

# LIVING WATER

"CALL UNTO ME, AND I WILL ANSWER THEE, AND SHEW THEE GREAT AND MIGHTY THINGS, WHICH THOU KNOWEST NOT,"—Jer. 33:3

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VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JAN. 28, 1909

\$1.00 a Year in Advance  
No. 4

## A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUTGOING MISSIONARIES

"How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" (Rom. 11:33.) It seems almost too wonderful to be true that the Lord has honored me to the extent that I am actually on my way\* to India to serve Him there. For many years of my life nothing seemed more improbable than a step of this kind.



MRS. BERTHA DAVIS.

My father died when I was about nine years old, but my mother was a woman of unusual ability and came as near filling the place of both parents as it was possible for one person to do.

At the age of thirteen, during a revival in a little Baptist Church in Sturgis, Mich., I was taken into the church. Like most children properly brought up in Sunday-school and church, I had a mental belief in Christ and a desire to live a good life, so I answered the questions put to me truthfully, so far as I knew, but failed to grasp the fact that be-

hind my mental belief there must be a change of heart. The godly people who dealt with me did not seem to discern my mistake, and by this mutual misunderstanding I was taken into the church without conversion. I fear that this error is occasionally made in dealing with seekers at the altars in our Holiness meetings, but perhaps it cannot always be avoided as long as only the Lord can read the heart.

On moving to Nashville we joined Glen Leven Presbyterian Church (it being the most convenient to our home in Waverly Place), of which Dr. J. H. McNeilly was, and is yet, the faithful pastor. There a straight gospel was faithfully preached, and while for some reason it did not reach my hard heart with saving grace, I at least did not hear there or elsewhere any higher criticism, new thought, new theology or anything else to poison my mind, but rather Bible truths which laid a good foundation for the quickening work of the Holy Spirit.

As soon as my education justified the step, I secured employment which was both remunerative and congenial, and several years slipped by so smoothly as to seem almost monotonous. And while no such thought was in my mind at the time, in looking back I recognize the fact that the accuracy which was required of me in certain lines of work, and much that I read was fitting me for the service I was afterward to take up in LIVING WATER office.

During these years I attended church regularly, and it never occurred to me that I did not have as much religion as the average church member (and perhaps I had) and sufficient to meet the requirements of this life and the one to come. I knew I was not being kept from sin; but had some kind of a hazy notion of continually sinning and continually asking and receiving forgiveness.

But it was not the Lord's plan to allow me to go on in a false sense of security, and a crisis was about to come in my life which would not leave me in doubt that I was depending on a broken reed. While spending

some time with my brother in Galveston, three members of our family were lost in the awful storm and flood which swept over that place September 8, 1900, among them being my little eighteen-months-old daughter, my only child, in whom my whole life was centered. During this trying time I found I had nothing which gave comfort; nothing which kept my mental belief from staggering at the awful sights witnessed as we searched among the debris for the bodies of our dead, and nothing which enabled me to bow in submission to a Providence I could not understand. But instead, my heart was desolate and rebellious, full of doubts and questions, and I plunged into everything that promised relief from the awful panorama constantly passing before my mental vision.



MISS BESSIE SEAY.

In looking back it seems wonderful how patiently the Lord dealt with me when my attitude toward Him was worthy of nothing but death. If the matter of religion had been

pressed upon me at that time, possibly my heart would have been steeled against the truth, but after a lapse of two years had at last dulled my grief and rebellion, Mrs. Ransom invited me to attend the services at the Pentecostal Mission with her. I consented, partly out of curiosity to see what they were like and partly because I was glad to do anything to please a valued friend. A few services aroused my interest, and then she invited me to accompany her to the Fayetteville Camp-meeting, where I sought the Lord with all my heart and found Him, first as my Saviour and some time later as my Sanctifier.

Then came the slow and painful process of getting established, taking more time and suffering in my case than most others because of my unusually morbid nature and warped disposition. At first I confused purity and maturity and expected too much, both of myself and others. Satan was on hand with temptations to doubt and discouragement, but right by my side were those who had fought every one of these battles through to victory, ready to give me the "thus saith the Lord" to fit my case, and so I gradually learned that

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." So I am "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith," believing that "Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it."

I have not always walked in the light (would that I had), but the trend of my life these six years has been Godward, and when I have stumbled and fallen I have gotten up full of humiliation and disgust with myself, but always facing the same direction.

During the first year of my spiritual life, LIVING WATER was such a source of soul-food and blessing to me that I longed for a share in getting it out, feeling that in doing so I would have a part in spreading the gospel as well as those who preach, and while I could not preach, I could do office work. And so when Brother Codding went to India, with just as glad a heart I stepped into the place he vacated in the office.

Amid the great flood of spiritual light that broke into my darkened soul when the Spirit took possession, two lines of truth seemed to take especial prominence—the Lord's coming and the importance of the gospel being taken to the uttermost parts of the earth. Of the first subject I had heard nothing except an occasional newspaper account of erratic people who set the day for the end of the world, donned white robes and climbed on stumps and housetops to welcome the event—and climbed down again at nightfall, sadder if not wiser. When I became familiar with the real Scriptural teaching on this subject, it gripped my soul and filled me with a hope and joy that has never left me.

Immediately following my conversion, my interest in missions took deep root and grew steadily as it fed upon the information se-

cured from books, papers and returned missionaries, and I determined to do my utmost to help the cause along. The idea of going myself did not occur to me, for I had a picture in my mind of just what a missionary ought to be, and knew I did not meet the requirements.

But one summer, about four years ago, Horace H. Houlding, of the China South Chihli Mission stopped one night at the Pentecostal Mission, and for three hours poured out such a stream of missionary information with such earnestness and enthusiasm that it seemed to me it would have moved the heart of an Egyptian mummy, if such a thing were possible. At any rate it stirred my heart, and among other things I learned that work which I could do was considered valuable on the mission field, and the matter at once became very personal. I was not free to go at that time because the Lord had given me a duty (which I also counted a blessed privilege) to perform at home, and I knew duties never conflict, but from that moment my mind was made up that when the way was open, the means provided and I could see clearly the need at a definite point of the work which I was capable of doing, I would go. Many have expressed surprise that the



INDIA WIDOWS, NOW BIBLE WOMEN.

matter had never been mentioned until so short a time before we left, but it was in the Lord's hands, and I did not know whether it would take weeks, months or years to work it out, so saw no reason for conferring with flesh and blood. As far as human preferences go, I would have preferred China, but the Lord's leading has never been that way, either in regard to giving or going.

The ten days which intervened between the announcement and our departure will stand out as red letter days in my memory for many years to come. They were packed full enough of expressions of love and appreciation and kind deeds to sweeten a whole lifetime if they could be spread out over it. I am so thankful that memory is elastic and I am going to make it spread a long ways.

I find the Lord pays with such pressed down and running over measure. The privilege of going was all I expected my decision to involve, but the Lord has given me the companionship of Bessie Seay, a friend of long standing, and one who will be, I believe, a valuable addition to our force in India. At

Pittsburg, where I did not even know we had to change cars, we had five hours in which to go to hear Gipsy Smith preach to a packed house in Exposition Hall, and people all through that vast audience were seeking salvation just as they do at the Sunday-night services at the Tabernacle. We stopped one day in Washington, and besides meeting an old acquaintance or two, and doing some profitable sight-seeing, we had the pleasure of stopping at the same place with Miss L. C. Smith, who has spent twenty-eight years in Japan and expects to return as soon as her furlough expires.

I have not mentioned the cost, and yet this step has had its price. Not many people who go have as few family ties, but these few were hard to break. And the strength of the ties which bound me to the "household of faith" of the Pentecostal Tabernacle no one can realize who has not been born, loved, taught, encouraged, rebuked and disciplined in just that kind of a spiritual family. How I praise the Lord that there are "households of faith" whose members love the Lord and each other well enough to deal faithfully along all these lines.

When I get to India I do not expect to "pick up" the language, but expect to get it just as I have gotten everything else that I have found worth having—by persistent digging, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little—but I intend to get it. As to my work, of course circumstances will govern that, but if, in addition to whatever direct spiritual work the Lord trusts me with, I can take the accounts and correspondence and enable Brother Codding to spend more time in preaching; if I can take my turn in nursing the sick and keep some one worth while from breaking down; if I can help some with the orphans and in dispensing simple remedies to the natives, I shall feel that I have not gone in vain. Pray for us.

BERTHA DAVIS.

One of the greatest things for which I have to praise God is Christian ancestry. As a child I listened with interest as my grandparents told of the good times they had at their two-weeks' annual meetings on the Good Hope Camp-ground, where the people shouted, praised the Lord, and enjoyed religion in the "good old-fashioned way." Oh, how I praise the Lord that my parents trained me as they were trained, in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." The day they were married they erected a family altar, and I cannot recall a day that prayers did not ascend from our home to the throne of grace. I shall never be able to tell what this has meant to me in my Christian experience.

I was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when about thirteen years of age, under the preaching of Rev. W. F. Freeman, and lived a nominal Christian life, getting revived on protracted meeting occasions. I remember how I longed for the annual revival, not realizing that God was ever as near to keep as He would be in the protracted meeting.

About nine years ago the Lord sent some Holiness people to Lebanon to show unto us a more excellent way. Like many others, I at first shunned them, being afraid they would break up the church in which I had been working, and which I loved so much. But the first meeting I attended it was apparent to me that these people had an experience not realized in my own heart; and it was in a Methodist Church, under the instruction of Mrs. L. O. Stratton, that I consecrated my life to God and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

A short time after that, at a tent meeting in Lebanon, the Lord called me to Africa, and there I decided to go when He opened the way. A year or two later the opportunity came to me to enter the Literary and Bible Training School at Nashville. The instruction received while there, both in Brother McClurkan's Bible class and in the literary department from the other teachers, has been of untold value to me. I can but wish that all prospective missionaries could have similar training.

After leaving school I entered Dr. C. A.

Tucker's Infirmary as a nurse, feeling that this would better equip me for service. In that work the Lord gave me many opportunities to witness for Him, for which I praise Him. I am also indeed grateful for the valuable training received.

All these years I have been expecting to go to Africa, but the way did not open. For some months I have felt willing to go any place in the Lord's vineyard where His providence seemed to indicate, feeling sure that if He would have me go to Africa He would, in His own good time, open the way. Recently the way opened for me to go to India, and the need seemed great; so I leave home and friends with the joy in my heart that it is a privilege to work for Him anywhere.

