

formalists. The tomb builders of dead saints are often the persecutors of living ones, as New England honors dead Puritans and despises living ones.

Turn away, then, from all of earth's ambitions, accept the cross of Jesus; be willing to be nothing and nobody; endure hardness, reproach and persecution cheerfully for Christ's sake, and make your mark on eternity. If a man suffers nothing for his religion, he may well fear that he has none to suffer for.

Take the motto of Loyola, apart from Jesuitism. "*Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam.*" Bear fruit like the vine and fig-tree, and do not aspire to reign like the barren bramble. (Judges 9:8-15). You may have to live from hand to mouth,—from the Lord's hand to your mouth. Cherish a noble and holy and not a mean and unholy discontent. Away with moral meanness and moral mushiness.

When men squirm at your faithful testimony it is an eloquent way of reporting that they are hit. We should like to please everybody, but this is impossible, and there is only one person that it is necessary for us to please, and we can please Him. God may love you for the enemies you make.

In order to be a popular leader a man must personify the master thought and passion of the people, which is usually wrong. Step high enough not to stumble at a straw, and have momentum enough not to be veered about by every idle breath of criticism. An idle, lazy dog wants to be noticed and petted, but a dog that is after a fox cares nothing about it.

Saints shine brightest in the midst of fiery trials.

Keep out of the pink miasma of sloth and stagnation, and be a preacher militant. Opprobrious, modern epithets, like "Fault-finder," "Old Foggy," "Pessimist," "Long Faced Religion," or "a Relic left over," are ethereal mildness besides those hurled at John the Baptist, Paul and Christ.

Keep your standing good before God, whatever it be before men; count all else but loss and dross and let none of these things worry or weary you. When disaster comes some of these serene and silly optimists will wonder why you did not tell them of it, or remember with shame and self-reproach that you did.

Who was to blame for "the trouble in Israel" in Elijah's time? (I Kings 18:17-18). The world knew not Christ, and it knows not us (I John 3:1).

An unconverted pastor, with his religious fustian, may be the most acceptable and "successful" now in some churches.

Deluded ecclesiastics may make a devil a Christian and a Christian a devil. They said that Paul was mad and that Christ had a devil. They called the Blue Beard, Henry the Eighth, a saint, and John Wesley in his "Holy Club" a "heavenly minded little devil."

If, like some of the old prophets, you receive a solemn burden from God to find fault and denounce as well as renounce, you must have their invincible courage, utter self-sacrifice and mountain strength. Any coward can admire and praise Jesus Christ, but it takes a royal hero to follow Him. Do not

look around to catch the smiles, or shun the frowns of the world. If you stand between the devil and the deep sea, your way out is perpendicular. If the world is against you you must be against the world, and if no friendly faces shine upon you, look heavenward and forward. It is not necessary for a Christian to defend his reputation, or keep his head on his shoulders. Paul lost his head, but God will ere long give it back to him with a crown on it. A setting star may rise again, but a falling star,—never.

Be not too spiritless, but too spiritual for revenge. Troubles are trifles, and sin is a greater evil than death. Be patient, and wage a civil war. Let no provocation of stupidity, mendacity or malice provoke you to copy the tableaux of Balaam and the ass. "And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee" (Num. 22:29; 2 Tim. 2:24-26).

Christ warns the church of Sardis, that if she does not watch He will come to her as a thief. No man is fully up to duty unless He is watching and "loves His appearing," when signs of His near coming now fill the earth and cloud the heavens. The speed of the times is frightful; the axes are hot, and they will soon set the train on fire. No expectant bride ever so watched and longed for the coming of the joy of her heart and the delight of her eyes, as the Church, the Holy Bride of Christ should watch and long for His coming.

We do not lie down in sorrow before a horror of great darkness, for we are children of the light entrusted with the secret of the Lord and knowing that our scaffold sways the future.

Walk closely, work earnestly, and watch constantly and remember that crowns are hanging in the sky for all the faithful.

As the old Prophets, Christ and the Apostles and the Reformers foretell: two great moral forces will contend in the conflict of ages, sometimes one dominating, sometimes the other, until Christ comes.

"The King that comes in mercy,  
The King that comes in might,  
To terminate the evil,  
And diadem the right."

Already has this Gospel Age continued longer than any preceding age. Keep a sacred Bridal heart and spotless Bridal robes through this "little while." We need not shout, wear plumes or flaunt banners yet, but it is supreme honor to live and be faithful amid these closing scenes. War makes heroes and the combat deepens. Crowns are won in battle, and the last great battle is on. It is better now to be a faithful son of God than to be the son of a hundred kings.

Point every eye to that grand impending event on which the age hinges, and which dazzles contemplation! Heaven will not hold back our glorious Redeemer much longer. Put on a shining morning face and keep on the watch, as men of the girdle, the staff and the lamp, fired with the sacred passion of the second life and the age to come.

I am an Optimist, give me time, "a little while."

"I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,  
Thy beauty to see, Lord,  
No triumph for me  
Like Thy Coming again."

#### REST IN THE LORD.

The little woman told her story simply, yet powerfully. Her son had suddenly disappeared; he had gone out from the home, as usual, one afternoon and did not return. The days grew to weeks, and the weeks to months, and no word was received from him. This mother was used to trusting God implicitly with every matter of life, and she went at once to Him in her distress and fear. But, somehow, her heart did not find rest from its sick agony—the weight, lifted for a little, always returned and threatened to overwhelm her.

On the wall of her sitting-room hung a text, "Rest in the Lord," and every time she passed through the room the silent sermon was impressed upon her heart. She tried to follow the precept, asked repeatedly that she might so find rest, and at last, after weary months unrelieved by one word from her lost one, in despair she cast her unbearable burden wholly on the only One who could bear it and actually found "Rest in the Lord."

"Then almost immediately," she said with a sunny smile, "I heard from my boy, who had crossed the ocean—he was in London—and before many days he came back."

The lesson of this story was sorely needed by the one to whom it was told. She also had a burden too great to bear alone, which she endeavored to give to God. It was found still pressing on her own heart and life. She had felt dismayed and distressed, that after having given this matter again and again to the Lord, it should still be burdening her. Why could she not, why did she not, leave it at the mercy seat? She felt condemned.

And then to her came the remembrance of an experience in the life of her master, when, facing all the unimagined horrors that the cross held for Him, He cried unto the Father, not once or twice, but thrice: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." It seemed as if He, too, had learned to carry his burden again and yet again to the One who loved Him, until crying submissively, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt," His overcharged heart was calmed.

Divine Comforter, left with us to bring to our remembrance the things of Christ, we thank Thee and Him that such an experience in the Life Wonderful was left for our encouragement and healing. We are then to continue to bring to Him the burden which oppressed us, and never cease to do so until the day we are able to leave it with Him. Then from that particular sorrow or worry we shall find complete release.

"Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise." "Rest in the Lord."—Sel.

"The friendship of Christ completes man's life and crowns it."

"Trials are the means by which God would cause us to grow in strength."

# Living Water

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

## Editorial

Without, the hurry and clash, the race and the rush;  
Within, the keeping in peace, the silence and hush.

Without, the love of the seen, the pomp and the show;  
Within, simplicity sweet, all quiet and low.

Without, the labour and toil, the wave's frothy crest;  
Within, the working of God, the centre of rest.

Without, the grasp for the first, the anger and strife;  
Within, the waiting for God, the letting-go life.

Without, resentment and rage, hate, bitterness, death;  
Within, the sweetness of heart, the Spirit's calm breath.

