

Now, in response to repentance and faith, let the smile of a reconciled God be seen; let the voice of the witnessing Spirit be heard; let the Spirit of adoption be felt, and will there be no joy? Who that has ever had a deep religious experience can wonder when penitents at the altar suddenly break forth into laughter and shout and sing and even weep for joy? The transition is often so sudden from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son, that it is like passing from the pangs of hell to the joys of heaven. He who has not

"fire in your bones," that will burn out and reveal itself.

Reader, are you saying anything about what Jesus has done for you? "Let him that heareth say come." If you are not saying it, are you sure you have ever heard? If you have known His love and keep still about it, you do it at your peril. If you have always kept still about salvation or sanctification, as many advise, the probability is you have never had much to keep still about. A heart of gratitude to love, a desire to testify and a tongue to speak His praise who died to re-

veal itself. Lord's chariots of sanctification, you had no more crazy desire to met with a Christless gang and ride the Billy-goats of lodges amid the senseless guffaws of laughter of a silly throng. You found a richer delight in association with Christ and the Holy Spirit, the humble followers of the Nazarene who were full of the Holy Ghost. A being spoiled for the world is one of the things that accompany a real salvation; and if you are not so spoiled it is painfully probable that you haven't got it.

5. I mention one other thing that usually

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Walks and Talks with Chas. H. Spurgeon

BY WAYLAND HOYT.

It has been my good fortune to come into quite familiar intercourse with Mr. Spurgeon. Often he has treated me with singular kindness and consideration. I have been at his house, and he has been good enough now and then to detach himself for a day from his multitudinous and pressing duties, and allow me the privilege of spending such day with him.

Nothing can help life like life. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig tree looking on a fig tree becometh fruitful." Diogenes was right when he went about searching with a lighted candle for a true man. To get into contact with a great soul is to receive high treasure. There is so much suggestion in such contact, impulse, reinforcement for everything that is best in you and noblest. To display in some sort what Mr. Spurgeon taught me in these most precious opportunities of familiar speech with him is my object in this booklet.

I think the first thing which would strike one brought for a little into personal contact with Mr. Spurgeon would be the thorough and healthful religious sanity of the man. With Mr. Spurgeon religion was never anything in the least put on. It was always a steady and pervasive influence and color, flushing everything. I never met a man who was so absolutely free from cant. I never met a man whose tongue so thoroughly refused to run over the routine of usual religious phrases. In everything he said and in everything he did there was the completest naturalness.

I was walking with him in the woods one day just outside of London, and as we strolled under the shadow of the summer foliage we came upon a log lying athwart the path. "Come," said he, as naturally as one would say it were he hungry and bread were put before him, "Come, let us pray." And kneeling beside the log he lifted his soul to the Lord Jesus in the most loving, outpouring and yet reverent prayer. Then rising

from his knees as naturally, we went strolling on talking about this and that. The prayer was no parenthesis interjected. It was something that belonged as much to the habit of his mind as breathing did to the habit of his body.

So there was always with Mr. Spurgeon the most constant and loving recognition of God. More than to any man I ever met, God seemed to him palpable. One could not help



CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

feeling that what the Scripture says of Abraham could have been without the least straining said of Mr. Spurgeon—the friend of God. Every slightest thing he saw—the birds, the leaves scattering along the way, the glint of the sunlight between the shadows of the arching trees, the flower nestling amid the tree roots, the canopy of the sky above, the white encampment of the clouds—everything he had, his home, his friends, the blessings of his daily life, the chance for the telling of his Lord's gospel, were to him as real and

direct gifts of God as any gifts a human friend might have put within his hand. I do not mean that he was always talking in a specifically religious way or about specifically religious things. He was the openest man to all the variant influences streaming in on one I ever knew. I mean that somehow every least and lowliest thing got such religious tinge, that a day's speech with him made you feel as though you had been through all its hours in a kind of worship. The atmosphere he diffused was so strongly and yet so naturally a religious atmosphere that every nobler impulse in you was stirred to better life; every conception you had ever had of the nearness of God and of His love for you was cleared and greatedened.

Once when I was riding with him I happened to mention a rumor which had been running through the papers, that he prayed once for a ring and got it. I asked him if that was true. "Oh, no," he said. "Let me tell you the whole story." And I reproduce it here as accurately as I can remember it, to show the way in which everything in his view came to him from God's hand. Mrs. Spurgeon had been very sick, and for the benefit of the sea air he had taken her to Brighton. Leaving her on Thursday morning, when he must go to London to preach, as his wont was always, in the Tabernacle on the evening of that day, he asked her if he could not bring her something which would relieve a little the tedium of her sickness. At first nothing seemed to come to her. In sportive mood she at last said that she would like an opal ring and a piping goldfinch. Lovingly and yet laughingly he declared it was quite impossible for him to bring her such things as these. But when he had reached London and the noon mail came in, and he was opening it as he was sitting at his luncheon, in the mail there was a little box, and tearing it open he saw flashing up from it the sheen of an opal ring. Some friend had sent it with a most kindly note, asking Mrs. Spurgeon's acceptance of it, with the hope that its lustre might fling a little light

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...the wife of the gentleman said to him:

"Mr. Spurgeon, for some years I have made a pet of a piping goldfinch. The only person in the world to whom I would give it is yourself. But the bird makes too much noise for my husband in his weak state, and won't you accept it?"

Mr. Spurgeon said he preached that night in the Tabernacle with the ring in his pocket and the little bird sleeping with its head beneath its wing in a room of the Tabernacle; and the next morning Mrs. Spurgeon had her opal ring and her piping goldfinch. Through the weary hours of that long sickness both were a great delight to her. The bird would sit upon her finger and sing its heart out. When she recovered, the little creature finished its ministry and died.

It struck me as a most wonderful story, but afterward when I thought about it it did not seem so wonderful after all. I looked back along my own life and saw many a time when God had given me, and as unexpectedly, what was quite equivalent to an opal ring and a piping goldfinch. But the trouble with me had been that in their giving I had failed to recognize the hand of the heavenly Father. But Mr. Spurgeon was not so stupid. What came to him of brightness and of pleasure, came, to his thinking, straight from the hand of God. It might come through channels intermediate, but always to him God was the initial giver. And so always upon his lips sat praises even for what men would call slight mercies, and the brightness of them was steadily enhanced by his perpetual recognition of the kindness of his heavenly Father.

The telling to me of that story by Mr. Spurgeon was a great help to me. Since then I think I have been more cognizant of God in the blessings of daily life. Why should we not be? "He hath beset me behind and before," exclaims the Psalmist, and why should we think it wonderful that there should come from the besetting God many a love-token for His children? Many a time since, as I have read the Psalms, and found myself wrapped about by their steady atmosphere of spoken praises, I have thought of Mr. Spurgeon, who seemed to live perpetually in such an atmosphere, and been myself thankful for the beautiful contagion of his example.

Another thing most delightful about Mr. Spurgeon was his evident childlike faith. That God should do great things for him and through him, seemed to him to be as much

must supply with teaching, many of them with bread and clothing, since they were too poor to buy these for themselves. I said to him, in a kind of wonder, "How can you be so easy-minded? Do not these responsibilities come upon you sometimes with a kind of crushing weight?" He looked at me with a sort of holy amazement, and answered: "No; the Lord is a good banker; I trust Him. He has never failed me. Why should I be anxious?"

He once said to me, "The building of the Tabernacle taught me to swim." And then he went on to tell me how, when the enterprise was in progress, a point was reached when, because of some peculiarity in English laws of land tenure, it was necessary that the trustees of his society should assume personal obligations for a very large amount, and sign their names to certain papers bonding them. His people were poor, he said, especially in those earlier days, and they replied to him that it was impossible for them to put their names upon such a bond, for altogether they were not worth the amount needed. "That was true," said Mr. Spurgeon, "but I knew the Lord would help me."

About that time he was riding with a friend on the fringes of London, and a man, driving in a buggy, approached. When the two vehicles reached each other, this man stopped his buggy, and calling over to Mr. Spurgeon in the other carriage, said, "Are not you Mr. Spurgeon?" "Yes," was the reply. "Please ride with me in my buggy, and you will hear something to your advantage," said he to Mr. Spurgeon. Turning to his

...and will put into your hands twenty thousand pounds' worth of securities. I want you to take them to dispose of them as you need the money. Sign all papers, and have the enterprise go on. If hereafter you can pay me back the money, well and good; if not, I shall not trouble you." Next morning the man put these securities into Mr. Spurgeon's hands. There was no more difficulty about signing the papers. The Tabernacle went swiftly onward to completion, and subsequently the entire money was repaid to the person making such a strange proposition at this nick of time. Mr. Spurgeon pertinently asked, "How can I help believing in such a Lord?"

So, too, his steady expectancy of spiritual result from his preaching was evidence of his childlike faith. He never preached or printed a sermon that he did not expect great spiritual result from it. It was his surprise, not that the sermon should produce such result, but that it should not. I remember a characteristic incident of him. Some of his pupils who had graduated from his Pastors' College had returned with the story of their successes, and their failures, too. One young man who had been esteemed especially bright as a student came back sorrowfully to tell only of failure. As far as he could see, no result whatever had issued from his preaching. When he had finished his story, Mr. Spurgeon turned to him in his kindly way, saying, "But you did not expect any result, did you?" "No," answered the young man. "And that is precisely the reason why you have not found result. According to your faith it shall be unto you."

Things That Accompany Salvation

BY A. M. HILLS.

This is a most suggestive expression. It is found in Hebrews 6:9, when the inspired writer was pouring out his heart about the deep things of God. He had just urged believers to leave the first principles and "go on unto perfection." He then suggested but did not name the "things that accompany salvation." What are they? Guided by the Holy Word we can tread on firm ground while venturing to name some of them.

1. There is "the joy of the Lord." A season of deep conviction is an agonizing experience. Even a career of sin, however hilarious, is a dismal affair. There are dark hours

when there is a lull in the revel of passions, when the voice of mirth is hushed, when the sound of music is stilled. The sinful heart is thrown back upon itself and becomes awfully conscious of its own emptiness. A life of sin at once appears in its true light as a mockery and a delusion. If, just then, the convicting Spirit of God lays the additional pressure of His heavy hand upon the heart, the experience is awful indeed. The agony of despair sometimes seems to engulf the soul. David, describing such an hour of his life, said: "The pangs of hell gat hold upon

Now, in response to repentance and faith, let the smile of a reconciled God be seen; let the voice of the witnessing Spirit be heard; let the Spirit of adoption be felt, and will there be no joy? Who that has ever had a deep religious experience can wonder when penitents at the altar suddenly break forth into laughter and shout and sing and even weep for joy? The transition is often so sudden from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son, that it is like passing from the pangs of hell to the joys of heaven. He who has not known something of this "joy of the Lord" has probably never been regenerated, and become a subject of grace and an heir of heaven.

2. Another thing that accompanies salvation is a blessed sense of victory and soul deliverance. There are no captives in God's train. There are no bonds but the constraint of love. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah breaks every chain. The shackles and clanking chains and bonds and prisons are all in the kingdom of Satan, in the habitations of cruelty and in the region of the shadow of death. The first sermon Jesus ever preached had for its text: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me for he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

O, the broken-hearted, the bound captives, the bruised victims of appetite and passion in the ranks of sin! How they tug and strain to break the chains that bind them! How Satan mocks at the agony of their despair! But Jesus comes with pardoning grace and cleansing power. He meets the John B. Goughs, the Hadleys, the Jerry McAulays, the Murrays, the Nellie Conroys, the Orphas, and millions more as vile as they, who were being dragged in chains and hopeless misery to eternal death! He hears their cry for help. He smiles away their sins. He cleanses away the defilement of their hearts. He takes away their bonds. They awake from the horrid nightmare of sin to find themselves running up the heights of holiness with swift feet and light hearts and everlasting joy upon their heads. Can a person have such an experience and not know it? Ask the broken-hearted whom Jesus has redeemed, the sin-sick whom He has healed. They will all say with glad acclaim: "O these were the things that accompanied our salvation."

3. Another thing that invariably comes is a voice for God. When the disciples were straightly charged by the Jews not to speak any more in the name of Jesus, they quickly answered: "We can but speak the things that we have seen and heard." "And they went everywhere preaching the word."

O, if you have seen the pardoning smile of God and heard the voice witnessing, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," and felt the cleansing, healing touch of His sanctifying power in your inmost soul, "you can but speak." You will not keep still. There will be a pent-up

"fire in your bones," that will burn out and reveal itself.

