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MEMORIAL EDITION

Living Water

"Call unto me and I will answer Thee and shew Thee great and mighty things, which Thou knowest not." Jer-3-33

J. O. McCLURKAN, Editor
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J. O. McCLURKAN

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My Home Is God

This is one of the favorite poems of the deceased Editor of this Paper and expresses the depth of his religious experience.

*"My home is God Himself;" Christ brought me there, "My home is God Himself;" it was not so!
I laid me down within His mighty arms;
He took me up, and safe from all alarms
He bore me "where no foot but His hath trod,"
Within the holiest at Home with God,
And bade me dwell in Him, rejoicing there,
O Holy Place! O Home Divinely fair!
And we God's little ones abiding there.*

*A long, long road I traveled night and day,
And sought to find within myself some way,
Aught I could do, or feel to bring myself some way,
Self effort failed, and I was filled with fear,
And then I found Christ was the Only Way,
That I must come to Him and in Him stay,
And God had told me so.*

*"My home is God Himself;" erewhiles I dwell
Within myself, a straitened drear abode,
And found no liberty to walk God's road,
Bound down by what I saw or thought or felt,
God broke me down, and left a ruined place,
But ere I sought the fulness of His grace,
I tried with tears to build it up again;
I failed, and then God's message came so plain—
"Come forth from all thou art, and dwell in Me,
Seek not what thou canst do, or feel, or be
Lay down thy life, take Me instead of thee."
And then I found God was my place to dwell,
My home was God.*

*My home is God Himself;" but oh the cost
That Christ hath paid to bring my spirit there:
His own dear life and all He held most fair,
And dwell forevermore with Him at Home—
At home in God, and safe none otherwhere!
O happy Place! O home divinely fair!
You too come and dwell, rejoicing there.
You ask what I have paid? 'Twas nought but this,
I lost my loathsome life and took up His;
And now God's free, free grace is all my boast,
Not mine, but His the cost.*

*How far to travel there? 'Tis just this far:
Let God convince thee fully what thou art,
Till thou dost cleave to Christ in self-despair,
That He may bear thee to thy Father's heart,
And thou must lose thyself in coming there.
Made one with Him in His most precious death,
Loosed by his Blood, and quickened by His breath,
I stand in Him before the Father's throne,
Accepted in the well-beloved Son,
And so from self—from self to Christ alone;
'Tis just so far.*

*And now "my Home is God," and sheltered there,
God meets the trials of my earthly life,
God compasses me round from storm and strife,
God takes the burden of my daily care.
O wondrous place! O Home divinely fair!
And I, God's little one, safe hidden there.
Lord, as I dwell in Thee and Thou in me,
So make me dead to everything but Thee;
That as I rest within my Home most fair.
My soul may evermore and only see
My God in everything and everywhere;
My home is God.*

James O. McClurkan Called Home

On Wednesday morning, September 16, 1914, at two-thirty, this servant of the Lord laid down the armor—the well-used armor, the immortal escaped from the mortal and entered upon the life of the glorified—that life enhanced by glorification and beautified by immortality. This soul so advanced, so cultured, so refined in the school of God has loosed from its earthly moorings, has freed itself from earth's limitations, and with accelerated pace is going on in mental and spiritual development. How true it is that he was beautiful in life and beautiful in death—how glorious must be the life in the glory world.

The Death Angel has this time garnered a full, ripe sheaf. Nearly fifty-three years were given to the earthly career, and it might seem, counting by the calendar of earth, that the worker was taken early in his ministry, but when we consider how much he has served and how faithfully he has wrought, we are forced to the conclusion that he has lived longer than many whose earthly career was much longer, or had lived even to a ripe old age. Not only so, but he being dead yet speaketh in many, many ways.

His body was taken to the Pentecostal Tabernacle where it lay for twenty-four hours. People of all classes thronged past to look upon the face of the one who had been their friend, their helper, their spiritual leader.

The funeral services were held at two-thirty, Thursday afternoon. The auditorium of the Pentecostal Tabernacle was crowded and many were turned away. The interment took place at Mount Olivet Cemetery.

The funeral services were most impressive. The scripture lessons were read by Rev. C. E. Hardy—a co-worker and close friend. He read I Cor. 15:12-26 and Rev. 21:1-7. Dr. Hardy said, "I am reading these scriptures because Brother McClurkan used them at every funeral I ever heard him conduct." The Resurrection Song that he sang at every funeral he held was sung.

The funeral talks follow:

REV. J. J. RYE, NASHVILLE.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" "The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." I read these passages not for the purpose of preaching a sermon, but to bring before your minds the well known fact that the things of this world are unstable, shadowy, transitory. That truth is illustrated perhaps more strongly in the death of one whose life has been felt for good from the rivers to the ends of the earth, as is the case with our dearly beloved Brother McClurkan, in whose loving memory we have assembled here this afternoon for the purpose of paying a tribute to his memory. It shall not be our purpose to conform to the ordinary custom of conducting a funeral service, but we shall briefly testify to some of the noble traits of character as they have occurred to us and appeal to us in our association with him in the glorious work of our Lord for these years past, and then give way for others who will also give testimony.

Brother McClurkan was born in Houston County, Tennessee, on the waters of Yellow Creek, in 1860, just three years before I came into the world, and as you know he departed this life, and went to his final reward in glory the sixteenth day of September, 1914, at 2:30 a. m. It has been my happy and blessed privilege to know Brother McClurkan from a boy. We were reared in the same community. I have known him practically all of my life and almost all of his. He professed religion when quite a small boy, lived a

faithful, godly Christian life, and entered the ministry when a young man. He moved away from our community, his father going West to Texas and he went from there to California and was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in San Jose. I do not know all about his life after he left there, but suffice it to say that he was a beloved pastor and a man of untiring energy and faith.

By and by light shown upon him that God had a deeper work of divine grace for those who would pay the price for God's best. He paid the price, entered into the experience of sanctification, began to preach this truth and insisted upon others entering upon this wholly consecrated life. Not long after this he returned to Tennessee. We were members of the same denomination. His father was a minister in that church, a man loved and honored by all who knew him as a minister as well as a citizen. I heard his father preach in my boyhood days. When J. O. McClurkan came back to Yellow Creek, in the providence of God, I was there engaged in a meeting in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. One day he came upon the scene. I knew him, went to him, and asked him to preach for me at that service. He shook his head, and when I insisted that he preach, he then said to me something like this, I am afraid it would not be best for you as I am preaching a doctrine that is not popular in the church, and should I enter your pulpit and preach it might be hurtful to you. I prefer to not do it. I just came here as this is my own country and these are my people. I said, "Do you preach the Bible?" He said, "Yes." I said, "I am not afraid of the Bible. You are welcome in my pulpit and I will put no strings on you." He looked as if he were a little in doubt, but I insisted, and I heard him preach the first sermon I ever heard preached on the deeper phases of Christian experience, and I bless God that I heard it. I want to say that I was the first fruits of that man's labors along that line in Middle Tennessee. I knew God had saved me and had laid His hand upon me and I had heard His unmistakable call, but there was a cry in my heart, a yearning for an experience that I did not have. I knew this man had it by my contact and association with him, and I went in for it. Blessed be God! To the glory of God, and to the praise of Bro. McClurkan's faithful ministry, nearly twenty years ago, in September, perhaps about this same time, I went out into the woods alone with God and made the consecration more deeply, more fully, and more completely than I had ever made before. I went down into the depths with God, paid the price and God Almighty wonderfully and gloriously came into my heart with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit took up His abode within my heart, and to His glory I say that He has dwelt there from that day until to-day.

Brother McClurkan and I have been closely related to each other in the work. We became strong friends, and have yoked up together in the work of the Lord, and I want to say that for these twenty years of personal contact and association with him I have never come in contact with a human being who has ever been as great help to me in my Christian life as this man. I love him, I love him as I have never loved any other man. I knew him perhaps as I never knew any other man. For ten years we went over this land. In many of the principal cities of a dozen States we drove tent poles and labored, and God only knows the hardships and difficulties which we encountered, but I never saw him lose faith or energy. I had rather be yoked up with him in a hard battle than any other man that I ever knew, for he

never knew such a thing as retreat. When I came to Nashville some fifteen years ago I stood by his side, feebly it is true. We fought our battles together.

I was with him on the waters of Yellow Creek and after having heard him preach so definitely and clearly in reference to sanctification, I said, "Brother McClurkan, why don't you write a book on this subject?" He said, "I will pray about it." I knew every word in the first book he wrote. I know something of his struggles as a writer; I know something about his work as a teacher and a preacher; and I know I have never yet known a greater man, a more princely man in the evangelistic field, a man who had more power with God and man than J. O. McClurkan.

