

Waters From the Sanctuary

Mr. May Anderson Hawkins,
Avasdale, Ala.

"Sweeter Than Psaltery and Psalm."

One eve, when pressed with deepening sense
of woe

That clouded heart, and brow, and life,
I scanned a verse, culled from the long ago,
That pierced me like a knife;
So strange it seemed to one thus bowed,
I fell to reading it aloud:
"O child, My heart's beloved, sweet to Me
As psaltery and as psalm,
The voice of him who, on the midnight sea
Can praise through storm and calm."

I turned it over in my heart and mind,
And whispered, musing: "Is it true?"
Till self uprose—for I was weak and blind—
And hid it from my view;—
The tender thought had knocked in vain,
For still I wept and hugged my pain.
And then, once more, as breath from summer
days,

The glad words came like balm:
"Yes, sweet to Me the voice that sings My
praise
Through cloud, and storm, and calm."

"But how, "I questioned, yearning for the
light,
"Can one so bowed with grief as I
Give song of praise? As well ask gloomy night
To paint fair dawn across the sky."
And still for answer all I heard
Were these glad words like song of bird:
"O child, My heart's beloved, sweet to Me
As psaltery and as psalm,
The voice of him who, on the midnight sea,
Can praise through storm and calm."

And day by day this music through my soul
Woke echoes that I could not drown;
My sorrows seemed to deepen, and to roll
A mountain on my soul, 'til down
I sank disheartened, with the cry:
"O help me, Father, else I die!"

'Twas then I saw, as light began to pour
In whiteness from above,
My selfish heart, self-centered to the care!
I scarce could speak or move.

At last o'ercome with horror at the sight,
I said in anguish and despair:
"My Father, cleanse this heart I thought was
right,

Or let me die! I cannot bear
To longer live, unless Thy might
Can purge my soul and make it white."
He heard me, and the pangs of seeming death
Took hold, at one fell stroke:
And then, all in a moment, like the breath
Of dawn, the darkness broke.

In glad surprise I lifted up my voice
In joyful praises clear and strong,
For something in my soul could but rejoice
With music and with song.
A sense of freedom thrilled me through
Which ever deepened, still, and grew.
The same sharp sorrow lingered in each hour—
With menace and with frown—
Which long had held me captive, yet its power

And then I learned that Christ can cleanse
the soul

And fill it with His power and might,
Till even grief's dark shadows backward roll
Before His presence white,
And gazing on His matchless face
One needs must praise His love and grace.
And from that hour He's gently led me on,
And shown, as I would heed,
That when all human hopes and joys are gone,
My Christ is all I need.

But sometimes, in the midnight's dreary gloom,
When not a star is left to shine,
When hideous fate, relentless as the tomb,
Seems crushing me and mine,
My heart makes moan, and then I hear
Like silvery chimings soft and clear:
"O child, My heart's beloved, sweet to Me
As psaltery and as psalm,
The voice of him who, on the midnight sea,
Can praise through storm and calm."

And at the words through gathered tears I see
My heart's Beloved by my side,
And swift recall the pangs He bore for me—
A member of His Bride—
Till all my soul, anew, upsprings
To meet His will, whate'er it brings.
Must I not learn His language, if my heart
Would share His secret thought?
And suffering is the school—with Him apart—
Where this sweet tongue is taught.

And so I look to Him afresh, and bring
My offering, while I walk the way
His feet so meekly trod; glad I can sing
His praises in my lay;
His love indites this simple song
To heal some soul, and make it strong.
O trust Him, heart, when tempests fiercely pour
Their blasts on thee and thine!
'Tis while we sing, the human more and more
Takes on His life divine.

Thy Lord would have His angels, in surprise,
Bend down to catch thy praiseful tone;
Would have them wonder at thy gladsome
eyes

Where other hearts make moan:—
Then learn, with joy, to sing God's praise
In winter as in summer days. . . .
"O child, My heart's beloved, sweet to Me
As psaltery and as psalm,
The voice of him who, on the midnight sea,
Can praise through storm and calm."

Have you thus learned to praise Him be
loved? It is not an easy lesson to master,
yet there are those who have, after a time,
become proficient in it.

The poem portrays an actual experience,
yet the writer confesses she is very slow and
dull to learn. But she finds the Teacher so
patient and tender that she is still hoping,
when commencement day arrives, that she
may not find herself among those without a
diploma.

Fletcher's Rules.

John Fletcher was a man of deep piety.
Mr. Wesley so indicated in preaching his fun-
eral sermon. Mr. Fletcher drew up for his
own guidance the following rules for daily
self-examination. I pass them along to the
young people:

1. Did I awake spiritual, and was I watch-
ful in keeping my mind from wandering this
morning?
2. Have I this day got nearer to God in
prayer, or have I given way to a lazy, idle
spirit?
3. Has my faith been weakened by un-
watchfulness, or quickened by diligence?
4. Have I walked by faith, and seen God in
all things?
5. Have I denied myself in all unkind
words and thoughts? Have I been delighted
at seeing others preferred?
6. Have I made the most of my time, as
far as I had light, strength and opportunity?
7. Have I kept the issues of my heart in
the means of grace, so as to profit by them?
8. What have I done this day for the souls
and bodies of God's dear saints?
9. Have I laid out anything to please my-
self, when I might have saved the money for
the cause of God?
10. Have I governed well my tongue this
day, remembering that in a multitude of words
there wanteth not sin?
11. In how many instances have I denied
myself this day?
12. Do my life and conversation adorn the
gospel of Jesus Christ?—Selected.

