

# LIVING WATER

"CALL UNTO ME, AND I WILL ANSWER THEE, AND SHEW THEE GREAT AND MIGHTY THINGS, WHICH THOU KNOWEST NOT."—Jer. 33: 3

O. McCLURKAN, EDITOR.  
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## SAM JONES CONVERSION AND FIRST SERMON

By Mrs. S. P. Jones



SAM P. JONES.

This was the period of Mr. Jones' life when he temporarily reformed and lived sober for eighteen months. Then he went with some of the citizens of our town on the first excursion that was run over the new railroad to Rockmart, and they persuaded him to

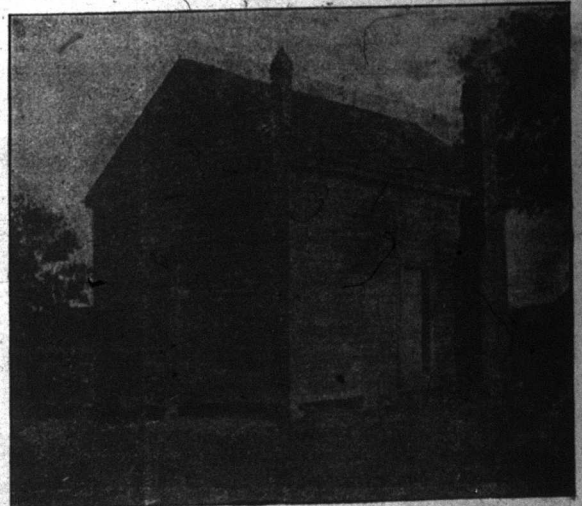
poor, wicked, wayward, reckless boy. You have broken the heart of your sweet wife and brought me down in sorrow to my grave; promise me, my boy, to meet me in heaven." Standing there, convulsed with emotion from head to foot, he stepped around to the side of the bed and took his father's bony hand in his and said: "Father, I'll make you the promise. I'll quit! I'll quit! I'll quit!" He said it in such a way that his dying father had every assurance that he meant it. A change was seen in his father's countenance, and the pledge from his boy, he believed, meant the reformation of his life.

Then and there Mr. Jones burned the bridges behind him, and walked away from the dying couch determined to live for the right. In after years, including some of his last utterances in Oklahoma City, Mr. Jones said: "Thank God, I can say every willful step of my life since that moment has been towards the redemption of that promise."

When Mr. Jones turned from the bedside of his dying father he was groping in darkness and in search of Jesus Christ, the Savior of sinners. While the promise he made his father was a step toward salvation, and helped to bring about a speedy reformation, he was not entirely assured of his acceptance with God. After his father's death he went down to the home of his grandfather, Rev. Samuel G. Jones, on Saturday, and spent the Sabbath. That morning his grandfather preached at Moore's Chapel. Mr. Jones was under deepest conviction, and at the close of the sermon he walked forward and gave his grandfather his hand, asking for the prayers of God's people.

His conviction became deeper each day, and he saw his sins as never before. While under the influence of the Holy Spirit he had a glimpse of the cross. As Paul said, "The cross was a stumbling block to the Jew, and foolishness to the Greek;" so it was with him until the light of the Holy Spirit flooded his soul. Mr. Jones has described his own experience in this illustration:

"I have walked out in the mountainous regions of my own State an hour before day-break; I have stood on the porch of some country place and looked at the hills and valleys around me; they presented but the outline of something that I could not appreciate, I could not fully see. I go back into that dwelling, and in three hours more I walk out again on the front porch. The sun has risen on the scene and bathed the mountains and valleys in a sea of light, and now I look, and beauties and splendors that never met my eye before face me on every side. The light of the sun shows me the beauties of the world and helps me to understand largely its mysteries. Brethren, I saw the



SAM JONES'S FIRST HOME IN CARTERSVILLE.

rink wine with them. This caused him to return to his former habits, and for about six weeks he continued to drink, until he was brought face to face with his dying father.

His father was sick for several weeks, and it was the custom of the ministers to call and have prayers with him. Mr. Jones would attend these prayer services around his father's bedside. As the end came nearer Captain Jones would tell of the presence of the Lord, and speak in such a way as to make every one feel that God was really present. He would take his friends by the hand and in a cool, calm, delightful way say, "This little home that God has given me for my wife and children is filled with the glory of the Lord. I am physically very weak, but spiritually I am strong. When every other prop fails me, then Jesus Christ stands firm."