Without, the unyielded will, the love of one's way;  
Within, the list'ning for God, His voice to obey.

Without, the stubbornness strong, the boast and the blow;  
Within, the meekness that yields, humility low.

Without, the sunshine and rain, the night and the day;  
Within, the light of His love that shineth alway.

Without, the spot, and the strain, the curse and the sins;  
Within, the cleansing divine, a new life begins.

—L. S. P.

### THAT TEN-DAY MEETING.

Ten days is not sufficient time for protracted meetings. Where the people go to camp and five or six services are held a day, and everything is on a tension, it may be long enough, but even then there are times when it would be better to continue, but the ordinary series of evangelistic meetings requires several weeks and the preachers ought to recognize this fact and adapt themselves accordingly. People go to considerable expense and trouble to get ready for a revival effort and then just as they are in the heart of it ready for a large ingathering the preacher must close down the meeting and go elsewhere. This is suicidal policy. When the next effort is made it will not be so easy, for the light has passed, the people refused to walk in it, and darkness has resulted. They should have been led on over in Canaan while they were on the march, rather than let them cool off and settle down in their old habits. We have never been able to see why it was best to just start a meeting and then leave it. We grant that there are many open doors, but these fields had better remain unen-

tered rather than half occupied. The evangelist may feel that ten days is as much time as he can afford to give from a financial standpoint. The people are often so thoughtless that they will not give a man any more for a month's work than they will for ten days. They will just do so much for a meeting whether it is five or thirty days. This is all wrong. Those who are responsible for the meetings ought to be conscientious in the matter of paying the preacher. It should not be left to just blind impulse, but they should put their hands in their pockets and see that he is properly supported. Usually he has a family at home and his expenses are going on all the time, and if people take the narrow view of paying just his expenses, who is going to support his family. Instead of engaging a man for ten days, engage him for as much time as is necessary and then remunerate accordingly. We have made that the rule in our work here ever since we begun the work. A general offering is taken. It nearly always falls considerably short of what ought to be given, and then the faithful few make up the balance and pay the preacher what they believe he ought to have for the amount of service rendered. It is not left to the impulse of an unstable audience.

Those responsible for the maintenance of evangelistic services should continue the meeting as long as it is best to do so, and they should engage their help accordingly. Sometimes ten days is sufficient, but anything like a general religious movement is not sufficiently climaxed in that time. We do not act thus in our business matters. We make hay while the sun shines, but in religious affairs we leave the hay on the ground unranked to fall a prey to the storms. Let us have a reform in this matter of ten-day meetings. If those who have such work in charge will do their duty, this pernicious custom can be set aside. Will not laymen and preachers combine their efforts to bring it about.

### BURNT DISTRICTS.

Burnt districts and what to do with them is an important question. All who are conversant with the facts readily admit that there are such places where at one time it was comparatively easy to have a revival, but now very difficult. What produces such a condition? Well the causes are numerous. First, the meetings are no longer a new thing. The novelty has died away and the people have become accustomed to them. Secondly, those who were ripe for such services were easily swept in and became enthusiastic converts, while many others shrank from the light and went back into darkness. The truth is always either "A savor of life unto life, or of death unto death," hence many who in the first meetings were more or less interested have fallen back and take their stand against the work. Third, as is the case in every new movement, the work has been hindered by having to carry a certain floating element. A new broom sweeps clean, and the camp-followers of the Holiness movement have not always been a bless-

ing to it. There are those who make themselves prominent in work of this kind and yet are so defective in ethical insight that their living does not tally with their profession. Persons who take a superficial view of things and act on hasty conclusions, stumble over these unworthy representatives. Fourth, the revivals thrust to the front much untrained material and the people rushed to supply the needs of the field with but little training. As a matter of course, this raw material was not gifted in teaching, and the revival movement suffered for want of teachers and pastors. Many who would have run well had they been shepherded, were laid into various excesses and some were consumed "with strange fire." Loyalty to the truth compels us to say that the want of correct teaching has led to grave defections. Living was far below the professing. In the language of the street, "they failed to deliver the goods."

Again, the pressure of the world-spirit is severe and not a few yield to its insistent demands and drop back on the old level of the world. They failed to continue walking with the Lord Jesus Christ as they began when they received Him. A man who has light and will not walk in it is in a worse fix than the man who has little. Sodom and Gomorrah will rise up in judgment against such highly privileged places as Capernaum where the Lord dwelt. But these burnt districts are here. What shall be done with them? It will not do to leave them to their fate. Some testimony must still be given. How shall it be done? In the first place they need a little different ministry from what they had in the beginning. Enlarged experience calls for enlarged teaching. Sometimes a change of method is good. More time is required for developing a meeting. Ten days will only get it started. Some evangelists are more gifted in difficult work of this kind. We have known men to manifest a provoked spirit in the midst of a hard battle. If things do not go easy they get discouraged and drift into a fault-finding spirit, clubbing rather than feeding the sheep. They are not contented to stand alone in the front line of the battle. They are not men of sufficient vision to see that they can honor God even more by being the solitary figure "in the far-flung battle line." Some evangelists have been spoiled by the hurrah idea. Unless there is a big noise they think there is nothing going on, and a burnt district noises very slowly. There are many places where, instead of a shout of victory, Hosannas languish on the lips. Preachers must learn that it is somebody's duty to stand in hard places and that they had as well learn to do it as any one else. A patient, tender, courageous, faithful spirit is essential for success in burnt districts.

There is much need of feeding. The saints are often lean for want of the truth. They are not in a condition in that equipment necessary for "Running and not being weary, and walking and fainting not."

Another difficulty is that people so easily backslide on the money question. Persons who in the first flush of the revival turned

their money loose readily do not always maintain that attitude. Sometimes they tighten their purse strings until they become real stingy. They are not growing in the grace of beneficence. There is a marked decline in their self-denial and they are becoming more and more conformed to the world. We see but one remedy for such failure, namely, a Godly, continuous, aggressive ministry embracing in its comprehensive scope that which will meet the various needs of the people. To the laymen who are endeavoring to cultivate these places, we would say, keep humble, prayerful, be patient amid provocation of every kind, and seek to live only in the will of God. Let the evangelists and pastors practice that despised grace of

humility and learn the divine art of *patience*. *Away with the mania for counting*. Do not act as if you felt you must have a big time; that your reputation is at stake and you cannot afford to have any let down. When Moody was in London he was importuned to hold services in a certain large building, the committee urging on him the opportunity he would have of speaking to such large crowds. He replied by saying, it was not his ambition to address ten thousand people so much as to live in the will of God. An unctuous, brave, faithful ministry is the very best means for reaching the burnt districts. The great crowds may have died away, the enthusiastic wave passed by and things move slowly, but sound doctrine and holy living will win.

preach if he was only set apart to the Lord. Yes, the land is full of latent forces that need to be turned loose for the glory of God in this needy world. Pent up energies, fettered resources causing their possessors to pine away with the dry rot of indifference. Religion is one of those things that the more we disburse the more we receive. J. Wilbur Chapman gives a notable illustration of this fact in the following interview with the venerable founder of the Salvation Army.

"When I was in London," said Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in a recent sermon, "I received word that if I was at the Salvation Army headquarters at ten o'clock sharp, I might meet General Booth. I hurriedly made my way there, for he was to leave for the continent in a very few minutes.

"When I looked into his face and saw him brush back his hair from his brow, heard him speak of the trials and conflicts and the victories, I said: 'General Booth, tell me what has been the secret of your success all the way through.'

