat." Get your old black mammy to come and sing "Rock-a-bye baby." When you are buried, the preacher should say "I am burying a seventy-five year old baby." We need to sigh, we need to groan. Get underneath every man's sorrow and push up. Sometimes you will be nearly dead but keep on pushing. Each one needs to be loaded to the water's edge. You are afraid it will hurt you! How will you look sitting by the side of Paul? Paul had his head cut off. A lot of little preachers with powdered faces and hair parted in the middle talking about Paul; they ought to be ashamed to call Paul's name. When Jesus laid His hand on the man He looked up and sighed.

We must look up. If we don't we will be discouraged and give up. Look up! Look up! God will keep you in step with the stars. Put your hand on the world's need, look up and sigh. Homes are being ruined, nations wrecked, and the devil is working havoc in the earth. If we look about us we are not sufficient for these things, but if we look up we will see help coming from the hills. God is going to win. The victory is ours. Go on and keep sighing, and keep looking

up. Don't be a grumbler nor a cynic, finding fault everywhere but look on the need, touch it, weep over it, look up and sigh. Let us go on until the fight is over. Don't you want to enter heaven as a veteran with the scars and stains of battle upon you? Well, fight to the finish, stand by your gun till it's over.

The message was powerfully blessed of the Lord and the congregation much affected. Old timed shouts and rejoicings were heard throughout the vast audience. W. B. Yates sang "I'm Going Through With Jesus." The congregation stood and sang "We Shall Wear a Crown."

The afternoon session was given to reports of evangelists and missionaries, and committee meetings. Bro. Towson, returned missionary from Japan, made an interesting and instructive talk on the rapid progress of Christianity in the Sunrise Kingdom. The evening service was devoted to a missionary mass meeting. Short addresses were made by the following: Mrs. Steele, of Chattanooga; Harry Moore, prospective missionary to South America; Miss Arrendel, returned missionary to India; Miss Florence Williams, returned missionary to India. N. J. Holmes, president of the Altamont Bible School in South Carolina, made a fervent appeal for missionaries.

Sunday, Oct. 6, was a full day. The tabernacle was filled to overflowing with all the services. In the morning and afternoon missionary services were held. Stirring addresses were made by returned missionaries from India, Cuba, Central America and Japan—Misses Williams and Arrendel of India, Miss Smith of Cuba, Conway G. Anderson of Central America and Bro. Towson, of Japan. Short addresses were made by outgoing and prospective missionaries. In the afternoon, an ordination service was also held. The following were ordained: E. N. Pitts; R. H. Kemp; P. M. Covington; C. A. Shreve; P. E. Bailey and John Burman. John Burman and wife were consecrated for missionary work in South America. N. J. Holmes of the Altamont Bible school in South Carolina, preached at night. A number were at the altar seeking pardon and purity. The convention was to have closed Sunday night, but owing to the volume of business, it continued over until Monday noon.

At the morning session, Monday Oct. 7, Mrs. T. H. Moore addressed the convention in behalf of an orphanage and girls' home in Nashville. Mrs. Burgess and husband made a plea for rescue work among fallen girls. Miss Williams told of being remarkably healed by the Lord when she was critically ill with Indian typhoid fever. Miss Arrendel of India also made a stirring address. At 12:30 the convention was brought to a close, leaving delegates and other attendants to return to their work with a wider vision, nobler purposes and a deeper love for the perishing than ever before, and with a feeling in the heart that God had led throughout.

How A Tigress brought the Gospel to Chu Long

CHARLES F. MCKENZIE.

The little village of Chu Long, "Nine Dragons," is nestled among the foothills of the Northern Mountains, and its people, busy from morn till night with farming, wood cutting and lime-burning, seldom go to the big city, which is only eight miles distant.

One day, a long time ago, a missionary had gone to this village, but the villagers, who feared a foreigner, had hidden themselves and refused to come out to hear the gospel message which the missionary had hoped to give them.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and to the missionary in foreign lands the privilege is often given to see the wonderful ways in which God brings things to pass for His honor.

So now, after ten long years, the Gospel was carried to this same village by a tigress. This is how it happened, and the story is a true one.

