

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 PRESSING EMERGENCY*

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The October Panic.

A man walked up the steps of a well-known bank in New York one morning, about a half hour before opening time, and stood before the shut door. In a few minutes another came, and stood waiting beside him. Others came, one by one, until soon a small group stood in line, waiting for the door to open.

A messenger boy, coming down the street, quickly took in the unusual sight. He wasn't bold enough to have been through any of New York's notable panics, and he had never witnessed a run on a bank; but quick as a flash, or as a Wall-street messenger boy, he knew as though by instinct that a run was on at that bank. Instantly he started running down the street to tell others.

No prairie wild-fire ever spread so quickly as the news ran over phone wires at the beginning of that run. As though by some thought of invisible ether-waves, the news seemed to spread through the financial district. Every president seemed to know at once. Then it spread throughout the city, and the greater city.

So began what has been called the October panic of that year, which quickly spread through the land, and then throughout the world, until every country bank here, and every capital city abroad, felt the sharp tightening of the money-bag strings.

It was a strange panic. You couldn't just say what was responsible for it. The very variety of explanations, editorial and other, and of the lack of a common understanding of what caused it. There had been no famine

or drought. The crops, the chief financial barometer of the country's condition, had been remarkably abundant. There had been no overproduction or glutting of the industrial world. Indeed, great numbers of concerns had been embarrassed by orders that they couldn't fill fast enough. The cause seemed to be wholly in people's minds. A spirit of distrust of some of the great money leaders and of their methods was abroad. That feeling of fear sent a few men, by an

to it. The savings of years have the tightest grip on most human hands. As though by magic, money began hunting dark holes in stockings and cellars and safety-deposit boxes. And the hard grip of the panic was quickly felt everywhere. It was a fear panic. A terrible danger was at hand.

At once the regular habit of life was disturbed for great numbers of men. The Secretary of the Treasury quit his Washington desk and spent several days in New York so as to be able to give the help of the Government's funds and enormous prestige where they would count for most, and to give promptly. Bank officials and other financial leaders cut social engagements and everything else that could be cut, and devoted themselves to meeting the sudden emergency. They ate scantily, both to save time and for lack of appetite, and to help keep their heads clear for quick, decisive thinking and action. The tension was intense. Men sat up all night conferring on best measures.

A group of the leading money men met in the private quarters of one of their numbers, about whose rugged personality and leadership they instinctively rallied.

More than one night the gray dawning light of the morning found them, with white, drawn faces, still in conference. An emergency always does. The habits of life are upset, helter-skelter, in the effort to avert the threatening danger. That was an emergency in the money world. Grave danger threatened. Everything else was forgotten, and every bit of available resource strained to turn the danger aside. It was turned aside. That was a splendid achieve-



STREET SCENE IN BOMBAY.

unplanned concert of action, to a certain bank before ten o'clock one morning.

The unusual sight of a few men standing in line waiting for the opening of that bank door was like a lighted match to a barn full of dry hay. At the first inkling of a suggestion of a financial panic money began to disappear. Nothing is so cowardly in its cautiousness as money. Scholarship comes next

ment. And even though men have been feeling the effects for this whole year, what they have felt is as nothing compared with what might have come.

Danger and Victory Eying Each Other.

An emergency means a great danger threatening, perhaps the very life. But it means, too, that if the danger can be gripped and overcome there will be great victory. Two possibilities come up close and stare each other angrily in the face; the possibility of great disaster impending, and of great victory over it within grasp, if there be a reaching hand to grasp it. The deciding thing is the human element, the strong, quick hand stretched out. If strength can be concentrated, the situation gripped, then great victory is assured. But it takes the utmost concentration of strength, with rare wisdom and quick, steady action, to turn the tide toward flood. If this is not done, either because of lack of leadership or of enough strength or enough interest, disaster comes.

Just such emergencies come to us constantly. A severe illness lays its hand upon a loved one in the home. The crisis comes. Death and life stand in the sick-room eying each other. Either one may be victor. No one can tell surely which it will be. And every effort is strained, the habit of life broken, other matters forgotten and neglected, that death may be staved off, and life wooed to stay. And when the crisis passes safely the joy over the new leave of life makes one forget all the cost of strain and effort.

Who of us cannot recall some time back there, when some emergency came in personal business matters, and personal and home expenses and plans were cut down to the lowest notch, to the bleeding-point, that the emergency might be safely met.

Teachers and parents know that moral emergencies come at intervals in a child's life, until young manhood and womanhood are reached. One of the greatest tasks in child-training is to note the emergency, and meet it successfully. And what keenness and patience and subtlety it does take only he knows who has been through the experience.

Spirit Contests.

Emergencies come in spiritual matters, too. They are the hardest kind to meet. It is hardest to make people see them and grip them. In the life of many a church a spiritual emergency has come, but has not been met. The church goes on holding services, raising money and paying it out, going through all the proper forms, but with the life itself quite gone out of it. The thing is being kept in motion by a humanly manipulated electric current; there is no free life-movement.

Evangelistic leaders say that such emergencies come in their campaigning. There has to be a struggle of spirit forces. And the victory that comes, comes only as a result of close hand-to-hand conflict of soul by the leaders.

We all know that such crises come in our personal experience. And those who know

about changing things by prayer do not need to be told of the emergency that comes at times; nor of how it requires a tightening of all the buckles, a new reviewing of the promises on which prayer rests, a new steadying of one's faith, a quietly persistent hanging on, an intenser insistence of spirit in prayer and more arrow-praying in the daily round of work—sending out the softly breathed heart-pleadings while busy with common duties, until the assurance comes that the danger is past and the victory secure.

It is remarkable to what an extent the great events of history have been emergency events. With the greatest reverence, it can be said that history's central event, the dying of Jesus, was an emergency action. Even though we understand clearly that it was known and counseled from the foundation of the world, that He was to shed His precious blood for our salvation, His dying can never be fully understood save as a great emergency measure, the great emergency measure, because of the crisis made by sin.

Now that is the sort of thing—an emergency—that is now on in this great task of world-wide evangelization which Jesus has committed to our hands. Some of you may be strongly inclined to lift your eyebrows and ask, Is there really any such emergency? I know that the people don't like those words "crisis" and "emergency." It is much more comfortable to think that things are going on very smoothly and well. Even though all is not just as we might choose to have it, yet we like to think that it will turn out well. There is a sort of optimism that is very popular. Things will all come out right somehow, we like to think. But the fact is that things don't turn out right of themselves. They have to be turned by somebody who gives heart and life to the turning.

It can be said with sane, sober sense, that without doubt there is an emergency, and a great one, in this foreign-mission enterprise. It is, of course, true that in a sense there is a *continual emergency* here. There are thousands of these foreign brothers of ours slipping the tether of life daily. The light might easily have been taken to them, and have changed their choices. But then it hasn't been, and the dark shadow of the possibility of their separating themselves forever from God, through wrong choice persisted in, hangs down over each one of them. There can be no darker shadow except the actual knowledge that they have so separated themselves from life in Him.

A Crisis of Neglect and Success.

But quite distinct from that, and in addition to it, it is quite safe to say that there is an *emergency now on* in the heathen world such as it has never known before. Such is the mature judgment of our missionary leaders.

And we do well to remind ourselves that we have some remarkable men among these leaders. There are men on the foreign fields and at the missionary helm at home of most remarkable ability and genius. There are today men of statesmanlike grasp and power, who could easily have taken front rank in

public life, in diplomacy, and professional life, men fully able to fill the Presidential chair and do it masterfully, who are giving their life-blood to this great missionary task.

The sober judgment of these men, taken from every angle of vision, is that the present is a time of unparalleled emergency. It exists peculiarly in Asia, the greatest of all foreign-mission lands. It has been caused by a number of things that now come together with such force as to make a crisis, the crisis of missions, the greatest that has yet come, and that, it is probably safe to say, will ever come. For the future will be largely settled, one way or the other, within a few years.

At the basis of all is *the great need*, of course. That looms big and gaunt and spectral in any survey of the matter.

Then *the neglect* by the Church for many generations has greatly intensified the present situation. The Master's plan plainly is that every generation of the Church shall give the Gospel to its generation; that is, to all the people living in the world at that time, every generation of men must have the Gospel afresh. No land is beyond the need of a fresh gospelizing. If Christian America were to lose its churches and the Gospel, it would surely revert to the heathen type from which we sprung.

But many generations went by with practically nothing of this sort being done. These generations of inactivity have piled up on the present generation. The undone work of the past adds greatly to the task of the present. The present situation is abnormal because of what hasn't been done.

Then *the success of the present* has played a big part. Modern missionary activity has had a big share in making this emergency. A century of missions is reaching a tremendous climax. The splendid aggressiveness of church leaders and missionaries is now an embarrassment to a Church, or any one in the Church, who doesn't want to keep up the pace. It is an emergency of success, the logical result of what has been accomplished. So much has been done, and been done so well, by a comparatively few, that now more must be done by the rest of us.

It's because the heathen world is awake that there is an emergency. Their awakens is the thing that crowds in on us. And we waked them up. We must now do more and better, because we have done so well. We have indeed waked them up, but—to what? A business man would stamp it as rank foolishness to fail to take advantage of the splendid opening that we have made in the foreign-mission world.

A Westernized Heathenism.

Now, let us look just a bit at this present pressing emergency. There are grave perils threatening, and a great victory possible.

Well, first of all there is real danger of a *new aggressive heathenism*; a new, energetic, but distinctly un-Christian civilization in the heathen world. Many thoughtful men who are keenly watching the world movement believe that without doubt there is to be a new leadership of the human race in the Orient. It may be a heathen leadership. That danger is a distinct possibility. The new

world-leadership may have all the enormous energy and mental keenness of Christian peoples, but without the Christian spirit.

That means practically a new heathenism, no longer asleep but wide-awake; no longer being manipulated by the Western nations, but maybe manipulating and managing them. An aroused, organized, energized heathen world, with all the science and inventiveness and restless aggressiveness of the Western nations and, mark you—and all the spirit of the old, Godless, Christless heathenism dominating its new life—that is the danger.

The heathen world is awake at last after a sleep of centuries. It is sitting up, rubbing its eyes, and taking notice. It is entering upon a new life. That's as clear as a sun-beam on a cloudless morning. What that life shall be depends entirely on the Church waking up. That means, to be more practical, that it depends on you and me waking up, just now, and doing what we easily can. It may be a new *Christian* life, shot through and through with the blessed principles and Spirit of Jesus. It may be a new life of energized, Westernized heathenism! They may get merely our energy and mental awakens without the Christian spirit that gave these to us.

These two opposite things are standing by the bedside eying each other. Which will get the patient? Who knows? If the Church fail!—This is a real peril seriously threatening. It is probably far more grave and far more likely than the best-informed and keenest observer is aware of.

A Powerless Christianity.

Then there is a second danger climbing in fast on the heels of this, that is already being plainly felt. *These peoples may turn away from a Christianity that seems powerless to them.* As they come to know better the simple principles of our faith they may see that we are not true to it. Our Master bade us go everywhere and tell all men of Him, and tell them most and best by the way we live. But we haven't done it. The Church of the past nineteen centuries, taken as a whole, hasn't done it. The Church today, taken as a whole, isn't doing it.

How many times have the missionaries been obliged to listen to the question, which is a reproach rather than a question, "Why didn't you come before? My father lived and died in distress, seeking for this light you bring us now. *Why didn't your father come and tell my father?*" If they find that our faith hasn't gripped us enough to master our lives, they will naturally doubt if, after all, there is any more real practical power in it than in their own heathen beliefs.

It seems better in theory, but it seems to lose its ideals in the stiff test of practice. They would be wrong in thinking that, of course. But what conclusion more natural to the crowd that never thinks deep. When all the difficulties and hardships come in the way of their acceptance of Christ, and the easiest way is not to, how easy to throw the whole thing aside.

