

Living Water

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.—Jer. 33:3.

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The Characteristics of The Anointing

BY REV. J. GREGORY MANTLE

LAST week we saw in our study of this subject that the Christian who lives under the abiding anointing of the Holy Spirit sees all things clearly; that he is one whose vision is purified and, to a large degree, unerring.

But the true prophet is not only one who sees, but who also speaks. The word witness comes from the Saxon *witan*, "to know," and a witness needs but two characteristics, knowledge and utterance. The prophet is not now so much one who foretells as one who forthtells. He sings:

"What I have felt and seen,
With confidence I tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

Delivered from error, doubt, hesitancy, and uncertainty by this anointing that teacheth "concerning all things, and is no lie," the anointed prophet speaks with an authority—had almost written with a dogmatism—which impresses and convicts. Never did the world need more than to-day men and women with strong convictions about spiritual realities. "Give us your convictions," says Goethe; "as for your doubts, we have quite enough of our own." The commission of the Pentecostal Church is the tongue of fire to talk to all the world. The Old was the sacrificing Dispensation; the New is the speaking Dispensation. On the heads of the disciples in the Upper Room there rested cloven tongues, which were also tongues of fire, to show to them and to the world that the testimony of the great prophetic host, of whom these were but the advanced guard, was to be attended by a new force, an energy Divine, which would burn its way into the hearts and consciences of men. "Oh, that," in this New Testament sense, "all the Lord's people were prophets!"

III. The Kingly Anointing is for all.

"They that receive the abundance of grace shall reign in life" (Rom. 5:17). They shall reign over their temperament. He, from whom God's kings derive their authority, who has won back the lost crown only that man may be a king in the little monarchy of his own nature, knows how to strengthen the weakest parts of that nature, making the sphere of human weakness the place for the manifestation of the Divine might. The moment of our absolute submission to the King is the moment of our coronation. In union with Him we are constituted kings, and by the anointing of the Holy Spirit we receive from Him the kingly spirit, and live the regnant life before the world. As the anointing abides we obtain by appropriating and assimilating faith, heavenly calmness for irritability, heavenly patience for impatience, heavenly meekness for pride, heavenly gentleness for natural austerity and sharpness.

They reign over their circumstances. They derive their monarchy from the King who makes circumstances. Such kings can sing:

"To do, or not to do; to have
Or not to have, I leave to Thee;
To be or not to be, I leave;
Thy only will be done in me!
All my requests are lost in one,
'Father, Thy only will be done.'"

They that receive the abundance of grace reign also over their fellows. In the presence of God's true kings, foul language and foul doing hide themselves and are ashamed. Goodness declares itself, and cowards become brave in their presence. It is quite true, as Dr. Maclaren says, that "the men around you will bow in submission whenever they come into contact with a man all aflame with the love of Jesus, and filled with His Spirit. The world is hard and rude; the world is blind and stupid; the world often fails to know its best friends and its truest benefactors; but there is no crust of stupidity so crass and dense, but that through it there will pass the penetrating shafts of light that ray from the face of a man who walks in fellowship with Jesus."

What is the difference between the enduement of the Spirit and the anointing of the Spirit? The enduement is like ripening fruit, the anointing the mellowing process, by which the ripe fruit is made attractive and luscious. The enduement gave the disciples power, boldness, and courage, the anointing gave them gentleness, patience, and meekness. Let us now notice some of the distinguishing marks of a life under the abiding anointing of the Holy Spirit.

(a) *This Anointing means a Life of Love.* This is clearly taught in Exodus 30:22-33, where the ingredients of the holy anointing oil are given. It was composed of chief or principal spices, or spices which stood at the head of the most esteemed perfumes. One has only to read this description to see that all the ingredients are suggestive of sweetness and loveliness. An anointed Christian is delivered from all the sourness, acerbity and bitterness of an unsanctified nature, the exhibition of which is so detrimental to the spread of the religion of Jesus Christ.

The gifts of the Spirit are often far more eagerly desired than the graces of the Spirit, and it is quite possible to have a large supply of the former with a very small measure of the latter. No more striking Scriptural illustration of this truth can be desired than that which is found in the first letter to the Corinthians.

The twelfth chapter tells of spiritual gifts possessed, but the thirteenth chapter goes on to say that unless those gifts were exercised in the spirit of love, or, in other words, in the grace of the Holy Spirit, they were nothing to God, and gave Him no joy or satisfaction. The hungry might be fed, the poor might have their wants supplied, the intellects of men might be pleased, but God's heart found no satisfaction if love was wanting. A greatly gifted man may be anything but a spiritually-minded man. The one has many gifts, but little grace; the other much grace, but,

possibly, only few gifts. The anointing is evidenced by a loving, meek, and lowly spirit, by sanctified dispositions—in one word, by possessing the image and mind of Jesus.