Wild animals are often seen in these northern hills, and one Monday a villager of Chu Long had killed a tiger kitten, and had sold it for seventy-five cents—not a mean sum for one who works all day for nine cents.

A tiger is quite a prize to the native who is fortunate enough to kill one, for, sold to the village druggist, he brings a goodly sum of money.

The druggist uses every bit of him—skin, hair, teeth, nails and bone—for medicine, reasoning that the more powerful the animal the more efficacious the medicine.

Meanwhile the mother had worked herself into a furious rage at the loss of her only kitten, and, on Tuesday afternoon, she sprang upon another villager as he was going homeward across the field in which her kitten had been killed. This man, a strong fellow of thirty-five, named Ping Yen, grappled with the maddened tigress, who fastened her fangs in his face, tearing loose the flesh from the bones and crunching the lower jaw in two places.

The plucky fellow hung to her until another man came to his aid, and then, faint from the loss of blood, he sank to the ground, while the tigress bounded into the underbrush of the hillside.

The friends of poor Ping Yen did the best they knew to staunch the flow of blood by stuffing the terrible wounds with dirty cotton wadding torn from their padded clothes, and with wood ashes; then, placing him in a wooden box, they hurried him to the city, hoping the Chinese doctors there might do something to save his life.

They had never seen a foreigner, nor had they ever heard there were several in the city; but on arriving at the yamen of the district official there were told by the Chinese doctors there that the only chance for the man's life was to get the consent of the foreign doctor at the mission compound to see him.

They were also told that the doctor might refuse to see Ping Yen, as he was very busy studying the language and had refused to see many patients who had sought him.

So the mother and father, trembling and fearful, but driven by their great necessity, sought out the doctor's Chinese teacher, and begged him to intercede with the doctor for them.

When Ping Yen was carried into the doctor's study, which had been quickly converted into a surgery, no other place being available at that time for such work, the old parents fell on their faces at the feet of the doctor and the other missionary, and in attitude of worship besought them to restore their oldest boy, the most precious of all the children to a Chinese, to them.

Compelling them to rise and telling them he would do his best, the doctor and his friend, who was the only other foreigner in the great city, set to work. Putting the sufferer, who was nearly unconscious, under an anesthetic, they cleansed and shaved, cut and stitched, until, after three hours hard work to undo what the tigress and natives had together done, there appeared some resemblance to a man.

Then, placing him on the couch which the doctor's wife and Mrs. K— had prepared on the broad porch of the house, they anxiously waited for him to react. The old mother sat at his side weeping and groaning. She knew nothing of anesthetics, and could only interpret the quiet sleep of her son as approaching death.

When he at length awoke and called her name her joy was great. She patted his large, hard hand and hovered over him much as an American mother hovers over her first-born baby.

Day by day the doctor fought the fever, and day by day prayer went up from the little circle of missionaries that the Heavenly Father might spare this stranger within their gates, and thus open a way for the carrying of the message of a Savior's love to this hitherto inaccessible village.

Day by day the wounds healed and strength returned, while each morning the old mother attended the prayers in the chapel and on Sunday all the services, eagerly drinking in the "Jesus doctrine," and at every spare moment asking questions about this new religion that made the disciple take in and bind up the wounds of the stranger.

At the end of ten days the mother returned home, leaving Ping Yen's oldest son, a lad of fifteen, to nurse his father, who was then well on the road to recovery. Thus another member of this family heard something of the Gospel, and when finally, with face scarred but healed, Ping Yen returned to Chu Long, he carried with him a copy of the Gospels, which he himself had asked for, and had exacted a promise from the missionaries that they would come to his village and tell them more about this wonderful Jesus and His love.

Thus the Word at last reached Chu Long, and some weeks later Ping Yen came back to the city to escort the foreigners to his home, where his friends had assembled to see the men who had healed their fellow villager, and instead of hiding they listened to their words and bought some of the tracts the missionaries had brought with them. Ping Yen and some of his friends frequently walk the eight miles on Sunday to attend the services in the mission chapel.

