

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
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OUR FIRST MONTH, IN INDIA

Mrs. Rosa Lowe Coddling

Igatpuri India, Jan. 12, 1904.

Dear Readers of LIVING WATER:—We feel that you would be glad to know how we have spent our first month in India.

On December 7th, just at sunset, one of those golden sunsets such as is seen only in the tropics, we



MISSIONARIES' HOME, IGATPURI, INDIA

entered Bombay harbor and caught our first glimpse of the land to which we were sent as ambassadors of Jesus Christ.

The tide being out, we were informed by the captain that we should be unable to get into dock before midnight. However, there were several passengers who were expecting loved ones to come out in sail boats to meet them. As we watched them looking eagerly for a dear, familiar face, my first thought was "We have come a long distance, and yet we'll meet with no welcome from those to whom we come bringing glad tidings of good things." Then immediately there came such a sweet assurance that we were welcomed by One who had gone before, the One in whose name we had come, and such peace filled our souls as we realized what a royal welcome was ours.

We had expected to remain on the steamer until the next morning, but received a letter of welcome from one of God's children, inviting us to Bereahab Home where we remained for three weeks. As many of you know, we came to India, having no definite field in view, and feeling that it would be best to determine our location after conferring with those who were familiar with the needs, and prayerfully inves-

tigating the fields, looking to God to direct our paths.

We had, while on the way, been asking God to send us the necessary information, to close doors which He would not have us enter, and to instruct and teach us in the way we should go. He did not disappoint us nor suffer His faithfulness to fail. As we were here to do His will, having no choice of our own, we believed He would lead us forth by the right way. In these days of waiting before God, He was giving us sweet revelations of Himself through the Word, as our Father who loves us, as well as the Almighty God to whom nothing is impossible. It is true that we miss the Christian fellowship which we had with our friends in the homeland, also the refreshing streams of LIVING WATER, yet we rejoice in the fellowship we have "with the Father and with the Son Jesus Christ." It was our privilege to meet many consecrated children of God while at Bereahab Home, through whose lives we saw fresh glimpses of our risen Lord.

We do not feel that the three weeks spent in Bombay were wasted; while there we met many missionaries who gave us information concerning the difficulties which always confront missionaries to India, that will be of great value to us. Then it was our privilege to see some of the work among the natives.

One afternoon we went with Bro. Franklin to a section of the city where there was a little village of low caste people. It was about dark when we reached the place where he usually preached. We found ourselves surrounded by a number of very small huts, made of the toddy palm. They were arranged in a circle, and we entered the open space in the middle. I could hardly believe these miserable huts, with an opening two by three feet, were human habitations. We soon saw that they were inhabited, the people

drawing in and sitting around the fires over which they were cooking their evening meal. As we entered the circle, we noticed four men seated on the ground playing cards. As Bro. Franklin and a native catechist began to sing, they withdrew. Of course we could not understand what was said as they



NATIVE PREACHER'S FAMILY, IGATPURI, INDIA

preached and sang in the vernacular, but we were interested in watching the dusky faces of these hearers of the Word, and our hearts were lifted in prayer that some might be turned from darkness to light. The speaker was frequently interrupted by his hearers, especially one who seemed to think it cost too much to be a Christian. We noticed a few very

earnest listeners. The children were laughing and talking with no thought of reverence, and as I looked into their bright faces, my heart ached for them, and I realized more than ever the benefits of the gospel, and the utter darkness of those born in a land where the true God is unknown. My heart was filled with sorrow as I remembered it was Wednesday evening, and thought of how I had sat so often in the prayer-meeting enjoying the gospel without giving one thought to those "having no hope and without God." A prayer rose from my heart to "the Lord of the harvest" to call the attention of many of His disciples in Christian lands to the multitude who "are scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd," and to send them with the "Bread of life" to the perishing ones of India.

It was our privilege to attend a meeting of native Christians, several of whom were catechists, and one a

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A STREET SCENE IN BOMBAY

THE LIFE OF MADAME GUYON

By E. M.

VI.

BONDS AND IMPRISONMENT.

On her return to Paris, Madame Guyon



MADAME GUYON

once more gathered her little family together, in a house in the city. Her daughter, who had been with her in her wanderings, and her two sons composed the family. Many with whom she had been acquainted before she left Paris were gone—both friends and enemies.

Her circumstances were much altered, and she found herself forming entirely new associations.

The story of her labors and persecutions while abroad had reached Paris, and many in the highest circles of society were interested to know what her religious views really were, since they had created such a stir in the ecclesiastical world.

There were hungry hearts even in courtly circles, and gradually these sought her out, inviting her to their assemblies and listening to the truths which she had spoken in the cottages of the poor. Many distinguished persons who were above her in worldly rank recognized her spiritual powers and gladly became her disciples. She had learned in the school of suffering a humility which prepared her now to enter the wide and open doors set before her, and from this time her name was associated, either in union or in opposition, with some of the most distinguished names of France.

The fire was burning in her soul, kindled by the Holy Ghost Himself, and following the divine leading, she cultivated this new field of labor with the same simplicity and holy fervor that characterized her work among the lowly. It was not long, however, before her teaching such new and unheard of doctrines as conversion and sanctification by faith alone, attracted very general attention.

Not a year had passed before the eyes of civil as well as ecclesiastical authority were fixed upon those who were regarded as introducing opinions and teaching contrary to the beliefs and practices of the Roman Catholic Church.

One ground of offense against them was the fact that they made faith the foundation of the religious life, insisting that salvation is by the cross of Christ, and by faith alone. An other and greater offense was teaching that Christ had power not only to make us holy, but to keep us holy, proclaiming sanctification by faith as the end and result of a triumphant gospel. They made terrible war upon the life

of self in all its forms, but their hope was not in man's work in overcoming, but in the faithfulness of God.

Father La Combe, who was in Paris, and holding up the same blessed truths as Madame Guyon proclaimed, was the first to suffer. He was arrested and imprisoned first in the terrible Bastille, and the agent in the transaction was Father La Mothe, the half-brother of Madame Guyon, who has been mentioned before, and who was a priest belonging to the same order as Father La Combe.

He was filled with rage and hatred against the new doctrines, and professed humiliation that his sister should be their advocate.

The arrest could not have been made without the consent of the King, but Louis XIV. was bent on exterminating heresy, which he called any deviation from the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and spared no cruelty in accomplishing his object. La Combe was made a prisoner for life in one of the dungeons of the Bastille, but his enemies hearing that the officers loved him and treated him kindly, had him removed to a much worse place and afterwards, at the direction of the King, he was transferred to a prison in the isle of Oleron. He finally died in a hospital, worn and bruised and broken, after twenty-seven years of imprisonment, because he loved the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

Madame Guyon was considered the head of the "new spirituality" as it was termed, and it would have been hardly consistent to have acted with more promptness and severity toward a subordinate agent than toward her. It was known how constant were her labors and how great her influence, and her half-brother was ready to bring all of his power against her. At first he proposed that she should leave the city and go to Montargis, her birthplace, to live. This she refused to do, reminding him that she had already been hunted from place to place, and what security could she have that she should be allowed to remain in Montargis? This, however, was the first mode of attack, and having failed, others were resorted to. She says: "Amid these trials and temptations I was kept in the greatest tranquility. I left it all with God, to order everything as He should see best. I did not look to earthly friendships or earthly wisdom for support. I chose to owe everything to God without any dependence for help on any creature. In this state of things I was one evening praying to the Lord, when I had a very remarkable experience of union with Christ crucified. That is, I had a wonderful perception of what Christ suffered, and felt a great readiness to suffer with Him. At the same time these words came to my mind: 'He was

numbered with the transgressors.' Nothing but experience can make anyone comprehend what I mean."

In all this excitement and opposition she went calmly on with her labors for the spiritual good of those whom she could reach. She had been in the city but little more than a year, but the outcry against her was general. There was no end to what was said of her novelties and heresies, followed by entirely unfounded attacks upon her private character, but she says: "Notwithstanding this unfavorable state of things, God did not fail to make use of me to gain many souls to Himself. The more persecution raged against me, the more attentively was the Word of the Lord listened to, and the greater number of spiritual children were given me." Some of these were more or less involved in the trials she endured. A number were banished from the city, for attending meetings at her house, one for having made the remark that her book was a good one—meaning her book on prayer.

Her half-brother was most active in his persecutions, but her enemies finally gave up the charge against her morals, which were without the slightest foundation; her high character however, did not remedy the fact of her heresy, but rather rendered it the more dangerous. Her case came before the Archbishop of Paris, who was clear and prompt in condemning her, but he had not the authority to imprison her without the King's order. The matter accordingly was brought before Louis XIV., with the following charges: That she held heretical opinions—that for the purpose of teaching these opinions, she held private religious assemblies contrary to the practice and rule of the Catholic Church. That she had published a dangerous book, and that it was not enough merely to stop the circulation of her writings, but it was also necessary to restrict her person and to imprison her.

It was not to be supposed that Louis XIV., who had already evoked the Edict of Nantes, by which he persecuted and banished many of his best subjects, through his own prejudices, would be more tolerant to one woman, however eminent she might be. He readily condemned her, and issued the required sealed orders; and Madame Guyon was confined as a prisoner in the Convent of St. Marie.

This place was selected because the Mother Superior was known to be particularly zealous in the execution of the King's orders. A nun was chosen for her jailor, who they supposed from the severity of her character, would treat her with the greatest rigor. And this she certainly did. Madame Guyon says: "God alone knows what she made me suffer." Her family was broken up; her little daughter, who had always been with her, was not permitted to go with her mother, and although she was really ill, she was deprived of her maid-servant, whose assistance she needed. She begged for her daughter to be sent to her, knowing that a palace would be far less acceptable to the child than her mother's prison. This

was denied; and she knew not where the little girl was, nor would they allow any one to bring any news of her.

She was confined in a small room in the upper part of the building, and here she was left in solitary imprisonment for eight months. Physically, she was far from strong, but her heart was full of faith, and God gave her a triumphant and joyful peace; so much so that it shone in her countenance, and attracted the notice of the person who brought the King's order. She was not idle in those long months of confinement; she wrote the greater part of her autobiography while in this prison of St. Marie, and continued much of her wide correspondence.

After she had been in prison a few weeks, she was visited by a committee, who had been appointed to give her a formal examination, upon the results of which the continuance of her imprisonment would depend. Madame Guyon gives the substance of interview—

the questions asked her and her replies. She had little hope of favorable results, for she could not compromise, though her replies were most courteous and moderate, while at the same time she showed forth the exceeding grace of God in its highest possibilities to keep the soul that trusts in Him. She was not anxious as to how matters should turn. She says: "The satisfaction, and even joy, which I had in being a prisoner for Christ, and suffering for Him were inexpressible." Yet there were hours of great sorrow; sometimes for days together when she was bowed down with grief. She says: "It seemed as if my Lord permitted me to experience something of that unmeasured suffering of spirit which He knew in the agony of the garden." But He who permitted the sorrow to well-nigh overwhelm her, did not forsake her. She did not waver in her confidence in Him, and was triumphant. Satan fled discomfited, for the Stronger than he came to her rescue.

at the bidding of God, in His hour, in His way, and in His Spirit—the instrument so sanctified that he will not move either finger or tongue, nor permit heart or mind to stir, save at the bidding of the Lord. Otherwise there will be failure, and the powers of darkness will prevail over all our efforts.

A Heroic Christian.