Just before the end came he turned to each member of his family and spoke a parting word. Mr. Jones was standing at the foot of the bed, looking down into his father's face. When his father came to him, for a moment he was speechless while looking into his son's face. Finally he said: "My

cross erected, God's only begotten Son, the victim, suspended; he suffered; he died; and yet I saw but the dim outlines of something—I could not catch it in its fullness; I could not take it in all its beauty; and then the Divine Spirit rose on the scene and bathed the cross in a sea of light.

"I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

"Sure, never to my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

"My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood has spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.

"A second look he gave, which said:  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou mayst live."'"

The revival in which Mr. Jones was converted was held at Felton's Chapel. This was one of the regular appointments on his grandfather's circuit. Sunday morning we went out to the service, and at the close of the sermon Grandfather Jones opened the doors of the church, and, to my astonishment, Mr. Jones arose and walked up and joined the church. In speaking of that gracious hour, Mr. Jones says:

"I never shall forget the day when I walked up in the little old church in Bartow County, with the only fear in my heart that I would not be received into the church. That day the man of God, my grandfather, stood up and preached, and when he opened the doors of the church I sat back in the audience and listened, and fear again came to me that I would not be received, my condition was so apparently hopeless, my life and habits had been so dissolute and so well known. Again I soon had the impulse to go forward, and then an overpowering something said, 'No, you are too weak and afraid,' and so it was until they had sung one, two and three verses of the good old hymn, and it looked like I would fail, but directly I got a new strength, and I said to myself:

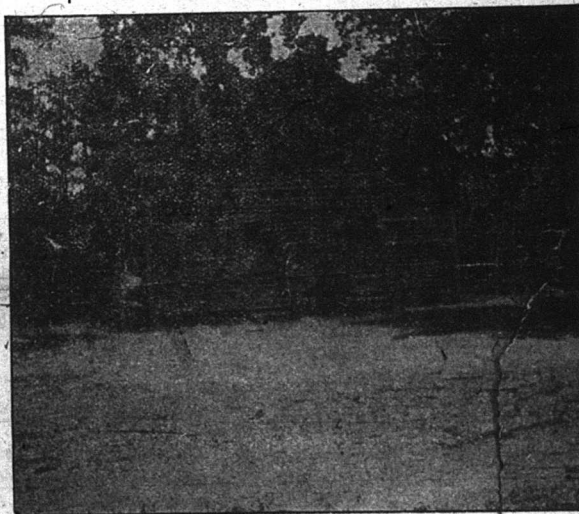
"I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away I know  
I must forever die."

"And in that little country church, with my dear old grandfather preaching the sermon, I went and gave myself to God. I went forward and took his hand and looked up into his face and said: 'Grandfather, I take

this step to-day; I give myself, my heart and life, what is left of it, all to God and to His cause.' He took me and pulled me up, and laid my head on his bosom, and wept like a child, and said, brokenly: 'God bless you, my boy, and may you be faithful unto death.' And they received me into the church. And I want to tell you, my neighbor, whatever else may be said, living or dying, I was a reformed and changed man from that hour."

For a week or more he had been very sad and depressed. I did not understand his condition. However, on our way home he said: "I can't tell you just how I've felt the past week; I have been seeking forgiveness for my sins. God has pardoned me. I shall not drink any more. I am done with it. I have told you many times that I have reformed my life, but you have a sober husband now. It is now true."

As soon as the great change took place he felt impressed that he should preach. He



WHERE MR. JONES WAS CONVERTED.

did not know whence this impression came. He sought the advice and counsel of several preachers, with this reply, in substance, from each: "You are called to preach; you can come willingly into it, or you can be whipped into it, or you will lose your religion, if you refuse." The last point was always the most powerful argument to him. He said he felt as did Gideon Ounsley when the voice said, "Gideon, go and preach the gospel." "How can I preach, O Lord? I cannot speak, for I am a child." But when his mind was fully satisfied that he should enter the ministry, he began immediately to tell how the Lord had saved him. He spoke as only a man can who knew the full saving power of his Lord and Savior.

