

Living Water

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

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Things Touching the King

BY REV. F. S. WEBSTER.

"When the multitude saw it they marveled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men."—Matt. 9:8.

ALL the efforts of the envious scribes to throw dust into the eyes of the people and convict the Lord Jesus Christ of blasphemy had miscarried. The multitude saw and knew that Jesus had not mocked that sufferer who had been brought to Him. As certainly as He had healed and renewed his palsied frame, so had He with equal ease wrought the greater miracle, and lifted from his guilty conscience the intolerable burden of sin. They began to rejoice and to marvel, and to glorify God, because they realized that a new era of assured forgiveness and deliverance had dawned for sinful men. Surely we ought to follow their example. We ought to praise God, because Jesus is the same to-day; and all that He was in tender love and power when He healed that paralytic, that He is still in the healing virtue of his precious blood and the renewing power of his mighty Resurrection. We have come here to meet with Him, and He is here to meet with us. There is only one way of blessing. Many of us are never tired of treading it. The cry rises from our hearts still; "Sir, we would see Jesus." That is the way of blessing. Familiar as we are with the story of the sick of the palsy, if the Holy Ghost just uses it to show us the Lord Jesus, our meditation will not be in vain, and no one will fail of a blessing.

FAITH'S GLORIOUS REWARD.

Our subject, then, is the things touching the King in this story. There are five of them. I will mention them one by one.

First, I want you to see his wonderful power of eliciting faith in Himself. Look at that whispered conversation going on amongst those four men in that narrow street. What does it mean? One of them has brought forward a proposal. It has been met with criticisms and objections. They have all been overruled, and the four men disappear into one of the houses, and before long reappear carrying on a light mattress a poor palsied man, a helpless sufferer. What does it mean? They are going to take him to Jesus because they are quite sure Jesus is able to cure him. His was a perfectly hopeless case. Even in these days of all our advanced surgical skill and scientific knowledge a case like that admits of no cure, and hardly any alleviation. But these men are full of magnificent hopefulness, because they know the power of Jesus. Their faith leads to earnest endeavor; they overcome all obstacles, and they bring the man before Jesus. They do not send a deputation; they do not make any formal request; they have such faith in Jesus that they are sure this case, desperate as it is, is not beyond his power, and that his sympathy and compassion will not fail. Does not that faith live on still? Now, after nearly nineteen centuries of experience, is it not stronger than ever? Wherever the name of Jesus is named, there is a conviction in men's hearts that the whole world cannot produce the sinner whom Jesus cannot save. Even amongst those who,

perhaps, would shrink from confessing and calling themselves Christians there is a deep conviction that "when other helpers fail and comforts flee" there is a "Help of the helpless," an un-failing Refuge of all who are in trouble and distress. If you look out upon the world, if you see the magnificent army of followers of the Good Samaritan, men who are grappling with the wounded and the fallen on life's highway both at home and abroad, and you ask, What is the secret of their unquenchable enthusiasm, their magnificent hopefulness? It lies in the faith which Jesus Christ has awakened in their hearts. They know they have behind them a Master who never fails, a Saviour who is all-sufficient, a dear Lord who understands all and loves through it all.

FAITH AND COURAGE IN ACTION.

To-day Jesus Christ has the same power of awakening faith in Himself, and even this cruel war, with all the misery and suffering it has brought, does not shake one little bit our confidence in Jesus. The Lord Jesus is here, and we have unlimited, unbounded faith in Him. That is the first thing touching the King: his unique power of drawout faith in Himself. Where the agnostic and the sceptic would fold their hands in despair, and curse heaven for the misery and troubles from which they saw no way of deliverance or escape, the man who knows Jesus Christ takes fresh courage of faith, and sets himself with steadfast perseverance, with indomitable courage, and with magnificent hopefulness, to raising the fallen, and comforting the weak-hearted.

The second thing touching the King is his readiness to show kindness and sympathy. It would surely be an ordeal for that palsied man to face such critical folk. His fears were awakened when he found the place so crowded, and realized what a multitude was thronging the Saviour; and when his energetic friends overcame all difficulties and broke through the roof, he began to picture the annoyance and disgust on the faces of the punctillious Pharisees. Jesus knew all about it. He knew all his fears, his hesitation, how he could not bear being the centre of all eyes. Jesus had no annoyance. He was perfectly delighted at the faith which had triumphed over such obstacles, faith which had dared so much, and He set Himself at once to bless and help the sufferer who needed Him so sorely. He set Himself to deal with that battered, bruised, broken reed, and bring him back out of captivity, out of despair into hope and courage and newness of life. So his first word to the man was this, "Son, be of good cheer." That is the part that Jesus always plays. He is always telling people to be of good cheer. Even in the homes in England to-day which are overshadowed with anxiety and sorrow and sinking of heart Jesus Christ says the same word, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer." It is a wicked slander, it is a slander of blind, ignorant worldliness to suppose that the teaching of Jesus tends to melancholy and gloom. It is just the other way. The words, "They began to be merry," were spoken of the

prodigal, not when he was in the far country making merry with his boon companions, but after he had trod the lowly path of penitence, and with the father's kiss still warm upon his cheek, sat down to the well-filled table in the father's house. Jesus Christ always comes to bring us joy, to tell us to be of good cheer.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MASTER.

I wonder if there are not some who are a little bit afraid of getting too near to God. You have an uncomfortable feeling that if you get very near to God you will be driven out of some convenient compromise, some little Zoar where you have taken refuge in order to escape full and complete surrender to God; you are a little afraid that if you get quite near to God there will be revealed in your heart secret aims and ambitions, some reserves which are not according to the will of God. You are afraid, perhaps, that some strong personality with wonderful powers of spiritual surgery and perhaps great anatomical skill, and not always the Master's tender touch, will break into secret chambers of your soul and reveal these things to you; you are afraid of the discovery you will make of things that are wrong within if you get near to God. I want to say to you, you have not to deal with us; you have to deal with the Master, who, though more faithful than the most faithful preacher that ever lived, is far more tender than any of us. He wants to encourage you, and his first word to you who are shrinking from blessing is, "Be of good cheer." Sin is the only joy-killer, "Be of good cheer; when I lay hold of your life I will enrich it, I will fill it with satisfaction and delight beyond your utmost conception."

The third thing touching the King that I want you to see is his faithfulness in dealing with sin. This man was suffering from three things: a palsied frame, a sad heart, and a sin-burdened conscience. Jesus Christ is careful to put first things first. He knew that his heavy heart was far more due to a sin-burdened conscience than to the palsied frame. So when He says, "Son be of good cheer," He does not go on, "and your sickness shall be healed;" but "Son, be of good cheer, your sins are forgiven."

THE LORD'S SYMPATHY IN TROUBLE.

In this materialistic age people like to forget about sin, they ignore the fact that there is something repulsive, vulgar about sin, and they like to forget all about it, and dismiss it from them as an uncomfortable dream. But they are hard up against the facts of life, hard up against the poverty, sickness, pain, and sorrow. This is the gospel they want, this is the promise the materialist, the secularist makes, namely, smoothing these things out of human life. Then this great war breaks up the mockery of their smooth sayings and plunges the world as never before into unspeakable suffering. Jesus Christ never promises his people immunity from sorrow. He told them that in all their afflictions He was afflicted; that not only would He not willingly afflict the children of men, but that whenever He did afflict them, He came and suffered alongside of them, that in all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. Christ tells us that in all these things which make almost for despair, which make for down-heartedness, anxiety, famine, tribulation, distress, nakedness, sword—in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. Jesus Christ starts by dealing with the sin. He can deal with the rest afterwards, sometimes at once, sometimes when He comes again; but here and now He starts by beginning with the sin. Dear friend, if you want a blessing, and I know you do, will you start by beginning with your sins? If there is a lack of joy, if there is a lack of comfort,

if there is a lack of power in your daily experience, then it is because of some hidden sins, sins in the heart, sins allowed in the life, sins that you pass over and try to make nothing of, which shut out God's blessing.