Those who have read the life of the late Bishop Hannington, cannot but admire his heroic career. He perished in his attempt to open a new way to Baganda, as the following extract shows:—

"Upon reaching Uganda, Hannington was stopped by the people, who said they wanted to send a message to their chief before he could advance. Soon after he was seized, stripped of his valuables, hurried along, pushed against trees, or dragged on the ground at the rate of five miles an hour, until he was forced as a prisoner into a hut. He had purposed to find a better road; he did not fail of his purpose. The feeble always fail—he was a man that would channel his own course, like the waterfall in the proverb. Alas! too, like the waterfall, he was to be broken to pieces at the end. The horrors in the interior of the hut into which he was hustled almost baffle description; but it was through this 'Inferno' that he must pass to finish his course and reach God's Paradise. We read that the floor of the Bishop's prison was covered with rotting banana peel, leaves, and lice; a literal burrow for rats and vermin. There was a fire, too, but no chimney or other ventilation to carry off smoke, and by this fire his guards were cooking food and drinking pombe. Yet, bruised and suffering—racked by fever and bodily outrage, apart from his comrades of the mission, deprived of all the decencies of life, and without any of the alleviations of civilization—he wrote in his little note-book, on the 29th of October, that he was greatly comforted by Psalm 30., which came to him with much power. There were eight days of imprisonment, in which he had no tidings touching his future, and until the last moment he did not know that he was irrevocably doomed to death, nor that Lubwa was acting the cruel and unmanly part of cat's paw to Mwanga. He was summoned from his hut. Was there in his brave heart the hope of release, we wonder? Perhaps; but God, not man, was about to set him at liberty. He heard a wild shout, when the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan men, and, by their spears, covered the ground with dead bodies. Then the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man, bidding them to say to their king that he was about to die for the Baganda, and that he had purchased the road to Baganda with his life. The soldiers, who were told off to murder him, hesitated; he, calm even in the last crisis, pointed to his gun, which one of them discharged. Then he was free—free from pain, free from anxiety about the morrow, free to leave Africa without reproach; free, after thirty-eight brief earthly years, to enter upon glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life.—Selected.

AT GOD'S DISPOSAL

BY PASTOR I. STOCKMAYER.

What does it mean for us to be sanctified? It means what the life of Christ means. A human life, a human being on whom God has shed His own glory. What glory? To be in the world for God, and for God alone, to carry out His purposes of redemption in us and through us. He calls us and claims us as sanctified ones to be His instruments over whom He has full control, and who are at His absolute disposal, every moment, every day and every hour. Taken out of the bondage of our past life, the Lord God lays His hand upon us, and takes possession of us, that He may make us His uncontested instruments, whom He may use night and day, in rest or in work, in solitude or in company with others, wherever we may be, to be there for God and for His glory.

We have a King to serve, every minute of our lives, with every pulsation of our blood and every beat of our heart. We belong to the King of kings. That is what it means to be sanctified, taken out of the vain manner of life—self-life—and consecrated to God. O, the glory of the sanctified one! The glory of the life of Christ in bringing forth redemption!

The Father always had the ear of the Son: nothing could disturb or bring Him out of the position of a Sanctified One. He moved only at the bidding of the Father, led by the pillar of cloud, the sign of the Father. Nothing else could move Him.

Being sanctified, He retained, through every phase of human life, the attitude—which was His glory—of being in the world for God. "By which will we have been sanctified," and as such, the way is opened for the same glory to descend from Him to our hearts, and hands and life: to be, to live, to die for Him who lived and died for us.

We can understand how such a man as

Elijah could bear to wait, week after week, by the brook in solitude, waiting without anxiety, watching till the last drop of water had disappeared, evaporated in the sun. And when the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath which belongeth to Zidon and dwell there," though the Lord did not tell him beforehand all He was going to do, yet the sanctified one readily went forward to the new unknown ministry of faith.

And later on, it was still the word of the Lord which placed him before Ahab, carrying him out of solitude and isolation into the great scene of a fallen people, and amid hundreds of the devil's prophets. He had obeyed his God, that was his attitude. The man whom Ahab had sought in every nation and kingdom within his reach, and failed to find, now by the word of the Lord stands before the king. And Ahab tries to stand as king before this man Elijah. "Is it thou?" he asks, "thou troubler of Israel?" But he is silenced by an unexpected majesty in the man he had sought to make his prisoner. Ahab now is the prisoner of Elijah, and he must obey the command of the prophet.

Elijah confronted by hundreds of Baal's prophets, was not afraid to speak. He was as fearless and firm as if supported by a company of friends. It was Divine glory. Through long preparation, having been called forth by the majesty of his God, and guided by Him, his spirit was free; and as he had received the spirit of strength and wisdom, Ahab simply became the servant of Elijah and immediately did whatever the prophet commanded.

The secret of Elijah's power, and of the victory at Carmel, was that all had been done "at the word of the Lord." The instruments God uses must be prepared by Him, everything must be ordered, and all be done

Kindness to the Living

BY PASTOR E. P. MARVIN, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

If we all would think and feel, speak and act, as kindly and lovingly in every-day life, as we do at funerals, what a heaven we should have on earth. If we could only appreciate each other as fully in life as in death, how much the aggregate of human misery would be diminished, and the sum of human happiness increased. But, alas! how much kindness comes too late, in funeral eulogies and cemetery scenes.

A husband weeps broken-hearted over the lifeless form of his wife, breathes out the most ardent tones of affection, showers his kisses on unanswering clay, covers the casket with flowers and keeps her grave green and bright, when it is too often whispered that he was not always thus considerate, affectionate and kind while she lived.

This post-mortem kindness comes too late. It is a poor compensation for former neglect. After the eye is closed, the ear cold, and the heart still in death, how vain are all kind offices. But O, if these flowers, kisses and kindnesses could have been strewn along the pathway of life instead of along the pathway of death, light and joyful might that pathway have been. The kind things you intend to say and do, say and do them now.

A husband carefully and tenderly placed a flower in the pale still hand of his dead wife, when some one remarked, "That is the first flower he ever gave her."

The living, the living, and not the dead need our kindness. Let us break our alabaster boxes among the living, and thus make them happier and better. Let us appreciate our friends and kindred while they are with us, and not leave this for funeral eulogies and cemetery scenes. Let us show at least as much appreciation and kindness in "the city of the living" as we do in "the city of the dead." Let Home, sweet Home, be Heaven for beginners, the native scene of perennial filial affection.

"O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!"

A widowed mother had struggled hard and successfully to raise her family, and was dying prematurely of the struggle. Her eldest son at the last said, "You have always been a dear, good mother to us." She replied with faint and dying accents, "You never said that to me before, John."

It is a precious Christian grace and a token of great excellence to discover and appreciate excellence in others. By the exercise of this kindly spirit we bless the living, create precious memories of the dead, and avoid many bitter and unavailing regrets. Even thoughtless and unintentional unkindness toward those we love, leaves a rooted sorrow. Post-mortem flowers and tears are tributes that afford but slight consolation to the living and none to the dead. Give me the flowers now

and you need not bring any to my funeral.

How many sorrowing ones would give worlds if they but had them to give, could they but forget some of the past or call back the dear departed, receive forgiveness and make amends by the tender ministries of contrite affection.

Let me then plead for thoughtful kindness and good will in all our words and acts.

"Be kind to each other, the night's coming on,
When friend and when brother perchance will be gone."

We should be even more tender-hearted at sixty than at sixteen. This is the royal law and the royal life.

Any word or act may be the last; let it be kind, for after that, no amends can be made to the lost one, and no consolation of forgiveness received. Any farewell may be unconsciously final. Let them all and always be kind and sacred to memory.

A darling little girl approached the lifeless form of her grandfather, and taking his cold hand exclaimed, "Dear Grandpa, you know I was always good to you while you lived." It is worth more than a world to be able to say that of our departed friends. No fulsome praise of the dead can bring such comfort as that.

A wife parted with her husband at the cottage door in the morning with a little unkindness. He offered a kiss of reconciliation, but she refused it. He was brought home dead at noon. She threw up her arms, and exclaimed with frantic grief, "O God, if I had only spoken him fair when he left this morning!"

Let the law of kindness reign perpetually in our hearts, and in our tongue. Let not appreciation and kindness come too late. Let wedded souls be always true and kind to the uttermost. Keep sweet and sweeten others. Impart your kind thoughts, words and deeds now to the living. This will make a happy home, a peaceful church and a better world.

"Oh, friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow:
The way is lonely, let me feel them now;
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive, I plead,
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight."

The old hermit Paladius, having five hundred scholars, used never to dismiss them without this admonition, "My friends, be cheerful: forget not, I beseech you, to be cheerful."—H. Scougal.

Two mites, a body and soul, I give them both to Thee." Mrs. Elizabeth Fry said, "For seventeen years I have never awakened out of sleep, in sickness or in health, by night or by day, without my first waking thoughts being, 'How shall I please my Lord?'"—Bernard.

SILVER FILINGS

"Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way;
Little enough in itself, yet something for every day;
Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice
for the near

Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer."
Wherever the water of life is received it sinks and softens and hollows, until it reaches, far down, the springs of life there also, that come straight from the eternal hills, and thenceforth there is in that soul a well of water springing up into everlasting life.—Geo. MacDonald.

What is the beginning? Love. What the course?
Love still
What the goal? The goal is Love on the happy hill.
Is there nothing but love, search we sky or earth?
There is nothing out of Love hath perpetual worth.
—Christina Rossetti.

"Not our circumstances, but the use we make of our circumstances, decides the question of our gain or loss day by day in our earthly course. According to the spirit in which we meet them, helps will prove hindrances, or hindrances will prove helps in our pilgrim path."

The lives that seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped, so dull.
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!
They blossom to the beautiful.—
Susan Coolidge.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself.—F. W. Faber.

The sweetest and happiest homes—homes to which men in weary life look back with yearnings too deep for tears; homes whose recollections linger round our manhood like light and the sunshine and the sweet air, into which no base things can intrude—are homes where brethren dwell together in unity; where because all are very dear to all, each is dearer to each than to himself.—Oason Farrar.

"The fabric of life is a homespun web,
Each weaver fashions his own;
The warp and the woof are of God's own giving.
But the 'fling in' of the daily living
Is the weaver's choice alone.
Then choose bright threads for the homespun web,
As the shuttle is daily thrown."

They say there is nothing which communicates itself so quickly amongst the members of a family as an expression of coldness or discontent on the face of one of its members. It is like the frost that chills us. This is not altogether true; there is something which is communicated with equal rapidity and greater force—I mean the smiling face, the beaming countenance, the happy heart.—Selected.

On the triple doorways of a great cathedral in Milan, Italy, there are three inscriptions spanning the archway.

Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words, "All that which pleases is but for a moment."

Over another is sculptured a cross upon which we read, "All that which troubles is but for a moment."
But underneath the great central entrance of the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."—Ex.

In the common joys and sorrows we are all strangely alike. Some have extraordinary sorrows, but they mark long intervals in life and do not cover all the way. When parents weep over a tiny coffin, it matters very little whether they be rich or poor, the deariness of their loss and bitterness of their mourning are the same. When good fortune crowns any life all who share it rejoice. The common lot, somehow, is the portion of the king in the palace and the beggar in the hovel. Therefore, the souls of all humankind should daily lift up prayer and thanksgiving to the Father of all, who ordains for everyone the earthly lot.—Christian Intelligencer.