But, like Gideon Ounsley, again, he had discovered the disease and found the remedy, and this gives the physician complete control over the patient, so he took his Bible and went from his knees to the pulpit with the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon him and with an earnest desire for the salvation of

lost souls. While he had no theological training, he was prepared to preach to men because of the anointing that God had given him. In after years, in speaking of theological seminaries, he said "that wouldn't give a Georgia circuit, a pony or a Bible for all the 'theological cemeteries' the world."

He preached his first sermon one week after his conversion at the old New Church, two miles from Cartersville, home. In the afternoon Grandfather Jones told him that he would have to preach at night. We rode out to the church in a wagon, the party consisting of Mr. Jones, myself and our little child. Mr. Jones had not been licensed to preach.

Grandfather said: "I will go your curiosity until conference meets." So Mr. Jones agreed to preach for him. He was encouraged further by his grandfather saying: "If God has called you to preach, you can preach; come into the pulpit."

The church was crowded with earnest Christians, who were in deepest sympathy with him and supported him with their prayers, while there were many of his old companions and others who were there through curiosity.

With much anxiety and fear, he took his place in the pulpit. At the singing and prayer he arose and announced his text from the chapter of Romans and the sixteenth verse: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew and also to the Greek."

As he looked over the congregation he realized that every one knew him. They knew his past; they had seen him only as a wild, dissipated young man. He didn't assume any pulpit manner or attitude,

did he attempt any analysis of his text, give any attention to its unfolding, but he began to tell his experience of the salvation that had come to him. God had saved him and he was not ashamed to proclaim it to the world. His deep earnestness and confident sincerity and the power of the Holy Spirit upon him immediately got hold of hearts and minds of the audience. As Mr. Jones said, before he proceeded far into his text, he adopted the plan of the good Methodist preacher who got into the bus and closed his Bible, saying: "Brethren cannot preach the text, but I can tell you my experience in spite of the devil." Out of his heart, full of love to God and to men, he told of the great things that God had done for him.

Mr. Jones said he remembered only a few things of this, his first sermon. One was "God is good," and the other, "I am happy."

The Holy Spirit was present to bear testimony, and many were melted to tears and deeply moved to a better life.



6. *With thanksgiving.* (Phil. 4:19. Col. 4:2.) Do we always remember this?

Prayer, like every other art, has its difficulties. It is not always easy nor delightful to pray. But when you cannot pray with a warm heart pray with a cold one. Sweet emotions are not in our own power; and it is not always the prayer that flows easiest that is best rewarded. When you feel dull and languid in devotion, do not desist, but go bravely on. God sometimes rewards such efforts in the end by an unusually sweet "refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

As for theoretic difficulties—ah! there is but one way to deal with these—*put them resolutely from you.*

The following heart-stirring quotation from a letter of an evangelist in the *Way of Faith*, may fitly close this talk on prayer.

"Prayer—midnight prayer—praying through; yes praying all night, fasting, and prayer, agonizing prayer, wrestling prayer, will pull

the fire out of heaven. Knee work by the hour, knee work, by the night, will bring crushing conviction and crowd the altar. The need of this age is knee-work. When saints will go off into their rooms and stay before our Lord on their faces by the hour great salvation will follow.

"One who prays long, prays continually—victory follows! Men can't sit around between services, if they would preach with power, and lead souls to Jesus. Praying clear through is not an easy task every time; yet we must pray clear through or have no sweep of victory. Take time to pray clear through. Your soul will get fat, your faith will mount upon wings, your hope will be anchored. There will be a joy in your soul, a spring in your heel, and a deep settled peace will be yours to enjoy. Glory to God! Praise Him who died to give us this sunny, this beautiful, this sublime salvation. What a joy to walk on earth and live in the skies!"

L. A. K.

ever anybody could *earn* a crown of life through suffering, her claim would be a good one. But she had no such claim, she lived in no such expectation. She was a disciple of the holy Gallean. Her life was in His life, and His life in her life. She preached a great gospel, though it was in deeds rather than in words, in the spirit of her life rather than in phrases. In the "welcome" to her out of pain into joy, out of struggle into peace, there will mingle some children's voices with the sweet voice of the dear Lord.

R. M. J.

## WATERS FROM THE SANCTUARY

Ezek. 47:1-10

Mrs. May Mabbette Anderson, Washington, D. C.

### The "Ordinary" Saint

The following article will bear a message of comfort to many a "hidden away" soul. It will also give "pointers" to many others, which will prove helpful in the days to come.