He was great in prayer, as well as great in spiritual power and insight. He could read men. I have seen him many a time in a hard pull when no one would move, and most men would have given up and said it is useless to try. I have seen him walk down the aisle and look. He could detect the convicted man at sight and I have seen him point his finger and say, come brother or sister, and they would rise up and come to the altar. I say to-day that in the evangelistic field for the past eighteen years there has been no man more successful in soul winning than J. O. McClurkan. I thank God for the privilege of having associated with him, for his life and for his great heart. His supreme greatness consisted in his heart. I have never known him to have a cool heart, much less a cold heart. There were constantly coming to him from every walk of life men and women, young and old for help of some kind, and I never saw him grow so weary or so tired in body or worn in brain that his heart lost its fervor, its hotness for souls. I have not time to anything like speak of this man's heart.

When he came to Nashville it was under great difficulties—frail body and much opposition confronting him—and yet he looked upon this great city with a heart of love. We went out into the poorer districts, pitched our tent and the poor flocked around for the gospel. How he looked for a place to work for God. He would say this is a center from which the light can shine. He was so brave in heart and Catholic in spirit that he did not look upon suffering humanity about him and forget others, but his heart yearned for the regions beyond. When I consider his greatness as a preacher, for he was a great preacher—unique, original—a preacher in the truest sense, relying upon God. He was a great pastor, as this congregation will attest. He proved himself an efficient editor. Though there are many holiness papers in the land there has been a place for the deeply spiritual paper that *Living Water* is and its place has not been filled by other papers. You may say what you will, I read other papers for the news, for this, or for that, or the other thing, but when I want to feed my soul I pick up *Living Water*.

His missionary efforts are too well known to need comment; and then his labors, progress and phenomenal success in his school efforts. I say, that considering greatness in its truest sense and from every standpoint, no greater man ever fell on the footstool of Almighty God that lies before us to-day. There are more people in the home and foreign fields who are effected either directly or indirectly by the departure of our Brother McClurkan than any other man perhaps living on the globe to-day. I know of no other man whose place would be so difficult to fill. When you come to consider his greatness, notwithstanding his frailty of body, it will take a half dozen men to fill his place and do it as well as he did; and I dare say it would be difficult to find six men anywhere who could go forward with the enterprises and carry them on as nobly and successfully as he has

carried them on for these years. I shall ever cherish with fondest memory my past association with him.

REV. C. E. HARDY, NASHVILLE.

I know of nothing more to say of Bro. McClurkan greater than these two statements: He believed in God; and he loved humanity.

He believed in God. I have never seen him when he was ready, as our brother said, to give up. I have known him a few times when he was talking about the work in general, school and other work that he had, he would say, "Brother, it is more than I can carry, pray for me, but I still believe in God." You people have heard him preach so often along that line. When in the fight here in Nashville for better government and better condition of things, everything would seem to go against all efforts that were made, he would come into the pulpit and preach a sermon on faith in God. He still believed in God, that God was back of this thing, that He was going to work out all things to His glory, and that some day he would have an earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. How oftentimes he would say that there would be a day when the streets of your city would no longer flow with the blood of your sons and daughters, and there would be no more tears, no more crape on the door, no more hearses to carry away your loved ones, but that Jesus was coming, and he believed it would not be long until He would come back and straighten out things on earth. His faith was centered in that one phase, that God was going to work out things and He would bring out all things to His glory somewhere, sometime.

He loved humanity. Yesterday when the body was brought to this Tabernacle, someone said that before the undertaker got out of the house there were people of four different nationalities who walked by and looked at him. Others came by and cried, and I thought, you should shed tears for he has shed many over you. This afternoon as I heard people sob when his name was mentioned I thought how many times has he wept over you. He loved humanity. We have spoken about the great things of his life, but there are many little things that show forth his greatness. One day along with him in the streets we met a funeral procession. It was colored people, but he breathed a word of prayer, saying, "Lord bless them. There are heartaches there as well as anywhere else."

One day on the street a darkey driving a wagon dropped his lines, and he picked up the lines and handed them back to the darkey, who smiled and said, "Thank you, boss," and then watched him as he walked down the street. I wondered what that poor darkey thought for a man, a white man, a preacher, and a man of his standing, to stoop to hand him the lines. I thought of the love that this man has for humanity.

Again, I saw him as he plead in his characteristic way with a negro bricklayer who was working for him, to give his heart to Jesus. Before the negro knew it, his hand was on his shoulder as he prayed to God for this human soul.

I was with him once at the City Hospital when people were passing in and out, preachers, laymen, all classes, and no one seemed to notice a poor, heart-broken mother and children sitting in the corner of the waiting room. The husband and father was at the point of death on the operating table, but this man who was always looking for suffering humanity, found them. He talked to them, prayed with them, and told them of Jesus the Great Comforter. Their faces brightened, their tears were wiped away, and they followed him to the door trying to express their gratitude to one who had entered into their suffering.

I have walked with him into the hospital and the faces of the people would light up as he would take them by the hand and breathe a word of prayer. In the homes of the down-and-out, there was a word of prayer. I went with him once into the office of a great man, an editor of a paper, and he was looking for help along a certain line, and the editor was so busy and so wrapped up in his work that as we walked out Brother McClurkan said, "I have learned a lesson. I am never going to be too busy after this to take time to listen to any man who comes into my office. I never expect to let my business crowd upon me until I cannot listen to the needs and wants of humanity."

His work is not done. It is going on. Nothing ends here. The great God who placed him here has His hand upon it. The work will continue, the influence will go on and on, and his prayers shall be continually going up to God as a sweet-smelling savor. The grave but vainly possesses the aurelia of immortality. He shall live, and he shall live again. He is at the right hand of God this afternoon looking into the face of Jesus whom he loved and whom he worshiped.

I could not say more, only this, My friends, serve the God whom he served. Nothing that we could say would be more pleasing to him if he should be looking at us—and he is looking—than for us to say to the people who are listening, Serve the God whom he served. He has prayed for you, he has begged you, and he has insisted that you do it. Will you not do it this afternoon?

REV. J. L. BRASHER, TALLAPOOSA, GA.

I shall not attempt to give an eulogy. I have simply come from down in Georgia for the privilege, if need be, to walk behind the hearse to the tomb of this man. That would be honor enough for me. Since I have been requested to speak a word, I shall simply drop a rose at his feet in sweet memory of my love for him and his love for me. He was so full of humility that these generous words of our brethren would have greatly abashed him. He was so self-forgetful that to mention anything he had done would bring a blush upon his cheek and a bowed head. He was my friend. He honored me a thousand times more than I ever deserved. As we go out, thank God, our faith takes wings. Though God takes His workmen, He carries on His work. He will not fail us. "Ye shall not fail nor be discouraged." God will bring out of this great glory to His name. Man cannot see it, and it is a mystery to us, but we can bow our heads in the presence of God and know that God has, from eternity foreordained. Bless God that His kingdom shall triumph, that righteousness shall reign, and the nations shall hear the name of Jesus; that the cause of missions will go forward; that people shall hear the glad news of this glorious gospel, and while his lips shall not speak it again, God will raise up some one who will proclaim it. I have never listened to this man but with profit. I told him so, and I am glad I did not wait until he was gone to bring my flowers for his brow. I told him in private how much I enjoyed his ministry and how profitable it was to my soul. The greatest evidence of the greatness of his mind and heart is that the young people who sat day after day in his classes and heard him every Sunday and Thursday night, and were with him in his office, listened with greatest eagerness to all his utterances. I would love to take Emmett in my arms and love him as I did this morning. I was ten years his junior when my father went. I had very little chance for an education, but God has seen me through so far, and He will take care of you. How kindly and gently He will deal with this widow. How lovingly He is comforting her now. I love these girls as if they were my own daughters. Their friendship to me has been as sweet as the breath of flowers, and when I think of this

Godly congregation that gathered around him and upheld his hands and loved him, my heart goes out to you. No congregation has been asked to give up a greater pastor, and but for the grace of God you would be crushed; but there is light on the hill top, thank God. The day of His coming draweth nigh. He is gathering home His people, and in a little while He will gather out all His bride. Let us be found working when He comes, busy like Brother McClurkan was. Let us try to be busy like he worked. I feel like I want to lie in the dust. I had rather get off now in the dust and ask God to try to make out of me something that is worth while. Let us ask God to give us greater grace than we have ever had. Grace that took our fathers through would not take us to market and back. We must have greater grace than those who went before us.

REV. IRA LANDRITH, NASHVILLE.

Unless I am mistaken, I am now looking into the wan, still face of the first citizen of Nashville. Who should be the first citizen of Nashville? Its richest man? It could be so, for great wealth gives great power and opportunity for service to one's fellows. It is a tremendous and sacred trust, and, rightly used by the richest man in Nashville, his wealth should make him the city's first citizen. But the richest man in Nashville, whoever he is—and I do not know—is not its first citizen.

Who is the first citizen of Nashville? Its most gifted and cultured son? It ought to be so, for native intellectual power and large educational acquirement should make any man the most influential in a community, and, rightly used, such talents and attainments should guarantee to the possessor the distinction of being the first citizen of Nashville. But Nashville's most scholarly genius, whoever he is—and I do not know—is not the first citizen of Nashville.