Reader, are you saying anything about what Jesus has done for you? "Let him that heareth say come." If you are not saying it, are you sure you have ever heard? If you have known His love and keep still about it, you do it at your peril. If you have always kept still about salvation or sanctification, as many advise, the probability is you have never had much to keep still about. A heart of gratitude to love, a desire to testify and a tongue to speak His praise who died to redeem you—these are among the things that accompany salvation.

4. Another thing that goes with the experience of salvation is a weanedness from the world. An "Israelite indeed" who has his eye on the pillar of cloud and fire and his soul intent on reaching the promised land will not be continually hungering for the leeks and garlicks of Egypt.

Still more certainly, that same Israelite, when eating the "old corn of the land of Canaan," and drinking of the wells and springs, and feasting upon the milk and honey and pomegranates and figs and Eschol clusters of the land, ought not to be, and will not be, longing for the desert, with its dusty marches, its flying serpents, and its bitter waters of Marah.

Yes, there is such a thing as being weaned from this crazy, sinful old world. You left some things behind in the land of Egypt, and the rest in the wilderness. You bade good-bye to the filth and shame of tobacco and whiskey and all kindred forms of intemperance. You threw aside forever the cards and the dance and the theater, when once the hungry heart drew water from the "wells of full salvation." When once you "mounted up, with wings as eagles" and rode in the

Lord's chariots of sanctification, you had no more crazy desire to meet with a Christless gang and ride the Billy-goats of lodges amid the senseless guffaws of laughter of a silly throng. You found a richer delight in association with Christ and the Holy Spirit, the humble followers of the Nazarene who were full of the Holy Ghost. A being spoiled for the world is one of the things that accompany a real salvation; and if you are not so spoiled it is painfully probable that you haven't got it.

5. I mention one other thing that usually accompanies a good case of salvation, viz: the opposition of dead professors and the persecution of the world. God's Book says: "They that will live godly shall suffer persecution." Jesus declared that for all losses His disciples should endure for His sake, they should receive an hundredfold, but "with persecution." The truth is, "this vile world is no friend of grace," and the devil will never let people be holy in peace. Those about whom nobody ever speaks disparagingly, who are living in unruffled peace with all mankind—those are not the heroes who are moving the world and bringing things to pass in the kingdom of God.

Real holiness exasperates the devil and all his allies. It invariably arouses the carnal and worldly-wise and worldly-minded preachers and dead professors to shoot at its possessors with jibes and sneers, the arrows of sarcasm and bitterness, and to stab with the sword of ostracism and hate.

But Jesus says that is the time for His disciples "to rejoice and be exceeding glad and leap for joy, for great is their reward in heaven."

Reader, have you ever experienced these things that accompany salvation?

Prophetic Signs of our Lord's Near Coming

BY W. B. GODBEY

Signs Among the Jews.—Fifteen years ago only ten thousand Jews were in all Palestine. When I was there five years ago there were a hundred thousand. When I was there a year ago there were two hundred thousand, their number having doubled in four and a half years, despite the greatest possible efforts of the Turkish government to keep them away, as ever since 1874 they have had laws forbidding Jews to citizenize in the Holy Land, only permitting them to come and go as pilgrims. Yet, despite this rigid and tyrannical restriction, you see how rapidly they're coming, and all maneuver some way to stay, mainly by bribing the Turkish Officers. Eleven great colonization societies are constantly operating to bring the Jews back to their own country, from which they have been driven all these ages by usurers and robbers. So fast as they colonize that country they are turning it into the land "abounding in corn and wine and flowing with milk and honey." Jewish capital and enterprise are now rapidly dissipating the

desolation which has been on the land since the Jewish tribulation, and causing it everywhere to leap into life and flourish as in the days of the prophets. Besides, the Jews, not only in the Holy Land, but in all nations, and especially in Russia, where half of their universal population dwell, are becoming amazingly accessible to the gospel. This wonderful gathering of the Jews and the turning of the hearts of God's ancient people not only to the Holy Land, but to their own prophetic Priest and King, is significantly ominous of the Lord's near coming, as these are prophetic signs of the end, so positively specified in both Testaments.

Under the leadership of Nehemiah only fifty thousand Jews returned. When we consider the fact that four times that number are already in the Holy Land, we see that the gathering of the Jews is already an accomplished fact, and a most conspicuous omen of the Lord's return. When I attended the Wailing of the Jews, and saw them on their knees with their open Bibles reading the

promises of God to gather them back and give them the Holy Land again, and saw them kissing the stones which Solomon put in the temple, though prohibited by penalty of death from coming inside those thirty-five acres of Holy Ground surrounding the temple on Mount Moriah, and heard their bitter wailing, I felt that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was hearing the cries of their wandering children, and gathering them from the ends of the earth, to hail their own King Jesus, riding down on the throne of David.

Signs in the Holy Land.—As the Lord permitted me to make two visits to that country, four and a half years apart, I was enabled by way of contrast to see the wonderfully rapid and copious prophetic fulfillments throughout the land. Of course, the rapid return of the Jews, the number having doubled in that short period, is strikingly ominous that the end is nigh. It is a significantly observable fact, well attested, that God is bringing back "the former and the latter rains" in the ancient order. "Immediately after the desolation of those days the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars will fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens will be shaken" (Matt. 24:29). As the Roman policy was always rule or ruin, pursuant to the prophecy of Jesus the armies came, A. D. 66, and spent seven years in an effort to subjugate the insurgent Jews, winding up with their extermination and the desolation of the land. Then the wild children of Ishmael and Esau—who, like their cogeners, the American Indian, are not the people to improve a country—poured in and took possession, and are this day the natives of the land. Now, under the rapid Jewish immigration and colonization, the desolation of eighteen hundred years is rapidly disappearing. The above prophecy says that the rulers of the world will be shaken down, the kings, queens, and governors, the sun, moon and stars symbolizing them, going into eclipse, and the splendor of the Sun of Righteousness, immediately after the evanescence of the desolation, which is now a universal matter of fact. "Then will appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then will all the tribes of the earth mourn, and will see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, and He will send forth His angels with the great sound of a trumpet; and they will gather His elect from the four winds, from the extremities of the heavens unto the extremities of the same" (Matt. 24:30-31). "These things beginning to take place, straighten up and lift up your heads, because your redemption is nigh" (Luke 21:28).

The plain, unmistakable prophecies of our Savior delivered to His disciples on Mount Olivet two days before His crucifixion, certify that He will come back "immediately after the desolation of the land." His approach anticipated by the sign of His coming, which will evidently be the gorgeous splendor shining out from His glorified person, perhaps a million miles before Him, and wrapping the whole earth in an effulgence so luminous as to eclipse the sun, moon and stars. As you

see, this wonderful supernatural sign will be followed by His glorious person, who "all the tribes of the earth" will see, and break forth into bitter "wailing." Then in verse 31 you will see the rapture of the saints most unmistakable, when He will send forth His angels with the resurrection trumpet to gather all the saints, living and dead, and to meet Him in the air. As you see in the above quotation, Luke exhorts the widowed Church, who has been bowed down ever since her divine husband flew up from Mount Olivet, and awfully persecuted by the devil, to "straighten up and lift up our heads, because our redemption is nigh." This redemption is none other than our transfiguration, when all the members of the bridehood will be gathered by the angels to meet the Lord in the air. If all the people only knew these thrilling facts of prophetic fulfillment, what a time of washing and dressing would take place through Christendom, all getting robed and ready to meet the Lord! Will you not go and tell them? * * *

Signs in the Great Apostasy.—"Let no one deceive you in any way, because unless there may first come an apostasy, and the man of lawlessness be revealed, the son of destruction" (2 Thess. 2:3). Of course this apostasy has a signal fulfillment in the great apostasy which followed the Constantinian age. But like so many prophecies having preliminary fulfillments, we certainly now recognize its great universal, and doubtless culmination, verification in all the great Protestant churches of Christendom, on all sides confronting us with the sad Laodicean degeneracy, when God says "He will spew them out of his mouth." This fatal and universal collapse has actually taken place within my personal observation, so that I am a sad witness to the awful calamity. Fifty years ago all of the great Protestant churches were preaching Holy Ghost religion, getting down at the altar, praying for sinners, getting them converted, and shouting uproariously with new-born souls. Now they are deep down in worldliness; the Spirit grieved away, inundated with follies, and not strangers to vices; full of their own institutions, thus vainly substituting for the absent Holy Ghost the work of their own hands running into practical idolatry, so cold and dead that they would make you backslide, unless you are moving in a cyclone fire, and thus more than a match for the incoming floods of fashion, folly, gayety, vanity, dead formality, and hollow hypocrisy. John Wesley, John Knox and John Bunyan were full of faith and the Holy Ghost, living like angels on the earth. Oh, how wonderfully little resemblance do we now find among Methodist, Presbyterians and Baptists, to their heaven-sent progenitors!

True religion is the work of the Holy Ghost only. False religion is the work of man. Within my recollection the great Protestant churches, in the track of Romanists, Mohammedans and heathens, have exchanged the mighty soul-saving work of the Holy Ghost for human institutions, which they are still rapidly multiplying and augmenting, thus getting farther and farther from New Testament simplicity, depending on socialism for

entertainment instead of seeking the delectable communion of God.

Signs in Devil-Worship and Infidelity.—The antediluvians, living in the dispensation of the Father, rejected Him, and were destroyed by the flood. The Jews rejected the Son, and perished in the seven years' tribulation, were exterminated and led captive by the Roman armies. In a similar manner the Gentiles are now everywhere rejecting the Holy Spirit, the Church is going into devil worship, worldliness and infidelity.

I dictate these pages in California, where nearly every man I meet is an infidel. I find a similar state of things in the great Atlantic cities, and still worse in Europe. While it is a significant fact that as the heathen natives of Asia and Africa give up their idols, they are plunging into infidelity by millions; actually led off by infidel apostles from America and Europe, zealously preaching among them the doctrines of Paine and Ingersoll. You remember our Savior's exposition of the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, Matt. 12, where He identifies it with the blasphemous imputation of His mighty works to Beelzebub, by the high priest, leading clergy and ruling elders of the Jewish Church, who said, "He hath a devil," and claimed that He wrought His miracles in that way.

When the high priest signed the death warrant of Jesus he believed he was doing the will of God, whereas he did it in direct obedience to the mandate of Satan. That is the reason why they had passed the dead-line and could not be saved, because they had become so completely transformed by the devil that they worshipped him for God, believing him to be God, and so blinded by him that they could see nothing in the Holy Jesus but the devil. When preachers and professors get in that condition they are utterly hopeless, as they will impute to the devil all the efforts which holy people can possibly make to save them. The present age is thus fast ripening for destruction; the church people drifting into devil-worship, and the worldly multitudes into infidelity, both of which classes alike rush heedlessly over the dead-line into irretrievable doom. * * *

"None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." How significantly is this prophecy being fulfilled! Unless people actually receive the wisdom which comes down from God out of heaven, you cannot beat into them these thrilling truths in reference to the Lord's near coming. We just have to let them alone, and pray for them, till they receive wisdom from God, which is freely given to all who will take it. But rest assured, God's holy people this day in every land are crying out: "Behold! He cometh!" Be sure you are ready to go out and meet Him with a shout.—*Extracts from "Jesus is Coming."*

There is a strong wind blowing along all the highway of human life. That which is well-rooted and well-grown stands up. The weak and the false-hearted are exposed by their downfall. Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall.—*Christian Register.*

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

THE ONLY WAY.

A gentleman full of deistical principles said to Mr. William Greenfield: "Can you give me the reason why Jesus Christ is called the Word? What is meant by the Word? It is a curious term." Mr. Greenfield, unconscious of the motive and sceptical principles of the inquirer, replied with mild simplicity and forcefulness: "I suppose, as words are the medium of communication between us, the term is used in the sacred Scriptures to demonstrate that He is the only medium between God and man; I know no other reason." The deist could make no reply.—*Sel.*

CHURCH KICKERS.

The quarreling, kicking, complaining church member is well described in the following fable. The clapper of an old cracked bell was bemoaning its fate because it had been fastened in such a bell. The gentle zephyr offered a mild rebuke by saying: "I have four serious objections to your complaints. First, you cracked the bell yourself. Second, no one would have known it if you had not told it. Third, the bell is made of better material than yourself. Fourth, you yourself could have no earthly value without the bell." Many a Christian church member raises a fuss in a church, brings on discord, and then complains of the church because of the lack of harmony, and tells of the discord to all he meets.—*Sel.*

CHRISTIAN MANLINESS TESTED.