Is the way long? Meseems not so.
No way is long where friends do go
In converse low and sweet and deep—
And all the way I have with me
My Lord's dear companion.

Is the way hard? But, surely, nay!
For "Lean on Me," his voice doth say:
And scarce I know the path grows steep.
So wondrously it heartens me,
My Lord's dear companion.

—J. L. M. W.

“Behold, He Prayeth”

The Results of Prayer.

Rev. R. J. Campbell says of the value and results of prayer: “You may pray about anything that matters to your experience, but if you pray in the Spirit of Christ you will soon find that some of your old petitions are left behind. Prayer wins a man away from selfishness. Praying, said the present Bishop of Oxford, will either make a man leave off sinning, or sinning must make him leave off praying.

“If you come to me with curious questions about whether you can pray about the removal of the street pump, or something of that sort, my answer is, Abide in Christ, and you won't be thinking about the removal of the street pump; you will be thinking upwards and to be thinking upwards is to be growing nobler as you pray. ‘Abide in me and I in you’—fusion with Christ, to be looking at His dear face while we pray, to so escape from all things sordid, selfish, mean, base, that we rise into another atmosphere and to another life, and the impulse to pray to the Master leads to our placing ourselves upon the altar of service for Him, and you learn by and by that to pray in His spirit is to enter into that perfect freedom of the sons of God without which eternal life is not yours.”—Exchange.

How It Came to Be Written.

The writing of the hymn: “All the Way My Savior Leads Me,” (says Fannie Crosby, the author), “was the result of a bit of personal experience. One day I wanted the modestly substantial amount of five dollars for a particular purpose, and needed it very badly. I did not know, just then, exactly how to get it; and was led in my mind to pray for it. Somehow, I knew the Lord would give it to me if I asked Him for it—though exactly how, I did not know.

“Not long after I had prayed for money a gentleman came into the house, ‘passed the time of day,’ shook hands with me, and went out immediately. When I closed my hand, after the friendly salutation, I found in it a five-dollar bill, which he had left there.

“I have no way to account for this, except to believe that God, in answer to my prayer, put it into the heart of this good man to bring me the money.

“My first thought, after finding out the pecuniary value of this little silken reminder of friendship and regard, was:

“In what a wonderful way the Lord helps me! All the way my Savior leads me!

“I immediately wrote the hymn, and Robert Lowery, the famous clergyman-hymn-writer, set it to music.”—Ram's Horn.

What She Did.

One day I was near the Crystal Palace. It was the first time I had been out for weeks. I was feeling depressed and lonely, having to look forward to many months of weakness and ill-health, which meant for me loss of work, and consequently straightened means, and possibly debt.

As I was thus sadly musing, my attention was attracted by two flower girls, who were seated on a step arranging their baskets. They were of the ordinary type of London street children, about fourteen years of age, and I should have passed without noticing them, if it had not been for the earnest tones in which they were conversing. Curiosity led me to slacken my pace until I passed them. This is what I overheard.

“Don't you feel 'orful bad when you have found out a likely place, and you stand there the whole day and nobody buys nothing?”

“Don't I jest!” returned the other, emphatically.

“Don't you feel as if you could sit down an' have a good cry?”

“Ay, that I do!” responded the younger girl, “only I knows it would be no use.”

“What does you do when you feel like that?” asked the elder, evidently anxious to discover whether her own experiences were shared by other girls.

“I does this,” replied the other girl, promptly—and she folded her hands and shut her eyes—and I says, ‘O God! please send somebody quick,’ and somebody always comes.”

Then, in answer to the look of astonished incredulity in her companion's face, she added, nodding her head to give force to her words, “I does truly.”

I heard no more, for the girls arose and, taking their baskets on their arms, passed out of sight. As for me, I went home rebuked and comforted.—Sel.

Power of Prayer.

Rev. D. Nash, associated with Charles G. Finney's revival work in western New York, after his enduement from on high, became not only mighty in the Gospel but still more mighty as an intercessor. He seemed to have prophetic gifts. On one occasion when a company of young men sought to break up the meetings by systematic trifling, after much forbearance, one night he solemnly spoke these awful words of warning: “Young men, God will make a break in your number by His grace within a week, or He will send some of you to hell.” And sure enough, the week had not passed before, in answer to Mr. Nash's prayer, the leader of that band of blasphemers was brought to repentance and turned into a converter of his fellow-scoffers. Mr. Nash swayed whole audiences by his pray-

ers as trees before a wind, and was found dead in his closet bowed on his knees before God. He was afflicted with eyes weak and inflamed, that made him at times so extremely sensitive to light that he had to take refuge in a dark chamber for days together. He was deeply interested in missions, and was wont to pray with a map of the world before him on which missionary stations were marked, and for a day or more he would make each station a special object of intercession. Sometimes he took fields at home, such as the cities of western New York; and again fields of labor far removed, beyond the sea. After death, such records as these were found in his private journal: “I think I have had this day a spirit of prayer for a special blessing on Rochester.” Or again, “I am greatly drawn out to pray for Oodooville, Ceylon,” and comparing these successive entries, from date to date, with the marvelous outflowings of gracious blessing in the various fields at home and abroad, it was found that revivals had sprung up in every city or mission station for which he had been interceding, and in the identical order of the entries, and at the very date of the prayer.—Sel.

Showing and Hiding.

In James 5:17 we read: “Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months.” And he prayed again, (just the opposite) “and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.”

It would be well to look into the character of Elijah, as we find it in 1 Kings 17, 18. We will find, in addition to his earnestness, a complete obedience, which always proves a wonderful feature in prevailing prayer. Elijah had prayed for a drought, and had believed it would come, and was bold in telling it to the king. The Lord at once undertook to bring it about, and said to His zealous servant: “Hide thyself.” He immediately obeyed, and went and hid himself. He carried away with him into seclusion the key which shut heaven; and there he stayed, until the Lord called him from his hiding place.

Then what do we hear from the Lord, to this wonderful man, in chapter 18:17? Just the reverse from the former command, namely: “Go, show thyself.” And the word says that he did so. He was just as willing to hide as to be seen; all the same to him, if God ordered.

Such men and women will always have a blessing from the Lord. They stand waiting on tiptoe as it were, to get their commission, and they are off to hide or show themselves, just as He says; for they delight to do His will.

Notice that the hiding comes before the shining. The only safe way, and the Lord knows it, and proceeds in this order.

Now the question is: Are we ready for the hiding, where we will never be seen praying or shining—unrecognized and unknown, and seemingly credited with nothing? If we have a glad amen for this side, the Lord will give the proper shining in due time.—Christian Harvester.

THE SECRET OF THE UPPER ROOM

JOHN LYALL IN BRIGHT WORDS

The upper room stands for all that is best and highest in the Christian religion. It was the sun in its meridian glory, or, to take the illustration of the tides, it was the high-water mark in the history of the Church. With an ebb tide the ship lies stranded and bedded in the mud: everything is dirty and dreary and offensive, the very air is laden with a heavy odor, and everything takes on a doleful aspect until the tide rises. With the incoming tide, the ship, hitherto a puzzle to seaman and engineers, is lifted feather-like on the bosom of the rising waters. No noise, no bustle, no excitement, but the gentle yet irresistible tide majestically performs its work with a kind of divine ease. It obeys the laws of heaven, it is ruled by the moon, and hence the mighty dynamic of its silent sweep.

Stranded vessels were in that upper room those days. Moored, indeed, had some of them been for long, some fastened into the grime and mud. They carried no cargoes for God; but perhaps could be compared to those we read of in Judges 5: 17,—Asher, who abode in port, in the dry dock, and at rest in his creek, while others were jeopardizing their lives for God.

There is always a sufficient supply of water where God is, and we never need fear being banked up if we are abiding in the will of God. It was when David was in the wilderness (Psa. 63: inscription) that he spoke about being in a dry and thirsty land. When God was in their midst, David could speak of a river making glad the city of God (Psa. 46).

But the upper room experience is only known by those who make God and His will their supreme choice.

The percentage of those who seek after the fulness of God is today much like what it was in the days of the Master. He said to about five hundred ere He ascended, "Go back! Tarry until ye be indued with power." Does it not seem wonderful that one writer should tell us how many met Him on the mount, and another should tell us how many waited in the upper room? One hundred and twenty waited, three hundred and eighty went home. These last represent those who, today, hear the words, "Go back! tarry," but know it will cost them too much for them to get filled with the Holy Spirit, and who prefer to settle down comfortably at home, and discuss questions of theology rather than "wait for the promise of the Father."

Here is a minister who has heard the word "Tarry." He knows his ministry is fruitless; his preaching, though highly intellectual, yet

weak and ineffective. He knows he needs the fire; but, if he makes signs of moving towards further blessing, he seems to think his people will say that he has never had any religion at all, and so he keeps back.

Another is seeking to be filled with the Spirit, but he knows it will mean being ostracised by his fellow-ministers as being too evangelical, or, to use a more expressive word, *evangelistic*. Then, again, Satan suggests that the holiness school sets aside and undervalues the place of learning, which is untrue.

Another says: "I would be filled with the Spirit, but it would mean making restitution, and that would necessitate raking up unpleasant memories and situations of the past," and so he misses it.

Another says: "I have seen many make such a high profession before, and afterwards go farther back into the world than those who never made any profession at all;" and so he excuses himself. As if, because once a forgetful engine-driver on the train we were riding in forgot to take in water, so that the train stopped in the middle of the journey, we should refuse therefore ever to go a railway journey again!

It requires the superlative choice of the soul in coming to this experience. None can know the fulness of Christ who refuses to go through.

As we never truly see the evil of sin until after we are converted, so I think it is true that we never see the hindrances to the blessed life until we have been filled with the Spirit. While there must be a willingness to bring all to the light of God and weigh things in the balances of the sanctuary, yet we can only see things in their true focus after the filling of the Spirit. It would take Peter a long time before Pentecost to see that salvation was for the Gentile as well as the Jew. After Pentecost one vision is sufficient to cure him of his narrowness. So, if God is saying to thee, "Tarry! Wait for it; it will come," sit down in the upper room. Pray, believe, receive; the Holy Ghost.

The upper room is also the place of restoration to life.

It struck me as being full of significance, that almost every mention of the upper room, both in the Old and New Testaments, is in connection with the restoring the dead to life.

In Acts 9: 37, we read of the death of Dorcas, and of them laying the corpse in the upper chamber. Peter is asked to come, and on arriving finds the weeping mourners all about. Entering the room, he puts them all out, and as he speaks

Once again: in Acts 20: 8, we read of a young man overcome with drowsiness, perhaps with the many lamps they had burning in the upper chamber; and as Paul was long speaking, he fell through the lattice, and was looked upon as dead. Paul went down, put his arm round him and embraced him, and said, "Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him," and they brought him up alive, and were not a little comforted.

1 Kings 17: 9-23. Elijah's bedroom is the loft or upper chamber. When the son of the widow that had been sustaining him for these past days fell sick and died, he brought him up to the upper room, and laid him upon his bed, and cried unto God, and the child revived and lived. Oh, the marvels and ministry of the upper room!

In 2 Kings 4: 10-21, we read of Elisha raising to life the son of the woman of Shunem. Here also the prophet's dwelling was the upper chamber, on the wall; and here again we see the miracle of resurrection. These are the events of which we read, "By faith . . . women received their dead raised to life again." So the upper room is the place where new life is given.