"He hesitated a second, and I saw the tears come into his eyes and steal down his cheeks, and then he said: 'I will tell you the secret. God has had all there was of me. There have been men with greater opportunities, but from the day I got the poor of London on my heart, and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do with the poor of London, I made up my mind that God would have all of William Booth there was. And if there is anything of power in the Salvation Army today, it is because God has all the adoration of my heart, all the power of my will, and all the influence of my life.'

"Then he looked at me a minute, and I soon learned another secret of his power. He said: 'When do you go?' I said, 'In five minutes.' He said, 'Pray,' and I dropped on my knees with General Booth by my side, and prayed a stammering and stuttering prayer. Then he talked with God about the outcast of London, the poor of New York, the lost of China, the great world lying in wickedness; and then he opened his eyes as if he were looking into the very face of Jesus, and with sobs he prayed God's blessing upon every mission worker, every evangelist, every minister, every Christian. With his eyes still overflowing with tears, he bade me good-bye and started away, past eighty years of age, to preach on the continent.

"And I learned from William Booth that the greatness of a man's power is the measure of his surrender. It is not a question of who you are or of what you are, but of whether God controls you."

#### THUS SPEAKETH CHRIST, OUR LORD.

Ye call me MASTER, and obey me not;  
Ye call me LIGHT, and see me not;  
Ye call me WAY, and walk not;  
Ye call me LIFE, and desire me not;  
Ye call me WISE, and follow me not;  
Ye call me FAIR, and love me not;  
Ye call me RICH, and ask me not;  
Ye call me ETERNAL, and seek me not;  
Ye call me GRACIOUS, and trust me not;  
Ye call me NOBLE, and serve me not;  
Ye call me MIGHTY, and honor me not;  
Ye call me JUST, and fear me not—  
If I condemn you, blame me not.—*Ex.*

Did you thank God for that last blessing he bestowed on you? If not, why should you look for another?—*H. A. Mitchell.*

## Editorial Comment

### OBEDIENCE BETTER THAN SACRIFICE

Saul had positive orders to destroy the cattle of the enemy, but instead he spared them and gave as an excuse for so doing that he wanted them for sacrifices. Then the servant of the Lord replied in the oft quoted words, "To obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams." It is never right to do wrong. In offering unto the Lord that which is obtained by disobeying the Lord is certainly wrong. The most of the people obey in some things, but very few people obey in everything and here is where their untrustworthiness begins. There is an uncertain quantity about them. They cannot be relied upon fully. Strike them just at their weak point and over they go. Obedience does not consist in doing something that suits us, but it involves the doing of everything that we are called upon to do whether or not it is pleasing unto us. Ah, here is the weak link in so many lives. They have never wholly yielded themselves to God to walk in His will whether or not it be pleasant or hard to the flesh. They may be busy with things that are good. They may be interested in much that is commendable, but until the whole life is placed at God's disposal and all their activities proceed from Him as the common center they are more or less untrustworthy, as the Free Methodist says:

It is the one questionable habit, or the conscious evil state, that reveals the moral state of a man just as certainly and as accurately as a hundred sins can do it. This is an infallible test of one's character, and yet it seems so sweeping that many evade its force and fasten their minds upon a number of commendable acts which they have performed. With these they hope the evil account may be balanced. Never was Saul, the king, so zealous to destroy the wizards, as when living in conscious revolt against the will of God.

Is it possible that intense zeal for some splendid reform may be only the sop to an accusing conscience? Is there danger of confounding great activity with deep spirituality? Are we proud of our missionary offerings and ashamed of our private devo-

tions? Or do we glory in our shame and mind earthly things? Are we in danger of substituting the deeds of the workman for the fruit of the Spirit? Are we radical on some points because we are unspiritual at all points? Are we long on cathedral gravity and short on domestic hallelujahs? Do we feed church sinners for gain because we are disqualified to nurse spiritual babes? Do we labor for office because we can not travail for souls? Do we substitute quantity for quality? Do we tender sacrifice for obedience? Are we trying to run job-lots on the kingdom of God? "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Beware of the deception of moral equivalents.

### THE PLACE OF BLESSING.

The old lady was right, when wending her way to church on an inclement day, was accosted by a passerby and asked as to why she would venture out in such unfavorable weather. She replied, "It is the place of blessing, and if I am not there the blessing might fall and I would miss it." There is much homely wisdom in this quaint way of stating the subject. The place of obedience is the place of blessing. Those who walk in the light are always overshadowed with blessing. Alas, how many have tied their talents up in a napkin and their gifts are perishing for want of use. It is said that the optic nerve in the fish in the pools of the famous Mammoth Cave has perished. They have been in the dark so long that their eyes have failed for want of use. When one pauses to think of the vast amount of unused material lying dormant in the church, it is startling. Yonder is a woman who could sing to the edification of thousands if she would only consecrate her life to God, and like Jenny Lind, sing for the Lord. Yonder is a man with vast executive power. There is no telling what he might bring to pass if he was only in the hands of the Lord, while over there is another peculiarly gifted for public prayer, but alas his lips have never been touched with the hallowed coal. Across the way there is another. How he could

## Our Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8:14.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. John T. Benson, Eastland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. Letters will not be published unless written on one side of the sheet only.

Dear Cousin Eva: On yesterday I passed my sixty-eighth mile post on my way from earth to glory. The Lord still spares me, and though paralyzed and unable to walk, the Lord keeps me sweetly saved and sanctified, praise his name! The Holy Spirit still abides and comforts. Oh, how I enjoy reading the Living Water! I can use but one hand and it is very difficult for me to hold up a Bible, so I gather soul food from holiness papers. We take several, but Living Water is my favorite. I am just sitting here in the chair happy in the Lord, willing to stay on this side or ready to cross to the other shore at His command. Glory! Enclosed find \$6.35; \$1.35 for birthday dues for husband and me and \$5.00 for missions. Use it where most needed.

Yours under the Blood,

Watervalley, Ky.

MRS. S. C. HICKS.

This dear cousin has passed the sixty-eighth mile post on her way from earth to the Heavenly Home, and though suffering bodily discomfort, is kept by the power of God. O, if we might all realize that this world is not our home, but that through sorrow and disappointment God is preparing us for the Home with Him that shall never grow old or decay. It is this blessed hope that is comforting our cousin, I am sure. Shall I tell the younger cousins how they may obtain this same faith in God's promises? By reading his Word and obeying Him each day. In this way we become acquainted with God, and when we come to know Him, it is *very easy* to trust His promises.

Dear Cousin Eva: Here comes the little cousins from Oklahoma again. As we are behind a year we will send in full. Roy Mifford, 8 years old, 15c; Vernon Mifford, 4 years old, 7c; and little sister Fay Mifford, one year old, 1c. Two cents extra. Total 25c.

THE COUSINS.

Bixby, Okla.

Dear Cousin Eva: Here is twenty-five cents for the little suffering boys in China. I saved up my pennies. I am four years old and love to go to Sunday School.

FREDDIE DUKE.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Dear Cousin Eva: We will enclose twenty-five cents toward helping the poor, starving people in China. It is very little but we give it willingly. My mamma is going to try to make up some money for them soon.

Yours lovingly,

ESTELLE AND LENA BURNETTE.

Ritter, Oregon.

These cousins write from Oklahoma, Kentucky and Oregon, and all are interested in the poor, unfortunate ones who do not know God. Though their homes are far apart, and the suffering children are away across the waters, distance is no hindrance to God. He will hear the prayers of these cousins and answer them by blessing the poor children so far away, if they trust Him to do so.