Already some of the seed sown has sprung up and there is every prospect that, under the nourishing care of the Lord of the Harvest, fruit will soon appear from the carrying of the Gospel to Chu Long by a tigress.—*Kind Words.*

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Testimony

I am praising God that while I am deprived of going to church, I know that the Lord is with me. I praise God for a Savior that saves from all sin. It is so sweet to trust in Jesus and to have a sweet peace in my heart. I have so many hard trials and temptations, but bless the Lord, He is always willing to help me. I ask all Christians to pray for me that I may be an obedient child and have a home in heaven.

Texas. Emma Balkum.

God has saved me and placed my feet upon the rock and I am living on the Hallelujah side. It seems that I can never praise Him enough, Glory be to His name. I praise Him for real victory in my soul today, and for the deep peace that I enjoy every day. I was regenerated many years ago and thought that I had all there was for me, though sometimes it seems like there was something lacking when I saw the holiness people so happy on their way. I felt that my salvation was not full, so I went to the Lord and He cleansed me from sin and filled my soul with the Holy Spirit, glory to His name. I feel that my salvation is full and by His grace I am going all the way. I am praying for my neighbors, that their feet may be placed upon the rock, and that they may live with us on the Hallelujah side. Your brother in Christ, T. B. Daniel. Tennessee.

"Thou hast kept the best wine until the last."

I gave my life to God in '83. I enjoyed the presence of the Lord but for several years I could not freely say, "God's will, not mine, be done." The Lord led men on yet I felt there was something lacking—I was not free. I enjoyed the services of the sanctuary although public work was such a burden, I could take no part in it.

After about ten years of Christian warfare I drank of sorrow's cup, even to the bitter dregs, then it was I knew I could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," but for two years more I lived just the same. The Lord led me to Jordan's crossing (in '96). I could not go over and dare not go back, so for twelve months lingered near the shore. Then by faith I ventured to step into the water's edge but the water had receded and I was able to go over on dry ground. I had not thought of the giants in Canaan's land, and to my surprise found the hardest battles to be fought, but the harder the battle the greater the victory. I had been afraid to make a complete consecration for fear I could not give willing service, but when the refining fire went through my heart consuming the dross it became the joy of my life to be a channel of blessing. I praise God that He has thus led me and pray that I may ever be willing to follow all the way. In His name, Mrs. J. C. Eaton.

After spending six months in the Literary and Bible Training School last session; and nearly the whole summer in the city of Nashville, I came here August 17th.

I was delighted to get out into the country again, and while my eyes have been feasting on the things of nature, my very soul has been feasting on the God of nature and His fulness. I have never had greater victory in my soul than at this time. It seems that God has been leading me deeper into His wisdom in the past three weeks than I had ever expected to go. I can plainly see His hand and will in my coming home, and I believe He is going to lead me back to Nashville to one more term in school.

Since I came home I have been in a meeting which has been a great blessing to me. It seems that God has led me exactly contrary to what I was expecting when I left Nashville, but just so He leads me His way I am willing to follow any where He would have me go.

I praise God for the real testings I have had since I started home. He has heard and answered my prayers so faithfully, and I don't think I can ever doubt Him again. I am sorry I ever doubted such a dear, loving Friend.

Jesus is still my Sanctifier, Healer, Keeper, Glorious Lord and coming King. He keeps me day by day and hour by hour. Bless His name! I am as ever one of His children, Durbin, W. Va. Lottie E. Burner.

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CALEB'S FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

Josh. 14: 6-15.

Golden text:—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." (Mat. 25:23).

1. **Enduring faith.** (vs. 6, 9). Forty-five years had passed since Caleb had received a promise. They must have been years of much trial for much of the time his lot was cast with those who, through hopeless unbelief and disobedience, had to live out their life under the disfavor of God, and who continued to merit that disfavor on account of further disobedience. But Caleb's faith did not wear out. The lapse of years did not plunge him into despair nor cause him to let the promise go. So far as the record goes the promise was never repeated to him, and if it was not, he is a remarkable case of enduring faith. It seems to be the rule with most, or all, of us that God has to revive our faith now and then by repeating the same or a similar promise to us. So far as the certainty of the matter is concerned one promise of God is really enough.

