

## The Life of George Mueller

By Henrietta Matson

### ENLARGEMENT

For nearly ten years after Mr. Mueller opened the first Orphan House he had never any desire to build, or to secure a permanent home for the work. He seemed decidedly to prefer to spend the means which came in, for present necessities, and when the houses occupied became over crowded, to rent another. He now had four houses on Willson Street, all near to each other; one for boys, one for girls, the infant orphan house and a house for the older children, both boys and girls being accommodated.

In October, 1845, he received a friendly letter from a gentleman living on the same street, in which he courteously stated that the people occupying the adjoining houses found it inconvenient in various ways, to live so near houses filled with so many children. He left to Mr. Mueller the judgment of the case. Up to this time the question of removal had never been considered. God had led them to this place, and made it possible to obtain the houses, and the rent had always been promptly paid, but now had not His time come to provide for the work in a more permanent way?

Mr. Mueller was well able to understand that though the noise from the children's playground was only what it should be, it would be very trying to live so near, and there were other reasons presented to his mind, why the subject should receive most prayerful consideration.

And so this man of God gave himself to prayer, to find out the mind of the Lord, whether it would be pleasing to Him for His servant to expect to receive so large an amount of money as would be required to build. First, a location must be chosen, land purchased and plans made, but never did it occur to him to go in debt for one farthing, or to take a single step only as God first provided the means.

Day after day the matter was presented to the Lord, till Mr. Mueller was convinced that God was saying to him to "go forward."

On the thirty-sixth day after he began to pray over it, he received one thousand pounds (five thousand dollars), for building the Orphan House.

This was the largest donation he had ever received, up to this time, but he says, "When I received it, I was as calm and quiet as if I had received only one shilling, or my heart was looking out for answers, and this did not surprise me. Yea, if it had been ten thou-

sand pounds instead of one, it would not have surprised me.

Soon after, a Christian architect unsolicited offered to make the plan and superintend the building gratuitously, which was the second proof that God approved, and would help in the matter. He continued to daily wait upon God, but for nearly a month no more money for this purpose came in, and then fifty pounds was sent. This greatly cheered Mr. Mueller's faith, taking it as another precious proof, that God was in the undertaking, else He would not give so many tokens of His favor.

He says, "All my business is to continue in faith and patience to wait upon Him. My assurance has been more and more increased that God would build for Himself a large Orphan House in this city, to show to the people here, and to all who may know of it, what a blessed thing it is to trust in Him. I see more and more how entirely unworthy I am to be used by God for this glorious service, and can only say: 'Lord, here is Thy servant if Thou art pleased to use such an one as I am.'"

In January of the following year, he writes: "Having asked the Lord to go before me, I went out today to look for a piece of ground. The land was most desirable, but I failed to see the owner. The next day made another attempt and found the man who offers the land for sale. He told me, he woke at three o'clock that morning and could not sleep, being assured in his mind that he had intended to ask too great a price for the land, and had reduced it eighty pounds on the acre, from what he had previously asked. How good is the Lord!

"The agreement was made this morning, and I purchased a field of nearly seven acres, at one hundred and twenty pounds per acre."

This land was on Ashley down, where the Orphan House now stand as a monument of God's faithfulness. "Jan. 25. The season is now approaching when building may begin. Therefore, with increased earnestness, I give myself to prayer." In April, he says, "Something more than eleven thousand pounds has been received for building purposes.

"Not until I had a sufficient amount of means to meet all the sums required for the various contractors, was a single thing done. In every respect the building will be plain and inexpensive, but to accommodate three hundred orphans with the teachers and workers, it must be a large house, and including fittings and furniture cannot be accomplished for less than fourteen thousand, five hundred pounds. The sum still needed is for the fittings, heating apparatus, gas fixtures, furnishing the

house, making three large play-grounds, a road, and for additional work, not in the contract. But He who is so infinite in resources, provided abundantly for His trusting servant. The total amount for the building found was sixteen thousand pounds, and after all the expense had been met; the purchase of the land, the building fitting up, and furnishing of the new Orphan House, there remained a balance of seven hundred pounds, a proof that when we trust the Lord He is very likely to give us more than we need.