In taking this step I have found that it is much easier to say that we will go all the way with the Lord than it is to do it, neither do we realize half what it means till we are put to the test. I am so glad that I have not refused to walk in the light as He has given it to me. I go thanking God for His blessings and trusting Him for the future.

BESSIE SEAY.

questions even of moral conviction and moral action, one man deeming those things right which another man deems to be wrong. Each one of us, I suspect, has often been in doubt as to what the right course of action is. We have our standards, and our principles, and our laws, but many times we are confused regarding them. We need, human life needs, a *revelation of perfect righteousness*. That is our first need.

When I look at my life I find that even with reference to the standards and laws in which it is already firmly assured, there are times when it seems as though the moral obligation of those laws are dimmer than at other times, and again, and again, and again it fails to do the things that it knows that it ought. It is always informed of very much larger righteousness than it ever accomplishes in itself, and it feels the contradiction, the defeat and failure, and so it longs for the *secret of deliverance from the shame and the guilt of it all*. That is our lives' second need.

And then in the third place we look at our personal experience, and we see the need of a better hope in coming days. Are they to be only the reproduction of the days past, falling back each time we fall to the same level we were before, back to the guilt and the shame of it but with no prospect of victory? The heart cries out for help that will enable it in the future to desist from repeating the shameful record of its past. We want to discover somewhere *the help that will enable us to anticipate perpetual victory* in the midst of what our hearts realize to be an everlasting struggle. That is our third great need.

And yet our hearts ask themselves the question: Is the struggle to be everlasting? Is there to be no end of it, except the end that comes in the sleep of death? Is this long contradiction to go on forever without any terminus? May we not hope that the time of an *absolute deliverance* will come? That is a fourth great need.

Now the great truths and facts of Christianity are the answers to these deep needs of our lives.

I.

The first great need was the need of a revelation of righteousness. Over against that stands the great truth of the *incarnation*, in which God has laid bare before us a vision of perfect righteousness, and once and for all gives us a standard of absolute holiness of life which we can keep before our own lives as their standard and their law.

And the incarnation gives it to us in the *only way in which it ever could come*. Supposing you went out to the other side of the world and gathered around you a little group of non-Christian people and spoke to them the word "purity." Would they understand it? The word would contain for them on your lips only what it had contained for them on their own. The word would bring no revelation to them. You would have to put a new substance inside the word. You would have to fill it with a new content. That is the great work of missionaries who begin their labors in any non-Christian land, to fill with new meaning old words which the peo-

## Human Needs Satisfied in Christ

ROBERT E. SPEER.

There are two different ways in which we can approach Christianity in our own thought about it and in our efforts to present it to others. On the one hand we may ask: What is Christianity, and what does it propose, and do I need it? or on the other hand we may ask: What am I, and what do I need, and does Christianity provide this? In the one way we come to experience through that which Christianity offers, in the other way we come to the truths which Christianity offers through the conscious needs of human experience.

It is right to approach the matter in each of these two ways. There are instances in the New Testament of the use of both methods of approach. The Savior was offered to men who, in the discovery of the Savior, realized their need of Him. Other men discovered their need of a Savior of whom they had not heard, and He was made plain to them because they were aware of the needs of their own souls.

It is sometimes very helpful in our own Christian thinking and questioning to turn from the first of these two methods to the second.

### NEW LIGHT

breaks on a great many Christian truths when we reapproach them in this way, and a new confirmation comes to our faith in those truths. I remember still with what new joy and delight I read for the first time Horace Bushnell's great sermon on "The Christian Trinity a Practical Truth." I had been worried not a little over the doctrine of the trinity, approaching it from the doctrinal side, and a great light broke over it and a great joy thrilled through it when I

approached that great truth from the practical side of the needs of our own lives. In that sermon Bushnell tells us of the needs of our own hearts, and comes back to the doctrine of the trinity because of the necessity of that great truth to meet the needs of these hearts of ours.

"My heart," he said in closing, "needs the Father, my heart needs the Son, my heart needs the Holy Spirit."



ROBERT E. SPEER.

When we come to examine the truth of Christianity in this way we begin by asking ourselves what we are, and what the needs of our lives are, and what provision must be made.

### HUMAN NEEDS.

In the first place I look at myself and find that I am a soul with standards and laws about which I am often perplexed and confused. We do not all agree on what is right. How wide the differences are among men on

ple had, and which must be used in order that the new truths may be made real to them. Truth can only be revealed through life. Truth can only be instilled in us as we live that truth. A revelation of perfect righteousness could not be made by a human teacher who came teaching the ideals and principles of a perfect life merely in words and propositions. The words would have meant no more than they had always meant. It was necessary then, in order that the revelation of perfect righteousness might come to men, that that righteousness be incarnated in human life, and the incarnation is the only way in which the standard of perfect righteousness can be made. It cannot be made on the Unitarian plan. It can only be met by the putting of the life of the living God Himself in the flesh of man.

The beauty of it all is on the one hand that it is the *divine* and the *authoritative* revelation to us of heart and righteousness and character, so that we shall never any longer go astray for guidance, never need to follow after other teachers, or seek to supplement the perfect light with any broken and fragmentary shadows. And on the other hand it is all given to us, not only absolute and authoritative, but all *warm and throbbing with a great love*. There is nothing more chilling than an impersonal joy. The glory of the incarnation is that it lays before the soul of each of us just that which our souls need all aglow and warm and throbbing with a great love, through the presence of the Spirit.

Everybody who has tried the guidance of life in the light of the incarnated God knows how adequate the light for guidance has been in their lives. There is a wonderful instance of one way in which that guidance comes to us in the paragraph that is prefixed in our Bibles to the eighth chapter of the Gospel of John. You will find it in a parenthesis in your Revised Version with a note at the bottom stating that that particular message does not have the same authentication of the manuscripts as the rest of the Gospel, but it is there, nevertheless, and we know that it expresses a great and living principle.

You remember the incident. It is the story of the men who took the woman in sin and brought her into the presence of Jesus, expecting that our Lord would commend them for their great righteousness in the matter; surely commending themselves for what they were doing. How different it all looked when they brought her into Jesus' presence! We read that they came in, all very bold and righteous, and Christ spoke not one word to them. He simply stooped down to hide the shame that filled His cheeks at the revelation that was given to Him of the meanness of man, writing with His finger in the sand as one by one, beginning with the oldest, they all slunk out of His presence, until He was left with the woman standing alone before Him. Things did not look before Christ as they had looked without! The incarnation of God in Christ revises all our human judgments. It throws a great flood of light over all the moral problems of our lives, and I come to God in prayer in Christ's name because my soul needs that revelation of a perfect righteousness.

## II.

The second of the great needs of our lives is the removal of that sense of shame and guilt which is with us because we have not done even as well as we knew, and because when the revelation of perfect righteousness comes to us it comes only with an utter condemnation of all the degradation and sinfulness of our own life. Over against that stands the great Christian truth of *the atonement*.

If in the person and life of Christ we have the answer to the soul's need of a revelation of righteousness, in the death of Christ we have the answer to the soul's need for relief from the burden, the crushing burden, of guilt and shame. We may explain the method of the soul's release with different doctrines, different Christian experiences. The way in which the old truths have been becoming more dear to me of late years has been suggested in one of Faber's hymns:

"There is mercy with the Savior,  
There is healing in His blood."

You know how constantly through the New Testament the church is represented as the body and corporate life in which, if one member suffer, all the others feel that member's suffering and suffer with it. A healing work is done in the life of those who belong to Him, who come by faith and identify themselves with Him, who become His body, through whom flow the great cleansing currents of His life. But I am sure there are deeper depths than we have ever sounded as yet, and that the Spirit of God is going to lead us on to greater conceptions that will enable us to understand as we have not yet understood the full significance of that great blood covenant into which He takes us by His death. But whether we explain it one way or another, the great and blessed fact is there that the coarsest and grossest of human characters, almost rotted out by sin, have found in Christ a relief from all the shame and the guilt of it, and that the finest and most sensitive of souls, who have never stooped to any of those depths, have also found in that great atoning death of Christ their comfort and their release.

There died a few weeks ago, in a little village in Connecticut, one of my dearest friends, a man nearly twice my years, but from whom in the last twenty years I have learned priceless lessons in the beauty and the humility of his sincere Christian life. He was a very deep scholar, this friend of mine, and there were times when men would feel that he was depending upon his intellectuality, but it was beautiful to see, as the old man drew near the setting of the sun at the close of his day, how he fell back on the simplest and most elementary interpretation of Christian truth, and rested where the soul, discovering its own needs, must always come back to rest. In a letter which I received from him just as he completed his seventieth year, he wrote at the close:

"One who has seen so many years of blessing as I have has no right to complain. The one thing which is most real and emphatic in my consciousness is the fact that any hope I may cherish must rest on foundations out-

side of myself. I have no complacency in the record of my life. From my present viewpoint I see more clearly than ever before the absolute need of a vicarious salvation. I shall go down to the tomb trusting in this alone."

The old man had come at last to know what the deep needs of his soul were, and he went with them straight to the great Fountain where they could be supplied. Conscious of the shame and guilt even of his own high and noble life, he fell back for the satisfying of his needs on that great fact on which we all must fall, the death of our Lord for the cleansing of our sins and the healing of our souls.

## III.

I said that the third great need was the need of power and the hope of power in the days to come to overcome the temptation and the contradiction. Each one of us has felt that need, all human experience realizes that need. They receive the revelation of Christ's death as delivering us from the shame and guilt and burden of our past, and the heart calls out for strength and power by which it may hope to triumph in the coming days, and not re-write the story of its past defects and defeats. And the great answering Christian truth and fact is *the resurrection and the power of the risen life*.

Here men will say that we must look at the matter somewhat differently from the way in which we have regarded the other great Christian truths. They will say regarding the incarnation and death of Christ that there is no dispute concerning the facts, the only dispute is in regard to the interpretation of the facts. They admit that there was such a person as Jesus, they admit that He was nailed upon a cross. Where they take issue with us is as to the interpretation of those facts, as to their having produced the results which we construe in them. But they say it is different with the resurrection, because there the fact itself is disputed. That Jesus rose again they will not admit, and therefore they credit no interpretation of the alleged fact. Hence we must be prepared to go out and to confront the world with proof of the fact of our Lord's resurrection from the dead.

Now if there is one thing in which we may believe on a basis of evidence that is as satisfying as the evidence for any other alleged historical fact, it is the great historical fact of our Lord's rising again. His statements during His life justified the belief that He would rise again. The evidence of those who saw Him risen, and who believed against their scruples and against their unbelief, is as good evidence as history affords us. And something that must have been as great as the resurrection must have happened to account for the resurrection of dead Christianity. When our Lord was laid away in His tomb, that day His religion was as dead as anything in the world could be. Within a few days that religion was alive. What raised that religion? It only arose because the Lord who was that religion Himself had arisen. Only by the fact of His rising can we account for the birth of that great power

which went out from those days to give the whole world a new life.