(b) *This Anointing means of Joyous Life.* It has been remarked that one of the chief secrets of the victory of the early Christians was their joyousness; and the secret of their joyousness was their possession of the Pentecostal life. What an amount of sorrow and sadness, gloom and depression, there is among Christians to-day! Is it not explained by an imperfect acquaintance with Christ's great salvation? A heart uncleaned, a life unanointed, must be comparatively joyless. Purity and joy are brother and sister, and of Jesus it was said: "Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God hath anointed thee." Every Christian gets the anointing on these conditions, and on no other. Have you a passionate love of righteousness, and an equally passionate hatred of iniquity? If so, you may expect the holy oil which will make your face to shine. How much readier the world would be to believe in Jesus Christ if Christians bore about with them a face radiant with the spirit of joy; but just as a single cloud will hide the sun, so a single sin will cover the life with the spirit of heaviness rather than the garment of praise.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." Joy is therefore a sheltered fruit, coming between love on the one hand and peace on the other. If you lose your love, cherishing unkind thoughts or uttering unkind words, you lose your joy. If you indulge in carking care, worry, or undue anxiety, you forfeit your joy. Joy is thus protected by love and peace.

(c) *This Anointing means a Useful Life.*

From the passage which Jesus took as the text of his first sermon—(see Is. 61:1-3 and Luke 4:18)—we learn that Jesus received the anointing for testimony in the synagogue, for teaching in the open air, for healing the sick sinners, for binding up broken hearts, for emancipating the devil's captives, for comforting mourning sinners and mourning saints, for daily acts of lowly service, for suffering persecution, contradiction, desertion, sacrifice, and death. And we receive the anointing, never for self-indulgence, but always for suffering or for service.

The Spirit comes not to our servant but our Master; not to be at our disposal, but expecting us to be ever at his. He comes not to make us reservoirs of living water, but *aqueducts* merely. We are not like a stored-up battery of electricity, but like the telegraph wire along which the lightning can flash at any time. "God has not given me a chest of poetic god," said Frances Ridley Havergal to one who thought she could write poetry "to order." "He keeps the gold, and gives it me piece by piece just when He will, and as much as He will and no more." "I am like a little child," she continued, "who, when writing a letter, looks up and says, 'What shall I write next?'" So we are brought to a moment by moment dependence on God, reckoning self-effaced before every act of worship or of work, and reminded of the truth, "I can do nothing out of myself."

(d) *This Anointing means a Receptive Life.*

"Received," in 1 John 2:27, is in the aorist tense, denoting singleness of act, a point in the expanse of time. So that it is not of struggling and effort that the experience comes, but by *receiving*; and receiving is more than asking: it is claiming and taking. It is "received" of Him, when the conditions are met, in an instant of time, and, like the anointing of the priest or king under the Old Covenant, is an *act* and not a *process*. There are two primary conditions—*obedience* (Acts 5:32) and *faith* (Gal. 3:14). The anointing never comes upon those who live in wilful disobedience, or upon those who, at the moment of presenting their request, say, "I doubt Thee."

(e) *This Anointing means an Abiding Life.*

The anointing *abides* in us as long as we heed the injunction to "abide in Him." (1 John 2:27). When the Comforter comes to take up his abode in his chosen temple—a human heart—He *intends* to abide. There is nothing changeable or capricious about Him. "I will pray the Father," said Jesus, "and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may be with you *for ever*." (John 14:16). Unbelief will hinder the putting forth of his power; what of recognition will hurt and disappoint Him; and wilful sin will cause Him to depart in grief.

It is this anointing that gives *stability of character*. "Now He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God." (2 Cor. 1:21). Here is the cure for our fickleness and instability. Why should the glowing flame so soon become a heap of dead ashes; why should the Divine aroma be so quickly lost; why should the holy tide begin so soon to ebb, when the Divine anointing is given to fix our wills in obedience, and to stablish us *into* Christ?—*Pentecostal Herald*.

FRIEND AND FRIEND AND FRIEND

W. T. FULLERTON

THERE was a friend who had two friends, one of them near at hand, and one at a distance. There came a day when the friend at a distance came near and the friend who was near became distant. Then something happened which bound all three together, and with the three friends there were three friendships.

It is the Great Master of hearts and of language that tells the story. "Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go to him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine is come to me and I have nothing to set before him. And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not, the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth" (Luke 11:5-8).

I.