In 1850, Mr. Mueller records that the current expenses amounted to six thousand pounds a year; this included all the work the Lord had given into his charge.

In the two years since the completion of the first house it had been filled to overflowing with orphan children, and now seventy-eight were waiting a vacancy for admission. Then again was it laid upon this man of faith to rise and build. Near the close of the second year after occupying the first house, he writes, "I desire to be used more of the Lord. I served Satan in my younger years, now I intensely crave to serve God during the remainder of my life. There are multitudes of orphans to be provided for, and I desire, if God will, to build another house to care for them. Every day I pray about this matter, but speak with no one not even my wife. I deal with God alone, that no outward excitement or influence may keep me from a clear discovery of His will.

"I cannot be too prayerful and deliberate. I am in no hurry. On the other hand I would set to work tomorrow, were the Lord to bid me. This calmness of mind, having no will of my own, only wishing to please my heavenly Father, is the fullest assurance that I shall know the will of God to the full. Satan says; 'Is it not tempting God to think of so great an extension of His work?' 'But tempting God' means to limit Him in His attributes. I do not wish to limit His power or His willingness to give His poor servant, in answer to prayer, all he needs to build another Orphan House."

Early in January he writes, "This day the Lord has given me precious 'proof that He delights in one having large expectations from Him. I have today received the sum of three thousand pounds, the largest donation yet received. Donations have come from Australia, East Indies, West Indies, Canada, United States, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy and from Mt. Lebanon with the prayers of a Christian brother, whose name I never heard." In May 1855, the sum on hand for the second Orphan House was twenty-three thousand pounds and plans for building were immediately prepared. Two years later the house was entirely finished and four hundred more children were sheltered there.

The current expenses were now fifteen thousand pounds a year, but the God who had cared for His work from the beginning, was still true to His servant. Trials and testings were constant, but faith never wavered. God held him close to His heart and honored his trust in Him. Mr. Mueller says, "Anyone who would follow this life of trust, cannot merely say he trusts God, but must really do so. People often profess to trust God but at every opportunity expose their need and thus induce others to help them. I do not say it is wrong to make known our wants, but it ill agrees with our trust, in God alone. God will take us at our word. If we say we trust He will try us to see if indeed we are satisfied to stand with Him alone.

## LIVING WATER

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## EDITORIAL

## Out of Touch

Only a smile—yes, only a smile—  
That a woman o'erburdened with grief,  
Expected of you—'twould have given her relief,  
For her heart ached sore the while,  
But weary and worn, she went away,  
Because, as it happened, that very day,  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a word—yes, only a word—  
That the Spirit's small voice whispered, "Speak!"  
But the worker passed on unblest and weak,  
Whom you were meant to have stirred  
To courage, devotion, and love anew;  
Because, when the message came to you,  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a note—yes only a note—  
To a friend in a distant land;  
The Spirit said, "Write" but then you had planned  
Some different work, and you thought,  
It mattered little. You did not know,  
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe—  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a day—yes, only a day—  
But oh! can you guess my friend,  
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,  
Of the hours that you frittered away?  
The Master's command is, "Abide in Me:"  
And fruitless and vain will your service be,  
If out of touch with your Lord.

—Selected.

By making a trial proposition to send the paper five months to new readers for 25 cents, we have given you an opportunity to put good reading matter in the hands of many people and perhaps do untold good. Do not fail to take advantage of it. It is one of the best ways to serve the Lord.