"I Can Look Out For One."

One day last summer a poor old woman
stood in the Babylon of one of the great rail-
way stations. The long trains thundered in
under the stone arches. The busy, never
ending crowds rushed by. Hackmen shouted,
handcars trundled; gongs sounded; flagmen
waved people off the tracks as new trains
came crashing in. Our poor old lady did not
dare to stir.

All at once a little girl noticed her. Just a
little girl in a brown sack and a blue "sailor."
Just a nice little girl with bare hands and a
strap of books, and a dimple in one cheek
when the other girls said something to her.
All at once a little frown came and blotted
out the dimple.

"Look here girls!" she cried hurriedly. "See
that poor old frightened thing over there by
the Boston and Albany! I don't believe she's
got anybody to look out for her."

"Well, that isn't your lookout!" said one of
the others, seeing that she was about to drop
her satchel and run across the maze of steel
tracks. "If you aren't the queerest girl! Do
you suppose that you can look out for every-
body that needs looking out for?"

"I can look out for one!" was the answer
tossed back over the girl's shoulder, and it is
safe to say that more than the one answered
felt the sweet rebuke of it, if they did not all
take it for a life motto. In a moment she
was over there, piloting the old lady carefully
and never leaving her until she had signalled
the right car and put her kindly on it, with
an earnest direction to the conductor to be
"sure and let her off at the right street."
Then she was back with her girls again,
laughing and chatting as gaily as if she had
not stopped a minute to give an object lesson
in kindness. —Dora's Horn

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Those That Seek Me Early Shall Find Me.—Prov. 8:17.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. TOM T. BENSON, Eastland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

DEAR COUSINS:

I wonder if you will be glad to see the old letter box opened once more? Cousin Eva hardly knew what to do about it, for you just know that I am once more under my old tent roof at Lebanon, and a good service is going on within ear-shot of me. But I decided to stay at home and spend the summer afternoon with my little folks and their letters. Will we ever catch up? Well I don't know. But I do trust no little girl or boy will get offended, and lose interest in our work because they look for the letter they have written, and fail to find it. *Lets be above this sort of thing*, dear cousins. Our first letter then is from two cousins who have waited a long time.

Bearsheba Springs.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Will you let us join your happy band? We are brother and sister. We live on the beautiful mountain. We have six in family. We have no pets except our baby brother, who was seven months old the 19th of this month. His name is Elmer Benson, he is so sweet. We do not go to school now, but expect to start soon. We go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday and prayer meeting Sunday afternoon. My playmate is named Lewis and my sister (the one that is writing this) her best friend I think is Anna Lee. She is a pretty girl and also a good little girl. We both wish we could hear Bros. Dean and Tidwell preach some. They are such good men. Our Mama is sanctified. Papa just came home today from Tracy City and we were very glad to see him. We are ten and sixteen years old. For fear our letter gets too long we will close, with love.

E. J. and Sula Brown.

I am glad you go to Sunday School and prayer meeting dear cousins. I hope you will always do this and it is blessed to have Christian parents, and home. But *don't depend upon these for safety for your souls*. God has given you these privileges as helps, but the power of God, working in our hearts, alone can fit us for heaven. Should Jesus come, awful ruin and despair would come to you as surely as to the children in the most wicked home in your neighborhood. Christian parents help. They cannot save. We must settle that each one of us, with Jesus. Have you done this, or are you still in danger?

Quitman, Miss.

Dear Cousin Eva:—As I have never written to your paper before, I will endeavor to do so now. Papa takes *LIVING WATER* and I like to read the cousins' letters. Papa and mama are Christians but I am not. I want to be, and am going to try to live right; pray for me and tell the cousins too. I have five sisters and one brother. I am the youngest of all. All of my sisters and brothers are living. Cousin Eva, I haven't any pets at all. Papa has a little mule, and I pet it some. A new cousin,

Lucy Neely.

Dear Lucy, did you know that however hard we try, we cant truly live right until something is *changed inside us*? I was reading today these beautiful verses;

"The outward word is good and true.

The inward power alone makes new.

Not even Christ can cleanse from sin,

Unless He comes and works WITHIN."

It was for this He could not stay.

But hastened up the starry way;

Yes, it is in the heart, dear child, that we are made Christians. When God changes the heart, makes the inward life, the very spring of all our action right, the outward life is right too. Will you not seek Jesus to change your heart dear? He wants to do it. It is His own chosen work. Will you trust Him?