There was mutual friendship between the man who traveled and the man who prayed. It was not only need, but friendship, that brought the traveler to that door. He did not question his welcome; he had that freedom which is a sign of good fellowship, and confidence that his appeal would have a response. And the resident not only felt friendship for the traveler, but avowed it, and proved it. Probably, he, too, had retired for the night when the knock came to his door, and was put to inconvenience to answer it. But the call was the opportunity to prove his friendship. He was so glad to hear his friend's voice, that, after a whispered colloquy with his wife, he rose and welcomed him. And he was not crabbed and meagre in his reception, spoiling the deed by doing it grudgingly. Then he set his wits to work. He went all the way of love, and it was little wonder that the traveler, knowing his temper, had journeyed late that night in order to reach such a home.

If we wish to help others to Christ we shall need so to live as to attract them to ourselves. There is a friendship with the world that is enmity to God, but there is also a churchishness of spirit which unfits us either to lead men to God, or to pray for them. The saint should cultivate that bonhomie, that readiness to do others a good turn, which will make his saintship attractive even to worldly souls, that disposition which characterized Sir Bartle Frere, for instance, of whom his wife said when a new servant was sent to meet him, and asked how he should recognize him: "You will see an elderly gentleman helping somebody."

II.

There was also mutual friendship between the man who prayed and the man who supplied the need. Here again it was not only need, but friendship, that brought him to his friend's door—it was that that gave him his claim. He argued from his own heart, and felt that his friend might be approached at an unseasonable hour, because he himself had been roused from his slumbers for friendship's sake. It was his familiarity with his friend, and frequent intercourse, that gave him the right to make a demand without paraphrase or ambiguity, a model for our prayers when we approach Him who has said to us: "Ye are My friends." We should trust Him enough to be quite explicit in our requests. Prayers prevail that are definite and concrete, not asking for general help, but dealing with particular need.

It was the certainty that his neighbor was his friend that made the suppliant persevere. Whatever caused his friend's apparent reluctance, the friendship was never in question, and God's love can never be doubted, his delays are never denials. He never delays merely for his own convenience, and here the parable fails us. But He delays. Sometimes to test our earnestness, sometimes to try our trust, and sometimes, I verily believe, for the pure joy of hearing our voice at the door. He does not want us to go away too quickly. Augustine says that "these midnight beggars are his delight," and we may be sure that they are especially welcome when they come as intercessors for others. And He never gives us something for others without bestowing something for ourselves. It is unfaith which makes his voice sound harsh as He answers us from within. The human friend may plead the children as a reason for denial, the Friend Divine pleads them as a reason for compliance. "You know how to give good gifts unto your children;" "how much more."

III.

Now the chain is complete, but not the circle. Two of three have not yet met—the donor and the traveler. Our Lord, who is only teaching the need of importunity in prayer, does not suggest what happened afterwards. But surely we may imagine. A series of postscripts to the parables in the light of Christian experience would be illuminating.

To begin, we may be sure that the friend who prayed, in explaining his somewhat lengthy absence, would, on his return to his house, sing the praises of his friend who at last had lent him the three loaves, would tell how they became friends, and speak of the fellowship they had had in past days. He would recall how on occasion his own needs had been supplied by the same bounty, and how ready his friend was to help everybody.

Then in the morning he who had given the three loaves would probably send a message asking if they had enough, and offer to send more, perhaps speak of coming himself to see the stranger. And the host would reply that he was coming, not to ask more, but to thank him again, in the light of the morning, for what he had done overnight. And then he would suggest to his visitor that he might come, too. For if we have two friends we always want them to know each other, and the friendship of a saint inevitably desires to lead to the Friend of friends. Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, once bared his heart to an intimate friend of his. "I love you," he wrote, "and I could die for you to bring you to your true centre—God."

Surely the third friendship ripened. As I follow the story I imagine that each friend starts from his home to visit the other, and they meet in the middle. There the introduction is made that issues in new links for the future, the three hearts are drawn together, and perhaps, to complete the idyll, the midnight traveler ceases his wanderings, and abides near his friends forever.—*Life of Faith.*

GOD'S FARM

BY G. C. KINNEY

YE are God's farm." 1 Cor. 3:9. This is the expression of the original context, and it conveys to the mind of us in the Occident a clearer meaning than the English version. If we would permit this thought to grip us it would change the entire trend of our lives. Just think God has offered to come down and live in our hearts and call it his farm.

First, there are all kinds of farms. I have seen some farms that were nothing more than a *swamp*, just filled with marshes which was a real breeding place for mosquitoes and tad poles. The atmosphere that comes from such a farm produces a sluggish feeling.

There are some souls that remind us of the "Nigger Wool" swamps of "Arkansaw." About all they are good for is to send forth an atmosphere or influence saturated with the "malaria" of hell. Their life is simply a cyclone of wickedness sent forth to defile other lives. From such a marsh of sin can be heard the bull frogs of hell bellowing in the midnight of lusts. The mosquitoes of nicotine are ever coming from such a swamp going forth to dam the lives of the young men of our land with blighting cigarettes. The offensive odor thrown off from such a swamp covered with green scum is certainly stifling. The same is true of a soul that is the incubator of evil thoughts, the brooder of blasphemy, and the speaker of unkind words.

