

and us back to this. We are capable of any error either in practice or in doctrine unless we keep along this great central line of faith. He does not deny the presence of their faith; He deplors its poverty. It is not bread but barrenness, not hunger but half-heartedness that Christ is concerned about. It may be the last things we imagine ourselves likely to be infected by would be the doctrine of the Sadducees, those two constantly reappearing poles of thought and outlook. Many a man plumes himself of being free from what to-day are called "New Theology" and "Catholics" tendencies, whom the Master nevertheless addresses by the name of Little-faith. The constant danger of that excellent quality moderation is, that it is apt to be so fearful of turning to the right or left that it ceases to go forward. Surely the Lord's point was this, that the central flaw which results in deflection on the one hand into the Pharisee, and on the other hand into the Sadducee, is little-faith. The reason seems obvious. Little-faith's trouble is that he does not move on. Everyone who learns skating or cycling knows that the simplest way to avoid trouble is to go straight ahead. John Bunyan says of Little-faith that disaster came from not going forward. Little-faith sits in Deadman's-lane, and being robbed of his ready-money has to go through life's pilgrimage as a pauper. That is the plight of Little-faith still. There is plenty of bread, but he fears starvation. There is danger of heresy, and he has not the wit to see where he is slipping into it. The worst heterodoxy we have to dread is to fail Christ in His hour of need. So misunderstanding of the Master must be added to the other defects of Little-faith.

## V.

Lastly, in xvii. 20, the Revised Text restores the word. Here again we will not dwell on the story, though we shall return to it. It tells of a time when the Master was on the mountain top, and the disciples experienced one of the great humiliations of their ministry—when they were helpless to cast out a devil, though a distressed parent pleaded and a critical crowd challenged them to do so. They came to the Lord after He had converted the rout into a victory, and said. "Why could not we cast it out?" The Master replied. "Because of your little faith." Anyone but Christ would have been weary with reminding them of this stone of stumbling. If your repeated failures are pressing you, as you ponder this word and its ancestry, if you begin to suspect that Little-faith is one of your own names, if the ministry you have toiled at seems to show nothing in return, if your Bible-class hears the lesson week by week and appears to respond so little, if the soul culture which perhaps you have feverishly maintained is yielding but little in the freedom of the Spirit of God, then I beseech you put away your failures to-day, O Little-faith, and let the Master point out to you the way of conquest.

For there is nothing in all this world that can take the place of Christ as the very centre and heart of spiritual success. Little-faith's troubles is that it will not audaciously abandon itself to Christ, will not burn its boats, as we say. It did once in Peter's case,

and then wished it had not; There is nothing virile or heroic about Little-faith. It is anæmic, not full-blooded. It sits still instead of walking or running. Let us, then, rise to a fuller apprehension of all that may come from Christ to us, if we will put away our little-faith, and grasp the Lord, who is the greatest invitation to faith that this world has ever seen.—*The Life of Faith.*

## GREAT BECAUSE FIRST GOOD.

A story told of Gerhardt, a German shepherd boy, illustrates the fact that he who is faithful over a few things will become the ruler over many.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the border of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods, and asked: "How far is it to the next village?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy. "But the road is only a sheep track and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said: "My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty. I have lost my companion and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods and may be eaten by the wolves or stolen by the robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and"—

"And what? Can't you trust me. Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said: "I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendant came up; and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke who owned all the country around.

The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.—*Selected.*

# LIVING WATER

Published weekly at Nashville, Tennessee, 125 Fourth Avenue, North  
by the  
PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.  
(Incorporated)

J. O. McCLURKAN . . . . . Editor  
JNO. T. BENSON . . . . . Business Manager

Entered January 3, 1903, at Nashville, Tennessee, as second-class  
mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE



## A CHOSEN INSTRUMENT.

Horace Bushnell says that when God prepares a hammer it will not be made of silk, which is another way of saying that the instrument will be adapted to the work to be accomplished. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb harmonizes all of His work. If there is any reformation to be accomplished it will take a man of iron, hence the sweet voiced but iron handed lad of Euphrat is chosen for the rugged task. There was a myriad-sided man needed to pioneer the gospel among people, hence the brilliant young man from Tarsus was chosen. The dark continent must be opened to Christianity, and David Livingstone, the hardy, plodding, faithful, devout Scotchman was anointed and thrust forth for the arduous task. How many heart breaks would be avoided if people would only take time enough to consider God works in harmony with the temperament of the worker. Butchers hardly ever write poetry and preachers would make poor policemen. What one could do easily would crush another. There is a vast difference between the rippling brook and the roaring mountain torrent, and yet they both have their place. The mockingbird cannot roar like a lion, neither can the king of the forest pour forth such strains of entrancing melody. The same law holds good in every sphere. When an instrument is chosen for a certain task it is always in harmony with what is to be accomplished. There was a man needed to stem the torrent of political corruption in England. He was not selected from the soft handed, enervated youth hanging around places, but down among the barren districts there was born and cradled a youth that was able to be the man for the hour. Religious profoundly so. Incorruptible? absolutely so. Fearless? he hesitated not. He conferred not with flesh and blood. Rising from his knees he went forth to war against the enemies of righteousness and rested not until his exhausted frame sank into the tomb. Oliver Cromwell, faultless? no. There was much in him subject to censure, but he was a chosen vessel and so we might walk amid the labyrinths of history and a multitude could be summoned from every walk of life to illustrate the contention that every man is made for a certain place and people succeed only as they work in harmony with that for which they are

adapted. Good farmers have been spoiled for poor preachers, and many a man who had a genius for organization has been crowded into some little corner by petty souls. The duck will quack no sooner, nor will the dog bark more readily than will unfettered and obedient souls drift toward their God given work. The father of young Watts was so unwise that he tried to whip poetizing out of him, but the child made a rhyme in pleading for his father to stop. Samuel Cunard made his first ship on the playground, with his pen-knife. The great shipbuilder was in his embryo, but the drift was there. Of course the great painters of the world daubed a good many things besides canvas before they reached their zenith, but the painter was there all the time. Jenny Lind going to and fro on errands through the streets of her native town singing such things as peasant girls sing, was wholly unconscious of the marvellous voice that had been given her, though the people would pause and look to see where these wonderful tones were coming from. The Swiss Nightingale not dreaming of her marvellous power was being lead by a hand Divine to her appointed place. The boy standing on a chair for a pulpit and preaching to the little children around about is finding his task. He may be beginning early, but straws indicate which way the wind is blowing. Parents make a great mistake trying to educate their children away from God-given talents. Put the force of an eagle in the wing of a humming bird and there is death. Apply this same principle to other spheres of activity and there is death. God does not put the same kind of pressure on folks. What would make one would crush another. He who planted His footsteps upon the sea and rides upon the storm always whispers in a voice of gentle stillness. No two of his instruments are alike. Chosen vessels are equipped in exact proportion to what they are to carry. Happy the man who early finds his place and refuses to let others wrench him from it. Misfit people are a misfortune anywhere. There is nothing more restless than a fish out of water, and its restlessness is to be attributable to the fact that it is out of its native element. The man who rests in the heart of God-given employment is most at ease for he has found that for which he was made.

## LET THY WORDS BE FEW.

The daily conversation of a man is a good indication of his character, for it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh, "for by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." People talk too much. If speech is silver, silence is golden, and in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. (Prov. 10:19). The man of few words is more impressive. People tire of mouths that never stop. Even the tongue should have a rest. Thoughtless words are condemned in Prov. 25:11. There is no little harm done by careless speech. Things said just because people did not think, and yet they may work havoc. Happy the man whose words are so fitly spoken that they are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Prov. 25:11. Cruel words are often uttered by persons who would be shocked at



### DOWN WITH THE SALOON.

William Jennings Bryan says:

"The saloon is the bureau of information for every sort of crime. It is the first place that a policeman looks for crime and the last place he would go to look for virtue."

An institution that is characterized as a college of infamy, a cesspool of iniquity, a breeding place for crime of every kind ought not to be tolerated. The time will come when people will look back on the saloon with a strange wonder that such a menace to everything that is good should have been allowed to exist at all, much less protected by the law.

### THE PILOT SMILING.

In Robert Louis Stevenson's story of a storm, he describes a ship caught off a rocky coast, threatening death to all on board. When terror among the passengers was at its height, one man more daring than the rest, making the dangerous passage to the pilot house saw the steersman lashed fast to his post, holding the wheel and turning the ship, inch by inch, into the open sea. The pilot saw the white face of the man and smiled. Whereupon, the passenger ran to the decks below, crying: "I have seen the face of the pilot and he smiled. All is well." That smile averted a panic.—Record of a Christian Work.