How many there are who have a name to live while they are dead! They know not the upper room experience. They have not come to their Pentecost. They have not heard the command to tarry; or, if they have, they know it will cost too much, and so they choose to remain strangers to the upper room experience.

Once again, we observe that the upper room is the place of feasting, and fellowship, and singing (Mark 14: 15-26). A large upper room again, probably the same room we read of in Acts 1: 13, the large room of some friend kindly lent. After He restores our soul, He spreads a table before us in the presence of our enemies, anoints us with oil, and causes His cup to cheer us like the best wine (Septuagint version, Psa. 23: 5).

Does not this remind us of the new wine spoken of by the mockers in Acts 2, where they taunted them with being filled with new wine? It is after the upper-room experience that we read of them "partaking of their food with simple-hearted gladness, continually praising God, and having favor with the people." It was this that Christ referred to when He said, "Ye shall see Me again, and your heart shall rejoice and your joy no man taketh from you." It was in anticipation of this that they could return to Jerusalem from the Mount of Ascension with great joy (Luke 24: 52.) Before this, Christ was with them; now He was to be in them. Hitherto they had known Him after the flesh: now they are to know Him by the indwelling of the Spirit. Until now they had been dull scholars in His school: now he was to send the Teacher who would teach them from within, bringing to their remembrance His words. The feasting and the fellowship now were to be abiding.

realities, and not the passing excitement of an hour.

Is it of any significance to us that it is here, in the upper room, we have the only mention of singing that we have recorded in the life of Christ? The birthplace of song is the upper room. They go forth from the pentecostal room to eat their food with gladness; and to manifest to the world, by a mysterious shine on their faces, that a 'superhuman' joy is theirs, such as lifted them above the scorching tongue

of scribe and Pharisee, the lash of the jailer, and the rage of the people.

Do you know the secret of the upper room? Secret societies, when they wish to keep their plots hid from the crowd, gather into underground rooms or cellars. Christ takes us up to the top flat. There is no base secrecy, no partiality, no one-sided favoritism here. "It is to you and to your children, and to as many as the Lord, our God shall call."

ny is necessary. On account of opposition and misunderstanding some tone down and backslide.

4. "We walk by faith, not by sight" (2 Cor. 5: 7) or feelings. Because the blessed feelings that may come with entire sanctification depart, it does not mean (unless sin or unbelief has been indulged in) that the experience has gone. It is an opportunity to "keep on believing."

5. Bible study, prayer and active service must be maintained. If not the soul grows weak, the spiritual stream stagnates and the person is unable to stand so well—if at all—in the midst of temptations.

6. "Be filled with the Spirit" was written to Christians and applies to those who have received Him into their hearts as much as to those who have not. The filling is to be continuous. (Eph. 5: 18.)

7. Frequent recognition of the experience, not merely as a past fact but as a present one, also aids one to maintain it. Every day we must live as "dead unto sin and alive unto God" dropping from our practice all that is shown to belong to the "old man."

Scriptural Sanctification

BY P. R. NUGENT

2. Again, God's way of sanctification is not to take evil dispositions, one or more at a time, and fight against them until they are subdued. This is covering instead of removal, and it might be said of one engaged in this legal method of sanctification, "He that covereth sins shall not prosper"—at least in a flourishing way. Failure comes often and that, too, when success may be specially necessary. Trimming off the leaves of a noxious weed does not stop it putting out fresh ones. The weed itself must be gotten rid of; its life must be ended if the work is really thorough. So in the work of sanctification, the foul life within is to be ended, slain, and not simply the vain endeavor made to curb certain manifestations of it.

HOW OBTAINED.

1. Separation from sin—not simply certain specific forms of sin, but sin as a whole, with-in and without.

2. Yield unto God in an entire surrender to Him. This does not simply mean to yield certain things to Him (though this is included) but *self*, the whole being and all pertaining to it. It is a clear recognition of the fact that we are no longer our own, being "bought with a price" (1 Cor. 6: 19, 20), and consequently becoming, by our own free choice, the possession of Him who "paid the price."

3. Then comes the assent of faith—the believing that God speaks to you personally when He says Jesus is made unto you sanctification (1 Cor. 1:30).

4. Then, faith lays hold of that which has been seen to be true. The sanctification that God provided in Jesus is personally appropriated. The person believes from the heart that he himself is dead unto sin, and alive unto God (Rom. 6:11). He places himself in Jesus, who not only died *for* sin, but *unto* sin. By this the believer not only goes free from the penalty of sin as having, in the person of his substitute, died for it (and so suffered the penalty); but also becomes separated from it, for, in the same Person, sin itself died, and has no longer any right to maintain its presence and movement in the believer's soul. (Rom. 8:3).

He believes, too, that the "blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin" (1 John 1:7), so that he becomes "clean" and "whiter than snow" (Ps. 51:7). His "iniquity is taken away," and his "sin is purged" (Is. 6:7).

WHEN OBTAINED.

In the present life, and not necessarily connected with the dying hour or death-bed. Peter says, (1: 22.) "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently," (also 1 Cor. 6: 11; Luke 1: 74, 75). He speaks of purity as an accomplished fact.

There is a definite moment when the heart becomes thoroughly purified as truly as there is a definite moment when it turns from sin to God. There must be a moment when the uncleanness, the sickness, departs and there is complete cleanliness and health.

Nor should this moment be deferred until death. Many at that time are stupefied or unconscious and in no condition to exercise faith. But we are "sanctified by faith." (Acts 26: 18; 15: 9); therefore a person in such a state is not in a fit condition to be sanctified.

HOW MAINTAINED.

As all our salvation comes from Christ, so with its maintenance. He does not bestow anything to be held independent of Him. But in connection with this truth of continued dependence upon Christ the following points should be noted:

1. Consecration must be maintained by continued obedience. Consecration is not only an act but a life in which things arise that were not thought of at first. When these come up recognize the fact that in yielding to God you included the *unknown* as well as the known things, and do not refuse because you face something not thought of before.

2. Separation must be maintained. "Touch not the unclean thing." "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (2 Cor. 6: 17, 14) in marriage, business or secret orders. Let doubtful things alone. " whatsoever is not of faith is sin." (Rom. 14: 23.)

3. Continued loyalty to truth and testimo-

WHAT HINDERS.

1. Unbelief. Imparted righteousness as well as imputed righteousness is by faith. (Phil. 3: 9). Many of God's people stagger here through unbelief as does the sinner when he thinks of his regeneration. As the one may say, "My sins are too many, and too great for pardon," so the other may say, "My temper is so violent and quick;" that is, practically, "God can't remove my temper." Or unbelief is voiced in "I can't hold out," or "I fear I wouldn't live this higher life." "I" in both cases you see, and that tells of unbelief. How long, alas! will Christians reproach the unsaved for unbelief, and then be guilty of the very same thing in their own dealings with God? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" It is not a question of what "I" can do at all, but what GOD can do; and His doings He has conditioned upon our faith. On the one side, "All things are possible with God." On the other, "All things are possible to him that believeth." "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God" (Heb. 3:12), when He sends His gospel of deliverance from sin and calls on you to enjoy its benefits. Imparted righteousness as well as imputed righteousness comes to the believing soul.

(Continued next week).

There is a story of an atheist's child who had learned something about God. The father wished to expunge the thought from her mind and he wrote on a piece of paper: "God is nowhere." He asked the child to read the words and she spelled out: "God is now here." The child's unconscious misreading of the atheist's creed startled him and brought him to the feet of the God whose very existence he had sought to deny. Wherever we are, we are in the presence of God.—Dr. J. R. Miller,

LIVING WATER

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EDITORIAL

We want to carry each week a department of bright, crisp, short, condensed testimonies. Maybe the Lord has been dealing with you in such a way as would be helpful to others; if so, condense it within a brief space and send it along.

Rev. N. J. Holmes, of Columbia, S. C., has agreed to furnish us a series of articles on Sanctification, the first of which will appear in our next issue. We expect to put these articles in book form after they have been run through the paper.

It is well for those who are expecting to enter the Bible Training School this fall, to notify us as soon as possible, so that suitable arrangements can be made for their accommodation of all. If you are thinking of coming write us for an application blank.

Our correspondents would confer a favor on us if they would condense their articles so as not to make more than one page. This can easily be done by estimating the page at fifteen hundred words. This busy, nervous age is calling for sentences packed with thought, and words loaded with ideas.

"Plain Truth" is the caption selected by C. L. Chilton for the paper which he proposes to start at Montgomery, Ala. It is to be published in the interest of no sect, party or movement, but wholly devoted to the propagation of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Brother Chilton is a thoughtful, forcible writer, and proposes to devote himself to the dissemination of the truth as he sees it.

We have encouraging reports from all our missionaries. We need to be very prayerful and thoughtful relative to the foreign work, else the consuming cares of the homeland will so absorb us that the regions beyond will be neglected. Don't forget those who sit amid the wretched shadows of heathen darkness. Our mission work is conducted on a

strictly economical basis, and we send only those who stress Pentecostal Truth.

We do not care for any communications on sectarian issues, nor abstruse and metaphysical questions. Our paper is being published as the dispenser of bread—bread—bread—for the starving multitude. Please send us no sawdust. We appreciate the strong, rich, healthful articles which we are continually receiving. Study the spirit and purpose of the paper and you will soon see what we want. It is devoted to the edification of the household of faith, of whatever name or order. We have no room for petty animosities, ecclesiastical quarrels nor non-essential discussions.

The demon of war has again broken loose. This time it is between Russia and Japan. War, at its best, is a horrible thing. It is said that there has been blood enough shed in the wars which have devastated this earth to make a lake seventeen miles in circumference on which the navies of the world could be floated. A far-reaching, bloody struggle between the nations of the East has long been predicted, as one of the prophetic signs of the end of the age. If the ominous war clouds now hanging over the far East, should mark the beginning of that series of catastrophes which many think will characterize the closing scenes in this dispensation, then every devout Christian would have reason to rejoice in the fact that "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh" and that the world's midnight will soon give way to the Millennial day, when the nations shall learn war no more, when the swords shall be beat into pruninghooks, and the spears into plowshares, when there shall be "nothing to hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain, and the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

Very Important

As announced last week we have concluded to discontinue all subscriptions to LIVING WATER at the expiration of the date for which they subscribed, unless they advise us that they wish the paper continued. We have felt for years that this was really the only correct plan, and it will work a hardship on no one. There are many reasons why this should be done.

1. A large number of people do not understand the law in regard to newspapers and will either take them out of the office for years, and then refuse to pay for them, or else feel about half way as if they don't owe it when they do pay for the time it came beyond their original subscription.

2. Papers like LIVING WATER are often sent to people by other parties, and sometimes they do not really know who subscribed for them, and we have no way of knowing ourselves, so that the paper may go on for years after the first subscription has expired and then the party refuse to pay for it because he never subscribed.

3. Others die or else change their address, move away, postmasters are often careless and refuse to notify us of the fact, and mabe the paper will continue for years, before we ascertain the facts in the case.

4. Some people are almost afraid to subscribe for a paper for fear they can never get it stopped, while others have been annoyed by collecting agencies concerning bills which they do not feel they owe, until they have grown sore over the matter.

5. LIVING WATER is being published solely for the purpose of doing good. It is being run on the same basis as any other religious work. It has to be sustained by the free will offerings of its friends. Some of us give largely of our labor, others contribute money, etc. Perhaps few, if any, papers carrying as much reading matter as LIVING WATER, with no secular advertisements and published at the remarkably low price of one dollar a year, ever make any profit. Hence we feel that it should only go where it is wanted. We do not want to waste the Lord's money.