Dear Cousin Eva: Here I come my first time. I like to read the Living Water. I think it is a good paper. I read the children's letters that they write to you. I am trying to live for the Lord. And we go to church often. I am 10 years old, and we have family prayers at night, and in the morning we have four prayers, and sometimes five. Pray for me. May the Lord bless you all. I will close,

WILLIE OSBORNE.

Dear Cousin Eva: This is my first letter to the Living Water. I enjoy reading the cousin's letters. I am fourteen years old. I was saved and sanctified three or four weeks ago. I read about the little heathen children. How I wish they had more Christian workers to tell them about that blessed Saviour, how He loves and cares for them, and how he wants to save them from their sins. I want to do all I can for the missionary cause. I never fail to pray for the heathen. I will close. May the Lord bless you all.

Yours in Christ,

NINA OSBORNE.

One of the signs of the decline of spirituality in any age is giving up of family worship. I wonder how many of those who read this page have family prayers. Perhaps some of the little cousins could help to bring this about by asking father or mother if they will have family prayers. And the older cousins who read this will find that an earnest effort to thus daily recognize God in the home will be a real blessing to them, as well as the children. It is not enough that we send our children to Sunday school. God said to his chosen people, in Deut. 6:6, 7, 9, R. V. "And these words which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou riseth up. And thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thy house, and upon thy gates."

Dear Cousin Eva: I will try to write a few lines. When I wrote before I had a pet squirrel, but I have not got it now and am very lonesome, but I have a dog and two white cats. My mother takes Living Water and I love to read the children's page. I am a Christian and love God and want the prayers of the Christian folks. Enclosed you will find 12c for my birthday dues. Your little cousin,

Spring Hill, Tenn.

MINERVA FOSTER.

It is very hard to keep pet squirrels in town, isn't it? Something is sure to happen to them sooner or later. They seem to be at home only in the country. Do you know, little cousins, that Christians are not at home, and do not thrive, if they choose for their companions those who do not love God. As there are laws which govern material things, so there are laws which just as surely govern our relationship to God, and if we break these laws we are sure to suffer loss.

Dear Cousin Eva: We will again send in our birthday dues. We are later than last year, but waited to get all the birthdays as near as possible. I send dues for my wife and myself and the little girl we are raising, and also our adopted son, of whom you know. It has been fifteen months since we adopted him. He was three weeks old. He now weighs 30 pounds, can talk and walk anywhere, and is a very bright little fellow. Our dues: My wife and I, 72c; Carrie Blackwell Thompson, 6c; Alexandra Mackay Thompson, 1c; for good measure, 21c; total, \$1.00. The Dear Lord has sent us a good rain. We were almost dried up as it has been quite a while

since we had a good rain. May the Dear Lord abundantly bless you in your good work. I am poor, but I will send Bro. Benson one dollar soon.

Yours very respectfully,

Clarksville, Tenn.

W. H. THOMPSON.

These cousins will surely be rewarded for their labors if they train these little ones for God. I have wondered why some of God's people, whose homes are not blessed with little ones, do not take the place of father and mother to the many children in need of good homes. It seems to be a blessed opportunity for laying up treasure in heaven.

Dear Cousin Eva: I will send our birthday dues. We are late, but I hope it will do some good. Fifty-two cents for me, and 9 cents for my little boy. I will send one dollar for good count. Use where needed most. I am trying to live for Jesus so that if He should come today I could meet Him in the air. Pray for me. I get very hungry for the gospel. I haven't heard a sermon since last fall. I am sick most all the time.

A COUSIN.

Stonewall, Tenn.

In the forty-first Psalm, first and third verses, we read: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the day of evil. The Lord will support him upon the couch of languishing. Thou makest all his bed in his sickness." We believe our dear cousin will find comfort in this promise. It is so helpful to repeat to ourselves such promises as this when we are sick and unable to hear the Gospel preached, as is this dear cousin. When thus alone with Him, we learn blessed lessons which we perhaps would never have known had we been well and able to be busy with our household cares.

Dear Cousin Eva: The time has again come to pay our birthday dues and also renew our subscription to the Living Water. And Dear Cousin Eva, though our own little home circle is still complete, God called my own precious mother home since I last wrote you. Oh! how we do praise our God for the hope that reaches beyond the grave. And how the blessed Comforter does comfort those who mourn. She was truly one of His own; and I ask that you will pray for me that I may live worthy of such a sweet sanctified Christian mother. Our birthdays are as follows: G. E. Wade, May 4, 41 years; Mrs. A. Wade, March 14, 34; Ivy Belle Wade, September, 25, 12; Glen Ritchie Wade, August 11, 10; Merle Edward Wade, September 17, 6. Will also enclose one dollar for my renewal to Living Water as I still find it food and drink for the hungry and thirsting soul. May God bless you and all the family of God everywhere. Your sister in Christ,

Arcadia, Kans.

MRS. MARY A. WADE.

If all who are called upon to part with loved ones were only where God could comfort them, how much of blighting sorrow would be spared this world. The blessed invitation is "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Let us look into our hearts, we who are bearing burdens and are oppressed by sorrow, and see whether we have really come to our Savior for rest. You know we receive from Him just what we trust Him for of all His blessed promises. Perhaps some of us are like the weary traveller who was one day walking along the dusty road carrying a burden on his back. A wagon came along and the kind-hearted driver bade him get in and ride. He did so, but soon the driver on looking back saw that he still car-

dollars, I would set you up in business." I said, "They are the ones who don't give. Suppose you start where you are." She laughingly said, "I have only 2 cents in the world." "I said, "Give that and I'll use it to start a fund for getting some little things to make our Indian boys' hearts glad." She gave it; her niece, at her suggestion, collected \$1.00 from some children to whom I had talked, and this 2 cents which I accepted as an earnest gift, grew until there was enough for all the boys. Many of us think our small amounts will not help much, but if that is all we can do let's do it. Let's get in the habit of giving systematically and we will find that instead of holding until we have no part, we shall be surprised at how much we can give and what a large part we can have in helping to give the gospel to every creature.

Among the greatest privileges that were ours, was that of being in Trevecca College last year. It was precious to come in touch with these consecrated young people who are being trained that they may be "meet for the Master's use." The godly life and teaching of dear Bro. McClurkan, as well as the lives of the teachers who are helping to make Trevecca College what it is, have left such an impress as we believe can never be effaced. We praise God for His dear people at Nashville who are carrying forward the work of the school, Living Water paper, and the local church work, and who are really interested that the Christ who has made their lives so different, should be made known to the uttermost parts of the earth.

I am greatly enriched by these things and

earnestly desire to give some needy ones in India the benefit of what I have received from God and His people. They are in our hearts and we in theirs. This encourages us to press on and be true.

Friends, it meant something to say goodbye to mother, father, daughter, brothers and sisters and those beloved in the Lord, but we found His grace and peace were multiplied to us. It might have been possible, if we had kept our eyes on the greatness of our task and the difficulties, our own weakness, and the indifference of the church at home, to have yielded to those heart drawings and to have let these things stifle the cries of those in India who know nothing of true love, peace, hope, comfort, salvation from sin, and to have settled down to enjoy our own loved ones and the privileges of the gospel.

I say this might have been possible though I doubt it, as it would have been to turn aside from God's call, but how could I have stood when there arose those in the judgment who would say and with a perfect right, "We did not know that there was a living God and that He had loved us enough to die for our sins. We did not know how to get rid of this awful, burden, and now we are lost because you were not willing to leave your loved ones that we might know of Jesus."