Then there are other farms that are nothing more than a bed of sand and before they will produce they must be irrigated. Where a farm is so dry and there is but little rain fall it is easy to have a "sand storm." When we go on an outing we never select a sand bar on which to spend the day.

There are lives that are so dry and empty that they have never produced anything. But few blessings seemingly fall on their parched souls. There are no "inviting" shades in their life to induce the weary pilgrim to spend an hour. There are some people who never draw anyone to them. They never receive a blessing and are never made a blessing. But every strong gale of opposition causes their temper to throw them down, and this is as destructive as a "sand storm."

Some farms are extremely hilly and rocky, and are easy to wash after a heavy rain. The best way to keep such a farm is to sow it down in blue grass, for the least disturbance will cause the soil to wash away.

There are some lives that are naturally rough on the surface. They do not know how to "fit in" to surroundings or conditions, and if you try to tell them, it is like ploughing on a hillside, the result may be a "wash out." It is hard for some people to speak kindly and politely because they are so "rocky." When you meet with one of those rough and hilly farms the less you say to them the happier you will feel. The flood of opposition will produce a large gully. So, the wise thing to do is just to play mute and let them have their say.

But the loam farm that lies well in a suitable climate where plenty of fresh water is found is the one that produces best and is worth most. Just as there are all kinds of farms there are all kinds of souls. It is said that we have 28,000,000 brain cells and that only 8,000,000 have ever been developed in any one brain, and that no two brains have ever developed them alike. That is the reason why no two of us talk, walk, or look alike.

It is the purpose of the Lord to take these farms and drain them of sin, after which He will plough them with His Spirit, in order to fertilize them with the truth, so He can Sow them with his Word.

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LIVING WATER

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EDITORIAL

WEEKLY TEXT

*"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faith-
ful in much. Lk. 16:10.*

HE CARETH FOR ME

BY ISAAC R. EMBREE

*Text—Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for
you. 1 Peter 5:7.*

He careth for me,
My King and my Lord;
He careth for me,
By his spirit and word;
He careth for me,
O wonderful love,
That I am to share
In his glory above.

He careth for me,
With fatherly care,
He goeth before me,
My way to prepare
Smooths the rough places,
And holdeth my hand,
And bringeth me safe
To the Canaan land.—*Ex.*

A PAYING INVESTMENT

One of the leading questions of the day is, does it pay? And this is a legitimate question. Every intelligent man and woman has a right to put this interrogation; but the difficulty arises as to the estimate placed upon the investment. This calculation will be governed entirely by the vision of the individual. He who has really and truly separated himself from the world will have a conception of investments as wholly at variance with the ideas of the average man and woman as noonday differs from midnight.

We were impressed anew with this fact upon reading the experience of a Boston man who gave his check for \$500.00 for missionary work in China. This amount supported four Chinese pastors and preachers. Two of these pastors organized Bible classes, one of them bringing into the church fifty men. One of these men visited the cities where the meetings that followed up the work of Mr. Eddy were held, and up to this time 9,200 people have decided to study the Bible. Another of these preachers pastors a church with a seating capacity of five hundred. Besides supporting these four native preachers this fund of \$500.00 supported eight theological students. Think of what an investment this was for souls. No wonder that this business man similingly and joyfully sent in his check again for \$500.00.

No mathematician can calculate such an investment. Science is powerless in the face of estimates like this. Money given to bring souls into the Kingdom of God is such a princely investment, is such a royal privilege that none dare presume to estimate its worth. It is a privilege that angels might covet, yet it has been bequeathed to mortal man. He alone has been given this inalienable right and heritage which is priceless beyond mental, human conception. How we should covet such a rare opportunity to bring blessings to humanity.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVICE

How Christian men and women shrink from yielding themselves absolutely to God lest He require something that they do not want to do—some service that now seems too much of a sacrifice. Who loves like Jesus and who could plan for the highest joy of the trusting child like this loving Father? It is sacrifice that brings the sweetest joy, the most triumphant victory. It is the service in the will of Christ that yields the best investment of the life. Why should there be fear when the One who loves us with an infinite love is the one to whom the life is committed.