James Russell Lowell once received a thorough drenching at the hands of an eight-year-old boy, the son of a Harvard professor, who turned the hose on him as he was passing the paternal home, and held it on him to his own satisfaction. The mortified father, as soon as he could arrest the urchin, started in with "How could you do such a thing as that? What reason in the world have you for acting in such a manner?" "Why, father," was the answer, "I had a very good reason. I wanted to see how a real poet would act under such circumstances." The eyes of children, and of older persons, too, are turned, every day, on Christians, to see how they will act in circumstances of trial and provocation. Happy is he who can conduct himself in such a way as to recommend the religion of Jesus Christ.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

PUTTING CHRIST AHEAD OF EARTHLY HONORS.

"By faith, Moses, when he was grown, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." Baron von Welz was so mastered by the missionary idea that, after pleading pathetically, but in vain, with the state church to give the Gospel to the heathen, he renounced his title and his estates, and gave himself, going at his own charges to Dutch

Guiana, where he soon filled a missionary's grave. He vindicated his renunciation of his title thus: "What to me is the title 'well-born,' when I am born again in Christ? What to me to be called 'your grace,' when I have need of God's grace, help, and succor? What to me is the title 'lord,' when I desire to be a servant of Christ? All these vanities I will away with, and everything besides I will lay at the feet of Jesus, my dearest Lord, that I may have no hindrance in serving Him aright."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

YOUTH'S PROPHECY.

The early experiences of life are often prophetic of the character of one's future career. Moses again and again exhibited the noble traits which ripened into the genius of the deliverer. Abraham Lincoln's early life was prophetic of his grand mission. He sees a little bird fallen from its nest; he stops his horse, dismounts, and places the little thing back in the nest. He sees a hog drowning in the mire, its foot having been caught in a root; he plunges in and frees the hog's foot and saves its life. He sees a drunkard in the gutter, jeered at and pelted by the loafers standing by; he picks the fellow up and with his wonderful strength throws him on his shoulder and carries him to his home. A widow's son is accused of crime; there is no money for his defense; Lincoln volunteers to defend the boy, wins the case, and will not take a bent of pay. This is the spirit of the man whom God was raising up to do a great work for Him. God waits a long while for the right man to come, but when that right man comes He lays His hand on him suddenly, and then great abuses are corrected quickly.—*Sel.*

"GOD HELPED ME ALONG."

At one of the Bible classes held for women at a mission station in Korea, a bright, clean, earnest woman with a baby on her back, walked from her home to the meeting, a distance of one hundred miles. When she told of her journey and saw the astonishment in the face of the missionary, the devoted woman said: "It was not difficult; God helped me along." This simple and sincere expression of one recently brought from heathen darkness to Gospel light has in it a great lesson for the Christian worker. Any hard service becomes exceedingly difficult when we attempt it in our own strength. How bright are the days and how cheering the reward when we can say of the most difficult undertakings that God helps us. Happy is the Christian worker, especially the missionary in the foreign field, whose burdens of service are always heavy, who has complied with the command of the Psalmist to cast his burdens on the Lord. The promise which follows this command, assuring us that he will sustain us, enables us to overcome difficulties with a

courageous spirit and to bear our burdens with a light heart. Happy is the Christian, at home or abroad, who can say, "It was not difficult; God helped me along."—*The Missionary.*

TAKES TWO TO MAKE TEMPTATION.

A lad of seventeen was telling an older friend, recently, of an experience he had that day. As the apprentice of a carpenter, he had been sent to a saloon to take the measures for a new counter. It was very cold weather, and he arrived with his teeth fairly chattering in his head, for his coat was thin. The saloon-keeper immediately mixed a hot drink, and pushed it over the counter to him. "It will cost you nothing," he said. "Drink it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my boy."

"He meant it kindly, too, and didn't think any harm," said the apprentice, as he told the story. "That's what made it harder to push it back—and I didn't want it."

"It must have been a big temptation," said his friend. "That saloon-keeper might have started you on the road to ruin."

"Well," replied the lad, "it takes two to make a temptation. There is no saloon-keeper and no cold weather can make me drink when I don't want to. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one that I'm ready for before it comes, by hankering after it. I don't take much credit to myself for refusing that drink, and, if I had taken it, why, I wouldn't have put all the blame on the saloon-keeper, as some folks do. It takes two, every time, to make a successful temptation."—*Sunday School Times.*

WHY SUSIE WAITED.

"Let's say our prayers out loud, Susie," said Mabel, as the two little sisters were getting ready for bed one night. "All right," answered Susie. So the two said their "Now I lay me," and their "God bless mama and papa," together. Then Mabel jumped right up on her bare feet, but Susie still knelt a little while by the white bed. "What are you waiting for, sister?" asked Mabel. "Why, I was listening for God to answer," said sister; don't you 'member Miss Josepha said we mustn't hurry over our prayers? She said that was like the little boy that knocked at her door once, and ran away before she could open it. So now I always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me." "Did He say anything to you tonight, sister?" asked Mabel, looking startled. Susie nodded. "O sister! What?" Susie didn't answer just at first, because it is not easy to talk about what that little inside voice says. But in a few minutes she said, in a low tone, "You know we said, 'God bless all my friends,' and right away I thought of Sadies Burwel, 'cause we had a fuss today; and while I waited, God said, 'Tell her you are sorry.'" "Will you tell her, Susie?" persisted the eager little questioner. "Yes, of course, I must tell her." Mabel crept into bed quietly, saying to herself that she would wait for God's answer, too, and wondering if He would tell her to confess about breaking mama's cut-glass flower vase!—*Junior Herald.*

COPACABANA

BY LULA FERGUSON.

I want to send you an account of an image that thousands of these people go to pray to in the month of August, which is the month of camp-meetings in the United States, in the South, especially, while only a few thousand miles south of them are these poor, de-luded people praying to these images of stone. May God move on the sanctified people of the South to come to the rescue of this people. We, in this republic, remind one of a man in the ocean, beating against the waves. I am sure if the sanctified people of the South are ever felt for God in other lands, there must be a deeper consecration, a willingness to sacrifice and deny themselves. It seems my heart will break for this people, and yet it appears that we are hardly more than a fly. It seems to me that I never so realized the insufficiency of man and that the work must be God's through human channels.

Lake Titicaca is perhaps fifty miles from La Paz. There is a cape extending out into this lake, on the southern coast. On this cape is an image made by an Indian at a place called Copacabana. Thousands of people go to Copacabana every year, in the month of August, and remain a week or ten days, praying to this image. There is a book here in La Paz recounting the miracles which it is claimed that this image has performed, but we have not yet been enabled to secure a copy. The following facts we gleaned from a book written by a man who once visited the place during the popular season.

There is a large park with some ordinary houses, and a holywater basin has been begun, but never completed. The streets are full of peddlers, line upon line of Indians with their wares to sell, and here and there disorderly groups of drunken dancers. The church is of modern construction. At the side of the entrance are three large stone crosses, the pedestals being considerably worn away by the penitent Indians, who walk for hours and hours on their knees around them.

The altar and throne of the virgin front the lake from the back part of the church. The image is mounted upon a wheel, so that it can be turned from one side to the other. A large window is in front of the wheel, through which the different reflections of the

sun upon the lake pass and give different colors to the face of the "venerable virgin." Multitudes go to the church, kneel, place their eyes on the virgin, sing and cry, mingling hymns with drunken songs. Some cry in Latin, others in Aymara, Quichua and Spanish. In front of this almost divine image I saw the surging crowds, the mass profaned, where the priests of a superstitious religion, in their greed for money, sing mass with the same indifference that a shoemaker drives the tacks in the sole of the shoe. They have seen this ignorant multitude so many times that they smile disdainfully. The poor Indian, with his hand full of silver and tears of sorrow in his eyes, prostrates himself be-



COPACABANA TEMPLE.

fore the "immortal mother of love and mercy." He believes that one look from the virgin will calm all his fears, relieve all his pains, and comfort all his sorrows.

These downtrodden and miserable people run to the virgin as their last refuge from the eternal wrong and injustice which follow them. The cry of pain rises constantly from that poor race, tortured by the so-called civilized. While he weeps before his idol, the hand of the priest who sings mass slips into his pocket and lessens the little money he has with which to buy bread for his family. How great the sorrow of those poor people. They kneel with their hands on the cross, weeping, and a look of adoration fixed on the immovable face of the virgin. Those trembling lips pray the secret prayer! Who heard it? This image of stone made by Indian artist!

Great and small, poor and rich, of all conditions, and from different races, shipwrecked on all seas, they go to this shrine seeking

rest, imploring for comfort and help against the disgraces of life.

It seems to me more like a market than a church—a market where a little comfort or hope is bought with tears and money, a market where a high price is paid by the worshipper for the right to love and pray to the virgin in whom he believes.

They charge for each mass Bs. 6.40. It is very seldom one leaves without having mass said. For each song 60 cents is charged. When there are 10,000 visitors and each has two songs, it gives the sum of Bs. 12,000 Bolivians. For masses, songs, candles, gifts, they will give a sum total of 70,000 Bolivians, and all this in less than a month. Besides this, every year the virgin is decorated with jewels and precious stones by those who come to worship her. Nobody is supposed to know what becomes of these decorations.

Dear friends, this is only a little about this poor people. Truly it can be said of them, they know not God. "This people dwelleth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. 15:8-9).

WE NEED JESUS.

Whenever Jesus comes, somebody knows and wants to be where He is; for the great, throbbing, weary, weeping, sad, broken heart of the world needs Jesus.

Sin builds your hospitals, and sin builds the cities of the dead; sin is the undertaker at every funeral, and sin is the spade that digs the grave; and if sin could climb in the steps and get through the gates of life and take up its abode on God's fair fields of light, they would have to build a graveyard in glory.

We will have to fight the devil with the cradle, and get ten minutes ahead of him by bringing the children to Jesus in their early days.

Some of us have been trying to feed our souls with petyism, confectionery, posies, poetry, pretty little things, pink pills for pale people.

There is no such thing as changing the eternal laws of saving grace.

You may have the streets of gold and the walls of jasper, but that would not be heaven for me if I hadn't Christ and those I loved.

You have not a thought for Jesus. You have room for a dog, and you will nurse that; but you have no room for Jesus.—Gipsy Smith.

True Prayer

True prayer is the breathing of the child to the Father which begeth it, from the sense of its wants, for the supply of those wants. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof; but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John 3:8). God, by the breath of His Spirit, begets a man out of the spirit and likeness of this world, into His own image and likeness. He that is thus begotten, wants nourishment, wants divine warmth, the breasts of consolation, the clothing of the Spirit, the garment of salvation; wants the bread of life to feed on; wants the water of life to drink; wants strength against the enemy's assaults, wisdom against his snares and temptations; wants the arm of the Deliverer to preserve and carry on the work of redemption daily; wants faith to deny the fleshly wisdom, that so he may trust and feel the virtue of the arm of the Deliverer; wants hope, patience, meekness, a clear guidance, an upright heart to follow after the Lord; yea, very many are the daily wants of that which is begotten by the breath of God, in its state of weakness, until it be drawn up into the unity of the body, where the full communion with the life is felt, the heart satisfied, and the wants drowned.

Now the breathing of this child to the Father from the sense of these wants for his supply, that is, prayer; nay, though it be but a groan, or sigh, which cannot be uttered, or expressed; yet that is prayer, true prayer, which hath an acceptance with the Lord, and receiveth a gracious answer from him. In watching daily to the Spirit, the child is kept sensible of the will of the Father, and in his light he sees the way wherein he is to walk; he sees also the enemy when he is coming, yea, and the snares he is privily laying, and he feels his own weakness to withstand or escape; and in this sense his heart cries to the Father of spirits for preservation. And thus watching to the Spirit, the life of a Christian is a continual course of prayer; he prays continually.

Now as the Father teacheth to pray, so He giveth desires or words, if He please, according to the present need. Sometimes He gives but ability to sigh or groan; if He gives no more, he accepts that. Sometimes He gives strong breathings and plenty of words to pour out the soul in before the Lord. But if a man should catch those words, and lay them up against another time, and offer them up to God in his own will, this would be but will-worship and abomination. This I have known experimentally, and have felt the wrath of God for it. That is prayer, which comes fresh from the Spirit; and that is a true desire which the Spirit begets; but the affections and sparks of man's kindling please not the Lord, nor do they conduce to the soul's rest, but will end in the bed of sorrow. Now, if the prayer be in words—for there is a praying without words—then it

must be in those words which He pleaseth to give, from the sense which He kindleth, and not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, or would choose to use. And indeed in the true religion, and in every exercise of it, man's wisdom is kept out, and nailed to the cross; by which means, the immortal life is raised, and grows in the true disciple.