"There are many "saints" enrolled in the calendar, "saints" to whom candles are burned and shrines are builded, that have not shed the perfume of love and balm of comfort like this ordinary saint, who has today been crowned in the unseen realm.

The great world never knew her. She did not "post o'er land and ocean" with some panacea for the ills of the race. She did not write books, or lead reforms, or tell mothers how to bring up babies. She was not a leader and she had no "gift" for the propagation of views and theories. But God had given her the highest of all His gifts—He had revealed to her the secret of quietly giving *herself* to those who needed her. We expect a *mother-instinct* to come to a woman with her first born, and we are so used to the wonderful thing called mother-love that we do not see the miracle in it.

But this woman had no first born. She never felt the indescribable transformation that comes when the tiny person first babbles, "Mamma, I loves you." And yet she had, by a kind of Divine favor, the mother-instinct and the mother-love without having had "the birth pangs. She went into homes where the real mother was missing and entered with a genuine interest into all the little needs and problems of the children's lives.

She could do it because she had so completely learned the supreme secret of *giving herself*. It is that spirit that makes the great missionary. It is that spirit that makes the great prophet. It is that spirit that flowers out in all the fields of Divine service the world over. She forgot herself in the needs of others, and she did it so spontaneously that she was hardly aware that her life was a life of typical consecration. Like those naive saints in the Judgment scene, she, too, would have said, "When saw we thee hungry and fed thee, or sick and ministered to thee?" But her whole life was spent giving cups of cold water to little ones that needed the drink and the love that went with it.

One of the most beautiful services of her life was her devotion to a little group of young men, who had been patients in an insane asylum and who, during their convalescence, came under her care. They recognized her worth and her goodness with an unerring insight, and there was a soothing, healing power in her love and care, which was better than any medicine in the world. It was a sight one could not forget to see her among these men of many types and many dispositions, showing that same spirit of self-giving which had made her so successful in moulding the lives of children—showing in unpromising soil the pure flower of a saintly life.

Few persons have ever been called to pass through a harder baptism of pain than this soul has come through. All the agony that a human frame can endure came to her. If

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J. O. McCLURKAN, EDITOR

Ninety-eight were enrolled during the session. Most of these are in preparation for some kind of religious work. They will be distributed from New York to Florida in the homeland, and in different portions of the foreign field. There is no scarcity of work. Some of them have already more calls for the summer than they can fill. Many more workers are needed.

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### THE MEANING OF SORROW OR THE SUBLIMITY OF SUFFERING

Some one has said, "Who knows but what this world is the cradle in which God is rocking the future rulers of the universe."

This life is God's training school for His children. The curriculum is divided into many departments. The bitter and sweet, the agreeable and disagreeable, the joys and sorrows, are strangely mixed. An important department is that of suffering, and most of the members of this class go very unwillingly to their task. This is partly because they do not grasp the inner meaning of sorrow, nor hear the voice speaking to them "out of the cloud." (John 9:35.)

The Apostle rejoiced in tribulation, [literally a process by which the grain was freed from the husks,] because of the blessed results attached thereto. "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." (Rom. 5:2-5.)

There is a polish, depth and wealth of spirit obtained only through suffering. If we were to view tribulations only in relation to life's short day, it would be more difficult to understand them, but God has large plans for us, and this sharp disciplinary process is getting us ready for greater things. Eph. 1:4, 6, 10, 12, 18:23; 2:7; 3:10, 11, 20, 21, predict a destiny for the believer that few of us have ever apprehended. We are predestined to show forth the praise of His glory, "To be the exponents to all intelligences and powers in all the universe, of the love and wisdom of God" throughout the ages of ages." A position of such magnitude and trust as rulership, with such positional privileges, necessitates the most exacting training. Candidates for God's best often have the severest tests. The overcomers are the pillars in the temple of God. (Rev. 3:12.) Evidently, those who secure the best equipment here will have the most responsible position in the coming ages. Those who will not wear the yoke here, nor submit to the pains of heavenly surgery cannot reign up yonder, they have not the necessary fitness.