I want to tell you two things about sin. I want to say, first of all, and to say it as earnestly as I can, do not be afraid of God's probing; He never wounds except to heal, He never humbles except to exalt. Do let God deal with you; do not be afraid of His probing. I am not going to try to probe you; but let God probe you. The next thing I want to say is this, do deal honestly with everything which, as God searches you, comes into your mind, every doubtful thing which will suggest itself, everything of which, it may be the Holy Spirit, or it may be perhaps conscience, says, that is the evil hindrance that is stopping the blessing, that is the idol that is blocking the channel, that is what robs your life of purity and power. With all these things which seem to you to be doubtful, concerning which, at any rate, doubts arise in your mind, I ask you to deal honestly. Do not say, as we often do, I will give it up as soon as God shows me it is wrong. Give it up, and say, "I will not touch it until God assures me it is right." Jesus Christ is always faithful in dealing with sin, because sin lies at the very root of all our misery and our weakness.

Now comes the fourth point; our Lord's confidence in the efficacy of his forgiveness. We cannot blame those physicians who, when they come across in any patient traces of a disease for which there is no remedy, shrink from telling the whole truth, because they know that hope is the best medicine of the body, as also of the soul; and that to tell a man that he is suffering from an incurable disease would be to destroy all hope and spoil the rest of his life. That is the way in which all teachers except the Lord Jesus Christ, who is Saviour as well as Teacher, have to deal with the great question of sin. If they are honest, they know that they know no cure for it, and because they know no remedy they try to belittle the evil of it lest they should drive sinners to despair.

THE MASTER'S METHOD WITH SIN.

The world, those who do not know the power of the precious blood of Christ, cannot give an honest diagnosis of moral evil, because they know no effectual remedy. But Jesus Christ is not afraid to drag out your sins, to call them not infirmities but sins, to declare that you are guilty of them; because He knows the complete remedy for them, because He can say as no other can, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven." The Pharisees were there sitting in the front row, ready to criticize and to find fault. They were untouched by the sympathy of the Man of Sorrows; they were unmoved by his masterly dealing with the problem of sin. Instead of being filled with joy that He had such a message of hope and comfort for the poor and helpless sufferer, the palsied paralytic, they charged Him with blasphemy: "No man can forgive sins, but God only." Their charge made no impression upon the Saviour. He knew his own power. "The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." He knew that his forgiveness was with power and authority. It was the authority of Jesus which had always impressed the multitudes; "He spake as One having authority;" and now He forgives sins as one having authority, not in the tentative, hypothetical way in which absolution is pronounced in any place of worship; He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel. That is useful as a proclamation of the message of forgiveness; but there is always the "if" underlying it; if you repent and believe, then God forgives. Jesus spoke as One who could read the heart, who could dis-

tinguish between the false and real repentance, between dead and living faith, and who could say to the man, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." His word settled the matter. His authority was final. When you come into the presence of Jesus Christ you need not mind being convicted of sin, because his absolution does absolve, because his word of pardon is with power, and because—O listen to this, child of God, and learn the import of it!—wrapped up in every absolution Jesus gives there is the promise of holiness, the promise of a walk that shall please God. You may accept his forgiveness with confidence. A thousand bishops or priests may declare you absolved; but if you were not truly repentant you would not be absolved at all. But when Jesus, reading your heart, tells you that your sins are forgiven, then it is true, and a truth that works out as power to reform, to uplift.

THE POWER OF CHRIST'S DELIVERANCE.

That brings me to my last point, the fifth thing touching the King: the Saviour's power to establish the daily walk of those whom He forgives. "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith He to the sick of the palsy) Arise, take up thy bed, and walk." And the man who for years had been helpless and could not walk at all sprang up and carried his bed and walked forth in newness of life.

That is exactly what has taken place in God's mercy all these years. Christians have been lying on beds, giving way to some indulgence, without any power to overcome it, without any power to walk so as to please God. They knew forgiveness, but they did not know the power of Christ's deliverance; and they have met Christ in some tent, or they have met Christ on some hillside, or they have met Christ kneeling by their own bedside; they have gone forth and walked in newness of life. There has been liberty, there has been power, there has been joy, there has been victory in

their daily walk, to which they were strangers before. You know the verse in Colossians, "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." The word means to walk about, it means your natural, unconscious behavior. I suppose there are times when most of us are on our good behavior. We are in the presence of those whom we love and esteem, and we would be very careful not to show any recklessness of conduct which would grieve them; but this verse means not merely when we are on our good behavior, but at all times, our natural, unconscious activities of daily life are to be in Him, that when we are off our guard we are still in his keeping, and all our daily life is in Him, in the pathway of his will, in the power of his grace, in the peace of his presence. That is how Christ can establish the walk of those whom He forgives. Instead of the forgiven soul going away to a life of stumbling, to a life of defeat, to a life of impotency and of incompetency, the forgiving soul goes away walking in newness of life and the blessing of God.

WHEN THE CRITICS ARE SILENCED.

Will you have this blessing? That is what silenced the critics. Nothing silences the enemies of Christ except the Christlikeness of those who are called by his name. When they called those first disciples at Antioch Christians, it was because, though they knew they were disciples of Paul and Barnabas, they felt that a change had been wrought in their character or conduct which was not the work of Paul or Barnabas, but the work of the living Christ. That is what silences critics. They would like to say that Christ is dead; but a dead Christ cannot make living Christians.

If you will come in all your helplessness to the feet of Jesus, first receiving his word of pardon, then waiting for his word of power, his word of enabling, you shall go forth with your daily walk so established that all who see you will marvel and will glorify God.—*The Life of Faith.*

The Trial of Your Faith

"Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you."—1 Pet. 4:12.

EVERY thing in the natural world is tried. The storm tests the strength and foundation of every oak. The winds and waves and heat and cold try all nature, and that which cannot stand the test goes down, that which stands is made stronger. The scientist and inventor and manufacturer test all material and all their arts before they are ready for use. A test is helpful to that which is real; it sets at naught that which is not genuine. A test is right, for it would be unsafe and not right to put things on market or in use which would fail and bring calamity.

And everything in the spiritual world is tested. The angels were no doubt tried, and the Devil, a prince angel, when he was tried fell, and with him a third of the heavenly host; thus we have Satan and numberless demons in the spiritual realm opposing God and truth. And every soul that confesses faith in Christ will be tried. Let no one think to escape. The trial must come in one way or another, to test your faith. Our Lord wants a company of overcomers, a company with divine, tried, white, pure natures, just like Christ, to glorify Him here and show forth his praises in the ages to come; a company of sons of God, who believed Him when everything was contrary and cold and dark and confusing, when blessing was gone and reverses had come; He wants a company that will turn utterly from the flesh and stand and wait and cry to Him and trust his faithfulness when they are left alone and cannot see his face nor hear his voice nor get one degree of comfort from a single promise; yea, who will hush and weep and wait

at his feet and suffer on till He does come, though the Book is closed to them and the heavens seem brass. And for this company of tried ones and true ones, who suffered the loss of all things and drank their death in Christ, whose faith failed not in the hottest fires and the deepest floods and severest storms, who fell on the Rock and were broken and believing and patient, there will be a glory and praise and honor at the appearing of Jesus Christ beyond all but the conception of God. And furthermore, even now, I am persuaded that holy angels looking on our faith in the furnace fires, are in some way instructed, as they see us weep and wait and follow on and believe when there is nothing to see. Eph. 3:10. O the unseen glory that is now in sore trials, and the bliss that awaits the truly tried and faithful ones in the ages to come! It is worth ten thousand times ten thousand and the test of a life of full faith in Christ Jesus.

And in these days, it seems the trial of the saints is more marked and severe than ever before in inward conflicts and with tormenting and seducing spirits. It certainly must be a sign of the declension of the age, the close of the dispensation and the coming of the Lord. O, stand fast, dear ones, for we must be close to the breaking of the day. Hallelujah.

We are given to think of the martyrs of old, who burned at the stake, and were fed to lions, and were sawn asunder, and were beheaded, and were run down and hunted as animals, all for the sake of Christ; we are given to think of them as having been tested above what is known to-day. They were tested; it was indeed a fiery trial to them; and it helps us to read of them in the 11th of Hebrews. But I doubt that they knew scarcely anything of the conflicts that

press the souls of saints to-day. Their test was more single and simple and outward; it was more easily discerned and met and the decision made. They mainly just had to meet one thing—give up Christ or die.

But to-day the conflict is more, multiplied and dense and confusing and invisible and distressing.

Doctrinal demons with false and enticing lights and weak and hurtful teachings are covering the earth and beckoning to the religiously inclined everywhere.

Divisional and sectarian demons are beclouding and bewildering God's dear saints in all lands and especially America.