So mark: prayer is wholly out of the will of the creature, wholly out of the time of the creature, wholly out of the power of the creature; in the Spirit of the Father, who is the fountain of life, and giveth forth breathings of life to His child at His pleasure.—*I. Penington.*

BABIES IN CHURCH.

Take the baby to church, by all means. God said "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." But when you get it there don't let the baby take the church. There is no wonder that some young folks misbehave in church, for they were never taught to respect it. Baby was taken when little and turned loose to do as he pleased, while the parents settled back and enjoyed themselves. When very little, he might cry or screech, and mother sat calmly quiet to the discomfort of the preacher and all around.

When a little older and "so cute," he was the center of attraction. Not only to the proud and doting parents, but to all who sat close enough to nod and wink at him, or to give him anything they happened to have at hand to amuse him and make him do "such cunning things," until often the poor preacher has felt that he might as well quit, as the baby had all the attention of the congregation. Later, he got so he was "not afraid of anybody," and would swagger up and down the aisles, walk the seekers' bench and do many other "amusing" things, even hanging on the preacher's legs while he tried to expound the Eternal Word of God to his amused congregation.

Babies soon learn to look out for applause and feel slighted if they do not have the attention of the congregation. It is so hard to mark the boundary line of babyhood, that, to fond parents, some big children, eight or ten years old, are still so small they are allowed to continue their "pretty baby ways," running about, whispering, laughing and the like, to the disgust of sensible people.

Take the baby to church, and begin when a few weeks old, but make him be reasonably quiet. Sit back of the congregation so as to attract little attention if the baby fusses; and if it cries and you cannot quiet it in a few minutes, go outside and attend to its needs and not spoil the meeting for others also. Insist on other people letting him alone while meetings are in progress. Pay just as little attention to him as you can and keep him quiet. Let him stand up and rest his weary, restless, little legs, but do not let him run about the church. When, big enough to walk about, if he cries because he cannot run about, take him out of doors and get a little stick and make it so interesting for him that he will like a quiet place inside better than the outside; don't be cruel

and overdo the matter, as some do.

Bring some quiet thing to amuse him, as time is too long for one who cannot understand; some special church plaything not used at other times, some noiseless toy. When a little older, some suitable picture-book, or pencil and paper. Don't talk to him more than absolutely necessary. One parent we know, used to train his children, while at home, to sit an hour at a time with some little playthings, and so become accustomed to amusing themselves and controlling themselves. Well, Amen. Training children is a serious matter.—*Selected.*

Silver Filings

"Eat to live" but do not 'live to eat.'"

"The first step to sin is in the looking."

"Love will stammer rather than be dumb."

"They who fondle the serpent shall feel its fangs."

"Visions are to be embodied in character and life."

"To be only partially prepared is to fail in the end."

"It is often easy to say 'Is it you,' instead of 'Is it I?'"

"Stern measures in the beginnings of evil are kind."

"The Shechinah glory is always revealed in a cloud."

"Even a hitching post, before it can be tied to, must stand."

"The measure of our forgiveness is the measure of our grace."

"Of all the religions, only the missionary religion is living."

"We are weak only in the ratio of what we reserve from God."

"John the Baptist is the clasp that unites the two Testaments."

"Every one who has a testimony for Christ will be questioned."

"Mountain-top experiences are meant to fit us for humble service."

"Every willing sinner is a Samson in the hands of the Philistines."

"An unmerciful spirit congeals the grace of God in the heart."

"There is more hope for the hardened sinner than for the lapsed saint."

"Christ is ever among us, but only those know Him who believe in Him."

"Jesus hides himself from the bigoted-blind Jews, but reveals himself to the born-blind beggar."

When God comes to read the meter, we may wish we had worked more and talked less.—*Garnet Journal.*

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EDITORIAL

TAKE AWAY PAIN.

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:

"Lord, take away pain—

The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast made,

The close-collaring chain

That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs

On the wings that would soar—

Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,

That it love thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world:

"Shall I take away pain,

And with it the power of the soul to endure,

Made strong by the strain?

Shall I take away pity, that knits heart to heart,

And sacrifice high?

Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire

White brows to the sky?

Shall I take away love, that redeems with a price

And smiles at its loss?

Can ye spare from your lives, that would climb unto

Mine,

The Christ on His cross?"

—Selected.

A DEAD CONSCIENCE.

We recently passed through a struggle where right was lined up against wrong, and among the startling things connected with that contest was the deadness of conscience seen in so many. We believe that much of the blame for this lies at the door of the ministry. There has not been enough bite to preaching—not enough of Sinai's thunder, the sword has not been driven to the hilt, too much prophesying smooth things, too much lifeless preaching, until the conscience of the people became seared as with a hot iron.

The truth of God, declared boldly in the power of the Holy Spirit, will break up the depths of the human heart, resulting in a cleansing from inner defilement and that illumination of the heart and mind to such a remarkable degree that those who were once in darkness now walk in light. Old things pass away and all things become new.

Nations have perished by inner decay. While Rome was true to her lofty ideals, there were none who could stand before her victorious legions, but when she became enervated by luxurious and licentious habits, she became an easy prey for her enemies. The security of a nation rests upon the sobriety, intelligence and virtue of its citizen-

ship, and this can only be obtained and retained by possessing the truth, for it is the truth that makes us free. Low ideals, sordid views, base principles, eventuate in wrecked lives, and so enervate a people that they ultimately lose their prestige as a nation and pass under the sway of a more virile people. Sabbath-breaking, suicide, divorce, defaulting, lying, adultery, murder—all these vices are increasing. This is only possible when there is a decay in conscience, for an aroused and quickened individual thrusts these things off as a vigorous tree sheds its old leaves. Self-indulgence always enervates; self-sacrifice ennobles. The practice of righteous habits eventuates in a strong character.

Chief among the agencies for the arousing, purifying and training of the conscience stands the Church of God. When she is faithful to the trust committed, there will be fear on the wicked, mingled with deep contrition of spirit, profound heart-searching and a thorough purging of the conscience. First, the ministry must be awakened. The lips must be touched again with the live coal from off the altar. The Lord must again fill His temple. Then the message will startle, awaken and produce such repentance that people will cast off the unprofitable works of darkness and walk as children of the light. The preachers must be so filled with the Spirit that their utterances will be like thunderbolts hurled from the skies. John the Baptist stirred even Herod's palace by his denunciations of sin, and it is said that the Queen of Scotland feared John Knox's prayers more than she did 100,000 troops. The Lord will put fear upon those who sit under a faithful ministry. It is high time that we who bear the vessels of the Lord tarry until we get a vision of the world's need, "for where there is no vision the people perish."

The conscience of this age needs a thorough quickening. It is the duty of every messenger to cry aloud and spare not until there comes such an awakening as to make it impossible for good people to line up with the bad. Conscience-training, let it be done all over the country; turn on the light and darkness will flee away.

A NECESSITY.

Herbert Spencer said that he "had come to regard religious creeds with a sympathy based on community of need." He evidently saw that they grew out of the limitations of humanity.

A variety of creeds is an evidence of incompleteness. They demonstrate our limitations to a marked degree. They are the result of an imperfect state, and while all right-thinking people deplore these differences of opinion among good people, they also recognize the fact that while the evil may be largely minimized, yet as long as man is in his present condition, they will exist. Mr. Spencer says they grow out of a community of need; that is, a man's notion of the truth is in harmony with his mental, moral and spiritual make-up. There is no use in trying to force a system of truth on any one. Every sect has been an effort on the part of some one to give the world a better statement of truth. That

men have signally failed is self-evident, but this does not alter the facts in the case. The religious movements which have coursed their way through the Church in all ages have been, in the main, sincere efforts on the part of earnest souls to give to their fellows a larger vision of truth. As a rule, those who have succeeded in arresting attention and establishing themselves as a permanency have each emphasized some truth that otherwise would have been at least neglected. Viewed in this light, denominationalism has not been an unmixed evil, but rather a necessity resulting from our mental and moral limitations. By this we do not mean to say that so many schisms could not have been avoided. On the other hand, we believe that in the main they could have been, but we are speaking now of man just as we find him. No doubt carnality exhibited itself in a partisan spirit, as in the case of the church at Corinth, and self, misbehaving itself, has had much to do with the sectism of the Church. All devout people deplore this. We rejoice in every successful effort to eliminate sectism and bring the people of God into a more unified state. A deeper consecration, and a larger vision of the truth, lead to a greater unity among the saints.

We would not range ourselves under the banner of those who, with as much narrowness as others, attempt to establish a household of faith into which they think all others should come. We do not believe that the unity of Christianity will ever be accomplished in that way. Seeking to destroy each other sect by absorbing them in one just as sectism is impracticable. Sectism can only be banished by the absorption of larger truths.

Ever and anon somebody rises up and arrogates to himself the call to found another sect for the purpose of absorbing all others. This is very much like a gnat trying to swallow an ocean. There is a lack of capacity. All sectism, as we have already stated, is based upon some mental or moral bias, more or less defective, and hence any movement that would absorb all these would have to embrace completeness of mind and perfection of spirit.

In the meanwhile, let us do what we can in our respective spheres to banish sectism from our own hearts first, and then to discourage it in all others, and let us give hearty encouragement to every union of God's people that can be brought about without any sacrifice of truth.

Furthermore, let us bear in mind that there is no use knocking human props of sectism out from under people who see nothing better. It is the truth that makes us free, and in proportion as the truth, in its manifoldness, is revealed to us, will we enter into this larger liberty. Hence we conclude that organic divisions among the people of God have been the outgrowth of their limitations, or, in other words, a lack of perfect vision, and, furthermore, that the only remedy is an enlargement of mind with a corresponding broadening and deepening of the spiritual life. The nearer we get to God in our apprehension of the truth and in our devotion to His person, the nearer we get to each other.

Editorial Comment

REPENTANCE.

The "repentance that is not to be repented of" includes a turning from all sin. We believe that all who genuinely repent exercise the grace of faith. A shallow repentance cannot end in a thorough conversion for a right attitude towards sin is essential for holy living.

Some have a much deeper insight into the hideousness of sin than others. Some (children, for instance) may be converted without the consciousness of any great burden of guilt, but all must take the right attitude towards sin, which is that of hostility. Merely confessing sin is not sufficient; there must be also the forsaking. Until people stand right on the sin question, there is no hope of real conversion.

It is not a matter of feeling. We have known people deeply wrought upon who never repented, and we have known others to repent who were not subject to any strong emotion. We repeat, repentance is the taking of God's side with regard to sin. Gipsy Smith puts it as follows:

"What is true repentance, then? Listen! It is not promises to be better. It is not emotion. It is not excitement. It is not sensationalism. It is not hanging after evangelists and evangelization. It is not tramping from church to church to hear a man speak or sing or pray. There is something infinitely better than all these things. It is not church fellowship or communions. It is not self-elected work. It is not getting busy about religious things. It goes deeper than all these things, and it should precede all these things. It is the one great, deliberate act of the soul. It is the command of God to be willing and obedient, and it is the response of the awakened, intelligent, redeemed soul to the call of its God. True repentance is turning from sin to God, from sin to God. That is repentance from—, to. It is putting your hand on your heart and getting hold of the thing that has been your curse, the enslaving passion, the captivity, the predominating force in your existence, the blackening thing, the hellish thing, the damning thing of your soul and dragging it out, and saying, There, Lord Jesus, that is it, and I will die before I will commit it again. I turn from it now, and forever. That is repentance; that is, Bible repentance."

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

A proper regard for the opinions of others is essential to social order. The man who flippantly says that he does not care what others think about him is either making an extreme statement, or else he is lacking in judgment. There is a great difference between rightly estimating the opinions of others and becoming a slave to them.

No Christian can yield to the world as his master. If he lives right, he will find him-

self at variance with much the world does. When Christians say, "We do not care what others think of us," we understand them to mean that they are not slavishly bound by public opinion, and that while they would prefer the approval of all men, yet, if it is to be gotten by a loss of truth, they prefer the right, even though all men oppose.

We see no virtue in a reckless disregard of the esteem of others. All these questions can be settled by keeping right with God. We would rather be right with Him and wrong with everybody else than to be wrong with Him and right with everybody else—yes, a thousandfold. But being right with God does not necessarily mean that we shall be in antagonism to others. The world, as the word is used in the Bible, stands for a certain attitude or spirit, and in that sense the Christian will always be against the world, and that is the meaning of the following paragraph from the pen of "Chinese" Gordon:

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All the caring for what people say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secret things will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble yourself to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it saves you.

