

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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THE SWORD OF GOD

BY DAVID LAMBERT.

For our Christian warfare God lends us His Sword—"the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." It is a finer weapon than any fabled excalibur pretended to be. We must not neglect it, nor despise it; but we must learn to use it. There is no substitute for it; there is none like it. The Scriptures are God's Sword.

A SINGLE BLADE.

The Scriptures are a unity. The different parts have been put together in different ways, but they have been welded into one whole in the fire of God. The Wielder of the Sword Himself has fashioned the various material into one splendid weapon for His own use.

The Bible would not be the same thing if it were merely a collection of sacred writings. They are like a finished machine, in which every part is adapted to every other, and all of them acting together, produce a definite result. A boy's watch had stopped, and a youthful friend offered to put it right. He took it to pieces, but he could not

put it together again. At last he was forced to bring back the little heap of wheels and bolts in a handkerchief. A poor return to his young friend for the watch he had trusted to his care. No doubt a little adjustment by a skilled hand would have put all right. We do not want a Bible in pieces; and we do not ask anybody to sort out the pieces, giving us only those which they think are suitable for Biblical use.

A PERFECTED INSTRUMENT.

The Scriptures are final. Revelation reached its climax in the teaching of Jesus

Christ Himself. The rest of the New Testament is but the unfolding, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, of the germ truths He had taught. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which having at the first been spoken through the Lord, was confirmed unto us by them that heard" (Heb. ii. 3). The bounds of the New Testament revelation were virtually fixed by the

Christianity's blessed secret, who have been ready to maul her doctrines and handle lightly her deposit of revealed Truth. But who of all her true sons, who knew her best and loved her most dearly, ever asked to give one further touch to the full-orbed wonder of her God-breathed Scriptures? The New Testament with the Old Testament was God's final Word to them.

A NECESSARY WEAPON.

When Joshua saw the Captain of the Lord's Host, He had a drawn sword in His hand, but the God of the Moderns is a swordless God. God's way has always been to use the weapon of the uttered Word. It would seem as if that is the only way God can get at man. Christian biography tends entirely to confirm that. The story of Augustine's conversion is well known. He interpreted the child's voice singing, "Take up and read," as a command from God to open the Book and read. As he read, his heart was flooded with a light of peace, Francis of Assisi, a thousand years



SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Lord Himself, and within the life-time of those who knew Him that territory was staked out. A later generation recognized and acknowledged the boundaries.

Now, it is striking that none of the great master-minds of the Church, none of her standard teachers, not any of her most profound and saintly souls, have ever wanted to add a single verse of their own to the Scriptures. This is true, despite the Romish doctrine of tradition which left the Scriptures as such intact. There always have been irregular, irrelevant persons, who never knew

later, when the Bible was little prized, might have gotten into the light, one would think, without the aid of the written Word. But it was while the Gospel was being read that his heart was seized for Christ. Luther got into light and peace only through the Scriptures. That Latin Testament, especially the Epistle to the Romans, yielded him the secret of Justification by Faith. Geo. Fox owed all he knew of spiritual Truth to his wonderful knowledge of the Bible. John Bunyan found it his chief aid in getting through the heavy shadows of ignorance

and self-despair. John Wesley gave to the Bible the central place in his life and thinking. The Holy Spirit always takes seeking souls to the Scriptures, and there is a deep and abiding reason for so doing. Men have not got through into the light of God by the light of God's sun or through the fragrance of His pine-woods; not even through sweet human kindness. Men are brought to a knowledge of the Truth through the words of truth.

THE SWORD NEEDS PROPER HANDLING.

Not every one can wield this weapon. The unrenewed mind is unable to take hold of it. The natural man cannot grasp it. It is the Spirit's weapon, and only as He has some place in the heart of a man can he rightly lay hold of the Spirit's sword. Not by native intelligence or the wisdom of this world can we understand the thoughts of God. This Book needs an Interpreter. The Pilgrim was told to call at the outset of his journey at the house of the Interpreter. All pilgrims should call there. There is an interaction between the Spirit and the Word. It will save us from much perplexity in Bible-reading. The Bible has its own consistent vocabulary, its own view-point, its dominating purposes. The Spirit of God will bring us to God's point of view, and things look strangely different from that high vantage-ground. We need to receive the Spirit which is of God, that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God (I. Cor. ii. 12).

Always there will be those to whom the Bible seems of no more value than faggot-wood to kindle a fire with, men like Celsus and Abelard and Blatchford; and always there have been men like St. John and St. Bernard and our late Dr. W. B. Pope, who held it as the very Sword of God.

THE SWORD HAS A SHARP EDGE.

"For the Word of God is quick and powerful, piercing . . . discerning" (Heb. iv. 12). Is this Class-book sentence true? "His written Word—the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of our faith and practice." Has the Bible binding authority for us today?

It has the authority of God's Person. Behind the Book is the Divine Person. Even if this Sword were only the useful, crumbed stick some think it to be, yet the wielder of it is the mighty God, and it has all the authority of the Hand that holds it. If a king's scepter were but a reed, his authority would not be less. God has owned the Bible through all the Christian centuries, and He owns it still. It has all the edge of His personal authority.

It has the authority of God's Truth. Its words are true. I have been reading the Book steadily and hard for years, and have not met there any of those damaging untruths that some say have stifled their faith. Once I feared to read freely, lest I should be forced to own all sorts of impossibilities, improbabilities, immoralities, and ancient oddities. But when, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, I ventured abroad in the Book

itself, I found instead many holy, happy, friendly faces there. The truth of the Bible has often been challenged, and as often has the challenge been answered. But the short cut to assurance is to read the Bible, believe it and obey it.

It has the authority of God's witness in the soul. The Bible has found its answer again and again in the hearts of men. When we begin to let it go through us, it finds us with astonishing precision. Many a humbler man than Coleridge has gladly confessed, "The Bible finds me." If a man does not want to be found, he can easily find ways of keeping out the light of Truth. But no man can permanently alter his moral sense, and that at the last will side with God and with His Word of Truth.

THE SWORD MAY BE DAMAGED.

"Wherein are some things hard to be understood, which the ignorant and unsteady wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction" (II Peter iii. 16).

A man can damage the Sword of God and render it of none effect, in the same way as a trader can alter the yard-measure of pur-

poses of dishonest gain. He does not alter the standard measure, silently witnessing against his shortened yardstick. Men can alter God's Truth by making it mean something God does not mean. That is handling the Word of God deceitfully, when we should by the manifestation of the Truth commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God (II. Cor. iv. 2). When a man sincerely wants God to deal with him in truth, the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, will take on all its old edge and cut him free.

The Sword of God is to be our sword too. We shall need it if we are to be true defenders of the faith. We need a positive knowledge of the Bible, gained only through a daily habit of Bible-reading. To know the Bible thoroughly is to be well furnished unto every good work. Filled with the Spirit and wielded with the Spirit's Word, we shall war a good warfare.

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as Thy saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold!

Alleluia!"

The Spiritual Value of Holidays

It is pleasant to think that multitudes of Christian people at this moment are enjoying a well-earned holiday. It is good that we relax a little during the summer months. There is something very refreshing to mind and heart about a well-merited holiday, and its spiritual value cannot be over-estimated. In the sequestered glen, where the birds sing overhead and the stream splashes down beneath, there is a sense of peace. The usual duties do not encroach. The ledgers are exchanged for a good book, and the busy rush is exchanged for a pleasant reverie. There is something spiritual about the winding stream, steady and persistent in its flowing, something parabolic about the joy of the birds, something awe-inspiring about the great silences of Nature. It is good, therefore, to realize that the holiday season has commenced, although our sympathy goes out to those who are deprived, by various circumstances, from entering the enchanted land. Some holiday-makers are finding rest by the nerve-healing sea; others will explore the noble and rugged country, while others will find peace "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." In any case, there is a spiritual interpretation of holidays which should not be overlooked.

I.

In his brilliant book, "Types of English Piety," Mr. R. H. Coats has a passage which is not without a warning accent. "The evangelical type of piety, like every other, has the defects of its qualities. In the first place, it is in danger of being characterized by a certain intellectual and imaginative narrowness of outlook upon life. In exaggerated evangelicalism the moral element in religion,

its aspect of strict rigor, is given solitary and overwhelming prominence. What may be termed its more genial or æsthetic side is treated as of no account. Transcendence ignores immanence, Hebraism supplants Hellenism, and the beauty of holiness can find no room for the holiness of beauty. Intensity is purchased at the price of breadth. Devotion to what ought to be frowns on all kindly interest in that which is, and the prophet, the evangelist, the censor, and the apostle impatiently elbow out of their rights the artist, the poet, the architect, and the musician. As we have said, there is a warning accent in this passage to which we may well pay heed, although it is only fair to remark that much of the old narrowness has passed away. In those who question the main thought in Mr. Coats' statement recall what used to be called in Scotland "The Organ Question," and they will see that Evangelicalism has always been in danger of an excessive aloofness from the philosophy of beauty.

In the year 1850 a curious book was published in Edinburgh, entitled, "The Organ Question; Statements by Dr. Ritchie and Dr. Porteous For and Against the Use of the Organ in Public Worship," in the proceedings of the Presbytery of Glasgow, 1807, with an introductory notice by the famous Dr. Robert Candlish. In a very fair review of the book, A. K. H. B. makes this observation: "It appears to us just as plain as the two and two make four, that a church should be something essentially different in appearance from an ordinary dwelling; that there is a peculiar sanctity about the house of God, making tea parties and jocular addresses in it unutterably revolting; that the

worship of God should be made as solemn in itself as possible to impress the hearts of the worshipers; that if music be employed in the worship of God, it should be the best music to be had; and that if there be a noble instrument especially adapted to the performance of sacred music, with something in its very tones that awes the heart and wakens devotional feeling, that is beyond all question the instrument to have in our churches." All this makes strange reading at this late hour of the day, but it serves to indicate the road our fathers trod. It also serves as an illustration in the matter of holidays. We believe in the beauty of holiness, but do we believe in the holiness of beauty? Are we conscious of a sweet and wonderful relationship between a surrendered spirit and a restful scene? The real art of a holiday for the consecrated soul is in that marvelous affinity between Beauty and Love. ☩

II.

Let us be very sure that there is such a thing as a holiness of beauty. We are familiar with the case of Reginald Heber, who, breathing the aromatic air of Ceylon, was thrilled with the glory of a world where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." And we remember that wonderful passage in the appealing biography of D. L. Moody: "The morning I was converted, I went outdoors and fell in love with everything. I never loved the bright sun shining over the earth so much before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds. Everything was different." In his conversion, Moody discovered there was such a thing as the beauty of holiness; but he also discovered the cognate blessing of a holiness of beauty. We cannot resist the feeling that some men are tempted to speak guardedly of Nature for fear they shall be charged with the all too prevalent Pantheism; their fears are groundless. When they have stooped to kiss the feet of God they will then hover near the hem of His garment.