2. **Active faith.** (v. 12). The faith that can restfully wait for God's time to come, should be prompt to actively present its claim when that time does come. Sometimes delay makes faith so sluggish and dim that when the reward time comes it is not on the alert to finally receive what it has so long waited for. When there is a time of waiting, or a time of conflict, there is also a time when, like we can say, "Now therefore give me."

3. **Faith amid difficulties.** (v. 7). To see this clearly we must look back at the occurrences in Num. 13:14. Caleb and Joshua on that occasion faced difficulties in a twofold form. On the outside there were the giants and walled cities of Canaan. Caleb seems to have taken a leading place on that occasion for it was he who "stilled the people..." and said, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." (Num. 13:30). Where the ten others saw only the difficulties he saw also the possibilities for conquest. Full faith spells difficulties and obstacles thus—opportunities and possibilities. Caleb's faith triumphed also when unbelief burst forth in full force among his comrades and the people. (Num. 13:31; 14:10). He was still firm and undaunted. It is sometimes true that a person who has faith in the face of obstacles goes down in the face of unbelief in others. Caleb was not thus.

4. **Whole hearted following.** (v. 18). To "wholly follow" the Lord when there is a goodly company going that way is one thing, but it calls for a much deeper loyalty and faithfulness to act thus when one is decidedly in the minority. The people with a Caleb disposition not only work for, and witness to, full salvation in a holiness convention but also continue to do so in the midst of unsympathetic and unbelieving surroundings. Caleb brought a true testimony to Moses and he stood by it faithfully no matter what the people said and did. He followed up to a full measure (Deut. 1:36, n. 1) and was so clearly (yet doubtless humbly) conscious of it that he could give his testimony before those who were prepared to know. It is just as possible for us to follow "wholly" as it is for him. A person can be fully faithful to God, if he first determine to be, and then trust God for help to make him thus. This applies to those who may be quite weak and vacillating for if one can be brought to the place where he will receive the

Holy Ghost, He will put a strength and steadfastness in the character that will stand where hitherto there was only failure.

5. **Preservation.** (vs. 10, 11). Caleb's testimony on this point must have meant more than ordinary preservation. It took place amidst prevailing death in his generation, and it was also so marked that he was as vigorous at eighty-five as at forty. The same God who gave him the promise by Moses not only preserved him until the promise could be fulfilled, but preserved him in vigor in order that he might do his part in realizing on the promise. When God makes a promise He takes in all that is needed in order to fulfil it.

6. **Heroic faith.** (v. 12). He did not ask for easier tasks than God had offered him. He wanted "this mountain whereof the Lord spake." This mountain-city was well fortified and hard to take, but if the cause had God's sanction it would also have His help and blessing, and succeed. The expression, "If so be the Lord will be with me, etc." is not the language of doubt, but rather a loyal, humble acknowledgment of his need of, and dependence upon, God in the matter. So whatever God gives it is our part to take. Just as there is much difference in a person's possessing a book on a shelf and his possession of the same book in his mind by making it his by study, so what God gives us is to become ours by appropriation, or by conquest, as well as by gift from God.

7. **Reward to faithfulness.** (vs. 13, 14). He who follows God faithfully cannot but follow Him into blessing. (Ps. 84:11): Caleb seems to have been an Israelite by choice more than by birth for his ancestor was Keraz (v. 6 and Gen. 36: 11, 42), but he went far ahead of many who were more favored by birth than he was. So now, some born in heathen darkness have gone far ahead of many born amid Christian influences.

Lesson Questions.—How Caleb's endurance shown? Activity of his faith? Behavior under difficulties? How did he follow? What did God do for his body? His final reward?

BIBLE CLASS.

Riper, Va.—"In 1 Cor. 11:25 does it mean an individual cup?" The expression "the cup" (see also Mat. 26:27) seems to show that there was but one cup for all. If Christ had had a cup for each one we suppose He would have blessed cups instead of only "the cup."

Mat. 7:1 and 7:19, 20. "When we see no fruits haven't we a right to judge, or if there be fruit we have no right to judge?" "By their fruits ye shall know (not judge) them." The word "judge" in Mat. 7:1 does not mean simply to come to a conclusion about a matter, (as in Jno. 7:24; 1 Cor. 14:29; Luke 7:43), but evidently means forming an unfavorable, uncharitable, condemnatory opinion. There is sometimes a disposition to be severe, or sit in judgment upon a person's case and pass condemnation as a mere personal matter. Jno. 12:27; Rom. 14:4, 10; Luke 6:37; 1 Cor. 4:3 all refer to this latter kind.