Roll your burden on God, and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong.

AS SEEN BY AN OLD MINISTER.

We occasionally hear of a gracious revival, and here and there we have faithful men of God who are boldly withstanding the inroads of the devil, but there is a lamentable drift away from things essential. W. J. Dawson, who was recently in this city lecturing at Vanderbilt University, reports that the Church is losing ground in the cities, and predicts that if the present rate of decline continues a quarter of a century, things will be in deplorable shape. We hold in our hand a letter from George D. Smith, taken from the Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate. Brother Smith is an old man of wide experience and scholarly attainments, and we doubt not there is much truth in his summary of the situation. He says:

Unable to walk, living quietly in the suburbs of a small city, I have much time for introspection and retrospection, and not a little time for prospection. The condition of things in the country and in the Church universal greatly con-

cern me, and I must say greatly alarm me. I am no pessimist, but I have not lived so long not to know like causes produce like effects. No one could see what was coming when Northern men and Southern men were wrangling before 1861, but good men could not fail to see disaster must result, and disaster came. It struck the North with the disaster of success, and it was worse for it than the calamities which struck the South. I confess I am absolutely dazed by the apparent failure of the Church to see the storm cloud gathering. We are building fine churches, we are increasing stipends of bishops and pastors, we are planning great benevolences, we are sending many missionaries; all this is cheering, but what about genuine conversions; where are the sons and daughters of those who furnish the money for our enterprises? What about the moral tone of our cities? What of the brothels and gaming rooms, and pool rooms and race course? What of our theaters, our daily papers, our infidel universities? What of the absolute shamelessness of the capitalist, and the utter godlessness of many of the working men? I look at Mexico, Cuba; Brazil, France, Germany, and bemoan their condition. Yet they have their magnificent churches, their splendid hospitals, their great universities and their absolute atheism. Look on Protestant England, the leading land in all the world in drunkenness. Look at Scotland and see how the land of Chalmers and Guthrie has been degraded from her high place as the seat of piety to the sad condition of being the land of drunkenness, even greater than that of England. Read Chalmers' life and Guthrie's and see what was the condition of Glasgow and Edinburgh in their day and what it is now. But then I look on the other side. Things are bad, but not as bad as they were. The temperance wave is sweeping some parts of the land with a tidal wave, and if its fool friends don't get too entire control and try to do too much there will be no ebbing. If they do, alas! the old story of fifty years ago, when the Maine law was enacted only to be repealed, will be repeated. The one hope I have for saving America is in the children, not in the Sunday-school, as an educational and social institution, but in the conversion of little children and the watch-care of the pastor in nurturing them.

I gave twenty of the best years of my life to that work, and they were the most fruitful. Pipe organs and elegant architecture will never save the people; but prayerful, careful, constant attention to boys and girls between ten and fourteen will do it. But alas! what constant care is demanded. The boy from a Christian home carefully trained, going to Sunday-school and the public school, is good enough till he gets to be thirteen, and his mother thinks he is an angel, but about that time he begins to make cigarettes, to read dirty books, to go with vile boys. If he is not rescued then, the danger of ruin becomes imminent, and no one is so oblivious to it as the mother and the pastor. She resents bitterly any suggestion that her dear child can go astray, and the pastor is too busy with other things to give these boys his care. Methodism will never be built up by evangelistic excitement. They are of great value, but their influence is necessarily evanescent. We must nurture, but we must secure conversion before we can properly train.

SEVENFOLD PERFECTION OF GOD.

- His Way is Perfect, Ps. 18:30.
- His Work is Perfect, Deut. 32:4.
- His Will is Perfect, Rom. 12:2.
- His Knowledge is Perfect, Job 36:4.
- His Law is Perfect, Ps. 19:7.
- His Gifts are Perfect, Jas. 1:17, Pvsé
- His Salvation is Perfect, Jas. 1:17.

OUR Young People

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

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

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

Vasind, July 3.

My Dear Mrs. Benson and Cousins:

You asked us to send you a letter telling the price of tanga and ponies, and we are so glad our heavenly Father has put it in your hearts to help buy this outfit and have a share in preaching the gospel to these precious souls He has redeemed at such tremendous cost.

Friends sent us through Mr. Benson seventy-one dollars, and with this amount, after paying the tithe, we have purchased a tonga, which cost us nearly one hundred dollars, or 293 rupees. We have yet to pay eleven dollars, then the tonga will be ours. Miss Moss and I were able to contribute a little to this amount, and we have also bought a saddle and bridle, which I made good use of during a part of the hot season. Brother Coddling lent me his horse and I went horseback to the distant villages, and was able to do much more than when walking.

Now we will need two ponies and harness for the tonga. I cannot tell just what these will cost, but probably ninety or ninety-five dollars; but as we pay the tithe from all money received, it may cost a little more. Over a year ago Miss Leonard toured back in the mountains beyond Khardi and was so gladly received by the people, and God blessed her labors among them so much, that ever since she has been anxious to return, and has been praying for means with which to purchase a tent, and this morning I had a letter from her saying she had received the money and expected (D. V.) to go next week to purchase a tent. God is faithful. He supplies our needs according to His riches in glory.

Miss Leonard expects to make her headquarters at Khardi with Mr. and Mrs. Coddling, and with her Christian workers tour among the hills beyond, as this is the only way these people can be reached.

Miss Moss will be my companion in the work here when she has gotten the language. At present I only have our Indian Christian people with me, but it is such a joy to be with them and able in the Spirit to minister to their spiritual needs and have fellowship with them in the gospel.

It is raining now, and the streams are swollen and the fields flooded with water preparatory to planting rice, so it is impossible to reach some of the villages except on foot.

Wednesday one of the workers and I crossed the river in a small boat and went a mile through the rain and mud to see a sick man, but found his people had taken him to another village, five miles away, so we spent about two hours visiting in the homes of the people and telling the old story of the cross, and returned home. And yesterday the catechist went to find the man. It rained very hard all day, and he had to wade swollen streams and walk a long distance, but he found him and dressed his wounds, and left medicine for him and a little money for nourishing food, and told him the good news of salvation once again. This poor man fell from a tree and dislocated his wrist-bone and broke his leg just above the ankle, and bruised his body in general, while I was in Igatpuri for a rest. When I came home on business in June his mother came and told me of his condition, and I went with her to see him, and found him lying on his face on the ground, the wounds on his back being so bad and his arm and

wrist in such a condition he could not turn himself. He had had no attention since his fall, and his wounds were in such a condition the smell was dreadful, for he had lain in this state nearly two weeks. I did what I could for him, but could not restrain the tears as I saw how helpless he was and how he pleaded with me to do something for him. I pointed him to Christ, who is able to deliver, and prayed Him to undertake for him. Going back to Igatpuri, I went to the missionary doctor and told of his condition, but she had so many cases already it was impossible to attend to all. Then I went to the English railway doctor, and he could not leave his duty in the station. Finally I found an old doctor who had been long in government employ, but was now pensioned on account of his feebleness, and he consented to come and set the limb if I would bear the expenses of the trip, etc. This I was quite glad to do, so he and Dimaker, one of our Christian workers, came down on the afternoon train and he was able to set the limb, although it had been done so long, and he dressed properly the other wounds, and in a few days came and treated him again, then left him to our care, as I was ready to return home by that time. The man's people came and took him away as they were afraid we would defile him by giving him our food to eat. So that is why we have had to hunt him up to help him. These poor people are like sheep without a shepherd, and in their ignorance and superstition often afraid of our help that we offer until they learn to trust us, and then how they cling to us, for they have no one who cares or understands how to help them. How we need a strong, godly, consecrated medical missionary! Won't you please pray, cousins, that God may speedily raise up and send us out one? The harvest truly is plenteous and the laborers so few. May God richly bless you and continue to make your page a blessing.

Yours in Jesus,

EVA CARPENTER.

I am so glad we have this letter from Miss Eva, telling us about the cost of the outfit which we have undertaken to buy. Miss Eva tells us how much she has received. More is on the way, and you will find a list of further contributions on this page. I cannot tell you just what it all amounts to at present. I have been away for a much-needed rest, and have not had time to straighten out our accounts since my return. Perhaps by next week I will be able to give you a complete statement of the sum already sent in. We haven't enough yet, that I am sure of, but we will not stop until it is all in, will we? I am also glad that this busy servant of the Lord took time to tell us about the injured man. Everywhere missionaries are calling for consecrated Christian physicians and nurses. When they can set broken bones, dress wounds and sores, bathe the fever-stricken, and relieve much suffering among the people, a door is opened to the Christian workers. Let us pray that laborers of this sort will be called to the field.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A Pennsylvania cousin and mother, \$6.00; Major Davenport and wife, \$1.00; Mrs. Mattie Stephens, \$2.00; J. H. Harden, \$10.00; Mrs. Lula Womack, 25c; Mrs. Louie Russell, \$1.00; Mrs. Lizzie Bennett, \$2.00; Emory Cecil Abernathy, 50c; Miss Maud Parker, \$1.35; Mr. D. V. Parker, \$1.00; Mrs. D. V. Parker, \$1.13; Mrs. R. B. A., \$1.00; a friend, 50c; Paul and Pauline Craig, \$1.00; Bessie Sorrell, \$1.00; Callie Vod, \$2.00; G. A. Green, \$40.00; Mrs. L. D. Hardison, \$1.00.

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PROMPT ATTENTION.

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

Troublous Times in India

Ishwardat, India.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord:

Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Since I penned you my last letter, it has pleased my Heavenly Father to let me pass through the severest trials of my Christian life. I have learned what it means to be misunderstood by those I love and trust, to be deceived by some of those He has permitted me to lead to Himself, to want for food, to have no bodily strength to perform my daily tasks for my Savior, to be tried as gold, to know the fellowship of His suffering. O, beloved, these are some of the things which caused the heart of Jesus to break.

For two months it seemed that the dead aching of my heart was more than I could bear. Sometimes it beat so rapidly I could scarcely breathe, then again it would give a great bound and stand still, when I would gasp for breath. It was then I remembered forcibly these words sent me from America: "When the people at Scottsville heard that you were going to spend your life in India, it aroused enthusiasm." Beloved, I wondered if, instead of a letter this time, you should hear that the one for whom you have prayed and sacrificed these six years had really poured out her life for India, would not the enthusiasm not rise high enough to enable you to make a sacrifice to God of yourself or your children for India?

O, children of the living God, will you not hear the cry from dark India now? Her sons and daughters are stretching out their hands to you. Will you not heed?

Thank God, when He showed me the multitudes without Christ, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

You who keep in touch with the Eastern world know of the danger which hangs like a dark cloud over India. Already a goodly number of Europeans have been called to give up their lives in the most cruel manner. The following is a quotation from a letter written by Mrs. A. L. Grey, of Muzzufferpur:

"Sir B. Fuller, an influential English officer of Bengal, says that government is half afraid now, and the Indians know it. Sir Fuller was forced to leave India because the government would not stand by him. He wrote an article to a London paper, and the Indians keep informed. The Hindus in New York and the West are revolutionists and openly avow their purpose to break the British yoke."

The young Hindus now attending college in European countries are planning, plotting and holding secret societies, training themselves for anarchists. Some of them boast that they were trained in the art of bomb-making and how to become anarchists, by the English and Americans. A certain firm in New York is furnishing Bengal with ammunition and firearms. This is a direct violation of the British law, as no Indian has been permitted to own fire-arms since the mutiny.

The following is copied from Bombay Guardian of May 30: "A threatening letter has been addressed to the editor of the Calcutta Englishman, breathing vengeance and death to all English, man, woman and child. It is accompanied with a printed appeal, bearing the names of the three Bengales now under trial for conspiracy, and urging that two hundred white skins be sent to hell on the day judgment is delivered against them."

A short time since a telegram was sent to Bombay ordering a bomb to be thrown into a church during service, but God in mercy caused it to be intercepted in time to prevent the awful catastrophe.

At present there is much persecution in Dhulia. Our native Christians have had much to bear; they are ridiculed, cursed, abused, hissed and spit at, their outer garments are sometimes snatched away, and while giving out the Word they must hold their Bibles tightly in their arms to keep them from being destroyed. The Hindus say it nauseates them to look upon a native Christian, as they are defiled creatures. For eight days three Brahman followed our preachers, trying to find whereof to accuse them, and finding nothing, they took them aside, offering them large sums of money to deny Christ, saying if they would do so they (the Brahmans) would send them

away to be purified and taken back into caste and provide them with work. Our brave boys answered "No; if you cut our bodies to pieces we will not deny our Lord Jesus." After dark on the same day three suspicious characters were discovered hiding near the hedge back of our house. This was proof to us that they were planning the destruction of our little flock. One of the leaders in this movement, in an address to a large audience, stated that "Christ is false and we must not have that religion here," hence his followers are trying to exterminate the little but growing church.