If Christians could only be induced to see suffering in this light, how different it would appear. If they would only look upon it as part of a comprehensive system of training that

would eventuate in untold usefulness and blessing in the life to come, how changed would be their attitude, and with the Apostle they would cry out, "For these light afflictions, which are but for moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." *Glory*—we have felt the thrill of this magic word, but who can define it? Now, remember that the Apostle is talking about this wondrous joy which he terms *Glory*, and it is to be a *weight* of glory; that is, glory pressing on you, and this is not all, but it is to be an *eternal* weight of glory. Now, pause a moment and endeavor to grasp what this means. *Glory, weight* of glory, *eternal* weight of glory. How brought about? Worked out by affliction. Bear in mind that he, one of the greatest of sufferers, says *light afflictions*, and that they are *but for a moment*. The suffering side here contrasted with the glory side yonder seems so small. This view of the question is only possible to one who, like the Apostle, has the up-look.

Sufferings become sublime when viewed from this standpoint, and we cannot afford to ask the Lord to remove them until their work has been accomplished. How many suffer loss because of unwillingness to suffer. A. T. Schofield in that most excellent book, "The Knowledge of God—Its Meaning And Power," says:

"Some time ago I had two nurses taking care of a very troublesome case, where the patient was most trying. They came to me saying they could not bear it, and must give notice. I pointed out to them that the patient was educating them, and that so far from grumbling, such a training was well worth their paying for. I told them that if they could stand it, they would reap the benefit throughout life—they would be *tempered*, and nothing would be too hard for them again. They saw my meaning, took up the work again from a different point of view, viz., that of their own education, and from that time they would feel quite disappointed when the patient was sweet-tempered, for there were no lessons that day. They never grumbled again."

The glory that shall be revealed is sufficient incentive to obediently and joyously drink every cup of suffering here that will add to our equipment for large usefulness, trust, responsibility and glory in the ages to come.

"Nor only here  
The rich result of all our God doth teach:  
His scholars slow at best, until we reach  
A nobler sphere.

Then, not till then, our training is complete  
And the true life begins, for which He made us meet.  
Are children trained  
Only that they may reach some higher class,  
Only for some few schoolroom years that pass  
Till growth is gained?

Is it not rather for the life beyond  
To which the Father looks with hopes so fair and  
fond?

Bold thought, flash on  
Into the far depths of eternity  
When time shall be a faint star memory  
Long gone!"



## Editorial Comment

### Dress

About one-half of the commerce of the world is for clothes. People should dress neatly, but not gaudily nor extravagantly. Dress is a good index of character. Devout people should not imitate the immorality of the world in personal attire. The richest of all adornment is "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." (1 Peter 3:4). It is so easy to fall into line, step by step, with those around you, and by and by, be clad with the ostentatious display of a Christ-crucifying world. Seth C. Rees, commenting on this subject, says:

"Women lose their spiritual force over fashion plates. We grant you that a few people have gone to an unwarrantable extreme in harping on dress and outward adornments, but shall this be given as a reason why the great body of holiness people should give little or no attention to the extravagances in dress and jewelry which are flooding our churches? True, the gospel strikes first at the heart; and when the heart is right and the Holy Ghost permitted to come in and is given the right of way, He will regulate everything in outward as well as inward life. But He will not go contrary to the Word. He guides according to His written Bible. Thousands grieve the Spirit by failing to listen to Him in this matter. Many who have laid off their jewelry and adorned themselves in modest apparel under the clear conviction of the Spirit, have come to disregard this conviction and again rigged themselves out in the trappings of the world."

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### Ministerial Titles

There is a super-abundance of them. Somehow the world has gotten the idea, either that it is courteous to call ministers "Doctor" or that it is pleasing to them. Probably they believe both to be true. It seems to us that we are going to seed on the title question. It is the spirit of the age, and the world delights to have us honor it enough to welcome its decorations. We entertain no narrow views about the matter. We know that these titles are worn by many of our noblest men who care but little about such gaudy tinsel, but we believe it would be well to call a halt and go back to plain "Brother" and "Sister." "Captain Naaman" and "Dr. Paul" would sound rather strange. We like the term "Brother" better than any other appellation. Perhaps it sounds too sanctimonious and too goody goodish for the stately spirit of these modern

days, but somehow we are charmed with the absence of all this pomp and flourish in Scriptural biography. There is a beautiful simplicity about it all. Would it not be well for us to get down off our stilts and practice more of the wondrous teachings of the blessed Book? The "Evangelical Messenger" well says:

"As there seems to be a growing disposition in the church to open the door to greater liberality in the conferring of titles upon the ministry, I want, in our own church, to be 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness,' Brethren, don't do it! The woods is full of them, and every time the names of our ministry appear with these appendages I cannot help feeling that their assumption is not altogether in harmony with the simple character of our church, and that it is a sinking of the individuality of man.