Speakers to the little ones very often say that God has two great books; the Bible and the world. It is a happy saying. And if there is one thing that appeals to every Nature lover in the teaching of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, it is His frequent reference to the beauty all around. He was always pointing to the birds, the lilies, the grass, and the fields. We should not be inaccurate if we said He loved the sea. How could it be otherwise? "In the world He was, and the world through Him came to be." And yet there are not wanting those who love the Bible who are not particularly drawn to the world of beauty. When St. John said: "Love not the world," he was not thinking of the world as a sphere; he was speaking of that subtle atmosphere which may be conveniently summed up as "the world." We have some sympathy with the famous quatrain of Wordsworth:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

It is difficult to see how any Christian can neglect the holiness of beauty; it is strange, passing strange, that so few are interested in the miracle of curious insects, of strange aromatic shrubs, of brave little flowers, and of happy birds. We should be very wise if we could draw our illustrations more from this realm than we do; if we did we should be following in the footsteps of that great Teacher who spake as never man spake.

III.

It is in this direction that we shall discover the spiritual value of holidays. There is such a thing as communion with Nature, and when the heart is right with God it is also right with the whole world. Peace with God is the guarantee of peace with every living thing. There is, moreover, such a thing as a philosophy of Nature, of a most practical kind. Few teachers have excelled the great bard of Stratford in his use of the natural world. What depth of thinking is contained, for instance, in such a reflection as this:

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.

Indeed, to the Christian mystic, the whole world is vocal. Even a weed to Shakespeare is a sermon in miniature:

O, thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born!

The Cause of Prayerlessness

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

THE ENMITY OF THE FLESH.

I had once, at a conference, spoken on the subject of prayer, and made use of strong expressions about the enmity of the flesh as a cause of prayerlessness. After the address, the minister's wife said that she thought that I had spoken too strongly. She also had to mourn over too little desire for prayer, but she knew her heart was sincerely set on seeking God with all her might. I showed her what the Word of God said about the flesh, and how everything which prevents the reception of the Spirit was nothing else than a secret work of the flesh. Adam was created to have fellowship with God, and enjoyed it before his fall. After the fall, then came immediately a disposition to get away from God, and he fled from Him. This incurable disposition is the characteristic of our entire nature, and the chief cause of our unwillingness to surrender ourselves to fellowship with God in prayer. The following day she told me that God had opened her eyes; she confessed that the enmity and unwillingness of the flesh was the hidden hindrance in her deficient prayer life.

Oh, my brethren, do not seek to find in circumstances the explanation of this prayerlessness over which we mourn, seek it where God's Word declares it to be, in the hidden disposition of the heart to get away from a holy God.

When a Christian does not give himself

It may be argued, of course, that this kind of quest destroys the essential genius of a holiday. Everything depends, of course, on what is expected from a holiday. The essential purpose of a holiday is recreation. The mind needs healing, the jaded nerves require fresh vigor, the disquieted mind needs rest; and it is in the great mercy of our Lord that He calls to us and says: "Come apart and rest awhile." It is while we are at rest that we can enter into the deeper secrets of life. We can be still and know that He is God. We may, through the energies of the blessed Spirit, possess a daily beauty, and that inward beauty shall make beautiful. We shall worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, in the splendor of clean vestments, and lo, to our expectant vision the holiness of beauty shall be made manifest. We shall find that to the pure all things are pure; we shall discover, in very truth, that the pure in heart do see God; we shall see that the earth is clothed with the beauty of God, so that nothing can really be called common or unclean. All the prospect pleases the sanctified heart. We imagine the older philosophical idealism of Berkeley is now out of date, but there is much of truth in a certain side of it. The world of God is very largely as we see it. If our hearts are prostrate before Him in the beauty of holiness, we shall go forth at this holiday season beholding everywhere the holiness of beauty.—*The Life of Faith.*

over-entirely to the leading of the Spirit—and this is certainly the will of God and the work of His grace—he lives, without knowing it, under the power of the flesh. This life of the flesh manifests itself in many different ways. It appears in the hastiness of spirit, or the anger which so unexpectedly arises in you, in the lack of love for which you have so often blamed yourself; in the pleasure of eating and drinking, about which at times your conscience has chidden you; in that seeking for your own will and honor, that confidence in your own wisdom and power, that pleasure in the world, whereof you are sometimes ashamed before God. All this is life "after the flesh." "Ye are not spiritual, but fleshly"—that statement of Paul's disturbs us at times; you have not full peace and joy in God.

I pray you take time and give an answer to the question: Have I not found here the cause of my prayerlessness, and of my powerlessness to effect any change in the matter? I live in the Spirit; I have been born again; but I do not walk after the Spirit—the flesh lords it over me. The fleshly life cannot possibly pray in a spiritual and powerful manner. God forgive me. The fleshly life is evidently the cause of my sad and shameful prayerlessness.

Mention was made in the conference of ministers at Stellenbosch, in connection with prayer, of the expression "strategic position"

used so often by Dr. Mott in reference to the great strife between the kingdom of heaven and the powers of darkness.

When a general chooses the place from which he intends to strike the enemy, he pays most attention to those points which he thinks most important in the fight. Thus there was in the great battle of Waterloo a farmhouse which Wellington immediately saw was the key to the situation. He did not spare his troops in his endeavor to hold that point: the victory depended on it. So it actually happened. It is the same in the conflict between the Church and the powers of darkness. The Inner Chamber, however simple it may sound, is the place where the decisive victory is obtained. The enemy uses all his power to lead the Christian, and above all the minister, to neglect prayer. He knows that however fine the sermon may be, however attractive the service, however faithful the pastoral visitation, none of these things bring damage to him or his kingdom if prayer is neglected. When the Church shuts herself up to the power of the Inner Chamber, and the soldiers of the Lord have received on their knees power from on high, then damage will be done to the powers of darkness, and souls will be delivered from its sovereignty. In the Church, on the mission field, with the minister and his congregation, everything depends on the faithful exercise of the power of prayer.

"THE CHRISTIAN'S STORM CENTER."

The week of the Conference I found the following in *The Christian*:

Evangelism

BY DAVID JAMES BURRELL.

In the churches of America the voice of lamentation is heard on every side. There never was such a demand for juniper trees, and never such a supply of weeping prophets to sit under them. The coronach sounds mournfully as if the Lord had forgotten to be gracious. It is obvious that *something is wrong*. There are fewer accessions than in former years; fewer showers of blessing, fewer conversions. Doves are not flocking to their windows as in former years.

What is the difficulty? To begin with, *there is nothing wrong with Christ*. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He is able and willing as ever; and His hands are stretched out still. The fountain of salvation has not run dry.

Nor is there anything wrong with the gospel. It is just what it always has been, "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." It has not been superannuated by the logic of events; since it was adjusted in the beginning to all the vicissitudes of time. The Cross has ever been an offense to many in the necessity of the case; but to those who believe, it is still the wisdom and power of God.

Nor is there anything wrong with the constitution of the Church. It was founded on the good confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," as on an immovable rock, and it was equized with Pentecostal

Two persons quarrel over a certain point. We may call them Christian and Apollyon. Apollyon notices that Christian has a certain weapon which would give him a sure victory. They meet in violent strife, and Apollyon resolves to take away the weapon from his opponent, and destroy it. For the moment the main cause of the strife has become subordinate; the great point now is: Who shall get possession of the weapon on which everything depends? It is of vital importance to get hold of that. So it is in the conflict between Satan and the believer. God's child can conquer everything by prayer. Is it any wonder that Satan does his utmost to snatch that weapon from the Christian, or to hinder him in the use of it?

How then does Satan hinder prayer. By temptation to postpone or curtail it, by bringing in wandering thoughts and all sorts of seductions; through unbelief and dejection. Happy is the prayer hero who, through all, takes care to hold fast and use his weapon. Like our Lord in Gethsemane, the more earnestly he prays as the enemy attacks, and he ceases not till he has obtained the victory. After all the other items of the armor have been obtained, Paul says: "With all prayer and supplication, praying in the Holy Ghost." Without prayer, the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, which is God's Word, have no power. All depends on prayer. God teach us to believe and hold this fast!—*Selected*.

power for all time; so that, unless it refuses to draw on its inexhaustible resources the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

WHAT IS WRONG?

Where, then, is the fault? *Are our ministers to blame?* It cannot be denied that many of them have apparently lost their way. They have cut loose from their instructions "to seek and to save." I attended church twice a Sunday during the three months of last summer, and never heard a single invitation to accept Christ as the only Saviour from the power and penalty of sin! Have they forgotten the injunction: "Watch thou; do the work of an evangelist?"

Are the churches also to blame? Lincoln said: "You can trust the people;" but there are people with itching ears, who willingly follow their pastors into all manner of byways. It must not be inferred, however, that the universal Church is going to the bad. When a railway train meets with a disaster, it may put the entire schedule out of gear, but that is not necessarily a reflection on the system.

Are our colleges also at fault? It is an open secret that there are instructors in so-called "evangelical" schools of theology who are totally out of accord with the Evangel. If there is no sin and therefore no danger, no omnipotent Christ and therefore no salva-

tion, our vocation is reduced to nil, and can offer no attractions to earnest young men. The fact is that the Church has been largely diverted from the business in hand. *The business is Evangelism*—that is, the holding up of Christ and His gospel for the salvation of sinful men.

In many cases there has been a turning aside from the Evangel into the multitudinous forms of so-called "New Thought." Ring out the old, ring in the new! New Theology! New Ethics! Babism, Hinduism, Theosophy! Anything but the old-time religion. The *zeitgeist*, or "spirit of the age," is exploited at the expense of the Spirit of God. Others have turned aside from the Evangel into the discussion of problems which properly belong to the kindergarten of faith, such as the personality of God, the Divinity of Christ, the power of the cross, and the reality of the resurrection, in which life and immortality are brought to light. The Apostle to the Hebrews spoke of "leaving the principles of the gospel of Christ and going on unto perfection." But with many there are no such "principles," there are no axioms, no postulates. Everything is in the air.

Others have turned aside from the Evangel into *legalism*. One of our distinguished preachers recently said: "If we ever have another revival, it will be an ethical revival;" by which, of course, he meant—if he meant anything—that the people would assemble around Sinai rather than Calvary. An ethical revival can mean only a revival with the Cross left out. The Ten Commandments to the front, and the Atonement to the rear! What is this but old-fashioned legalism? What is this but salvation by works, or justification by the deeds of the law?

Others have turned aside from the Evangel into *sacerdotalism*. Bell, book, and candle! Fringes and phylacteries and tithes of garden herbs! All this in the presence of a world cavilling at truth and dying for want of the Gospel of Salvation!

Others have turned aside from the Evangel into *emotionalism*. They have gone apart, like the mystics, to sit in silent contemplation of the Cross. They keep on singing in their trysting places, while the fields are white unto harvest, and souls are perishing for want of a helping hand.

Others—many others in these days—have turned aside into *social service*; the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked and the healing of the sick. A most Christ-like service! But to say that this is the "Christ-life" is to say a false and foolish thing. He "went about doing good," but He did not content Himself with administering to those who were laid in couches along His way. *Not sustenance, but salvation* was the keynote of His ministry.

What is the remedy for this condition of things? Thus saith the Lord: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." He knows best: His plans call for a marshalling

of His professed followers in a crusade for souls. He said: "As the Father hath sent Me into the world, so send I you." Let us get back to our commission; back to our business, which is "to seek and to save the lost!"