I rejoice that today the call comes louder, and the privilege He gives of going is sweeter. Pray for us as we go. We sail from New York Nov. 16, and hope to arrive in Bombay about Dec. 23rd.

MRS. ROY G. CODDING.

## TIMELY ILLUSTRATIONS

### SERMONS.

Mr. Spurgeon said, "I value a sermon not by the approbation of men or by the ability manifested in it, but by the effect produced in comforting saints and awakening sinners."

### THE CURRENCY OF HEAVEN.

When a traveler enters a foreign land, one of the first things he does is to get his money changed into the currency of that land. We can take none of earth's coin to heaven with us, but we can change it here into good works, distributing liberally, thus "laying up in store . . . a good foundation," . . . by which we may "lay hold of eternal life." This is the exchange of currency Christ advised the young man of great possessions to make. No one of wealth is following Christ without this exchange, neither has he any foundation for the treasures of heaven.—*Ex.*

### PERSONAL RECOGNITION.

A touch of pathos is given by Dr. Jane Robbins to this year's report of her experiences as head-worker of the New York Alumnae Settlement:

"One of the most pathetic things in New York life is the desire of the child to have his name taken. He seems to realize that he stands in great danger of being lost in the struggle, and his only hope for recognition lies in knowing that his name is written down on a slip of paper. 'Teacher, take my name,' is a common cry, even when a child has a very vague idea as to why his name is being taken."

That was a comforting assurance God gave to Moses: "I know thee by name" (Ex. 33:12). It implies close personal relations with God, not only for Moses, but for all whose names are "written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. 21:27).

### A GOOD RESIDENCE STREET.

The *Christian World* tells of a love feast in Yorkshire in which a good man had been drawing out long, complaining strains of experiences about his trials and difficulties in the way to heaven.

Another of different spirit followed, who said: "I see our brother who has just sat

down lives in Grumbling street. I lived there myself for some time, and never enjoyed good health. The air was bad, the house was bad, the water bad; the birds never came and sang in the street, and I was gloomy and sad enough. But I 'flitted.' I got into Thanksgiving street, and ever since then I have had good health, and so have my family. The air is pure, the water pure, the house good; the sun shines on it all day; the birds are always singing, and I am as happy as I can live. Now I recommend our brother to 'flit.' There are plenty of houses to let on Thanksgiving street, and I am sure he will find himself a new man if he will only come, and I will be right glad to have him as a neighbor."—*Ram's Horn.*

### LOST OPPORTUNITY.

I was coming down on the Norfolk & Western Railroad a few days ago, when a brakeman sat down by my side in a coach and said: "You do not remember me, Mr. Stuart, but I was converted in one of your meetings. I have in my vest pocket a clipping from a newspaper, which I want you to read after I have given you this little incident. Mr. Schoolfield was holding a meeting in Roanoke, Va., a few days ago. I persuaded a friend of mine, a wicked railroad man, to go with me to the service. At the close of the sermon Mr. Schoolfield said, 'I feel like I am preaching the last sermon some man will hear.' He then made a proposition for men to come forward and seek Christ. My companion got up and left the building; I followed him. He said, 'It makes me tired to hear a preacher say, "Your last chance." The next morning, as his train was coming out of Bristol, he slipped in passing over the cars and fell under the train and was instantly killed.' The young man handed me the clipping, giving an account of his friend's death in the Bristol paper.—*Sel.*

### CHOSEN BY OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"The Christ of God, His chosen." And we are "chosen" for a great work. "I chose you," says Jesus, in John 15:16, "that ye should go and bear fruit." When Captain Yashiro, of the battleship Asama, called for volunteers to take a steamer into the mouth of Port Arthur and sink it, more men volunteered than he could use. He had to choose the number to be required. Lining them up on the deck of the vessel, he gave each one a drink of cold water from a large silver loving cup. "In sending you on this duty, which affords you but one chance out of a thousand of returning alive," said he, "I feel as if I were sending my own sons. But if I had a hundred sons I would send them all, and had I only one, I should send him. In performing your duty, if you lose your right hand, work with your left; if you lose both hands, use your feet; if you lose your feet, use your head, and faithfully carry out the orders of your commander." Christian, you are a picked man! Be about your mission. Use all that God has given you.—*The Rev. W. L. Abernathy, Berwyn, Ill.*

# Living Water

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

## Editorial

### AT SCHOOL WITH CHRIST.

I said, This task is keen—

But even while I spake, Thou, Love Divine,  
Didst stand behind, and gently over-lean  
My drooping form, and, oh! what task has been  
Too stern for feebleness with help of Thine?  
Spell Thou this lesson with me line by line,

The sense is rigid, but the voice is dear:  
Guide Thou my hand within that hand of Thine—  
Thy wounded hand! until its tremblings take  
Strength from Thy touch, and even for Thy sake  
Trace out each character in outline clear.

### PUFFED UP.

"And if any man think he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." (I Cor. viii. 2).

If it were not so sad and pitiable, it would be amusing to see how a very little knowledge will inflate some people like a balloon. It does not take much to puff them up. To hear them talk you would think them to be walking encyclopedias, compendiums of knowledge, and that wisdom would receive a heavy blow at their demise. Young fellows who have hardly grown a mustache know more about such doctrines as baptism, final perseverance, predestination, sanctification, and other themes than the wisest and holiest men throughout the ages.

There are great facts in doctrine and experience concerning which we all should have positive convictions; but there is also a realm of progressive knowledge where our views will be modified by increased light. We do not attach much value to the opinions of men who know everything, for they have erred in the very beginning in not knowing that they do not know. There are far too many green, raw opinions on the market. They have never come to maturity, and multitudes are now sick from eating such food. The very men who are most ready to put others out of the synagogue if they do not agree with their notions, lack in breadth and depth of thought and often fall as far below the standard of right teaching and right living as those whom they condemn. They excel in condemning others for the very thing of which they themselves are guilty.

Jesus said to his disciples: "Ye know not

what manner of spirit ye are of." Peter vehemently declared his loyalty. Other men might go back on the Lord, but Peter could be depended upon. Little did he know himself. David prayed, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults," and none of us are safe only as we yield all to God and walk trustingly before him with a broken and contrite spirit. The baptism of the Spirit brings great humility, and they who know most of God have the least confidence in the flesh. "Knowledge puffeth up, but love edifieth." How modern evangelism does need the chastened spirit! We can preach against selfishness in such a self-assertive spirit that we destroy the good we would do. We can wrangle over doctrines about holiness in a very unholy manner. We can denounce carnality in others in a way that leaves strong suspicion of its presence in us. Happy the man who has drunk deep enough at the fountain of grace and of knowledge to realize in a measure his limitations and conduct himself accordingly.

How sick and weary we grow of some who preach perfect love, and yet can hardly behave themselves while they are preaching. They have never gone deep enough into the truth to be saturated with it and ballasted by it. The trouble with such folks is to get them to realize their true state. How we do need to beware of self-conceit, an intolerant spirit, half-digested opinions, immature conclusions, and all other manifestations of carnality!