The story is told of a Chinaman in this country who applied for a position as house-

servant in a family which belonged to a fashionable church. He was asked:

"Do you drink whiskey?"

"No, I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was engaged, and proved to be a capable servant. By and by the lady gave a bridge-party, with wine accompaniments. The Chinaman did his part acceptably, but the next morning he appeared before his mistress.

"I want quit," he said.

"Why? What is the matter?"

"I Clistian man. I told you so before; no heathen; no workee for 'Melican heathen."

These heathen brothers of ours are not fools. They are a keen lot. They judge our religion by us who profess it, as we do with them and theirs. There may come a widespread practical disbelief, or lack of belief, that there is any practical power in Christ to change a man's life, and really control his actions. And it will be a perfectly logical conclusion from what they find in us Christian nations as a whole.

Death or Deep Water.

And then there are some mighty bad dangers on the other side—our side. If it be true that every generation needs the Gospel, it is just as true that every generation of Christians needs to give the Gospel. It is the very life of a Christian to give himself out in earnest service for others. The man who is failing there has started on the down grade in his Christian life. If we lose the spirit of "go" we have lost the very Christian spirit itself. A disobedient church will become a dead church. It will die of heart failure.

It was John's Man with eyes of searching flame, and tongue of keen-edged sword, and feet that had been through the fire, who said to a Christian church, "I will move thy candlestick out of its place except thou change thy ways" (Rev. 2:5). The candlestick isn't the light. It holds the light. The Church's great mission is to be the world's light-holder.

But unsnuffed candles and cobwebby windowpanes seem to have been in evidence sometimes. The Christian Church in some lands has plainly lost its privilege of service, and lost its life, too. The old organizations are kept up, but all life has gone. There's a grave danger threatening the American Church and the British Church just at this present time.

Long years ago, in the days before steam navigation, an ocean vessel came from a long sea voyage, up St. George's Channel, headed for Liverpool. When the pilot was taken on board, he cried abruptly to the captain, "What do you mean? You've let her drift off toward the Welsh coast, toward the shallows. Muster the crew." The crew was quickly mustered, and the pilot told the danger in a few short words, and then said sharply, "Boys, it's death or deep water; hoist the mains'!" And only by dint of hardest work was the ship saved.

If I could get the ear of the Church today, I would, as a great kindness to it, cry out with all the earnestness of soul I could command, "*It's death or deep water; deep water*

in this holy service of world-winning, or death from foundering."

Saved by Saving.

And then there's a yet graver peril threatening. It's quite the common thing to appeal to selfish motives. It is striking that the great strides that prohibition has made of recent years have been due to a sort of legislation and to business regulations that appeal to selfish motives. The economic motive, and the disagreeable and injurious likelihood of a saloon being close to one's own home, have had greater influence than higher moral motives. And we are glad of any motive that will put the damnable traffic down and out.

Well, I'm going to come down a step here, and remind you of a yet graver peril that threatens. There is serious danger of a *heathenized Christianity* dominating our boasted Christian civilization and Christian lands. And in time that would be a serious menace to our pocket-books.

That is to say, there may be the energy and keen mental life without the mellowing and sweetening influence of the Christian spirit. The restless aggressiveness may come without the poise; the ceaseless activity without the deeper steadying quality; the keenness without the softening touch of the true life. In other words, if we don't Christianize heathendom, they will exert an influence on us that will practically amount to their heathenizing Christendom.

Already such influences are seeping in at more than one crack. Mohammedanism has an active propaganda in Great Britain. Heathen wedges are slipping their thin edges in, in our land. More and more it will extend, in time influencing our whole moral fabric, and affecting our whole national life.

During some recent researches among the ruins of Pompeii the explorers turned up a find that told its own story. It was the body of a crippled boy. He was lame in his foot. And around the body there was a woman's arm, a finely shaped, beautiful, bejewelled arm. The mute find told its simple story. The great stream of fire suddenly coming from the volcano, the crowd fleeing for life, the little cripple unable to get along fast enough, the woman's heart touched, her arm thrown about the boy to aid his escape; then the overtaking fire-flood, and both lost. The arm that was stretched out to save another was preserved, and only that. All the rest of the brave rescuer's body had gone. The saving part was saved. Only that mercifully outstretched to save another was itself saved.

The Church or the man that selfishly saveth his life shall lose it. He that forgetteth about his own life in eagerly saving others shall find that he has saved his own life, and that it has grown into a new fulness and richness of life.

These are some of the dark, ugly faces peering into ours. But there's another face among them. It is a very bright face, with eyes all aglow, and features all shining with light. It is the face of victory over every danger and difficulty that threatens. Many believe that the emergency will be met. The victory will surely be achieved. But the fact to mark keenly, just now, is that it will be

achieved only by a vigorous, masterful gripping of the present pressing emergency.

Ah! God, may Thy Church—we men who make Thy Church, who are Thy Church—

may we see the emergency, and be gripped by it; for Jesus' sake; aye, for men's sake; for the Church's sake; for our own sake; in Jesus' great name.

hold what I had by doing His will as He had made it known to me, and by trusting Him with all my heart.

But God meant greater things for me. On the following Tuesday morning, just after rising, with a heart full of eager desire for God, I read these words of Jesus at the grave of Lazarus: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believeth thou this?" The Holy Ghost, the other "Comforter," was in those words, and in an instant my soul melted before the Lord like wax before fire, and I knew Jesus. He was revealed to me as He had promised, and I loved Him with an unutterable love. I wept and adored, and loved and loved and loved. I walked out over Boston Common before breakfast, and I still wept and adored and loved: Talk about the occupation of Heaven! I do not know what it will be—though, of course, it will be suited to, and commensurate with our redeemed capacities and powers; but this I then knew, that if I could lie prostrate at the feet of Jesus to all eternity and love and adore Him, I would be satisfied!—*Selected.*

Confessing to Holiness

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BRENGLÉ.

One morning I picked up a little book on experimental religion, hoping to get light, when, on opening it, the very first subject that my eyes fell on was "Confession." I was cornered. My soul was brought to a full halt. I could seek no further light. I wanted to die, and that moment my heart broke within me. "The sacrifices of God are a broken heart"; and from the depths of my broken heart, my conquered spirit said to God, "I will." I had said it before with my lips, but now I said it with my heart. Then God spoke directly to my soul, not by printed words through my eyes, but by His Spirit in my heart. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). The first part about forgiveness I knew, but the last clause about cleansing was a revelation to me. I did not remember even to have seen or to have heard it before. The word was with power, and I bowed my head in my hands and said: "Father, I believe that." Then a great rest came into my soul, and I knew I was clean. In that instant "The blood of Christ who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purged my conscience from dead works to serve a living God" (Heb. 9:14).

God did not require Abraham to slay Isaac. All He wanted was a willing heart. So He did not require me to confess to the people. When my heart was willing He swept the whole subject out of my mind and freed me utterly from slavish fear. My idol-self was gone. God knew I withheld nothing from Him, so He filled my soul with peace, and showed me that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," and that the whole will of God was summed up in five words: "Faith which worketh by love."

Shortly after this I ran into my friend's room with a borrowed book. The moment his eyes fell on me he said: "What is the matter? Something has happened to you." My face was witnessing to a pure heart before my lips did. But my lips soon followed, and have continued to this day.

The Psalmist said: "I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord; thou knowest I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation" (Ps. 40:9, 10). Satan hates holy testimony, and he nearly entrapped me at this point. I felt I ought to preach it, but I shrank from the odium and conflict I saw it would surely bring, and I hesitated to declare publicly that I was sanctified, lest I might do

more harm than good. I saw only reproach. The glory that was to follow was hidden from my eyes. Beautiful, flowery sermons, which appealed to the imagination and aroused the emotion, with just enough thought to properly balance them, were my ideal. I shrank from coming down to plain, heart-searching talks that laid hold of the consciences of men, but before God would give me the blessing He held me to it, and I promised Him I would preach it if He would give me the experience. It was Friday that He cleansed me, and I determined to preach about it on the following Sunday. But I felt weak and faint. On Saturday morning, however, I met a noisy, shouting coachman on the street, who had the blessing, and I told him what God had done for me. He shouted and praised God, and said:

"Now, Brother Brengle, you preach it; the Church is dying for this."

Then we walked across Boston Common and Garden, and talked about the matter, and my heart burned within me, as did the hearts of the two disciples with whom Jesus walked on the road to Emmaus, and in my inmost soul I recounted the cost, threw in my lot with Jesus crucified, and determined I would teach holiness if it banished me forever from the pulpit, and made me a hiss and by-word to all my acquaintances. Then I felt strong. The way to get strength is to throw yourself away to Jesus.

The next day I went to my church and preached as best I could out of a two-days' old experience, from "Let us go on unto perfection" (Heb. 6:1). I closed with my experience, and the people broke down and some of them came to me afterwards and said they wanted the same experience, and, bless God! some of them got it. I did not know what I was doing that morning, but I knew afterward I was burning up my ships. I was now in the enemy's land, fully committed to a warfare of utter extermination to all sin. I was on record now, before Heaven, earth, hell. Angels, men and devils had heard my testimony, and I must go forward, or openly and ignominiously retreat in the face of a jeering foe. I see now that there is a divine philosophy in requiring us not only to believe with our hearts unto righteousness, but to "confess with the mouth unto salvation." God led me along these lines. No man taught me.

Well, after I had put myself on record, I walked softly with God, desiring nothing but His will, and looking to Him to keep me every instant. I did not know there was anything more for me, but I meant, by God's grace, to

THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

If we would be strengthened we must believe God's Word and obey it. That precious Word tells us—
 "As thy days so shall thy strength be" (Dea. 32:25).
 "The joy of the Lord is your strength" (Ne. 8:18).
 "Seek the Lord and His strength" (Ps. 105:4).
 "The Lord is my strength" (Hab. 3:19).
 "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" (Isa. 30:15).
 "The Lord shall renew their strength" (Isa. 40:31).
 "I will go in the strength of the Lord God" (Ps. 71:16).
 "And he strengthened me" (Da. 10:15).
 "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might" (Eph. 6:10).
 "The Lord stood with me and strengthened me" (2 Tim. 4:17).
 "Strengthened with might by his Spirit" (Eph. 3:19).
 "Through faith, out of weakness were made strong" (He. 11:34).
 "My strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. 12:9).
 "Their Redeemer is strong" (Jer. 50:34).
 "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Ph. 4:13).—Sunday School Illustrator.

ANSWERED PRAYERS.

I thank Thee, Lord, for mine unanswered prayers,
 Unanswered save Thy quiet, kindly "Nay";
 Yet it seemed hard among my heavy cares
 That bitter day.

I wanted joy; but Thou didst know for me
 That sorrow was the gift I needed most;
 And in its mystic depths I learned to see
 The Holy Ghost.

I wanted health; but Thou didst bid me sound
 The secret treasures of direst pain,
 And in the moans and groans my heart oft found
 The Christ again.

I wanted wealth; 'twas not the better part;
 There is a wealth with poverty oft given;
 And Thou didst teach me of the gold of heart,
 Best gift of heaven.

I thank Thee, Lord, for these unanswered prayers,
 And for Thy word, the quiet, kindly "Nay,"
 'Twas Thy withholding lightened all my cares
 That blessed day.

—Oliver Huckel.

Gospel Song In The Service Of Christ

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

his own strength, was the means of his decision for Christ.