But when we have said that we go back to the other point of view: that our Lord can really produce a new life in us, that day by day we can walk with Him as children of the resurrection, that we may know not only the fellowship of His sufferings but also the power of His resurrection, and feel in our own lives the might and dominion of the endless life. We are entitled to argue from all this back to the great Christian facts and truths which underbase it, and without the truth of which this power could be. And so we confirm to ourselves our faith in the resurrection of our Lord by coming to it from the need of our human lives and the requirements of our souls.

IV.

And last of all I say that our souls need some word of hope regarding the future that will give the assurance that the conflict is not forever to be on the scale and plane and level and under the principles on which now it must be, but that some day the contradiction will be finished, a new atmosphere will be about us, a new life will thrill through us, and by the living presence of Him whom now we love without seeing, we shall live our life and merit, by His undying power, His righteousness. And over against that need stands the great truth of our Lord's coming again. The need of our lives for the standard of righteousness is met in the incarnation of our Lord, the need for cleansing and healing from sin is met in His atoning death, the need for power by which to overcome the evil that is about us and within us is met by His resurrection, and the need of our hearts for the day in which the struggle shall be on different terms and in His full presence is met by the great truth that some day this same Jesus which was one day taken up from men into heaven shall so come in like manner as men saw Him go.

I had a dear old friend who was a Presbyterian minister in a little town in New Jersey. For years and years his ministry had been arid and dry, and at last those who were about him saw a great change come, and he told me, not long before his death, what had wrought that change. He said when at last he opened his New Testament and really believed the simple words there regarding the return of our Lord, the whole truth of Christianity was transformed for him, and he went out into the world to preach a new Gospel with a new joy, new strength, new power, a new passion for souls.

So I am watching quietly  
Every day.  
Whenever the sun shines brightly  
I rise and say:  
"Surely it is the shining of His face,"  
And look unto the gates of His high place  
Beyond the sea,  
For I know He is coming shortly  
To summon me.  
And when a shadow falls across the window  
Of my room  
Where I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask  
If He is come;  
And the angel answers sweetly  
In my home:

"Only a few more shadows,  
And He will come!"

I have put the matter this experimental way not because I think this is the ultimate way to put it, because I believe the truths are there whether we are blind to them or not. Even though human experience is unaware of the soul's requirements and possibilities, God is still there, and the great truths of God are there all unchanged. There is a modern theological school which believes that it does not matter whether the facts ever happened or not—all that is necessary is to think that they happened and just derive from them religious values which are just as good whether the facts ever were or not. Now I do not believe that, in a world of God's, you can hang truth on a lie or draw life out of death, and I do not believe we can maintain a true experience save on the basis of a true historic revelation. But the experience confirms our faith in His revelation. When I look within my own heart and see what I need, and then look back and see what God is alleged to have given, I have found my soul's necessities at last in Him, and how deep my gratitude becomes, how much larger my rich appreciation of the goodness of God! Realizing His great and generous grace and anticipation of all these needs of ours, with what a solid step do we go out now to preach our Gospel to the world! "O men, O men, we know your hearts! Your hearts are our hearts, are all one heart, and there is the message for that heart! We know what the world cries for, and here is the answer to that cry!" We are now surer than we ever were, because we know it now within, that our Gospel is the power of God unto the salvation of every man that believes. We have seen for ourselves. We have drunk and eaten for ourselves. That which our own hands have handled and our own eyes have beheld and our own ears have heard of the Word of Life, declare we. Speaking out of the depths of such a living and irrefutable knowledge, we shall speak in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.—*The Institute Tie.*

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Blucher, who helped at Waterloo, was invited by the old hero, Wellington, to come to London. Wellington wanted to show him the city, and he took him up into the dome above St. Paul's. The old warrior looked around the city, and at last Wellington said to him: "Well, what do you think of it?" The blood of ten generations of heathen warriors rose up in his cheeks and he said: "What a city for pillage!"

I have read of another Man, looking on another city, and the tears were rolling down His cheeks as He said: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together."

What is the city to you? A place for pillage—to get your own—to advance your own interests? Or do you look, like your Master, upon the great needy city and reach out your hand to help it?—*Charles L. Goodell.*

Silver Filings

- "The Flesh never becomes Spirit."
- "Faith bears fruit; unbelief is barren."
- "Even two calves' heads are better than one."
- "No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet miserable."
- "Faith magnifies God; unbelief magnifies difficulties."
- "Nothing is wasted that is offered in love to Christ."
- "This world is too small to show how big a good man is."
- "What seems to us desirable should be sought conditionally."
- "Satan may empty his quiver, but he cannot harm Christ's Church."
- "Enthusiasm or more faithful service cannot take carnality out of the heart."
- "The preacher who wants a revival should preach the first sermon to himself."
- "It is remarkable how many virtues can be seen in people who have money."
- Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also; but endeavor never does.—*Richter.*
- Anger and speech are an ill-assorted pair, whose company leads to sorrow.—*Er.*
- "The only experience you feel comfortable with in a red-hot meeting is holiness."
- "The man who lives by faith will praise the Lord whether he feels like it or not."
- "The Gospel is like a white background that shows up the blackness of human hearts."
- "A lie has no legs, and unless you lend him yours, he'll be buried where he was born."
- "We might as well try to find the grave of God as to find the grave of a soul—it lives forever."
- "Remember, youth once gone is gone; Deeds let escape are never to be done."
- "Nothing drives home the consciousness of sin so surely as the contemplation of God's loving acts."
- "The Word in the Book is gold in the mine, The Word in the heart is purse-carried coin."
- Professor Drummond said: "The moment we forget that God meant this life to be a school, the puzzle of life begins."
- If you want your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what He can make you like.—*Charles Kingsley.*
- Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming; The time is short.  
—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*
- "The religious life, in one respect, is like riding a bicycle. You must keep going or get off. Is this why so many get 'off' in religion?"
- I am quite clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the matter-of-fact life and do just what we did before.—*Phillips Brooks.*

## Evangelization of Madagascar

MISS FANNIE CLAYPOOL.

Madagascar stands out as one of the most intensely interesting mission fields of the world. The nineteenth century cannot claim, from any other land, more glorious conquests of the Cross of Christ.

This great island, lying off the east coast of Africa, is four times as large as England, and presents to the traveler a panorama of beauty, enhanced by variety of landscape. Going inland from the coast the scenery resembles that of a beautiful park. Clumps of tropical trees, ferns and climbing plants rise above a soft green carpeting; while the beautiful orchids, with their rich luxuriance of white, shell-like blossoms, renders the whole such as to be appropriately termed the "paradise of the botanist." Continuing inland and westward, new scenes present themselves. The hills rise in terrace-like appearance, the vegetation changes; but it is not till the plateau region is attained that contrast intensifies disappointment. The bare, rolling heath, with projecting rocks, which present a castle-like appearance, spreads out as a new scene in the picture. Still onward the valley becomes far spreading and is the great rice district of the island.

But amid all this *beauty* of nature there existed customs that marred the *beauty* of human life. Polygamy, infanticide and slavery were prevalent. A very low estimate was placed upon life, death being the penalty for petty offenses. Gross sensuality was universal, and the public orgies on festive occasions were revolting beyond description. The power of the Gospel, with its civilizing, refining and uplifting influence, had never touched the people; but God, who in His love had redeemed them, worked out His plan for their evangelization.

It was to the London Missionary Society and to the little country of Wales that came the privilege of taking the initiative in this blessed ministry; and the first chosen vessels were David Jones and Thomas Bevan, who in 1818 entered Madagascar, rejoicing in the Gospel of Christ, for they knew it to be the "power of God unto salvation." Soon after their arrival the king, Radama I., sent a letter to the society asking for as many missionaries as they chose to send—"provided you send skilled artisans to make my people workmen as well as good Christians." The society immediately sent out lay missionaries to introduce the various industries. The language was reduced to writing, schools were opened, the printing press followed, the New Testament was translated into the native tongue, while evangelization was ever going on. In fifteen years thirty thousand people could read, civilization was making rapid strides, and real Christianity was following apace.

The missionaries exercised great care in training the Christians. They were taught in the Word, the truths of the Gospel being

deeply imbedded in their hearts; and the love of the Scriptures was a marked trait of the early church, which characteristic clung to them as the church grew and spread, and was a mighty bulwark amid the fires of persecution that followed.

It is often true that seeming disaster rushes upon the heels of success, so when the progress of the Gospel appeared to be at high tide, the king died and was succeeded by his favorite among his twelve wives—Ranavalona—who is known as the "Bloody Mary" of Madagascar. She was cruel, idolatrous and bloodthirsty. She began her reign by putting to death all the relatives of her husband that could in any wise contest her right to the throne. His most loyal officers were either starved to death or speared to death, lest they might aspire to the rulership.

It was no matter of surprise that such a woman as this would antagonize Christianity. She determined to send the missionaries out of the country. They plead with her to allow them to remain. She sneeringly said, "What can you do?" "Can you make soap?" The missionaries soon brought to the queen a specimen of good soap, and thus they appeased her wrath for five years.

But the church made such rapid progress through these years that the wicked queen determined to stamp out this new faith with a powerful stroke. She summoned the people to appear in a great mass meeting on the plain, near the capital. The Christians were ordered to confess and a storm of persecution arose. Many of the missionaries were driven from the island, but before leaving they hastened to complete their translation of the Bible. While the infant church was in the throes of this terrible persecution, the Word was indeed precious. Men walked a hundred miles to get a Bible. As they hid the truth in their hearts, their souls were fed and they were made strong for the conflict.

The first martyr was a young woman—Rasala. She was captured at a prayer-meeting and subjected to cruel tortures, one of which was being bound in irons in excruciating positions. When, after being thus bound and beaten, she was led out to die, all the joy of her soul seemed to find expression. Singing and testifying, she calmly passed on her way to the place of execution and, kneeling, she committed her soul to God. She was speared to death and her body was left to be devoured by wild dogs. Truly she was one "of whom the world was not worthy."

This was the beginning of what might be termed the fury of the queen's wrath. Hundreds of Christians were put to death. Poisoning, stoning, flaying, spearing and other tortuous methods were employed; but none went back to idolatry; in fact, it was in the very presence of these scenes that great num-

bers of heathen were turned to the Christian faith and many to an acceptance of Christ as a personal Savior, till the queen exclaimed: "I have killed some, I have made some slaves till death, I have put some in long, heavy fetters, and still you continue praying. How is it that you cannot give up that?" The queen understood not because she had never experienced the joys of communion, neither did she know the love that binds the soul to its God.