THE GREAT QUEST.

We occupy a coign of vantage from which we may sound a trumpet blast to the uttermost borders of Christendom. Let us get back to Christ, back to His program of service, back to the explicit terms of our commission: "Go ye!" Go ye out in the quest of souls! Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in! Go ye to Sychar, to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, to Gádara and the regions beyond with the message: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life!"

A truer word was never spoken than that of John Foster: "Power, to the last atom, is responsibility!" The power is at our command. It is for us to say whether we shall be willing in the day of the Lord's power. We are here at the King's call and on the King's business. Let us sound the lost note!

Evangelism! *Evangelism!* EVANGELISM! Let us sound it so loud that every instructor in our theological schools shall know that loyalty to the King is the essential test of our faith. Let us sound it so clearly that every minister in our communion shall be given to understand that progress has not undermined the deep foundations of Calvary or washed away the crimson stain of the Atonement, or obliterated those momentous words: "I am the Way: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Let us sound the clarion note of Evangelism with such carrying power that our missionaries shall hear it in the regions beyond; and address themselves with new hope and courage to the salvation of souls.

Let us speak so distinctly that every home shall hear us; so that family altars shall be rebuilt and parents shall no longer farm out the duty of leading their children to the Saviour, but shall personally constrain them to come to Him. For the great commission cannot be delegated to those who are in so-called "holy orders." All alike are in the life-saving service. EVERY SINNER IS LOST, AND EVERY CHRISTIAN IS SENT TO SEEK AND TO SAVE.—*The Christian.*

"Not Lawful to Utter"

2 Corinthians 12:4.

1. Note well the manner of the phrase. Paul had apostleship, had unction, and had utterance. Nay, more; by night and by day, and sometimes all night and all day, he was God's pioneer witness on virgin soil. Indeed, the whole vision of Paul's life—right on to the premature old age, when he waves back to the East his last adieu from Rome—is that of sheer irrepressibility and spiritual freshness. This, we say, is the man whom God claims as His witness, the man who had that old snatch of desert song humming in his soul—

"Spring up, O well!"

That the well did spring up and that, too, unto the everlasting life of many, is indeed a first-century certainty. There is no dryness here, though all around is arid desert, for God's river was full, and of that fullness did he, Paul, receive; yea, ^{inflowing} grace for ^{out the chamber, every} calling to find out the cause of his own disquiet.—*Trapp.*

GOD SPEAKING.

A young man was much perplexed with skeptical doubts. He began to wonder if there was really a God or not. One night, with a burdened heart, he knelt and prayed, saying: "O God, if there be a God, reveal Thyself to me!" Still he got no light, and rose from his knees uncomfórted. He walked to the window and threw it up. It was a clear, frosty night, and every star shone brilliantly. As he looked up it seemed as if each star said, "The heavens declare the glory of God." That was enough; he closed the window, sure that God had thus spoken to him.—*Selected.*

His life's secret was in the "unspeakable words that fed with endless supply all his other streaming messages. There were words "not lawful to utter," and yet how endless was the utterance they led to! Note it, then, God's preacher, whose it is to be watered ere thou waterest others.

2. Called to publicity, to be a byword, to preach in season and out of season, Paul hath yet his sacred retreat in life, where, in the covert of God's pavillion, he doth hide himself. God hath had heavenly transactions with the man, hath whispered those "unspeakable words" into his ears, and forever sealed His servant's lips. Loud and long will that poor voice of his—"speech contemptible"—be raised for God with the throat dry, yet the soul never. Nay, never dry is the preacher's soul who has such secret "unspeakable words" to retire back up

ANOTHER LIGHT ^{NEW DAYS' READY} FOR

"Sleep on now, and take your rest. . . . Arise, let us be going." One night last summer, on a Mississippi steamer, my brother called my attention to the lights along the river for the guidance of the boats. "We are just leaving one behind," he said, "but there is another in sight ahead,—there is always one ahead of us in sight, on one side or other of the river." The disciples had missed their chance of watching for Jesus. They were leaving the light of that opportunity behind them, but Jesus gave them another chance to show their sympathy and faithfulness. Many who will study this lesson are often depressed by the memory of past sins, failures, or lost opportunities.

ance, nor fluency, nor eloquence; but the *unutterable thing* of the Christian life, when speech as a method of communication is dethroned and cast in the dust, albeit Christ shows His smiling face and "our hearts burn within us" by the way. God would thus reveal to us how inevorably He claims in our lives just such holy garden-land as He found in Paul's; in which the Lord God would walk in the cool of the day, communing with us. Here, far from the ken of brother-saint or brother-man, we may behold something man's eye never saw—"the Father, which seeth in secret."

Oh, blasting publicity! Oh, soul-withering cleverness! Oh, itching ears of man! Ye the side.

III. Thus, then, we learn a somewhat startling fact in Paul's life. Glorious apostle though he was, *they never got his best, nor yet saw him at his best.* Paul kept the best for God, even as God had kept His best for Paul. Living by grace and preaching that grace he lived by, yet was he under law in one matter: "It is not lawful to utter" the secret of my God!

Now, surely just here, amid deep mystery, there are words of simplicity. Surely there are many so-called words that are really deeds. And even as a strong, far-reaching deed mounts up to the ears of God with a clear, ringing, tumpet voice, so in Paul's life those "unutterable words" were daily coming out in iron deeds—"not lawful to utter"—yet fanning the flame of life and energizing him to living action.

Then, beloved, if perchance some such "words" are ours, let us breathe them not to men. Keep them as life's capital, life's foundation—treasure in the earthen vessel. Paul will not glory in Paul the preacher, nor yet in Paul the martyr even; but, ah, "of such a one will I glory," saith he—even of *Paul the man with a secret*, the nameless "man in Christ" of "fourteen years ago," who heard "unutterable words." Of such a one would he glory, of Paul the exalted chief of sinners; Paul the cleansed leper, who was charged, like the other leper of Galilee, "See thou say nothing to any man."

Beholding the glory of God, not as in a glass, but in heaven's third heaven, Paul was charged: "See, then, Paul that you say nothing of this to any man, but go down *lives way and show thyself.*"

At the ^{unlawful} was it before all high heaven the traveler's ^{secret} transaction that the been forced to join in it is, in Paul's mouth, heaped upon his sister. Beside of fourteen to conceal his grief. Du Chaillu ^{was} comfort, and spoke to him of God. The poor man cried: "O Chally! when you go back to your far country, America, let them send men to us poor people to teach us from that which you call God's mouth." "And," writes Du Chaillu, "I promised to give the message."

Okondaga perished more than twenty years ago, and hundreds like her have been condemned by the witch doctor, whom the people dare not disobey.—*Sel.*

no speech nor language where their voice is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Eloquence, indeed! What so eloquent as such silence—shining silence! "See thou say nothing to any man, but go thy way and show thyself!" Offer the "living sacrifice" (Rom. 12: 1). "Of such a one will I glory."
—Selected.

IF I WANTED TO—

BY REV. J. B. SILCOX.

If I wanted to lower the spiritual atmosphere of my church, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to let people know that I was not much concerned about religion, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to bring discredit on the value of prayer, in the eyes of the world, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to make the conversion of sinners an almost certain impossibility in my church, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to be like the great majority of the members of my church, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to discourage the man whom the church called to lead us in Christian worship and work, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to chill and kill what little spiritual fervor there was left in my church, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to make the young people feel that the mid-week service of prayer and praise was an unprofitable and useless institution, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to contradict the teaching of the Bible concerning the value of intercessory prayer, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to minimize the truth that we need the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in our church, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to be counted among those who have no concern for the salvation of the unsaved in the community, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to lessen the volume of prayer that rises to the throne of grace from the hearts the world over, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to...

If I wanted to create the impression that prayer has little place or space in the teachings of Jesus and the apostles, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to have it so I could attend card parties, dancing parties, musical parties, theater parties on prayer night, without experiencing any pang or pain of conscience, all the year through, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to live my Christian life without giving help and cheer and encouragement to others by my testimony and song and prayer, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to make my church a cold, barren, unspiritual, unsocial place, destitute of joy and love and fellowship, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to disparage the importance of intercessory prayer, bring disrepute on Christ's counsels to the church concerning prayer, deny the necessity and effectiveness of prayer to prevail with God in the bestowment of spiritual blessings on mankind and on His church, I would keep away from the prayer meeting.

If I wanted to do the opposite of all these twenty-one things, I would go to the prayer meeting of my church, and I would go as conscientiously and as regularly as I go to my meals or place of business.—Selected.

STUMBLING BLOCKS.

"Judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." (Rom. 14: 13.)

A young man who was not a Christian attended a Christian Endeavor meeting one evening. It was a good meeting; nearly all in the room took part; the prayers were earnest, the remarks helpful and inspiring. The young man was impressed by it all. He had not resisted temptation as he should, and there were associates who were dragging him down toward evil. But the atmosphere of this meeting impressed him deeply. He felt that he ought to be a Christian; he was almost ready for a decisive step.

But when the meeting was over, the first thing said to him was not of spiritual things, but about the football game of the day before. Then the talk drifted to a party. So much from the young man. The

gambling, and the like, and these Christian young people let him go, saying: "Oh, well; we can't help it. His tendencies must have been bad from the first."

Did they help Satan to drag that young man down? Would not a friendly hand and word at just the opportune time have saved him? But they were not given, and whose will be the accountability at the last day?—*S. S. Illustrator.*

PAUL GATHERING STICKS.

When shipwrecked at Melita, Paul "gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire." If a man wants a fire kept up, he must do his share in supplying its fuel. It will not burn long unless it is replenished. Those who need its warmth, "because of the present rain, and because of the cold," are the ones to gather sticks for it.

Down on the coast of Florida, in war time, a little band of Christian soldiers held a weekly prayer meeting in a church building, deserted of its ordinary congregation. One evening a new voice was heard there. An officer who had been in frequent attendance, but who had not before taken part in the exercises, said: "I am not accustomed to speak in prayer meetings. I do not feel competent to that service. But I have so greatly enjoyed these meetings, week after week, that I thought that it was hardly fair for me to be always warming myself by this fire without ever furnishing an armful of fuel; so I rise to tell you that your Saviour is my Saviour, and that I am very grateful for all the help and cheer you have been to me in His service at these week-night prayer meetings." And as this little "bundle of sticks" was thrown into that army prayer meeting fire, the flame flashed up there in new light and warmth, and more than one soldier present rejoiced afresh in its glow.

When did you gather your last bundle of sticks for the fire of your church or neighborhood prayer meeting? It may be by timely words of exhortation and prayer that you supply your share of the fuel. It may be by a part in the service of song. Or it may be by the responsive look in your face which helps him who leads, through its assurance that one at least of those before him is all

TIMELY ILLUSTRATIONS

For Christian Workers

SCHOOLED IN TRIAL.

(Rom. 5:3-5.)

When they practice musketry in Germany, the eye is accustomed to interferences with sight in battle by having the soldiers shoot through clouds of smoke from burning furze. Your trials have been your burning furze.—*The Outlook.*

TONGUE.