The bond between minister and choir needs to be watched constantly and strengthened. It ought to be one of the closest in the church. Next to the minister's, its part in public worship is the most important. The greatest care should be given to the choice of a choir leader and also an accompanist. How many a poor heart has gone unfed and hungry from a church because of the selfish ambition of an unconsecrated choir leader! I could take up the space of this whole article in showing how an unconsecrated man at the head of the singing can thwart the work of the Spirit of God in a place of worship. A choir leader who is not a Christian probably spends several nights a week listening to operas. He may be a teacher devoting most of his time to worldly music, perhaps even training singers for the stage. Living in such an atmosphere as this, he is sure to carry over into the sacred songs an atmosphere entirely worldly. His ideas of the choice of music are determined many times by the secular music which he is teaching. If the music is not what he calls classical, it must not be sung in his choir, even if the singing of it would bring a soul to Christ. That aim may never enter his mind. He cannot lead the choir closer to God than he is himself. He is sure to neutralize, to a certain extent, the effect of the preacher's most spiritual message.

The minister should cultivate and keep in closest touch with the leader of the choir. He should take him into his confidence, and let him know that his burning desire is that people may be won to God. And he should endeavor so to win him that it shall be his aim as well to lead souls to a definite acceptance of Christ.

Most congregations have enough converted musicians with good voices to compose a choir. Of course good voices should be sought after, but more important than the voice test is whether they are true Christians. Every choir practice should begin and end with prayer. True praise has one object—to glorify God. No one thing will be more to His glory in connection with the choir than a spirit of prayer pervading its entire work.

One thing which must not be lacking if living praise is to be secured, is that the man who plays the organ must be thoroughly consecrated to God. When Robert Harkness, my Australian pianist, came with me, I led him to Christ. He was young in the faith. People always commented on his good playing. He had been with me several months, when he was suddenly called upon to conduct a half-night of prayer in Dunedin, New Zealand. During this service a man rose and spoke about how he had been led to surrender everything to Christ—time, money, friends, ambition. Mr. Harkness had not reached that point of surrender, but during the meeting he did so. The next afternoon a man came to me and said, "What has happened to your pianist?" I said, "I don't know." "Well," he said, "he doesn't play the way he did yesterday. There is something there to-

While I was teaching in North Carolina, I had a telegram from my mother, saying my father was not expected to live; and I hurried to my home, which was then in Atlanta, Ga. On my journey I had time to think; and the world changed in a very few hours. Father lived for a week, and during that time my outlook upon the world was changing all the time. I was looking at things in the light of eternity. The night my father died there came to me, as never before, the worth of a human soul. He could not take any of us; he must go alone. And I pondered how essential it was before everything else to see that the soul was safe in God's keeping.

I do not know definitely whether I was converted before that. When, following my father's death, I had to go across the city for an undertaker, late at night, it seemed to me as if my heart would break. I was not absolutely certain whether my father was in heaven, for I had not studied the Bible closely enough to know. I knew he was an elder in a church, and all that; but as I went along the street I cried to God: "If there is any way that Thou revealest Thyself to people, whether by vision or voice or impression, give me the certainty that my father is with Thee, and safe"; and I promised Him that I would serve Him all my life if He would give me the assurance. As clearly as anything I ever experienced in my life, the impression came to me, "Your father is up here safe with Me." There and then I promised to serve Him all my life, looking naturally up at the stars, and the load lifted right off me.

Filled as I was with thoughts of eternity, the buildings on each side of me looked like mere rubbish, though I remember that before when I went down those streets I used often to say, "I should like to own one of those splendid blocks." Every time I saw a man coming out of a saloon I wanted to go up to him and throw my arms about him, and tell him: "You are going to hell, man. Why don't you accept Jesus Christ?" A great longing to save souls came to me that night, and has been with me—though I have sometimes grown cold—from that day to the present.

When I saw the worth of a human soul, and wanted to get men started in the direction that was right, I began to look around to see how I could help the most men in the best way. I found out that a hymn set to music is like a sermon on wheels. If I were not so firmly convinced of the power of a gospel hymn to reach and save people, I would not continue teaching people gospel songs, but would try some other method.

In choosing hymns my aim is always to sing a simplicity, with a practical thought through it, which will fasten itself upon the heart, and prove a genuine help in the I strank from the o. Musicians often say to would surely bring, and introduce selections publicly that I was sanctifi

solos? Why don't you give us something high class?" In my judgment I use only the highest class, but when they ask me about selections from oratorios I reply, "When you can show me that oratorios will convert more people than simple gospel songs, I will spend my time introducing them, and will put them on the program every night of the week." But I believe in using the hymns that really help people, and when they do not do that it is best not to waste time on them.

I hesitated a long time before I would use the song, "Tell Mother I'll be There." I have been criticized all over the world for using it, but you would not criticise me if you knew what it has done, and what testimonies and letters I have received concerning it. A friend cut it out of a scrapbook and sent it to me, and I carried it a year before using it. One night there was a crowd of railway men at our meeting, and I said to myself, "I wonder what will reach those men?" I finally decided on this touching song, and when the meeting was over, a burly engineer came up to me and said: "Mr. Alexander, I promised my mother on her deathbed that I would become a Christian; but instead of that I have been going to the devil faster than ever. Preaching never touched me, but this song did. If you will sing it tomorrow night I will bring the men." He did bring them for many nights, and he used to call out: "Sing 'Tell Mother I'll be There.'" I used the song every night, and I have been using it ever since. Newspapers have taken columns to say what doggerel it is. Many musicians have analyzed and condemned it, but at the end they have to admit the good effect it has wherever it is used.

During our mission in Philadelphia last spring, Dr. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") called me across the waiting room of the hotel where we were staying, and introduced me to a fine-looking young man, and told me this story. Before Dr. Gordon left his home in Winnipeg, Canada, a young Englishman had been converted and joined his church. He wrote to Dr. Gordon saying he was anxious about a brother in Philadelphia who was not a Christian. He wrote, too, to his brother, asking him to call on Dr. Gordon while he was in Philadelphia. The brother did not call for a couple of weeks, but when he did so his face was shining as he told us how he had been in our meeting a few days before and had been converted. When I questioned him I found that he had been in darkness, and felt he was too weak to live a Christian life. He was in the meeting when I was leading the people in the song, "He Will Hold Me Fast"; and he said that was the very message he needed. The thought that Christ could hold him fast, and that he need not depend upon his own will power, or

day that was not there yesterday. Find out." I asked Mr. Harkness what had happened. "A man," I said, "has just asked me what has made a change in your playing since yesterday." His face brightened up as he said: "I had never fully surrendered to Christ until last night. That may account for it."

In different places where we have gone, people have told me of their conversion through his accompaniments on the piano. In his preludes he often gives a religious tone to the meeting before a note has been sung.

Get your accompanist consecrated. Get the very best you can, but be sure that he is a Christian.

In dealing with a large audience I find that a piano accompaniment is better than a pipe organ, for it gives the voices a better chance and keeps them well in pitch and in time, as well as keeping them together. With a piano the voices are heard to better advantage than with a pipe organ, although the latter is probably better for the regular services in church or chapel.—*Record of Christian Work.*

what it was to Christ, "strong crying and tears." They "prayed always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance." "The effectual, fervent prayer" has been the mightiest weapon of God's mightiest soldiers. The statement in regard to Elijah—that he "was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit"—comprehends all prophets and preachers who have moved their generation for God, and shows the instrument by which they worked their wonders.

Preacher and Prayer*

E. M. BOUNDS

The principal cause of my leanness and unfruitfulness is owing to an unaccountable backwardness to pray. I can write or read or converse or hear with a ready heart; but prayer is more spiritual and inward than any of these, and the more spiritual any duty is, the more my carnal heart is apt to start from it. Prayer and patience and faith are never disappointed. I have long since learned that if ever I was to be a minister, faith and prayer must make me one. When I can find my heart in frame and liberty for prayer, everything else is comparatively easy.—RICHARD NEWTON.

It may be put down as a spiritual axiom that in every truly successful ministry prayer is an evident and controlling force—evident and controlling in the life of the preacher, evident and controlling in the deep spirituality of his work. A ministry may be a very thoughtful ministry without prayer; the preacher may secure fame and popularity without prayer; the whole machinery of the preacher's life and work may be run without the oil of prayer or with scarcely enough to grease one cog; but no ministry can be a spiritual one, securing holiness in the preacher and in his people, without prayer being made an evident and controlling force.

The preacher that prays indeed puts God into the work. God does not come into the preacher's work as a matter of course, or on general principles, but He comes by prayer and special urgency. That God will be found of us in the day that we seek Him with the whole heart is as true of the preacher as of the penitent. A prayerful ministry is the only ministry that brings the preacher into sympathy with the people. Prayer as essentially unites to the human as it does to the divine. A prayerful ministry is the only ministry qualified for the high offices and responsibilities of the preacher. Colleges, learning, books, theology, preaching, cannot make a preacher, but praying does. The apostles' commission to preach was a blank till filled up by the Pentecost which praying brought. A prayerful minister has passed beyond the regions of the popular, beyond the man of mere affairs, of secularities, of pulpit attractiveness; passed beyond the ecclesiastical or-

ganizer or general into a sublimer and mightier region, the region of the spiritual. Holiness is the product of his work; transfigured hearts and lives emblazon the reality of his work, its truthness and substantial nature. God is within him. His ministry is not projected on worldly or surface principles. He is deeply stored with and deeply schooled in the things of God. His long, deep communings with God about his people and the agony of his wrestling spirit have crowned him as a prince in the things of God. The iciness of the mere professional has long since melted under the intensity of his praying.

The superficial results of many a ministry, the deadness of others, are to be found in the lack of praying. No ministry can succeed without much praying, and this praying must be fundamental, ever-abiding, ever-increasing. The text, the sermon, should be the result of prayer. The study should be bathed in prayer, all its duties impregnated with prayer, its whole spirit the spirit of prayer. "I am sorry that I have prayed so little," was the deathbed regret of one of God's chosen ones, a sad and remorseful regret for a preacher. "I want a life of greater, deeper, truer prayer," said the late Archbishop Tait. So may we all say, and this may we all secure.

God's true preachers have been distinguished by one great feature: they were men of prayer. Differing often in many things, they have always had a common center. They may have started from different points, and traveled by different roads, but they converged to one point: they were one in prayer. God to them was the center of attraction, and prayer was the path that led to God. These men prayed not occasionally, not a little at regular or at odd times; but they so prayed that their prayers entered into and shaped their characters; they so prayed as to affect their own lives and the lives of others; they so prayed as to make the history of the Church and influence the current of the times. They spent much time in prayer, not because they marked the shadow on the dial or the hands on the clock, but because it was to them so momentous and engaging a business that they could scarcely give over.

Prayer was to them what it was to Paul, a striving with earnest effort of soul; what it was to Jacob, a wrestling and prevailing;

Silver Filings

"Rest on God's unexplained advice."

"A lazy Bible reader never made a close walker with God."

"Do not wait for a chance to do a good service; look for it."

"God wants, not new carts, but the living shoulders of consecrated men."

"The man who is good at an excuse is generally good for nothing else."

"All is well with us in this world when the other world is overlapping us."

Man has too many enemies than that he can afford to be his own foe.—Emerson.

George Fox said: "Every Quaker ought to light up the country for ten miles around him."

"Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer."

"The more you pray the less you will gossip. Prayer is a great cure for a loose tongue."

"Our earthly life is the slug state of a winged immortality either glorious or groveling."

"What would be your attitude toward the saloon if your husband or your boy were a drunkard?"

"Jesus Christ is still on trial and it is meanness for any of His followers to refuse to confess Him."

"Nothing that is great enough to affect the life of a disciple is too small to touch the heart of God."

"The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew it would never be found out."

"Wherever there are those who fight against sin and strive to rescue the perishing, there are God's laborers."

There are but three steps from earth to heaven, or, if you will, from earth to hell—acts, habits, character.—Butler.

"The devil never has had anything, nor has he anything now. God had to prepare hell for him or he would have been out of doors."

"He who is able to do divinely well for the everlasting Future, May be trusted to do humanly well for the vanishing present."

*From "Preacher and Prayer," by E. M. Bounds. Order of this office.