Who is the first citizen of Nashville? Is its most distinguished civic officer, some man in high political position or place of supreme legal power? It ought to be so, for no man deserves high official enthronement unless he is a model of personal integrity, of philanthropic endeavor, of unselfish service, a man whose life all young men might do well to emulate.

Who is the first citizen of any city? He is the man whose life helps most the largest number of other lives; whose whole good influence reaches and supplies the largest circle of human need; who, like his Master, "goes about doing good" to more people than anybody else has reached. Is it, therefore, invidious to say of J. O. McClurkan that he was the first citizen of Nashville? If you were asked to vote on the question, would not the majority roll up for him by a large one?

But he would not have cared for this. Could he have known what I would say at his funeral he would not have thanked me for it. His grief-stricken family, to whose kindly favor I owe the melancholy privilege of speaking at this hour, would likewise have discouraged anything resembling praise of this man, if back of the words I have spoken, and bigger than anything else they contain, were not the sublime truth that this man owes his greatness and everything that entitles him to the distinction of the first citizen of Nashville to his sublime forgetfulness in his service of his Master and his generation. When shall we ever learn that only the good are truly great, and that he who would be greatest among you must become the servant of all?

I read a great book the other day in which the author, quoting this divine recipe for greatness, said in effect: Christ did not say, he who would be great let him become your "flunkie," your bootblack, but if he would be great let him use his gifts, his talents, his wealth, his social position—

anything he has—for the benefit and blessing of his kind, and let him use it where he is; let him be your Duke of Wellington, your George Washington, your Woodrow Wilson, if he can, but always in serving others. Your friend, the man whose body lies before us, would have been willing to be your lackey, your menial, if that had been necessary, but instead, he became your leader, your general, never forgetting to be individually, and helpfully, and humbly your friend; and it was this that made him the first citizen of Nashville. He did not go about talking about his goodness, and never at any time prating that he was more humble than the rest. He just was a humble servant of his kind.

I have known him since 1883, when as school boys in college in a Western State we were thrown together, to my disadvantage, in the debates of our literary society, and I do not, therefore, under-value his native gifts when I say that you cannot explain what he has done on the ground of his talents. Certainly he does not owe his greatness to his wealth nor his health, for he had little enough of either. As preacher, teacher, executive, evangelist, and spiritual leader generally, you must look deeper than these things if you would find why he towered Saul-like above his brethren. You must be driven in such search to the final conclusion that there was something in his doctrine and something in his spiritual life and religious experience which every man—and there are many rarely gifted men in this community—must have if he too would be great. There is no time for fuller, worthier tribute to his name.

The last time that I stood on this platform was commencement night. He was presiding that night, as he did everything else, so quietly you did not know he was on the platform if you had not seen him. He did not even introduce me. He was so unostentatious; he never put himself to the front, and that is why he lived in this community so long without being discovered. Just now this city is ready to say Amen to any man who calls him its first citizen. This city has discovered that he was great because he was the servant of all; and this city, rich and poor, black and white, Protestant and Catholic, and Jew honors the man and is here to do him honor just because he went about doing good. Will you men and women and I go out from here today and forget a lesson like that? God forgive us that we have not learned it earlier!

It was just a few months ago when we met together on this platform, that was commencement day. There is no difference, save this: he has graduated in the university of the skies, and you graduated into the service of the world. Those who heard the marvelous J. G. Paton tell us the story of his experience as minister in the New Hebrides, where under his ministry whole islands were transformed, have never forgotten the one thing he said a thousand times in America: "Man is mortal till his work is done." God knows when to gather His workmen home. As I look at it, it seems that his work is just begun, but how little I know! God never makes any mistakes; I never make anything else. God took him. I think God knew when, and if you and I believe the things we profess to believe, then we are ready to say with the broken-hearted widow, crushed sons and daughters, friends, and loved ones, "The Lord gave, the Lord will take away, blessed, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

REV. CAREY MORGAN, PASTOR OF VINE STREET CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

My brethren, I was very fond of your minister. He and I were of different communion, but that never seemed to make any difference with him or me. We gave each other the right hand of fellowship. I loved him. He was my

friend. I came here only a little while ago. Somehow I grew to be right glad to meet Brother McClurkan because he seemed to take me into his heart and care for me. He wanted me to do good in this new field of work. I remember how, after we had met one evening to talk over planning a shelter for lost girls, he put his arm around me and said: "Such a cruel world."

It is going to be right difficult for many to think about the Pentecostal Tabernacle without thinking about Brother McClurkan. Somehow you know I just got to thinking about you here as a sort of link between earth and heaven. I want you folks to know that some of the preachers who never come here think the same way of you. It seemed to me like the Master on the heaven side and Brother McClurkan on the earth side, and they were at work down here, and it will never be quite the same at the Pentecostal Tabernacle without him, never quite the same. Yes, you are going on with the work because you have chosen to be your ultimate leader Jesus, and He is alive for evermore, and the passing of this true man is not to interrupt the work. I am sure it is not to be so. I think that he will preach to you through memory many a time, and it seems to me his spirit will brood in this holy place, but it will never be quite the same without him. How he loved this place! This pulpit was his throne. He was a king here, and a prince in the kingdom. Our Lord crowned him here. I am a preacher myself, and I think I know something about how he felt about you and about this pulpit and this place. How many times his voice has rung out here pleading the cause of Christ! How he has reached out after you and the school and the hospital and the Door of Hope! That was not his exactly, but he and the Lord and some other good brethren were back of it. Do you all know why he was great? It was because he was good. He learned a lot of things from his Master. He learned how to be sympathetic with sinful men and women. You cannot do anybody much good unless you have that feeling for them. He loved your soul, and he learned how to be patient with folks. He learned how to yearn over poor, erring girls, and I think he got that lesson from Jesus. Don't you remember when the Pharisees entered so boisterously into the presence of Christ with that sinful woman and asked Him what should be done, He stooped and wrote in the sand. I don't know what He wrote. I think He did not want that poor woman to think that he was looking at her. He did not want to deepen the tiniest tinge in her poor cheeks; He did not want to add any confusion to trouble her. I think that was one of the finest acts of chivalry in all history, and our brother has learned that lesson. How he loved our girls and boys, everybody's! It made no difference to him where they lived, or what they were, he loved everybody's boy and girl. Ah, friends, they knew about him up there, and I don't think we should mourn for him. How he did like to be with his brethren! You all know that. You remember the Bible conference and the great assemblies where he was so happy. Don't you think he will have a good time up there in that wonderful fellowship and hearing those wonderful songs. They knew about him up there. I think some messenger cried, "Yonder comes McClurkan," and the Master stood up. He could not sit on His throne when they were stoning Stephen, but had to stand. Stephen said, "I see some man standing." Ah, friends, he is at home up yonder and I suspect the biggest part of his congregation is with him, and you are all on the way, I trust. God bless you, especially the dear ones of the inner circle, and may He keep you resolute in faith and encouraged until He lets you rest in peace. God knoweth how much we all need it.

PROF. R. E. SMITH, RUSKIN, TENN.

I feel unworthy to speak on this occasion. In fact, I did not come here to talk; I only came to stand in the shadow of this great grief and drop a few silent tears and watch the passing of the chariot of Nashville and the horsemen thereof.

Listening to these splendid tributes I have been reminded of a scene in ancient Greece. It was the birthday of Pericles and a great banquet was given in his honor. In glowing terms one spoke of the greatness of Pericles as a statesman, another of his power as an orator, another of his ability as a writer, and so on until it came time for Pericles himself to speak. He said: "What you have been saying about me may or may not be true; but the one thing which I am prouder of than all else is: no fellow countryman of mine has ever been made sad by any conscious act of mine." This was true also of Brother McClurkan. Gifted as he was, yet with it all I am sure you will agree with me that no fellow man of his has ever shed a tear because of any conscious act of his.

I was closely related to him in school work, though he was much older than I. Yet there was something in his manner that made me forget the difference in age. When he would throw his arm familiarly over my shoulder and we would stroll together, I felt that I was with a comrade and confidential brother. He was with us at Ruskin recently and preached our commencement sermon. Little did I think then that in three months we should look into his pale face, cold in death. We loved him, and today there is a little country college down in that Yellow Creek Valley, with flag at half-mast, because he is no more. Though he was here and we there at Ruskin, still we looked to him as our storage battery. He was our spiritual power house.

He supplied what is lacking in the modern pulpit—the touch of mysticism. What the Hebrews had as a nation, Brother McClurkan has as a man—the *genius for spirituality*.

In this hour of loss let there be no questionings, no repining. He is safe; God doeth all things well. Dr. Fairbairn has pointed out that Death enhances the value of life. In the days when the world was young and men lived for centuries and there was no death, life was insipid and flat. Time had no value and life no meaning. But one day death stole in and men bore one of their comrades to the grave. After that they returned to their homes with a new fear and a new love. Now they loved their dear ones, for they might not keep them alway. The sun would not shine forever; hence each must work while it was day, for the night would come. Thus death brought new meaning to life. Today, as we see Brother McClurkan lay down his work, let there come a new impetus to each of us to work harder ere the night cometh and we work no more.