In the long ago a tiny craft was swept to and fro by a storm swept sea. The frightened passengers expecting every moment to go to the bottom when lo some one came walking upon the crest of the wave and gently chided them from their fearfulness. His face was calm amid the storms alarm; and is it not so yet. De we not still look up in the pulpit house of the old ship zion and see Him smiling for "He shall not fail nor be discouraged until he hath set judgment in the earth."

### WHERE THE LACK LIES.

Joyful New in commenting on the seat of the trouble with regard to missionary output, says some very true and striking things which we pass on to our readers with a prayer that they may have a thoughtful perusal.

Foremost among the causes in the lack of missionary mind. I do not mean lack of missionary information. There is a difference between possessing missionary knowledge and having a missionary mind. There is a philosophical mind, a scientific mind, a practical mind, a worldly mind, a spiritual mind, and, I want to add, missionary mind. These terms indicate quality, bent, interest. They stand for fixed attitude, eager sympathy, sustained enthusiasm; sleuth-hound scent, untiring labour, and cheerful service. There must be intense conviction. It rests upon principle rather than information. It is begotten not of statistics, but of faith. It is regulated not by fluctuating interest numerical returns, or personal appeals, but by the eternal purpose of God in Christ Jesus. Christian believers are strangely indifferent to the missionary character of the Christian religion. The Bible is a missionary Bible, the Gospel is a Missionary Gospel, the Kingdom of Heaven

is a Missionary Kingdom, and our God is the Missionary God. The faith that is less than universal is unchristian. Foreign Missions is not an optional branch of the Christian life, they are of its very essence. St. Peter attributes shortness of sight to forgetfulness of cleansing. The mind that has lost its keen and far-reaching vision is idle and unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. The missionary mind is the outcome of the spiritual mind. It dwells in the heights and is keen of vision. Such a mind needs no incentive to missionary study. It will scent its nutriment from afar, and will be hot-foot in prayer where runs the word of life. The Missionary organizations will provide for its satisfaction, nourishment, and development; but missionary literature and missionary mind. Modern Missions are the fruit of Revivals, and they can only thrive in an atmosphere of spiritual exaltation.

### A MISSIONARY CONSCIENCE.

The second need is a Missionary Conscience. The missionary mind would need no compulsion even of duty, but there is a law of the Spirit as truly as there is a law of the flesh. There is an amazing lack of conscience on the subject of World-evangelisation, even among Christian people. There are those who openly declare that they do not believe in Foreign Missions, and yet claim to be disciples of Jesus Christ. The avowal and the claim cannot be reconciled. Faith in the obligation to evangelise the world is inseparable from faith in Christ. The only option is between loyalty and unbelief. Jesus Christ is only Savior where He can be Lord, and to confess Him Lord is to proclaim Him the only true God and Savior of men. His yoke is upon us; His commands are our law; His programme is our calling. He interpreted His purpose in a work of world-wide and age-long redemption; and discipleship is fellowship in His redeeming work. As He was sent, so He sends. His mission is the mission of all who bear His Name. The Commission of the Church is the responsibility of each individual member. Foreign Missions is as much the concern of those who stay at home as of those who go abroad. The first charge upon the home churches is the work of Foreign Missions, and the Churches that make it such are always honoured by God.

### A MISSION PASSION.

The most ominous thing about the Church is its lack of spiritual passion. There is said to be more religion in the world than ever, but it is concerned with evils rather than sin, and betterment rather than salvation. Prayer is at a discount, and social service is an enthusiasm. There is no sign of anguish about souls, or any impassioned efforts to save them. The Church that is indifferent about souls under the shadow of its walls is not likely to be much concerned about those that are thousands of miles away. The supreme need is a baptism into the Passion of Christ. It is a fruit of fellowship, and not a result of study. Spiritual passion is not a feature of psychic study. It belongs to the mysteries of spirirual communion. Of Cherith it is said, "And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there was no rain in the land." The explanation of our barrenness is not at the prophets' feet, but in the cloudless heavens. The remedy is not with us, but with God. There is a cup and a baptism that makes faith mighty in the Heavens. There is no fire without sacrifice, neither are there showers without prayer. The Methodist Churches throughout the land are called by Conference to a week of prayer. Meetings will be organised and special sermons preached, but it is the altar that is answered by fire, and the sign of a man's hand in the heavens is in response to a man's hand lifted in the solitude of the Holy Mount of Prayer.