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EDITORIAL

THE PENTECOSTAL YEAR.

ALFRED J. HOUGH.

Is that New Year? Oh, yes; come in!
A welcome sweet to thee;
Thou hast not yet a single sin
Writ on thy book for me.
Open it wide and let me see
Its pages white and clean;
They speak so loud of what may be,
And not what might have been.

Write plain upon the first white sheet
I all for Christ resign,
And lay down at His wounded feet
Whate'er I thought was mine.
My lips to speak His praise—my brain
To toll for Him alone;
My heart wash'd free from every stain,
His temple and His throne.

Lend me thy days, New Year, to sing
Of Christ's redeeming love;
Lend me thy nights, New Year, to wing
My thoughts to heaven above.
Let faith dissolve each doubt, and make
The seeming wrongs all right,
And hope just like a sunburst break
Upon the darkest night.

I pray, New Year, that thou may'st spread
Salvation through the land,
That whitened bones in churches dead
Upon their feet may stand.
On all the earth rich blessings pour,
Christ's laborers to cheer;
That we may name thee evermore,
The Pentecostal Year.

THE MAN WHO WALKED WITH GOD.

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

He was the seventh from Adam. Seven is a sacred number, and signifies completion and rest, and in his case was probably typical.

While there is not much said about Enoch, what is said is very striking and beautiful. He looms above his contemporaries like the mountains about the valley. A brief study of this wonderful man is richly suggestive.

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

2. Notice his environment. We infer from subsequent statements that he lived in the midst of wickedness. Jude speaks of him prophesying with regard to coming judgments. He must have been a solitary witness for his God in the midst of a degenerate people. When we consider the age in which he lived, and his contemporaries, we are forced to conclude that a man can live the best of lives in the midst of the worst of sins, and the history of the Church adds further proof to this statement. Some of the most eminent saints have lived amid the darkest and most revolting wickedness; in fact, martyrdom is only possible when people live beyond or above the spirit of their age. Favorable conditions make it easier to serve the Lord, but some of the brightest pages ever written in the Church's history were penned amid her darkest hours. As Campbell Morgan says, the theory of the law of environment was smashed in the garden of Eden. Many fall shamefully below their environment, while many rise gloriously above it. The dark ages furnished the shading for the background in the portrait of some of the Church's most beautiful characters. The very degeneracy of their times only provoked them to nobler deeds. Enoch mounted on wings like an eagle above the prevalent corruption amid the lowlands of his age, and stood as a solitary witness for his God. There is no record of anybody else going with him. Noah preached for more than a century without a convert, but who dares to say that his testimony was of no effect? The antediluvians certainly cannot say that they had no warning, for doubtless Noah was a familiar figure among them, and his unique specimen of shipbuilding was talked of far and near. So in every age, those who walk with God must rise above their fellows and soar to elevations far above those trodden by the multitude. They walk with God.

3. Such a walk is always attended with advanced light. Enoch had the prophetic vision. He looked from the prevalent wickedness of his age to the millennial day, and predicted the coming of Christ in judgment. A remarkable outlook this seer of these early days had! The closer we walk with God the more distinct will be the inner vision and the larger will be our outlook as to the finality of grace. Hence, as a rule, when people are sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, they become premillennialists and begin to study about

and look for the Coming One. Enoch, towering above the gross darkness of his environment and becoming God's mouthpiece with regard to the millennial glory, is very suggestive. Jesus is coming, and those who walk nearest to God find it out first. It is hard for those who are of the "earth earthy" to see it, "for men love darkness rather than light," but Enoch had such light in his dwelling that he discerned the glory of the Messianic kingdom long before the tragic scene on Calvary.

4. "He walked." The phrase indicates that all his activities were in God. Some people seem to think, if they had nothing to do, they could be religious, but an idle brain is the devil's workshop. We are never so near God at any other time as while in the path of duty. Enoch walked with God. His outgoings and incomings were with Him. Alexander Maclaren calls attention to the "with," "before," and "after" in the following Scriptures: "Enoch walked with God" (Gen. 5: 22); "Walk before me" (Gen. 17:1); "Ye shall walk with the Lord, your God" (Deut. 13:4); "We should walk with him like Enoch; we should walk before him as Abraham was bade to do, and we should walk after him as command to do was given to all Israel." Under the metaphor of the walk these three propositions set forth the different phases of the Christian life. "With" indicates unity of action, communion and fellowship, and how blessed that is no one can know except those who have realized it for themselves. "Before" emphasizes the fact that the life is lived under the great eye of Jehovah, and that we are to act accordingly. When all of our conduct is ordered in view of the fact that we are living in the very presence of God, how marked the change. What Brother Lawrence terms "practicing the presence of God" marvelously regulates all our activities. "After" stresses the thought of following and obeying. Guidance is also symbolized. God goes before; it is ours to follow. Such a walk each of us should have. Holiness is not a palace car for a privileged class only, but any one from the rank and file has equal rights upon this blessed highway. We can and should walk with God every day.

5. The length and direction of the walk is peculiarly significant. One may key himself up to a pitch of enthusiasm and have a brief walk with God, only to drop back into the same old paths again, but Enoch walked with God three hundred years, and there is no record that he ever ceased before God took him to the other world. If a man could live three hundred years in such an exalted state of divine favor in Enoch's day, surely, with all the added helps of the present day, we may do so. Three hundred years is not a brief interval; many are the vicissitudes of such a long journey. Bishop Taylor testified at a General Conference in New York to having had an unbroken walk with God for forty years. President Mahan, of Oberlin College, testifies to having had one of half a century. It is very comforting to know that we can walk with God regardless of the conduct of others. Evidently Enoch was alone so far as his contemporaries were concerned. A

walk must have a beginning, a purpose, and a terminus. Perhaps Enoch did not begin this walk until he was sixty-five years of age. At any rate, there was a time when he began. So it is with all of us. There came a moment when we chose Him as our eternal portion and started on this journey with God, praise His name! It was while the disciples were on that lonely journey to Emmaus that a stranger drew near to converse with them,

and their hearts burned within them. The same Christ is seeking to accompany all of His people along life's checkered way, a walk begun with God, continued with God and ended with God. We can never walk without going somewhere. Enoch, in walking so long with God, was continuously growing in the likeness of the Divine, and in the fulness of time was caught away to be with Him forever.

and to never for one moment let them unite us for ministry to our fellow creatures—this is victory indeed. It is easy to become absorbed in our own cares and selfish in our own sorrows. Littleness is exemplified as readily in grief as any other way. Some people allow themselves to be tethered to some sorrow, and all their movements are around it as a common center instead of anchoring in Jesus and trudging bravely along life's highway with whatever cross may be allotted. The braver the heart and the greater the nature the less we are absorbed in our own griefs and the more we are concerned for others. When we see life in its proper relations, when all things are viewed from a standpoint of eternity, then all crosses are seen to be disciplinary and therefore to be carried with cheerfulness. As George Matheson says, in "Seachings in the Silence":

Editorial Comment

DAY BY DAY.

It is well to take short views with regard to life's trials. There is no use borrowing trouble. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." God is in the present and He will be in the tomorrow. The fact that He is always with us guarantees a full supply of grace for every emergency. As the Christian Work says:

Do today's duty, fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourselves by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

KESWICK TEACHING.

There is a large number of Holiness people who gather annually in the town of Keswick, England, in a convention. The attendance sometimes runs as high as 20,000, and many noted divines frequent and take part in these meetings, and no doubt great good has resulted therefrom. Some think that they are not sufficiently definite as to complete cleansing, but doubtless part of the difference between their teaching and that of the Wesleyan school is one of terminology. At any rate, we rejoice in all that is being accomplished by these scholarly and devout people. A. T. Pierson furnishes the following summary of the doctrinal agreement on which the work is based:

1. Immediate abandonment of every known sin, doubtful indulgence, or conscious hindrance to holy living.
2. The surrender of the will and whole being to Jesus Christ, in loving and complete obedience, as not only Savior but Master and Lord.
3. The appropriation in faith of God's presence and power for holy living.
4. The voluntary renunciation and mortifying of the self-life that centers in self-indulgence and self-dependence, that God may be all-in-all.
5. Gracious renewal or transformation of the inmost temper and disposition.
6. Separation unto God for sanctification, consecration and service.
7. Endowment with power and filling of the Holy Ghost.

"DEAD INDEED UNTO SIN."

One of our exchanges published the following letter from Evan Roberts, which he wrote in response to a call to take charge of a certain station connected with the Forward Movement:

"My Dear Mr. Morgan Jones—I do not feel that God would have me go to Swansea now, as I am so occupied in prayer—nearly the whole of my time is taken up by it. The need of the Church and the world is so great that I cannot neglect prayer, for it would be sin—seeing that such great things can be accomplished through prayer (Heb. 6).

"One great need of the Church is Rom. 6:11—'Reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin.' To me this has been a revelation, and a great and grand Divine privilege. Dead to sin is the basis or condition for the progressive destruction of the body of sin. I have seen many souls delivered whilst standing on this truth. This truth also is my salvation from the power of sin. Christ is the Savior. He shall save, and He can save from sin—its penalty, power, and guilt. What a blessed Gospel! Oh, that I knew Rom. 6:11 during the Welsh revival! But, thank God, I know it now.

"I wish this truth of Rom. 6 could be preached in the Forward Movement, and that all its members stood on this Divine Rock. Next to believing in Christ, I wish them to stand on Rom. 6:11."

Our purpose in passing this letter on to our readers is twofold: first, to call attention to the ministry of prayer; and second, to emphasize the great truth contained in Romans 6:11, namely, that as we were crucified in Christ, we should count ourselves dead to sin (through His death) and alive unto God through our risen and ascended Lord. As Brother Roberts says, this is the secret that the Church needs. We died in Christ as our federal head, "old man" and all, and we have deliverance in appropriating this great fact. Union with the first Adam means death; union with the second Adam means life. How few grasp anything like the fulness of their privileges in Christ.

WORK IN GRIEF.

"If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me" (Matt. 16:24).

Just to be patient amid all provocation and go bravely along carrying the same burdens

and to never for one moment let them unite us for ministry to our fellow creatures—this is victory indeed. It is easy to become absorbed in our own cares and selfish in our own sorrows. Littleness is exemplified as readily in grief as any other way. Some people allow themselves to be tethered to some sorrow, and all their movements are around it as a common center instead of anchoring in Jesus and trudging bravely along life's highway with whatever cross may be allotted. The braver the heart and the greater the nature the less we are absorbed in our own griefs and the more we are concerned for others. When we see life in its proper relations, when all things are viewed from a standpoint of eternity, then all crosses are seen to be disciplinary and therefore to be carried with cheerfulness. As George Matheson says, in "Seachings in the Silence":

To take up one's cross and "follow" is a very arduous thing. It is easy to take up one's cross and stand; easier still to fold it in the arms and lie down; but to carry it about—that is the hard thing. All pain shuns locomotion. It is adverse to collision, adverse to contact, adverse to movement. It craves to nurse its own bitterness; it longs to be alone. Its burden is never so heavy as when the bell rings for daily toil. The waters of Marah seek repose. If I could only rest under my cloud I might endure; but the command is too much for me—"Go, work today in my vineyard." If I could go without my cross, it would be something; but I cannot. I can no more escape from it than I can escape my own shadow. It clings to me with that attraction which repulsion sometimes gives. It says, "Where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." With such a companion I would rather lodge than go; it is hard at once to follow and to bear. Son of Man, that hardness was Thine. Thine ever was a carried cross. Thou never hadst where to lay Thy head in rest. The multitude thronged Thee with their trifling sorrows when a mighty grief was at Thine own door. They complained that the wine had run down in Cana when Thou wert thirsting for a draught of love. They murmured at the scant bread of the wilderness when Thou wert hungering for a human heart. They wept the withering of a slender gourd when Thou wert weeping over the millions of Nineveh. And yet, Thou hadst pity on the gourd. While deep was calling unto deep within Thee, Thou didst not forget the shallow stream. The voice of Thy ocean drowned not the murmur of my brook. My puny cry was overheard by Thy soul in its sorrows, and Thou camest into my world, carrying Thy cross. Let me follow Thee. Let me carry my cross into my brother's world. Though it seem a poor grief compared to mine—only a child's cry for the bread that perisheth—give me Thy divine power of locomotion. Help me to empty myself into that which to me is a trifle. Help me to go down from the wilderness into Cana—from my own depths into my brother's shallows. When I have seen them with the microscope of love they shall cease to be shallows; I shall behold them with his weak eyes, I shall magnify them with his weak heart, and, in the power of Thy mighty sympathy, I shall lift my own cross, and come.