### NEGLECTING THE WEIGHTIER MATTERS.

Stepping into an office yesterday to pay a bill, while the young man was looking up the matter, the conversation turned to *visiting the sick*, and he said, "I worked in the Custom House for years. It is a Roman Catholic stronghold. Father — would come around every few days and speak a kind word to the boys. I was then only a lad and he would put his hand on my head and pass on with a word of encouragement. I was taken sick. Being a Methodist, I had a 'phone message sent to the preacher whose church I attended, informing him that I was sick; and he replied by saying that he hoped I would soon be better, but never called to see me. Finally I became so ill that I had to be taken home. This same Catholic priest, hearing that I was sick, came direct to see me and offered his services in any way that he might help." The young man concluded the conversation by saying, "I'll never be a Catholic, I was raised differently." But it was easy to see that the neglect of his own pastor had made a deep impression on him. We left him with the remark, "It is a pity that we are such poor representatives of the Master whose name we wear." He replied seriously, "Yes that is true."

This is a typical case. Young men come to the city, they form new associations, but they leave certain church ties behind; and if the ministers would only follow them up faithfully, many of them could be saved to the church that now drift away entirely.

Just to tell a young man that you hope he will be better is not what he needs when he is sick, especially when he is among strangers. He stands in need of something more than a hope. He should be visited, encouraged, prayed with, and helped in whatever way is necessary. The same is true with regard to young women, and also families. The Catholic priest belonging to what, in the main, is an apostate church, was at least a humane man and his kindness touched the heart of the young stranger. Suppose his pastor had shown this kindness. This, added to the religious grip the church already had on him, would have resulted in endless good.

All honor to the faithful shepherds who go about tirelessly among the flock ministering wherever there is a need. May their tribe be increased a hundred fold. They are of priceless value, but is it not true that a large number of ministers are so busy with trifles that they neglect the weightier matters of the church. They rush into this society and that one, everlastingly clamoring for some kind of attention, this social function and that one to be looked after, a certain number of fashionable calls that must be made in order to keep in touch with the society bosses, until the day is gone, and worse still—wasted. Many are busy with a lot of things too trifling to engage the attention of serious minded men, much less those who have the care of souls. There are three pulls which the world now has on the average preachers, namely, the financial, the social, and the literary. By the time he has gotten through with the entertainments that *old Mrs. So and So* gets up, and then acts as financial agent for his church, and answers the various calls for literary work, he hasn't very much time to visit and pray in the homes of the poor and lowly, nor in the more prosperous ones, and he has but little time for hard Bible study and prayer. Is it not true that the average preacher is lacking in depth of conviction and hence in impressiveness of action? Why is this? We believe it is largely attributable to the fact that he does not take time enough to get down into the depths of things. Life does not seriously engage him. He is a kind of an outer court preacher. He neither broods long enough over the sacred book, nor waits long enough before the throne to appear before the people with the anointing of the Christ. When he speaks, it is too much like the clatter of the world. The depth of eternity is not in his words. His spirit has not been unctionized. The live coal has not touched his lips. If there is a visit to be made he makes it very much as the world would. If there is a collection to be taken, he takes it relying largely upon the same methods used by the world to get money. Jokes, appeals to personal and ecclesiastical pride, threats mingled with pious exhortations, enter into the composition of his money speech. He is busy but not impressive. The people to whom he ministers do not go home beating their breasts

saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." There is not a hush as they gather around the dinner table. Eternal things have not been brought so vividly before their attention that the world is pushed aside. Why? Simply because the preacher has been busy with a lot of things not immediately connected with his all important and solemn avocation. Serving tables, humoring social whims, keeping up with the ever increasing demands of church machinery leaves him with little time for anything else. The sick lie scorched with fever in the strange room; the young girl meets the hot breath of temptation in shop and store; the overworked mother and the discouraged father are left to work out their problems and pull the heavy grades the best they can, save an occasional *professional call* from the pastor. Alas, this is not what they need. They need a preacher filled with the Spirit to rejoice with them and to weep with them, to get under their burdens, to wade through their sorrows, to share their griefs, and to bear all as an intercessor to their Father above. No little formal call, no prayer made to order, no sermonette cut to the length of the endurance of godless pew-holders will heal the world's sorrow nor stem its awful tide of iniquity.

Much of the Seminary training which young preachers get now-a-days takes them away from both the people and the Bible. By the time they get through with a lot of skeptical teaching, their convictions have been so weakened that they hardly know what to believe; and their studies have been such as to get them out of, rather than in touch with the masses. After listening to one of the most eloquent men we ever heard, we inquired about his church in a western city. The reply was that he preaches to about fifty folks. Why? Because he is a book worm and shuts himself up in his study *away from the people*. No so the Master. He went where the folks were. He taught them. The common people heard Him gladly. He used just such language as they were familiar with. He healed their sick. He comforted the sorrow stricken. He was one of them. The breadth of His sympathy was such that it embraced all need in the fulness of His helpfulness, as He was ever going about doing good. He was moved with a feeling of compassion. He was touching them here and there, and it was always the touch of blessing. The same Spirit in the minister today would work wonders. We must believe that preachers as a body are more deeply concerned in the welfare of the people than their actions often indicate. Many of them are burdened for better things, but they are so tied up with a lot of outside things that they have time for very little shepherding. This should not be. The preacher must keep close to the folks. Like his Lord he must be touched with the feeling of their infirmities, and suffer in common with them if he is to be a true minister of the sanctuary. This coming together in preachers' meeting on Monday

mornings and reading papers on "How to Reach the Masses," is not altogether profitless, but on the other hand it will never solve the problem of doing it. There is no easy way to reach the masses. It can only be done by getting down in the ditch where they are and suffering with them. Persons who are filled with the Spirit will have such a vision of the world's need and such a sense of God's willingness to supply the same that like the young prophet of old they will cry, "Here am I, send me." Hence there is but one remedy for all of this lack and that is the Spirit-filled life, sanctified wholly, occupied, energized, and controlled by the Eternal Spirit. Then, and then only, will people live wholly in the will of God and be constantly making full proof of their ministry.

The best way to know others is to know ourselves, and the best way to get close to

others is to keep close to God, and the only way to do religious work successfully is through the indwelling Spirit, for even of our Lord it is said that "He went in the power of the Spirit." All of these modern contrivances and human helps, study of methods, social, logical investigations have their place, but they are all as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal until illuminated, energized, and fired with the Holy Ghost. The best qualification for getting in touch with people is to keep in touch with God; and the Spirit of Christ in us will make us do as He did while here in the flesh, and that means living for others. Not in the outer realm of things physical merely, but in the inner circle of spiritual struggle and victory, and it is here in the very heart of the great spiritual problems in which the people are struggling that he is to take his place as leader and helper. God grant that it may be so.

## Editorial Comment

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

The great French painter, Jean Leon Gerome, who died a few years ago, painted a picture of the crucifixion which he regarded as his masterpiece. You do not see in it the cross or the Christ, but simply the long shadow projected over the ground. The Springfield "Republican" thus describes it:

"He did not present the scene on Calvary, but the shadows of the crosses cast athwart a stormy sky, while the throng—Roman soldiery and Jewish populace alike—are seen returning to Jerusalem. Here his intellectual imagination beheld the somber shadow of doom, and cast over the hills and valleys in tremendous power. It is the antithesis of the hideous realism of Verestchagin's picture of 'Crucifixion in Judea,' where the bloody sacrifice excluded the idea of the spiritual drama."

It is the *spiritual* drama on Calvary, that projects itself down the centuries, into national history, into the hearts of unnumbered individuals, that counts. The physical suffering lasted a few hours; the spiritual influence for all the centuries.