## Editorial Correspondence.

Birmingham, Ala., May 28. This is the 11th day of the camp-meeting here. The Lord has given victory. It hasn't been a difficult work. Sister Daniels and her co-workers had things in good shape when the meeting began. There is an open door for Pentecostal work here. They have secured the Thompson Building, near the heart of the city, as headquarters for the summer. We have never had better order. Both the services at the tent and on the streets, were attended

with profound conviction, and a goodly number turned unto the Lord. Workers from other parts of the State were, in attendance and were much helped by the meeting. Strong efforts are being made to establish the work here on such a solid basis as to constitute the center for a net work of evangelization to cover the entire State. We found the Pentecostal Mission people free from scisms, sweet in spirit, earnest in purpose and going on to know and do the will of God. Sister Daniels has been used of the Lord, and has done a faithful work and is much loved by the people. We were delighted at the privilege of again meeting Sister May Mabbette Anderson, the well known contributor to LIVING WATER. She is in better health than when we saw her last, and is keeping her pen busy in the Lord's work.

Evangelist John L. Brasher, who lives in this city, was with us a couple of days. He is a strong, level-headed, Godly man. We hope that our readers will be favored with something from his pen occasionally.

Evangelist M. M. Pinson was with us a day as he passed through en route to Vernon, Ala. He is making full proof of his ministry. T. B. Dean, E. C. Sanders, Mrs. Frank Stratton and Emory Tickner rendered efficient services. We expect to close here Sunday night, stopping at Hartselle, New Decatur and Columbia for brief services en route for Nashville, reaching there about June 1st. Atlanta, Ga., will be our next meeting, beginning early in June.

## Needless Divisions

We want to say "Amen" to the following article under the above caption, taken from the Ram's Horn:

"We have heard of a town in Maine with a population of about two thousand people, having fourteen churches, all but one of them maintaining regular services. The same authority mentions a town in Nebraska with less than three thousand inhabitants and thirteen churches, each having a regular minister. It is possible that these are exceptional instances, but they are sufficiently common to illustrate the absurdity of multiplying Christian sects in almost every principal town of the United States. The responsibility for this unnecessary division of the Church of God rests no less upon the chief officers of the several denominations who are often consumed with zeal to see a numerical increase in the membership of their denominations, than upon those adherents of each separate faith who are not content to join hands with those of kindred faith, but insist upon building a house of worship for themselves. In these days of concentrated and associate effort it is irrational and untimely to perpetuate the competitive tendency in the work of Christianizing the world."

This rearing of altar against altar, and huddling a whole lot of weak and more or less competitive congregations together in the

same town is an inexcusable waste of both men and money. With the doors of the heathen world thrown open to the gospel, with vast populations who do not have a single preacher, it is a burning shame to allow minor differences to so keep us apart when one half the churches in the ordinary town or village would be sufficient, if on fire for God, and the other half of the ministers could be sent to the foreign fields and supported on the funds which they are now using at home.

## The Common People

The common people heard our Lord gladly, and the foundation stones of the early church were composed chiefly of this kind of material. When it comes to morals, the higher classes are more refined in their sinning, but after all there is not so much difference as some people think. We once heard a Salvation Army official, in addressing a number of Christian workers in San Francisco say: "My subject is Darkest San Francisco, but I can only speak on dark San Francisco, as I haven't had money enough to give me access to the darkest part of the city." He was acquainted with the slums but not with the palaces on Knob Hill. Be this as it may, we do not build a church by beginning at the top, but start at the bottom and then reach up. There is much foolish waste of time and effort in running after persons of social prestige to the neglect of the common folks, many of whom would receive the word gladly. Commenting on this subject the celebrated theologian Christlieb says:

"Has not the history of all missions, ancient and modern, shown that the instinct of the common people in accepting the gospel has ever anticipated the self-complacent ignorance of the wise and the learned? How many Churches of Christians were there aforesaid in Greece whilst the professors in Athens were still offering for acceptance the withered leaves of philosophy and rhetoric! It was precisely in that University of Ancients that heathenism managed to preserve itself longest."

An intelligent Hindo, addressing a body of students in Calcutta said:

"What India needs for her regeneration is not simply sermons and addresses and Bible texts, but the presentation of a truly Christian life, the gentleness and meekness and forgiveness such as your Christ exhibited in His life and death."