"Remember, youth once gone is gone; Deeds let escape are never to be done."

OUR Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."
—Prov. 8:17.

Address all communications for this
Department to Mrs. John T. Beason,
Eastland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

LETTERS WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED UNLESS
WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET ONLY

Kingsville, Tex., Dec. 16, 1908.

Dear Cousin Eva: We are going to send you \$2.25 from our primary and beginners' classes as a Christmas gift, which we wish you would send to some missionary to help support some orphan child. I often think of those who leave home, relatives and friends, and all of this earth that might seem most precious to them, to tell the heathen of Jesus who came to save all who would accept Him. But when Jesus comes again He will gather home His children from all over the world to heaven, where we shall be forever. And Jesus says in Matt. 24:14 that the Gospel shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come. So let us in the homeland give more freely to the mission cause, so that all may hear the Gospel, for then, Jesus says, the end shall come; and here all have a chance to get saved who want to, while in the heathen lands thousands are dying who have never heard of Jesus, who also came to save them as well as us. There will surely be a wonderful meeting when we shall meet with our Savior and those whom we have been separated from by death, and all others who are saved. Yours in Christ,

OLAF BERTELSON.

I put this money in with our own Sunday-school offering yesterday morning. Perhaps all of you would like to hear about our Christmas exercises. The platform was prettily decorated in garlands of green, hung with many small bells made of red paper. A member of the school who is an electrician placed an arch of crimson electric lights overhead. Beneath this there was a stand, holding a small stable, made of the red paper. Its doors were open, and it was brightly lighted within. A feeding trough had been arranged inside to hold our contributions. We had some Christmas songs and recitations, and the story of our Lord's birth was given, each class rising and reciting the verses which had been assigned it. This was done so well that it was a great pleasure to hear it. Then, while a beautiful song was given, class after class marched by the rostrum, each scholar putting his envelope inside the little stable, until it was piled high with offerings. The money, about \$125.00, will be sent to Cuba to help support some little homeless ones there whom Miss Gertrude and Miss Leona have taken in. I was glad to include in this Christmas offering the money sent me by the primary and beginners' classes of Kingsville, and I think they will be pleased to learn how their gift was used.

MISSIONS IN OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

I believe it is of the greatest importance that our Sunday-school children be imbued

with a missionary spirit. If the needs of the great fields beyond are placed before children, they will find ways in which to give. One serious drawback is that our older people are not filled with missionary zeal; nay, so many are without deep convictions on this great subject. If, however, we are deeply concerned about the saving of those who know not Christ, let us not make the grave mistake of excluding children from the work. They need education, enlightenment, training in missionary labor. And we need their help. In our Sunday-school, one collection a month—that on the fourth Sunday—goes for mission work. Only God knows what a blessing this has been to our own school, as well as to the children who sit in great darkness.

Have a missionary collection in your school. Pray earnestly over it. Talk to the children, keep it before them, and see how it will grow. I am praying that some superintendent, some teacher, will be encouraged to take up this work and make it a permanent feature in his school, or class.

R. F. D. No. 2, Salem, Ind.

Dear Cousins and Readers:

Once more with my own hand I am permitted to write and say to you, "The Lord is my Shepherd." How many ever stopped to think that the weakest of His children has just as much right to say this as the Psalmist himself did? And what a comfort to know there is One watching over us whose eye never sleeps, and is ever ready, if need be, to shelter us from every harm.

During the long, hot summer that has passed, increased illness so reduced my strength that for some weeks my arm, which has been serving me for the twelve years that I have been lying on my pillows, almost failed me also. I am using it now to speak my thanks and praise to Him for restoring sufficient strength and relief to permit me to use it some again, "and declare the works of the Lord." What a joy it is to be in the service of such a loving Savior! Why should I murmur because of disappointments, trials and suffering that have been unspeakable? These light afflictions work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. To be loyal we must be willing to work in Christ's way, even though it may differ wholly from the way we would choose for ourselves. If we are faithful, His way will turn out best. When we are doing His work we must be ready to say, Here am I, Lord; just use me as Thou wilt. And if He sends us in some roundabout or difficult way, let us be ready to go. It may not always be easy for us, but I am sure, if we follow where He leads, no real harm can befall us. He loves to know we are willing to trust Him, and it is sometimes necessary that we are put to a test. More than twelve years ago, in the early part of my sickness, I had a real experience that has helped me wonderfully in facing the many harder trials that have come since. It may seem a small matter, but it was sufficient to teach a very important lesson. While my means were small, I had always practiced giving something for the support of our pastor. Our good old steward dropped in, not to ask for "quarterage," but to inquire about our welfare. It was winter time; my wife was taking in washing to help feed our little ones. Putting my hand in my pocket, I felt the last twenty-five cents that I had been able to earn. This I owed to a neighbor and expected to pay him with it. Suddenly a voice spoke to me distinctly, "Give this quarter to the Lord." Can you wonder that I hesitated, and tried to reason that I should not do it? But the voice was still ringing in my ears. How glad I am that I obeyed. I don't think I told the good brother that it was my only penny, but the Lord knew it. He objected to taking it; said I ought not to deprive ourselves of it. But thank God, I was steadfast, and he reluctantly ac-

cepted it and departed. In a very short time I gathered up my crutches and hobbled out to the street. Whom should I see coming but the very man I owed twenty-five cents, and what a relief came to my heavy heart when the first words he had to say were, "You need not think any more about that quarter; we will call that paid." I have never seen anything but the hand of God in this, and it has helped me over many more harder trials and cares that have come along in my years of helplessness and suffering. Care and perplexities still mount up before me. Our children must be cared for and schooled a few more years, and though I may not see how our needs are to be supplied, I have the blessed assurance that "the Lord is my Shepherd." When I have done my part, surely His goodness and mercy shall follow me, and when my work is done, I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Trusting in the promises, I am trying to be of some use for my Master. Faithfully,

O. A. TATLOCK.

Only a week or two ago some one was asking about Brother Tatlock. I know you will be glad to read this letter from him.

Dear children, do you suppose it would be possible for you to be resigned, patient, cheerful, under such circumstances? I sometimes ask myself this question, and always I am forced to answer "no." But then I remember that all things are possible with God. His grace can enable us to do things we never could do in our own strength. I am glad I belong to a Savior like this. Brother Tatlock's letter makes me think of our dear Brother Duffy. It is about time for us to hear from him again.

Hillsboro, Tex., Nov. 28, 1908.

Dear Cousin Eva: I have been thinking of writing to you for some time. I will be nine years old the third day of January. I am a Christian. I have a little sister, named Jessie Elizabeth. I have a pet kitty named Patty. I will send \$1.00 for the little orphan children. So good-bye,

APRILLA SHARP.

Here we have another letter from a mother and her daughter. I am so glad they are walking together, following Jesus. Somehow, girls, I just couldn't be different from my mother. Sometimes I would be tempted to wish she would go to what others called a good play, but she did not, and so I did not, either. O, the value of that Christian mother's life to me. How glad I am that she followed Jesus closely, and that I was constrained to go along with her.

A SECRET

Well worth knowing and one that will prove a blessing in your life is

A CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE

This helpful book will be eagerly read, we believe, by those striving to follow in the steps of the Savior, until His loved ones are caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

PRICE, 50c POSTPAID.

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Nashville, Tenn.

Itinerating in Guatemala, C. A.

J. T. BUTLER

In my last letter I left off telling about Mr. John Reinos, of Zapote Brujo, en la Republica of Salvador. We had a meeting that night (the 29th of September), and the little house was full and all wanted to testify. Truly it was a privilege to be with such a people who were rejoicing in their first love in the good things of our Master.

The following day we went to Metapan, Salvador, and some of the believers went with us. Among them was Mr. John Reinos. We went to the house of a widow, Juana Pardo. She told us that some eleven years ago her husband began to hear the Gospel and became a believer. That made her very angry, and she did all she could to turn him away from the heresy into which he had fallen. By and by, out of curiosity, and also with the hope of getting the truth of the bad things the Protestants did in their meetings, as she had been told, she went to one of their meetings. She was greatly surprised to find that, so far as she could judge, everything was decently, piously carried on. Her interest was thus awakened, and she became a true believer. She received us into her home and treated us like brethren in the Lord. We had a meeting that afternoon to which a few came. Our good brother John Reinos spent much of the afternoon inviting his friends and acquaintances to the night meeting. That night about a hundred people came. Some police stood outside of the door and kept order. It had been but a few weeks since she had some believers in her house, and they sang hymns and had a meeting. It seems that there was some disorder in the street at the time. The Mayor wrote her a note and wanted to know what she was doing in having a crowd of disorderly people in her house. She was equal to the occasion, and answered him that there had not been any disorder in her house, and that if he would tend to his business as well as she was attending to hers there would not be disorders in the street. It seems that her note had the desired effect. The next meeting they had some boys raised some kind of disturbance at the door and the police carried them to the prison, where they were locked up until next day.

After our meeting that night a number of people gave us their names so that we could send them papers and tracts. John Reinos came with a request that we go early next morning and hold a meeting in the house of a friend. Said that she could not come to the meeting, but was anxious to hear the Gospel. That night was an awful night for me. I do not think I ever felt such vicious mosquitoes before. They bit me through the blanket even. I was nearly sick besides from a severe cold and cough. Sister Smith was sick from a severe cold also.

The next day was full indeed. I was worn from a sleepless night, but the Lord refreshed my body and my soul as the day went on. An interesting meeting in the house of our hostess and then to the house of the woman who had invited us to have a meeting for her benefit. Some twenty-five people or more, who came in and stood at the door, heard the Word. In the afternoon another meeting at the house of our hostess, and at night another. That night the house was crowded, the door and window full and the back porch filled all about the door. There must have been two hundred people or more there. We received other names after the preaching. Next day we left with a feeling that if we could have stayed there a week it would have been much better. Oh, what a shame that there are such a few workers in this needy land! We came back from Metapan to Zapote Brujo, where we ate dinner. After dinner I called attention to a nest of some kind on a tree in the yard. Mr. John Reinos went out and put his arms around the tree and said: "You see how tame these wasps are? The Gospel seems to have tamed them as it has me. Out in the woods one

dare not get near such a wasp nest as this, because they will swarm out and sting terribly."

John Reinos accompanied us that day on to Alopeque, where we had a meeting that night. We asked him to speak. He told the people that they knew what kind of a man he had been—drinking and seducing girls and women—but that now, since he had come to know Jesus, they could also testify that he was not living that kind of a life. We believe that his words went to some hearts.

After he spoke we asked Simeon Lazaro, an Indian who was converted recently, and who was with us on all this journey, to speak. He gave his testimony to the power of the Gospel. This Indian went with us and carried the organ, books, tracts and some clothing. He said he wanted to help some way in the evangelization. We paid him about fifteen cents a day and his food.