Dear Cousin Eva:—Here comes a dark-eyed girl twelve years of age. I am going to school at Stroudsville. My teachers name is Miss Jessie Bospord; I like her fine. I have one brother and one sister living, and one sister dead. Her name was Mamie; she was three years old. I am not a Christian but I want you to pray that I may be some day. I live in the country and have a pleasant home. I have a good mother and father.

Leila Frey.

Dear child, if you knew as well as I do, how true it is that your heart is growing harder to reach each day, I think you would not ask me to pray for you to be saved some day. Not a day passes but our hearts are harder, unless touched by grace. "remember *now* thy creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." O these evil days do come. They are coming to every boy and girl, unless they yield to Jesus. Dont run such a risk dear. Let Jesus in *now*, while you still want to.

Dickson, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Here comes three cousins together. Will you let us join your band? We take *LIVING WATER* and like to read it very much, especially the children's page. Two of us are not Christians, Emma and Effie, but want to be. We have no pets except some little calves. We like to play, jump the rope and swing and several other things. With love to the cousins,

Emma, Effie and Ida.

This is a nice little threefold letter, neatly written too. I have just been speaking of the evil days that come when people have lost all desire to have Jesus. Perhaps you are thinking, Emma and Effie, that you are so young, surely these days must be a long way off. No, dear girls, that is a mistake. Last night the Tabernacle was crowded with hundreds of people. Scores of young boys and girls were here, the girls dainty and pretty in their summer dresses and hats. But oh, during the most solemn prayers, preaching, and appeals, they laughed, talked—were absolutely untouched. A lady said to me, "I pray God my daughters will never get to the place where they can laugh and chatter in the face of such solemn things." "If a boy or girl has reached the age of eighteen without having had God change the heart, they are by that time hardened enough to do this without a tremor, without a fear," I answered. And, children I believe it, eighteen, fifteen, nay often twelve years is time enough for those fatal evil days to come when we dont care. I am glad you still want Jesus. Take Him now before the desire is gone.

Dickson, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am a little black-eyed cousin. I am three years old. I like to hear the children's

I have one little brother older than I, his name is Willie. I have no pets except a little kitten; its name is Snow Ball. Your new cousin. Ora Frey.

Welcome, you dear little tot, we are glad to have you. And can such a wee girl help sing? Why yes, and more than that, you can help Jesus too. How? By being His little girl, by giving yourself to Him, by trying to mind Him, by *getting on His side now*, and always being found there. Jesus says He who is not for me *is against me*, you dont want to be against Jesus do you, Ora? Well dear Jesus says we are unless we are His. Wont you give yourself to Him now, and get it settled?

Palmyra, Tenn.

To the family and friends of *LIVING WATER*:—I hale you happy, for we are a strong band, and have a good Captain, who never lost a passenger that loved and trusted Him. So all we have to do is to get in the life boat and stay there and trust Christ who has promised to take care of us as long as we trust Him. Let us be faithful a few more days and He will land us on the beach of heaven where we will be safe forever more. Cheer, cheer on! Thank God for His many blessings. From a shut-in.

This letter is from a dear woman who is an invalid. I am glad she wrote us such a bright, cheery, message. Are we grateful for health? I fear not. Lets thank God for the good things we are enjoying *now*, and for the promise of perfect health, no pain, no sickness, by and by.

Elizabeth, Wirt Co. West Va.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I have been intending to write to you for quite a while. A friend of mama's in Port Norfolk Va. sends us *LIVING WATER*. I read the children's letters and your answers. I like your answers the best. How very tedious and tiresome it must be to answer all those letters. You are very patient and kind to take so much pains to answer all of them so nice. If you will answer my letter I will be very proud of it, and keep it to show to my Uncle Joe when he comes to see us this summer. If he gives me any money I will send you some for I think you ought to be paid for doing so much work. I have one brother and two sisters. My brother is a big tall fellow and his name is George. When he is about the house he spends the most of his time looking for his hat. My big sister's name is Ione, my little sister's name is Phyllis. I had two other sisters Pauline and Geneva, but they both died before I was old enough to remember them. I am Phyllis's teacher. I give her lessons in Geography, Arithmetic, Spelling and writing. I am eleven years old and Phyllis is eight. We both sew carpet rags. I do nearly all of the kitchen and dining room work. Mama kisses me every day and says she could not get along without me. In this letter I told you my good qualities and in the next I will tell you my bad ones, if it does not take too long. Sometimes I like to read in the Bible. I read the thirty-fifth chapter in Isaiah this morning. We all like that chapter because it sounds so comforting. Mama says the Bible is very interesting and that it is a disgrace to be ignorant of it. I would like to write a little story for *LIVING WATER* if it would be accepted. Your cousin,

Leona Pennybacker.

Cousin Eva had to smile several times while reading this letter. That boy and his hat brought forth a laugh. Will you believe me that I have *two just like him*? And I have heard of others. Does anybody else know of such a boy? And then I smiled tenderly when I read of your sympathy about my work. Yes it takes time, but dear, I am doing it for Jesus. If it wasn't His work, I would stop it today. So I am working for Him, and He is paying me, yes, better than anyone else could. I truly wish you loved to read the Bible *all the time*. Few people, even Christians, do like to read it this