I need not remind you that he is not dead. He is simply in the other room—the upper room of our Father's house. We may go to him there. While these students here are today matriculating he is matriculating in the University of the Skies.

Who is not better for having loved him? For love is never lost and never dies. Love is an attribute of life. If love, then, never dies, how much less shall life itself cease! So we know

That Life is ever Lord of Death
And Love can never lose her own!

Friend, comrade, spiritual father, I shall see thee again.

SOMETIME.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see,
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so!
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boom His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
And for each mystery could find a key,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife.

But not to-day! Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white unfold:
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold;
And when through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say: "God knew the best."

AMAZING GRACE.

This memorial edition would not be complete without at least a stanza or two from that blessed hymn, "Amazing Grace." Brother McClurkan had this hymn sung on all occasions. He loved it because of the thought expressed. He sang it because he delighted to exalt the wondrous grace of God.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

A NEW BOOK BY J. O. MCCLURKAN.

We want to call the attention of our readers to an advertisement that appears in this issue of a book on personal work, written by Brother McClurkan. This book came from the press just a few days before the death of the author. It is a most stirring appeal for personal work and should be an inspiration to every Christian to enter into active service for the Master. It abounds in helpful suggestions and is full of illustrations from the actual experience of the writer. It is written in the interesting style so characteristic of the author and cannot fail to be a blessing. It is gotten up in the most attractive manner and beautifully bound in cloth. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

LIVING WATER

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EDITORIAL

WEEKLY TEXT.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." (John 13:7.)

These three editorial pages are filled with matter written by the departed editor. "He being dead yet speaketh." May these messages carry a blessing to many hearts!

HITHERTO AND HENCEFORTH.

"The Lord hath blessed me hitherto."—Josh. xvii. 14.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Guiding all the way;
Henceforth let us trust Him fully,
Trust Him all the day.

Hitherto the Lord hath loved us,
Caring for His own;
Henceforth let us love Him better,
Live for Him alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Crowning all our days;
Henceforth let us live to bless Him,
Live to show His praise.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Charles Morton said: "If I could invent a medicine, although I never could invent anything, I would invent a strong preparation of encouragement."

However, there is no need for any such invention. The Scriptures are full of the most encouraging promises. There are many tonic chapters, such as Joshua 1; Psalm 23, 27 and 121; 2 Cor. 9:8 is comprehensive, "For our God is able to make all grace abound unto you that ye having all sufficiency in all things may abound unto every good work;" and Philipians 4:19 caps the climax: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

JOURNEYING.

Here we have no continuing city, and happy the man who can say, but we seek one "whose builder and maker is God." The Scriptures abound in expressions setting forth the brevity of life. Our own observation intensifies these facts. We fade as a leaf. We spring up and pass away as

the flower of the field. We are here today and somewhere else tomorrow. We are on the move. We are journeying. There was a time when we started. We are going somewhere, and we will soon be there. Napoleon, while reviewing his troops under the shadows of the pyramids, exclaimed: "Nothing is lacking here, nothing but permanence." Mighty empires whose armies once shook the earth with their tread have long since perished. Their capital cities, once colossal in their greatness, are so utterly destroyed that the foundation stones can hardly be found. Happy the man who is laying up his treasures in heaven, where "rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal."

THE ONE ESSENTIAL.

It is not so many members that the church needs, but it is men and women who have separated themselves from sin and have given themselves wholly to the Lord. It is not a long statistical roll of missionaries that they need, but men and women filled with the Spirit who will go like flames of fire everywhere preaching the Word. We verily believe that we already have enough, maybe too much machinery. Certainly we do not need any more prating of statistics for awhile. This constant numbering of Israel becomes monotonous, and when viewed in the light of inexorable facts, should be the occasion of profound humiliation, that so little real salvation work is accomplished. Spirit-filled preachers will create a stir in the people. Spirit-filled Sunday-school teachers will break up the too often perfunctory work of that worthy institution with a fresher of waters of life. Spirit-filled missionaries will have Pentecostal results as of old amid the centers of Paganism.

We repeat that the only way to have a permanent, mighty work accomplished for God is through the power of the Spirit. We must have the tongue of fire.

Will each reader begin with himself to seek the Lord mightily to be filled with the Spirit, and then he in turn will be used to quicken others? Lifeless, formal, indifferent preaching, praying and teaching is responsible for much of the appalling deadness everywhere apparent. Surely we need the gift of the Holy Spirit that out of us may flow "rivers of living water" to turn earth's desert plains into watered gardens.

HIS WAY IS THE BEST.

Moses, in reviewing the Lord's dealings with him and the people exclaimed: "Surely He hath led us in a way that we knew not." This has been the experience of every good man. Perhaps we came slowly to the point of realizing that our way might not be His way; that His way was always best. Men have usually given a mental assent to the truth of this statement, but to have it become a part of their daily lives is another thing. Not only are we to consent that God's way is best, but we must realize it amid the thickened shadows and grievous disappointments of this journey. It will not always feel best. We can only rest in the fact that it is best only by such an intimate acquaintance with our Heavenly Father that we know that He is too wise to make a mistake and too good to do wrong. We should prefer the hard to the easy, the bitter to the sweet and the dark to the light and abuse rather than commendation, if in so suffering we are accomplishing most good. Our times are in His hands. The right thing to do is to nestle in his arms, praising Him alike for the chastening and for what we call the blessing, for really the chastening is a blessing in disguise, and he who reads properly sees it to be so. His way is the best.

His way is best.

How long I spent in learning
'Twas only for my highest good He planned,
And all the while His loving heart was yearning
That he might lead me gently by the hand,
And end unrest.

His way is best.

I cease from needless scheming,
And leave the ruling of my life to Him,
All will be well, though now all wrong 'tis seeming,
All will be clear that now to me is dim,
So I am blest.

His way is best.

I may not know the reason
Of all the darkness I am passing through;
But this I know, that every testing season
He makes a blessing, if to Him I'm true,
And so I rest.

His way is best.

When I shall cross the river,
And see my King, my Savior, face to face,
I'll praise His name forever and forever
For all the way He led, for all the grace
With which he blessed.

WATCHING WITH JESUS.

"What, could ye not watch with Me one hour," said the Master to the sleepy preachers who were dozing under the old olive trees, while He was going through the awful ordeal of Gethsemane. They didn't grasp the meaning of the hour. The significance of the occasion was not realized nor its far-reaching effect discerned! They were weary and went to sleep. They loved the Master, but they did not see the importance of the hour. His command to watch was sufficient to keep them awake had they heeded properly, but not only were their eyes heavy but vision was dull. They did not comprehend the situation. Had they known what it all really meant, they would have stayed awake and watched with their Lord that night. But as it was they yielded to the heaviness of the flesh, went to sleep and left the Lord Jesus to fight the battle alone.

When the shadows began to thicken later in the night and the "enemy came in like a flood," they were not equal to the occasion and the spokesman of the crowd went so far as to lie and curse. Had they watched with the Master they would have known better how to have behaved in the crisis.

Just as the sleepy disciples failed to apprehend the profound significance of the struggle through which He was passing and hence failed to have that intelligent sympathy and interest in the conflict requisite for watching with Him Christians of today are sitting idly or indifferently around, nodding in the face of the appalling need everywhere manifest. They have neither divined the purpose, nor shared sufficiently in the heart longings of the Master to make them faithful co-workers. Earth's unevangelized millions lie out before them, but they have never looked upon the field. They have never had any intelligent conception of what it all means. They are dwelling in the lowlands rather than living on the highlands of spirituality. They are not spiritual enough to discern what present-day conditions meant for Jesus, and hence cannot have the sympathetic fellowship growing out of such knowledge. Our watching with Jesus will be in exact proportion to our breadth of vision and faithfulness thereto. If we see the situation as it is and live in such close union with Christ that His heart cries will find an adequate response in our own breast, then and then only are we in condition to watch with Him.

We neglect the Lord's work simply because we haven't

interest enough to do it. We usually do what we want to do. Having a negligent spirit born of indifference makes it impossible to watch with Jesus. "Where there is no vision the people perish." A certain spiritual attitude and equipment is essential for seeing the need and responding to it as becometh those who are sharing in the Lord's ministry.

The evangelization of the world, in fact, the performance of any duty, is not primarily a question of time, opportunity, or ability. "For where there is a will there is a way." We have money enough, time enough, and opportunity to discharge every duty. In the vision of God, Isaiah saw both his own condition and that of his fellowman and immediately offered his services for the good of others. Mark you, right relations with God means right relations with ourselves and right relations with others.