This is true in the homeland as well as among the heathen. The imperative need of the hour is a Church that will live like Jesus and then the world will be profoundly impressed and multitudes saved. The letter killeth and the Spirit maketh alive. Making parrot-like professions of loyalty to Christ and yet living in sin is the crying evil of the Church. "Why call ye me Lord and Master and yet do not the things that I command you?"

# The Psalm of the Crook

The best beloved of all the Psalms is the twenty-third.

It is the first one lisped by childhood's lips, and it is a staff through life and a comfort in death. The following are some of the precious thoughts gleaned from comments upon this Psalm.

The "Psalm of the Crook," (23rd) lies between the "Psalm of the Cross" (22nd) and the "Psalm of the Crown" (24th). As the Good Shepherd, Jesus gave His life for the sheep, (Jno. 10: 11). As the Great Shepherd, He was "brought again from the dead" to care for His flock with unerring wisdom and untiring devotion (Heb. 13: 20). As the Chief Shepherd He is coming again to give crowns of glory (1 Pet. 5: 4).

"The Lord is my Shepherd," then I am His sheep. If you stand on this step fairly, then the next will follow, and you can say it with confidence. The my's of Scripture are full of the richest preciousness. Jehovah not only regards His flock as a whole, He is the Shepherd of each one as though there were not another sheep in the fold!

"I shall not want." Not only my God, my Lord, my Savior and Sacrifice, but my Shepherd too. Can I, dare I, shall I want? It is he in whose hands is my breath (Dan. 5: 23), my times are in his hands (Ps. 31: 15), my tears are in his bottle, (Ps. 56: 8), he knoweth the way that I take, (Job. 23: 10), my steps are ordered by him, (Ps. 37, 23), how then can I want? The great Husbandman never overstocks His commons.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Green pastures of tender herbs, not of old, dried up grass. Countless multitudes have been cropping these pastures in every age, and still they are green, evergreen, and the song of the flock is this day what it has been for three thousand years. "The Lord is my shepherd, I want nothing." How especially is this true of the pastures of God's holy Word! What variety have we here.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." All of God's provisions are restful and refreshing. Are you by the restful stream? Do you know how to be still and know God? It will take the fret out of your life.

"He restoreth my soul." Just as after a very good night's rest we are invigorated and refreshed, or as by a cooling draught of water given at the time of harvest on a hot summer's day to the laborer he would be refreshed, so spiritually we who are the children of God are refreshed by our precious Shepherd. It is the very joy and delight of the heart of the Lord to refresh us spiritually.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness." A translation of this Psalm into Scotch reads, "He leadeth me in richt roddings." Bits of country roads that seem to lead no where. Tourists would lose their way in them, but the farmer uses them, and the shepherd uses them,

and the dairymaid knows all about them. So the Lord does not lay out a whole stretch of country and cast us on the great highway. He leads us by little bits, along this sheeptrack today, and another tomorrow. And they are to be paths of righteousness, what God thinks righteousness. Christ has gone every part of the journey. He asks me to go through. I can see the blood marks of His own precious feet on the very stones of the way He asks me to take.

"Though I walk through the valley," "Walk," as if a believer did not quicken his pace when he came to die, but still calmly walked with God, knowing the end, feeling perfectly safe. We pass through many a valley of shadows before we reach the valley.

There is a good purpose in all these shadowed valleys. They test the quality of the soul. They reveal our weak places. They unveil the stars that peer down through the interspaces of rock and tree. They make us follow the Shepherd closely lest we lose Him. They teach us to value the rod and staff.

"Of the shadow of death." Christ met the substance, we encounter but the shadow. The monster is deprived of teeth and claws. You cannot have a shadow unless there be a bright light shining somewhere. The shadow is temporary, the light eternal. "God is light" (1 Jno. 1: 5).