How many shrink from the call to give their lives for service on the mission field, but how their minds change when they once have the joy of telling souls, for the first time, of this wonderful salvation. Sherwood Eddy, who has been such a success for God in India and elsewhere gives a bit of his experience, which we quote:

"'Lovest thou me enough to give thyself?' Our most urgent need to-day is for men and women who will come out to reap in these white harvest fields. The work is hard; I know of none harder. But it is a work that angels might envy—full of suffering and brimful of joy. I remember the night when, as a student in America, my own life turned in the balance, and I had to count the cost. It was a struggle between an ambition and a mission, between silver and souls, between self and Christ; but the scale turned on the side of Christ, and how I thank God that it did! I was honestly afraid that I might be wasting my life by going abroad. I was willing to pay any price, willing to fall to the ground and die, if only I could be sure that there would be much fruit. But I was not willing to throw my life away gratuitously from a subjective sense of duty upon an unresponsive people, where one would have nothing to show for his life work. How I smile now when I think of that fear! I have been overburdened with the opportunity of the work, crushed by the sense of my own insufficiency, humiliated by my own limitations and inadequacy; but I have thanked God a thousand times that my lot has fallen in the heart of such an opportunity."

We once sat in a great missionary meeting where fifty women, fresh from the field, testified. Nearly all of these said that the seven, ten, fifteen, twenty, or whatever the number of years mentioned, were the happiest of their lives. We shall never forget the inspiration of that hour as these women with beaming faces and souls aflame told of their joy in service.

How narrow the selfish life. How little true joy it must possess. God wants to lead us out into a large place, but how often we shrink. The self-life asserts itself and ease bids for recognition, but how much better to go God's way—the old rugged way of the cross. This is the way that leads to a fruitful life.

The church is calling for volunteers. It needs the splendid young manhood and young womanhood of to-day to be laid upon the altar for service. Doors stand open in every mission field and Jesus is watching from the battlements of the skies to see who will choose this better part and say, "Here am I, send me."

GOD'S FARM

(Continued from Page 3)

Second, the owner of the farm. Some act as though their souls belong to themselves. Friend, just about the time you reach such a conclusion the sheriff of the universe will call for you. The price that the purchaser pays for the farm places his value upon it. There are not many of our friends that see enough in us to sacrifice all for our good. But Jesus saw enough in man to die for him, and the cost was greater than has ever been paid for any farm. The price of the soul was the blood of a God. Far greater than all the silver, gold or diamond mines of the world. So remember that your soul belongs to Him, for He has paid the ransom price and now you are his farm.

Third, clearing is a process which always proceeds planting. The pick ax, spade and grubbing hoe are used in clearing the farm. Since He has purchased us He desires to grub up the trees of doubt, chop down the bushes of lust, burn up the log heaps of the world, and destroy the forest of sin. Some times there are some old stumps that have to be blown out with dynamite. Some of the largest "old stumps" I have ever seen and the most difficult to get out were the stumps of *jealousy* and *prejudice*. Their roots are deep in the human heart. Some times those old stumps are found in the heart of a Christian or even a minister. I have known some good men to become jealous because some one had greater success than they. There are some few ministers to-day who spend more time in fighting Billy Sunday than they do fighting the devil. Let no man uncrown him whom God has crowned. There is one sure and only remedy by which these stumps may be gotten rid of and that is by the dynamite of the Holy Ghost.

Fourth, the fencing of the farm. It serves as a two-fold purpose; namely, to keep something out and to keep something in. This fence will never decay or need repairing. It is stronger than a wall of granite, and it is so high no enemy will ever be able to climb over. No demand of hell will ever be able to break it down. The fence that God places around his farm is his *everlasting, eternal, unchangeable love*. Think of such a fence around you that will never grow old, but is as strong to-day as when it was first placed around you. Father and mother may turn you down and forsake you but the love of God is round about you like a mighty wall, and will keep out the enemy and keep in the purchased possession.

Fifth, the beautifying of the farm. After it has been cleared and then fenced the owner desires to make it attractive. So he plants the beautiful flowers in beds over the lawn which looked like the "embroidered work of nature." Thrifty growing shade trees are then placed in uniform order across the lawn. But these are not placed on a farm just for attraction, no more than the "Christian graces" are given to the redeemed soul. They play an important part in the value of the property. The soul may be beautified by the shade tree of patience and have as many beds of kindness and gentleness as it desires, while the lawn may be covered with an emerald work of faith and love, and in the "back yard" of the soul is found the old-fashioned spring of everlasting life sending forth its sparkling stream continually. The song birds of joy and the "birds of paradise" are found near the spring in the "tree of life" as in the days of Eden.

But what is the purpose of all the soul's beauty? The Lord did not save us just to be attractive. He had a purpose in view.

Sixth, the product of the farm. After the farmer has gone to all the expense of purchasing, clearing, fencing, and beautifying then he expects the farm to gladden his heart

by yielding an abundant harvest. The Lord did not save us merely to take us to heaven. If He had He would have taken us the day He saved us. But He saved us in order that we might lead others to Him. We cannot honor God unless we are producing something. "Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," Jno. 15:8.