The Lord who was rich for our sakes became poor and was among us "as one that serveth" and so loved that He gave Himself even unto death. And when we become watchers with Him we will share in the same spirit and His longings will find a ready response in the depths of our own hearts. The world would have been evangelized long ago had those who called themselves disciples been real watchers. Time is flying, soon our day of service will be over. The wail of the wrecked can be heard on every hand. But soon the night cometh when no man can work, so let us be up and doing, watching with the Lord, now and then shouting the harvest home.



THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING.

Much has been written as to the meaning of sorrow, some of it foolish and some wise, but this we know, that God is too wise to make a mistake and too good to do wrong, and we know that some way all things are working for good to those who love Him. Oftentimes it does not seem so, but just the very opposite appears to be the case. But God is at the helm and the bitter cup contains a blessing and the dark cloud has a silver lining. There is a joy in sorrow and a fulness of reward that will amply compensate for all the suffering. We will only pass through the fire when necessary. As Joseph Parker says:

This is the end of discipline—"Till thou know." When will God take us out of the furnace? When He can see His image enough. When will God cease to lacerate our poor, shrinking flesh? When we have learned to obey Him. When will He take the wolf away from the door, so that we can go out into the meadow and enjoy the sunshine? When we have yielded back all wickedly-acquired gain, and have thrown down the thirty pieces of burning silver for which we sold the Christ of God. Why this penal system in the universe? Why loss? Why decrepitude and helplessness? Why burning fevers? Why all the maladies that afflict the body? Why all the ills that flesh is heir to? "Till thou know." Will they then be taken away? Perhaps not; but they will have a new meaning, and we shall have acquired a new strength with which to bear them, and it may be that even affliction will be a welcome guest, for we shall say to the black visitant, "Come in; thou only canst teach us one side of God's meaning and God's thought; come in, and teach us what we never could learn by the mere vanity of the intellect, and could never understand by a mere exercise of the mind; chasten us, yea, refine and purify us; make us mellow and tender and patient; yea, work out in us all Christ's mystery of love; come in, thou darksome angel of Providence."

GLORIOUS GIVING.

Few of us have ever really been awakened to the privilege and duties of Christian stewardship. We have thrown into the Lord's treasury a miserable pittance when we might have put in large offerings.

The Christian worker says:

If God's will is to be accomplished, missions must be kept to the front, whatever the cost. I have in my mind a small company of believers who for about ten years have worshipped in a building by no means suitable, and who last year gave over \$800 for the world's evangelization. Another church I know of, who are handicapped in many respects, worshipping in a building so dilapidated that a large class of people absolutely refuse to go near, and yet from this humble, despised congregation there went out last year for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands about \$16,000. Still another instance where, after moving from hall to hall, a church building was erected, involving a burden of several thousand dollars. In connection with the opening services a liberal freewill offering was expected to be applied naturally for the new church, but the Spirit of God moved, and the children of God gave way, and the result was that before those opening services were closed two missionaries were on their way to represent that church in the regions beyond. Beloved pastors everywhere, saints of God in all churches, the Savior is undoubtedly leading in this direction; let us follow Him at all costs.

"Give while you live;
Your dying gift may fail
To hush the world's sad wail;
Your gold laid up with care
An enemy may share;
The shameless prodigal
Perchance may waste it all;
Give, and the influence
May save from rank offense
The children of your love;
Lay up such wealth above
Since God gives back the price
Of all your sacrifice."

ABIDING IN CHRIST.

Some consider a deeply spiritual life a strain. They think that to live it, they must keep keyed up to a very high pitch of enthusiasm; but such is not the case. Enthusiasm there is, and plenty of it; but there is no frenzy, nor nothing of the abnormal in the life hid with God. One may walk with God when it is necessary for his mind to be on other things. His thoughts will return to God when the occasion demands just as he returns home when his day's work is over. The deeply spiritual mind makes no such distinctions as that of the secular and spiritual. God may be as real in the one as in the other, and the place of duty is the place of blessing. J. Hudson Taylor, in writing on this subject, says:

One afternoon in an inland city in China, feeling almost in spiritual despair, I was reading my Greek Testament, and in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, reading in course, I came across a verse that struck me as it had never done before. I was reading from the fifty-second verse onward; and if you will just turn to that passage, perhaps the train of thought which was such a help to me may help some one else here. In the fifty-sixth verse: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him." I read the verse in the authorized version, "dwelleth in me, and I in him," a hundred times, and never connected it in mind with the fifteenth chapter, where the word happens to be rendered in that version, "abide in me." But, of course, reading it in the original, my mind was carried on by the verb from the sixth to the fifteenth chapter, and I saw at once—why, here is a little light on this great and difficult problem! I have evidently been making a mistake about the subject of "abiding in Christ."

I had thought that abiding in Christ meant keeping our hearts so fixed upon Christ, so constantly meditating upon Him and dwelling in Him, that we never lost the conscious-

ness of His presence. I thought we were continually, so to speak, to realize His presence, and continually to look to Him for blessing and help and guidance. Now, what I thought was abiding I have since seen was feeding upon Christ. Feeding is a voluntary act. We go to the table, and sit down, and partake of what is there. That is a voluntary act. But the man who wanted to feed all the day, and wanted to feed all the night too, wouldn't be a desirable member of any community. That was what I was trying to do, and because I couldn't manage it I would get into a sort of religious dyspepsia.

I had a little hospital and dispensary work that kept me busy. Perhaps a man would be brought into the place with an artery cut, and in imminent danger—within half an hour the question whether he would live or die would be settled, and one's whole attention would be wrapped up in the patient, and one wouldn't think of a thing else until the result was known; and then the thought would steal over me, "Why, for two hours I haven't thought about Jesus;" and I would go off into my closet almost in despair, and confess this sin. I was in very great distress, indeed. I wanted to be feeding at the table all the time. Now, if a man has two or three square meals every day, and perhaps a lunch or two between, he ought to be able to go to work.

Abiding in Jesus isn't fixing our attention on Christ, but it is being one with Him. And it doesn't make any difference what we are doing, or whether we are asleep or awake. A man is abiding just as much when he is sleeping for Jesus as when he is awake and working for Jesus. O, it is a very sweet thing to have one's mind just resting there! About ten years ago the Lord gave me a very great blessing. I had a little girlie, who had a crib by my bedside, and about six o'clock in the morning her nurse came tapping at the door to give this little one her bath. And we missionaries, who are so much separated from our children, do so delight when we are with them! It is such a treat! It is an ordinary enjoyment to most of you; but it is a very great treat to us, I can tell you. I saw my little girlie asleep, and I gave her a little kiss. She woke up, and put her arms around my neck; and as she looked up to me, I just looked up to God, and said: "O Lord, wake me up morning by morning with a kiss of love. Let that kiss be the first thing every morning." That was fully ten years ago, and He hasn't forgotten it since. It is a wonderful "God-morning." I am so glad that my love for my little girl just led me to make that prayer in that way.

BE STILL.

Be still! Just now be still,
Something thy soul hath never heard,
Something unknown to any song of bird,
Something unknown to any wind, or wave, or star,
A message from the Fatherland afar.
That sweet joy the homesick soul shall thrill,
Cometh to thee if thou canst but be still.

Be still! Just now be still,
There comes a Presence very mild and sweet,
White are the sandals on His noiseless feet,
It is the Comforter whom Jesus sent
To teach thee what the words He uttered meant.
The willing, waiting spirit doth He fill,
If thou wouldst hear His message,
Dear soul, be still.

—Selected.

THE PRAYERLESS LIFE.

The Christian who neglects private prayer is in process of slow but sure spiritual suicide. Prayer is, after all, the secret of the expanding life. What is the substitute for prayer in the careers of successful soul-winners? The answer must be: There is no substitute.

—Geo. H. McGregor said: "I would rather train one man to pray than ten men to preach."—Sel.



Address all communications for this department to Mrs. John T. Benson,
Eastland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dear Children: Many of you have known that Brother McClurkan, editor of this paper, has been ill for weeks with typhoid fever. Some of you have learned that in the early morning hours of Wednesday, September 16, he slipped away from us to go and live with the Lord.

You will find many things in this week's paper about the blessed work he has been able to do for his Master. And I could tell you much about that myself, for it has been my great privilege to be associated with him for years. It seemed to me, though, that you would love to know something about his childhood, and I write the following lines praying that God will use them to lead some boy or girl to Christ.

HIS BIRTHPLACE.

Looking on a map of Tennessee, you will find in the western part and about on the northern boundary line, the county of Houston. About twelve years ago I visited this county and spent some days in the neighborhood where our Brother McClurkan was born. It is a beautiful country. As far as the eye can see there are vast stretches of hills, an endless procession of giant mounds. They slope into each other and lift great, softly rounded breasts to the sky. They are covered with a heavy growth of big forrest trees, so that the eye is held, charmed by every tint of green and every beautiful curve and slope of these magnificent ranges of hills. Yellow Creek, almost a small river, winds in and out all through the valley section. Running swiftly over its gravel bed, sparkling in the sunshine, it seems to follow the direction of the friendly hills. We may be sure that they feed it from many springs, and send down little rivers of water when rain is falling. But, beautiful as the hill country is, we all know that hill farms are poor. It isn't easy to get a living out of the stony soil. Yet this was the problem which, between fifty and sixty years ago, confronted Rev. John McClurkan and wife, the parents of our Brother McClurkan.