Being determined in her course, nearly three thousand more were sentenced to different kinds of punishment. Some were burned, but amid the fire they were heard to say, "Lord Jesus, receive our spirits." They did not cease to pray as long as they had any life; but when their spirits went to be with God, immediately rain quenched the flames and the multitude was struck with awe and solemnity as a beautiful rainbow sprang from the spot.

Fifteen were ordered to be hurled over a wall of rock one hundred and fifty feet high into a rocky ravine below. They were suspended by ropes in mid-air over the cliff. Idols were held before them and in turn they were asked: "Will you worship this god?" As they refused, the ropes were cut; then the bodies were taken from the abyss below and burned. This place has since been known as "The Rock of Hurling." From her palace window the blood-thirsty queen reveled in these sights.

This great persecution continued for twenty-six years, and it has been estimated that the vast army of martyrs was increased by ten thousand from Madagascar. Many of the Christians that escaped "wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth"—anywhere that they could find a place to hold a service, read the word or pray.

But there came a time when, like the merciless Herod, this unrelenting queen passed into eternity. She was succeeded by her son, who, before "set of sun" on his coronation day, proclaimed freedom of conscience and of worship. Within the following month eleven churches were opened in the capital city, from whence the missionaries had been banished for years. On the sites of the four principal places of execution there were erected beautiful stone churches, in memory of those who there yielded up their lives for the sake of the Gospel. On their return the missionaries found that the infant church of two thousand that they had left exposed to persecution and death, had grown to seven thousand. The "blood of the martyrs" had again, as ever, proven "the seed of the church."

In 1868, Ranavalone II. became queen. She took her seat for coronation before two tables. On one was placed the crown of Madagascar, on the other a Bible. "She resolved to wear her crown in accordance with the teachings of the Bible." She and her Prime Minister were baptized, and her inherited idols were consumed in a bonfire. She gave her private fortune to buy freedom for the 150,000 slaves of Madagascar.

Following the example of this noble queen, thousands of her subjects flocked to the

church, until teaching these new converts became quite a task for the missionaries. Many native evangelists and preachers ministered to the people, and the Cross of Christ triumphed gloriously. There was a general revolution in affairs; modern progress became evident along many lines; polygamy was abolished; schools, colleges and hospitals were established.

But shadows have ever followed light, and after several attempts, France succeeded, in 1895, in gaining control of this island. With her entrance came the Jesuit priesthood, and much of Roman Catholicism, which is ever a check upon aggressive Protestantism.

However, the banner of the Cross is being upheld by about two hundred Protestant missionaries, while the native church is maintaining its purity, and is eager in its con-

quest for souls. It is also exercising a marked counterbalancing influence against laws that would otherwise be tolerated by the Catholic Church.

A blessed work is being done for the lepers in the way of both bodily and spiritual help. Their children are kept in separate homes, and it is hoped can be saved from this dreadful disease. Self-supporting churches are springing up, the native Christians have caught the evangelistic spirit, and are planning missions in neglected sections.

Let us praise God for the victories of the Cross in Madagascar, and for the inspiration that comes from her martyr-heroes; but let us also remember that she yet needs our sympathy, our interest and our earnest pleadings at the throne of grace.

festal season, which he had hitherto always spent in drinking and debauchery, to pass without giving his glad testimony to God's saving grace and power as had been exemplified in the wonderful change that had come to him since, as he expressed it, "Jesus had been revealed to his soul."

My informant declared that it had been a deeply thrilling hour, and, strangest of all, the man had calmly announced that he was not going to die, but live. Many, however, believed that his hours on earth would be brief, and others prophesied that the tension of the service on his enfeebled powers would at once snap the slender thread of life. Yet he was still alive.

With a joyful heart I praised God for the man's conversion—which I now believed—but my weak faith whispered: "It will be better if God takes him to Himself now, in the freshness of his love. Should he be raised up, his old, lifelong habits might reassert their power, and drag him back into sin and despair."

## Waters from the Sanctuary

Ezek. 47: 1-10

Mrs. May Mabbette Anderson. Washington, D. C.

### “THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.” CHAPTER II.

#### A THRILLING TESTIMONY.

The snow that had so depressed me proved to be only a passing “flurry,” so I joyfully settled back into my accustomed routine of life, gaining strength and vigor with each passing hour.

Will those wonderful sunsets never fade from memory's vision? As this was my first season “among the hills of God,” the marvelous tintings of the sky, found only in high altitudes, was new to me. So I enjoyed to the full each passing day, and I almost forgot, in my delight over the bracing air and all that this meant to my depleted system, Doctor Tillett and his visit of mercy to the dying mountaineer. But one morning a chance caller from the village remarked:

“Doctor Tillett has won another star for his crown. And this one will certainly be a star of the first magnitude, for the man who was saved last night was the terror of the mountain.”

“Was it Hiram Kilgore?” I asked, as a swift conviction that he was the man flashed throughout the community for his works, his zeal, and self-sacrifice. He, all man of inherited and acquired wealth, all surroundings contributing to an expensive and luxurious life.

He was asked one day by a visitor why he was pursuing a course so expensive to rich men. His reply was: “When I came a Christian and began to read the Bible with appreciation of its meaning, I realized I was called into the vineyard of thine and I made up my mind at once that I would not be called there to eat grapes but to work. I have been trying to hoe ever since!”

Too many Christians prefer to eat grapes in the Lord's vineyard, too few, like the true worker, are there to hoe. “Woe to those who are at ease in Zion!” “Go work today in the vineyard!”

#### WHY NOT ALWAYS STRONG?

The apostolic injunction, “Be strong in the Lord,” should always be heeded.

his last. They say that his face has so changed since last night that it is now almost beautiful. The glory of God is plainly stamped on it, Doctor Tillett declares. He has no doubt but that he is a truly converted soul.”

“If only he could live and prove his conversion by a changed life, others besides Doctor Tillett might be convinced,” I answered, my unbelief finding voice before I was even aware I was speaking. The next moment I regretted my hasty words, for my visitor, with a shrug of her shoulders, said, as she arose to go:

“I see, like myself, you are not a believer in death-bed repentance. But dear Doctor Tillett is so hopeful and credulous that he would imagine the Evil One, himself, had become a holy apostle, if only his Satanic majesty should speak a few words of seeming repentance, and shed one or two tears.”

After that visit, not a caller entered my cottage but had some additional word as to Mr. Kilgore's conversion. Some believed him to be a truly changed man; others were doubtful, but all agreed in wishing that his life might now be spared.

A week, two weeks passed, and still the man did not die. Then a heavy fall of snow drove me to the city, and not until after the holidays did I hear from my friends on the mountain. The following item of news, which I will tell in my own words, then came to me:

Hiram Kilgore, who was still alive, had made a public confession of his faith in Christ. Being too weak to attend services at the little chapel, he had requested a meeting to be held in his own home. This, at the man's urgent request, occurred on Christmas night. With glowing face and voice trembling with emotion, he then told of his conversion. Few of those who heard him seemed to doubt the fact that he had been truly “born of the Spirit.”

He had felt that he could not allow the

#### BE HONEST.

On the walls of a church in Venice is the following inscription: “Around this temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights true and his covenants faithful.” An inscription like this should not only be heeded in church, but everywhere else. Men should be just as righteous in the store, the shop, or on the farm, as when they are around the “meeting-house.”

no longer be said that we are compelled to patronize papers and periodicals that are buttressing the rum traffic, for there are plenty of others that will not sell their columns for such base purposes. To have the saloon interests continually flaunted before our children in glaring headlines should no longer be tolerated. There are many high-grade publications that will not, under any consideration, advertise alcoholic drinks. The Tennessean furnishes the following list of such papers and magazines:

Mrs. Zillah Foster Stevens, secretary of the Temperance Committee of the International Sunday-School Union, recently made a thorough investigation of the advertising columns of leading secular periodicals and her report shows that the editors of the following publications exclude absolutely all liquor advertising:

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| All-Star.                | Modern Priscilla.          |
| American Boy.            | Munsey's Magazine.         |
| American Magazine.       | New Idea Woman's Magazine. |
| Arena.                   | Osceola.                   |
| Argosy.                  | New England Magazine.      |
| Century.                 | Ocean.                     |
| Circle.                  | Outlook.                   |
| Collier's.               | Review of Reviews.         |
| Country Life in America. | Railroad Men's Magazine.   |
| Current Literature.      | Saturday Evening Post.     |
| Delineator.              | Scrap-Book.                |
| Designer.                | St. Nicholas.              |
| Everybody's Magazine.    | Suburban Life.             |
| Garden Magazine.         | Success Magazine.          |
| Good Housekeeping.       | Uncle Remus' Magazine.     |
| Housekeeper.             | Taylor-Trotwood Magazine.  |
| Housewife.               | Woman's Home Companion.    |
| Ladies' Home Journal.    | Woman's Magazine.          |
| Ladies' World.           | World Today.               |
| Literary Digest.         | Youth's Companion.         |
| Living Age.              |                            |
| McClure's Magazine.      |                            |

LIVING WATER

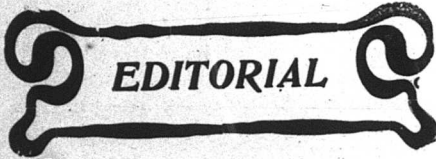
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NASHVILLE, TENN.  
125 Fourth Avenue, North,

BY THE  
PENTECOSTAL MISSION  
PUBLISHING COMPANY  
(Incorporated)

J. O. McCLURKAN.....EDITOR  
JNO. T. BENSON.....BUSINESS MANAGER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered Jan. 3, 1903, at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter  
under Act of Congress, March 1, 1879.



THE SALOON MUST GO.

As predicted in our last issue, the State-wide prohibition bill has been passed over the Governor's veto by a decisive majority. The saloons are to be closed in Tennessee July 1, of this year; and the breweries and distilleries January 1, of next year. All honor to the brave men and women who have so courageously pushed this battle until the victory was won. Not only will Tennessee be helped but the cause of Prohibition throughout the entire nation will be strengthened for further

time, more than half of our waking hours are devoted to labor; yes, in many cases, nearly all of the time not spent in sleep finds many trudging along in the daily routine of duty. That which absorbs such a large portion of our time may be a powerful factor in shaping our lives.