"John Jones, D.D., L.L.D., Ph. D., B. D., etc., may be very alluring, the title weighty, but where is the man? I believe I voice the sentiment of a multitude of our people when I say that to those who are in sympathy with the simplicity of our church government or polity it is certainly distasteful.

"If our young men who aspire to become preachers of the glad Evangel, the flaming messengers of God's truth, must be relegated back to the infant class and encouraged with red and blue tickets of this character, we may well ask, How about the Divine call and inspiration? If they want preferment let them, like the three mighty men, dash down and bring water from the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate, or like Adino who with his spear laid out eight hundred of the Philistines at one time, or Eleazar who laid around him until his hand was weary, 'and the Lord wrought a great victory that day,' or Sham-mah who, forsaken of all, slew away 'until the Lord wrought a great victory,' but time would fail us to tell of Joshua, Samson, Gideon, David, Jonathan, Elijah and a host of others, who furnish abundant inspiration. Giants were plentiful in those days, but red and blue tickets were not the stuff of which they were made, and our people are thirsting for the water that is by the gate of Bethlehem and anxious for those onslaughts in which the 'slain of the Lord shall be many.'"

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### Rising From The Ashes

The Protestant churches have a vast problem in the rebuilding of their houses of worship destroyed by the earthquake and fire in San Francisco and adjacent points. Doubtless they will all be rebuilt, as nothing else is so virile as Christianity. A. C. Bane, well known to the Pentecostal workers on the Pacific coast, was pastor of the Howard-street Methodist Church at the time of the disaster. Doubtless his friends will be interested in

hearing from him. Writing to the North Western Christian Advocate, he says:

"Out of 330 members I have 108 left in the city. All of my members but eleven were burned out. All but five who owned their own homes lost them. We have only collected about one-half of our insurance on the church. The burned district in which our church stood is fast being rebuilt, and by fall thousands of people will be living there. The Methodists have not yet started a church building in the burned district. Nearly all the other denominations have and some have completed their new churches and are occupying them. We are losing the most available locations by delay.

"I lost in the fire all my household effects and library, and all our clothing except what I carried in my hand. After twenty-five years of married life I went out of the city carrying all I had in the world in a borrowed telescope basket. We moved four times April 18 to keep out of the way of the fire. One of my members, a cripple, was let out of his burning home through a window by a rope. Another friend and wife were hurled from their bedroom on the third floor, to the basement, and covered with brick. The wife was killed, and the husband injured for life.

"We had no drinking water for days. On the second afternoon after the earthquake a friend and I had our first water to wash our hands and faces from what a thirsty horse left in the bottom of his bucket. My wife and I walked for blocks, visiting all the grocery stores to find something to eat, and all we could find was candied oranges, about six small pieces. One old lady in my church, eighty-six years old, slept three nights on the sand on North Beach, with only the sky for a canopy.

"After getting my wife to the country, on my return I walked till 6 p. m. to find a place to sleep for the night. At last I found a place three miles from the center of the town, on a parlor sofa about four feet long. (My height is over six feet). This benefactor was a stranger. I had to borrow from another lady quilts to cover myself with. The second night I found another place where two of us were forced to occupy a single bed. The third night I had to find a third place. There was not a home left standing within a mile of Howard-street church each way, north, east, south or west. Three hundred and eighteen thousand people were fed by public charity for the first four weeks after the fire. We have still about twenty-five thousand people living in the refugee camps, too poor to pay rent, and unable to find a house to live in if they were able.

"Since the fire the devil seems to have been unchained and turned loose in San Francisco, until wickedness of every kind abounds. There is more demand for churches than ever, that their pulpits might thunder forth the gospel of righteousness.

"My congregation is now worshipping in a lodge hall on Sundays, where we now have to clean out the beer bottles, cigar and cigarette stumps before we can open our services. All of our week day services we are forced to hold in another place far too small. This we have been compelled to do for ten months. When will the great Methodist Church come to our help and enable us to have a church building again? My own little flock has subscribed to date for a new church, about \$4,700. If these people with their homes and business places in ashes can do this, what ought the general church to do?"