HIS PARENTS.

The father was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, who left his little home on Saturdays, traveling over a long circuit, preaching the gospel on Sundays and returning to the hill farm and the week's hard toil on Mondays. The devout young wife, a praying, God-fearing woman, would climb to her seat on a gentle old horse, her first little son in her arms, and ride to preaching at Old Bethany, the nearest church. A little over fifty-two years ago a second baby son came to these Christian parents. And now, on Sundays, while the father was away preaching on his circuit, the mother still mounted the old horse. One little boy was seated behind her, clasping her about the waist. The baby James was held in her arms, and carried to the Lord's house each Sunday. Thus his earliest memories were of the sermons, the prayers, the hymns of the Sabbath services. One by one other little lives came into the plain farm home until thirteen sons and daughters had been born to the preacher-farmer and his wife. It was a problem, the feeding of all these children, the clothing of their bodies. Are you wondering why the people who listened to the earnest man of God from Sunday to Sunday did not lift the bur-

den? Well, the world has always been willing to take much from God's messengers and pay little for it.

The three older children, all boys, went to the fields when very young. They learned to plow and plant and cultivate. A living *must* be wrung out of the stony slopes of the farm, and there was no place for idle hands. The mother was a busy woman, often toiling until the midnight hour was past. Even if she sat down, it was to reach out her tired hand to a big basket of mending or darning, which always stood waiting. From the first, she had seen that her little son James was a frail, delicate child. Her heart went out to him in a very peculiar way, and she mothered him as tenderly as she could. The slender, delicate body of the boy, however, held a strong, active spirit. He loved to be busy. If his head ached so badly that he could not go to the field, he must be doing something to help his mother. He wiped dishes, swept the floors, bound straw into brooms and swept the doorways and the yard. Sometimes the headache grew so bad that he couldn't be busy about these things, and then the mother, taking time, would hold him in her arms, pressing the throbbing head to her loving heart.

The good woman had never given up Sunday services for herself and her children. Long since there had grown to be too many little boys and girls for the old horse. So now the farm wagon was made ready. The children, clean and neat from the busy mother's hands, jolted away over the rough hill roads to the little church in the valley. Here they sat quietly and respectfully during the sermon. And here they heard the gospel preached in old-time power. Once a year a big revival meeting was held. People came from far and near, bringing their dinner and staying until after night service.

Preachers in those days believed the Bible. They preached about hell and the awful condition of lost souls. They poured out burning messages and plead with men to repent of their sins. An altar, with straw scattered about it, was held open for penitents. And about this altar, weeping men and women gathered. Often in the midst of crying and praying some soul would make its peace with God, and then shouts of rejoicing would go up. These scenes made a strong impression upon the children of the congregation. Perhaps none felt them more keenly than did the boy, James McClurkan. He thought much of these things, and longed in his heart to become a Christian. He was a timid child and shrank from doing things which brought him into notice. He had prayed much, but had never sought God openly.

HIS CONVERSION.

When he was a lad of twelve or thirteen, he decided that he must take this step. At one of the yearly meetings he made his way to the altar trying to find Jesus as the Saviour of his soul. He was only a boy, thin, pale, quiet. Who could know that a great soul-winner was kneeling at the altar? Who could tell what the pen was going to do in those slim fingers? Who could foresee that in after years the zeal in this boy's heart would kindle others until the influence would reach but to lands across the seas? It was late at night, most of the people had gone home. One old man rested a kindly hand upon the boy's head and said a few words of encouragement. And Jesus lingered, you may be sure. He was knocking at the door of the young heart, and the boy was trying to open it to Him. Very quietly, yet very definitely, he yielded his heart and life to Christ, and reckoned that from that night he was no longer his own, but belonged to another who had bought his soul from death with His own blood. I believe, chil-

dren, that one of the secrets of this man's success in the Christian life lay just here—in his *honesty* with Jesus Christ. He had given himself to Christ that he might be saved. And he recognized absolutely this ownership in deciding every question which arose in his life.

It has been pointed out that he was a quiet, timid child. This was true of him all through life. Yet, behind the shy and modest exterior, there was a nature of unusual courage and strength. From the day of his conversion he was bold for his Lord. My boy cousins will realize that it isn't an easy thing to pray with their boy friends. Yet this boy who had given his heart to Christ organized prayer meetings for boys. Apart from the older people they learned to pray before each other. Who can tell the influence of such meetings on the boys who attended them? O, a boy can do real things for God.

HIS EDUCATION.

The father of this large family of children was a man of scholarly habits. Every sacrifice was made that the children might get all the benefits of the country school. Every penny which could be spared was put into good books for himself and his children. Wise father!

James proved to be the book worm of the family. When his father came in at night, it was the lad's greatest pleasure to read aloud to the tired man. Thus a taste for good reading was formed. After supper the circle of children gathered about the large open fireplace. A big circle it was, father at one end, Bible on the little window ledge near him, mother at the other, her heaped up basket of mending by her side. A chapter was read and explained, then all bowed while their father held them up to God in prayer.

When lessons were studied, one by one the sleepy children sought their beds. All but the second boy. He lingered, pouring over one of his father's books. Closer and closer he would creep to the fire, until he crouched in the corner of the fireplace. Stirring up the blazing back log now and then, he would read on and on, sometimes for hours after the others slept. He was blessed with a remarkably keen eyesight, and until a few years ago could still read by moonlight. These hours of good reading laid the foundation of a large knowledge. Older men found it interesting to talk to the lad, who, for all his shyness, read and thought about real questions.

IN TRAINING.

At the age of fourteen he went regularly to the fields to work. Still slender and delicate he did his part in hard bodily labor, a man's work often falling to his share. Sometimes he went to the home every thread of his clothing wet with perspiration, and the mother's heart would grow anxious over him. But there was need of his help, and he gave it, refusing to be favored because of his weak body. We have often heard him say that God was fitting his shoulders then for the heavy burdens he was to bear in after life.

At the age of nineteen he joined the presbytery, beginning at once to go out with his father on the circuit. He took his turn at preaching, while the father sat behind him in the pulpit and prayed. The Lord is always having places of real influence open for the right person. The trouble is, children, that so few of us get ourselves ready for such places. We see others step into them and wonder why we couldn't do it. But we seldom think of the years of preparation which the successful man had made beforehand. Can you not see that during these years the timid country boy was getting himself ready for the place awaiting him out in the big world?

He married when he was about twenty-one, moving with his young wife to Texas. Still working, teaching, preach-

ing, he spent several years there. He was called to a church in California, and spent some years on the coast, either as a pastor or an evangelist. It was at this time that he heard the doctrine of sanctification preached. He was the pastor of a church which was being built up on deeply spiritual lines. People were being saved in his services. Yet he did not hesitate to go to the altar, seeking for the truth on this great question. He submitted himself absolutely to God, that God's will and not his own should be worked out in the matter. After the wonderful experience of sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Spirit came to him, he began at once to preach this truth to the people. In the providence of God he was led to Nashville, where he has labored for seventeen years. It is here, perhaps, that the larger part of his life's work was done. The Tabernacle congregation was started with a handful of workers. During all these years the Tabernacle has been known as a place where sinners were pointed to Jesus at every service and Christians helped to a life of greater power. He has edited *Living Water* for fifteen years. He has sent it out, week after week, loaded with prayer and filled with Bible truth. We will never know in this world what it has meant to thousands of homes. His heart burned to send the gospel to the heathen. The world's lost multitudes were constantly held up before his congregation. Young people began to offer themselves for the work, and this led him to establish the Bible and Literary Training School, now Trevecca College. Even those of us who knew him best can have little idea of what he has meant to his students or what they have accomplished under his guidance. Besides their school work, they have visited the poor, ministered to the sick, preached on the streets, and held regular services in the workhouse and jail. Many of them are preaching, either in our own country or in foreign lands. As you all know, mission stations have been opened in five different countries.

These words give you some idea of how God has used the life which was given to him by the little boy back there in old Bethany Church. We can see, children, that the Lord is not dependent upon handsome homes, abundant means, or even fine schools and colleges, to fit some one for leadership in His work. He *can* use a life fully given to Him. Will you give Him yours?

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

I wish to tell you something about the funeral services. Brother McClurkan loved the beautiful things which his Heavenly Father has made. On special school occasions and commencement nights it gave him great pleasure to see the auditorium decorated with palms and flowers. A kind friend of his, a florist, often sent him a wagon load of these beautiful growing things to use at such times. Remembering this, a thoughtful friend provided a number of palms and plants for the funeral. Flowers, too, were sent in great quantities from friends all over the city. I wish you could have seen them. There were sheaves of snowy lilies, wreaths of pink roses, a profusion of purple and white and crimson blossoms made into many beautiful designs. They were banked about pulpit and railing, covered tables and stands on the platform, and seemed to fill that end of the church with soft, rosy light.