2. Work affects us as much as we affect the work; in other words, while we stamp our impress upon our avocation it, in turn, stamps, trends, biases or colors our lives. People who live in what they are doing should be careful what they do. An old sea captain, when spoken to about salvation, said: "I have whales for breakfast, I have whales for dinner, I have whales for supper; and I believe, Parson, if you were to cut my heart open, you might find a little whale in the center of it." He only stated in a vivid manner what every thoughtful person knows to be true, namely, that we become like that in which we live, move and have our being or worship. The old gentleman had lived in the whaling business so long that, as he stated it, he was being converted into a fish. How vividly is this illustrated in every-day life. The sensualist has a lascivious face, the idiot has an expressionless one, the scholar a thoughtful one, while the cold, hard features of the miser are too well known to require description. On the other hand, those who have Christ enthroned in the heart have enough heavenliness in their faces to demonstrate what they are.

3. The above being true, how vitally important that we rise above our environment and master our work rather than letting it enslave us. Why should we be tyrannized over by our profession or avocation? We should master it rather than let it dominate us. Too many become the servants of what they do rather than the masters. We will never be secularized, as the word is ordinarily understood, if we operate from Christ as our center. The busiest of men, those who manage the largest interests, may be intensely spiritual if they work as unto the Lord. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Life will be robbed of most of its effectiveness for good if we do not sanctify the secular. Just an occasional hour spent in the temple will not supply the need. We must learn that God is our sanctuary and that all our activities may be in Him, or as the apostle puts it, "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Not till men have learned to spiritualize the secular rather than to secularize the spiritual, will the church be felt as it should be in the chambers of commerce. Then, and then only, will the shop, the store, the farm, and every other avocation become the channel through which our lives flow out for God. There is too much playing religion for a short time on the Sabbath and then returning to our accustomed work with the same old, gross, secular notions, the same petty and debasing spirit that we had before. Away with the idea that any legitimate business should prevent one from walking with God. The trades of life should be the respective spheres through which we wield our influence for the right. In these

strenuous days we are in danger of becoming a mere machine. We are in danger of becoming so petrified with business that we are unfit for anything else. We insist that if men are to be saved from the gross materialism of commercialism, from becoming mere adding machines, they must act from a right center and correct motive. If the life is all given to God, then the business will be done for Him, and the entire life will be a labor of love. Thus what would otherwise be a servile enslavement becomes a means through which we continually glorify God.

The secular will never be redeemed from its present debasing drift until it is sanctified and becomes the medium through which God is glorified. This being true, the dignity of the commonplace, the kingliness of labor, should be emphasized; for therein our throne-life should be lived. Our work will be chosen and performed in the fear of God, and would be the medium through which we would enrich the world.

People are dull and sordid for want of inspiration. As long as they live only in the realm of the self-life they will miss the true purpose of living. As we look around over the commercial world we cannot but see how far it has drifted from the correct ideals. Why? Because it has refused to make God first and last, choosing rather to follow its own devices, and there can be but one result—moral, intellectual and spiritual decay. While on the other hand they who first give themselves unto the Lord and then go forth to transact business for Him, find the very work in which they are engaged, it matters not how humble it may be, the wings on which they soar to the very eaves of Heaven.

In conclusion, we urge every reader to master his work rather than let it master him. And then the daily discipline thus received will be the sun of the golden ladder on which we continually climb to better things. Let the silent, imperceptible, formative influences which are molding your life be upward rather than downward, because God is the source and inspiration of all. Right work, done in a right way, at the right time, as unto Him, is the very best means for the perfecting of character, and the most effective service we can render unto the Lord.



I cast one look at the fields,  
And set my face to the town,  
He said, "My child, do you yield,  
Will you give up the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,  
And into my heart came He,  
And I walked in a light divine,  
The paths I had feared to see.

God in the ministry of prayer is a part of the worship that is too little appreciated; in fact, we have reason to fear that in many cases it is very lightly regarded. Just a coming together to pray as a matter of course seems dry to worldly-minded people, but those of the inner circle know that it is one of the most important things for which believers can gather. The Lord promises a blessing to the two or three gathered together in His name. As Andrew Murray says:

## Editorial Comment

### ALL FOR GOD.

Earnestness is always impressive, but when Divinely directed it borders on omnipotence. Wesley's familiar statement on this subject, perhaps a little extreme, is to the point. He says:

Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen; such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of Heaven on earth. God does nothing but in answer to prayer.

### WHAT WE HEAR.

Few of us have such strength of character that we will not be affected to some extent by constantly listening to heretical teaching. In this day, when there is so much masquerading under the garb of Christianity that is deadly poison, it behooves us all to take heed what we hear. This is well illustrated by the following incident from H. Clay Trumbull:

Being in Boston one day I was surprised to see there in the church an old Whig whom I knew to be active in another denomination. "How is this? What are you doing here?" I asked. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Our pastor preached a sermon a few months ago in which he showed that slavery was a divine institution. He proved it, too. When I came out I said to my wife, 'Mary, our pastor has proved something today that we all know to be a lie. The next thing he will prove something that we don't know is a lie. It is time to be getting out of this.'"

### CALLED TO HOE.

How few obey as they should that command to "Go work in my vineyard today." An exchange says:

Away up among the hills of Vermont, in a little country church, was a deacon known throughout the community for his good works, his zeal, and self-sacrifice. He was a man of inherited and acquired wealth, with all surroundings contributing to an easy and luxurious life.

He was asked one day by a visiting minister why he was pursuing a course so unusual to rich men. His reply was: "When I became a Christian and began to read my Bible with appreciation of its meaning, I read that I was called into the vineyard of the Lord, and I made up my mind at once that I was not called there to eat grapes but to hoe; and I've been trying to hoe ever since!"

Too many Christians prefer to eat grapes in the Lord's vineyard, too few, like the Vermonter, are there to hoe. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" "Go work today in my vineyard!"

### WHY NOT ALWAYS STRONG?

The apostolic injunction, "Be strong in the Lord," should always be heeded. Divine

strength is at the disposal of every Christian for the performance of every task assigned. Our God never bids us do anything that He will not supply strength for the performance of the same. We are weak because we do not lay hold of His strength as indicated in the following poem by French:

Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parched grounds revive, as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth a sunny outline, brave and clear.  
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others, that we are not always strong;  
That we are ever overborne with care;  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee!

### CONTINUING IN PRAYER.

The prayer habit is of first importance. Without it our efforts will be comparatively a failure. Any kind of real praying is good, but so many people are just spasmodic, pray only once in a while without any regularity. The Psalmist said, "Morning, evening and noon will I call upon thee." He had method in his worship. It was as the church continued in prayer that Peter was delivered from prison. Many have lost the battle by not continuing in prayer. This is well illustrated by the following from Evelyn Hasse on the Moravian prayer-meetings:

The infallible proof of the Spirit's presence is that He drives men to prayer for communion with God and then to work for God. Observe well the order, and beware of the latter without the former! Was there ever in the whole of church history such an astonishing prayer-meeting as that which, beginning in 1727, went on without any break, day and night, for more than 100 years? It is something absolutely unique. It was known as the "Hourly Intercession," and it meant that by relays of brethren and sisters, prayer without ceasing was made to God for all the work and wants of His church. Prayer of that kind always leads to action. In this case it kindled a burning desire to make Christ's salvation known to the heathen. It led to the beginning of modern foreign missions. \* \* \* From that one small village community (Herrnhutt, "The Lord's Watch") more than 100 missionaries went out in 25 years. You will look in vain elsewhere for anything to match it in anything like the same extent.

### UNITED PRAYER.

The Church needs to awake to the fact that one of its chief functions is that of united prayer. The whole assembly waiting upon

If the believing husband and wife knew they were joined together in the name of Jesus to experience His presence and power in united prayer (1 Pet.); if friends believed what might help two or three praying in concert would give each other; if in every prayer-meeting the coming together in the name, the faith, in the presence, and the expectation of the answer stood in the foreground; if in every church united, effectual prayer were regarded as one of the chief purposes for which they are banded together, the highest exercise of their power as a church; if in the church universal the coming of the kingdom, the coming of the King Himself, first in the mighty outpouring of His Holy Spirit, then in His own glorious person, were really matters of unceasing, united crying to God—O, who can say what blessing might come to and through those who agreed to prove God in the fulfillment of His promise?

### LIQUOR ADVERTISING.

"The saloon must go," but this is not all. The periodicals coming into our homes should be free from liquor advertisements. It can no longer be said that we are compelled to patronize papers and periodicals that are buttressing the rum traffic, for there are plenty of others that will not sell their columns for such base purposes. To have the saloon interests continually flaunted before our children in glaring headlines should no longer be tolerated. There are many high-grade publications that will not, under any consideration, advertise alcoholic drinks. The Tennessean furnishes the following list of such papers and magazines:

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| Argosy.                  | Review of Reviews.         |
| Century.                 | Railroad Men's Magazine.   |
| Circle.                  | Saturday Evening Post.     |
| Collier's.               | Scrap-Book.                |
| Country Life in America. | St. Nicholas.              |
| Current Literature.      | Suburban Life.             |
| Delineator.              | Success Magazine.          |
| Designer.                | Uncle Remus' Magazine.     |
| Everybody's Magazine.    | Taylor-Trotwood Magazine.  |
| Garden Magazine.         | Woman's Home Companion.    |
| Good Housekeeping.       | Woman's Magazine.          |
| Housekeeper.             | World Today.               |
| Housewife.               | Youth's Companion.         |
| Ladies' Home Journal.    |                            |
| Ladies' World.           |                            |
| Literary Digest.         |                            |
| Living Age.              |                            |
| McClure's Magazine.      |                            |



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

Avant, Ala.

Dear Cousins: It's time for my birthday dues and I want to tell you all what a sad time we have had. Some of our neighbors have passed out of this life, and dear cousins, you that haven't had to give up good neighbors don't know how it is. If you don't mind you will have something that you ought to have done a little better. Let us put flowers on them while they live. A good neighbor deserves a warm place in our hearts. Sometimes it seems like when we have to give up best friends we don't know how to give up for the Lord to have His way. It seems like we just want to get out and leave, but when I think of the fact that the Lord will take each one of us at His own good time, and dear cousins, are we ready? If He were to call for us, don't let us think because we are young and feel well, our time won't come. The Lord bless you all. Be ready and watching, for each day brings it nearer, and some of us have just a few days. We don't know who you are so then it's wise for us to be ready for the judgment and what I say to the cousins I say to all, watch for the Lord's coming. So then let us be ready to meet Him. Dear Cousin Eva, a few words of praise to you for the wonderful work you are doing. The Lord bless you and all yours, is my prayer. Now, Cousin Eva, if you think this is worth its room in our column, give it room; if not, let it go to the waste basket. Now I ask His blessings on all. Let us be as pure gold, faithful and true. My love to all.