"I will fear no evil for thou art with me." Fear is unbelief, rest in God is faith. He will send us into no dark valley alone. Whether it be an Egyptian dungeon or a Philippian prison; whether a fiery furnace or a den of lions; whether a martyr's stake or a still more horrible death through cannibals, with our Shepherd as guarantee, whatever happens we may say, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." The shepherd going ahead through the rocky defiles is often lost to the sight of the sheep. To cheer them he strikes his crook against the rocks as he passes along. The sound echoes and re-echoes through the defile till every sheep hears it and feels safe. How often in the darkness have the words of a song or of some text of Scripture came to us as an echo of a Father's love.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." It indicates the anticipatory care of God. The table is spread before the hunger comes. God provisions His castles before they are besieged. All around us are opponents pledged to do us harm, to cut off our supplies, to starve us out. But when God elects to feed a soul, that soul shall be fed though all hell attempt to say it nay.

"Thou anointest my head with oil." A Syrian shepherd says, "This Psalm has sung of the day's wanderings and of all the care of the shepherd. Now comes the return of the sheep to the fold. The shepherd is the door

as Christ said of Himself, and with his rod he holds back the sheep while he inspects them as they pass one by one into the fold. he has the horn filled with olive oil and he has cedar tar, and he anoints a knee bruised on the rocks or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised but worn and exhausted. He bathes its head with refreshing olive oil, and he takes the large two-handled cup and dips it full from the vessel of water, and he lets the weary sheep drink. There is nothing finer in this Psalm than this. God's care is not for the wounded only, but for the worn and weary also."

"My cup runneth over." "God is the portion of my cup," (Ps. 16: 5). The oil stands for the refreshing, abiding unction of the Holy Spirit (Ps. 45: 7; 92: 30; 2 Cor. 1: 21; 22, 1 Jno. 2: 20; 27), and the overflowing cup for the joyful blessings of the Lord—health, comfort, communion, all spiritual blessing in heavenly places.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." Not goodness alone, for we are sinners needing forgiveness. Not mercy alone, for we need many things besides forgiveness. But each with the other linked. The Shepherd leads and goodness and mercy bring up the rear. Like good angels of God they track our steps wherever we go. They will pursue us and overtake us.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." To be kept by the power of God through to the end, this is the crown of all our hopes. For this our God is preparing us as He provides for every necessity, and leads us by quiet waters in green pastures, and restores us from our wanderings, and guides us in the paths of righteousness, and bids us fear no evil, and anoints us with the Holy Spirit, and fills our souls with rejoicing, and follows us with goodness and mercy. God is, in Christ, more than host, and we are more than guests. Hence our welcome home and our dwelling place there.

(Gleaned from many writers by Miss Anna Sherman) Vanguard Training Home, St. Louis, Mo.

## Treasurer's Report, April, 1904. Collections for Missionary purposes.

Receipt No.	Am't	Receipt No.	Am't	Receipt No.	Am't
268	2 50	283	2 00	304	4 00
264	50 00	284	4 00	305	2 00
265	10 00	285	5 00	306	1 50
266	5 00	286	5 00	307	1 00
267	50	287	5 00	308	2 00
268	1 00	288	2 50	309	15 00
269	5 00	289	1 50	310	25 00
270	50	290	21 00	311	2 00
271	2 00	291	8 00	312	25 00
272	5 00	292	5 00	313	12 00
273	2 00	293	1 00	314	1 00
274	5 00	294	5 00	315	50 00
275	1 00	295	10 00	316	2 50
276	2 00	296	10 00	317	50
277	5 00	297	126 00	318	1 00
278	1 50	298	2 00	319	1 00
279	1 25	299	5 00	320	2 00
280	5 00	300	1 00	321	4 00
281	2 78	301	50	322	1 50
282	5 00	302	50	323	3 00

Total.....\$ 478 00

## 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.

Greer Springs, Ill.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am a little girl nine years old. I would like to join your band. We take LIVING WATER. I like to read the cousins' letters. We have no pets, but a pet calf. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to school. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name Miss Lula Gillespie. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. My mamma and papa are Christians. Mamma sends love. She knew you in Nashville. With love to you all. Your little friend,  
Ruth Lane.