5. The above mentioned plan will treat all alike, and is absolutely just. We will gladly give any of our readers a reasonable length of time to pay their subscription after it has expired. If they haven't the money to renew just then, they can notify us that they wish it continued and we will do so. We do not want to discontinue the subscription of any one who really wants it and is getting a blessing out of it. And all that they will have to do is to write us that they will pay within a reasonable length of time, and their paper will not be stopped. We have lost thousands of dollars,—enough to pay all the debts on the paper and have a goodly sum over, on account of people failing to pay. And the balance of us have to make up this shortage, so as to keep the paper running. We believe that the plan outlined in this statement will commend itself to the godly judgment of our readers, and we most earnestly urge all who are in arrears to note the following suggestions: Look at your label and promptly renew, before the expiration of your date, sending us the money if you have it, and if you haven't, stating when you expect to send it. It costs us about five cents to take a name off and then put it back on the mailing list. You can save us a great deal of trouble and expense in the way of postage, labor, etc., by attending to these matters promptly. You are equally interested with us in the extension of the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Many of you have stood by us nobly for years in the work, and we hope that you will continue to assist us in pressing the battle more earnestly than ever.

Could you read the mail that comes to our office daily from people who are being blessed through reading the paper, you would be greatly encouraged to make a more persistent effort to put it in new homes. We thank you for your prayerful cooperation in the past. Let us take hold with a fresh grip, and if possible, do more in the future. A thousand blessings on you. Num. 6:24-26.

Waters From the Sanctuary

Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins, Avondale, Ala.

Divine Love in Which the Human Intermingles

My beloved sister in Christ:

Let me take up my "talk" just where I left it last week.

You say that you are "really dead," and you believe this. Therefore, from your standpoint, there is no possible danger for you from indulging the "sweet spiritual fellowship of two Spirit-filled souls. Those bound by the blood-tie, so true and precious; a tie that cannot be understood but by the truly spiritual; the precious love existing between two souls thus united and made one in Jesus."

My precious sister, as I con your words above, fresh from your heart, and with no thought of taint or evil behind them, my eyes fill, and my spirit groans for you.

How plainly I can understand your loneliness; your ostracism of the past, your heart-breaking longing for some one to understand your experience; some one who could give you needed help, and strength, and light.

And God sent a soul to fill this need. His pure spiritual love—the Divine "ether"—flooded both your hearts, and this drew you together as nothing else in His universe can do.

But, sister, there came a moment when cruel temptation assailed you through this very bond. You call it a "soul-temptation" and so it is. But listen.

Had there been no live, abnormally developed, (because of past generations of lustful sin) human tendencies *toward sin* within the realm of your cleansed nature, these temptations would, in a brief period, have fallen harmlessly from you. No "haggard months and year of suffering and anguish;" no "powerlessness to rebuke and rid yourself of them," would have followed.

Thus we find there is something not wholly dead within you which God has doomed to death if you are to be wholly transformed into the image of your Lord.

This "deeper death" of all abnormal excrescences found within us, takes time to accomplish. No one is freed from these "blemishes and wrinkles" in a moment.

Can you, for one instant, imagine our blessed Lord as being assailed as you have been during these past months and years, through His spiritual love for Mary of Bethany? The very thought shocks you. Yet we find that God's standard for us—here and now—is Jesus. We read: (1 John 4: 17) "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as He (Jesus) is, SO ARE WE IN THIS WORLD."

The apostle Paul also tells us: (2 Cor. 3: 18)

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image *from glory to glory*, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Thus you see this change is progressive; it is not all accomplished in an instant. The "purifying of the heart by faith" and the incoming of the Holy Ghost, is instantaneous. We know this from Scripture, and we also know it, thanks be to God, from a personal experience.

The thought I wish you to intelligently grasp is this: That to be "wholly dead" and placed where Adam stood before the fall, means the death (or the elimination, if you prefer this term) of all the EFFECTS of the fall throughout MAN'S ENTIRE NATURE.

This work doubtless covers our entire sojourn on earth. The "blemishes and wrinkles" spoken of by St. Paul, undoubtedly embrace within their scope these tendencies *toward sin*, formed within our warped natures through countless generations of lust-serving ancestors.

To the wholly yielded soul, God applies His own chosen plan for ridding us of these "warps." His plan embraces the crucible of suffering. This suffering inaugurates and carries into execution the "deeper death" of which I frequently speak.

When a soul claims and believes that a perfect death has already been reached; that the "purifying of the heart" in sanctification covers this death, God has small opportunity to deal radically with that soul. For it is an eternal truth that only as one feels his need along any spiritual line, does God supply that need.

When one feels the need of a "deeper death" after sanctification, the soul cries out to God. He heeds and answers the cry, and the "deeper death"—the elimination of "blemishes and wrinkles and all such things"—goes forward as rapidly as He sees the soul can endure the process without fainting.

I will pause to say right here, lest you become confused by my teaching, that to "Reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto Christ" is one thing. That is a possible and blessed truth experienced by many. But to also be dead to our *bias toward sin* means much more than this, as I understand it. St. Paul recognizes this fact when he says: "I keep my body under lest, having preached to others, I myself become a cast-away." (Not lost, but set aside from being God's messenger).

Holiness people—as a people—are stopping short of an "uttermost salvation." They are claiming what God sees they do not possess. Within the last two weeks an evangelist

who has been prominently used in the work said to me:

"I assure you, sister, the lives of the majority of holiness people are not what they should be. I have been in the thick of the fight for years, and I know the truth. They have got to go down deeper; get a more radical experience of cleansing and of the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and LIVE Christ in their DAILY LIVES, or God will cast them off."

There is truth in this statement, although it may, possibly, have been too strongly put. The majority of the Holiness people with whom I am thrown are living very consistent and beautiful lives. There are some sad exceptions, of course.

What is needed as I see it, is clearer and deeper teaching along every line. The life of regeneration should be placed on a higher plane by those presenting "Holiness." It should be taught that an experience of definite victory is essential before souls are even ready to *seek* an entrance into Canaan.

And then, after a believer has truly had his Pentecost, he should be gently led on to see the need of the "deeper death," (the elimination of "wrinkles and blemishes") which I have tried to outline in this series of letters.

May you, my precious sister, be moved upon by the Holy Spirit to ask God to open your eyes to the necessity of a death so far reaching that all *bias toward sin* shall be as absolutely removed from your nature as it was from that of your Lord.

And then, beloved, may you yield yourself to His process without a struggle. May your groans be turned into ejaculations of praise as the fire grows hot.

May you ever remember, through the suffering and the pain, that the crucible is needed else it would not be used. And as the heat becomes fiercer and fiercer may you understand that throughout the length and depth of your threefold nature, you are being changed "from glory to glory" in order that you may fully bear the image of your adorable Lord and Savior!

When one fully understands this precious truth, who among us but will say to Jesus:

"I am exceedingly weak, and my human nature shrinks from suffering. But, Lord, I desire above all else to be wholly transformed into Thy glorious image. Heed not my tears or my groans, but hasten the process, my soul's Beloved, as rapidly as Thou seest I can bear it!"

Yours in the tender love of Jesus,

M. Anderson Hawkins.

No Compromise

When Nelson was asked by a friend, Hardy, to put on a cloak to hide his stars, which made him a mark for the French sharpshooters, who were huddled in the rigging of the man-of-war, he answered, "No; in honor I got them; in honor I will wear them; in honor I will die with them, if need be." And the sun glittered on those stars, and Nelson became a mark for the foe. Let your uniform be seen. Do not fling on the cloak of compromise, and in a sneaking way hide the uniform that you wear as a child of God.—Sel.

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.

Greenway, Ark.
Dear Cousin Eva:—Here comes a little boy. I will be six years old in February. Mama takes LIVING WATER I go to Sunday school. My teacher is Mrs. Gray. I am Jesus' little boy. I will send you twenty-five cents for missions. You can use it where you think best. I will close with love to all.

Burford O. Thompson.

As I read your letter, this prayer rose up in my heart: "God grant that he will always be Jesus' little boy." I have known children who once seemed to love Jesus, but as they grew older, they decided that they would rather have the pleasures Satan offers young people, so they turned away from their Savior. He never leaves us, you know. If you and Jesus ever separate, it will be because you leave Him. Don't do this, but be true to Him.

Christiana, Tenn.

Good morning Cousin Eva:—I will not ask for a seat among the children, for it has always been my lot to sit with children. There were twenty of us children, all full brothers and sisters. Eighteen of us lived to be grown. I am living in hopes of meeting them all in heaven. We are all members of the Methodist Church. Some of us claim sanctification, some do not. I have five children of my own, three of whom are in the church. Help me to pray for the other two that they may come in before it is too late. I am teacher of a Sunday-school class. Help me to pray for my pupils. I am glad that God says, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Yours truly, saved, and under the blood.

S. J. Smothermon.

Children, I am sure you will be interested in this letter. Twenty children! Think of it! Among the Jews, a large family was considered a mark of especial favor from the Lord. Times have changed, haven't they? I am glad this dear writer made herself known to us. I feel that I will be glad to meet this large family circle in the home over there.

North Yakima, Wash.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I thought I would write and see if you would let a young cousin join you. We take LIVING WATER and I am sure it has been a blessing to us. My husband and two little boys like so much to read the good things in it. I tried the recipe for rolls in last weeks paper, and they are more than nice. My husband thinks they are so nice I thought I would write to you about them. I am a Christian, and a true believer of the Bible. We have such good prayer meetings every Wednesday evening, and they are so much help to me. We are praying for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost in our meeting. I have never written to you since we began taking your blessed paper. I hope I will see this poor letter in print. My two little boys have written two letters, and we have failed to see them in yet.

J. M. Auglin.

We are glad to know this young mother also. These are times of great frivolity and

worldliness. Even gray-haired women seem as giddily bent upon fashion and society as the most thoughtless girls are. There is nothing beautiful about an elderly face that is surrounded by puffs and frizzes, and touched up with a bit of powder and paint. Yet I see many of this kind. We ought to thank God for the devout women among us, those who are sober minded, keepers at home, dressed in a quiet and womanly fashion, who fear God and seek to please Him. The Lord bless this, His handmaid, her husband and children.

North Yakima, Wash.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am a little boy ten years old. And I am saved but not sanctified. But want to be. I go to Sunday school, and school both. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Brooper, my school teacher's name is Miss Pibland. My father takes LIVING WATER and I like to read the children's page. I have some pets I have a horse, a dog and some chickens. I will close for this time.

John Auglin.

North Yakima, Wash.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I do not see any letters from here so I will write. I am fifteen years old. I go to school at Nob Hill school; we are having two weeks vacation now. I go to Sunday-school most every Sunday. I am saved. I have a horse and dog and chickens for my pets. I have one little brother at home now, and we have much fun. Vert Auglin.

Well, boys, your letters didn't beat mama's in, after all, did they? I am so glad you are Christian boys, and that you have Christian parents. Some day, perhaps when you are grown men, you will look back and realize that having a Christian father and mother has meant more to you than anything else in life. And I am sure you will realize it even more in the world to come. Thank God for your Christian parents, and obey them as they try to train you as God wants them to.