Formal and cultured demons who deny the power of God, yet make great outward show, are spreading themselves like the green bay tree in great religious systems to the earth's remotest bounds.

Legal demons, who magnify days and meats and forms and ordinances, are binding and hindering and confusing.

Mystical and extreme demons, who do away with all ordinances or all divine order in worship are stalking forth and laying hold of some.

Lying and deceiving demons are entering into the circles of the most spiritual and mimicking the true worship and gifts of the Spirit, seeking to overthrow the faith of the saints.

"Talk" demons are condemning and criticizing and fault-finding among the children of God, disregarding fervent, covering love, and causing reproach and distrust and disorder.

Mental demons are making a special attack on the minds of many, so that it is a common thing for some believer to be pressed out of measure with a strained brain or to be possessed with some form of insanity.

Physical demons of disease are swarming forth everywhere and attacking the bodies of those who do not keep perfectly hid in Christ.

National and civic and political demons are swelling and swaying over the earth, raising armies and navies, increasing public expenditures and taxes, and burdening and straining and distressing the bulk of humanity.

Money and pleasure and scientific demons are building cities and perfecting arts and multiplying inventions and laying out pleasing and enticing and attractive things that lead the millions from God and simplicity.

Domestic demons are entering homes and separating husbands and wives, and destroying natural affections, and debasing children, filling them with unusual and early independence and disobedience, and tormenting mothers and fathers.

Lust demons and drug demons are burning and fanning the passions and destroying the life and nerves of humanity as never in this world before.

And hosts of lying and hissing and insinuating and oppressive and threatening demons are gathering around those who are determined to go through with Christ, and are horrifying and distressing them with their past or their future, accusing them of sin, and blaming God of not coming to their rescue, and telling them what they received was false, and raising up mountains of despair, and opening pits of horror, and throwing their pale deathly shadows continually across their pathway.

Hell's mouth is opened wide and a swarm of demons seem to fill the air and atmosphere contrary to truth and purity, especially in some places.

Yes, these are times of unprecedented tests, for the world is full of confusion; but God is allowing it and watching it; and to the saint He must be recognized as especially in it, or our real victory is endangered. God is wanting pure gold, and He will let everything burn away from us, and will drop into the furnace all our motives and ambitions and endeavors and desires, when He sees that we mean what we say, so that we shall be able to stand like God here and stand with Him in glory.

Think it not strange, dear ones, in the midst of these evil days, when you are sorely pressed and attacked. It is to try you.

I have just recently had a lesson from the Spirit which will help you. I saw before me a great Rock; it was Christ. To the left hand was evil, and to the right hand was good. I was told that so far as I was concerned I could not resist evil and I could not do good; that the Spirit in me through Christ could alone successfully resist evil and do good; that when I was pressed with evil or pressed to do good, pressed to action one way or the other; I was to fall forward in helpless prayer and be broken on the Rock and believe in Him alone; and He would rise in me in restful strength and overcome the evil and do the good, He would give direction and victory when I ceased to be anxious and push one way or the other, but fell on Him and trusted in Him alone; that it would then be "not I, but Christ in me." How sweet and simple a lesson in these days of test!

God will arise and appear in you and give you rest and victory. It will be Christ. Only be perfectly willing and helpless. Strive not one way or the other, and you shall be guided and victorious and restful and a complete overcomer, as confident in storm as in calm. Dear saint, thank God and accept God in EVERYTHING. It is the trial of your faith.—A Call to Faith.

Barabbas' Theory of the Atonement

BY C. I. SCOFIELD.

BARABBAS was condemned to die. No one has ever questioned the justice of his sentence. He was a rebel against the law, a robber and a murderer. And now the outraged law had laid strong hands on him, and he lay bound, under sentence of death. He was not under probation, but under doom. He was not awaiting trial, but execution. Just before him, as his only prospect, was the awful death of crucifixion. He knew what that meant; long hours of unspeakable agony, the hands and feet torn by great spikes, the wrist and shoulder joints dislocated by the dragging down of the body, each quivering nerve a separate torture through tension, a burning, unquenchable thirst, and, all around, a jeering, taunting mob. All the horizon of his life is narrowed to that. The only question is, *when?*

Even this begins to be answered. The jailers prepare three crosses. Ah! he well knows the three sockets cut in the hard rock out there in the Place of the Skull. Is one of these crosses for him? The very thought gives him a sense of suffocation, and of something clutching at his heart. Then he is told: yes, he is to suffer in the morning. Two malefactors are to die with him, but he, as the greater criminal, is to have the place of eminence, is to have the middle cross.

Then the night falls. But it is a disturbed night. Even in the prison it is perceived that something unusual is occurring. Confused noises, outcries, the tramping of feet penetrate the thick walls. Barabbas dumbly wonders what it all means. Perhaps it is another insurrection such as

that he, poor fool, raised against the majestic, inflexible Law. But the night wears on, and at last it is daylight—the light of his last day! And now he hears footsteps, the key grinds in the lock, his prison door swings open, but, just as he is summoning all his brute's fortitude for the ordeal which awaits him, he hears the joyful words: "Go free! Go free! Barabbas; another takes your place; another is to die between the two malefactors."

As Barabbas emerged into the free, glorious sunshine, the crowd was already surging out toward the Place of the Skull. And then, if not before, the desire must have arisen to know who had been condemned to die in his place. One can easily imagine how Barabbas followed the throng, striving eagerly to see *the Man who was to die for him*. Perhaps it was not until the sound of the hammer driving the nails had ceased, and the cross—Barabbas' cross—had been upreared, bearing its awful burden, that Barabbas saw the Sufferer. We may well believe that, moved by a strange, irresistible drawing (John 12:32) Barabbas pressed his way through the howling mob until he stood looking up into the face of Jesus.

Barabbas knew Him, of course. His substitute in agony there was the new Teacher out of Galilee, the Man who spake as never man spake, the Man whose life had been absolutely without sin. Adam sinned, and Abraham and Moses, and all the prophets, but not this Man. And, besides, He healed even leprosy by a touch or a word. One day when the crowd got hungry he manufactured enough food for five thousand men, not to mention women and children, out of five loaves and a few small fishes. Because of these, and like things, Barabbas perhaps really was convinced that He was the Messiah, the Son of God. But he had not become his disciple because he loved sin.

However that may have been, it is easy to see that Barab-

bas had no need to be a theologian to form a good working theory of the atonement.

First, He knew that he was a guilty wretch, under the righteous condemnation of the law. Luke 23:25. And in both these respects Barabbas was a representative of all men. Rom. 3:10-20, 23; Gal. 3:10.

Secondly, Barabbas knew that the Sufferer before him had done no sin. John 8:46; John 15:4; 1 Peter 2:22.

Thirdly, He knew that Jesus was, for him, a true substitute. He was verily and actually dying in his place and stead; an innocent and holy Being bearing the very penalty which the law had justly decreed to him, Barabbas. Whoever, in the coming ages, might question whether Christ's death was vicarious and substitutional, he could never question it. 2 Cor. 5:21; Gal. 3:13; 1 Peter 2:22-24; 3:18; Isa. 53:5, 6.

Fourthly, He knew that he had done nothing whatever to merit the marvelous interposition of that substitutional death. Whatever may have been back of it, it reached him as an act of pure grace. Ps. 69:19, 20; Eph. 2:4-9; 2 Tim. 1:9; Tit. 2:11; Rom. 4:4, 5.

Fifthly, He knew that Christ's death for him was perfectly efficacious. There was, therefore, nothing for him to add to it. Just because Christ was dying, he was living. The only question before Pilate was whether Christ should die or Barabbas. When it was decided that Christ should die, Barabbas was set free. His assurance was complete the instant that his Substitute said, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. John 19:30; Eph. 1:7; Col. 1:14; Rom. 5:9; 1 John 1:7; Col. 1:20; Heb. 10:10, 14.

John McNeill, the great Scotch preacher, well says:

"My brethren, let me commend to you Barabbas' theory of the atonement. It is a good theory to preach on, pray on, sing on, die on. Do you know any other theory that will stand these tests?"

All At It, and Always At It

BY JENNIE FOWLER-WILLING.