"Can't we have more influence over an outright sinner than over a self-satisfied church member?" If the sinner is not self-satisfied I suppose we could. If he is, I suppose the case would be about the same.

Rom. 12:20. As the "coals of fire" are used to describe kindly acts towards an enemy, they are not literal coals. It probably refers to the melting of metals by covering them with charcoal. As the hot coal melts metal, so kind deeds melt a hard disposition. The passage is from Prov. 25: 21, 22.

Ps. 14:1; 53:1; Rom. 3:12 are all descriptions of those who are "fools" in their attitude towards God. They are the people who leave God out of consideration in their mind, heart and life. Of course such people are "unprofitable," nor is anything they do "good" in God's eyes. Even "the sacrifice of the wicked is abomination." (Prov. 21:27.

Field Notes

Bro. T. G. Harrison reports good meetings for the last month at Shady Grove, Seven Oaks and Vernon, Ala., in which he was assisted by Bros. Parker, Perkins and Houston.

We have a thriving little church here of twenty-nine members. We had a glorious revival this summer. We have a good Sunday school running, using holiness literature. Everything is moving on grandly. Yours under the blood,

W. H. Griffin.

Erin, Tenn.

We had a good meeting at Simmon's Chapel. I close the camp-meeting at Nolensville, Tenn. (Walker's Chapel) Sept. 29. God's power and presence was felt at every service. Rev. C. G. Heath and his devoted wife did the most of the preaching. God has wonderfully blessed our labors here. I began here Oct. 2. We have been having a good meeting. Several have been saved and sanctified. A great many good workers from other places are with us. The meeting will go on until the 10th at night. Saved, sanctified and healed, Glory!

Tullahoma, Tenn.

Hardy Simmon.

Bro. J. S. Sanders, of Shreveport, La., closed a meeting at this place Sept. 29. The Lord gave sweet victory. It was a pull at first, but our Lord will hear His children when they cry night and day. Two precious souls were converted in the old time way and shouted the victory. Six got gloriously sanctified. Oh, how their faces did shine. The little band was greatly built up. This is Brother Sander's second meeting here. He sowed some good seed. The last meeting has done more good than any meeting that has been held in this place for some time. Brother Sanders has been called to hold a meeting at this place next year. Your sister in Christ. Jesus' blood saves and sanctifies me just now.

Lela Blakely.

Delight, Ark.

The dear Lord is still blessing us. He has been very gracious to us this year. We have labored in many hard places but the Lord has given grace in time of need. I have just returned home from a circuit of my work on the Ouachita River. Am very hopeful for our work over there. Bible holiness is gaining ground wherever it is preached right. Bro. Blackburn was with us again and did some faithful preaching. The Lord added to us just such as would be saved. We had nothing unusual, just preached the truth and it had its effect. I am always glad to hear from any of my old friends through LIVING WATER, especially those that are in the field for the cause of our blessed Master. I am a feast to my soul. Will close with best wishes for LIVING WATER and Bible School. Yours saved and in the work, M. S. Hollenshead.

Inden, La., R. 2.

Am four miles west of East Prairie, Mo. In a meeting and Elijah's God is with us, Glory, the devil has done all he can to hinder the services, but the Lord broke through last night and gave the victory. The saints shouted, the mourners wept and cried unto God to save them from hell. We preached from Luke 14:18-20. The people began to squirm when God's old grab-hook began to reach them. Some left the tent, but returned later. Oh, I like this way. Am expecting to see many precious souls brought to Jesus in the next few days. I expect to go home (Hickman, Ky.) after this meeting to make arrangements to go to the Council of the Holiness Church of Christ, at Little Rock, Ark. I solicit the prayers of the LIVING WATER family. Hope to meet many of its members at our Council. Yours in the battle against sin,

L. W. Swanner.

Pastor Holiness Church of Christ, Hickman, Ky.