Yours in His love,

L. L. LEE.

I think this is Brother Lee's fourth birthday with us. His words are very true. We have but one life to live, and it is passing by quickly. Already, children, you are making character which will decide the part you will play in life. A battle is on—right on one side, wrong on the other. Which side will you be found on?

Willow Hill, Ill., Jan. 9, 1909.

Dear Cousin Eva and Living Water Family: While we have been silent for some time, yet we have not forgotten you, or the dear cousins of the LIVING WATER family. We spend the quiet evening hours of each day in waiting before God in supplication and prayer. And what a pleasure it is, to remember you all before Him. And what precious hours these are to our own hearts. And how real God's presence is to us at such times. And what joy and gladness they bring to us; and what spiritual help and strength we get by so doing. None of us should be weaklings or drones, with such a helper as we have. We are so glad to know that dear Brother Tatlock is able to write us again, for his letters are always so cheering and helpful to us. May God abundantly bless him and his dear ones, is our prayer. While we suffer almost constantly, yet we are able to get about a little with the use of the crutch and cane, for which we are very grateful. Our dear ones have been given health and strength to help and care for us, and their task has not been a little one, either: but all done so cheerfully and willingly. How they lift our bur-

dens for us, in doing that for us that we cannot do for ourselves. None can know just what this means—only those that have undergone affliction. God is still with us, and wonderfully blessing and keeping and sustaining us. Praise His holy name! I often wish that I could write better, so I could tell of God's wonderful goodness and love and mercy to all. I cannot help but wonder why all do not love and serve Him, who has done so much for us all. I do thank God for the way that He has led me. It has not always been in my way, but He knew best, and has led me in His own way, and His way has been the best way. I have been so slow to learn the sweet lessons that He has been trying to teach me. "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. 1:3, 4). We should only be the better by our passing through the trials and afflictions of this life (see Heb. 12:5-11, and Jas. 1:24). May we all live so as to help others to a higher and better life is my prayer. But I must close, wishing you all a happy and useful new year.

"Another year is dawning,  
Dear Master, let it be  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee."

Yours in Christian love,

W. H. DUFFEY.

I was very glad to get this letter from the cousin I have learned to love so much. When I opened this little corner for the children, over eight years ago, I had no thought of the great circle of friends it would introduce me to. Already I believe heaven will be all the sweeter because of the ties I have made through the children's page. I am looking forward to the time of our meeting up yonder. I expect to look up Brothers Duffey, and Lee, and Wilson, and—but I will not begin to name them, for I haven't space. Are you ready for that gathering?

Hiseville, Ky., Oct. 27, 1908.

Dear Cousin Eva: I joined your birthday band last April. Please send my dues to the "Burman Ferguson Orphanage," as Sister Ferguson is one of the girls who went from among us. I feel so much interested in her and her work and co-workers. Oh, how it fires my heart up to live more holy and pure and true to God, when I read all the good things in LIVING WATER, especially the missionary letters. Ten years have I been working in "this sweet way of perfect love. When I consecrated myself to Him November 22, 1898, I had one brother then who was sanctified five years ago. This brother went home to glory praising Jesus. Though he died in the great city of Chicago, in a hospital, away from home and all loved ones, but the Beloved of his soul was with him to smooth his dying pillow. God called him three months after he entered school there to prepare for the ministry. I am the oldest of eight children, and all are saved except one brother, who is away from home and away from God. Pray for him that God may just break his heart and break down his stubborn will and show him himself as he is, and bring him to repentance and teach him how to pray. My youngest sister has been away at a Holiness school for two years, preparing for missionary work. I delight to get into God's word and dig down into the gold mines of truth. O, how I long for prayer-meeting night to come, and long to get to Sunday-school, and to hear our pastor, who is a holy man, proclaim the truth. Oh, hallelujah to God for this burning love, for this consuming passion for souls. My mother wants to join the birthday band, and encloses 66 cents to be used for the cart and ponies. Her birthday will be November 12. She is a Christian, and entered into the experience of sanctification at our home camp-meeting at "Pentecostal Park" in August. My little nephew, ten years old June 19,

1909, who lives with us, also wants to join the band.

Yours in Christ,

MISS MOLLIE ARNOLD.

It is a good thing to have Jesus, in life or death. I praise God that I have this wonderful Christ in my life. He is helping me *live*—live better, and happier, and more wisely, than I could possibly do of myself. And I do not fear the thought of death. The same Savior who keeps me today will not desert me then. He will be with me, not leaving me for a moment.

Paris, Tenn., Dec. 14, 1908.

Dear Cousin Eva: Here comes a new cousin's papa. Mary Elizabeth Roby is her name. She was two months old December 16, and has been to church once, Sunday night, December 13. She seemed to enjoy the gas lights more than she did the sermon. However, she behaved nicely, and a little later took a nap. Mama and I think she is going to make a good evangelist, as she is sleeping late this morning, which is an unusual thing for her. She wants to join the children's corner and have the prayers of all its readers that she may be a blessing to the world. She has already put something in papa's and mamma's hearts that they never knew before. Remember all three of us in your prayers.

J. L. ROBY.

Isn't it too bad that we can't see this new baby cousin? Well, she is *our* baby, anyhow, and we can love her and pray for her, if we can't see her. God grant that these parents will be guided by His wisdom. Fathers and mothers, I have learned that the *natural, unselfish love* of a parent's heart will not do to depend upon. It is often foolish and indulgent, and leads us to give way to our children to their great hurt. God alone *knows what is always right* for them. He often leads me to say no when my mother heart would say yes. But always I find that He was right, and kind, too.

January 14, 1909.

Dear Cousin Eva: Will you take a seventy-seven-year-old girl into your band of cousins? I will be seventy-seven the 8th of February. I sought and found Christ when quite young, at an old-time camp-meeting, and He has been my staff on which I lean ever since. He has been with me in all the trials and temptations of this life for sixty-five years. Little children, let me advise you all to seek the Savior early, that you may have a staff to lean upon through life. Six years ago, at a meeting held by Brother McClurkan and others, I found a pearl of great price. You may call it sanctification, second blessing, or what you please; I know it made a great change in my life. It urged me to try to work more for the Lord and to live on a higher plane of Christianity. There is always something within me urging me to do something for the Master's cause. I have enjoyed religion more, and there is a sweet peace within me that I never enjoyed before. I thank Brother Benson for the help he gave me when I sought the blessing. Cousins, I want you all to pray for me that I may do more for the Lord than I ever have. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon all of the LIVING WATER family and all who are working for Him, is the sincere prayer of your mother in Christ,

JANE GIBSON.

Next to Baby Roby's name on our roll we write the name of this "seventy-seven-year-old girl." I would like to see her also. I praise the Lord that she knows Jesus, and His power to save, sanctify and keep the human heart.

JANUARY 28, 1909.

# LIVING WATER

## Publisher's Column LIVING WATER

A Sixteen-Page Undenominational Paper  
Without Worldly Advertisements

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

REV. J. O. McCLURKAN, EDITOR  
JOHN T. BENSON, BUSINESS MGR.

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R. F. D. No. 1, Clarksville, Tenn., Jan. 13, 1909.  
Dear Cousin Eva: Enclosed find 28 cents to join your birthday band, 8 cents for myself and 15 cents for sister Grace. My birthday was November 1, 1900. Sister Grace, December 16, 1893. Several years before mamma was called to glory (over two years ago) papa had her name put on your list as a continual subscriber, and the LIVING WATER has been a regular visitor and we certainly enjoy reading it very much, and especially the letters, from the cousins. Sister Grace was sweetly sanctified at Sister McClurkan's meeting at Liverwort, and I fully gave my heart to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and will live for Him until He says "Come up higher, I will make you ruler over many things."

Yours until He comes to make up His jewels,  
HUGHLA K. BUMPUS.

Two more new cousin, whom we welcome into our band. I am so glad these cousins have started out to walk with Jesus. The more I observe human life, the more do I see that all lives are a failure except as He directs them. Dear children, I pray this prayer daily: "Lord, open my blind eyes, that I may see things in their true light. Let me know gold from glitter. Take worldly ambitions and desires out of my heart. Let me know the truth, for the truth sets us free." O, how I praise Him for the answers He has already given me. Things I used to long for look so worthless now. Some that seemed very large, are quite small, and not worth striving for. I rejoice over His work in my heart. Along this line, and praise Him that He has power to answer prayer.

R. F. D. No. 23, La Tour, Mo., Jan. 4, 1909.  
Mrs. John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.  
Dear Cousin Eva: This is my birthday and you will find enclosed fourteen cents. Cousin Eva, I am sanctified this birthday. The Lord sanctified me the day after Thanksgiving, and I want you and all the cousin to pray that I may trust the Lord to the end. I will close for this time.

Lovingly,  
RUTH BALL.

Ruth has been one of the cousins for some time. It makes me happy to know that she has let Jesus lead her up into this high plane of life. Remember, Ruth, that He is fitting you to live with Him in glory, and much remains to be done in you before you will be in His likeness. I do praise Him that I have learned to bring every problem to Him. He is a living Savior, answering His people's prayers, breaking chains here, giving deliverance there, really working in us, and bringing things to pass. Thanks be unto God for the unspeakable gift of such a Savior as He is.

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## FIELD NOTES

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J. A. LEE.

I am arranging my slate for next summer's work. Any one wishing me to hold meetings for them, please let me know as early as possible, so there will be no conflict with other meetings.  
W. H. WHITE.

## CONVENTION.

We have planned a convention for Reuben Ross, near Shiloh, Tenn., January 30-31. Free entertainment for all. Dinner on the ground both days. Let the Holiness people from all adjacent territory come and assist us in these special meetings.  
J. J. RYE.

We have preaching every second Saturday and Sunday at Brown's Chapel, by Brother Penn, from Nashville. We are glad and praise God for sending us a devout man to hold services. We think he is doing much good. I praise God for saving and sanctifying many of our friends. I love the Holiness people and am one of them today. Praise the Lord.  
Smyrna, Tenn. LILLIE ROWLETT.

It has been a long time since I wrote but I am still in the battle for souls. I am doing pastoral work in a mission field. We are expecting great things of our Lord this year. I am still saved and sanctified. Any one wishing to write me, they can address me at the given address. God bless all LIVING WATER family. Pray for me and the work.  
Yours in love for lost souls,  
W. N. MATHENY.