Pleasant View, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I have been thinking for a long time I would write to the LIVING WATER. My school was out the 21 of January. My teacher's name was Miss Nevie Grey. I like her very much. I have seven sisters and five brothers. My mother is not living. My oldest brother is in Nashville, and my oldest sister is in Kentucky. I am not a Christian, hope to be soon. Pray for me that I may be. I send 35 cents to use as you think best. I hope I can send more next time. My little sister sends five cents for missionary work. With much love to all.

Emma Justice

Cousin Eva has a good place for that money, Emma. There is a gospel mission in New York, down in a poor quarter of the city, where Jesus is faithfully held up. Thirty-five cents there will do more good than many a five dollar bill spent among us. I will also send sisters money as she requests. I do not need to pray that you may be a Christian. You may, now. Will you? That is the question with us, dear. Jesus saves. Will you yield your heart to Him and let Him make you a follower of His?

Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Grandma takes LIVING WATER. And she told me the story of little Wiyu, the Indian girl. I did like Wiyu, I gave my heart to Jesus and now I am His little girl. I send you a dime for your missionary. I have some uncles and cousins in Nashville.

Emily Turner.

The dime shall go to the foreign field, dear.

Cousin Eva is so happy to know that you have yielded your heart to Jesus while you are young and tender. You are one of the lambs in the fold, now. Stay in the flock, under the Shepherd's care. When a lamb strays off by itself it always gets into trouble. It loses its way, gets among briars and thorns, and is attacked by fierce dogs or wolves. So with Christ's lambs. There is no safety or pasturage away from the Shepherd.

Salem, Va.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I love you. I go to school and I like it very much. I am in the second reader. Santa Clause brought me a monkey that would jump up and down. He brought me a negro eating an ear of corn. I must close. Love to all.

Ernest Goode Haley.

Later: I forgot to tell you about Santa Clause bringing me a New Testament and Psalms. That monkey I told you about is broken and will not jump up and down. I'm eight years old. Mamma is dead and I live with my grandmother. She takes LIVING WATER I live in the country. My sister, Annie Goode, is in China teaching about Jesus. Well, I must close. Love to you and all the cousins.

E. G. H.

Do you indeed love me, Ernest? That is very sweet, and I am glad of it. You are just a little boy, but I am wondering if you learned a real lesson of this life from that toy monkey. Things are soon broken and pass away, just like the monkey, dear. It is always so, no matter how old we get, or how big and costly our "toys" are. A rich man will spend thousands upon his toys, where your monkey cost but a few dimes, perhaps. His toy may be a fine carriage, a handsome home, costly furniture. But Ernest, even these things fade and grow old. Some of the shabbiest, most pitiful old places in Nashville, were once the finest homes of our richest men. Jesus told us about the treasures laid up where neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. We may be poor here and rich there, or rich here and poor there. Where are you going to accumulate property?

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I want to join your band of Christians. I am a little paralyzed girl. Can't walk since I was one year and a half old. My grandma takes care of me. I have one brother twelve years old. He and mother work out. Grandma takes LIVING WATER. I love to read the children's page. Pray for me, Cousin Eva. Susie E. Renault.

Well, little girl, I am truly glad you have that dear grandmother, and that she is the kind that likes a religious paper. It is very good in God to let you have her isn't it, since mamma cannot be with you.

Are you a Christian? Jesus died that you might be. This shows that He earnestly wants you to be one. Have you received from Him the life He bought for you at the cost of His own? It is yours. No one can prevent Him giving it to you, but just you, yourself. You see it rests with each one of us to decide. May God bless and lead you to Jesus.

Dunlap, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Will you let me join your band

of cousins? I am a little girl, nine years old. Mam ma takes LIVING WATER. I enjoy reading the children's page very much. I send ten cents for Miss Gertrude Smith. I am not a Christian but want to be. Will you and the cousins pray for me that I may find Jesus? I will close, with love to Cousin Eva and all the cousins, Your new cousin,
Jennie Cunningham.

Jesus is not hard to find, Jennie. Why? Because He is even now knocking at the door of your little heart. Do not look for Him in some far away place, but look down into your heart, and you will find Him waiting and wanting to come in. The trouble is that somehow we keep the door of our hearts shut and He can't get in to us. We want our own way, we don't like to yield, even to the Savior. When we do yield to Him and open the door, asking Him to enter, He is quickly found. The Lord grant that you will understand this, and open the door to Him.

Dunlap, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Jesus is very precious to my soul tonight. He has sweetly saved me from all sin. Praise His name forever. He is such a wonderful Savior. He is all and in all to me. I send fifty cents for dear Sister Gertrude Smith. It makes me so sad when I think of so many people for whom Jesus died still sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Cousin Eva, will you and all the cousins pray for me that I may be just what dear Jesus would have me be. The Lord bless you all. I will close. With love to all. I remain, your cousin saved and sanctified and under the blood.
Clara Cunningham.

I do, indeed, thank God for this testimony from a young Christian. He is the God of all peace, the Bible says. Therefore we have no real, true peace, whether we are young or old, unless we get it from Him. You have found the fountain of peace and joy, Clara. Don't stray away, lured by Satan's wiles. He will seek even yet to make you think he can give you these things, too.

He paints beautiful, but false picture, and holds them up to tempt us into by-paths. He often comes clad as an angel of light.

We think of him always tempting men with a glass of wine, a deck of cards, or some open and disgusting sin. But, oh, this is not all he does. He works on God's true children in quite another way. A little lapse here, something worldly but harmless there, and we yield to his wiles. Be on your guard against the "wiles of the devil," Paul adjures us.

With a prayer for your steadfastness,
COUSIN EVA.

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A QUIVER OF ARROWS

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

"A gentleman once ask George Mueller how to have strong faith, and that mighty man of God, whose faith has for years been a world-wide, marvel replied: 'The only way to learn strong faith is to endure great trials,'"

Perfect Through Suffering.

A quaint old proverb says: "One cannot have omelet without breaking eggs." If we would do anything really worth while, that will be a blessing in the world, we must put into it thought, time, patience, self denial, sleepless nights, exhausting toil. There is a legend of an artist who had found the secret of a wonderful red which no other artist could imitate. The secret of his color died with him. But after his death an old wound was discovered over his heart. This revealed the source of the matchless hue in his pictures. The legend teaches that no great achievement can be made, no lofty attainment reached, nothing of much value to the world done, save at the cost of heart's blood—Current Anecdotes.

Amazing Love.

My employer said to me one day, "What a lucky fellow that L—— is. He recently saw a picture covered with cobwebs and dirt, which he bought for a mere trifle. It did not appear to have any value. When cleaned, it proved to be the work of a master and of great value, so that he was immediately after offered a large sum for it."

I thought of the time I was in the devil's second-hand shop; I cannot understand what God ever saw in me that was of value, but He bought me, not at a low figure—the price of His own Son. He has put me in the hands of an expert cleaner, and I expect to hang in the gallery of heaven one of these days, a wonder for adoring angles.

As some one has uniquely put it, "He took me out of the mire and put me in the choir."
—J. W. Bothem.

Need Both.

One summer day while in the country, I started out to visit a sick friend. The way before me was long, and the sun hot.

By and by, I came to where the way led through a deep wood. The sun was now shut out, and as I walked along I praised Him for the cool refreshing shade. Looking up, glimpses of blue sky and bright sunlight could be seen above the tall trees.

When I emerged from the wood I was refreshed and strengthened for the rest of the way.

So, in our spiritual life, the shade, as well as the sunshine, is needed. For it is when passing through some deep trial or affliction

with our souls waiting upon God, that our strength has been renewed. "We mount up on wings as eagles; we run and weary not, we walk and faint not."

We have prayed, "Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings," little realizing its meaning, until in the depths of trial. He has shown us our hiding place by revealing Himself to us more fully, and we have nestled closer to His dear side, "until the calamity was overpast." "For our light affliction which is but a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—E. A. F.

God's School.

God keeps a school for His children here, on earth and one of the best teachers is Disappointment. My friend, when you and I reach our Father's house, we shall look back and see that the sharp-voiced, rough-visaged teacher, Disappointment, was one of the best guides to train us for it. He gave us hard lessons; He often used the rod, He often led us into thorny paths; He sometimes stripped off a load of luxuries, but that only made us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He sometimes led us down into the valley of the death shadow, but never did the promises read so sweetly as when spelled out by the eye of faith in that very valley. Nowhere did He lead us so often, or teach us such sacred lessons, as at the cross of Christ dear, old, rough-handed teacher! We will build a monument to thee yet and crown it with garlands and inscribe on it, "Blessed be the memory of Disappointment."—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

The Girdle.

A Roman soldier's girdle was a strong belt which he wrapped around his loins, binding the armor tight to his body, and preventing it from interfering with the freedom of action. The girdle braced him up, gave him a sense of firmness and a consciousness of compact and concentrated force. There was the civilian's girdle, as well the soldier's and this too accomplished a similar purpose. Its purpose was lay to hold of the flowing Oriental garments, which would otherwise flap loosely and catch the winds, and become a serious impediment to progress, and to bind them about the loins, and give to the wearer a sense of physical firmness, resource and control. Such is the apostle's picture. Now see the application. "Have your loins girt about with truth." Take the truth and wrap it round about your life. Wear it like a belt, to give you strength. Let it gather up the whole of your life, and bind it into compactness. Do not let your life be loose, indefinite, limp and inconclusive. Let it be firm, assured, decisive. Stand, having your loins girt about with truth."—Jowett.

FIELD NOTES

J. O. McClurkin is announced to hold a series of meetings in West Nashville beginning Feb. 23rd.

Rev. H. C. Morrison begins his meeting at Peniel, Texas, with the Holiness University, Feb. 19th, instead of the 6th, as recently announced in this paper.

O. S. Gregory writes from Brashear Texas, "Bro. A. B. Jones held a fifteen days' meeting here. Notwithstanding the bad weather, eleven were saved, and ten sanctified. We go from here to Coffeeville, Texas. Pray for us."

J. H. Peyton writes:—"Sister L. O. Stratton held a meeting near the Wilson and Rutherford line, about half way between Lebanon and Murfreesboro, in a tabernacle we recently erected. There were forty-four conversions or sanctifications. The name of the mission is Stratton's Corner."

Rev. E. F. Walker writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.:—"My engagement with the John Wesley Pentecostal Church of this city closes tomorrow. The Lord has been present with us in all our services in converting and sanctifying grace and power. From here I go to Washington, D. C., where on the 9th inst, I begin a meeting with the Wesleyan Pentecostal Church. Rev. H. B. Hosley, pastor. In Jesus."

Millard Denton writing from Falls of Rough, Ky., says: "We are having quite a good meeting here. Some forty have been converted up to this time. J. J. Smith, of Clinton, Ky., is doing most of the preaching, and S. H. Prather, of Madisonville, is in charge of the music."

We will go from here to Glendean, Ky., to hold a meeting. Pray for us."

E. H. Brooks writes:—"The services at the Pentecostal Mission Hall, Columbus, Miss., are growing in interest and attendance. Yesterday was a blessed day with us. We held our first Sunday-school service with good interest; good services in the hall in the afternoon, on the street and at night. Pray that God may get much glory to Himself. The Lord's blessing on LIVING WATER the school and all the work of the Lord. Saved, sanctified, healed and ready for Jesus."