### THE IMAGE OF GOD.

The Secretary of State, John Hay, has a painting of the Madonna, done by Botticelli, the Florentine painter, four hundred years ago. It was painted on a panel of wood, and has a market value of \$40,000. Some time ago the wood began to crack, on the reverse side, and, as the cracks gradually enlarged, it was feared they would soon extend through and mar the picture. A costly and very delicate process was resorted to to save it. The object was to separate completely the thin layer of paint from the wood on which it was carefully protected by pasting on it hundreds of tiny slips of tissue paper, pressing them down to conform to the paint wrinkles, so

that when the painting was laid on its face the pressure would be equal at all points. The operation then is thus described by "The Sun's" Washington correspondent:

"The really important and delicate work was now begun. This was the removal of the wood from the sheet of paint. The operation was performed almost entirely by the use of sandpaper, and to make one understand how tedious was the undertaking it is only necessary to say that the panel was nearly an inch thick.

"Months of effort brought the operator near to the paint, and the most scrupulous care had then to be exercised. As the wood was reduced the polishing-away process became slower. Finally only the thinnest possible sheet of wood, thinner even than the paint adhering to its under side, remained.

"Here came the crucial test. A too vigorous rub, a slip of the hand, a failure to perceive instantly the first appearance of the paint and coating, might have proved fatal to the valuable masterpiece, which it was desired to preserve. But care, patience, keen eyesight, and steady nerve won the day, and the last vestige of wood was resolved into powder, leaving only a thin layer of paint lying in a bed of tissue paper."

Canvass was then pasted on the back of the thin layer of paint, and, when dried, the beautiful work of art was found uninjured and safe for centuries more. And all this trouble for a painted image! The image of God in every soul—how much more valuable, created by how infinitely greater an artist than Botticelli! What is it worth? At what infinite pains, at what immeasurable cost, has God, through the sacrifice of His Son, endeavored to preserve that image!

"Discontent with God's providential dealings is wrong and invariably lands the guilty one in darkness and despair unless conquered by yielding to God."

## Our Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8:14.

Address all communications for this department to Mrs. John T. Benson, Eastland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. Letters will not be published unless written on one side of the sheet only.

### DEWALI—A HINDU WIDOW.

The tom-toms are sounding out their hideous, unmusical notes over among the red-tiled mud huts of the village across the way. Listen! they are coming nearer. Listen again! It is the wedding march of the Hindus. It is the season of the year for weddings, and the year for marriages in this particular caste. Everybody who is to be married within ten years must be married this year. No more weddings for ten years to come in this caste. Shall we watch for the bride? There comes the band, followed by a party of women singing and carrying a "something" in their midst hidden by a crimson silk covering bordered with gold fringe. Behind them is a beautifully caparisoned steed led by two servants in livery. But it is the two on the horse's back to whom our attention is drawn. Yes, this is the bridal pair—a boy of about six and a wee girl of two bedecked with jewels and garlands of flowers.

They are on their way to the temple to make an offering to the idol which will complete the marriage ceremonies with the exception of the feast.

The festivities will not end until morning, but the wee lad and lassie who have just been united for life will soon drop off to sleep, and the wedding with all its pomp and ceremony has meant no more to them than fine clothes, plenty of flowers, sweets and nice food, with a ride on a horse which brought terror to the two little ones who had never even seen a dozen horses before in all their short lives.

Four years have elapsed, and our little bride is now six years old. One day while she is playing in the street with the other children, she is seized roughly and shaken and struck on the head. Looking up amid screams and tears, little Dewali recognizes a member of her own family. "Wh-what's the matter? What have I done?" she cries. "You wicked, dreadful creature!" replies the woman with more blows. "I ha-haven't done anything," sobs the child. "But you must have committed some awful crime, either in this or in some former existence or your husband wouldn't have died." With this she strips the bright, pretty clothes off from the child and roughly snatches away her jewels. She is beaten all the way home and shut in the dark back room of the house, if they are fortunate enough to have a house of more than one

room. Here she is to be kept as a prisoner for one year.

Late at night after the rest of the family have finished eating their evening meal, the door to this room is opened a crack and what remains of the food is thrown in to the poor little widow. Yes, little six-year-old Dewali is a Hindu widow. The thought sends a shudder through us. Poor mite! no more pretty bright clothes, no more jewelry, no more holiday festivities so dear to the Hindu heart, only drudgery and hardships, with one meal a day for six days in the week, and the seventh day must be a fast day throughout the twenty-four hours. Not a morsel of bread or a drop of water is henceforth to pass her lips on that fast day, and it comes so often for our poor little lassie.

Her head has been shaved and her hair burned with the dead body of her little husband to ensure him an entrance into heaven. A few years ago she would have been thrown alive on the funeral pyre of her husband and burned with his body, but now this is prohibited by the English laws and so she lives to suffer on.

The tenth day after the death of her little husband, Dewali is again bedecked with beautiful clothes and jewels and garlanded with flowers as for her wedding-day, taken to the burning ground, and over the ashes of her husband's funeral pyre her jewels and beautiful garments are roughly torn from her, her head is again shaved, the glass bangles, which take the place of a wedding ring



HINDU WIDOWS—NOW BIBLE WOMEN WITH RAMABAI. Another Illustration of the power of the Gospel.

in our land, are broken from her wrists, she is wrapped in a coarse dark cloth and beaten all the way home.

The priests, her spiritual (?) adviser in the meantime are dividing the clothing and jewelry among themselves—their portion for their services to the family. What service to the family to help abuse an innocent child? Yes, for so it is considered.

Once while she is still a child, she chances to wander into the midst of a gathering of her caste on a certain festal day. Let us follow her and see what happens. Seeing a number of her playmates in holiday attire

enter a nearby courtyard, our little friend follows at a distance and slipping quietly in when no one is near shyly stands to one side and is soon entirely engrossed in the beauties of the decorations and the bright costumes and jewels of those around her. What a contrast to her own dark garments and lack of jewelry.

For some time she looks but no one seems to notice her, so she draws up a step nearer. But why this commotion, why the dark looks on the faces in front of her? Poor child! she is soon to know what it means. She is seized roughly by the arm and hurried out of the place amid the curses that follow her.

The crowd so joyous but a moment ago is hurriedly dispersing, rushing in this direction and that, away from the scene. Soon not one remains of the gay throng. The food which was being prepared has been brought out and thrown into the gutter, the bright decorations all removed, and not one sign is left to tell us of the festal occasion. Why all this? A widow had appeared in the midst of the festivities and so had brought an ill omen to the party. A little girl, to be sure, but none the less a bringer of evil into their midst.

But what of the child? Beaten and ill-used more than ever for days and weeks to come for something innocently done, she rocks herself and moans and sobs as only a widow in India can. If you ever hear the cry of the child-widows of India, it never gets out of your ears; if you once hear that wail, you will remember it to your dying day.

All the time from the day she became a widow at six until we found her, about twenty years later, in her village where we went to tell the women about Jesus, this poor broken heart had felt the injustice and inhumanity of her treatment under the name of religion and had longed to know something that seemed to be true.

From her home she heard the singing in the street as we opened our little service with the people who quickly assembled to hear what the white woman had to say.

Soon Dewali, now a woman grown, but still a widow, for no widow is expected to remarry, joins the company, at first at a little distance, but by and by coming nearer.

While others become restless and move away to their duties or to visit with neighbors, Dewali stays on and listens. Some young men near by try to send her away and taunt her with her widowhood, but her only reply is to urge them to listen to the truth.

By and by she is our only listener and she permits us to come quite near her and we talk on to this one eager listener of the Great God and His Son Jesus Christ who died for her.