Route 1, Hickman, Ky.

Sister Etta Gibson, of Tilgman, N. D., came to our city January 1, 1909, joined us in a revival at Union Gospel Mission, which closed January 10 with over 100 souls converted or sanctified. The house was crowded night after night and the interest increased from start to finish. Souls prayed through to victory and the people were stirred in this city. Sister Gibson preached some of the moving sermons that strike people to the heart. She played on the harp and sang songs that brought conviction on the people. We gave God our Father all the glory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## UNION GOSPEL MISSION.

No. 109 Salem Avenue, East Roanoke, Va.

We had a pleasant meeting at Reuben Ross recently, and chose Brother Herbert Allen superintendent, Sister Mary Burnay secretary and treasurer. We had a blessed time at my Dickson appointments January 2 and 3. Will all those who made missionary pledges during my Lone Oak, Oak Grove and Reuben Ross meetings please send to Brother J. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn., care LIVING WATER, as soon as you can? We aim to paper Reuben Ross soon, start prayer-meeting and Bible lesson each Wednesday night, also a Sunday-school. We preach at Oak Grove February 6 and 7, Friendship February 7 (night), Bayer's Chapel February 13 and 14, Jason's Chapel February 8 (night). The Lord bless His people.  
In Him,  
E. C. SANDERS.

We commenced our revival meetings November 1 and closed last night. Having four or more meetings to hold, we secured the services of Evangelist W. H. Hudgins, of Rogers, Va. He was on hand at the day appointed, and we commenced the battle against Satan and sin. Quite a number of souls were saved and a few were sanctified. In these meetings a number of members of the church came to the altar and were reclaimed. This shows the sad condition of the church. It is deplorable. When will God's dear children get to living up to their Christian privi-

lege? We find Brother Hudgins a Christian gentleman, courteous, gentle, kind, free from fanaticism, a faithful preacher, a sound and logical reasoner, and a splendid teacher of the Scriptures. It is easy for the pastor to work with him, and when he has gone the people inquire after him. I wish to recommend this brother to my fellow pastors who may need the services of an evangelist. Get him if you can; he will give you good service. May the dear Lord bless LIVING WATER this year and make it a blessing in every home it enters.

Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,  
J. D. DICKEY, Pastor M. E. Church.  
Albright, W. Va.

## WANTED.

We need a horse for our Gospel Wagon. It is light work, and perhaps some of our friends adjacent have one they would like to let us keep for its feed. If so, please notify us immediately.

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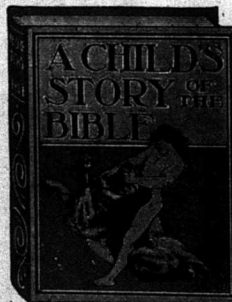
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**Religious Notes**

The United Brethren Church has licensed Rev. E. C. Wyand as an evangelist to the deaf.

We are glad to note that William Booth, the father of the Salvation Army, is regaining his sight, after having a cataract removed from his eye.

The Chinese scholars have been the most difficult of all people of the Empire to reach with the Gospel, but today their hearts are more open to the message than ever before.

The Methodist Churches of Louisville, Ky., have been holding union revival services with good results in soul-saving, and in arousing the various churches to greater activity.

A great "watch night" service was held in Chicago, in the great Coliseum, and was attended by twelve thousand people. Services were held at the same time in many other churches of the city, and souls were saved at every service.

It is estimated that as many as 175,000 people in the United States and Canada were last year engaged in a systematic study of missions. Increased information means increased effort; hence, this is an occasion for real gratitude to God.

Rev. A. Lee Grey, writing from India, says that among the two million people within the bounds of his circuit there was only one convert, but it is now a year since his arrival and they have a Christian community of about 500. This is rather a large circuit for one man. How blessed if some of the pastors who can scarcely get a congregation would go to the rescue.

"Sent of God" publishes a timely admonition under the caption, "Pray for Mohammedans." There are two hundred millions of them, and they are faithful in their own form of prayer, but they have left Christ out of their lives and they need our prayers that they may learn of Him on whom their sins were laid. What a blessing their regularity of prayer life would be if these prayers were in the Spirit of God and the petitions claimed through the atoning merits of Christ.

**SECULAR ITEMS**

There are about one million opium users in the United States.

There are nearly six hundred religious periodicals published in the United States.

The ever-alert and faithful Red Cross Society is making a brave effort in behalf of the Italian relief work.

It is estimated that about one-eleventh of the Jewish population of the world is in and around New York City.

The venerable Dr. Elliot, so long President of Harvard College, has resigned and is succeeded by Abbott Laurence Lowell.

Earthquake shocks are still being felt in Messina and Reggio. America has offered to send sufficient lumber to build 3,000 houses.

On January 17 a fishing schooner, with its entire crew, went down in the furious storm off the coast of Fire Island, north of New York.

A bill is under discussion in Congress to regulate the interstate shipment of whiskey. It will likely be passed by Congress at this session.

A bill has been introduced into the Tennessee Legislature to prohibit drinking intoxicants on any train, street car or other public conveyance.

The Cooper-Sharp trial is now in progress in this city. These are the persons connected with the assassination of ex-Senator E. W. Carmack.

Another fishing schooner was capsized by a "norther" as it was entering Tampico, on the east coast of Mexico, and the crew was drowned.

The people of Turkey have cast their first vote for a Parliament. This removes the last absolute despotism from Europe, as Russia has also modified her government.

In Kansas City, under prohibition rule, there is a marked increase in the attendance at the public schools. It is estimated that as many as 600 pupils are attending school for the first time, having been kept away by drinking parents.

In Bread of Life Songs we have tried to make invitation and altar songs a strong feature, and we believe we have succeeded. Send 15 cents for a sample copy.

**THE LIFE OF PERFECT LOVE**

Or Holiness in Practice.

We are sure all who have heard Mrs. Lella Owen Stratton will want a copy of this helpful little booklet which contains her address before the Holiness Union last fall. If you have not heard her, then the next best thing is to read the book anyway. Price, 5c each, or 6 for 25c.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Closed Door

A tall, beautiful angel stood by the side of a winsome child; a number of little ones are being selected by a tender browed matron from an overflowing Orphans' Home, to take to her own, a Training Home for Missionaries. She said in loving tones to the child, "Will you come?" The angel pushed open a life-door, the door of Opportunity, and waited for her answer.

Her heart thrilled with strange yearning; she was about to answer, "Yes," but the voices of her daily playmates reaching her from an adjoining room, she answered, "No," and "the door was shut!"

A lovely young girl knelt at an altar for prayer in a meeting one afternoon. There was something noble about her brow, an expression of sweetness apart from her natural beauty that seemed to seal her for some heavenly calling, above the earthly that claimed her young companions from whom she had broken to go to the altar.

Again the tall angel stood beside her. Her face was white as a divine hand rested upon her and a solemn question stirred her heart-depts: "Will you leave the alluring path on which you are entering and in which you are succeeding and take the lowly track for me, my child; will you strive for a heavenly instead of an earthly crown? Will you go to that dark land of sorrow, superstition and death, and let your life-work be 'only for souls'?"

The angel drew nearer and smiled and the door swung wide in his regal hand. Her lips parted, her eyes were rapt with a far-away vision that pierced the gate of pearl and saw beyond the white-robed company of harpers inside. She was looking at her own crown! It was radiant with stars and brighter than the sun in its glory.

But the thought of the earthly path returned; how could she give it up now? She was so young and its honors were just opening before her. Hers had been a life of hardship, and every step had been upward. Her snowy graduating dress already awaited her, and beside the knowledge attained, a career opened before her. Could she give this hard-earned renown away and live a life of obscurity? And again she said, "No!" The angel drew back with paling brow, and "the door was shut!"

The years passed away. A beautiful, mature woman sits in an elegant home. All the tokens of wealth and luxury surround her. She has succeeded in her "career," and now that the silver is crowning her brow, has changed public honors for private pleasures. This is home, and the two noble-looking young men in their college caps and gowns, who are bidding her a loving "good night," are her two sons; the tender husband who follows them is her heart's desire, and henceforth her career is restricted alone to household love and honor.

The brow is grave tonight. Rising up in the long-forgotten phantom of the past,

comes the memory of what "might have been"—a beautiful, wide harvest-field once hers, whose sheaves were never reaped.

Suddenly the White Angel again stands by her chair. The divine voice, long silent, in this solemn midnight hour, once more stirs her heart: "Will you turn aside from the world-current in which you are leading husband and children, and point out to them a holier, lowlier way, one that not many wise or mighty choose? They will listen to you, you are queen of this realm, you are Mother. Will you light the holy fires of the family altar, and even here shine for Me and these souls given you? You have yet a little garden you can till."

The angel's gaze was loving and entreating. He threw the door wide open. But—"my boys! Life is just beginning for them; shall I dash the cup of pleasure from their lips so soon; shall I impose this hard way, this way that none but the unlearned and the lowly take, on my household?"

It was easy to say "No" now. There was a hard place in the woman's heart that constantly grew harder. Again she said it, "No!" and "the door was shut!"

An old woman, withered and worn, lay on her death-bed. The fire burned low, the shadows settled around her hearthstone and around her heart. The angel stood, beautiful and deathless, but with saddened eyes, by the bedside. She saw it all, the lost youth, the lost souls, the lost crown! She saw the vanished womanhood, the hardened mother-heart that turned from God to the world. She saw the Christless graves of husband and sons, who had stood high among men, and had gone out into eternity without God—had gone to ruin! She gave "a great and exceeding bitter cry."

The angel drew near. The divine voice awoke once more. It was the last call! Her Savior spoke: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive." The angel drew the door—the last door—slowly but surely apart. Would she enter? "Oh, my heart is so hard; oh, I cannot call on the Lord; I cannot break out to praying all those old sins and failures here. Why, the trained nurse and the neighbors—" but the voice broke, stopped, the breath fluttered, the gaze became startled, the lips whitened, the heart ceased to beat. "The door was shut!"—Sel.

THE LIGHT ON THE WALL.

In her dainty room, in a luxurious home, a young girl had slipped away early to bed one night, weary from the strain of the winter's gaiety. She had not yet closed her eyes, when suddenly a light shone on the opposite wall, revealing a beautiful copy of Plockhurst's Good Shepherd, so that the picture stood out sharply and clearly from the darkness of the room.

The girl raised herself and looked out through the parted curtains to see where the light came from. It was just the kitchen lamp in the little cottage of a day laborer across the garden at the rear.