Our next place was Esquipulas, the center of idol worship in Guatemala, and, in fact, many people come from the other republics of Central America to worship the image. The image is about the size of a man and is hung on a cross. It is meant to represent Jesus. It is black. The reason for having it black I do not know. Some one told us that one priest told them that it was black because Jesus bore our sins, which are black in the sight of God. That, however, is not preached very extensively. People, and thousands of them, make pilgrimages to this image to worship it and to be healed of sicknesses. Hundreds and thousands of dollars are carried and deposited in some boxes, there by the image, every year.

When we were in the town of Esquipulas in the month of June we had no meeting because we had no place in which to have it. This time we were received by a man who told us frankly that he is neither a Romanist nor a Protestant. He is, like many others, without religion. He received us with all courtesy and entertained us from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning in a whole-souled way, and would not have a cent for his trouble. His home is at one corner of the public square, or plaza, as it is called here. On Saturday night we did not have any meeting, as we were tired and it did not seem that it was time. On Sunday afternoon our host invited some of his friends. Twelve men came and listened most attentively and nearly all of them gave us their names for the papers. At night we had another meeting, and were really surprised that more than a hundred people came. The room was full and the back porch also. Good attention was given, and a number of names afterwards. The Lord was with us, and somehow we believe that Esquipulas will never be just the same as it has been. While no one professed to accept the Lord, yet they got their eyes opened on some subjects at least enough to let in a little light.

Monday morning early the priest was sending out tracts against us. He sent me one. It is full of lies and slander. His being stirred up made us think the devil showed him that the people were receiving some instruction that would enable them to get out from under the clutches of Romanism if the reins were not tightened on them a little more.

Our host accompanied us out about three miles as we left, and assured us that his house is at our disposition when we want to return.

Our sleeping arrangements were simple, though a little out of the ordinary. Sister Holland on a bench, Sister Smith on the blackboard with the ends resting on two benches, and I on another bench and our Indian brother on the ground floor.

From Esquipulas we went to Olopa, where we had such a great day on the thirtieth of June. We had a meeting at night, attended by some twenty people. Some of them left during the meeting when we were laying out some of the Romish lies. Two or three men listened most attentively, and asked questions

that showed us that they have been reading the Bible some lately. One man and his family said they believe the teaching.

From Olopa we went twenty-four miles to Jocotenango. We did not know anybody there, consequently we went to the Mayor of the town and asked him if he could give us a place to stay. We were given a room belonging to the town, and that with the privilege of preaching and singing as much as we desired. The room was rather small, hence we had our meeting out in the porch by the light of the moon. Some seventy-five people came and heard the singing and preaching and received tracts, but no one would give us his name for our papers. That night we all slept on the floor on our saddle blankets.

The next day we returned to Chiquimula, stopping on the way at a little town to sing and preach the Word to a family, who listened with interest. Truly glad were we to get back to a resting place, where we could have good, clean food and good beds.

Sister Augie Holland and I stayed there until the following Monday. While there, on Saturday, two of the believers were married. First quite a number of friends and the missionaries went with them to the Governor's office and he performed the ceremony. Here in this country the civil marriage must be first. The priests used to have the thing put in their hands, but when Rufino Barrios was President things were changed. He put a fine of five hundred pesos on any priest that married people unless they had first been married civilly. The priests, in opposition to the government, teach the people that unless they come and are married by the church they are living in adultery. It is not to be supposed that the priests care much about the adultery part, but the marriage fee that he gets for the ceremony. Well, in this marriage at Chiquimula, we went back from the Governor's office and had a rather informal meeting. We had the man and his wife to stand while we spoke some words of exhortation and encouragement, and prayed. On Sunday morning we went out with them to Santa Elena, their home. Soon after arriving we were served with coffee, milk and cake. After that we had preaching, then dinner and preaching again. It was a good day, and we so enjoyed the fellowship and the privilege of explaining the Word to them that we stayed until night caught us in the road before we reached Chiquimula. If the road had been good the darkness would not have amounted to much, but as we had to cross two bad mud holes in the dark, we rather repented of having tarried so long in Santa Elena.

On Monday afternoon, October 12, we came over to Zacapa with Brother Conway G. Anderson. Quite a number came in to the meeting that night. The next day we rested and had another meeting at night. On Wednesday morning Sister Holland, Brothers Conway Anderson, Nicholas Hemphill, a native sister, and myself went on the train up to Cabanas. Our Indian brother above mentioned carried our horses up for us. We went to the home of a woman who claims to be a believer, and we rather think she has the truth in her heart. She is one of the most influential women in the town, and formerly had charge of the chief saint in the town—I should say the chief idol. That night we had an interesting meeting in her house. The next day we wanted to go to another town, and this woman provided three beasts for us and a man to bring them back. We hoped to go to a town about seven miles away, but on reaching a river, just at the edge of the town, we found it was up so that we thought it would not be prudent for our sisters to try to cross. I rode across but the current was so strong and the bed so full of stones that my mule stumbled once and made me think he would fall. I went back and we decided not to attempt the crossing. We turned back from the river to a small town through which we had passed that afternoon, and spent the night. We were well received and had a precious meeting that night. We were surprised to hear some children sing, "Let a Little Sunshine In." In the month of June I spent one night in that house and was teaching the children this song. They memorized it and had been singing it since. Think of it! In one night these children learned the words of a verse or two of this song, and the tune, until three months afterward they could sing it for us. Praise the Lord! After

the meeting a man told us that he wished we would go to a town on the other side of the river and preach to the people. It was a new town that we had never heard of before. After thinking and praying over the matter, we decided that we should go there next day. The next day we went back to Cabanas, and the same good woman who let us have the beasts the previous day gave us three beasts and some letters of recommendation to some of her friends in the town of Huite. It was almost night when we arrived, but as soon as the letters were delivered and read, we were told that we could have the school house for sleeping and preaching. Our native sister who came with us from Zacapa was a great help to us in getting something to eat. The school house filled up that night with about two hundred people or more, who gave great attention. They listened with great interest to the testimony of our native sister, who told of her former life and what it is now by the grace of God. Oh! my God, stir up Thy people who sit at ease while all this destitution and waste goes on! Think of it, my brother, my sister, nearly all of these places are not visited more than once a year, and some of them never had the privilege of hearing even one Gospel sermon until

we passed through. We have no idea as to when we can pass through them again. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he will thrust forth laborers into the harvest."

On Saturday morning, October 17, Sister Holland and I took our leave of Brothers Conway G. Anderson, Nicholas Hemphill and our native sister, Cotalina Miranda, and turned our faces toward Coban. That night we reached San Augustin and stayed over until Monday morning. We enjoyed being there with the little church. Monday morning we set out, going slowly along, giving out tracts and talking to people in the road. That night we stayed in a little village and had a most blessed time for about two hours, talking to the family and two neighbors who came in. The next day we reached San Jeronimo, where Brother Amos Bradley has opened a mission. It was our privilege to preach that night and the next. Want to say right here that Brother Bradley has the Lord's work at heart and the Lord is using him. He has worked on the language like a man thoroughly in earnest and has mastered it sufficiently to give out messages from the Word to that town, which has been sitting in heathen darkness for centuries. Thank God that he is there. It is a town given over to rum-making and the people are

not fanatical but almost without religion. There is a good attendance at all of the meetings, he says.

On Thursday morning we arose at two o'clock and soon Brother Bradley had us a nice breakfast. At three-thirty we left him. We were anxious to get home, as you may imagine when you know that we rode about fifty-five miles that day, reaching home at eight o'clock that night.

Dear reader, there is much of this kind of work that needs to be done. It is wearing on the body but it is blessed for the soul.

Pray for us; come if God sends you; give to push the work in this part of the world if He bids you. The Friends' Mission in Chiquimula has a school and sixteen of the children are orphans, or if not orphans have been brought to the mission and turned over to them. They need bread and clothing. We have a small printing office here in Coban and are sending out thousands of papers and tracts free of charge. We need paper and ink, and must employ some help. Journeys need to be made, and it costs more to make them than it does to stay at home. May the Lord bless you and direct you.

Yours in His service,
J. T. BUTLER.

FIELD NOTES

I have just closed a twelve-days' meeting at Lancaster, Tenn. Twenty-eight professed to be either saved or sanctified. Old, gray-headed fathers and mothers got light. I closed amid great interest.

Yours in Him,
Gainesboro, Tenn. J. T. HOPPER.

We are in a good meeting here, and at this meeting's close, which will be ten days yet, I have an open date for revival work, either union meeting or single church. Any one wishing help, address

T. RICHARDSON GRAY, Evangelist.
No. 2212 S. Ohio St., Sedalia, Mo.

I am at Newbern, Va., and will begin a meeting here in the Methodist Episcopal Church with Brother E. R. Crockett tonight (December 23). Pray that God will give us a great victory and many souls be saved and sanctified.

Yours under the blood,
JAMES C. MARTIN.

Brother and Sister Messenger, mountain missionaries, have moved to Oregon, from Olive Hill, Ky., where they are in the battle for the Lord. Any of the friends sending donations of papers and tracts, send them to the following address: Rev. Geo. H. Messenger, Rainier, Columbia, County, Ore.

NOTICE.

Any one who wishes a preacher to hold camp-meetings, or a pastor who wants help in protracted meetings, during the summer months, can get efficient workers from members of the faculty and students of the Meridian Male College, who are preachers, if they will write at once to M. A. Beeson, President, Meridian Male College.

Since my last report I have had some good meetings. We have had a hard battle here with Satan and sin, but God has wonderfully blessed our labors in this new field. We have some good people. We had a good Quarterly Meeting. The blessing rested upon the people. Rev. C. G. Heath's preaching was fine. God bless our elder. We went out to see a sick girl (Miss Cox) last Friday evening. She was in bed, down with that awful disease, consumption. The Lord wonderfully saved her from sin. Shouts of praises went from that home, to God be all the glory. We have services here every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m.

Saved, sanctified and healed,
HARDY SIMMONS, Pastor.

Gallatin, Tenn.

I heard Dr. Godbey lecture at Nashville and attended the Bible Class and found both very profitable. The Bible School is doing a great work and is like a bee hive. I preach one Sunday in January at Beach Grove and two Sundays at Lone Oak. God is blessing me with a spirit of prayer for His work throughout the world.

Vanleer, Tenn. W. C. ROBINSON.

In connection with my pastoral work here, I am also giving some lectures on the following subjects, which are proving quite helpful: "The Ways of Life and Death, or Where Do You Live?" and "The American Boy." One of these lectures is on temperance and is illustrated by a chart. It has been delivered in schools and young people's meetings, etc. I am now open for engagements in schools, commencement exercises, conventions or chautauquas.

Tipton, Iowa. R. H. CRAIG.

I began a meeting last night at Gouldfork and I am praising God for a wonderful revival. We have some opposition, but God will give us the victory if we will only trust Him. My next meeting will be at Angelo, Tex. We are trusting God for complete victory, so I ask the LIVING WATER family to join us with their prayers for this wicked place.

Your brother, in the fight till Jesus comes,
CHARLES C. MONTANDON.

We will make this our headquarters till spring, as we intend to preach some in this part of the Lord's vineyard. All mail that is intended to reach me at once should be sent here, but all orders for my book on "The White Stone and New Name," or inquiries about same, should be addressed to me at Rowland, in care of Mrs. M. O. Bastin, who is acting as secretary for us at home. God bless all LIVING WATER family.

J. W. PETERSON.
Home address, Rowland, Ky.

Brother Harry Moore just closed his fifth meeting on Harpeth River. Several were converted and a few sanctified at each place. I thank God for what was done for me. I was gloriously converted. He gave us some strong sermons, which brought conviction upon many of the unsaved and let the people see themselves just as they are. Lord, help the people to turn from their sins and not be lost. I have turned loose everything that is not for the glory of God, and mean to go through with Jesus. Let the LIVING WATER family pray for me and my family, that we may live true to God.

Yours in Christ,
O. L. BECKHAM.