N. J. Holmes writes from Columbia, S. C.: "I have visited Marion, Mountville, Laurens, Chapin, and held very interesting services with the friends. I hope to go to Cross Hill next week. I find the people at those places interested and going on in the work. I will go out for a day or two at a time and visit the bands as the Lord leads. God is blessing here in a wonderful manner. We have in the neighborhood of 40 at our table, which our Father very graciously supplies with all we need. I feel that our coming here was of the Lord. Yours in Christ."

David F. Redding writing from Hatfield, Ark., says: "J. O. Robertson and wife have just closed a two weeks' meeting at Old Cove, Ark. Saints built up, backsliders reclaimed, sinners converted, and believers sanctified wholly. The cause of Holiness strengthened, the stakes set out and driven deeper in this hill country."

To God be all the glory. The sanctified ones here are re-joining because Brother and Sister Robertson and daughter (organist) came among them. They will remain for one or two more meetings near by, then back to their home at Whitesboro, Texas. The Bible School, with Rev. J. D. Scott, at Old Cove, is doing much good."

Rev. R. O. Smith writes from Titusville, Fla.:—"We are now in South Florida on the beautiful East Coast. My wife has been desperately sick, but is gradually getting better though she is still very weak. The work is very arduous, and financially not encouraging, but so long as good is being done we are willing to spend and to be spent in our Master's service. I have witnessed some remarkable cases of healing lately.

One case of rheumatism cured in answer to prayer. Also a very obstinate case of fever in a man of forty cured instantly in answer to the laying on of hands and prayer. I am sure if people trusted God more for healing there would be far less invalidism than we are accustomed to observe. It seems hard for my wife to exercise faith in God for her healing, and therefore it is not easy for me to get hold of God for her, but I know her case is not so bad that God can not perfectly heal her if she will only believe that He will. Will not your readers pray for my wife; for she is a true, brave soldier of the Cross, and her heart is in the work of the Lord. And if it is not asking too much, I beg that they will cheer her heart with an occasional letter. She needs help, sympathy and encouragement. Yours in Christ."

Notice

We would like for all the people through Dale County or any where else, who are in sympathy with old time gospel camp-meetings, tent meetings, etc., to meet at Bethlehem Church near Snow Hill, two and a half miles south of Esho, on the 4th Sunday in February, 1904. Bring dinner if you can, and remain for all three services.

We wish to formulate plans for an old time camp-meeting conducted by J. O. McClurkin, to begin some time about the 4th of July, 1904, at Ozark, Ala.

We wish to know who will be able to go and camp and have you a tent of your own, or if you will want one for that occasion.

All who wish to attend the camp from a distance, and will need a tent can write to me or to J. O. McClurkin, Nashville, Tenn., office of LIVING WATER. The 4th Sunday will be our last day at Bethlehem. We go then to Kinsey, Ala.—I am told a hard field. Pray for us at that point, please. Blessings of the Lord in abundance on all of His every where. Amen.

C. L. BRUNER.

The National Convocation of prayer, led by Rev. S. B. Shaw, Chairman of the Executive Committee, which met in Baltimore Jan 15-25, saw the assembling of representatives of thirty bodies of Christians. Some were from the denominations, some independent, Holiness bodies. They met to pray God for a great revival, and thereby the unity of the body of Christ in the Spirit. Much teaching along the line of unity was joined to the prayers for the same. And the very effort after such unity promotes it in those present, and tends to check the tendency so noticeable in many Holiness people to become narrow and exclusive. It teaches those, (of whom we have many) who look upon the denominational bodies as utterly corrupt and unfit for Holiness people to remain in, that there are just as holy and as honest persons who are therein and have no call of God to come out; even as our Lord went into the Synagogues, and so did Paul and worshipped with the ungodly Jews until they were cast out or their messages utterly rejected. The denominations are far from what they should be, but brother L. L. Pickett, one of the five Executive Committeemen, said they are what make our nation to differ from China and India and other heathen nations. They are not yet so far from vital godliness as they were in 1801 when in them God poured out His Spirit, and for twenty-five years gave the world the greatest revival of modern times. Thus these convocations are provocative of love and brotherly union. The Committee, with a larger General Committee will arrange for another convocation in St. Louis the coming summer. May you readers take it in.

B. HELM.

T. L. and Lena K. Adams, Olga, Fla., under date of February 9, write:—"We closed our fourteen days' meeting at Alva, Fla., last Sunday night, in a blaze of glory. When we commenced there (January 25), we found many obstacles in the way, but as we held on to God (with the united prayers of the band of holy people who had been raised up there, under the work of Sister Dixon) the difficulties began to yield. As the meeting was held in the school house, we could only have night services; and the first week it rained so

continuously that much of the congregation was kept away. Many of us were led out in prayer that God would give us good weather, and, praise His name, the last eight days of the meeting we had balmy summer weather, with the thermometer from 86 to 90 degrees. Each Sunday we had all day services, as is the custom among these Floridians. The workers gathered in, (from three to ten miles in all directions) and brought shining faces and glowing testimonies and well-filled dinner baskets; and, best of all, God was with us all day. How blessed it was to hear their victorious testimonies as they gathered in for the eleven o'clock A. M. service. The testimony meeting was followed by a sermon on "Scriptural Sanctification," which God used. Brother McCall, of Buckingham, gave a blessed message in the afternoon; and at night came the great landslide of the whole meeting. Souls crowded every available space at the altar; and how they did pray through to victory. Ten were saved or sanctified that night. The Spirit held the people so that they scarcely cared to leave the place where God had blessed them. God did a blessed work among the band building up, strengthening, and leading them out to explore new territory in the Canaan Land. I believe He taught some of them to "pray clean through," as Brother Harney says. How the palm-leaf and palm groves did resound with wringing prayer. One brother said he got on his knees five times for prayer in taking a nine mile walk. Even the little boys and girls went out in bands for secret prayer. We never had a better home than we enjoyed here with Judge Williams. God sanctified his widowed daughter while she was out in the garden praying for the blessing. Pray for us that God may give real Holy Ghost victory at Fort Myers, where we will begin as soon as they get the church (they recently purchased), moved to their own lot. We are now resting for the second time, at the home of Brother McDonald, on the banks of the beautiful Caloosahatchie river. Praise God for the precious homes He has given us down here."

Evangelist C. L. Bruner and wife write:—"We write to let you know where we are. We are in the midst of a glorious revival at Christian Hill, near Art, Ala. When the person went down and gave orders against us that the doors of Mt. Carmel be closed, the Congregational Saints, who had been so kind as to tender us the use of their commodious building at Esho, came for us, and kindly insisted that we come to Christian Hill. Many of the good people assured us that it was the hardest community any where around. And, indeed, we began to believe it, when on the first Saturday night, after the first service, all had gone home, as we thought, and about the time to retire, we were on our knees in prayer, at Bro. Long's, about 100 yards from the school house and church house. My! such a lumbering as we heard and firing of pistols. Some ten or twelve boys had kicked the doors open and gone in the school house and were dancing, cursing and cutting up at a fearful rate. Well, I began to think sure enough, we had struck a h-a-r-d place. After they had been there something like an hour I went out to see about the matter, but they were just leaving, and firing their pistols as they went. They were heard a mile and a half away.

Well, beloved, no place or thing is too hard for our God! Praise His holy name! We have had nothing like that since. It seems that the devil always did do his worst with men, when Jesus began to come near. Jesus is moving mightily upon those hard cases in conviction and many are praying through. Jesus said, "Him that honoreth me will my Father honor," and "The secret of the Lord is with them that obey him." Let our friends (and enemies too, if they will) pray for us continually."

Have only one chief end. The headlight of an engine is a small lamp, backed and set forth by a burnished reflector. Then it casts forth its brightness, pointing out and illuminating the way for the speeding travelers. Your lamp may not be large, but it will put behind and about it the burnished reflector of a consistent, consecrated life, it may shine forth into the darkness, guiding hurrying pilgrims safely through the night.—Bishop Fowler.

Our First Month In India.

Continued from page 1

Bible woman. The first thing that impressed us was the hearty way in which they sang, especially the men and boys. When the preacher announced his text, we noticed that a number had Bibles which they opened to follow him as he read the lesson. Then he gave out some references which were read by the native catechists. We also noted the close attention and interest with which they listened, while the servant of God spoke on, "our bodies as temples for the Holy Spirit." As we looked into these faces which had in them a light that was lacking in the faces of the hundreds whom we passed in the streets, we realized as never before the transforming power of the gospel. We thought of how often we had heard it asked, sometimes by Christians, concerning work among the heathen, "Is rifle, money, time?" Down in the depths of our hearts we felt it paid a hundredfold, and we rejoiced that it was our privilege to have a little part in this work. May God make us "faithful unto death."

As we walked along the streets we noticed quite a number had a red mark about the size of a nickel on their foreheads. Upon inquiry, we were told that these chalk marks, red, green, yellow, were usually placed on the lips and forehead to show that they had prayed. How different from our Savior's teachings. (Mat. 6).

One is deeply impressed with the extremes of wealth and poverty with which he meets in Bombay. Of the 800,000 inhabitants a very small proportion live in luxury; among these are the Parsees, who strongly resemble the Jews. They live in elegant homes, and are seen driving around in fine carriages, the women and children richly attired in silks and other costly apparel, and decked with jewels. "Among the thousands of beggars that throng the streets of Bombay not one Parsee is found." While they profess to worship one God they also worship fire, water and the heavenly bodies, and reject Christ. As most of their sacred writings were burned by the Mohammedans, who drove them out of Persia in the 17th century, many of them are reading the Bible and books on other religions. Some work is being done among these Parsees. Will not those who read these lines pray that, as they read the Word, it may be a "savor of life unto life," and that God will raise up others to witness among these people?

I should like to give you some idea of the misery and poverty of thousands who live in Bombay. Of course we only saw a little—the mere surface, under which were depths of sin and wretchedness, but our hearts ached as we realized "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." There are such throngs of people, many of them living in a crowded portion of the city in very small quarters—frequently two families will live in a room 6x7 feet, and during the rainy season, four families have been known to live in a room 8x10 feet, and two families in the bamboo loft above. Many of them have no homes at all, and spend their days begging, and at night sleep on the pavement, or ledges along the buildings. One evening we passed about fifty wrapped in their cloths lying on the streets. During the day, foreigners are besieged by the dozens of beggars—they even come up to the tram car if it stops long enough. Many of them are sadly afflicted—one would have to see to realize the depths of sin into which these Christless ones have sunk. How much they need to know the One who is "able to save to the uttermost." We believe that Christ is the only remedy for these as well as for us. We are longing for the time when we can tell them of Jesus. We would say in closing, "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

We believe the Lord is leading us to work among the hill tribes of the Western Ghats, for whom little has been done. We are now in Igatpuri, a beautiful mountain town at the top of the Ghull Ghat, where it seems best that we remain while acquiring the language—Marathi. This is considered a difficult language, but God is supplying all our need, and we don't find studying burdensome, for we are doing it heartily as unto the Lord. We are here first of all to glorify Him, and believe that during this period of preparation He will enable us to become better acquainted with Him and His plans for us. Will you not join us in praying that the Varlis, among whom we expect to work, may be prepared by the Holy Spirit to receive the Word of Truth? These are busy days, but joyful days because of His presence and love (Phil. 1: 7-11).

The Mystery of a Hereafter.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you" (Jno. 14: 1-R. V.).

Could I cross the golden threshold
Of the future undimmed day;
Could I sit me down and rest where
Sunbeams 'round its portals play;
Earth would wear a sombre aspect,
Life appear an empty dream,
Like the passing of a shadow,
Or the eddyings of a stream.