These are the things that caused me to shorten my stay in the hills and hurry home to the assistance of my loved ones standing alone in the midst of such dangers. By Divine Providence we are enjoying rest from our enemies for a few days. We do not know how soon to expect trouble, hence the great importance of keeping ready. We are not afraid—perfect love casteth out fear. Pray for us, beloved; think what it would mean to you if your son or daughter were here.

I have heard people in camp-meetings at home say, "I am ready to be a martyr for Jesus." If you are here today, my friend, I want to tell you that you are needed in India, for surely the blood of the martyr will be the seed of the Church. Many think this is the beginning of the great tribulation. Pandita Ramabai says she believe that we are on the eve of suffering what our brothers and sisters suffered in China eight years ago. Glory be to God, we are living in the Ninety-first Psalm.

You dear mothers, who have your daughters safe by your side, think of my mother's daughter and pray for my mother that God may sustain her should the worst come. Shed no tears for me, but if while holding up the blood-stained banner of Jesus I should fall, will you not step in and take my place, that the banner of the Lord Jesus trail not in the dust?

O, sister, will you not listen to the voice of King Emmanuel today? He needs reinforcements, and you have been listening long enough to the voice of human love; let Divine love rule today. Perhaps He will never call you again.

Remember that we do not count it a hardship to endure these things for Christ. Pray that we may glorify Him in whatever comes. Our Bible women and preachers are standing with us and we are all determined to do our very best for God. Any money contributed toward the support of the workers or the home will bring you an hundredfold reward. If we had a good brick wall about our place it would save us much anxiety and protect the children from the assaults of the enemy.

Now, as the rains are about upon us, we will be able to gird up our loins and go about the towns and villages declaring the whole counsel of God and warning the people to flee from the wrath to come. Think of us standing with the sword of the Spirit unsheathed in our hands ready for the fight.

Praise God forever. Amen and amen.

Yours under the blood of Jesus,

MATTIE LONG.

EVANGELISTIC SLATES

LUCIUS B. COMPTON.

Ironton, Ohio—August 17-23.
Binghamton, N. Y.—August 24-30.
Home address, Asheville, N. C.

J. C. CRIPPEN.

Dranesville, Va., Aug. 17—24.
Greek, Miss. Aug. 26—Sept. 7.
Home address, Harrington, Del.

T. J. ADAMS.

Open all of August.
Ozark Camp—September 3-13.
Open until November 1.
Home address, Ozark, Ark.

P. R. POWERS.

Open—August 19-September 10.
Newburn Camp, Va., September 11-21.
Open—September 22-October 8.
Phoebus, Va., October 8-18.

J. D. EDGIN.

Pine Grove (Camp), Ark., Appleton P. O., August 14-23.

Ozark, Ark. (Camp), at home, September 3-13.
Open—September 17-27.

J. D. EDGIN.

L. L. HAMRIC.

Butlersville, Ark., Camp, Aug. 14—23.
Kully Chaha, Okla., Camp, Aug. 28—Sept. 6.
Howe, Okla., Sept. 7—14.
Waldo, Ark. Sept. 18—28.
Mooreville, Ark., Oct. 2—11.
Home address, Kully Chaha, Okla.

J. L. BRASHER.

Hartsell, Ala.—Aug. 21—30.
White Cross, Ala. (P. O. Oneota, R. 1.)—Aug. 31—Sept. 6.
Centerville, Miss.—Sept. 11—20.
Morristown, Tenn.—Sept. 21—Oct. 1.

S. W. MCGOWAN.

Fly's, Tenn., August 13-24.
Union Valley, Tenn., September 10-20.
Griffin's Chapel, Tenn., October 7-19.
Mackey Brown, of Beersheba Springs, Tenn., will travel with me this year. S. W. MCGOWAN.

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FIELD NOTES

T. B. Dean and Robert Sullivan are to begin a series of meetings at Friendship, near Dickson, Tenn., the fourth Sunday in August.

The annual protracted services at the Holiness Tabernacle, on Dickerson Pike, will be held by Sam S. Holcomb, beginning August 28, continuing 10 days or two weeks. Will be glad to have any of our friends attend.
A. C. DALE.

Rev. S. B. Williams, evangelist, will attend the Hartselle (Ala.) camp, August 20-30, and then engage in meetings in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Those wanting his services can address him care of LIVING WATER and reach him quickly.

Eternity will tell what the Lord did at Carrier Mills, Ill., despite all opposition. Some were saved and some sanctified. God pity the Laodicean church at this place. We came off victorious in our efforts.
W. H. WHITE.
ANDREW J. JONES.

The Lord is doing all He can in the Methodist Church, which is Laodicean. It is a hard pull, few being blessed. We have victory in our own souls. Praise God for all things.

Yours till He comes,
Carrier Mills, Ill. W. H. WHITE.

On July 23 we began a tent-meeting at Rudderville, Tenn., and closed Sunday night, August 2. The Lord blessed throughout the meeting; large crowds attended, the interest steadily increased, and many souls were blessed. Truly the Lord of Hosts is "mighty in battle." Praise His name for evermore.
CHAS. A. SHREVE.

The Lord gave great victory at Flintville. There were ten sky-blue conversions and the church was greatly revived. Old citizens said it was the best meeting that Flintville had ever had. Please pray for me. I will do all I can for the paper. God bless you in your great work. In His name,
J. ARMPFIELD TATE.

Our meeting at Dry Fork closed last night. Praise the Lord for an old-fashioned revival. Souls got to God in the old-time way. The Lord came in sanctifying power. People got right with each other and right with God. Don't know how many were blessed; a goodly number, though. The 14th we begin at the Halls Chapel camp, where a great meeting is expected. A great many people will attend.

W. S. PAYNE.
R. C. ROGERS.
Hico, Texas.

VINCENT SPRINGS CAMP-MEETING.

This camp-meeting began July 18. Brother C. C. Davis, of Evansville, Ind., led the singing. The first five days of the meeting Brother Andrew Johnson did the preaching. The following eight days Brother E. K. Pike, of Berry, Ky., preached in the power of the Holy Spirit. Sin was shown up in its awfulness and the unsaved were faithfully warned. Some souls were saved, some reclaimed, and some were sanctified. The services were well attended and the people of God were helped into closer touch with the Master.
FANNIE CLAYPOOL.

Have just been in two meetings with Rev. R. L. Crump, of the Alabama Conference. The first revival was in Ashery Church, where a great number were blessed and at least fifty professions were made, either of pardon or of the baptism with the Holy Ghost. We were kindly entertained in the home of Mrs. E. Nixon, who is a great light for Holiness in that country. The next meeting was held in Bethlehem Church, where over thirty professions were made during the four days of our stay. We

also had some accessions to the churches. Glory to God for the way of Holiness. In Jesus,
Ware Shoals, S. C. SAM ROSE.

I have almost stopped sending any field notes, but it is not because I have nothing to send. My God has been doing good things for me. I have just closed a meeting six miles from Dexter, Ky., where one or two professed sanctification. Had larger crowds than I have had anywhere. At the last service there were seven at the altar seeking sanctification. I go from here to Mayfield, Ky., for a meeting there. Please pray for me. I have a large gospel tent, 40x65 feet long, and I have open dates after this month. Any one wanting a meeting south may write me care of LIVING WATER, Nashville, Tenn.
Your brother in Christ,
J. B. BEAVERS.

Since our last report we have held two meetings, one at Big Sandy, Tenn., and the other at Water Valley, Tenn. The visible result of the meeting at Big Sandy was not so great, though there were a number of professions. We believe we shall see the result was greater than it apparently was. The Lord gave a blessed meeting at Water Valley. From the beginning to the close souls were blessed. About forty professed regeneration, reclamation or sanctification. To Christ be all the glory. We begin at Fly, Tenn., August 13. Brother J. B. Todd is with us here. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15:57).
S. W. MCGOWAN.
MACKKEY BROWN.

Santa Fe, Tenn.

I am here in a camp-meeting. We began August 6. Will continue until the 16th. We are having a glorious meeting. The fire from heaven has begun to fall at every service. Conviction is on the people. One saved and one sanctified last night; several at the altar; four heads of families at the altar last night. The Lord is here in power. Several of the workers prayed through to victory yesterday and last night; shouts of glory going up to God at almost every service. I go from here to the camp-meeting at Hickerson Station, Tenn., which begins August 27. At night. All invited. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." Love to all the readers of the LIVING WATER.
HARDY SIMMONS.
Forestville, Ky.

Mrs. Lulu S. Robison, who has had charge of a mission in Little Rock, Ark., for the past few months, writes: "My heart is rejoicing in my blessed Redeemer. How precious He is to me these days. He keepeth me. I have felt led to suspend the mission services until September 15. I must have better equipped and more efficient workers if I continue here this winter. The need is great and opportunities good, if properly controlled. Our Mission Band holds services every Sunday morning in the City Hall, and in the afternoon we are donated a nice wagon and two horses, and go out four miles to the stockade, where the lowest class of prisoners are kept. For this work I am much persecuted by some and highly respected and endorsed by others. Since closing the mission we have been having cottage prayer-meetings; two intelligent men reclaimed at these meetings.

The thirteenth annual Pentecostal meeting in Salem, Va., begins September 4 and continues ten days. It stands pre-eminently for teaching and for bringing people to entire consecration to God and into purity of heart and life. It is supporting, including foreign missionaries, native preachers and workers and Salvation Army officers, about one hundred missionaries, and has provided the money for the erection of two Bible schools in India and one in China. The speakers this year will be Meninger, of New York, McClurkan, of Nashville, and Kilbourne, of Tokio, Japan. Nugent and Hutchinson, of

Virginia, and Mrs. Cunningham, of China, will take part, and Mrs. Munford, of Philadelphia, of national reputation as a sacred soloist, will sing at each service. All evangelists and preachers will be entertained free of charge. Board can be had at 75 cents per day and at Hotel Crawford at one-half rate. For further information write to J. M. Rice, Secretary.

Am glad to report a real good meeting at Elk Cotton Mill Church, Fayetteville, Rev. J. A. Kilgore, pastor. We began there August 3 and continued nine days. The meeting ought to have continued a few more days, but I was too hoarse to preach, and those with me were not much better. Quite a number were saved. Had one splendid street service, and liberal offering toward the girl's school fund. Brother J. C. Bradford led the singing and helped otherwise. Brother H. H. McAfee and Miss Ida Scott were with me and assisted much. We will hold missionary services at Leonard School House Sunday, and begin a meeting at Hamwood soon. Friends, pray for me. I must get these girls in school. One of them will have to be provided with clothing, as she comes from a home that opposes Holiness, and everything connected with it. These young people have determination, and are not looking for "flowery beds of ease," and I believe they will get to the mission field and do good work there.
MRS. J. A. LEE.

We have just closed a three weeks' meeting and have moved and set up in another part of the town. The Lord wonderfully blessed me in delivering the Word. It is not necessary to say we had to fight against unnumbered foes. We believe that Holiness is slowly but surely gaining ground in San Angelo. We have had one Mexican convert. A man about forty-five years old was converted in the jail service. We believe that God has done a wonderful work in his heart. He attended most every service in our meeting, and makes himself handy in raising and lowering the tent. When he testifies he places his hand on his heart and points up. We ask all LIVING WATER readers to pray for this Mexican, that he may prove faithful. This is a great field to labor in. Any one looking for a field to labor in will find this a needy one indeed, but must expect persecutions. Times are still hard here in this place, but the Lord has wonderfully blessed the country with rain this year, and we expect better times. Our determination is to press on to the mark of the high calling in Christ Jesus. We have just bought us a large tent and expect to pay for it through freewill offerings. Any one wishing to donate in this way can please send to J. C. Yates, 334 Main street, San Angelo, Tex.