When we finally hesitate she quietly asks permission to tell us her story, and relates it to us as we have given it to you, adding that this truth we had been telling was what her heart had longed for throughout



# Our One Dollar Proposition

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## How Many Blocks Will You Take to Pay The Debt on Trevecca College

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There Are Just Seventy-Two Blocks in Each Row

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OUR COLLECTIONS SINCE LAST REPORT AMOUNT TO FIFTEEN DOLLARS (\$15.00), MAKING A TOTAL TO DATE OF \$593.00.

THIS IS A BETTER CONTRIBUTION THAN WE HAD LAST WEEK. WE ARE LOOKING AND HOPING FOR BETTER THINGS.

THE LORD IS BLESSING IN THE WORK.

HELP ALL YOU CAN. ASK THE LORD WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO DO.

Send contribution to

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A large grid of 72 columns and 20 rows, intended for marking contributions. Each cell in the grid represents one block. The grid is currently empty.

# JESUS CAN TAKE IT OUT

By S. H. HADLEY

This is an age of specialists. Everybody has a specialty. I know of many specialists in New York. There are specialists of the lungs and of the eye, and there are also specialists in other trades and occupations.

## MY SPECIALTY.

Now I am a specialist in my line of work. If ever Paul was called to preach to the Gentiles I have been called to preach to the drunkard, the harlot, the lost man, the helpless man, the man that nobody helps and nobody wants but Jesus. We talk about how to reach the working man; I reach men after they cannot work; after nobody would have them within a mile of the shop, and when they would set the dogs on them if they came into the church; you would have to burn the cushions and fumigate the place! Oh, it is dreadful to think that today, in my town right now, there are over 50,000 that do not know where they will sleep tonight unless they can steal the money or beat somebody out of it, or get a nickel to get a glass of beer, or somebody makes them work. Nine out of ten of those men had some religious training; some mother wept over them and kissed them, but they have been swept down by some awful temptation, and drink, drink, drink. Our city is full of them. We talk and we pray about it, but we don't mean much by our prayers, and when we don't expect anything.

I care not what you do; if you do not bring a man to Christ you have failed. You may sow the seed; you may not see the glorious fruition of your work, but you tried to do it any how. Have that in mind, and only that. "Love suffereth long, and is kind"—is kind. I never have lived that short, brief text faithfully in my life, and carried it to the wonderful fruition of what Paul meant it to be. When I have seen anything fail, or I have got tired, or my faith goes, I remember this text, and it encourages me to stick to men.

## LOVE SUFFERS LONG.

Do you know, there were over 5,000 people knelt at our meetings last year confessing their sins. We just as much expect people to believe, as we expect to hold a meeting. They come up there, many of them, simply to get a night's lodging, for Water Street is known all over the lowest quarters of New York city. But they come, and we are glad to have them there. Oh, how I pity them! how I love them! Glory to God, they know I do! When we kneel, we are kneeling with poor, helpless, friendless men, that not a hand in New York city will help. I say "O, Jesus, help us!" Then I say to some man, "My brother, you pray," and the poor wretch comes up to the front because he is willing to barter his soul to keep off the street.

Thoughts of home and mother and happy days come floating over his soul, and he cries, "Jesus, Master, help me!" and he is born again there before your eyes. Oh, I have seen thousands of men do that. Ah, my friends, "Love suffereth long, and is kind."

"How patient hath My Spirit been,  
To follow thee through all thy sin,  
And plead thy wayward soul to win,  
And son, give Me thy heart."

In Luke xxii. 62 we read—"Peter went out and wept bitterly." What made Peter cry? Women cry, and children cry, but what made Peter cry? If you read the sixty-first verse you will find out—"Jesus turned and looked upon Peter." What kind of a look could that have been? Just a little while before he had cursed and sworn that he did not know Him at all, and now he was crying. Do you suppose Jesus said, "You traitor, I'll get even with you for going back on me this way?" Oh, no; He forgave him as He looked at the backsliding disciple. That is the kind of look that Jesus gave, a look full of love and compassion.

## THAT LOOK!

I believe I got that look one night. I was sitting on a whisky-barrel in a saloon at the corner of 125th Street and Third Avenue. I had been in that place for five weeks, and I had drunk whisky for twenty-two years. It was the end of an awful spree; everything was gone—my mind, my money, and my friends, and all—and I was wondering how I could get another drink, when in the midst Jesus came. I saw that look. I wasn't looking for Jesus at all: I was looking for whisky, and wondering where I could get a drink. I hadn't the courage any more to steal, I was too near dead, and the minute I got that look I saw my sins, and I supposed I was dying, and I said, "Boys, listen to me, I am dying; I will drink no more whisky."

I went out to the station-house and I said to the captain, "Lock me up," and he said, "What for?" I said, "So that I cannot get a drink of whisky." They locked me up in cell No. 10, and in the morning they took me to the police court but that night I thought I was dying, and a voice said "Pray," and I got down on my knees and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

After they had let me go I went to Jerry M'Auley's Mission, twenty-one years two months and one night ago—I have been counting it up every day since—and there I saw Jerry M'Auley, that wonderful apostle of the outcast. I heard him say, "I am saved tonight from whiskey and tobacco and everything: Jesus came to me and took the whole thing out of me." I had supposed that, if I started to be a Christian, I should have to fight this thing all the time; but I heard from Jerry M'Auley that Jesus would

take it out of a man so that he wouldn't want it any more.

I wondered if I could be saved. When he gave the invitation, my hand went up, and I felt like getting down on my knees. I wish I could tell you about that night, about the dear men and women who were praying. In one look you could tell what they were there for—to help poor souls into salvation. Jerry began to pray: "Dear Jesus, pity those poor fellows; they have got themselves into an awful hole and they cannot get out. Speak to them, Lord." He finally came to me. Now, I had gone there to be saved, so far as I can remember, knowing no more how I would be saved than a brass railing. The devil said to me, "You pray? You dare not pray!" I had a crime of forgery hanging over me, and the devil suggested, "The minute you confess your crimes, you will go to Sing-Sing Penitentiary."

So I said to Jerry M'Auley, "I can't pray; somebody pray for me." Jerry said, "All our prayers won't help you unless you pray." So at last I cried, "Jesus help me!"

Oh, this world has been a heaven to me; I have never seen a dark day since. The light of God's glorious day burst into my soul, and all sin and gloom and shame vanished. I have never known what it was to want a drink of whisky from that day to this. I used to swear in my sleep; those hands have handled ill-gotten money; but since that day though a million dollars have passed through my hands, every coin has gone to its right place. It is all just as new to me now as it was that first day.

## OLD TASTES UPROOTED.

The astonishment of my life is that I have never wanted a drop of whisky since.—  
*Bright Words.*

## AN UNNAMED STATION.

It was late afternoon, at the hour when business men and belated shoppers, as well as the motley crowd of toilers, seek their homes, and the suburban car was filled to its utmost capacity. Sitting side by side in one corner were a stout, over-dressed woman with a very little boy. The woman had so often endeavored to obey the harassed conductor's adjuration to "sit close," that her voluminous skirts quite overspread the child's dangling legs and feet, leaving little more than a small, patient face set round by a fringe of cropped yellow curls, and lighted by a pair of large, serious blue eyes. One could but wonder that the woman seemed to give him no attention. He must have been tired with the long, noisy ride. Why did she not take him on her lap and cushion him nicely upon her ample shoulder?

Singly or in groups the passengers began to leave the car at the various street crossings, until there was left, besides the woman and child, only a young lady in black, with a beautiful sad face. At length the stout woman pressed the signal button and the car came to a stop. Half way to the door she heard the conductor calling after her:

"Lady, you've forgot your boy!"