CHALMERS, the great Scotch preacher, said of the early Methodists, "They are all at it, and always at it." That activity in spiritual things is necessary to the health and even the life of the soul. To overcome inertia, God has placed us, like men at the pumps of a leaking ship,—it is work or go down. This is specially true of those who are entirely consecrated to God. They have to meet so much doubt about the possibility of what they claim. There are those who ought to be in better business, and yet who like to "stick pins in them to see if they'll not get a little mad." There is all sorts of opposition, especially from the powerful enemy of all righteousness who uses his strength and craftiness to get them off the track. They can only keep the marvelously blessed grace by adding to it constantly that which comes through trying to help others to "like precious faith."

The fires of locomotive engines burn brightly while they are in motion; the faster they run, the brighter they glow; but they go down when they stop. The only way to keep the fire of God "at full heat" is to crowd all the powers of body, mind and spirit to their utmost effort in his service.

One may have a specialty—temperance, missions, child-training, or what not. A helping hand may have to be lent to other hard-worked servants of Christ, busy on similar lines; but one is quite sure to have a specialty, into which is thrown the best strength. This is an age of specialists. They do the world's hardest work and make its greatest discoveries. We are always most intelligent on our specialties.

We may have to change them occasionally; for as Wellington said, "The safest thing is to keep to marching orders."

Of one thing we are sure, the Lord means all his children to work for the salvation of others, and in that He trusts them with most precious material. David glances at it in the eighth Psalm. After speaking of the excellency of our Lord's name in all the earth, referring to the breadth of the atonement, so wonderful as to call forth the praises of even little children, he notes the greatness of the creation of the heavens; then he speaks of man whom God honors by being mindful of him and visiting him. I once heard Bishop McCabe bring that out beautifully. Man must be a creature of great importance, if the infinite Creator takes such an interest in him. Add to that the fact that when he was dead in trespasses and sins, his Creator was in Christ redeeming and reconciling the world to Himself, and we may glimpse the glory of the material He puts into our hands to be helped and saved.

Yes, in the nature of the grace given us, we must have a specialty; and what better one can we have than to secure purity of heart for such a being?

Many years ago, when the National Campmeeting for the Promotion of Holiness was being held on the Desplaines grounds, near Chicago, I was going up to the auditorium from the Sabbath morning lovefeast, when McDonald, who was President of the Association after Inskip's promotion, came up beside me, and among other things, asked if I enjoyed the lovefeast. "Very much, indeed!" I replied;

"though I may tell you frankly, I don't quite see this work as you do. I believe in holiness of heart and life. I trust the blood of Christ has cleansed me from all sin; but I doubt the wisdom of making a hobby of it. I don't want to narrow the horizon of my religious service to one little point. I work hard doing my best to interest women in temperance, missions, good home-making, and the care of the poor. I want to be broadly, all-around useful. I hope I am right?"

"I appreciate fully all that good work," he answered, "but I think, after all, you'll find that in every department of service you'll get on faster and surer by helping the women at once to the fountain of cleansing. You can be more certain of them in every good effort if they have clean hearts."

He was right. The experiences of the years have justified his judgment. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure." That is the motto of the specialty which we must push with all our strength.
New York City.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

EMMA H. HOLBROOK.

INTERCESSORY prayer is the highest calling, the greatest ministry, and the most important service of which the church of Christ is capable. The duty and privilege enjoined on the church, individually and collectively, to exercise this prerogative is imperative.

To act as an intercessor is to stand between two parties entreating one in behalf of the other. The church is to stand between the needs of humanity and God, coming boldly to the mercy seat, pleading the merits of Christ, and interceding in the power of the Spirit for the needs of humanity.

And the needs are vastly too great to find any adequate language to express. The oft-repeated emphatic command of Jesus and the apostles to pray grew out of the dire needs together with the possibility of effectual prayer on the part of the intercessor.

But not only is intercessory prayer commanded, and most needful and productive of stupendous results; but it brings the intercessor into oneness with Christ. It brings us into the King's inner chamber where He discloses his thought, his heart, his glory. We may there enter into sympathy with Him and become one in thought, feeling, purpose, labor, success, suffering, victory, life and glory (John 17:22).

But not only does intercessory prayer bring us into oneness with Christ; it brings us into oneness with all of God's people. Differences of thought and opinion, unwarranted prejudice, chilly feeling, or better, perhaps, lack of feeling, selfishness, jealousy, strifes, etc., all vanish under the benign influence of prayer as does the hoar-frost under the warm, life-giving rays of the sun. "That they may be one even as we are one."

We think of the "other sheep which are not of this fold" which the Master must also bring with Him after the church has brought them to Him in prayer. In Jude 20, the apostle speaks of "praying in the Holy Ghost," preceding this clause by another, "building up yourselves on your most holy faith." But before there can be a building up, there must be a tearing down. There must be a destructive work before there can be a constructive work, and then praying in the Holy Ghost.

The writer's father was under the necessity of either building a new house or reconstructing the old one. The matter was taken to the Lord in prayer. Father was influenced by mother and the children to tear down the old house entirely, and reconstruct an entirely new one on a different plan. The result was a new house that pleased them although most of the old lumber was worked into the

building. Praying in the Holy Ghost destroys Satan's plans and works, and God uses all there is of us fit for use for his building. The glorious result of such praying is that we are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit. Faith is both the cause and effect of such prayer.

The secret of intercessory prayer is living in the Spirit, and it is the inworking and outworking of the Holy Spirit (Rom. 8:26, 27). And He, the mighty Intercessor, makes intercession for the saints according to the will of God. How needful this is for these days of peril! Especially should this kind of prayer ascend for the missionaries standing alone, as they often do, amid trials and sore testings, surrounded by demoniacal influences, inhaling poisonous vapors, trying to subsist on a diet to which they are unaccustomed, exposed to prowling beasts and dangerous reptiles, wrestling with the difficulties of a foreign language, and trying often to preach Christ to savages.

Paul said, "We live if ye stand fast in the Lord." The missionaries expect us, and God expects us to hold the cables of prayer and faith till every battle is fought and every victory won.

The world has produced its specialists on many lines. The product of human thought and invention is astounding. No less so is the product of intercessory prayer.

"No man can work like Jesus." The world, the church, individual histories, and the sacred Volume abound with examples both of intercessors and their Spirit-wrought achievements. May God add to this mighty army of men and women whose conquering prayers have shaken heaven and earth, baffled demons, and even put Satan himself to chagrin and defeat; gladdened God's heart, and blessed humanity.

We learn to pray by praying. How China has been blessed with an influx of missionaries in answer to the intercessory prayers of its pioneer missionary, Robert Morrison! How the success of Livingstone was founded upon his sacrificial and intercessory prayer! These and many others have served their generation. May God help us to faithfully serve our generation.

"Soon will the season of rescue be o'er;
Soon will they drift to Eternity's shore.
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay;
But throw out the life-line, and save them to-day."
—Selected.

CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

Two stories have recently reached me of Christ-confession under difficult circumstances, confession which is as heroic as the most heroic action on the field of battle. In the camp at Belton Park, serving in the division which has now moved to Aldershot, and will soon be crossing to France, was a young Christian who was the only "confessor" in his hut. True to his convictions, he knelt in prayer morning and evening before his comrades. His example influenced others, who had been hiding their light, and before the troops moved away five more soldiers were bravely flying their colors. In another hut there was a young Christian soldier who felt that he could not preserve his spiritual life in health and strength unless he read his Bible daily. He woke up early, and got his quiet time for communion before reveille sounded. One day, on the line of march, a comrade sleeping in the same hut said, "What book is it that you read every morning?" "It is my Bible," he replied. A little talk led the comrade to resolve to begin his day also by listening for God's voice in His Word. In the end eleven men in the hut became daily readers of God's Word. Christian confession in tent and barrack-room, backed up by consistent Christian character, will inevitably help to raise the tone of the whole army and extend the kingdom of Jesus.—
Selected.

"BEHOLD I COME QUICKLY."

Rev. 22:12.

BY GEORGE MULLER.

A GAIN and again in the New Testament mention is made of the coming of Christ. In our text the word "Behold," is as though He said, "Consider the subject—ponder it!" Do we do so? Are we all prepared for his coming? Can we truly say, "Come, Lord Jesus! I desire it, I love to hear of thy coming, and I try to hasten it by my life, by seeking souls, and by caring for thy people?" Who says it? The risen Lord Jesus Christ, the Creator and Upholder of the universe, once the despised and crucified One. Let us not look at the coming of the Lord just as a part of our creed, let us ask, "What can I do? How occupy my time and all possess? He became poor that I might be rich, He bore the punishment I deserved. What can I do for Him?"