For a stream is life, and ever
Doth its current onward glide—
Dashing, breaking yet still flowing
Toward the distant, unknown tide.—
There the wrecks of souls are floating,
And the ghostly ships of death
Sail where the souls sink thickest,
And gather the sports of faith.

But a Pilot waits by the river;
And the "whosoever will"
Of His call is sounding ever,
Though its waves be rough or still.
So I know that when the future
Shall bring me there, though alone,
I'll answer the call of that Pilot
Where that tide's first breakers moan.

—JNO. F. KNAPP.

The Lovedale Christian Express has a story which reads stranger than fiction, to the effect that no less than 175 Boer prisoners, while confined in St. Helena, Ceylon, India and the Bermudas, were converted, and have since devoted themselves to life service as missionaries to the heathen.

Returning home they are received by the Dutch Reformed Church, and great preparations have already been begun to assist them to an education that they may be fitted for their work. One congregation has subscribed \$10,000 for land and buildings, another has undertaken to support twenty-one students at an annual cost of \$2,500, another to support ten, and so on.—Ex.

One more day's work for Jesus;

One less of earth for me
But heaven is nearer
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday to me.
His love and light
Fill all my soul tonight.

One more day's work for Jesus;

How glorious to my King!
Thy joy, not duty,
To speak Thy beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.

One more day's work for Jesus;

How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine.

One more day's work for Jesus.

Oh yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ is all!
Before His face I fall!

Oh blessed work for Jesus!

Oh rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord if I may,
I'll serve another day.

Anna Warner.

DEATHS

Gardner.

Jno. M. Gardner was born near Water Valley Maury county, Tenn., Aug. 28, 1832. He professed religion at Old Goshen Camp-ground in 1842, and joined the M. E. Church, South, in Sep. 1844. He was licensed to preach, and served this church and community in the capacity of a local preacher faithfully and efficiently for quite a number of years. He was ordained a deacon Oct. 22, 1882, in Franklin, Tenn., by Bishop J. O. Keener; ordained an Elder Oct. 12, 1890, in Palaski, Tenn., by Bishop Robert K. Hargrove. Brother Gardner was married twice, first to Miss Martha S. Foster, Apr. 5, 1848, who died Oct. 12, 1885. Of this union were born six children, three of whom survived him. He was married second to Miss Martha A. Dodson. Brother Gardner, "Uncle Jack," as he was called by most all who knew him, had the full confidence of his neighbors and many friends. About nine years ago he attended a series of meetings at Zion Hill, conducted by W. N. Matheny, evangelist, who emphasized the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. Brother Gardner sought and professed the blessing of perfect love. After that time he was a very zealous advocate of the doctrine. It was his greatest delight to talk of the wonderful experience God had given him. During his last days on earth it was my pleasure and privilege to visit him and talk with him concerning his prospects of heaven and eternal life. Notwithstanding he was a great sufferer in his last days, yet he bore it patiently and was in all things submissive to the will of Him who doeth all things well. On Jan. 14, he passed away in great peace leaving a wife and three children to mourn their loss. On Jan. 16 we laid him to rest in the Goshen Cemetery. Some sweet day we shall see him in the home of the beautiful and the good. May we all live the glorious life as he did, and have the same triumphant entrance into our Father's house on high. BIAN HUSKEY.

Brother Gardner was the father of Miss Leona Gardner, one of our missionaries in Cuba (Ex.)

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Testimonies

I have thought of thy loving kindness, O God. In the midst of my affliction my heart cries unto the Lord, and in the midst of my trouble He speaks unto me, "Be still and know that I am God."

Mrs. Augusta Powers.

Clarksville, Tenn.

Dear LIVING WATER:—On last Sunday, the 31, the dear Lord again blessed the little band at this place, by sending Brother Tidwell to preach the true Word of God to us, which encourages us to still press on. We realize our weakness—yet in Jesus there is strength. He can command and it is done. Praise His holy name. We desire to learn more about Jesus. We want to get nearer to Him. We need all the food we can get. You know Jesus said, "Feed my lambs" (Jno. 21:15). We know He will never forsake those who trust Him. By His power and His alone, we expect to be ready to meet Him when He comes to catch His waiting Bride away. Pray for us.

Your sister, saved by the precious blood of Christ,
 Mrs. Cora Giles.
 Eliphaz, Miss.

I was converted, joined the church when I was about twenty years old, heard sanctification preached, made the consecration and obtained the blessing. I could work for the Lord without fear as never before, but very seldom ever heard a Holiness preacher after that. I was married at twenty-two and let the duties of life and other things crowd out, to some extent, the obligations I owed to my dear heavenly Father. And then I began to doubt, and the more I listened to Satan the darker my path grew. I spent days and nights crying to God for help. I did all I could but it seemed I could not believe God did His part of the work. At times I would pray until I would feel God's holy presence, and think I was all right, but as soon as the feeling was gone, the enemy would attack me again, I would listen to him and cry to God for help. I read the Christian's Secret of a Happy Life, and learned to really trust God—take Him at His word. I really gave myself and my all to God forever, feeling or no feeling. And I praise His name the feeling came, and I have victory in my soul. Pray for me that I may live just as God would have me live, that my husband who is a true Christian may be sanctified, and that we may train our dear children for God. Yours under the blood,

Mrs. Maud E. Hunter.

Vanleer, Tenn.

I was converted when about twelve years old. Not having the proper encouragement, I was kept by the devil out of the church many years. I at last decided to settle the question by joining the church and living with God's people. I had a great many ups and downs. Satan would get the reins some times, and especially about Christmas times, when these little-so-called entertainments would be given, and having two minds in me, Satan generally gained the victory. He comes in the form of a shining angel sometimes, and if he can just get our spiritual influence killed, nothing pleases him so as to lead me into a ballroom by calling it an intertainment. Of course, after we get there he has something much nicer to offer in the way of a play or dance. As the music began, and under the persuasive influence of Satan's followers, he gained the victory over me, and I even persuaded a cousin, who is also a church member, to partake of the game. While on the floor dancing, I met a young man who said, "Are you dancing?" speaking as if a little surprised, because he knew I professed to be a Christian. Conviction seized me strong and deep, and the thought struck me "What would you do if Jesus were to call for you now?" Satan suggested that I did not need any God then. I went home a condemned girl in the sight of God. Imagine my feelings! I claimed to be one of Jesus' disciples, and yet was condemned in His sight. Some one says I was never converted. Yes, I received forgiveness for sins at home while reading the "Story of the Gospel," a wonderful little book. But you see there is a difference between being born of the Spirit and being cleansed from all sin, then baptized with the Holy Ghost. I had only been born of the Spirit. From what I had heard of people getting sanctification and telling their experience, I knew it was something more than I had. I sought to be reclaimed, and not being satisfied with that, I asked the Lord to tell me the meaning of sanctification. The answer came that it is the baptism with the Holy Ghost. I prayed that I might have this experience, plunged into the fountain and was cleansed from all sin. As my church and pastor opposed the second work of grace, I thought I could live a sanctified life without testifying to it, and consequently had to go back to the altar again. I am glad to say that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin and the altar sanctifies the gift. Glory to God forever! Jesus says we are to be living witnesses for him. Hallelujah to Jesus, I mean to stay in this way by the grace of God. We cannot serve God and mammon. No wonder my precious Lord said "Come out from among them and be ye separate." Under the blood.

Bertie Dance.

Athens, La.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

F. R. Nugent, Richmond, Va.

Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 28, 1904.

Hearers and Doers of the Word.
Mat. 7: 21-29.

Golden Text:—"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." (Jas. 1: 22).

It is noticeable that these words of Jesus were spoken at the close of this special and lengthy setting forth of truth. He knew how prone people are to become interested hearers and stop there. Hence this all important statement illustrated by the closing parable.

Verses 21-23. Christ does not, of course, condemn the practice of calling Him Lord. Many do this but of the many He says, "Not every one . . . shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." There is a difference in a class that outwardly and, to the uninformed observer, may appear very much alike. They talk alike and in many respects act alike.

1. Mere outward service does not settle a person's standing with God. A man may be a "great" preacher, teacher or even miracle worker and yet not be God's true servant. "God looketh on the heart" more than on outward service. Years ago I read of a Jesuit missionary who faced death many times in his missionary labors and was seemingly a devoted follower of Christ. He afterwards turned out to be a mere infidel, and when asked why he risked his life for what he did not believe in, he replied that he did it for the glory there was in it. "Though I give my body to be burned and have not charity it profiteth me nothing." And "Origin says that in his time so prevalent was the name of Christ to cast out devils, that sometimes it availed when named by wicked Christians." (Henry).

In Paul's day some "preached Christ even of envy and strife" (Phil. 1: 15) and perhaps have their counterpart now in those who strive for mere doctrines and not for Christ's honor. There are some who are greatly interested in "the end of the age" who make no application of the truth to their own hearts and lives; and it is equally possible for a man to teach and preach holiness and yet refuse the experience. God, in His sovereignty, may use an ungodly person as He did Balaam. Many today are in Christian work who are serving God only in an outward way

and going through their performances simply on account of the fleshly gratification they find in work. I heard once of a woman whom some, on account of her charities, regarded as an excellent Christian, yet she admitted that she had no salvation and did these things just because she enjoyed it.

2. Doing the Father's will is absolutely necessary for entrance into the kingdom of heaven. A person cannot do God's will without doing some sort of service for Him, but a person can do (apparently) some service for Him and yet not do His will. He may be simply and solely doing his own will and serving his own selfish desires. He who works from pride or for human praise, or self-gratification does not work with reference to God and His will. Self is his god. What God calls for in each case is an individual acceptance of His personal will; and that will may mean activity, rest, suffering—in fact does mean all these at different times. No one strikes the true keynote of spiritual harmony until he decides to do God's will, not his own. The unity and harmony of the kingdom of heaven came by reason of beings' being in loving yieldedness to Him who is the Ruler of that kingdom.

We must needs put emphasis upon "doeth." Talking, saying, promising are not enough. "Pay thy vows unto the most High" Scripture says (Ps. 50: 14). The willingness we assert, the promises we make must result in acts if we really do God's will. The kingdom of heaven is a very practical place so that something more tangible and visible than assertions and emotions is called for.

3. "That day"—the judgment time (2 Cor. 5: 10; Mat. 25: 31, 32), will bring things to light. No secrets then (1 Cor. 4: 5). The day will reveal heart matters as well as outward acts. The wise thing is to live with reference to that time. Think of people who have been active and prominent in God's cause hearing Christ's words of banishment, "Depart from me ye that work iniquity!" In the name of Christ they had prophesied, cast out devils and done many wonderful works, and yet He says they had worked iniquity. So he who prophesies, exorises, or works miracles may be sinning in these very acts! Their quality depends on the heart and will that prompt them.

Verses 24-29. "Therefore" shows this portion to be a conclusion from what precedes. Applying the parable, we regard the house as the result of each person's motives and practices. The rock is Jesus Christ, not merely as an individual divine object of faith, but as being the embodiment both of certain principles and practices. To rightly believe on Him is to determine to walk as He walked. The life, the house, is then founded and built upon the rock. All else is on the sand. Rain, floods and winds stand for the trials that come from various sources and under which people's religious professions go to pieces (even in this life) when not the result of a foundation upon a practice, as well as faith in, Christ's words.

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