I am glad that I can report victory through the blood. We closed our meeting Sunday night at a high tide. The Lord gave us a blessed time. Quite a number were either reclaimed, saved, or sanctified, and the church testified to have gotten closer to God. There is so much work up here to be done; please pray for us. I have two more meetings to conduct before leaving this work. Brother Dickey, the pastor in charge, is a Spirit-filled man. God bless him.

Yours for the lost,
Rogers, Va. W. H. HUDGINS.

BATTLE AND VICTORY AT JACKSON'S CHAPEL.

We had a real battle at Jackson's Chapel. Sin and the tobacco devil were well entrenched and fortified at this place. For days the Lord helped us dynamite the enemy's stronghold, and victory came. Some threw their tobacco away; some say they are going to quit using it; sinners shouted their way back to the Lord; believers were sanctified. The last evangelistic service was best of all. Sinners were saved, believers were sanctified. Quite a number became shareholders in worldwide evangelization. We closed out Wednesday night at Jackson's Chapel and started Thursday night at Harpeth Valley. Four seekers and two professions the first night. This is our fifth meeting down here.

Yours,
HARRY MOORE.

Our Convention at Reuben Ross, December 12 and 13, was a blessed time. Brethren came from a distance and God was present in precious, melting power. Brother Boaze preached Saturday, 11 a. m., a blessed message. Brother Rye preached two fine sermons, and our hearts were encouraged in Him. We feel the work was helped and in a degree united. We are to have a special rally at Reuben Ross January 30 and 31, having two services each day, with lunch on the ground. We trust and pray that our representative people all around may come to this very important meeting. We are praying and crying to God that He may put His Spirit on the Holiness people in this section of country and direct us to take action in a united, organized, systematic way to press the grand truth of Holiness and also not to let us become biased or one-sided and serve an "I" or "ism" instead of Him. Pray for us and this rally, that we may be in the center of His will (1 Cor. 15:58). Yours, saved through the blood,
Palmyra, Tenn. E. C. SANDERS.

"I've Pitched My Tent in Canaan" is destined to prove one of the most popular songs in Bread of Life Songs.

DEATHS

We find that too much space is being taken by obituary notices, which are usually of local interest only. Often they are sent in a half column in length, which requires considerable labor and expense on our part and will be read by only a small number of our readers. The local press is, as a rule, the best medium for these lengthy articles. A few brief lines announcing the facts may be interesting to a larger circle of friends. Unless there should be some unusual reason why it should not be so, we have concluded to limit these items to ten lines, as they are local rather than general in interest, as above stated.—Ed.

BUMPUS.

Dear Brother Alex Bumpus was born May 12, 1869, and went home to be with Jesus November 30, 1908. He leaves a wife and three children and a large number of friends and loved ones to grieve after him, but their loss is his eternal gain. He joined the Liverwort Mission in 1902 and was a devoted Christian, always ready to help in every good work. He was a wholly sanctified man of God. I will say to his wife and children and all of his loved ones, grieve not, but live devoted Christian lives, wholly sanctified to God, and be ready to meet him in the clouds when Jesus comes to gather His dear children. "Blessed is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ and shall reign with Him a thousand years." The funeral service was conducted at his residence by the writer; text, Rev. 14:13. S. W. PATTERSON.

Sobel, Tenn.

HOLINESS MAGAZINE FREE.

For particulars, write to the Meridian Messenger, Meridian, Miss.

BIBLE SCHOOL BUILDING.

Amount necessary	\$3,600.00
Previously pledged	\$2,308.30
J. A. S., Tennessee	4.00
P. E. B., Virginia	2.83
C. L. B., Tennessee	1.00
S. M., Kansas	5.00
E. M. E., Georgia	10.00
M. D., Virginia	15.50
Mrs. L. M. H., Louisiana	10.00
T. A. B., North Carolina	5.00—2,351.63
Balance needed	\$1,248.37

SPECIAL OFFER IN COLLEGE.

The Meridian Male College offers specially low rates to students entering after Christmas, and has a few openings for boys to work to pay part of their expenses. Write at once for particulars to M. A. Beeson, President, Meridian, Miss.

WE ARE SURE THE PRICE will not keep anyone out of the Living Water Family, for \$1.00 a year is very cheap for a sixteen page paper free from secular advertisements.

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE

A number of our friends have requested us to continue their paper promising to remit later. Some of them have allowed more than a year to go by. The post-office authorities have made a new ruling and do not allow a publisher to mail his paper to a subscriber on credit longer than one year. This will force us to discontinue all papers not paid for after a year elapses. Won't each one of you please examine your labels and, if you are behind, send us remittance at once. This will save us considerable expense and you the missing of some of the copies. Attend to this at once.

A TRIP TO TURKEY.

Early in March the Rev. F. B. Meyer hopes to undertake a visit to Turkey in connection with the Friends' Missions, holding three weeks of meetings among the missionaries at Constantinople and other centers. Thence, in April, he will proceed to Singapore for two weeks, on to Hong King, and through China and Japan, for missionary conferences, returning via Canada, and due to arrive home in November. His visit to the Far East is planned by the Keswick Committee. Believing that God has given him a message to the workers in these distant fields, Mr. Meyer is anxious to carry it while he has the necessary physical strength to compass such long and arduous journeys. To this end he will add a further errand, in connection with the united efforts of the British and American Sunday School Unions, to inaugurate improved methods of Sunday-school work in China, Mr. Meyer himself being president of the World's Association of Sunday-schools.

ANOTHER UNION.

A new denominational union has been consummated in India, known as the South India United Church. "This new union is composed of both Congregational and Presbyterian elements. Its Presbyterian constituents are the Madras Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland and the Arcot Mission of the Reformed Church in America. . . . The Congregationalists contributed to the union the Madura and Jaffna Missions (the latter in Ceylon) of the American Board and the Travancore Mission of the London Missionary Society. All told, this makes a denomination of 22,000 communicants, representing 140,000 adherents to the name of Christ. The policy of the new church . . . is a compromise between Presbyterianism and Congregationalism. . . . The Confession of Faith is very brief but is strictly and explicitly trinitarian, exalting Jesus Christ as the incarnation of God, the Savior of men and the Lord of the kingdom."

GENERAL BOOTH ON WOMAN.

The famous head of the Salvation Army, on the eve of his departure for South Africa, has addressed to every Salvation Army congregation throughout the country a manifesto on the subject of "Woman." He directed that it should be read straight through, without any comment, by the officer in charge, and it was accordingly so read last Sunday morning. The aged General, earnestly protesting against the notion of bygone ages that woman is inferior to man—a chattel or a plaything—insists on woman's equality, and asserts that, from the first, the Army has maintained that equality in many ways. "Woman is equal to man in the value of her gifts and the extent of her influence." General Booth urges the members of the Army to accept this truth and show it forth practically to the world. He is especially anxious that it should be taught, both in theory and practice to all young people. "Let us," he concludes, "determine to pay woman more regard in the position assigned to her by the providence of God, as a wife, as a mother, as a daughter, and as a comrade in the Salvation war." A timely and Christian message! Is it the religious echo among the Salvationists of the "suffragette" movement in the world of politics?

We have received many inquiries about "The Bridal Procession." This song is in our new book, Bread of Life Songs.

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If you have the "second blessing," "The Lot in Canaan's Land" and "Walking in the King's Highway" are two songs that will just suit you.

THE DELEGATE

BY SUSIE BOUCHELLE WIGHT.

Although grandmothers may be at a discount in some homes, they certainly were not at Alice Mason's, and they did not reside upon a shelf, either. The sunniest room in that beautiful new home, the coziest corner by the fire and the most inviting chair belonged by right of love and reverence to Grandmother Parker, and when that dear old white-haired lady spoke her gentle mind, she was sure of affectionate attention. So when young Mrs. Mason came in, flushed and excited, from a gay afternoon at a friend's reception, she paused with a smile at hearing Grandmother Parker's call from the library.

"Come here a minute, my dear, before you go up to change your dress. I have such lovely news for you! Soon after you went out the minister came in, all worried and anxious. He said things about the decline of hospitality in the city, and asked if we would not take delegates. You know the conference convenes tomorrow night, and although the list has been published in the paper, some of the people are making excuses, and he is sadly put to it to find homes for the preachers. He seemed timid about asking, because we were newcomers, but I told him that I was sure it was nothing but inadvertence that had kept you from asking for delegates, and that he might send you two, provided they were two of a kind, as you have only the one guest chamber. Won't it be nice to have delegates, deary?"

"I don't know, grandma," faltered Alice, a little aghast. "I've never had the experience."

"To be sure—to be sure. I am always forgetting that you don't know anything about real home-life, spending all your days wandering about over the world with parents that by rights should have been Gypsies. But when your mother was a little girl, and we lived in Brooksville, we used to have such exciting times when conventions and conferences would come our way. There is something so fascinating about entertaining any one whom the authorities may send you—quite like opening a prize box. Your dear grandpa and I have entertained as many as a dozen for more than a week at a time. We of the family would sleep upon pallets made of quilts, on the floor, giving up our rooms to the visitors. And such preparations in the kitchen! Why, we would bake cakes and pies by the score, grandpa would kill bees and porkers, and the turkeys would be gobbling in my coops for weeks ahead of the time! Oh, I am so glad we are to have a little peep at old times again!"

Mrs. Parker sighed so happily that Alice Mason bent down and kissed her, compelling smoothness into a brow that was troubled. Then she slipped away to her husband's study to pour out her misgivings.

"O Ted," she cried, "I never would have taken them in all the world! I don't see how I am ever to manage! Just an afternoon tea makes Jane so cross that I am afraid to give

her an order for a week afterward, and if my dearest friend drops in to dinner I feel like making the most abject apologies—and to think of two strangers for a whole week! Grandma forgot the grocery bill, too, Ted, and it makes me sick and faint to think of it, for we must not let her feel that we don't do her justice.

"With our pretty new house and our carriage," she added, "they are sure to send us the bishop or some other important person, and I simply must rise to the occasion—but oh, I do hope grandma won't revert to old times this way again!"

"The bishop or some other important person!" repeated Ted Mason, vacantly. "Well, I love your grandmother, my dear, and I know that next to somebody else, she is the sweetest of women, but if they are going to quarter dignitaries upon us, I am called out of town—I can't rise to the occasion like that!"

"O hush, Ted! You are going to do exactly as I shall—make the very best of it, and grandma is not to be made uncomfortable. I am going to cook up everything nice I can think of. I'll put an extra shine on the silver and cut glass, and this house will be spick and span by tomorrow night—you'll see!"

Soon the house was full of pleasant excitement. Mrs. Parker found things for her feeble hands to do, Alice flitted about busily. Jane was mollified by gifts and flattery, and soon the night came, and the family waited in the library for the bishop. There were American Beauty roses bending on their tall stems on the library table, there were violets scenting the entrance-hall, and Alice felt a pleasurable glow of self-satisfaction.

"I believe, after all, that I am rather glad grandma took the delegates. I am not very much of a church woman, but I realize that these men are doing a great deal of good—and the bishops and the other leaders are always delightful men. I shall try to fulfil grandma's ideas. I shall drive them in the carriage to the church, and I'll have James wait there to bring them home after the sessions—"

The looked-for ring at the door cut short her hospitable plans, and in another moment she was looking upon her delegates—but not upon a bishop.

They very evidently were from the country. A tall, lank, white-bearded patriarch entered, and upon his arm was a chubby-faced young woman, hardly as old as Alice herself. The old man's clothes revealed the signs of long service and many careful brushings and spongings. The wife was evidently a bride, for her ill-made, ill-fitting frock was of pearly gray with pink trimmings; and her hat was white with a wealth of white flowers wandering over and under it. There was not a perceptible pause between Alice's frightened taking in of the situation and her greeting of her guests. Mrs. Parker rose from her chair to hold out her little wrinkled hands with her old-fashioned courtesy, and Ted Mason did his share of welcoming.