Night after night the light shone, revealing the face of the Savior of men on the wall of that upstairs room in the luxurious home. But the owner of the lamp never knew it. So do many lives, treading the humble routine every day in the spirit of their Master; so do they often, when they know it not, send a revelation of the Savior to those who may have great wealth or high position, and of whose lives they know nothing. Many a humble man has unconsciously given a great one an inspiration to better living in a moment of temptation. If we "abide in the vine," we must bear its fruit, whether consciously or unconsciously.—Exchange.

FINDING JEWELS IN THE MUD.

John Ruskin was one day walking slowly along the streets of London. The weather had been very wet, and the mud was abundant and tenacious. The thought occurred to him that he would have the mud analyzed to find out the organic elements. This was accordingly done, and the London mud was found to consist of sand, clay, soot, and water. Musing upon them, the thought occurred to him that these are the very substances from which our precious gems are formed. From the sand, or silica, are formed the onyx, chrysolite, agate, beryl, carnelian, chalcedony, jasper, sardius, amethyst; from the clay are formed the sapphire, ruby, emerald, topaz, and from the soot is formed the diamond.

London mud of precious jewels! Man cannot transform the mud into those glittering points of light, but God transforms the mud of depraved humanity into the glory of redeemed and beautiful souls, who sing: "Unto him who loveth us and hath made us priests and kings unto God and his Father, to him be glory."—John Robertson.

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## A SPLENDID TRIBUTE.

A writer says of another, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."—*Ex.*

## SACRIFICE THAT PAYS.

When the Rev. Percy H. Epler was devoting himself to the interests of young workmen near his church he once asked Mr. Jacob A. Riis if such effort was merely thrown away, and if he was pocketing himself. "Pocketing yourself, are you?" Riis replied. "Stick to your pocket. It is a pretty good pocket to be in. Out of such a pocket, worked in the way you are working it, will come healing for the ills of the day that now possess us. I would rather be in such a pocket, working for the Lord, than in a \$100,000 church, working for the applause of a congregation."—*Sel.*

## SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Dr. Hoge, in an address entitled "The Great Question," gives this anecdote:

"Once I made a visit to a young person in Richmond who had long been a sufferer from a disease that caused her unspeakable pain. Her kind physician, who stood by her with tears in his eyes, could give her only temporary relief. After he left I tried to say a few soothing, comforting words to her, and she said: 'Yes, I suffer great pain. I often lie awake all night unable to sleep because of it, but I have one compensation.' I asked her what it was, and she said: 'It is this: Often when I cannot close my eyes in sleep, I have such a sense of God's loving presence all about me that I have learned what David means when he talks about "songs in the night."'—*Ex.*

## FIRM.

In one of our Georgia towns a United States District Judge, who was a steward in the Methodist Church and had a Bible class, gave an entertainment in his elegant home and invited his pastor. He had a punch bowl. The pastor, on entering the house, saw it, turned and walked out. The sensitive judge became offended and gave up his office in the church. The pastor was kind, but firm; told him he could not afford to smirch his ministry, or be a party to anything that approached a saloon. The preacher held firm to his course. The judge came to hear him preach. At the close of the sermon he was much moved, gave the pastor his hand, and said: "You are right, and I am wrong. I want to come back to all my duties and stand with you on the high, unquestionable ground which you have taken."—*Sel.*

## AN OPTIMIST.

A boy's cheerful acceptance of his unchosen limitations would be regarded as an irrefragable proof of genius, if he were not a boy. He keeps hopeful. He gives himself a good time. If there is any juvenile business going on, he gets on the ground floor,

takes a promoter's share in the concern, and is present when dividends are declared several times a day. If there is a cloud on the horizon, he slips around and finds the "silver lining" in sixteen times to one where he misses it, like a boy who said to his teacher: "We've got smallpox at our house."

"Smallpox! Why, boy, you'll take it!" she shrieked.

"No, I won't," he replied, with great and gleeful satisfaction; it's me stepmother that's got it, and she never gives me anything!"

He had found the silver lining to that domestic cloud.—*Sel.*

## GENUINE PENITENCE.

Among the many women I have tried to reclaim from shame was a young girl of whom I heard. Her mistress prosecuted her for stealing ten shillings. She was only eighteen, and she was sent to jail; and when she came out of jail she promptly drifted, having no friends, down into the pit of London shame, and there I found her. I got a good woman to take her and build up her lost self-respect, and win her to Christ. I heard nothing of her for six or seven months, and then I heard this: She got a situation, and the first thing she did when she got a little money was to go back to the woman who had put her in jail for stealing ten shillings, and humble herself before her, saying: "There's your money, madam; I have brought it back." She had been to jail, she had paid the price, she had paid an awful price, and she did that. If you want to ask whether penitence is real, whether the redemption of the lost means anything, think of that. And that's but one among many stories I might tell you.—*Sel.*

## EDGED TOOLS.

I knew a man once whose wife became intensely interested in a revival meeting as a seeker of salvation. He was a skeptic and a scoffer, and when he found her constantly reading the Bible, searching for some promise that would comfort her, he said:

"Bosh! I will give you enough of that. I will read the Bible to you every day till you are sick of it"; and he began. Day by day, when he came home, he read the Bible—chapter after chapter, having his wife sit and listen. At last one day, when he had finished the third chapter of John, he said: "My wife, won't you pray for me? I am a poor, lost sinner"; and they knelt and prayed, and God came in mercy, and both were converted.

I knew another skeptic and scoffer—a great physician—my mother's cousin—who was a frequent visitor at my father's house when I was a boy. On one occasion he complained because he could find nothing in the library he wanted to read.

"Will you read a book I will bring you?" my mother asked him.

"Yes, I'll read anything. I'll read an almanac, a patent-office report—anything"; and mother brought him the Bible.

"The Bible! the Bible!" said he. "Why, I haven't read the Bible since I was a boy."

"But you promised," mother said, "and I hold you to it"; and he began. He scarcely laid it aside even to eat or sleep for four days and nights.

"The most absorbing book I ever saw," he said.

After a hundred hours passed thus, away in the night he knocked on my mother's door and said:

"Cousin Lucy, Cousin Lucy, won't you get up and pray for me? I am a poor, lost sinner."

And she did, and God heard that prayer, and the great doctor was saved. Edged tools cut.—*M., in Cumberland Presbyterian.*

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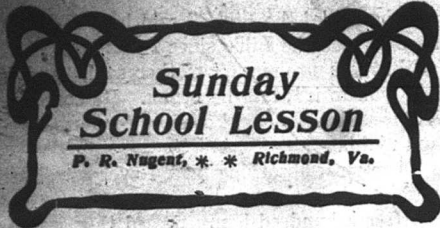
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Lesson for Feb. 7, 1909

TRUE AND FALSE BROTHERHOOD.

Acts 4:32 to 5:11.

Golden Text: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord" (Prov. 12:22).

I. TRUE BROTHERHOOD.

The number of those who believed on the Lord Jesus had grown until it had become a multitude but it was a multitude filled with, and ruled by, the Holy Spirit. Where God thus reigns, the things of God are blessedly manifest, for the measure in which we show forth the character of God depends upon the measure of God's practical possession of us. The first condition to true brotherhood among Christians is:

1. Love. Love of the brethren is a sign that a person has passed from death unto life (1 Jno. 3:14). Every attitude or action that is not according to love mars or hinders Christian brotherhood. It is easily possible to break the law of love, and Scripture is clear in enforcing that law (Heb. 13:1; Rom. 12:10; 1 Pet. 1:22). All who are born of the Spirit rightfully belong to the brotherhood, though any one may cut himself off by sin, or misunderstanding some one.

2. Unity. "Heart and soul one" is a literal translation of the words that describe the condition of the multitude. They were agreed in purposes, opinions, desires, faith, doctrines. They did not have to take up time getting together about matters, but could go forward unitedly in the word of Christ. This oneness among God's people is greatly needed now. Divisions are a great hindrance to His cause, for effective testimony is connected with oneness among those who truly believe on Jesus (Jno. 17:21).

3. Unselfishness (2:44, 45; v. 32). "My" and "mine" were not prominent words then. The disciples stopped owning anything as simply for them-

selves. Things were looked upon as for the benefit of all, and, as they all were in one place, all brought property and money to one common treasury and from that distribution was made to all as the need required. It may not be expedient, or possible, for Christians now to exactly follow the method practiced then, but an unselfish attitude toward what we possess should characterize us all. When we have more clothing than is necessary, and a brother is in real need (Eph. 4:28), we should bestow our goods on the needy.

Along with these special marks of brotherhood there was (1) great power in testimony. Power (Ac. 1:8) is the necessary accompaniment and sign of the baptism with the Holy Spirit, but the measure of the power is not the same among those who have the Spirit. The use of the word "great" here shows that the apostles' testimony was marked in this respect. It is more easy to be in the power of the Spirit in some places than in others, and in those times in the early church the surroundings were altogether favorable to great power. The resurrection was an especially needed (and perhaps also resisted) truth in those days, because the people had to be convinced of its reality. Of course it is as important now as then, but in so-called Christian lands people as a rule accept the fact as a matter of history, if no more. When a truth is specially needed, therefore, and resisted, the Holy Spirit seems to specially manifest His power in connection with the preaching of it. It takes power to overcome resistance and plant the truth in people, and no worker, or witness, can be effective without the power of the Holy Spirit.

2. "Great grace." Grace does not only mean God's unmerited favor to sinful man, but also "agreeableness, pleasantness, acceptableness" in disposition. This seems to be the meaning here. It is possible to be marked more by power than by grace. We need both.

II. FALSE BROTHERHOOD (5:1-11).

"But" carries the thought back to a somewhat similar incident in the history of Israel (Judges 7:1). In the midst of great blessing and victory Satan is not absent nor idle, but gets his work into the midst of God's people by finding some one who will do that work. In this case Satan's successful endeavor was on the side of getting Ananias and Sapphira to decide to obtain credit for unselfishness like that of Barnabas, without really being so or making a full surrender of their all. Together they acted and told

a lie, having agreed upon it beforehand. Hence it was a deliberate sin.

Since many have sinned as these two did, without getting the same kind of punishment, the question arises, Why did God deal thus with them? Dr. A. T. Pierson says it was one of those occasions when God acts in order to put Himself on record as regards His attitude toward some sin. It may have had reference, too, to warning others and preserving the church from sin. Or, perhaps, the sin was especially heinous on account of the marked presence and working of God, and His dealing showed how sinners cannot live in His presence.

The result, both to those inside and outside of the church, is seen in v. 11. The fear of God came upon the people as they saw this dealing out of divine justice. "God is love," but as being also a God of righteousness and judgment, He cannot be trifled with forever.



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