A member of the family told me how she had dreaded the sadness of the service. This feeling left her, she said, as soon as she had entered the building. There were the palms, Brother McClurkan had loved so well. Wherever she looked the sweet, bright faces of flowers smiled upon her. The people were singing softly, yet with the note of victory which he loved to hear at a funeral.

It wasn't like a funeral, she told me. It was like *commencement night*. Lying there, in the midst of the things which always gave him pleasure, she knew it was just as he would have wanted it.

You know, children, that the sting of death is sin. And while there is great sorrow and loneliness in our hearts, there is no sting there; only the sweet memory of the words and prayers and life of this saintly man of God.

How are we going to do without him? We do not know. We must look to our Heavenly Father to care for us. We want to be faithful, doing the work which we are left here to do. And some day, when Jesus calls us, we expect to meet our brother again. Will you not pray for us?

COUSIN EVA.

A TRIBUTE FROM J. L. BRASHER.

It is difficult to write words in memory of a great and good man, especially if he be a special friend and comrade. Such was my very dear Brother, J. O. McClurkan. To attempt a plain, matter of fact delineation of his character and work would seem to some like exaggeration. Quiet and unassuming, he went about his Master's business, doing the work of three strong men. He had a genius for sustained, hard work. Although seemingly frail in body, he worked something like sixteen hours daily, and that the most exhaustive labor. As a writer of timely, strong, and deeply spiritual editorials he was unsurpassed by any of our Christian editors. As a school administrator, he ruled by high moral character and nobility of soul, while his genius descended into all the details of the entire management. As a pastor he needs not that my poor pen shall be used, but simply to say that the great throngs of humanity that passed by his casket from every walk in life and gazed lovingly and with tear-stained face upon his silent form proclaimed more effectively than can I how he had wrought among the people. As a preacher he was unique. His sermons were full of proverbs woven in the loom of his experience. How they burned, searched, scintillated, taught, fed, and edified! *He had a message from God.* It has been my regret these years that his ministry was localized. How all the camps of the nation needed his great teachings! Many of his brethren misunderstood him. He had a vision of the deeper, disciplining of the soul after sanctification in the perfection of character that was in some instances totally misconstrued. His ministry was very much blessed, of God to my own soul. I never heard him speak on any occasion but with profit to myself. He was love aflame, directed by a fine discrimination and unusual wisdom. When one considers his natural timidity and great conservatism, he must be amazed at the divine passion that swept him on until many thought him a radical. How often have we seen him blush and his fine, expressive face show keenest pain when some one spoke in a complimentary way about him or his work, thus showing his great humility. His was a holy, white soul. His was an exalted, unusual mind. How often in his study or on the streets as we have communed together has he caused me to wonder at the vision and grasp of his intelligence! He was successful and efficient as editor, administrator, educator, pastor, author, and evangelist. His going is like that of a large tree that leaves a great open place against the sky. I have written calmly and dispassionately, knowing how easy it is for the heart to take wings. But O, how I longed for all the dear evangelists to know him as I knew him; for to know him as I did was to love him as I did. And he did so long for the fellowship of his brethren. How

shall we get along without him? A minister and a fellow townsman, speaking at his funeral, said: "In that coffin lies the first citizen of Nashville. But he was greater than that: he was a *world citizen*, with sympathies as broad as the race and as deep as humanity's needs." I am personally bereaved. He was my brother and friend, tender and well beloved. O how I miss him! It remains for us who tabernacle here to carry on the great work which engaged his heart and soul. Let us dedicate ourselves to the completion of the unfinished task. Let us see to it that the poor, the ignorant, the fallen, the heathen, the all of society for which he labored, shall not have occasion to say that their friend is gone and there are none to help or to pity. Let us do our best. I cannot describe the ocean nor the mountains. How much less a human soul renewed in the image of God. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! . . . Thou wast slain in the high places. I am distressed for thee my brother. . . . Very pleasant has thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Farewell, my dearly beloved. Thou hast gotten quicker to thy crown than have we. We shall see thee in the morning, when the dew is upon the flowers and earth sorrows shall have been swept away and all the weary watchers shall have found rest. Farewell until we shall say, "All hail!"

In loving sympathy.

J. L. BRASHER.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE NASHVILLE BANNER.

In the death of Rev. J. O. McClurkan, pastor of the Pentecostal Mission Tabernacle in this city, which occurred at a local infirmary this morning at 2:30 o'clock, there passed from Nashville one of its most beloved pastors and strongest forces in the upbuilding of local, moral, civic, and religious standards. Mr. McClurkan had been ill for forty-five days with typhoid fever, and from the very first manifestation of the dread disease there had been considerable fears entertained for his recovery. However, several days ago there seemed to be a marked improvement in his condition and his family physician and friends became more hopeful for his ultimate restoration to health; but the disease had so weakened his constitution that he was unable to withstand its ravages.

The passing of Mr. McClurkan causes widespread sorrow, not only in Nashville but in many other places where both his work and his splendid personal characteristics were well known. As pastor of the Pentecostal Mission Tabernacle and as head of Trevecca College, an institution for training young men and women for religious work, and also as a prime mover or leading spirit in all movements for the advancement and welfare of mankind, Mr. McClurkan had perhaps touched as many lives with a beneficial influence as any man in the city. No man or woman had fallen so low, according to the world's estimate, but that he was ready to hold out to them a helping hand or to take them to the Pentecostal Tabernacle and administer to them, and many are the expressions of the grief they felt in the passing of Mr. McClurkan because of the individual assistance he had given them.

He was a native of Tennessee, Houston County being the place of his birth. He was about 53 years of age, and had been in Nashville as pastor of the Pentecostal Mission for about seventeen years, during which time the work of the Pentecostal Tabernacle had greatly increased along many lines. The Tabernacle had been enlarged several times to meet the needs of the congregation, as had the Trevecca College buildings. In fact, the latter has grown to such an extent under his direction that new property was recently

purchased which provides for the school's operation upon a much larger scale. It is with a feeling of great regret on the part of many that he did not live to see the school take possession of the new plant, which is located in East Nashville on the site of the former home of Mr. Percy Warner. The hospital on Eighth Avenue is another institution established through the aid of Mr. McClurkan for the benefit of suffering humanity.

A LETTER FROM REV. B. F. HAYNES, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Brother Benson: Just this moment a letter handed me by the postman informed me of the death of dear Brother McClurkan, which shocked me profoundly. Well, how we are passing away! No better man could have been called away than he. How strange that in the very meridian of his usefulness he should be so suddenly called to his great reward. He was ready if any mortal can be, or ever is.

How the startling intelligence sent my mind whirling back athwart the intervening years to the past when I suggested and advised him to start a mission in Nashville! I suppose I was the first man in the world that ever thought of and suggested it to him. He seemed to be surprised at it, but it impressed him and we went together and examined a building. Later he went to the old Tulip Street church.

All along I have watched his career as well as I could at the great distance I have been from him, and it has given me great pleasure to see how God was using him.

"I have just wired my condolence to Sister McClurkan to your care, as I did not know just where she was living. Well, God buries his workmen, but carries on His work. The last day I was with him he was complaining very much, saying he was feeling quite indisposed. He seemed to think little of it, however. Then, however, the fatal trouble may not have been affecting him. I was impressed, however, at his complaining so much more than usual. His habit was, as you know, to complain very little in his life. No matter how he felt he seemed averse to making it known to his friends.

I am profoundly sorry for Sister McClurkan and family and am praying for them and for the work he left behind. God bless you all and lead you in ways of wisdom and take care of the great interests Brother McClurkan left behind him of the Master's kingdom.

I know how the flock to whom he so long preached will miss him and how sorely for the coming years they will miss him whom they so loved and delighted to follow. May the Father in His wisdom and care provide you all a capable and faithful leader for the flock as well as for the school and other interests.

We are all hastening to that same bourne whither he has gone. May we all be as ripe and ready as was he for the exchange of worlds.

A LETTER FROM REV. G. W. MATHEWS, FITZGERALD, GA.

My Dear Brother Benson: And the blow has fallen! The best man I ever knew and the one most essential to a large and providential work has been called away, and we ask, "What shall be done to fill his place?" We know it cannot be done, and yet God has a plan to carry forward His own work. We had so hoped and trusted that he had passed the crisis and was on his way to recovery. Again and again it has been on my mind and heart to write asking if it were not so? I have just tried to write Sister McClurkan some of the thoughts the sudden news had

stirred. We loved and revered Brother McClurkan for his unselfish and saintly character, and his *deadness*. "He lived what he preached." Let us hear from you in this time of stress, and be assured of the prayers and love of two who appreciated and loved him whom you mourn.