But the word "*quickly*." What an impetus it is to the people of God in bearing affliction patiently! Soon, soon, soon, troubles, persecutions, pain, all will be over, the word, "*quickly*" ever cheers us on. The, natural mind asks "Eighteen hundred years have passed, how can it be quickly?" Two replies may be given—one, that with the Lord "a thousand years are as one day," so that one day and three quarters according to God's reckoning, only have passed. Another reason Peter gives is, that the Lord is, "long suffering, not willing that any should perish." If Christ had come at the beginning of this century what hundreds of thousands would have been lost. And are there not some at whose hearts He is now knocking and has knocked by sickness, losses, trials? Will you not open your heart to Him who suffered for you? I have been His for fifty-nine years and three months and I would have no other Master. What were the pleasures that I enjoyed before? Nothing in comparison, and many others can tell the same. Oh, come, come, come to the Lord Jesus Christ!

"And my reward is with me." In the present time ours is but a small reward. True we have peace with God, we enjoy the smile of the Father, but our labor is little thought of, no reward follows, nay often we are called on to suffer on its account, but when Jesus comes, his reward will come with Him. We shall hear the word, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Now we must not be disheartened, but labor on, quietly, patiently, knowing that our reward is sure.

It is added, "*To give every man according as his work shall be.*" The question is, to what class do we belong? If unregenerate then we may well tremble, for not only words and acts but motives, whatever has influenced us, will be weighed by God, idle words, everything! "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

But the believer in Christ—weak in faith—his love so small, all the Christian graces as it were in embryo—but in Christ, the Father looks at him through Him. When he comes to Christ his thousands and tens of thousands of sins are all cancelled, not one is remembered against him. But as to any little service he may do for the Lord, how surely such is remembered—the coat given for the love of Christ to a poor brother—a pair of shoes to another! We need not wait to be rich before doing something—constrained by the love of Christ, a kind deed, a smile—what good these can do! And what a thought that in thus caring for his members we can give the Lord Jesus pleasure! Do we habitually do this? *He will not overlook one of such acts of service, but the reward will be as much of grace—free unmerited favor—as is the gift of salvation.* Let us remember this!

PRAISE OF MEN.

LULA HUTCHERSON FERGUSON.

MAY we who profess to have received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost let Him have right of way.

God tells us in his Word that the praise of our lips is well pleasing to Him. Let us please Him by praising Him. Let us praise Him when He gives victory. And He alone can give victory. The Holy Ghost, in us the Hope of Glory. What this old sin-sick world needs is Jesus. And we are the chosen of God to represent Jesus down here. John 15:16: "If He dwells within and has right of way our lips will *always* speak his praises." He is ever at the right hand of God making intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. We are his representatives down here. He pleased not Himself. How are we representing Him?

Satan is just as subtle to-day as when he tempted Christ forty days in the wilderness. How anxious he is to sidetrack any Spirit-filled man or woman. It has been said, and truly, that success is harder to bear than failure; prosperity is more trying than adversity. The same is true in the religious life. How few men or women are able to read all that their friends say about them and not feel elated. Beware of spiritual pride! There is such a thing, and Satan is in it. Oh, to be low at the Savior's feet. The more success one has in winning souls the lower down at the Savior's feet he needs to get. May the cry of our souls indeed be, to be like Jesus. We can only touch souls to the degree that we have touched Christ. We cannot lead a soul into a higher experience than we ourselves know. My prayer for those who are in the front, in the battle for God, against sin, is that they may realize more and more their utter nothingness without Christ, and keep low at his feet.

In studying the life of Saul, Samuel said, "When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel." I Sam. 15:17.

Oh, to be little and lowly, not to seek the praise of men, but the praise of God. The cardinal virtues of a sanctified character are courage, patience, humility and love. That we may in everything sink out of self into Christ, realizing that we are not our own (I Cor. 6:19-20), for we are bought with a price. We belong to God. He has need of us. May we so abide in Him that elations will not exalt, nor depressions sink; where work will not exhaust, nor indolence unnerve. May the *Word of God* be real in our every day life—live the Word. The life is the real test. It is easy to use the tongue and say many things but to live the Word. "Giving thanks always for all things." Eph. 5:20. As a rule we reach the mark we strive to attain; let us strive more for the flood-tide of God's love, until in truth we can say as did Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Gal. 2:20.

Calle Lavalle 1467, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

LOVE IS EVERYTHING.

Joy is love exulting. Peace is love in repose. Long-suffering is love untiring. Gentleness is love in society. Goodness is love in action. Faith is love on the battlefield. Temperance is love in training. Love is the greatest thing that God can give us; for Himself is Love; and it is the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours.—Sel.

We have a God who delights in impossibilities.—Andrew Murray.

LIVING WATER

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EDITORIAL

WEEKLY TEXT.

"Be clothed with humility."

1 Pet. 5:5.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen or the weak.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

OUR SHARE.

North America has a total of 24,000,000 Protestant church members and about 15,000,000 Catholics. If we divide the field to be reached by the number that should be active in Christian service it would require that each one win two others to make North America Christian; but every missionary has 70,000 people to reach to bring the world to Christ. Our share here is very small compared to their share there. Unless we help them largely we shall have but a small part in the final day of awards.

A COMMENDABLE PLAN.

The plan adopted recently by the board of missions of the Episcopal Church to raise an emergency fund of \$500,000 by a special gift of *one day's income*, is meeting with gratifying success. Already \$257,000 has been raised. A member of the board says that nothing has so appealed to their people and so stimulated the conscience of the individual givers. Some of the people who have not been able to give money have given a day of prayer. Much has been made of the power of prayer in this campaign and the people have been stirred to more earnestness along this line. This has brought the interests of the missionaries before the people in a very practical manner, and has given inspiration in interest, offerings, and prayers—the three most important features for those who stay at home.

SELF-SACRIFICE A JOY.

One who has just returned from a tour of investigation of Asiatic missions says that the most impressive thing, and that that remains with him most vividly, is the joyous self-sacrifice of the native Christians that they might have the Gospel themselves and might give it to others. A pastor in a Chinese city who was living on a very meager support

was offered a position in the city schools with a good salary, but he immediately declined, and said, "China must know about Christ if I do starve." In all these countries the spirit of self-sacrifice was very touching. This should be an appeal to the church. There is a great lack in glad, willing stewardship. Our *wants* rise so high above our *needs* that we lose much of the joy that might be ours if we were willing to enter gladly into sacrifice that others might, as the Chinaman said, know about Christ. How assuring the lines by Dr. Spencer:

"Sacrifice is gold in heaven,
Help a little, help a little."

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

About forty years ago a British vessel anchored off an Indian town on an island near the coast of British Columbia. A chief rowed his canoe alongside the man-of-war. The admiral's curiosity was aroused as to the contents of the canoe, and the chief proudly lifted a covering that concealed a heap of the heads of his enemies. A short time ago a Bishop visited the home of the son of this chief and found a Christian family, who entertained him with every evidence of comfort and refinement. This change has been brought about by the work of the Church of England missionary society. Every native in the village is a Christian, and their chapel that holds three hundred people is filled at every service. Several of their number can conduct the services and preach. One generation from head-hunters to Christians, to people who are enthusiastic in the service of the Lord and who rejoice to preach Jesus.

In the face of such an object lesson who would deny the power of the Gospel to transform any kind of a life or any kind of people. With what assurance should we trust in such a religion. And if it can work such wondrous changes why ever doubt that it can cleanse the heart and life of the individual. With a God who can thus work why doubt that He can cleanse the heart from all sin, make it pure, white, and clean; and then keep it clean, enabling the child of God to live moment by moment above sin and free from its entanglements.

GOD WITH US.

The word of God abounds in promises that He will be with his people. The most *assuring promises* are recorded in Divine writ that He will never leave nor forsake his trusting children. How blessed, how truly wonderful to belong to the Ruler of the universe, the God of heaven and of earth; to Him who loved a lost world enough to give his life for its redemption; to One who has such care for his own that He has numbered the hairs of their heads. How precious the thought that this One who loves with this wonderful, infinite love has declared that He will take up his abode in the heart and life—really and truly abiding—the ever-present help, the constant guide, the living reality, the strength of the being, the joy of the life—He who fills with his own Spirit. But this glorious presence is conditional. When the Spirit of God came upon Azariah and he went out to meet Asa he said unto him, "The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him; and if ye seek him, He will be found of you; but if ye forsake Him, He will forsake you." How true it is that companionship with God is conditional. To be congenial with an individual there must be likeness of thought, of purpose, of desire; there must be fellowship else there can be little companionship. To have companionship with Jesus there must be the cleansed heart—holy because He is holy; there must be the life lived in the power

of the Holy Spirit, with the continual anointing; there must be the humble, contrite spirit—the real Christ-likeness of character. Then will there be such unity and harmony that fellowship will be possible, and will be assured to the soul that longs for it.