About all some people have ever produced since they joined the church is a field of Spanish needles or cuckleburs. If we are not leading souls to Christ then our Christian life is a failure. It makes no difference what we profess. Some people have been professors for five years and have never led a soul to Christ. In every community there are unsaved people that you know if they were to die in their sins they would go to a sinner's hell, and dare you say you can live among such for a year and never speak to them about Christ. If in twelve long months we do not try to lead a soul to Christ, then we are a failure and a complete failure, and any church that does not lead one soul to Christ in a year has more than failed. You may say that is strong language. Well, it is, but it would be better for any town never to have had lights than to have them and then let them go out and leave the lamp post there for obstruction on a dark night.

"Suppose some one were to offer me a thousand dollars for every soul that I might earnestly try to lead to Christ, would I endeavor to lead any more souls to Him than I am endeavoring to now? Is it possible that I would attempt to do for money even at the risk of blunders or ridicule, what I hesitate or shrink from doing now in obedience to God's command? Is my love of money stronger than my love of God or of souls? How feeble then my love of God! Perhaps this explains why many are not soul-winners."

If you knew this would be your last year on earth would you be more faithful? Don't disappoint God, for you are his farm.

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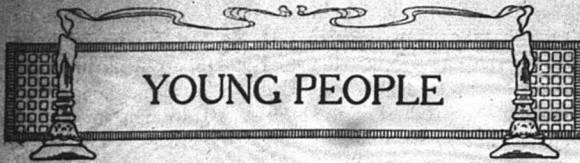
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Eastland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dear Children: Some weeks ago I told you the true story of a young Greek lad who came to our country, was converted and called to be a missionary. This week I will tell you another true story, this time of a young Bulgarian boy. Do you know where Bulgaria is? It is a small country lying north of Turkey, and suffering to-day as so many countries are because of the great war.

Well, about thirty years ago among all the babies born that year was the baby in which we are interested. I suppose this little Bulgarian baby had as good time as any baby, even if his parents were poor, uneducated peasants. He ate and slept, and cooed, and smiled like any of our American babies, but there the likeness ended. When a boy becomes old enough to go to school in America you know how it is. His proud mother dresses him in his Sunday best, takes him by the hand and leads him to a nice, big building where there are lots of happy, eager children, and there he is placed with a teacher who begins to teach him all sorts of things, how to read, write, spell, and work examples. Our little Bulgarian boy didn't go to school because there wasn't any school for him to go to. Schools are scarce in some countries you see. We are so used to them, dotted all over this big land of ours, on the city street, the village green, and country hill; that we just suppose every land is well fixed with schools. But, somehow our little friend

WANTED TO GO TO SCHOOL

"I don't want to be just a peasant all my life, and know nothing but my day's work," he told his astonished parents. "I want to learn things and be somebody." They shook their heads. Schooling was only for the children of the well-to-do, who were able to hire teachers. Bulgaria is a Greek Catholic country, and our little friend knew nothing but Catholic ways, yet somehow he wasn't satisfied with them either. His oldest sister was a nun, living in a convent in a city some miles away. One day he went to see her. She was glad to see him, but said he must go the first thing and pay his respects to the father in charge, who then might give him permission to spend the night in the convent. When they were told to enter the priest's room the sister dropped on her knees, and told her brother to do the same, and that he must make his way on his knees to the priest and kiss his hand. Our little boy looked at the priest, a large, fat man, who was lying lazily in his bed in the middle of the forenoon. He was not a clean old man, indeed the fat hand which he held out to be kissed was decidedly dirty. The boy never knew what prompted him to do such a thing, but he decided instantly in his own mind not to kneel, and not to kiss that hand. Walking deliberately over to the bed, he took hold of the father's hand, shook it, and said in Bulgarian, "How do you do?"

The sister was speechless with horror and fear, and so was the old man for a few moments. Then in a terrible voice he denounced the wickedness of such a boy, and roared for the attendants to drive him into the street at once. The nun followed him to the door, wringing her hands and saying, "O, why did you do such a wicked thing?"