Thank you for the message from dear mamma, and yourself too, Ruth. It is pleasant to receive kind messages, dont you think so? It shows us that others remember us, and think about us. The sweetest and most wonderful messages in all the world are those God has sent us direct from heaven. Every kind of a message can be found in the book which He had written for men. He warns, entreats, puts death and life before us, tells of His love, and the way of salvation through Christ. He lets us know what sin will do, and what He will do if we will obey Him. Wonderful words from God. Have you paid any real attention to these messages, Ruth? If we do not, what can we say when we stand before Him, still unsaved? Receive God's message into your very heart, dear child.

Port Roysl, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am a little girl ten years old. My Grandma takes LIVING WATER, and I enjoy reading the children's page. My papa is dead and I stay at Grandpa's. I have for pets two cats, and one's name is Kittie Bruce, the other White Foot. I have three sisters, and their names are May L-e, Chloe and Greta. I am not a Christian but I want to be one. Pray for me that I may be some day. A new cousin,  
Vivian Reding.

Womaek Hill Ala.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Here comes a little girl eleven years old. I have three brothers and three sisters. I am next to the oldest one. I am not going to school now. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, my teacher's name is Miss Rena Sims. My father and mother are both Christians. My father takes LIVING WATER and I like to read the children's page. Well I will close. Your new cousin,  
Daisy Wimberly.

Two little girls, and very near the age of that little girl whom Jesus raised from the dead so many years ago. I was talking to the cousins about her a few months past. Do you suppose she was ever just the same child again? Her parents must have told her, time and again, of how Christ came and touched her still, cold hand, bidding her rise from her bed of death. Don't you think she must have had a heart full of love for this wonderful Savior? Little girls today need His life-giving power just as much as did the daughter of Jarius; yes more, for a dead soul is the saddest of all dead

things. Vivian, Daisy, wont you ask Jesus to give you life, eternal life? He did not refuse to go to this little Jewish girl. He will not turn you away. May the Spirit show you your need of Jesus.

Blocton, Ala.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I want to tell you that I am saved and sanctified by the precious blood of Jesus, bless His holy name. I am going to work for the salvation of sinners as long as I live. Cousin Eva, pray for me that God will make me a blessing in the world. Your cousin,  
Pinkney Sumner.

Still talking about the Jewish child,—Jarius little daughter,—don't you suppose Pinkney, that she loved to tell ever afterward what Jesus had done for her? Suffering, burning, with fever, sick unto death she came all alone to the waters of the dark river. The touch of that hand, the sound of that voice thrilled and quickened. "I am the resurrection," said Christ. Ah, the little girl could testify that His words were true. She was a witness for Jesus. Every child could be, for Jesus must touch every child's soul before it can live. You are telling what He did for you, and it is just as wonderful, nay more so than what He did for this other child. Be a true witness for Him. Let Him keep on working in you and you will have fresh messages to give people about your Lord.