ONLY WAIT

This is one of Bro. McClurkan's favorite hymns.

Of I hear a gentle whisper o'er me stealing,
When my trials and my burdens seem too great;
Like the sweet voiced bells of evening softly pealing,
It is saying to my spirit, Only wait.

CHORUS:

Only wait; again I hear that whisper,
Only wait, 'twill not be very long,
Even now the Father's hand is leading,
Soon with Jesus we will sing the victor's song.

When I cannot understand my Father's leading,
And it seems to be but hard and cruel fate,
Still I hear that heav'nly whisper ever pleading:
God is faithful, God is working, only wait.

When the promise seems to linger, long delaying,
And I tremble lest perhaps it come too late,
Still I hear that sweet-voiced angel ever saying:
Tho' it tarry, it is coming, only wait.

When I see the wicked prosper in their sinning,
And the righteous pressed by many a cruel strait,
I remember this is only the beginning,
And I whisper to my spirit, Only wait.

Oh! how little soon will seem our hardest sorrow,
And how trifling is our present brief estate;
Could we see it in the light of heaven's to-morrow,
Oh, how easy it would be for us to wait.

I have chosen my eternal portion yonder,
I am pressing hard to reach yon heav'nly gate;
And tho' oft along the way I weep and wonder,
Still I hear that heavenly whisper, Only wait.

CALENDAR FOR 1915.

Our new velvet calendars for 1915 will be in within the next week. We advise our friends to order these early. We have never yet had enough of them. The price is 30 cents each, or \$3.00 per dozen, postpaid.

NEW MOTTOES

Our new line of mottoes for the season of 1914 has just been received. It contains the most beautiful and attractive patterns that we have ever had. They range in price from 5 cents to \$1.00 each. Send for new catalogue and prices.

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SHALL WE BE "ONE" WHEN THE LORD COMES.

BY EVAN ROBERTS.

SHALL we be one when the Lord comes? How shall those about to be translated be united? Sin cannot do it. Stubbornness of spirit will surely divide us. Shall we not seek humility from God?

Prayer is necessary. To this should be added a true spirit of repentance, and a spirit of confession of sin.

Alas, that we should be DIVIDED when the Lord comes. Shall we not in reality be one, both in mind and spirit?

The devil came into the camp and split it up ten years ago by putting each man's sword against his brother.

May each one of God's children go to God for cleansing of spirit: for (1) victory over sin; (2) victory over Satan; (3) victory over the world.

The enemy's object during the last decade has been to DIVIDE the people of God. He has very much succeeded in making them units, instead of their advancing into a consolidated body.

O, that the voice of God would now call "bone to his bone" among the people of God.

Let us pray for the Spirit of Life to come and breathe into the scattered mass of believers.

Let Him come, and make it into the most beautiful Bride for the Son of God.

The devil has made so many of God's saints unapproachable. He has set his camp around God's elect.

There are saints not on speaking terms! May this inconsistency be removed.

Some of them can not be humbled! They are similar to those described by David. They "could not be taken with the hands. But the man that shall touch them must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear" (2 Sam. 23:6-7).

I do not know how God is going to unite His people; but His is the power, and with Him all things are possible.

Lack of spirituality is such a great hindrance to any great oneness of mind.

God said: "Your sins divide between you and Me." So also is it in the case of believers.

The sins of the one divide from the other. But WHY SHOULD SIN REIGN?

How much more unity had there been today had each one been open to truth.

Children of God, "YE ARE ONE IN HIM." If you want the translation spirit you must pray away

the spirit that hinders—a wounded spirit, a fainting spirit, a worldly spirit.

May there be a straight furrow for each one, and let no wayward horses be attached to our plough.

May God give to each one such a liberation and ascendency of spirit that he cannot sink again beneath Satan, sin, or the world, but be able to dwell with God, far above all principality and power, according to Ephes. 2.

In spite of all treachery, and deceit, and evil doctrines we must hold to the oneness of the Body of Christ.

Put your will against all divisions, and all divisions caused by demons, and in spite of everything that they have done against God, or against you, DECLARE your oneness with the Body of Christ.

We cannot go to heaven divided. There must be oneness in the Body of Christ.

May each one sacrifice in order to be one with God's people.

God can give you a spirit of toleration, and a spirit of oneness; put your will that you will not accept division from anybody, even be their sins ever so great.—Selected.

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Spirit Not to develop the popular "college spirit" but high moral standard and deep spirituality.

Departments Preparatory, Academic, Missionary, Theological, and Collegiate. There is also a course in nursing.

Student Body While the College caters particularly to young men and young women preparing for Christian work, yet it is open to all students desiring to attend a school where they will be surrounded by a wholesome religious atmosphere and spiritual environment.

For Particulars address **J. O. McCLURKAN, President** Nashville, Tennessee
125 Fourth Avenue, North

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

P. R. GENT, Richmond, Va.

CHRIST JOINED FOR BURIAL.
LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1914.
MARK 14:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT: "She hath done what she could." Mk. 14:8.

V. 1. The passover was kept in remembrance of the night in Egypt when God, while slaying the firstborn, passed over the homes of Israel where the blood was sprinkled on the door posts. The lamb slain on that day was a type of our Lord Jesus, and protection through the sprinkled blood is typical of believers' safety through the merit of His blood. The feast of unleavened bread began the day after the passover and continued seven days. Putting away leaven was a type of putting away evil. Those who wish to get benefit and blessing through Christ must put away evil from their lives. Ex. 12:1-28; Lev. 23:4-8; 1 Cor. 5:7, 8.

The religious leaders of Israel regarded the Lord as a dangerous rival. They opposed His teaching and His claims and decided that the only course for them to take was to arrest Him and execute Him.

V. 3. Bethany was about two miles east of Jerusalem. Possibly "Simon the leper" may have been the name by which he was known before and it clung to him as being a convenient distinction between him and Simon Peter. It does not seem probable that the man was a leper at the time of the meal, for people did not associate with lepers. Or perhaps, though the house was Simon's, he was not present. "Box" is translated "cruse" in R. V. The neck was broken in order to pour out the ointment. From John 12:1-3 we see this unnamed woman was Mary, the sister of Lazarus—the one who saw it to be better to sit at the Lord's feet and learn than it was to be "cumbered about much serving." (Lk. 11:39, 40.) It was no doubt these lessons she learned at Jesus' feet that prepared her heart for this act of faith and love. She seems to have not only understood the fact as regards Christ's death, but also the nearness of it. Others brought spices for His dead body; she brought spikenard to Him while yet alive. How much more happiness there would be in the world if people would bring gifts to the living instead of only putting flowers on their coffin!

Mary's act was the outflow of both love and faith—a rich, lavish gift, the result of an unsparing love. There was nothing that was cold or calculating clinging to her to cause her to count the cost. In her eyes, and to her heart, nothing was too good nor too costly to devote to Jesus, even though its effects were apparently of short duration. And who knows how much cheer came to our Lord through this loving act? Most of His people are more taken up with what comes to them from Christ than with what comes to Him through them.

V. 4. What a contrast! They did not know the difference between lavish love and senseless waste.

V. 5. A right principle but wrongly applied. Economy for the sake of helping the poor, or forwarding God's cause, is right, but it should not become so calculating and rigid that it clogs the operation of love even in its lavish fullness and freeness. It is easy to murmur against one who is right. One reason why people misjudge others is because

they judge by appearances only (John 7:24). Another reason is that people seek their own will in forming opinions. The Bible warns us against both of these things. If you wish to form right opinions, do not judge by appearances and do not seek your own will, but God's. Prayer and trust come in, too.

Among these murmurers, and probably the first one to find fault, was Judas Iscariot (John 12:4, 5). With him the mention of the poor was merely an excuse. He wanted the money for his own use. The ointment "was worth about fifty dollars, a year's wages in Christ's time, and equal to about \$500 now" (Vollmer). This amount of money was a strong attraction to him and afforded plenty of material for the others to base an objection on. Yet as it was "not their own, but another's goods they wanted sold," their selfishness is apparent. They were part of the large number who hold generous views about the use of others' property.

V. 6. Christ's rebuke of the wrong, approval of the right and reversal of man's judgment are seen here. The same has taken place in many other cases and will take place in the future.

V. 7. Were some of His hearers convicted that they had not shown as much zeal in helping the poor as they put on just then? They had had continuous opportunities, but had they been used? It is easy to put on zeal about others' actions and put it off when it comes to one's own actions. This is hypocrisy.

V. 8. Mary acted up to the full measure of her abilities—a blessed testimony to have.

V. 9. The gospel history contains a memorial of Mary's deed just as Christ said it would. It also contains a record of her critics' objections. How little she, or they, thought of this at the time! God records men's deeds and misdeeds, though few live in view of the fact.

V. 10, 11. It is not impossible for Mary's loving act tended to intensify the evil disposition of Judas. Possibly this disappointment to his covetousness made him turn to another way of gratifying it—by betraying Jesus for money.

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