If you wish to know what kind of water is in a cistern, work the pump handle. If you wish to know what is in a man's heart, get the tongue to working. The man who apologizes for the oath that slips from his lips ought to apologize for the wicked soul from which it came.—*Sel.*

NO HARPOONS.

A sailor off a whaling expedition asked where he could hear good preaching. On his return from church his friend said to him: "You do not seem to have liked the sermon." "Not much; it was like a ship leaving for the whale-fishing, everything shipshape—anchors, corkage, sails, all right—but there were no harpoons on board."—*Clerical Library.*

SIN.

Sin is unsatisfying. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." A London paper, some years ago, reported the case of a glutton who spent seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars on fine dishes. He spent his last guinea for an English woodcock, ate it, and then went to Westminster Bridge over the Thames and jumped in and drowned himself. How sick and tired we get of self-indulgence!—*Ex.*

HORROR OF REMORSE.

The first murderer cried to heaven: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Tiberius felt the remorse of conscience so violently that he protested to the senate that he suffered from death daily. Richard III., after the murder of his two innocent nephews, had fearful dreams and visions, inasmuch that he did often leap out of his bed in the dark; and, catching his sword, go distractedly about the chamber, everywhere seeking to find out the cause of his own disquiet.—*Trapp.*

GOD SPEAKING.

A young man was much perplexed with skeptical doubts. He began to wonder if there was really a God or not. One night, with a burdened heart, he knelt and prayed, saying: "O God, if there be a God, reveal Thyself to me!" Still he got no light, and rose from his knees uncomfited. He walked to the window and threw it up. It was a clear, frosty night, and every star shone brilliantly. As he looked up it seemed as if each star said, "The heavens declare the glory of God." That was enough; he closed the window, sure that God had thus spoken to him.—*Selected.*

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A little five-year-old girl had learned in Sunday school to sing "Whiter Than Snow." One day she sang it at home and then turned to her father with the question: "Papa, are you whiter than snow?" The shaft went to his heart. He was a man who had been to church twice in three years. Hesitating a little, he answered: "I am afraid not." But he came to our meeting the next night. Since then he and his wife have come regularly, have been converted and are now members of the Church. Surely a little child shall lead them.—*Sel.*

"THE SON OF GOD WITH POWER."

(Acts 10:38.)

The old Jews had a beautiful legend that the true pronunciation of the name of Jehovah had been lost and that the secrets of the universe and forces of nature would be in the possession of whoever rediscovered it. One day there came one who did say Abba, Father, with the true filial accent, and the winds and the waves obeyed Him. Earth and air, sea and seasons, became His servants. Storms did not hinder, they but furthered His deep and noble design.

"He planted his footsteps on the sea,
He rode upon the storm."

—*Chancellor McDowell.*

HOW GOD TRANSFORMS BLEMISHES.

"This is a very great treasure," said a chemist, taking from his collection of minerals a tiny stone. The gem was brilliant and a beautiful deep blue in color. "It is a sapphire," said he, "and, though very small, I consider it a wonderfully choice specimen." Glimmering in its center could be seen a star with slender, thread-like rays. "Long ago," said the scientist, "when the stone was a-making from the yet liquid material, a particle of foreign substance dropped into the clear matter. The intruder could not be removed, and the sapphire essence crystallized about it in perfect form, making of the threatened blemish its choicest beauty."—*Selected.*

ANOTHER LIGHT ALWAYS AHEAD.

"Sleep on now, and take your rest. . . . Arise, let us be going." One night last summer, on a Mississippi steamer, my brother called my attention to the lights along the river for the guidance of the boats. "We are just leaving one behind," he said, "but there is another in sight ahead,—there is always one ahead of us in sight, on one side or other of the river." The disciples had missed their chance of watching for Jesus. They were leaving the light of that opportunity behind them, but Jesus gave them another chance to show their sympathy and faithfulness. Many who will study this lesson are often depressed by the memory of past sins, failures, or lost opportunities.

God Himself cannot undo the past, but He can and does give new opportunities. "There is always a light ahead, on one side or the other."—*Sel.*

MY HEART NEEDS THEE.

"As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."—*Psa. 42:1.*

My heart needs Thee, O Lord, my heart needs Thee! No part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All these within me can be filled by Thy gifts. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My thirst can be allayed by earthly waters. My cold can be removed by household fires. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But no outward can make my heart pure. The calmest day will not calm my passions. The fairest scene will not beautify my soul. The richest music will not make harmony within. The breezes can cleanse the air; but no breeze can cleanse my spirit. This world has not provided for my heart! Provide Thou for my heart, O Lord! It is the only unwinged bird in all creation; give it wings, O Lord! Earth has failed to give it wings; its very power of loving has often drawn it into the mire. Be Thou the strength of my heart! Be Thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its covert in the storm, its star in the night, its voice in the solitude! Guide it in its gloom; help it in its sorrow; direct it in its doubt; calm it in its conflict; fan it in its faintness; prompt it in its perplexity; lead it through its labyrinths; raise it from its ruins! I cannot rule this heart of mine; keep it under the shadow of Thine own wings!—*George Matheson, in Ex.*

A STIRRING MESSAGE.

Du Chaillu tells a pathetic story of a poor girl, Okondago, in Central Africa, who was compelled to drink poison for having "bewitched" a person who had recently died. As she was borne along by her furious accusers, the cry rang in the traveler's ears, "Chally! Chally! do not let me die!" but he was powerless, and could only shed tears. With two women she was taken in a canoe upon one of their beautiful rivers and the fatal cup was placed to her lips. Soon they reeled and fell, when they were instantly hewn in pieces and thrown into the water.

At night the brother of Okondaga stole to the traveler's house in his distress. He had been forced to join in the curses that were heaped upon his sister. He was compelled to conceal his grief. Du Chaillu tried to give comfort, and spoke to him of God. The poor man cried: "O Chally! when you go back to your far country, America, let them send men to us poor people to teach us from that which you call God's mouth." "And," writes Du Chaillu, "I promised to give the message."

Okondaga perished more than twenty years ago, and hundreds like her have been condemned by the witch doctor, whom the people dare not disobey.—*Sel.*

Living Water

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

EDITORIAL

OUR WEEKLY TEXT.

"I am the LORD, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?"

"Ah Lord God . . . there is nothing too hard for thee." (Jer. 32: 27, 17.)

"DULL DAYS."

We are all liable to dull days. Times when we are not at our best, the mind is dull and the spirit heavy. This does not necessarily argue that we have done wrong, and yet at such times, we should be watchful lest the enemy take advantage of these times of depression. People frequently say, O, I am a little off, physically, or I am under par mentally today, or there is a spirit of heaviness pressing upon me. These are the varied moods of earthly existence, and one need not think them strange. They are generally due to physical causes, but sometimes they are satanic pressure.

It is important to know how to behave well on dull days. They come to all, and will be either our masters or servants. We may not be responsible for their arrival, but we are for the way we spend them.

Dullness, originating from physical causes may be relieved by missing a meal, or outdoor exercise, but in some instances, a need of rest is indicated, and then just getting quiet, is a remedy; but we find, that as a rule, it is a very good plan to work right on; you will soon pass through the tunnel, and things will brighten physically. Of course, if bodily depression is due to overwork, then there should be a relaxation.

If the dull days are due to mental exhaustion, then the mind should have a rest. But they frequently originate from other causes, and then just about as good rule as any, is, to "plod on." If brain workers had ceased work in periods of dullness, they would have failed in much which they have accomplished. For there are mental tunnels in all lives; times when the mind just won't work easily. We feel that way this morning, but the printer cries "copy," and we plod on. One of the most noted scientists of the day, a man who attained great fame, could only work a short while at a

time, but would rest awhile and go at it again. So we just move on and in no wise be daunted by difficulties, remembering that the "lame take the prey."

When, when heaviness rests upon the spirit, it is well to remember what the Apostle says: "If need be ye are in heaviness for a season through manifold temptations," and be not discouraged. At such times, prayer and Bible study, in fact, all religious efforts are more difficult; but we can do much for our own encouragement while passing through these periods: First, in recognizing that these seasons will come more or less to all; and second, by adjusting ourselves accordingly. Some people think that if they are not on the mountain-top of Spiritual exhilaration all the time, that there is something wrong with them, and hence, when run into a tunnel, they get in the "dumps." They have not learned how to behave in a crisis. In times, when some strange oppression rests upon us, we should not falter nor be discouraged for one moment. What we should be concerned about, is whether or not we are walking obediently before the Lord; then He is pleased with us; we are His, and He is ours. Yea, He dwells in our hearts, causes us to rejoice and holds us steady, though the shadows are thick around us. He who is dependent upon external surroundings for a steady walk with God will stumble. Remember, that greater is He within, than He that is without. Learn the secret of a perennial revival, meeting houses, preachers and all other outward helps are highly valued, but should they be absent, know how to entertain yourself, spiritually, and be able, at any time, to repair to the Lord's table within your own heart, and eat until you are full. Night, as dark as that in Egypt of old may hover about you, but as in the case of the Israelites, you see "light within." Praise the Lord. You are no longer dominated by your feelings. Seasons of dullness and hours of depression come to you as well as to others, but you have learned how to pass triumphantly through them. God is just as good to us on dull days as any other. Heaven is just as near. Christ is as real, and then let us adjust ourselves accordingly, and when the "outlook is dark, try the uplook."

Faith in God will keep us from becoming "panicky," and will enable us to behave wisely in those days. Oft times the depressions will be the tunnels through which our train will speed to find a larger and more beautiful valley along the celestial journey, and we will come to know that what now seems to be hindrances may be only varied forms of discipline, fitting us for the largest measure of usefulness here, but more especially for the positions of dignity and responsibility to which we may be appointed in the beyond.

THE GLORY OF THE CROSS.

Matthew Arnold attended John Watson's (Ian MacLaren) church one Sabbath morn-

ing and heard him preach on the cross of Christ. "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" was one of the hymns used. Mr. Arnold pronounced it one of the finest in the English language, and commenting on the service, he said: "Yes, the cross remaineth and in the straights of the soul makes its ancient appeal," and a greater than this literary celebrity has said: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Yes, the cross remaineth, despite every effort to destroy it. There God and man were reconciled in Christ. The chief glory of the cross does not consist in the mere physical suffering of Jesus, but in the fact that there He was made sin for us and therefore endured the agony of separation from the Father and hence cried out: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Sin was judged in Him. Taking the place of sin as a principle and receiving in His own person the punishment for the same, constituted His chief suffering. Our feeble words are inadequate to convey the depths of meaning contained in such statements as "The Lord hath laid on him in iniquity of us all." Suffice it to say, that Christ, in taking the place of sin judicially, must have known something of the bitterness of spiritual death. Herein is the glory of the cross. The Son of God being judged in the place of sin, receiving in His own spirit the just deserts for the same, thereby forever paved the way for the removal of all legal and moral disabilities on the part of man in his approach to God. Instead of getting away from the cross, real spiritual people are getting nearer it and are grasping more and more of its innermost meaning. They are being brought to see that Christ took the place of sin as a malady and that the cross stands for the one supreme fact in history, namely, that sin was dealt with in the person of Christ, hence we can form no adequate conception of what it means for the high and holy one to stoop so low as to be made sin for us, to plunge into the very abyss of our depravity and to be tried, condemned and judged as if He were sin itself.