CAN CHRISTIANITY BE EXPLAINED?

REV. E. P. ELLYSON.

NEARLY a half century ago Lord Morley in a work on compromise, speaking of the attacks that were being made in recent times on Christianity, said: "The Modern Free-Thinker does not attack it; he explains it and what is more he explains it by referring its growth to the better and not to the worse part of human nature. He traces it to men's craving for a higher morality."

George Steven of Edinburg, in commenting on it, said: "It was a happy thought that the best way of dealing with such a religion (referring to Christianity) as this was to explain it. We ask for nothing more; religion deserves it."

Just the other day after a special religious experience and demonstration had been manifested a student in my psychology class, smiling, asked me to explain it psychologically. Of course he did not expect me to explain it as he assumed that it could not be done and I would not attempt it. But really now, Can Christianity be explained? Is George Steven, who attempts to explain it, or the student, who assumes that it cannot be explained, right? In answering this question we at once raise another, What do we mean by explaining it? We are frank to say it cannot be explained according to the present scientific standards. But on the other hand we believe it can be explained as satisfactorily and clearly as a multitude of other things which science professes to explain if only we may be allowed the use of certain words which are legitimate and as full of meaning and as clear in their meaning as any words in the English language, but which modern science apparently wishes to eliminate from their vocabulary. We mean by the use of such words as "God," "supernatural" and "miraculous."

Of course we know that modern science objects to the use of these words, but they are just as clear in their meaning as a multitude of words that science does use in giving their explanations. For example, science will explain the falling of an apple to the ground by the word "gravitation." But this word "gravitation" is but a hiding place for their ignorance, is but a word for something, no one knows what. O, yes, they will say that it is a force which draws bodies toward each other according to a certain ratio, but how much better is this? Who knows what it is; where it comes from, where it goes? It is still a mystery. Is not the word "God"; is not the word "supernatural"; is not the word "miraculous" just as clear; yea, even clearer in meaning than the word "gravitation"? Scientists record the incidents of nature just as they see them and know them and explain them by the use of words which stand for so-called natural forces, which forces are still a mystery to them. If a man has real religious and spiritual experiences which are matters of consciousness, and records the same exactly as they are and uses as the explanation of the same a word which stands for the Divine Personality, although we cannot comprehend him, are we not still just as scientific as he who explains the falling of an apple by the word "gravitation," and is not our explanation just as satisfactory and clear. Thank God! we can have just as sure a revelation and as satisfactory an explanation of things spiritual as we can of things natural and we should not be frightened away from the study of things spiritual by the erroneous methods

of modern science, which exclude the supernatural and miraculous. Some of us have had and do have spiritual experiences that are as definite and real as though they were classed as natural, and when we explain them as the work of Christ or the work of the Holy Ghost we have as satisfactorily explained them to ourselves as has the scientist explained the simple falling of an apple to the ground, and we have explained them as truly psychologically as any mental experiences are explained.

Christianity is a certainty. Its experiences are real and include the supernatural; they are not irrational and non-psychological. If any man defines psychology so as to exclude them we propose by the Grace of God to break his definition and ignore his position, and demand in the name of truth the proper recognition of the supernatural as well as the natural forces.

Christianity cannot be explained as proposed by the Free-Thinker. Christianity is not a development which is the outgrowth of the soul's desire for higher things. It can only be explained by these words which imply the supernatural. All down through the ages both in the Old Testament and the New the fundamental principles of Christianity and of the true religion have been revealed by the Divine Personality to special individuals, chosen by Him, who have conveyed them to mankind. They have not been the creation of a mind craving better things. Not a single fundamental principle of Christianity has ever come to light as these thinkers suggest.

This method of the modern free-thinker in explaining Christianity as the mere outgrowth of good desire, the creation or discovery of a human soul seeking better things, rather than a revelation from God, the coming of a divine Messiah, the ministry of a divine Spirit,—all supernatural, is more deceptive and dangerous than the former bold attack of open infidelity. By this slick, though slimy method even many of the former true friends of Christianity have been led to compromise and this has created a condition of powerless churches and meaningless professions. It is high time to awake. Especially should the true Christian scholar declare his independence and stand loyal to the truth. And he will if he is a real Christian and not a mere show window dummy.

THE RADIANT LIFE.

If I can bear his cross

What matters scorn of men, my grief and loss.
Ambition's failure, all that I have sought,
Except what I in love for Christ have wrought.

If I can see his face,

By faith a vision of his beauty trace,
What matter if my path be thorny now?
I see the radiant light upon his brow.

I can hear his voice,

My throbbing heart, though wounded, shall rejoice.
What though I wander through bewildering ways,
My soul shall evermore my Savior praise.

If I can feel his hand,

That guides me onward to the better land,
What though my tears must fall? I see a light
Through mists of sorrow ever shining bright.

Dear Lord, I turn to Thee,

My hope in life, through death, eternity!
My cross is radiant now with flowers fair,
Oh, make my life through love a living prayer.

—Selected.



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

Dear Cousins:

The message I am giving you this week was written by one of our Trevecca College students. We trust it will be a blessing to many souls. It should be a warning to all who are wandering from God to return ere they are lured on into sin, farther and farther away from God. We can not be too much on the alert to shun the pitfalls of the enemy of our souls. He is ever on our track.

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY."

Isa. 53:6.

FLORENCE S. BROOKS.

A SHORT time ago a friend of mine was visiting some friends of hers in the Highlands of Scotland. In company with a game-keeper, they went out one day hunting. They had been scouring the whole country around with their glasses to see if they could discover any sport, when suddenly the game-keeper exclaimed, "Look! fix your eye on that grass there; yonder's a lost sheep." She followed the line indicated. By and by she discerned a white speck, as it seemed at first, half way down the bare and precipitous side of a mountain. By a field-glass, she was able to discern distinctly the form of a sheep in a most terrible position. Above it rose the beetling crags of a mighty mountain, bare, blank, and precipitous; and beneath it there yawned a vast depth of sheer precipice, for some five or six hundred feet.

Her first exclamation was, "How can you account for the animal ever having gotten there?" "Oh," said the man, "it is not very difficult to understand that. Just carry your eye up to the brow of the hill. You see the poor silly thing has come to the edge of the cliff, and has looked over; and if you look carefully, you will see a few yards down—it may be thirty feet or so from the top—that there has been a tempting bed of grass. The rocks there are not so very steep so that it was possible for the animal to clamber over them. Tempted by the bait of fresh grass, it has scrambled down from the crest of the mountain, down over those crags, and has gotten on to the first grassy bed. If you will notice carefully, you will see that that bed has been eaten as bare as a board. Every blade of grass has been consumed. And when that was finished, it was necessary it should look for food somewhere else. Cast your eye a little farther down, you will see there has been a second bed about an equal distance off, (in those stratified regions, such beds in a mountain are very common), and if you will look a little farther, you will see a third, and a little lower there is a fourth; and the poor creature has now reached the last platform on which it is possible for it to find a footing. Look at it carefully, and you will see that there is not so much as a blade of grass left in the place where it now is. You will see that the animal's nostrils and mouth are all covered with dust, as it has been endeavoring to find so much as a root of grass in the ground to satisfy the cravings of its hunger." "What will become of it?" said my friend. "Oh," he said, "it is lost." "Well, but can't you do anything for it?" "No, my lady," he replied, "there is nothing that can be done for it." "What! Nothing? Couldn't you let a shepherd down from the top yonder, and rescue the poor creature?" "Oh, no," he exclaimed, "there is not a man in Scotland would risk

his neck in such a place as that. Those sharp and craggy rocks would soon cut any rope. Besides, if anybody felt bold enough to risk his neck in such a place, he would know that these poor creatures, in such a position as that, become so frightened and so nervous, that even if its own shepherd were to approach it, no sooner would he set his foot upon that platform, than the terrified animal would spring into space and be dashed to pieces." "Well," she said, "what will become of it?" "I will tell you what will become of it. By and by the eagles will see it, they will come floating round it in vast circles, and ever the circles will be coming narrower and narrower, until at last the poor, terrified, starved thing hears the terrific rush of their wings as they dart around their prey, and by and by, losing all power of self-control in the very horror of its fear, the frantic animal will spring into vacancy and be dashed to pieces down below, and then they will have their quarry."