"You must be tired," said Alice, hospitably, after a moment, and then she led the

way to the guest-chamber, and left them alone.

Her husband intercepted her on her return, and grinned as he shook her affectionately. "Don't worry, Alice," he whispered. "I am so relieved! A bride and a groom will talk to each other, and my brilliant conversational powers will not be needed."

"That is true," agreed his wife, with flaming cheeks. "They will entertain each other, and I'll not need to go round with them. O Ted, isn't she awful! She looks like a pillow with a string tied about it—and he— Why did they send us such people?"

The old minister, Mr. Harvey, had a certain dignity which kept him from seeming embarrassed in the new splendors of Alice's dining-room, but the poor little bride was evidently ill at ease. Mrs. Parker devoted herself to them, and Alice was not far behind, so before the first meal was concluded the conversation was general, if not very absorbing in its interest.

There followed an hour or two in the library, and then Mrs. Parker said to the minister:

"I am not strong enough for late hours, Mr. Harvey. Will you not have prayers now?"

This was another unexpected turn, for Alice had not entertained a minister before, and there ensued a hurried hunting for a Bible. Finally she brought, from Mrs. Parker's own room, the big family Bible. Alice deposited it, with an effort, upon the table at the minister's side, and mentally resolved that the next day she would buy one of more convenient size.

"The servant, sister?" asked Mr. Harvey. "Do you not have her come in for worship?" Then came a brief but energetic argument in the kitchen with Jane, who finally came in, with a sulky frown, to sit down by the library door. Things were taking a strange turn in the butterfly's nest, but Mrs. Parker lay back in her chair, and as Alice gazed at the sweet, placid old face, it seemed to her that she could see the golden light of past days dawning over it. The country bride sat still, regarding her husband's countenance reverently, and as Alice's eyes wandered, she met her husband's glance. His eyes held no laugh in them, although he smiled at her understandingly, and strangest of all, when the reading was finished, Jane's lowering face had cleared, and she slipped quietly out of the room without even a shake of her expressive shoulders.

"My granddaughter has made some pleasant plans for you, my dear," said Mrs. Parker the next morning to the bride. "We are so glad that our delegates are as they are. We had expected two gentlemen, but I always prefer a lady. One gets so much better acquainted, you know."

Alice bit her lip. She had ordered the carriage, and had intended putting it at the disposal of her guests, but she certainly had no idea of going out with them. There was nothing for it but to acquiesce, however, when Mrs. Parker told Mrs. Harvey that her hostess would take her to church and remain there through the opening service with her.

Alice considered that she would have to reason a little with her grandmother privately.

Alice pointed out the pastor's house as they drove by, and Mr. Harvey looked at it with interest.

"Well! Well!" he said. "The church is learning to take care of her servants these days. Such a fine house—and they tell me you pay your pastor two thousand dollars a year! I guess I was born fifty years too soon, Nannie," he said, jocularly, to the little bride. "The young preachers don't have the struggles we older men had. Why, I have been preaching now for forty years, and my highest salary was five hundred dollars a year—that was when the boys and girls were young, and you know you have eight stepchildren, Nannie. Still, it is all right, and I am not the one to grumble. The rewards always did go to the deserving men, and I know I am not much of a preacher, so I am just grateful to be remembered by my old conference in the way I am."

It sounded strange to Alice Mason—five hundred dollars a year, for a whole family to live on! How could they do it? Her own little perplexities over ways and means seemed silly in comparison.

She led the visitors to the very forefront in the church. Mr. Harvey had said that he did not want to miss a word of the proceedings.

The conference was about to open. Alice had never seen the bishop, but she did not need to have him pointed out. A tall, fine-looking man, with keen eyes looking out from under a wide brow—she had already recognized him, even before he took his chair. Oh, if he could have been her delegate!

Alice had never cared much for the old-fashioned church hymns; they had a sort of dolefulness to her, but the familiar lines had a different sound as he repeated them before the organ pealed out:

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne."

The country bride sang clearly, and the quavering voice of the old preacher rose triumphantly. Alice joined in.

For the first time the sense of strangeness between her and Mrs. Harvey seemed to disappear, and as Alice sat through the morning session, she watched the little woman by her side, looked at the shabby dress, and came to a conclusion.

She had at home a beautiful new black gown, just from the tailor. The cloth of it was smooth and shining, and the fashion of the coat was such that it would conceal the awkward lines of Mrs. Harvey's figure. There was a black hat to match it.

Clad in that, the young wife would look really dignified, and Alice determined that she should have it. But to manage it without hurting her feelings!

She set her mind to puzzle it out, and almost forgot what was going on about her before she finally concluded that in order to be able to make the gift she must get on very friendly, almost affectionate, terms with Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. Harvey accepted the gift with perfect simplicity. She looked like a different creature in the new garments. Before noon of the next day Mr. Harvey assured Alice that in all his forty years he had never been treated so handsomely. Mrs. Harvey soon forgot her perplexity over the astounding number of spoons and forks that surrounded her plate at table, and was able to enter into a very quiet and demure enjoyment of the drollery of Mr. Mason and his young wife. Day after day Alice went with them to conference, and remained through the sessions.

One day she noticed how the old man's face always lighted up when the bishop began to speak. But nothing prepared her for what happened on a day when Mr. Harvey had been asked to conduct a devotional service. He did not do it very well. He showed that he was a little flustered, and his old hands quivered as he held the Bible. Alice felt sorry for him, and for his wife, who looked at her husband so appealingly; but after Mr. Harvey had taken his seat the bishop rose.

"Brethren," he said, "it has been a long time since I have seen this old friend, before this conference. Forty years—forty long years ago, he was just beginning his ministry, and was serving a piney-woods circuit away off in an out-of-the-way place. I was a young lawyer sent down to Florida upon a certain land case, and by accident, one hot

summer day, I stopped at a brush arbor out in the woods, where he was preaching to a congregation that had gathered there in ox-carts, on horseback and afoot. I stopped, more to rest in the shade than because I felt any interest, but he had a message, and he delivered it from a full heart. It was for me—for me! I don't know how many others it came home to, but I went on my way thoughtful and more serious than I had ever been in my life before, only to come back and seek him out at night—like Nicodemus of old. And like Nicodemus of old—I was told the way—the only way—"

The bishop paused a moment, and some one out in the congregation began to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," as that congregation had a way of doing upon all sorts of occasions. The bishop bent down and clasped hands with Mr. Harvey, whose uplifted face was radiant. Alice, with down-cast eyes, saw the little bride's hands trembling on her lap, and she put her own soft fingers in between, and they sat there listening happily together through the rest of the service.

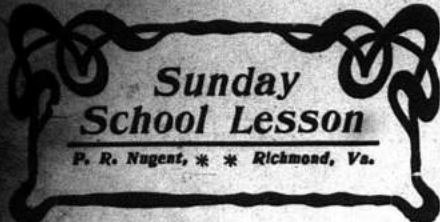
"Ted, darling," Alice said that afternoon, "we are entertaining something bigger than the bishop—we are taking care of the man who put him in the way of being what he is. Oh, wouldn't it have been awful if we had not been nice to them?"—*Youth's Companion*.

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Sunday School Lesson

P. R. Nugent, * * * Richmond, Va.

Lesson for Jan. 17, 1909

THE BEGINNING OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Ac. 2:32-42.

Golden Text: "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers" (Ac. 2:42).

Read from v. 22 to end of chapter.

The sermon preached by Peter (perhaps this is just an outline) was not the only message God gave that day (for "the multitude heard them speak"), but it seems to have been the most prominent one. Peter seems to have spoken especially to the Jews of Jerusalem and Judea, and probably spoke in the ordinary language of the country to which he himself was accustomed. From vs. 22-32 his argument is: 1. God bore witness to Jesus of Nazareth during His life in your midst. This showed that He was God's Man, for God could not bear witness to an impostor. 2. You rejected and crucified Him. 3. God again showed His endorsement of Him by raising Him from the dead. 4. This fact is just the fulfillment of prophecy through David about the Messiah. 5. We are all witnesses to the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, and this outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the evidence of which you see and hear, is also a testimony to the fact of this resurrection, and also of His exaltation at the right hand of God, for the Holy Spirit is given in answer to the prayer of the ascended Christ. (In Jno. 14:16 Christ puts His prayer for the Spirit in the future.)

V. 36. The great issue that day was as to the character and office of Jesus of Nazareth, and despite the fact that Jerusalem had so recently witnessed the rejection of Jesus, Peter presses home the truth. There was nothing for the hearers to do but to either reject Peter's message or confess that they were guilty of murdering an innocent man and condemning one whom God approved. "Lord and Christ"

means that He was not only possessed of authority, but was also the long-expected Messiah (anointed One) of Israel's race.

V. 37. Truth, under the power of the Spirit, brought conviction. If Peter had tried to please his hearers by avoiding the real issue about Jesus, results would not have come. If people wish results to come, they must preach the simple truth people need, no matter how hard it is on the hearers. Peter's narrative of facts put the people in the light as great sinners and they saw it. The rejection of the Lord Jesus is a great sin, and we can see how the people felt when they said, "What shall we do?" They saw what they had done and did not know how to undo it.

Vs. 38, 39. Here is the way out of their (and others') sin and into blessing: 1. Repent. Change your mind and attitude toward Jesus. See in Him God's Lord and Savior and cease all that is opposed to Him. 2. Be baptized in His name—publicly and thoroughly identify yourself with Him. 3. Those who are thus believers in Jesus can have the Holy Spirit as a gift from Him. The promise of the Spirit is for all, for it reaches not only the Jews but also all who are "afar off"—gentiles in all lands. Like many other lesser promises of God, this one has been largely overlooked and misunderstood, so that God's people have missed what He has intended for them.

V. 41. The harvest field was ripe that day and an abundant harvest was gathered, but it came because the Church was full of the Spirit, and Scripture truth was given regardless of opposition. The fulfillment of the same conditions will bring results today. Additions to the church were not because people joined it, but because they were joined to it by the Lord v. 47).

Vs. 42-47. Note here the following conditions: 1. Steadfastness in four lines: (a) In the apostles' doctrine (R. Y. teaching). Believers recognized God appointed offices and were not each one a law unto himself. Even the Spirit-baptized people had truths to learn, for the baptism does not give instruction in the Word. The latter comes little by little, and though the Spirit is the real Teacher of the Word, yet He uses human beings to convey it. Those who suppose they can learn nothing through others, even from babes in Christ, are greatly in error, and in opposition to the Word itself. (b) In fellowship. There were no parties, barriers, divisions and separations between Christians then, though these ap-

peared in a few years (1 Cor. 1:12, 13). Some people now sadly fail to see that all who are in Christ are members of one body (1 Cor. 12:12-28), and, as a consequence, there is a fleshly independentism and individualism. (c) The (R. V.) breaking of bread would seem to refer to the Lord's Supper. Ordinary meals are indicated in v. 46. (d) The (R. V.) prayers. This shows the position that prayers held. The plural indicates, possibly, the variety of prayer that was offered and the numbers of them. 2. The effect on the outside world—"fear." Ubelievers are sometimes awed by the evident presence and power of God. 3. Numerous miracles. 4. Community in goods. 5. Daily worship in the temple. 6. Home fellowship—"house-to-house." 7. Gladness and praise. 8. Singleness (or sincerity) of heart. 9. Favor with the people. 10. Salvation of souls an every-day matter.

BIBLE CLASS

Mrs. S. B. R., Gallatin, Tenn.—One way for a person to begin to understand the Bible is to begin to believe and obey it. The person you mention has probably never seen herself a lost sinner. She probably does not need the Bible explained to her so much as she needs to believe its statements about her personal guilt and lost condition. Prayer should be offered for her.

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