The cross is no passing event. The tragedy of Calvary was not destined to be only moral influence. The Son of God descended into the depths and, in taking the place of sin, felt the pangs of spiritual death and provided the way for the redemption of the world. Yes, our hope is not in regarding sin lightly and toning it down so that it amounts to nothing more than an infirmity, but painting it in all of its blackness and then point to the Lamb of God taking the place of the same and being judged in our stead. Marvelous redemption wrought out for us! No wonder that those who have known God best have praised Him most for such wondrous love. We died in Christ in that He died for sin in its entirety—not merely for actual transgressions, but sin as a whole. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When persons truly apprehend what the atonement really is and their relation to the same, they

emerge into an experience of rest, confidence, and praise never before realized.

Jesus came as a voluntary sacrifice. He said: "No man taketh my life from me. I lay it down of myself." And the prophet said, "He poured out his soul," so that in becoming our substitute, he voluntarily became our sin bearer. We cannot conceive of what it meant for the Son of God to take the place of sin. It utterly transcends our thought. We only know that He bought back a world that had sold out to the devil. Henceforth our salvation depends not upon what Adam did, but upon our personal attitude to Christ. The cross shows sin out in its darkest colors, for no one less than God could make atonement for the same. Sin is not a little thing. It is the crime of the universe, and it took heaven's best to save us from it. Need we marvel at the prominence given the cross in the Scriptures? Nay, verily, for all sacred history "gathers 'round that head sublime."

Is it forgiveness we want? The Lord Jesus bore our sins in His own body on the tree. Look to Him as having carried them for you. Is it the sanctifying ministry of the Spirit? Remember that your old man was crucified with Him; in other words, that sin in its very germinal nature and in all of its output was with Him on the cross and that you can reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin by virtue of this great transaction. It is all in Christ. "The spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes us free from the law of sin and death" by virtue of our union with Him. We can experimentally know all the benefits of this wondrous redemption, so instead of salvation being a kind of toning down on the part of God and toning up on the part of man, a compromise measure, it is accomplished only through the death of the Son of God and the measureless power connected therewith. The glory of the cross, yes, it is a transcendent glory. When the Roman soldiers transfixed Him on it, His enemies thought to heap upon Him the greatest ignominy and to bury His name forever amid the scorn and contempt of such a death, but the very mark of their cruelest hatred has become the symbol of the Church's glory. Instead of the cross being a kind of a Valley of Achor in history, it is immortalized as the battlefield where the forces of hell were thoroughly routed and it embodies the most glorious fact ever made known to man—God reconciled to the world in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. 5: 19-21.)

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

THE MAN WHO WALKED WITH GOD.

The story of Enoch is brief. All that is said about him in the Scriptures occupies but small space. His name appears in the long list of persons of whom nothing is said except that they were born, begat sons and daughters, lived so long, and died. But there is something extraordinary about Enoch; there is a sudden pause made in mentioning him, and the writer breaks the monotony of the record by giving a very unusual bit of history—"Enoch walked with God three hundred years."

He was the seventh from Adam. Seven is a sacred number, and signifies completion and rest, and in his case was probably typical. While there is not much said about Enoch, what is said is very striking and beautiful. He looms above his contemporaries like the mountains about the valley. A brief study of this wonderful man is richly suggestive.

1. Consider the times in which he lived—away back in antiquity, in the world's childhood. Adam had been dead only a short while. He had no Bible. The Pentateuch, with all of its massive truth, the Psalms, History and Proverbs of the Bible were unknown; the Gospels and Epistles, with all their wondrous messages, had not been penned, and yet this man, without Bible or church, walked with God. In view of this fact, what ought we to be in the light of all the accumulated facts of the past centuries?

2. Notice his environment. We infer from subsequent statements that he lived in the midst of wickedness. Jude speaks of him prophesying with regard to coming judgments. He must have been a solitary witness for his God in the midst of a degenerate people. When we consider the age in which he lived, and his contemporaries, we are forced to conclude that a man can live the best of a life in the midst of the worst of sins, and the history of the Church adds further proof to this statement. Some of the most eminent saints have lived amid the darkest and most revolting wickedness; in fact, martyrdom is only possible when people live beyond or above the spirit of their age. Favorable conditions make it easier to serve the Lord, but some of the brightest pages ever written in the Church's history were penned amid her darkest hours. As Campbell Morgan says, the theory of the law of environment was smashed in the garden of Eden. Many fall shamefully below their environment, while many rise gloriously above it. The dark ages furnished the

shading for the background in the portrait of some of the Church's most beautiful characters. The very degeneracy of their times only provoked them to nobler deeds. Enoch mounted on wings like an eagle above the prevalent corruption amid the lowlands of his age, and stood as a solitary witness for his God. There is no record of anybody else going with him. Noah preached for more than a century without a convert, but who dares to say that his testimony was of no effect? The antediluvians certainly cannot say that they had no warning, for doubtless Noah was a familiar figure among them, and his unique specimen of shipbuilding was talked of far and near. So in every age, those who walk with God must rise above their fellows and soar to elevations far above those trodden by the multitude. They walk with God.

3. Such a walk is always attended with advanced light. Enoch had the prophetic vision. He looked from the prevalent wickedness of his age to the millennial day, and predicted the coming of Christ in judgment. A remarkable outlook this seer of these early days had! The closer we walk with God the more distinct will be the inner vision and the larger will be our outlook as to the finality of grace. Hence, as a rule, when people are sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, they become premillennialists and begin to study about and look for the coming One. Enoch, towering above the gross darkness of his environment and becoming God's mouthpiece with regard to the millennial glory, is very suggestive. Jesus is coming, and those who walk nearest to God find it out first. It is hard for those who are of the "earth earthy" to see it, "for men love darkness rather than light," but Enoch had such light in his dwelling that he discerned the glory of the Messianic kingdom long before the tragic scene on Calvary.

4. "He walked." The phrase indicates that all his activities were in God. Some people seem to think, if they had nothing to do, they could be religious, but an idle brain is the devil's workshop. We are never so near God at any other time as while in the path of duty. Enoch walked with God. His outgoings and incomings were with Him. Alexander Maclaren calls attention to the "with," "before," and "after" in the following Scriptures: "Enoch walked with God" (Gen. 5: 22); "Walk before me" (Gen. 17: 1); "Ye shall walk with the Lord, your God" (Deut. 13: 4); "We should walk with him like Enoch; we should walk before him as Abraham was bade to do, and we should walk after him as command to do was given to all Israel." Under the metaphor of the walk these three propositions set forth the different phases of the Christian life. "With" indicates unity of action, communion and fellowship, and how blessed that is no one can know except those who have realized it for themselves. "Before" emphasizes the fact that the life is lived under the great eye of Jehovah, and that we are to act accordingly.

When all of our conduct is ordered in view of the fact that we are living in the very presence of God, how marked the change. What Brother Lawrence terms "practicing the presence of God" marvelously regulates all our activities. "After" stresses the thought of following and obeying. Guidance is also symbolized. God goes before; it is ours to follow. Such a walk each of us should have. Holiness is not a palace car for a privileged class only, but any one from the rank and file has equal rights upon this blessed highway. We can and should walk with God every day.

5. The length and direction of the walk is peculiarly significant. One may key himself up to a pitch of enthusiasm and have a brief walk with God, only to drop back into the same old paths again, but Enoch walked with God three hundred years, and there is no record that he ever ceased before God took him to the other world. If a man could live three hundred years in such an exalted state of divine favor in Enoch's day, surely, with all the added helps of the present day, we may do so. Three hundred years is not a brief interval; many are the vicissitudes of such a long journey. Bishop Taylor testified at a

General Conference in New York to having had an unbroken walk with God for forty years. President Mahan, of Oberlin College, testifies to having had one of half a century. It is very comforting to know that we can walk with God regardless of the conduct of others. Evidently Enoch was alone so far as his contemporaries were concerned. A walk must have a beginning, a purpose, and a terminus. Perhaps Enoch did not begin this walk until he was sixty-five years of age. At any rate, there was a time when he began. So it is with all of us. There came a moment when we chose Him as our eternal portion and started on this journey with God, praise His name! It was while the disciples were on that lonely journey to Emmaus that a stranger drew near to converse with them, and their hearts burned within them. The same Christ is seeking to accompany all of His people along life's checkered way, a walk begun with God, continued with God and ended with God. We can never walk without going somewhere. Enoch, in walking so long with God, was continuously growing in the likeness of the Divine, and in the fullness of time was caught away to be with Him forever.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR LIGHT AFFLICTIONS.

The Apostle says, "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." They do not always seem light. Sometimes they feel heavy, but viewed from the standpoint of results, they appear in altogether a different light. They are often blessings in disguise, and we doubt not but what many things that we have looked upon as misfortunes were really among the most helpful of life's ministries. As A. J. Grald, writing upon this subject, says:

"I never saw but one star by day. I have seen them as the sand on the seashore by night. I never saw a nugget of gold that would not shine brighter for scouring. "Spices are never so fragrant as when bruised." "Juniper never smells so sweet as when in the fire." "Chamomile, the more you tread it the more you spread it." The Church has never spread so rapidly as when it was "scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen." Two painters, upon a lofty scaffold, were doing exquisite frescoing on a cathedral. One had just finished a masterpiece. All absorbed, he was stepping backward gazing at his painting. His comrade saw him within one step of the edge. Dashing his own brush on the beautiful frescoing, he daubed it all over. But he broke the spell and saved his friend. Tribulation comes from tribulation—that, from tribulum, which means a "threshing instrument." So tribulation expresses the whole process of separating the wheat from the chaff and straw. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." There are alleviations in a good man's affliction that almost turn his sorrows into joys, and in the end to convert his crosses into crowns."

THE GLORY WITHIN.

The indwelling of Christ has not been sufficiently emphasized. He has been thought of as being afar off, or at least no closer than near by, when really He is within every Christian heart. What a source of strength to know that He that is within us is greater than he who is without, that is, that the God within is more than a master for the devil without. The only condition necessary is that the life be wholly surrendered to Him and then He who reigns within is more than equal to all the foes without. Words cannot describe the inward glory of such a life hid with Christ in God. How it clenches, enriches, beautifies and empowers: Glory to God! As one of the old saints in speaking on this subject says:

"Remember that there is within you a palace of surpassing splendor. For, truly, no building can be compared in beauty and magnificence with a pure soul. In the midst of this palace dwells the great King who deigns to be your constant guest. And here He sits upon a throne of priceless value, and this throne is your heart. But here is the point. We on our part must, with a full and hearty determination, make over to Him entirely this interior palace, so that He may deal with it as His own property, turning out and putting in whatever He pleases. God does not give Himself entirely to us until we give ourselves entirely to Him. Without this He never works those effects in the soul which He does when it is entirely His, without any reserve or obstacle. For He is a special Friend to order and propriety; so that if we fill this palace with rattle, and instead of ornament, disfigure it with trifles, how is it possible that our Lord can dwell there with all His court? It is as much as we can expect if He stays there ever so short a time, in the midst of such confusion.