HE STARTS OUT INTO THE WORLD

Soon after this the boy determined to start out in the world to see what he could do for himself. His parents had

no money to give him, but his mother tied up a few clothes, a little cotton sack of fresh eggs and some bread. She wept as she kissed him good-bye, and stood watching, as mother's all over the world do, until the little figure had trudged out of sight. The boy walked on for miles, sometimes getting a lift in a cart, for which he paid with an egg or two. He was making his way to a large city, and kept his eyes and ears open to learn all he could of its ways. It was a homesick boy who reached there at last, but he had come to stay, so he hunted until he found work, always keeping the thought of an education in his mind. We have seen that he was not very fond of doing the things good Catholics are supposed to do, yet he was even more set against Protestants. He did not know much about them, but he was against them nevertheless. There was a Protestant Mission in this city, run by an American Missionary and his wife. One night some boys who worked in the factory with him planned to go to this mission, break out all the windows and stop the service. Our boy was very glad to join them. Protestants were mischievous, meddling people, he felt, and these foreigners ought to stay in their own country, though he had never heard of the land from which they came. The boys filled the pockets of their loose, baggy breeches with rocks, and hid themselves in the bushes and tall grass at the side of the little church. They had agreed to wait until the people were all gathered and the service under good way. Then they were going to hurl their rocks at the lighted windows, cracking as many as possible and make off in the darkness. As they waited the missionaries began to sing, a sweet American gospel hymn it was, and some of the people who had learned it joined in.

THE GOSPEL REACHES HIM

The boy was entranced. He had never heard anything like this before. It sounded angelic to him. Grasping one of his companions by the arm he whispered, "Don't throw, I want to hear this music." Somehow the other boys heeded him, and still hidden, they listened while one song after another was sung. They went away quietly when it was over, but came again the next night to listen. Very soon one boy began to go in to the services, and after a few weeks he was converted under the missionaries preaching. He loved this bright-faced Christian man, and often visited at the mission house. When the missionaries found out how he longed for an education they told him he should make his way to America, a land of schools, where a boy could get an education if he was determined to have it. There were night schools, they told him, and he could work for his living in the day and go to school at night. The lad's mind was soon made up, and bidding his friends farewell, he started on his way to America. He worked his way across the great ocean in a small steamer, and hard work it was. But he landed in New York and found employment in a factory. He saved every penny he could spare, and put in all the time he could in learning to read and speak English. He was asking about schools, too, the kind of school where a boy might work his way through. Of course, he did not have money, or time for shows, or any of the gay sights of the great city.

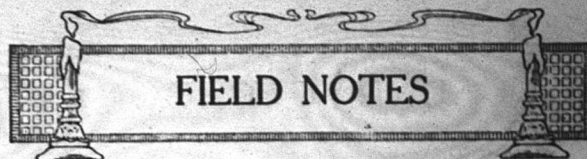
HE HAD A PURPOSE

and everything else must give way to that. It was not always easy, but he stuck to it. He had decided by this time that a normal school near Kansas City was the place for him to go, and when he had saved enough money for his railroad ticket he pulled off his overalls as the factory closed one evening, and told his friends he was starting for school next day. They laughed and jeered at him, but came to the depot the next night to see him off. One boy deftly shied a bundle through the window as the train pulled out, say-

ing, "Take these, you will need them." He found his old factory overalls inside. "They don't believe I will ever be anything but a factory hand, but I will show them," said the Bulgarian lad.

GRAMMER SCHOOL BOY, COLLEGE GRADUATE AND YOUNG PHYSICIAN

When he reached the normal school he went to the president's office and said, "I have come all the way from Bulgaria to get an education. I have no money, but I can work. You must not send me away, for this is the place for me to go to school." There was nothing for the president to do but to find work for such a boy. The Bulgarian youth went through the grammer school course, often doubling his studies. Then he fitted himself for college, and took the literary course there. When I met him and he told me his story, he had but one more year of his four years medical course to finish. "When I am graduated next year," he said, "I will stay a while in this country, taking special work in a hospital. Then I shall return as a Christian, medical missionary to my own people. They will never be able to understand how I, a peasant boy, obtained a college degree and scientific training. Such things cannot happen in my country. And you Americans do not realize how grateful you should be for the wonderful opportunities which every boy has in this great land of public schools, night schools, colleges and universities. If he has a mind to make something of himself he can do it." And as I looked at the young Bulgarian doctor, and thought of his keen, trained mind, and his skillful trained eyes and hands, and remembered his beginning as a poor, ignorant little peasant boy in far-away Bulgaria, I felt he was right about it. What are you doing with your opportunities? Are you making *somebody* of yourself.



Rev. E. T. Adams is holding revival services at Corinth, Ky.

Rev. John F. Owen goes to Perkasio, Pa., Nov. 2-11 for a revival meeting.

Rev. W. R. Cain is at Sylvia, Kansas in revival services where he will remain till Nov. 4.

Rev. J. L. Brasher is at Lagrange, Ky., in a revival meeting where he will remain till Nov. 4.

Rev. R. M. Kell is to spend the month of November in an evangelistic meeting at Lafeer, Mich.

Rev. E. C. Dees is assisting in revival services at Shelbyville, Tenn. Rev. Lige Weaver is pastor.

Rev. A. C. Zepp is conducting an evangelistic mission in Greenville, Ohio. The date is Oct. 3-Nov. 12.