Broneo, Texas.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Will you allow a young mother of twenty-eight years to say a few words to the children? How swiftly time passes! Today as I sit by my fire place, with my two boys playing around my chair, my thoughts run back on the past. Why, it seems just only yesterday since I was only a little girl. At the age of nine years one day at home playing, the thought came to me I was a sinner. I began crying and praying to Jesus to save and give me a new heart. Soon the burden rolled away, and I was so happy and the first opportunity I joined the church. Rev. Jesse Harris was our pastor, at Rough Creek, Somerville Co., Texas. What an interest he took in us children. What a big smiling face he carried around. I thought the reason he had such a pleasant face, was because he had so much of heaven in him, and I thought every word he said came right from Jesus. After the lapse of nineteen years I believe I was almost right. When I think of the hardships he endured with a small salary, and a hard district, often riding horse back, up and down mountains, and yet without a murmur or complaint, I wish there were more such preachers. At testimony services he would say if we were ashamed to confess Jesus on earth He would be ashamed to confess us before the angels in heaven. So young and timid as I was, the evil spirit would run through my mind and leave this impression "if you stand up, and say anything you will be laughed at." Bro. Harris would say "Time is precious, is'nt there some one else to speak a word for Jesus?" Something would swell up in my throat and almost choke me, yet I did not want Jesus to be ashamed of me, and up I would stand and say something for Him. Sometimes it would only be a few words. Once I remember I said, "I have started out to live a Christian and by the help of God I expect to hold out faithful." Oh, little did I then know of the trials and temptations that were in store for me, but thank God he has brought me safely through them all, and every trial has drawn me nearer to Him. Soon after my conversion I dreamed I went to heaven, and one room was filled with little children, and I was so anxious to go in and there was just one way to get in, a small entrance through the ceiling over head, so I flew straight through. Presently Jesus was standing in our midst. At first I felt embarrassed, but He turned and looked at me, and in a kind tone said "You can stay for you came through the straight way." And how happy I felt to hear Jesus say that. Cousin Eva,

do you know that dream has always been a bright spot in my memory. My father moved west, and met most all the young folks attend-d dances, and would beg me to go and dance, but I did not believe that would be a straight way to heaven, so I stayed away. About eight years ago I began to be hungry for more religion, I wanted more liberty to work for the Master. Rev. W. M. Adams was our pastor and showed me the way of full salvation. I entered in, and have been a great deal more useful since then. I can speak with perfect ease for Jesus at home or abroad. Satan has tried to rob me of this precious gift. Several times I lost the joy, but am happy on the way again. Children give your heart to Jesus while young.

Mrs. J. M. Fields

I wish that all parents who read this testimony could realize the great importance of having their children saved while young. How much sin and how many heartaches would be missed if the children would only get saved. Their young hearts are easily reached. Call on God mightily for your children. They will soon be out from under your influence, and how easy they harden in these times. Ask the Lord to give you wisdom to know how to live before them consistently, and then how to talk to them wisely about this, the most important matter in the world to them. When God once does His work in the heart of a child, there is always a restraining influence in their life. Oh, how many have been kept from the paths of sin by having been saved while young. And how many even after having gone into sin, have left that restraining influence and have been brought back to the right paths by the Spirit which has never left them. Just as our sister was kept from the dance and other things, just so God will keep your children if He once gets hold of them. Be faithful, friends, don't let any false modesty keep you from talking to your children about their souls. But above all pray to God for their salvation.

Broneo, Texas.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Mamma takes LIVING WATER, and reads the cousins' letters to me. I asked mamma to write for me. I am six years old. I live on the plains of New Mexico, just across the Texas line. My post office is in Texas. There are no trees out here nothing but prairie as far as the eye can reach, with wind mills every few miles, and a big tank of water to water the cattle and horses that feed on the range. Now and then one can see a cow man or cow boy riding looking after stock. There is no church nor Sunday-school nearer than fifty miles of us. We haven't heard a sermon for two years. Mamma tells me about Jesus, and how I love Him and expect to go to heaven when I die, for I have given myself to Him. I have been praying for Him to save my papa and uncles. I only have one brother, his name is Arthur he is three years old. My grandfather and grandmother live near us, and my little cousin Stella May lives with them. She is four years old. Stella May's mamma went to heaven two years ago, and so her papa and she live with grandpa and grandma Harris. But her little brother Robert Doyle Harris lives with their grandma Yopp. I had some more cousins living out here but they have moved back to Texas. Their names were Mattie and Vernon and Henry Harris. I hope I can soon write my own letters. With love to all,  
Carradine Fields.

My dear boy, I am so glad that the mother who was saved at the age of nine years is now telling her six year old boy of Jesus and teaching him to live to love and serve Him. Many people say children do not understand, and think they should wait about coming to Jesus. He didn't say this though, did He?