THE THEOLOGY OF MODERN LITERATURE.

An able critic, writing on this subject, says:

Of the Incarnation, of the Redemption, of the Resurrection, of the Intercession at God's right hand, and of the means of grace, pardon, and restoration provided for sinners, or of the communion and fellowship of the redeemed, and of the way of Calvary, our recent literature for the most part knows nothing; and Christians are supposed by it to lead lives acceptable to God without the faintest reference to a Divine Master and Lord who gave His life for their sakes.

And that most excellent paper, the *London Christian*, in commenting on the same subject, sounds the alarm in the following timely utterance:

A modern novelist, whose books are in much demand at circulating libraries, has recently assured her readers that "prayer and the Bible, and that sort of thing, do not matter," but "what does matter is to judge gently, and not to come down like a sledgehammer on other people's failings." If this were an exceptional illustration of the spurious ethics of the day, it would perhaps be of little moment, but, unhappily, similar erroneous teaching is to be met with in the volumes sent out by quite a small army of other writers. The danger of the propaganda which these false prophets of a maudlin humanitarianism have undertaken, can hardly be over-estimated, for it reaches the uninformed minds of many young people, who find in it the apology for a spiritual laxity which sooner or later may sink into license.

There never was a time when it was more essential that parents should carefully scrutinize the literature obtained from the circulating public libraries, for the ignorance of many popular writers as to what true Christians really believe and practice is as colossal as it is deplorable.

A debased literature is one of the most subtle and powerful forces for evil with which we have to deal. We question if it is not doing more harm than gambling, drunkenness and other such well-known sins. Perhaps four-fifths of the books taken from our circulating libraries are works of fiction, and no doubt a large per cent of them are honeycombed with iniquity, and yet they are read with avidity by our young people and enter largely into the formation of their character. It is time to sound the alarm as to what is being read. We are thoroughly convinced that the majority of good people are asleep on this subject. These books come and go from their homes and are devoured by their children, and parents never dream of any danger. Better have a snake in the house than a bad book. Many of these stories are so ingeniously gotten up and the evil so disguised that the noblest ideals are debased and the character tarnished before one is hardly aware of it. Too many danger signals cannot be raised at this point where such a flood of iniquity is coming on. Look out for what you are reading yourself, and also for what is being read by those for whom you are responsible.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

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

A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.

The story of Robert M. M'Cheyne, as told in extracts from Rev. Andrew Bonar's Memoir.

The date of his birth was 21st May, 1813

The place of his birth was Edinburgh. From his infancy his sweet and affectionate temper was remarked by all who knew him.

At the age of four, while recovering from some illness, he selected as his recreation the study of the Greek alphabet, and was able to name all the letters and write them in a rude way upon a slate.

One disguising quality of his character was his sensitive truthfulness. In a moment would the shadow flit across his brow if any incident, (were related wherein there was the slightest exaggeration.

He was in his eighteenth year when his brother died, and if this was not the year of his new birth at least it was the year when the first streaks of dawn appeared in his soul. From that day onward his friends observed a change.

At first, light dawned slowly, so slowly that for a considerable time he still relished an occasional plunge into scenes of gaiety, but it was with growing alarm

The Presbytery of Annan licensed him to preach the Gospel on 1st July, 1835. On the following Sabbath Mr. M'Cheyne preached for the first time in Ruthwell Church, near Dumfries, on "the Pool of Bethesda." He writes that evening in his diary: "Found it a more awfully solemn thing than I had imagined, to announce Christ authoritatively, but a glorious privilege."

He wrote: "It has always been my aim and it is my prayer to have no plans with regard to myself, well assured that the place where the Saviour sees meet to place me must be the best place for me."

He fed others by what he himself was feeding upon; his preaching was in a manner the development of his soul's experience. It was a giving out of the inward life.

From the very beginning of his ministry he reprobated the custom of reading sermons, believing that to do so does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervour of the messenger in delivering his message.

He was ordained minister of St. Peter's, Dundee, on 24th November, 1836. His first sermon was the means of awakening souls, as he afterwards learned, and ever onward the impressions left by his words seemed to spread and to deepen among his people. To keep up the remembrance of this solemn day he used in all the subsequent years of his ministry to preach from the Talbe text on the anniversary of his ordination.

A. L. Parrett is our first years in Dundee he often Parrett is our noon to the ruined Church

of Invergowrie to enjoy an hour's perfect solitude, for he felt meditation and prayer to be the very sinews of his work.

His intellectual powers were of a high order—clear and distinct apprehension of his subject and felicitous illustration characterized him. He might have risen to high eminence in the circles of taste and literature, but denied himself all such hopes that he might win souls. In him you found what you rarely meet with a man of high poetic imagination and deep devotion who, nevertheless, was engaged unceasingly in the busiest and most laborious activities of his office.

His voice was remarkably clear, his manner attractive by its mild dignity. He spoke from the pulpit as one earnestly occupied with the souls before him. He made them feel sympathy with what he spoke, for his own eye and heart were on them.

Busy one evening with some extra-parochial work, he was asked if any person should be admitted to see him that night. "Surely—what do we live for?" was his immediate reply.

He had much reproach to bear. He was the object of supercilious contempt to formal, cold-hearted ministers, and of bitter hatred to many of the ungodly.

M'Cheyne ever cherished a missionary spirit. "This place hardens me for a foreign land," was his remark on one occasion.

Laid aside by ill-health he found himself all at once called upon to carry salvation to the Jew. It was a singular event that four ministers should be so suddenly called away from their quiet labors in Scotland, and be found in a few weeks traversing the land of Israel.

When he lay at the gates of death in Bouja the Lord had fulfilled his hopes and answered his prayers. His assistant, Mr. Burns, had been honored of God to open the floodgates at Dundee. The whole town was moved.

Full of praise and wonder he set his foot once more on the shore of Dundee.

His people, who had never ceased to pray for him, welcomed his return among them with the greatest joy. The appearance of the church and the aspect of the people he never could forget. There was not a seat unoccupied, the passages were completely filled, and the stairs up to the pulpit were crowded, on the one side with the aged, on the other with eagerly-listening children. . . . it was a night to be remembered.

In one of his note-books there are at least four hundred visits recorded made to him by inquiring souls in the course of that and the following years.

A co-preacher, Mr. Stewart, was conversing with him as to what it might be their duty to do in the event of the Disruption, and where they might be scattered. Mr. Stewart said he could preach Gaelic and might go to

the Highlanders of Canada. Mr. M'Cheyne said, "I think of going to the many convicts that are transported beyond seas, for no man careth for their souls."

On 13th March, 1843, he held a meeting in St. Peter's with the view of organizing his people for collecting in behalf of the Free Protestant Church—the disruption of the Establishment being now inevitable. He spoke fervently, and after the meeting felt chilled and unwell. Next morning he was ill.

At one time during delirium he said to his attendant, "Mind the text, 1 Cor. xv. 58—'Be steadfast, unmovable.'" At another time he seemed to feel himself among his brethren and said, "I don't think much of policy in Church courts; no, I hate it, but I'll tell you what I like, faithfulness to God and a holy walk."

On the morning of Saturday, 25th March, 1843, he lifted up his hands as if in the attitude of pronouncing the blessing, and then sank down. . . . only a quiver of the lip and his soul was at rest. *The Missionary Record of the U. F. C.*

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL.

How extraordinary! Fancy any boy wanting to go back to school! Such there never was, surely! Well, there really was—Isaac Pitman, known all the world over as the inventor of a system of short-hand called Phonography, which lots of the boys and girls who will read this little article are at the present time studying.

Perhaps some of you find the vowels a bit teasing, and those wretched hooks, how they manage to get on the wrong side! The upward and downward "L" and "R" is "absolutely confusing" is it not? And as for the "W" and "Y" diphthongs they "fairly fetch your hair off," as the boy said. But these principles are all very necessary. Keep your eye on the goal and think of the time when you will be able to "dash along."

Isaac Pitman was born in Trowbridge a hundred years ago, so that this is the centenary of his birth.

As a boy, Isaac Pitman had none of the rollicking nonsense about him like most boys. He never stopped to play on his way from school, but hurried home to his studies. He left school when he was in his thirteenth year and become a junior clerk. So fond of study was he that after a few months he earnestly begged his father to allow him to return. His father, not seeing his way clear to do so, advised him to continue his studies at home, and provided the means for him to do so. Isaac would get up at four o'clock in the morning and "put in" two hours before going to his work at six.

After a while Isaac's father engaged an instructor to teach his children during the evening. Isaac made rattling good progress, and in addition he learnt to play the piano and the flute.

When he was nineteen years of age he became a schoolmaster at Barton-on-Hum-

ber. He used to play the flute, and the boys would march to the time.

When school was over he devoted much of his time to the temperance cause, and when a Temperance Society was formed young Pitman became the Secretary. He wrote a tract, dated November 5th, 1834, in which he said some strong things about intemperance. The tract was headed "Gin, Rum, Brandy and Whisky." He banged the bung out of his own beer barrel and gleefully watched the contents run into the drain.

Isaac Pitman took another school at Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, in 1838. Here it was that he invented shorthand. Soon afterwards he removed to Bath, where he spent the whole of his life in improving phonography and advocating spelling reform. He spent thousands of pounds on this latter project. He wanted a system adopted in schools whereby words should be spelt exactly as pronounced. He felt that a lot of time was wasted in trying to teach spelling, and bemoaned the fact that it could not be taught on a system. If I put a little verse which appeared in the January *Review* into reformed spelling you will understand it once what is meant.

HER CHARM.

It woz oenli a glad "Good-morning!"
Az she paast along the wai,
But it spred the morning'z glori
Oever the livlong dai.

Some day this system of spelling may be introduced into our schools. At any rate, there is a society in existence, known as the Simplified Spelling Sossiet, with offices at 44, Great Russell Street, London, who are loudly singing its praises.

Towards the end of a most busy life he received the honor of knighthood from Queen Victoria.

At the luncheon which followed at Windsor Castle, Sir Isaac Pitman sadly taxed the Royal larder, for he asked the attendant behind his chair to bring him a buttered sandwich which nothing in it! Sir Isaac, you see, was a vegetarian.

So eager was Pitman not to waste time that when resting after a meal he would take from his pocket odd bundles of string and twine, untie the knots, and place it neatly in a little box which he kept at his side. He disliked knots because they wasted time, and would have his parcels tied with as few as possible.

He was very fond of walking, an excellent swimmer and a fearless diver.

He hated smoking. Once he was walking with the son of his dearest friend, who asked if smoking a cigar would be a source of annoyance. "Not if I keep to the windward of you," said Sir Isaac.

Henry Pitman, writing of his brother, said, "Isaac had an intense love for all things beautiful. He loved music, poetry, lovely scenery, fine buildings, neat writing, cleanliness, which he used to say is part of godliness."

Despite his many little eccentricities, Isaac

Pitman was a man with a marvelous mind, and throughout his life was a God-fearing man.

He died in 1879—truly a benefactor to the world at large.—*Sel.*

MISSIONARY HOSPITAL.