Oh, I thought, as I listened to my friend's description, what a picture I have here of the ruin of the human soul. How is it that Satan effects his purpose? He has spread green, grassy beds before your view, he lures you down the steep, he persuades you the descent is not so very difficult nor so very dangerous. He spreads before you who are boys and girls in your earlier days, the baits which best suit your childhood. Come to me, and you shall have this and the other gratification, which is just what you are craving. He comes to you in the paths of youth and thus reasons with you, "Why should you deny yourself pleasures?" He proceeds to spread out the follies, and perhaps the sins of youth before you. Behold this grassy bed. You have only to just come down a little farther, to scramble over a few rough places, to overcome a few little difficulties, and then this coveted project of yours, whatever it may be, will have been attained; this appetite of yours will be gratified, or this pleasure of yours will be enjoyed.

He knows exactly what will suit you best. He has a different kind of lure for everyone of you. There are those grassy beds spread out before your view, and the tempter's influence is continually drawing you down farther and farther, from one platform to another, your position always becoming lower and lower, farther from God and nearer to hell; and by and by, when he has tempted you on from one level to another, you will find yourself on your last platform; we shall call it a dying bed—a sinner's dying bed. You cannot recall the past. Oh that you could be an infant again in your cradle; that you could live over once more, the life that you have wasted; that you could reinstate the talents that you have squandered, the influence that you have thrown away, the soul you have all but lost. This life seems passing whether you will or no, passing out to that great beyond. You cannot stay its course. The great eagles are hovering round you; you hear the flapping of the wings of that dark dragon spirit which all the while has been tempting and luring you on to destruction, and now stands before you in his own grim, terrible character, and true at last, liar though he be, now in the very hour of your despair, begins to mock your horror, while, drawing nearer and nearer to you, he marks you for his prey.

The stifled groan, the scream of despair, the tear that starts from dying eyes, the frenzied agony of a perishing sinner—all these appeal in vain to him for pity. Nearer and nearer the circles are drawn, until at length the trembling sinner takes the last fatal plunge, and another soul is lost. That is how hell is filled.

Shall any who read this, feel that our story is somewhat their case? Oh my friend, have you been lured down farther and farther? Are you gradually getting nearer and

nearer to your very last platform? Perhaps your very next step may be into the "blackness of darkness forever." What power can rescue you? There is not an angel in heaven that will risk his reputation on such a task; there is not a man upon the earth who will dare to meet the thought of undertaking it. Where shall we look for help?

There is the Good Shepherd who has undertaken it, and who can do it; there is One who found that the only way of rescuing the fallen was to give his life.

He has to look in strange places for you but He is good at searching in those mountainous recesses. A sheep is often so lost that the shepherd will spend a whole week in searching for it; and ultimately will find nothing but the skeleton. But Jesus knows just where to lay his hands on you. It is no use of your trying to find your way back to the fold. What are you going to do? I will tell you what to do, open your heart's door to Him, and leave yourself in his hands.

Not long ago as I was returning home from an open-air service, my attention was attracted by a cry of childish distress. There was something so real about it that it went straight to my heart. It was no ordinary cry, I knew. I turned around and at a few yards distance, saw a poor little girl between three and four years old, the very picture of distress. The tears were streaming down her cheeks and she was crying as if her heart would break. I went to her, put my arms about her, and said to her, "Well, dear, what is the matter?" I shall never forget the look she returned me, and the answer she gave, so simple, so eloquent, it went straight to my heart. Looking right up into my face, she uttered two words, "I'm lost!" That was all. It was a little tale of woe, but oh what depth of distress was in it! "I'm lost!"

She had a little bunch of wilted flowers in her hand; she had forgotten all about them; there was one thought paramount within her poor little, sorrowful heart; it was that one terrible fact, "I'm lost!"

After considerable effort, I succeeded in finding her home, and delivering her safe to her terrified parents.

There, dear friends, you stand; and beside you stands the Good Shepherd. He hears that smothered sob; He sees the tear that you dash from your eye; He knows that inward uneasiness of your heart; and seems to lay his hand gently upon your head, as if He would say, "What ails you, dear wanderer?"

Oh look up into his face and say, "Lord Jesus, I'm lost, I'm lost!" And if you do, do you think He will turn away from you? Can He harden his heart against your cry and say, "That is no matter to me. I have more important work to do than to look after the lost?"

No, but He has left "the ninety and nine" in safety to go into the wilderness "to seek that which is lost." That cry, that confession, goes direct to his very heart of hearts. He Who has come "to seek and to save that which is lost" has in you the very person for whom He is looking. You are the very object his compassion is seeking. Fix your eye on the wonderful revelation the prophet has made, take a good look at Him, friends. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Our wilfulness is there; our waywardness is there; our love of our own way is there; our rebellion against the Divine will is there—it is all there.

The mighty crushing load of the world's guilt, behold it is laid upon the head of the world's great Substitute, Who hung upon the Cross. What load is it that crushes his heart? Thy sin, my brother. What is that "wine-press of

the fierceness of the wrath of God," in which He is trodden under foot? It is thy guilt that presses Him down, my sister. Ah weary, stricken, lost, helpless, guilty soul, hear it; and let the blessed message go home to your heart of hearts. Hear it, and let your eyes sparkle with joy and your mouth be filled with his praise.

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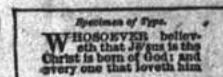
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Personal

Revs. B. Fay Mills and J. Wilbur Chapman are to be associated together for a great tent, evangelistic campaign in New York City.

Rev. Herbert Hunt, the office secretary of the Missionary Board of the Nazarene Church, has accepted the pastorate of the Lawrence, Kansas, Church.

Rev. J. L. Brasher visited us in passing through enroute to the Faith Camp, near Kingston Springs, Tenn. He has had a full year in camp-meeting work.

Rev. George B. Kulp, General Superintendent of the Apostolic Holiness Church, has issued the call for the meeting of their General Assembly in Cincinnati, November 17-21.

Rev. J. L. Boaz gave our office a pleasant call on his return from the Lebanon campmeeting, where he was one of the preachers. He has spent a number of years in Cuba as a missionary of the Pentecostal Mission.

Rev. A. M. Hills, who is so well known as a writer of Holiness books and articles, also as an educator, has returned to America. For several years he has been engaged in evangelistic and other Christian work at Ancoats, England.

Rev. W. F. Quillian, who for several years has been at the head of the Methodist Training School in this city, has recently been elected president of Paine College, Augusta, Georgia. We wish him and his good wife a hearty God-speed in this new position.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Samuel J. Nicolls of the Presbyterian Church. He was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, and was a moving spirit and one of the strongest men in the Presbyterian Church. He occupied some of the highest official positions in his church.

Rev. E. F. Walker has been elected president of Illinois Holiness University, at Olivet, Ill. Rev. Walker comes to this position at the earnest solicitation of the trustees and friends of the institution in the emergency caused by the resignation of Rev. A. L. Whitcomb. He and his co-workers have high hopes for a successful year.

We are glad to note that Rev. B. F. Haynes, editor of the Herald of Holiness, has been elected delegate to the General Assembly from the Kansas district. Also that the assistant editor, Mr. C. A. McConnel, has been elected as a lay representative from the same district. Both of these editors will make efficient members of this body, and will do credit to their district.



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Rev. H. A. Hamby is at Shiloh, near McMinnville, Tenn., in a revival meeting.

Rev. S. W. Strickland is conducting revival services at Alto, near Decherd, Tenn.

Rev. John Roberts and his wife, Mrs. Grace Roberts, will hold the Gass, Missouri, camp, September 16-28.

The Springerton, Illinois, camp will begin September 16. Rev. Bud Robinson, Mrs. Mattie Wines, and other workers will be in charge.

The camp at Asheville, N. C., is now in progress. A number of prominent workers are in attendance, and we believe that God will make this meeting a blessing to a large number of people.