The Southern Maryland Holiness Association held its fifth annual camp-meeting at La Plata, Md., from July 24 to August 3. Brother W. H. Hudgins was the leading preacher and Mrs. Beaste Larkin led the singing, also did part of the preaching. There were a number of other preachers and Christian workers present, whom the Lord used. About eighteen or twenty professed regeneration, reclamation or sanctification, and many others were fed and encouraged to press on to higher heights. We believe one of the most important and, perhaps, the most important service, was the missionary service. It did our soul good to see twenty or twenty-five respond to a call to kneel at the altar and give themselves to missions in whatever way the Lord leads. We did not take a regular collection for missions, but \$15.00 was handed in for that work. The Lord willing, we hope to see missionaries go out from that service to tell to the perishing millions the "Good tidings of great joy." Let us be true soldiers, love men and fight sin to the last, and when the battle is over we shall wear a crown and reign with Him who reigneth for ever and ever. All honor and glory and majesty be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne!

Your brother,
J. F. PENN.

As soon as school was out I began a meeting in the Clay Street Mission in Nashville, Tenn. often laboring for two weeks there. Turned the meeting over to others to run it longer, while I came to Florida, where I have been ever since. I have just closed a nineteen days' meeting, which resulted in a few professions and a small missionary band being organized, who are interested in the great cause of missions. My work here is about finished, and I expect, if God permits, to sail for Central America again, where I have already done some missionary work. The boat is expected to sail about the 17th inst. I ask a special interest in the prayers of all God's people that I may be used toward the salvation of many precious souls, and if there is any one who believes the dear Lord Jesus would be pleased for them to give anything towards my support, they can send it to Brother Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn., for me, and he will see that I receive it. No missionary board nor any one has taken my support. I am going trusting in the Lord alone to care for me as it pleaseth Him. Praise His precious name. Pray much for me, for I expect to be in places where I will need prayers and power more than money.

Yours in the love of Jesus,
Tampa, Fla. VICTOR W. KENNEDY.

PARIS, TENN.

Rev. E. A. Fergerson has just closed his meeting here. The sanctified ones have been greatly strengthened and fed. Conviction deepened and the crowds increased till the last night, but no general break ever came. In fact, the soil has never been broken for Holiness in Paris. We are encouraged from the fact a thorough work was done, the plowshare now and then turned up theft, lodges, tobacco, morphine, Sabbath-breaking, adultery and lying. There was also some good old-fashioned cross-harrowing going on. Anti-hellism was exposed, unbelief rebuked, the carnal mind was dealt with in dead earnest, and the Word of God was quick. The Lord be praised for such good preaching. Our hearts hug the Word preached, and we want to go on, and on into the will of God and prove Him to sinners all around. Amen. V. C. Clark, of Ruskin, led the singing, and preached three times. W. C. Robison, of Vanleer, was a great blessing in prayer, and preached Sunday at 3 p. m. A few came from McKenzie, Humboldt, Stewart, Big Sandy and Erin. Brother Fergerson's father came with Sister Fergerson from Mt. Vernon, Ill., to join her husband here. They were both used of the Lord. Praise His name for Holiness, Holiness meetings, preachers and people.

Yours in Christ,

J. L. ROBY.

While we have not been heard from through your columns for some months, yet we have not been altogether idle, having been in ten meetings during 1908, with over eighty professions. Have been in meetings at Everett's School House (two meetings), nine miles north of Mt. Juliet; Confederate Soldier's Home, Saundersville, Crossville, Algood, Mayland, Beckwith, Union, and am now assisting in a meeting at home. Have had associated with us in the work, Sisters Nancy Davis and Ova Peters, of Burrville, Tenn.; Brother Will McChesney and Brother Will E. Clark and wife, of Kentucky, and Sister Hall, of Monterey, Tenn. Also had my wife with me in meetings at Saundersville, Crossville and Algood. Have been in some hard battles and seen some glorious victories, for which we give God the glory. While we have not space to go into details, yet we must refer to our children's service at Mayland. As in the days of our Master's personal ministry, parents brought their little ones to Jesus. It was a grand service, with nearly every parent and child kneeling at an altar for prayer. God alone knows the result of that meeting. Brother McChesney and Brother and Sister Clark are sweet singers of Israel. May God richly bless our co-laborers since we entered the evangelistic field on July 31, 1907, as well as the many good people who have opened their homes to us. We ask an interest in the prayers of the LIVING WATER family. Yours for lost souls, saved, sanctified and kept,

WILL H. FREEMAN.

Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

GENERAL CONVOCATION FOR PRAYER.

Seven convocations for prayer have been held in various parts of the country in the past few years, and great good has been accomplished. Many souls have been saved and many have learned the secret of intercessory prayer as never before. The great object of these gatherings is to get better acquainted with God, better acquainted with His people, and to prevail in prayer for deeper unity among all Christians and for a deep and thorough world-wide revival of pure and undefiled religion.

The next convocation will be held in Grand Rapids, Mich., September 10-20. Free entertainment will be provided for those coming from a distance. For further particulars, write to the president, S. B. Shaw, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Many conventions, conferences, assemblies, revival meetings and camp-meetings are held for the spreading of the gospel, but no religious gathering can be more important than a convocation for prayer, for we must admit that prayer is the source of all right religious activity. It is the life and power of the Church. The success of every branch and department of God's work must depend on prevailing prayer, and at a time when there is so much formality and so little power, there is great need of learning how to pray.

We believe that the plan of God for this meeting will be better accomplished by the coming together of a few whom He is calling to the work of intercession and who are intensely concerned to learn more of the secret of praying in the Holy Ghost, than by a large gathering of those who have little or no conception of the real object of the meeting. And for this reason we are praying that the Holy Spirit may lay this work upon the hearts of those whom He would have come. All true intercessory prayer has in its much of the spirit of sacrifice. Yours for the unity of faith among all believers,

S. B. SHAW, President (Editor Prayer Advocate); J. M. PIKE, Secretary, Columbia, S. C. (Editor The Way of Faith); J. H. FLOWER, Treasurer, St. Louis, Mo. (Editor Lighthouse Messenger); L. L. PICKETT, Author and Publisher, Wilmore, Ky.; THOS. H. DOTY, Cleveland, Ohio (Editor Christian Harvester), Executive Committee.

WILMORE, KENTUCKY.

This is one of the old camps, being located at the home of Asbury College, the oldest Holiness College in the United States. Wilmore is the home of more prominent evangelists than any other place in the United States. We refer to such men as Brothers Morrison, Pickett, Johnson, Bromley, Harney, Sister Rose Potter Crist, and a host of others.

We arrived a few hours before Brother Morrison left for the Alston camp, had a pleasant visit with him, and promised to help hold his home camp next year. Brothers Pickett, Bromley and others were in the camp quite a good deal. Brothers J. C. Johnston, business manager of Asbury College, and Professor Maxey, head of the educational department, were present and worked like heroes.

Mrs. Rose Potter Crist was our co-worker. To hear her logical sermons and see her retain the modesty of a lady is to have the opposition to "women preaching" removed from one's heart. Her sermons were clear, logical and soul-stirring. James V. Reid, our music director, was in charge of the music, assisted by Mrs. O. C. Garvey. The blessings of God were upon the music, and much interest taken in the singing.

God's presence was felt from the first sermon, and the power was great. We think at least two or three hundred were converted or sanctified. The work was deep, reaching some very hard sinners. The brethren in charge say the meeting was even more than they expected, and they are laying plans for a great and far-reaching meeting next year. They have one of the very best tabernacles we have ever seen. With the proper workers for teachers, etc., they ought to reach at least fifty to one hundred preachers, in addition to thousands of others. A movement was put on foot whereby the railroad fare and board of all pastors will be paid, an excellent idea; in fact, provisions were made for twenty or twenty-five ministers before the close of the meeting.

Brother Jones, the Methodist pastor, is president

of the camp, and makes an ideal president. God bless him! He was everything, from police and water carrier on up to the man with his hand on the throttle. Brother Garvey, the secretary, fell in the altar, confessed he had lost out, and God came with power, and no one doubts that he got the blessing from the way he played ball with chairs and shouted through the remainder of the meeting.

On last Sunday night people came to the altar until 11:50 o'clock. The last one was saved at 1 a. m. and we closed the camp near 2 o'clock Monday morning. We spent several days in Columbus, Ohio, with Brother Chas. B. Kolb, and began in New London, Ind., the following Saturday, where we are now in the midst of a glorious meeting.

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEATHS

WILKERSON.

John W. Wilkerson was born August 30, 1827, in Virginia, and passed away March 3, 1908. He was converted at the age of thirteen and was sanctified in 1859. His wife and daughter had gone on before to welcome him home, and one daughter and five sons were left, whom he earnestly entreated to meet him in heaven. He also requested his visiting friends to meet him. The night before his departure he sang, "I am Going Through."

TAYLOR.

Mr. Carroll Taylor departed this life August 7, 1908, leaving two sons and one daughter to mourn their loss. We can truly say that a good man has gone from us, and he will be sadly missed at Standing Rock, where he has lived for thirty years. To know Brother Taylor was to love him. A more devoted Christian I never knew. He always had a kind word for every one. He loved to talk about Jesus and His love. He truly lived a sanctified life. Weep not, dear children, as those who have no hope, for we expect to meet him again, and what a happy meeting that will be! He is not dead, but sleepeth.

Dover, Tenn.

COL. ROBINSON.

SHOCKLEY.

Miss Goldie Mae Shockley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Shockley, died July 2, 1908, and was laid to rest in beautiful Mt. Olivet July 4. Though she has been asleep in Jesus for six weeks, the memory and influence of so pure, bright and upright a Christian "abideth forever." The angels called, and in the ways of an all-wise Providence, it was best that she should go. How hard to reconcile ourselves to the loss of our dear ones when their continued presence is so necessary to our happiness! But may we not hope that the same sweet voice, and the same gentle, confiding heart that was so dear to parents and kindred here is waiting for us in the summer land? Her death teaches us that, sooner or later, we must all make the journey across that mystic river. Fortunate it would be if all could be as certain of being among the exalted angels as dear Goldie. Weep not, nor mourn for her, for God gave and has taken her away, so we must bow and submit to Him, our blessed Father, and live so we will be welcomed by Him in the last day. She bore her sickness so patiently, like the sweet girl and child of God she was. It will be a blessed recollection to know that she grew up to love and be loved by those who will ever cherish her memory so tenderly. It is in such an hour as this that hope spreads her pinions, and we rest our faith on the belief that dear Goldie is not dead. She has only gone from us for a little while, to make her abode with the angels, where, in God's own appointed time, we shall meet our loved ones at the beautiful gates, there to shine for evermore.

MALLIE G. ODOM.

"A saved sinner may immediately become a personal worker for Christ."
"If you would comfort the bereaved, you must know God" (2 Cor. 1:4).

Back to Monotony

Mrs. Barker ran out into the hall and grasped the collar of her husband's coat with an eager little tug which made the tall man smile, it was so ineffectual.

"I'm all right now, Bessie," he said, cordially. "You mustn't tire yourself out helping me when it isn't necessary."

"O, Charlie," she exclaimed, "you don't know how good it is to have you go!"

Mr. Barker smiled again, and was about to remark that the implication was not precisely complimentary, when he caught the earnest look in the upturned blue eyes, and knew that this was no time for teasing.

"Yes, dear," he said, gravely, "I know what you mean. I feel that way, too. It is good to be going again. It is great to feel once more that you are a part of the system to have a little place in the world, and fit into it every day, so the whole thing will be complete. It's good, too, to feel equal to the occasion. You know I didn't for a long time, back there. But don't you wear yourself out trying to get everything into running order in one day, little girl!"

"Mamma!" A plaintive voice floated down the banister.

Mrs. Barker laughed joyfully. "There's Amy calling to have her hair done, as usual," she said. And then, with a good-bye so rapturous in spite of its haste that it sent Charlie off chuckling, Mrs. Barker hurried up stairs as though it was the most blissful thing in the world to be called to "do" Amy's hair.

They were all gone at last, properly washed, combed, brushed, buttoned, collared, neck-tied and luncheoned, and Mrs. Barker stood in the parlor window watching and nodding until the fourth little mittened hand had waved its last, and thrown its last kiss from the corner. Then she turned and surveyed her little parlor with its evidences of family life, looked through the dining-room with the table still loaded with breakfast dishes, and on into the kitchen, where a glimpse of the range showed the kettle steaming with an energy which demanded refilling.

"It's all just as untidy as ever," spoke Mrs. Barker, aloud, with a little catch in her throat. "But it's beautiful! It looks precisely as it did Wednesday morning seven weeks ago, when I said I was sick of it all! When I said I hated and despised the everlasting cleaning and cooking, the everlasting musing up and eating up; when I asked what was the use of living if a woman had to go through such deadly routine every day of her life. I wished something would happen. I said right out plain I didn't care what happened, so long as something did. I didn't know what I was talking about, and I didn't know how soon I was to find out.