Trevecca Missionary Hospital will be opened for the purpose of giving young men and women who are preparing for the mission field just such training in nursing and such medical lectures as will make them more efficient in service when they reach their chosen fields. It is a well-known fact that medical mission work is one of the most effective means of entrance into heathen hearts and homes. The medical dispensary is the magnet that draws the people from far and near to the mission station, thus bringing them into touch with the missionary and the Bible teachers, and not one goes away without hearing a gospel message.

Again, in many sections of the mission field physicians and nurses are not available, and it is highly important for the sake of the people as well as for the missionaries themselves that some have this training.

A medical missionary journal published in India states that sixty per cent of the missionaries who die on the field die of diseases that could be prevented if the missionary had some knowledge of medicine.

It is to meet this need that this department will be opened in connection with Trevecca College. This is the only motive of those who have it in charge.

Three years ago the College opened for lectures along these lines, but it was found difficult to give sufficient practical work without a hospital. The nurses' course has not been sufficiently thorough to merit graduation, but in this hospital such training will be given as will entitle those taking it to graduation as in other hospitals.

There is great need of an institution where nurses may have thorough training not only in theory and practice, but also in literary and Bible work, especially the latter. Those ministering to the sick should be deeply spiritual and well versed in the Scriptures. The course has been so arranged that those preparing for nurses can have considerable time to take other studies without being confined to the hospital the long hours usually required. Or, to sum the matter up, the advantages are as follows:

First, short hours.

Second, a two years' course.

Third, the opportunity for other lines of study, especially that most needed—a working knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

The question may arise: Will a course of this kind be sufficiently thorough? to which we reply that those taking this line of work will have many advantages over the usual hospital course, in that they will have a lecture every school day within the session, and sometimes more than one. The hospital will be kept open the entire year, and those taking the nurses' course will be required to re-

main the full two years except such vacations as may be given.

There are many Christians who wish such a course as is outlined above, and to such Trevecca College extends a hearty welcome, and we are confident that none will be disappointed; for heretofore those taking the nurses course have had theoretical training beyond that usually given, the only lack being a practical nature. The establishing of a hospital removes this difficulty.

LECTURES.

The lectures will be on such subjects as *Materia Medica, Anatomy, Physiology, Medicine, Minor Surgery, Obstetrics, Chemistry and Gynecology.*

Drs. D. B. Blake, A. L. Sharber, H. B. Parrish and B. D. Austin have kindly assisted in this department, and we hope to have them, with others, as may be needed, for the coming year. They lecture in the Medical Colleges of this city—and are reputable Christian gentlemen, thus affording students the very same class of lectures that are given in the regular medical schools.

THE KING'S GOLD MINE,

BY BUD ROBINSON.

This is a treatise on the two works of grace, giving scriptural proof for same. There is a lucid account of the conversion and sanctification of the disciples. Paper, 24 pages, 10 cents. Order of PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.

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FIELD NOTES

SPECIAL OFFER.

Living Water from now till January 1, 1914, for 25 cents.

Rev. N. S. McClurkan will begin a meeting next Sunday at Garland, Tex. It will be a union meeting of the churches of the town.

Brother and Sister Hoke will begin a meeting with C. B. Pollard at Erin, Tenn., Sunday morning and will continue ten days.

C. E. Hardy is at his old home at Alexander City, Ala., for a meeting. He will begin tomorrow night. C. W. and H. C. Waite, of Birmingham, will be with him.

We have just closed a meeting at Charing, Ga. Several were definitely saved or sanctified. We will be at Howard, Ga., until July 27. Pray for us.
Yours all for Christ, JOHN S. SHARP.

Give your friends a chance to find out about Living Water by getting them in on our trial offer. 25 cents till January, 1914.

John F. Roberts and his wife, Mrs. Grace Roberts, began a meeting yesterday at Hiseville, Ky. They have just closed a meeting at Columbia, Ky., in which the Lord greatly blessed. Before the Columbia meeting they held a revival at Center, Ky., and the Lord gave gracious victory.

We have just closed a good meeting at Jefferson, DeKalb County, Tenn. The Lord blessed us wonderfully and there were about twenty professions of conversion or sanctification, and many others were helped. We are beginning a meeting in Smithville, Tenn. God is blessing, and we are expecting a good meeting.
F. M. POMEROY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the great drought in the West and Middle West, I am compelled to cancel two of my camp meetings; hence I have two open dates. Please do not write me if you do not want the old-time gospel proclaimed in all its fullness. Write today.
SAM HOLCOMB.

The summer campaign is on and I have found the way back to the mountain country, where I served two years as pastor. All the doors in this country are open to me. I preach in a Baptist church as freely as I do in a Methodist, and have been giving from one to three days at a point until the country was pretty well covered. Will settle down to revival work soon as this first message has been delivered, that of holding up the horrors of white slavery and giving the warning to young girls and boys against vice. The Lord has graciously helped. We have never preached to such crowds before on short notice. Houses usually packed at night and truly it is an open door. Will likely remain here until August. Begin with Brother Cooper in Hickman County August 9.
J. L. ROSE.

What a large amount of good reading matter you will get for a small sum if you subscribe for Living Water on the offer of 25 cents till January, 1914.

A revival meeting will begin at the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Jasper, Ala., August 14, and continue indefinitely. It will run at least ten days: All lovers of Bible-holiness are invited to come and enjoy this feast of good things. Rev. B. J. Talbott, of Kentucky, will be the evangelist and you cannot afford to miss hearing this gifted man. Rev. A. L. Parrett, of Nashville, will assist. Brother Parrett is our new pastor and will take up the

work August 16. He will also open our Nazarene School about the 1st of September. Everybody is invited to come and stay for the entire meeting. If you are coming, drop us a card so that we can arrange for your entertainment.
Respectfully, C. H. LANCASTER.
Jasper, Ala.

Living Water from now till January 1, 1914 for 25 cents.

We have just closed our first revival for this season on the Dowelltown charge, at Asbury. This was in some respects one of the best revivals of our entire ministry. We ran for eight days. Crowds were good at the first and increased to hundreds ere the services closed. Deep interest was generally manifested, and notwithstanding Satan's hindrances about twelve souls professed conversion. One dear sister who had been sanctified but kept silent came out definitely on the "second blessing," and was shouting over the church yard when we left. One man 51 years old got saved at midnight. Eight united with the church, with more to follow. The entire Christian community was inspired, and we feel great good was done. To God be all the glory. The old-time gospel faithfully preached will bring victory anywhere.

I am thinking of going to Oak Grove, south of Dickson, for a revival soon. We leave to attend District Conference to-morrow (22nd inst.) Will say to our LIVING WATER friends that we are on the firing line, with victory in our souls, and mean to go through. May God bless all his people. In gospel bonds!
E. C. SANDERS.
Dowellton, Tenn.

W. H. HUDGIN'S SLATE.
Santa Fe, Tenn., July 31-Aug 10, camp.
Uba Springs, Tenn., Aug. 11-24.

PORTAGE, OHIO, CAMP MEETING.

The Thirty-Fifth Annual Camp Meeting of the Sandusky Union Holiness Association, which is interdenominational; will convene August 7-17, 1913.

Camp Ground.—One-half mile east of Portage, Wood County, Ohio, is a beautiful twelve-acre grove of forest trees with a beautiful valley, where dinners can be eaten and overflow meetings are held.

The object of the meeting is the entire sanctification of believers, the conversion of sinners, the edifying and equipment of the body of Christ. Special services on divine healing will be held. Come, to be blessed and to be made a blessing.

Special evangelists—L. B. Compton, of Asheville, N. C., and John C. Patty, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Boarding.—At the boarding house at \$3.50 per week, 60 cents per day or 25 cents per meal. Lunch served at reasonable prices; also provision for those who wish to board themselves.

Lodging.—Furnished rooms in the dormitories at \$3.00 per term, or 25 cents per night for each person. Unfurnished rooms for those who bring bedding at lower rates. Others pitch tents or lodge in the Tabernacle on straw, free of charge. Accommodations for all.

For further information, write to G. T. Knauss, Dunbridge, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 2.

JOSEPH OWEN'S SLATE.

Indian Springs Camp, Flovilla, Ga., Aug. 7-17.
Wilkinsburg, Penn., Aug. 19-Sept. 1.
Vincent Springs Camp, Dyer, Tenn., Sept. 4-14.

JOHN F. OWEN'S SLATE.

Guthrie, Ky., (Carvosa Camp), July 24-Aug. 3.
Hartselle, Ala., (Camp), Aug. 7-17.
Hampton, Ky., (Camp), Aug. 22-31.
Dyer Tenn., (Vincent Springs Camp), Sept. 5-14.
Henagar, Ala., Sept. 19-28.

J. L. BRASHER'S SLATE.

Flovilla, Ga., Indian Spgs. Camp August 7-15.
Epworth, S. C. August 17-26.
Youngstown, Ohio September 12-28.
Address, Attalla, Ala.

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Drawing Lem From the Lumber Camp

In the parsonage study the minister's wife held a card in her hand. On it was printed:

Christ says: "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few."
By God's help I will be a laborer,
and I will pray daily for _____.

The cards had been distributed to the congregation on the Sunday before, at the prayer meeting which followed the pastor's impressive sermon on the "Power of Prayer in the Conversion of Souls." It was the custom in the large Newfoundland Methodist Church to hold a prayer meeting after the evening service for "drawing in the net," as the sermon had been the casting of it. On this day the earnest prayers that followed each other in quick succession led Mr. Norman to present to his congregation the Church Helpers' Cards, which he had intended to hold till his people had returned from Labrador.

As the minister's wife held the card before her, she was thinking deeply. Whose name should fill the blank? She ran over in her mind the list of young people of both sexes in her large Bible class who had not yet closed in with the offers of salvation. O, yes, she knew them well, for she was praying for every one of them. There was Janet Fowler, struggling to fill a mother's place to four reckless, half-grown boys, and daily harassed by the childish petulance of an ill-tempered father. She took up the pencil to write her name, but before she could do so, another's face, another's burden, and still another's temptation, came before her.

"I wish I could write them all," she said aloud. Then with more persistence than ever she saw the laughing, boyish face of Lemuel Richards. Gay, happy, careless, it was so easy for him to be drawn into evil, and she knew all too surely that the appetite for strong drink was gradually forging its chains around him. His hard-working father knew it, too, and often wondered why it was that God had removed from him his mother's influence.

She took the card, and wrote slowly, "Lemuel Richards;" and then, with a slight smile, she reversed it, and on the back she wrote the names of all the needy ones of the class.

"There," she said aloud, "that is the only sane method to adopt;" and, placing the card in her Bible at the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel, she then and there offered up an earnest prayer for them all, but especially for Lemuel Richards, who was even then exposed to all the temptations of Labrador life.

"I hope he will soon come home," she thought. "I shall get the boys of the class to help me to pray, and to try to win him. Some of them will be sure to tell me when he returns, and, anyway, I know he will be in class on Sunday, for he is always loyal to that."

On Saturday night she met his chum, Andrew Allison.

"Lem came home today, Mrs. Norman," he said. "I saw him."

"Is he coming to Bible class tomorrow, Andrew?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, he promised me he would be there, and told me it was his only Sunday at home, as he is spending the winter with Harrison's Lumber Contractors, and leaves for the woods on Monday."