Rev. W. F. Shannon, Rev. C. H. Kegerize, and Miss Essie Morris have recently closed a most gracious meeting at Owen's Chapel, near Springfield, Tenn. They report about seventy-five professions. These same workers will hold a meeting at Sandy Springs, Tenn., beginning about the middle of September.

Our recent meeting at Coopertown, Tenn., was blessed of the Lord. A number of people were saved, Christians received a spiritual uplift, family altars were erected, and cottage prayer meetings started. To God be the glory.
Adairville, Ky. E. M. HOLMAN.

We have just closed a two weeks meeting at West Point, Tenn. The weather was very favorable for tent work, but in the face of it all God met with us and there was something over seventy-five professions. The people showed their appreciation for the Gospel by driving for eight and ten miles out in the country to the services. How unlike the crowded cities when people in a stone's throw of the church never think of attending services. The people plead that the meeting go on another week, but other dates have to be filled. The Macedonian call, "Come over and help us," is still ringing. The harvest truly is great and the laborers few. Let us grip the sword a little tighter and do our best before Jesus comes.
Yours in the fight,

J. A. COLLIER,
H. H. WISE.

Though I have been silent for some months, I have not been silent for God and the truth. I still bless his name for complete salvation through the cleansing blood. We have had some rich services since reporting. I have been in two camp-meetings and other special services, while the spiritual atmosphere was rather cold at first, yet we had a fine meeting ere the close. I find the North needs warming up with Southern hospitality and the South needs the practical business way of doing things which we have here. In these perilous times it means so much to be loyal to God and to his truth. We are trying to be out and out for God on all old-fashioned lines. Higher criticism, rationalism, and modernism cannot change the bed-rock doctrines of the impregnable Word. We are to have our annual conference at Springfield, September 7-13. There are 300 ministers in this great conference, and if all of them were thoroughly Methodist—well, we would make it easy for thousands to go to the land of "The unsetting sun." My soul is on the wing, and I am trying to press the truth of a clean life and holy heart on my people. Will you pray for me to be able to make it attractive for God and his cause.

I wish Trevecca unbounded victory for God.

Yours for him,
Paloma, Ill. E. C. SANDERS.

WILSON CAMP-MEETING.

I arrived August 19 at Elkton, Ky., about nine miles from the camp-ground. Bro. F. R. Wilson, my old school-mate, whom I learned to love in Trevecca College, met me and I was royally entertained in his father's home. Bro. Isaac Wilson is a true pillar in the camp. Bro. C. C. Collier, my yokefellow, is as true as steel and as pure as gold. I also met Bro. Chas. Shelton and found him still looking up. The meeting was a great one in many ways, considering the weather and many other things that seemed to be against us. God gave us victory as we preached the Word and thirty-three souls for our hire, also many other seekers. Sunday night it seemed as though Heaven and earth had come together. I got up to read my text, which was Daniel 12:7, and I told the people that I felt more like crying than I did preaching, so the first thing I knew we were praying, and the next thing the folks were coming to the altar to get saved. They began to pray to get saved and sanctified and such a Pentecost as God did give us will be long remembered by all that were there. The folks said they never saw it on this fashion before.

I go from here to Kimberly, Ala. I want to say to all the dear saints around Wilson Camp, "I will meet you in the morning just inside the Eastern Gate."

Jasper, Ala.

CLAUD MYERS.

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NEXT TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 15, 1915

C. E. HARDY, President Trevecca College, Nashville, Tenn.

The Strange Story of a Stanza

BY CANON DYSON HAGUE.

ONCE when I was preaching in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, the Westminster Abbey of Canada, as it has been called, I told at the close of the sermon the following story:

Many years ago Doctor Valpy, a well-known English scholar, wrote a verse of four lines as the longing of his heart and the confession of his faith. This was the stanza:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Some time afterwards he gave this verse to his friend, Doctor Marsh, a Church of England clergyman and the father of Miss Marsh, the author of the "*Life of Captain Hedley Vicars*," and the verse became a great blessing to him. Doctor Marsh gave the lines to his friend, Lord Roden, who was so impressed with them that he got Doctor Marsh to write them out, and then fastened the paper over the mantlepiece in his study; and there, yellow with age, they hung for many years, a memorial of the beloved hand that traced them.

Some time after this an old friend—General Taylor, one of the heroes of Waterloo—came to visit him at Tollymore Park. Lord Roden noticed that the eyes of the old veteran were always fixed for a few moments on the motto over the mantlepiece. "Why, General," said Lord Roden, "you will soon know the verse by heart." "I know it now by heart," replied the General, with feeling, and the simple words were the means of bringing him to know the way of salvation. Some two years afterwards the physician, who had been with the old General while he lay a-dying, wrote to the Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace, and that the last words which fell from the old General's lips were the words which he had learned to love in his lifetime:—

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Years afterwards, at the house of a neighbor, Lord

Roden happened to tell the story of the old General and these lines, and among those who heard it was a young officer in the British Army who had recently returned from the Crimea. He listened carelessly enough, and no impression seemed to be made at the time. A few months later, however, Lord Roden received a message from the officer that he wanted to see him, as he was in a rapid decline. As the Earl entered the sick-room the dying officer extended both his hands to welcome him, repeating the lines:—

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

And then he added, "These simple words have been God's message of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, and they have been brought to my memory by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, after days of darkness and distress."

As I was telling this story in Old St. Paul's, Halifax, I noticed that an old gentleman, who was sitting in a pew just in front of me, was being overcome with an extraordinary emotion. His whole frame seemed to quiver with some unwonted excitement, and his eyes looked bright with a strange light. I thought for a moment that it was a passing attack of some kind. But as I went on telling the story there was no doubt that it had in some way seized upon the very soul of the listener and touched his feelings with some strange and indescribable suggestion. And when at last I came to the part about the Crimean officer I thought that the old gentleman would have almost cried out in the church, so deeply was he affected. The story ended the sermon. After the singing of the hymn I went into the vestry. I had scarcely got there when a knock was heard at the door, and the old gentleman, with emotion still evident, came and said, "Where did you get that story?" I told him I read it in the work of a modern author whose works are widely read. He said, "I do not know whether you saw that I was very much touched by it, but it almost overcame me." And then, with tears streaming from his eyes, he told me this story:

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Years ago, when he was a young man, careless and indifferent in matters of religion, he sauntered one day in his walk into an old churchyard near Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in the land of Evangeline, and seeing a fallen gravestone, he overturned it out of pure curiosity. And there he read at the foot, engraved in the stone, a verse of four lines that took such hold upon him, and so *clearly explained to him the way of salvation*, that they were the means of his conversion. And from that day, nearly fifty years before, he had, by God's grace as a result of those four lines, led a consecrated life for Christ. The lines were:—

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

"You can imagine," said he, "my amazement, as well as my delight, when I heard you tell the story about the lines. You brought back to me the wonderful way in which God was pleased to save my soul."

It was not long after that I was sent for to visit this old gentleman in a sickness, which gradually grew more serious. One of the last things he did before he died was to take my hand affectionately and ask me, as his clergyman, to do him a favor; and that was, that at his funeral, and over his coffin I would tell the story of the lines, in the hope that the prayer of a dying man might be answered, and that they might be a blessing to many souls more. Soon afterwards he died. And at his funeral, which was attended by a large and representative body of prominent men, I told over his coffin, amidst the most profound and interested silence, the story of the stanza that had transformed so many lives. I ended by saying that it was the wish of the dear old man on his dying bed that the words, which would be distributed at his last memorial to all present, might become a blessing to their souls. And as each one passed from the house of mourning he received a beautiful card, elegantly printed in purple, with the name and age and burial date of that old saint of God, and on the other side the never-to-be-forgotten words:—

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

The secret of the wonderful power that resides in these lines cannot be told. It may be that they were written in prayer and watered by tears of love. I only know that when I told this story in a vacation service in one of the charming hotels in the White Mountains, New Hampshire, an American gentleman, a prominent New Yorker, was so deeply impressed that he said, after hearing the words, "I have rarely heard anything that made such an impression upon me. Never before in my life have I so clearly grasped the way of salvation through faith in the Crucified."

And today there lies on my study table a letter from a clergyman in England, telling me that this story was used to the awakening of a man who happened to hear the lines in church one night, and the next day, with tears in his eyes, said, "Oh, dear Rector, I am a saved man! It was those wonderful lines. Henceforth I am going to live for my Savior." "And," added the clergyman, "he is still walking faithfully."

May they become the confession of faith of all who hear and all who read!—Selected.

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