"When Charlie came home sick, and the money stopped coming in, I got an idea of what a lucky woman I had been. When the children took down, one by one, and it looked as though there would be a little white coffin in that bay window, instead of Lora's doll carriage that I'd fussed so about—then I

knew how precious and dear my life had been. Then I turned round, and wanted the things I had despised. I told God that if He would spare Charlie and the babies, I would never make one of them unhappy again with nagging at them; that I would never again hate my sweet woman's part in His world.

"And now, after all those dreadful weeks, He has given me back my husband, my babies, my home, with all its clutter and work. He has given me back the monotony I loathed. Oh, I praise Him, praise Him, praise Him for the monotony—the blessed monotony! Now monotony means a united family, and a chance to work and keep our unbroken home happy and comfortable! First I'll fill that teakettle, and then I'll begin to dig out."—*Minna Stanwood, in The Congregationalist.*

A DANDELION GIRL.

MRS. GEORGE W. MARTIN.

Nellie Deane, though yet in her teens, was nearly through her college course. She was the daughter of a minister, who, seeing great promise in this favorite child, had spurred her on intellectually, till she began to think it was all of life to study. She did not cultivate the social side of school life, but buried herself in her books, and was considered by her schoolmates "cold," "proud," "haughty."

One day as she sat in the library of the university, engrossed with a book, a fellow student came up softly, and laid a gay little dandelion on the printed page before her. She looked up quickly, and smiled, as he said: "I have always liked dandelions because they are so cheery and bright, smiling a welcome to every one, prince and beggar alike."

He stood and chatted a moment, and then passed on.

As Nellie pinned the flower in her button-hole she thought: "How like this bright, cheery flower John is; like a ray of sunshine this dark November day. I wish I were more like him."

Lost in reverie, an hour passed, and she had not read a word; but it was noon, and the little mother would be expecting her to dinner; so she put the book back in its place, took her hat and cloak, and started home.

On the way she passed a little child crying bitterly, as he sought the penny he had lost in the grass by the roadside. Ordinarily she would have passed him without noting his trouble, but she thought of the little dandelion, and stopped to ask him what was the matter. Looking a few moments, she found the penny, and sent him home with a smile on his dirty little face. And, somehow, her own heart was strangely stirred, and she said to herself: "Why not be a dandelion girl all the time, cheering and helping others to be happy?"

The next morning as she ran lightly up the university steps, she called to one of the students, saying: "Charlie, here are those notes you wanted. I copied them for you last night," handing him some neatly typewritten pages.

With a surprised look he took them, saying: "Thank you, Miss Nellie; I did not think you would have time to do them."

"Well, I just took time," she said.

All day Nellie watched for opportunities to say helpful words, to encourage by smiles or more substantial aid. When she retired at the close of the day, it was with a sweet feeling of happiness, a consciousness of having helped others. This was rather new to her. Many times afterward she was inclined to drop back into her old, hermit-like ways, and selfishly bury herself in books, which were her chief delight. At such times she would silently remind herself of her resolution to "be a dandelion girl."

It was not long before Nellie Deane was one of the most popular girls in college, and one to whom boys and girls alike instinctively carried many of their difficulties and perplexities, knowing they would find help and comfort. She came to be a veritable ray of sunshine everywhere she went.

After college came a course in a Bible training-school; and now she is shedding the sunshine of Jesus' love in far-off China, as she tells the "sweet, old story" of the Cross to those who sit in heathen darkness.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

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LIVING WATER

TESTIMONY

I am glad I can praise God today from the very depths of my soul for what He has done for me. I praise God that I am saved and sanctified. I have been washed in the blood of Jesus, praise His name. I cannot praise Him enough for what He has done for me. I praise Him that He has given me a religion that I know I have, and I love to tell it to others. When the good Lord sends His Holy Spirit into our hearts we know it, and we don't have to say we hope we are saved—we know it, and it makes us want to tell it to others, praise the Lord. Some will say, if you get sanctified you will never have any troubles or trials or temptations; but, oh! since I have been walking with Jesus I have had some of the most severe trials of my life. But I do praise the Lord that He has promised in His Word to be with us and to bear our troubles for us, and I find it so. And He has promised in His Word never to leave us nor forsake us, and I do praise Him today for this promise. Sometimes my spiritual strength is tested, but I am not discouraged, for a little talk with Jesus makes it all right. Today our hearts may be lifted up and filled with the sunlight of God's love and tomorrow may bring sorrow and gloom, for the precious Word says "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Then is when we feel our weakness and it makes us lean on His everlasting arms for help, and we always get it when we go to Him in earnest prayer.

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the toll, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

I pray the richest blessings on *Living Water* and its readers. I ask them to pray for me and my family. I enjoy reading the *Living Water*. It has been a great blessing to me. Your sister in Christ,
GENEVIA OVERSTREET.

Virginia.

In early childhood I gave my heart to God, never afterward doubting my conversion; lived up to all the light I had; I was often on the mountain top, shouting His praise who formed the plan of salvation and sent it down to fallen humanity. Sometimes I was in the valley of sorrow, trial and temptation. During these times I would pray earnestly to my Heavenly Father for more light, and a more perfect experience, when, glory to His name, Brother W. B. Godbey was sent to help conduct a revival meeting in our church. He preached and explained sanctification so simply, yet so forcibly, that I saw it was the very thing I had been longing for for some time. So during the meeting I experienced sanctification as a second work of grace, and for these twenty-one years I have never lost this wonderful experience. But the first night after getting home from meeting Satan came

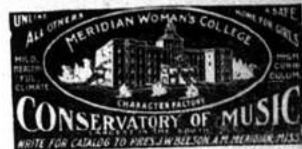
to tempt me, telling me I had been very silly that day in claiming sanctification, for there were others at church who were very exemplary Christians, and they did not claim to rise to such heights of Christian perfection, and that it would be impossible for me to live such a life. Not doubting my profession for a moment, but determined to find out from God whether or not His children could live the sanctified life, I prayed to Him earnestly to show me in a dream, during the night, and I would be satisfied. In my dream that night I saw a vast expanse of water, and at the wharf two huge ships, full rigged with white sails, lying side by side, with many people on board, and to my astonishment found I was a guest on one of them. Both ships launched out, and I was troubled to know if all my friends were aboard, and also wondered who was on the ship alongside of us, who were seemingly so, intoxicated with worldly pleasure. We could hear their music, and dancing, and merry peals of laughter ringing out across the water. On our ship we were standing on the prow of the boat, looking steadfastly for a glimpse of the heavenly shore, toward which we were sailing. Everyone seemed happy, and filled with sweet peace, as we sailed calmly onward. About this time our ships began drifting apart, and our Captain stepped to the edge of the deck, raised his hand, and called to the captain, crew and merry passengers to come and go with us, but they refused. At last our Captain cried, "There is only one hour in which to decide" (whether they would go). How anxiously, with aching hearts, we watched, hoping they would turn and go on with us. But, alas! at the expiration of the hour our Captain's hand fell to his side, and that ship, loaded with human souls, went down to rise no more, and the murky water rushed together over the spot. I looked around and saw Brother Stamper (who helped Brother Godbey in the meeting) standing a few feet from me. Then, realizing I was on the right ship, I broke forth shouting such loud hallelujahs that I woke myself and husband up. He wanted to know what was the matter. I said, "Did you hear that sweet music?" He said "No," turned over and went back to sleep. I thought on

my dream a while, then went to sleep and finished it. Our ship sailed on into the heavenly harbor. We could see the beautiful city of God, all built of pure gold, with pearly white streets reaching down to the water's edge. We could see many domes and spires rising from the mansions in every direction. As we landed many saints in white robes came down to meet us, with outstretched hands, beckoning us to come on, among whom I recognized my mother, who said to me: "Come on, my child; yonder's my home." Then a multitude of angelic forms appeared everywhere, and my dream ended. And now I'm on the Rock to stay till Jesus comes, or God calls me home.

MRS. CARRIE LINTON.

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Sunday School Lesson

P. R. Nugent, * * Richmond, Va.

Lesson for Aug. 30, 1908

DAVID SPARES SAUL'S LIFE.

1 Sam. 26.

Golden Text: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you" (Lk. 6:27).

The lesson will be appreciated better by reading Chs. 21-25. It shows much that is excellent in the character of David. In this dealing with Saul David was—

1. **Prudent** (3, 4, 25). He was not rash to expose himself to danger by putting himself in Saul's power. He knew, by sad experience, about what he could expect from Saul, so that even when he seemed sorry for his wrong course, David kept at a safe distance. Saul's sorrow was short-lived, and there seemed to be times when he was moved by an almost insane rage and jealousy against David. It is often true that a person gives place to these sinful dispositions against some one who represents God's will and cause. God's servant cannot afford to put himself in the power of such.

2. **Courageous** (6). Prudence and courage are not at all contradictory. They can and should be combined. David's entrance into the very midst of his enemies' camp with only one attendant shows that he was a fearless soldier, though we like to see this as the result of faith in God and not mere brute courage.

3. **Respectful** (9, 22). Saul was David's enemy, but he was also Israel's king. Though his endeavors against David's life were without anything to justify his course—a course that was only and thoroughly evil—yet he occupied an office given him by God and which, therefore, called for respect. David carried out what the Lord Jesus spoke of in Matt. 23:2, 3. There are times when it is right to distinguish between the man and his office. There was little or nothing in Saul personally for David to honor, but he honored his office.

4. **Firm** (8, 17). David not only restrained himself but also his soldiers. It is possible for a person to be in a position when he refuses to do a thing himself but has not enough strength of purpose to restrain some one else. And sometimes there is a compromising attitude, a willingness to have a deed done by another though not by one's self. A passive refusal to sin may end in sin by allowing another to do it. David's behavior shows how free he was from all this. A maintained firmness in temptation is necessary in order to keep free from its power.

5. **Patient** (10). To kill Saul was doubtless in Abiathar's eyes, a short way for David to end his trials and reach the throne. It is easy to interpret a providence in our own way, and to suit our own desires and preferences. But what Abiathar interpreted to mean an opportunity to kill Saul, David took as an occasion for mercy. He had the patience of faith—patience to wait for God to attend to the removal of Saul and his own enthronement. It is far better to patiently wait for God's time and God's action than to do things in fleshly wisdom, energy and haste. The latter brings trouble.

6. **Magnanimous** (11, 12). David, a man of war, standing near his helpless enemy, the man who persistently sought to kill him, and then not only sparing him but forbidding his follower to injure him—this is a very blessed example of large forgiveness and exaltation of character. General R. E. Lee was on the same order. When one of his generals said that the opposing army could be forced into Potomac and almost, if not entirely, destroyed, he refused the proposition, saying: "Let us be his."

7. **Sorrowful** (19). David's action was not the result of callous indifference to his condition. He felt keenly his state of exile from home and the tabernacle worship, and residence among idolaters. Saul's course brought him much sorrow, hence his attitude

toward Saul is all the more noticeable. The injustice and cruelty done towards him, the sorrow and deprivation, did not bring bitterness nor hinder his forbearance.

8. **Humble** (20). By God's appointment David was Saul's successor, but he makes no mention of that. Saul is addressed as king and he speaks of himself as very insignificant. He was not puffed up nor self-important on account of God's favor towards him.

9. **Loyalty** (19). "My lord the king," David says. He would have been a loyal servant of Saul if the latter had allowed it. His loyalty was not a mere shallow speech. He meant it (2 Sam. 1:21-24). This, in view of Saul's hatred, shows the depth of character that characterized David.

10. **Trustful** (12, 23). Realizing that his cause was God's cause; he could, when necessary, place himself in a dangerous position and, in arguing his cause, appeal to the judgment of God.

11. **Appealing** (24). David could not look to Saul for mercy and help, but to God. In doing so he could appeal to his righteous forgiveness of Saul—not as procuring favor—but as a fulfilled condition. He who is unforgiving and unmerciful cannot consistently ask for such favors from God.

12. **Prevailing** (21). David conquered Saul by kindness, though Saul's good attitude may have been only for a season. He was in a condition to be swayed by very opposite principles.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

Mrs. J. P. T., Taylor's Store, Va.—According to newspaper publications that seem reliable, Mr. Taft is a Unitarian. The distinctive belief (for in some respects they differ among themselves) of the Unitarians is that Christ is a mere man and not God. He is distinguished from other men only by superior wisdom and power. They regard God as an absolute Unity and not a Trinity. In this respect they are like the Jews and Mohammedans. This doctrine is a dishonor to the character of our Lord.

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