"Oh, Andrew, I am so sorry!" said Mrs. Norman involuntarily; and her heart sank as she thought of the few good influences that would surround him there, and of the desperate, downward pull of evil to counteract them. Then the old question recurred to her: "Is the Lord's arm shortened, that He cannot save? Is His ear heavy, that He cannot hear?" and shame at her lack of faith filled her heart.

"I will go early to class tomorrow," she thought, "and have a talk with him;" but even here she was destined to bitter disappointment, for a violent headache kept her confined to bed all next day, and a substitute had to be provided for her class. The next morning Lemuel was gone.

"This, too, is God's way," she thought, "so I will trust, and not be afraid. My work is to pray, and leave the result with him."

Two months later, in response to many prayers, a powerful revival swept the circuit, and scores—nay, perhaps hundreds—had the joy of witnessing the conversion of those whose names had filled the blanks on their pledge cards.

Mrs. Norman worked hard, and had the satisfaction of seeing a large harvest from her class, among the first of whom was Janet Fowler. In the midst of all this her heart was sad, however, for she could not help thinking regretfully: "If Lemuel were only here."

One night as she moved about among the congregation she saw Mr. Richards there. It was not often he got to meeting, for an hour's walk after his day's work was too much for the old man. She went to him at once.

"Mr. Richards," she asked, "have you heard from Lem lately?"

"Yes, I have," he answered, "and he will be home tomorrow."

"Home?" she repeated in astonishment, "why, what is the matter?"

"Well," said his father, "he wrote me that he is too miserable to stay. 'It is an awfully wicked place, father,' he said; 'and I must get out of it. I have felt all winter that some one is praying for me, and I can't stand it any longer. I am coming home to begin a new life, and then I will try to get work at the sawmill.'"

"Thank God!" breathed the minister's wife reverently.

Next night, when the meeting opened, Mrs.

Norman looked over the crowded church for the boy for whom she had so earnestly prayed, but she could not see him, and her heart was heavy. At last, in passing one of the back seats, she saw, close to the wall, the familiar form of the young man, with his head bowed in his hands. She moved in beside him.

"Lem," she said, "it was God who brought you home."

He looked up. "Then it was you who prayed for me all winter," he said.

She bowed.

"I thought all along it was you," he said.

"Lemuel," and her hand was on his arm, "Jesus waits now to forgive you, and to take away the burden of sin which is making your life unbearable. Won't you come to Him now?"

The merry brown eyes were dimmed with tears as he looked up into his friend's face. "It is what I came home for," he said, "but I waited for you to come and invite me first," and rising, he walked forward with a firm, decisive step, and knelt among others at the foot of the Cross.—Sel.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

One day a Scotch lad, not yet 16, started from his home to take charge of a gentleman's garden in Cheshire. He bade farewell to father, brothers and sisters, but his mother accompanied him to the boat in which he was to cross the Firth of Forth.

"Now, my Robert," she said, as they came in sight of the ferry, "let us stand here for a few minutes. I wish to ask one favor of you before you go."

"What is it, mother?" asked the son.

"Promise that you will do what I am going to ask you."

"I cannot, mother," replied the cautious boy, "till you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, and her tears rolled down her cheeks, "would I ask you to do anything that is not right?"

"Ask what you will, mother, and I will do it," said the son, overcome by his mother's agitation.

"I want you to promise me that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly. I shall return home now with a happy heart, seeing you have promised me to read the Scriptures daily."

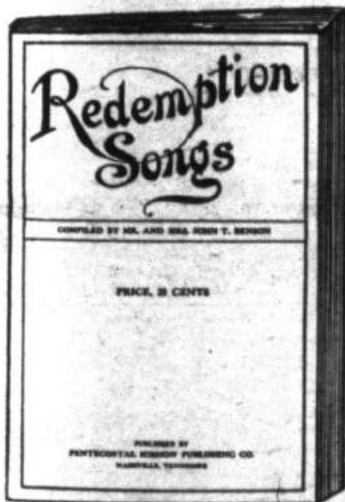
The lad went his way. He kept his promise, and every day read the Bible. He read, however, because he loved his mother; not from any pleasure he found in the sacred book. At length, inattentive though he was to the truths he daily came in contact with, he aroused his conscience. He became uneasy and then unhappy. He would have ceased reading but for his promise. Living alone in a lodge in a large garden, his leisure was his own. He had but few books, and those were works on gardening and botany, which his profession obliged him to consult. He was shut up to one book—the Bible. He did not

pray until his unhappiness sent him to his knees. One evening, while poring over the Epistle to the Romans, light broke into his soul. The apostle's words appeared different, though familiar to him.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that I have never understood what I have read again and again?"

Peace came to his mind, and he found himself earnestly desiring to know and to do the will of God. That will was made known to him in a simple way. One night, as he entered a neighboring town, he read a placard announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held. The time appointed for the meeting had long passed, but the lad stood and read the placard over and over. Stories of missionaries, told him by his mother, came up vividly as if they had just been related. Then and there was begotten the purpose which made Robert Moffat missionary to the Hottentots of South Africa.—Sel.

Great wealth may be but a great incumbrance when a man has not learned to wean his affections from it.



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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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THE PASSOVER.

Ex. 12: 21-31.

LESSON FOR AUG. 10, 1913.

Golden Text: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." (Matt. 20: 28.)

Read the whole chapter.

The passover was a great event and sets forth important spiritual truth. It affected the individual, the family, and the nation. It was the fulfillment of prophecy given over 400 years before this time. Possibly the prophecy was made at the same time of the year, so that the period was exact as regards the interval between the prophecy (Gen. 15: 13-16) and its fulfillment. The passover marked a great redemption wrought by blood and by judgment. In both aspects it was connected with life laid down. The lamb was slain that Israel might be safe, the firstborn was slain that the Egyptians might be brought to submit to God's will by being willing to let His people go. This latter shows how God can humble, break, subdue those who resist His decreed purpose. Scriptures show that God will deal with men in a similar way at Christ's second coming, when Israel will need another deliverance.

The lamb here is a type of Christ (1 Cor. 5: 7, 8). It was chosen four days before it was slain; Christ was chosen about four thousand years before He died. As it was with the lamb's blood for Israel, so it is with Christ's blood for souls now and always. 1. *It had to be shed.* The blood in the lamb would not have met Israel's need. It had to be given up in death before it could be applied to the door posts. The same is true about the blood of Jesus. The blood in His body would not avail to meet our need. It had to be shed.

2. *Israel had to obey God's command about it.* His directions were exact. The blood had to be applied just as God said, for by that obedience Israel took the blood for the purpose for which God designed it in the line of their need. The same fact applies to Christ's blood. It, too, has to be taken for the purpose for which God designs it. This is done by obedient faith in the Word that declares the meaning and efficacy of that blood (Rom. 1: 5; 1 Pet. 1: 22, 2). If an Israelite on that occasion had refused, or neglected, to apply the blood, his home would have been without its protection, no matter how good his intentions or how high his standing or how rich he might have been, or how much he loved his family. Without the application of the blood his home would have lost the firstborn, no matter what else he might have been or had or done.

The same is true as to our relation to Christ's blood. Nothing else will take the place of obedient faith in His blood. Those who refuse or neglect to accept God's statement about that blood for their own (and often others') needs, lose the benefit. It is no light matter to take a wrong attitude toward Jesus' blood. On that night there was no safety to homes on which the blood was not sprinkled, and there is no safety to those who now refuse the blood of Jesus.

3. *The blood was easily applied* (22). Hyssop was not a rare plant. It seems to have been quite plentiful, so that the Israelites could get and use it easily. Of course they had to be willing, and have an active determination to do so. So it is with faith. As any one who wanted to could use the hyssop, so any one who wants to can believe in the redemptive merits of Christ's blood. And as hyssop applied the blood of that lamb, so faith applies the blood of the true Lamb.

4. *Two beheld the blood* (13). (1) To each member of the household the blood was a token. It reminded the Israelite of God's covenant promise of safety, and the measure of each one's heart rest and satisfaction would depend upon his opinion of and faith in God and His promise.

(2) When God saw the blood, there was a passover. The Israelite's safety was dependent upon God's sight of the blood and not upon man's. The household may not have seen the blood after it was applied, for it was on the outside of the house, and they on the inside. But the household was safe, whether it trusted or trembled—safe because God stood for its safety. So when we have looked to Jesus' blood, God himself stands for us and the timid one is as truly and thoroughly safe as the strong one, for safety depends on God's faithfulness to His own covenant arrangement.

5. *Safety only under the appointed shelter.* If the firstborn had gone out that night to stay in an Egyptian home, he would have disregarded God's place of protection. So in spiritual matter. If any one gets away from faith in, and protection of, the blood of Christ, he comes under condemnation with the world (Heb. 10: 29).

Note well that those who applied the blood had to remove leaven—a type of evil, wickedness, malice (vs. 15, 18-20). So people cannot practice evil and still trust the blood of Jesus. Many professing Christians are not clear in faith because they have not put away evil by genuine repentance.

6. *"A Covenant of Welcome."*—Among Orientals a covenant of welcome was given to a guest who was to become as one of the family, or to a bride or bridegroom in marriage, by the outpouring of blood on the threshold of the door, and by staining the doorway itself with the blood of the covenant. And now Jehovah announced that he was to visit Egypt on a designated night, and that those who would welcome him should prepare a threshold covenant, or a passover sacrifice, as a proof of that welcome; for where no such welcome was made ready for him by a family, he must count the household as his enemy. The meaning of the rite was that Jehovah should cross over the threshold in order to be a guest in the Hebrew home, not that he should pass it by in order to spare it" (H. C. Trumbull D.D. in *The Threshold Covenant*).

7. *The blood waited for a family.* So, too, the believing head of a home can trust the blood of Jesus on behalf of his family.

As regards the lamb, it was without blemish and at full development for a lamb. So Jesus was without blemish, or spot, and the lamb-like disposition was in perfect development in Him.—Roasting by fire seems to typify the fiery trial and test Jesus had and God's fiery legal justice that He suffered.—Eating the lamb refers to the soul's feeding upon, and enjoyment of, Jesus.—To have kept the lamb after the feast, and for ordinary use,

would have degraded it to an ordinary food. Hence this was forbidden (10). Jesus is not to be looked upon in as common food.—Bitter herbs may refer to Israel's hard bondage—a bitter experience, bitterly repented of.—Readiness for marching (11) from Egypt speaks of our having here "no continuing city." We are not to rest in the world, but go out of, and keep separated from, it as regards fellowship with it.

Strangers, foreigners, hired servants (43, 45) could not eat the passover. They had to first come into covenant relation to God (v. 44) and belong to an Israelite's household. So, only those who come into a believing relation to God and belong to the "household of faith" are in position to feast upon and enjoy the Lord Jesus.

As the passover time became the beginning of a new year (Mar-Apr.), so our faith relation to Jesus begins a new time in our life (v. 2).—The lamb was slain in the evening. So Christ died at the end of an age and in the evening of a day.—No bone of the lamb was to be broken (46). So it was in our Lord's death.

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