Rev. B. F. Scheffer of Florida is holding revival services with the Holiness Church at Springfield, Tenn.

Rev. C. W. Ruth has just closed a meeting in Boston, and goes from there to Exeter, Mass., where he will remain till Oct. 28.

Rev. C. F. Wimberly has entered the avangelistic field to give his entire time to this work. His address is 523 South First Street, Louisville, Ky.

Since I last reported I have been "at the front." This makes eighteen weeks, day and night, without any rest. I have had more than double the success this year compared with any previous year. G. C. KINNEY, Carterville, Ill.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a holiness meeting conducted by Evangelists Allie Irick and wife of Pilot Point, Tex., in the Nazarene Church at Jasper, Ala., November 14-26. All the saints and friends in those regions are urged to attend this gospel feast. By order of Church Board.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

P. R. NUGENT, RICHMOND, VA.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1917
DEFEAT THROUGH DRUNKENNESS

I. KINGS 20:1-21

GOLDEN TEXT: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." I. Kings 20:11.

Study the lesson from the standpoint of God's purposes and arrangements both active and permissive, for above, and through, these actions of men God was ruling and accomplishing his purposes. "The battles of antiquity were regarded as the contest of national deities." (*Bethel Quarterly*). Doubtless this was true in many cases, if not all, especially in the days of Israel whom God had placed in Canaan as his representatives. And it may be that nations are stirred to start wars by evil angels for they seem to have something to do with national affairs (Dan. 10:13). Idolatrous worship is unto demons so that such nations, when they warred against Israel would go in the name of their idols. When right with God, Israel could, and would, go to battle in his name so that the battle would evidently be between Jehovah and his people and the demons and their worshippers. And it is to be noted that when the Israelites were living in disobedience and were therefore not in condition to have God's help in battle, and therefore would be defeated by the heathen, the latter would regard the victory as a proof that their gods were superior to Israel's God. So God was dishonored before men on account of his people's sin. This is true still. Inconsistency and unbelief in a professing Christian bring dishonor to God. In some way, and at some time, He will be vindicated.

Only by God's authority are the powers of evil restrained. When, on account of sin, men, or cities, or nations cannot rightly be protected God's restraint is taken away and wicked spirits work their evil will. This fact is clearly seen in Israel's history. When they turned to sin their enemies would arise against them. This was by God's permission and was a punishment for their sin. This was true in the days of Ahab and probably the reason why he was not utterly overthrown was because of Elijah's prayers and ministry. Ahab had already been punished by a famine and now Benhadad was allowed to come against him with insulting and burdensome demands, and an army to enforce them. And Ahab was humbled before his own people and

his foes. He saw his inability, was not in position to call on God for help and, at first, surrendered without resistance (v. 4). When Benhadad's insulting demands increased Ahab, encouraged by elders and people and possibly goaded to desperation, refused to submit. They probably concluded that defeat in battle would not result in much more loss of property than would come by submission to such demands and that refusal would at least give them a chance to help themselves, or try to. And this change may have been the result of someone's effective praying for God to be merciful, for this refusal was followed by a prophetic message which meant that the refusal would be upheld by God. King and people were no doubt conscious of being in a very dangerous, helpless state and were enough humbled by it to receive help from God and take no glory to themselves. It is sometimes true that people have to be humbled before God can help them.

God emphasized the fact that *He* was the real deliverer by the plan of battle given through the prophet. The "young men" (14) seem to have been the servants of the princes and the salvation of these humble men, few in number and therefore naturally unequal to the task, reminded Ahab and his great men that the victory was to be of God and not by their abilities. Possibly, too, these men were men who had faith enough in God to obey a command like that, otherwise they could scarcely have been relied upon for such an undertaking.

God's motive for helping Ahab is given in v. 13. It was that he might know that his helper was Jehovah—Israel's faithful, changeless, gracious, merciful God. Ahab was far from deserving such aid, and there is no record that he asked it, so that it is a marked example of how far God's grace and mercy lead Him to go.

Yet grace to Israel was accompanied by punishment to the Syrians. The first cause of Benhadad's defeat is not to be found in his and his helpers' drunkenness. His "defeat was . . . through contempt for Jehovah." Vs. 13, 23 (*Torrey*). Benhadad was also grasping and proud and needed to be rebuked and humbled. This fact may give somewhat of an explanation of God's deliverance to Ahab. Favor to Ahab was possible because punishment was due to Benhadad and God used Israel to give it through his power. Benhadad's drunkenness afforded an opportune time for God's little army to strike, but even then the Syrian army so outnumbered Israel's that it was only the power of God that brought defeat to Israel's foes. If God had not fought for Israel even the Syrians' drunkenness would not have availed to defeat them, though it naturally had that tendency, for a drunken man is of little or no account.

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