

Save This Paper.

Living Water

For the Deepening of the Christian Life and the Evangelization of the World

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THE APOSTLES

Now these names of the twelve apostles are these, &c.
—Matt. 10:2-4.

There is always an intensely human interest about those upon whom falls the burden of carrying on a great foundation. The founder's name dominates the ages, it is true, and remains the weight behind the wheels keeping the institution moving; but one is apt to forget the minor toilers—the witnesses who caught the symbol as it fell from the hand of the founder and passed it on along the living line, with the light of conquest on it, through the waiting, waking days. And around the twelve whom Christ called to be his first disciples an intense interest clings.

They are the first volunteers of the Christian warfare, yet, like all volunteers, they were forced to come. And, after all, no volunteer is worth having unless he has felt, as it were, the hand upon his shoulder, reminding him that home and gladness and even life itself are nothing alongside of duty and the soul. The bravest and the best in national warfare who have voluntarily given themselves to conflict, hardship, and death were men who for the most part would have preferred the farm and the field, the joys and the peace of home; but they left the furrow unfinished, and set behind them the gleam of the faces in the firelight, content to face whatever the future held them, for duty's sake. So with these early twelve—the volunteers of Galilee. Doubtless some of them had been mere dreamers by the lone, lapping waters in the hills. In quiet hours upon Genesaret the Unseen had moved beside them. But the shadow of Christ fell along their way, and the quiet "Follow me!" of the Master awoke within them more than dreams; and he led them whithersoever he would.

Now, remember what Christianity has proved itself to be: Liberator, purifier, redeemer of men. And then think of those pioneers of the cross who helped to make it so. What are they like?

It is, of course, seldom the fortune of pioneers of any great movement to be clearly seen, sometimes even to be remembered at all. Graves in Indian swamps, grim and ghastly forests, deep waters untraversed, hold the bones of pioneers. They are skeletons in caverns unknown. And men forget about the fearless hearts that burst asunder the gates of the wilderness and hewed a pathway through the shadows for the en-

lightened centuries to follow. So with these pioneers of Christ. Too seldom do we think of the band that broke through pride of race and pomp of imperial circumstance and obstinacy of scholastic cultures, unparalleled and unexcelled, opening a opening way for Christ across the ages of the world. And yet from these very men comfort, patience, and inspiration may



THE ANCIENT PHILADELPHIA.

be given to us, when we are broken-hearted through struggle, or are weary of the efforts after the true life, or dull as the earth we tread, looking for ideals among the dust.

The names of the apostles occur unvaryingly in the sacred writings. Peter heading the list, glowing and fervid; Judas finishing it, cool, calculating, and betraying. Between these two, it is evident, will be found wedged all sorts and conditions of men. They are the low-water mark and the flood-mark. All heights and all depths possible lie between.

Christ was to draw all men to him—that is to say, all kinds of men. For what if only men like Saint John were to be saved, and the millions unrap and

visionless left to be unthought of and lost? Was there to be room in the circle of Christ for only the mystic, the visionary, the abysmal-souled? Or can they that have such vision save themselves without Christ? Alas! too well we know they can not. There must be room not only for these, but for the man of impulse also—the waverer, the man whom the crisis finds unprepared, and perforce denying his better self, and denying his friend.

And what of the narrow, the inexperienced, the prejudiced, and bigoted—what if such be what they claim, alone for Christ? Nay, the love of Christ is the sunshine of the soul, falling on the heights and the deeps, touching the farthest mountain-tops and flooding the quiet glens afar, unseen by human eye, unsought by human foot. The love of Christ fills all the world of human souls. In him is to be the answer to all life's questions, the solution of all life's riddles, the anodyne of all the agonies of life's problems of sorrow and of sin. The man of impulse shall be guided; the narrow heart made wide; and the mystic's dreamings filled with humanizing love. So the Master looked into the hearts of these twelve men, and he saw in each of them the shadows that were to haunt earth's ages. So he chose them as ingredients, as elements in his leavening scheme. Take any twelve men, and you will find as great variety as you find in these. They are all needed till the end, to be as doors, through which the multi-miscellaneous conglomerate humanity that makes up our world may be drawn to Christ.

He looked also into their hearts, to find that time would try them, and that development was to be theirs. So he changed the names of three of them—Simon and James and John. In the hearts of the last he saw the slumbering fires; he heard the sleeping thunders whose echoes now we hear in the gospel of the inner life, the gospel of John, and in the visions of Revelation. In the heart of Simon, amid the waverings, the irresolution, and ebb and flow of passionate yearnings and vague resolves, he saw the bedrock of a brave nature, upon which should rise some day what would triumph over that which now mocked and enslaved it. "Simon thou art," said he, "but thou shalt henceforth be Peter the rock." How strange! So frequently we wonder that God should seem to know no better! Rather, we would say, the wave that breaks upon it—the foam that dashes and churns around it. And yet—even as Simon the wave, sometimes a man may do much, for even the wave wears the granite, and rock wears rock, polishes, chafes the flint; and even a rolling stone, a stumbling boulder, may one day find a place where it shall stand and stay steadfast, firm and strong, gathering more things than moss, and guarding the gap against the desolating floods.

Each of the apostles, just like ourselves, had that in him through which the world might woo him from God's way, or Christ might win him for the warfare of the cross. It is true of every gathering. None of us is a duplicate of the other. Here we have our mystic, with the intuition of God, like music inexpressible, in his heart; here, stumbling Peter, all the soul's steering-gear disordered, a compassless soul, yet, even amid all its gropings and wanderings, finding again, though it lose again, the white Christ on the waters; even down to Judas, who betrays the faith he professes every day, because it disappoints him, or because it does not pay.

As has often been pointed out, the lists are in the same order always. The names are not detailed in any hap-chance fashion, not like words thrown carelessly out of a dice-box. They occur in groups which cluster around leading names, as doubtless the members of them clustered and clung around the leading personalities. There are, thus, the Peter and John group, the Matthew group, and the Judas group.

The first in the group of natural leaders; strong men,

men of vision and utterance, with masterly excellence of outstanding character, with characteristics upon which spiritual and material things catch and cling, making history, soul-history and world-history, with passion of soul and deep enthusiasm of affectionate daring in the quest of ideals and the pursuit of duty. Peter and John themselves would be enough for any group. The two of them are a crowd; Peter, impetuous and sometimes noisy; John, vast, unfathomable, quiet, a soul like the soul of a mountain tarn, dark, with fire-flashes deep in its bosom, yet reflecting all that sails across the gulf, the sun and the cloud, and the star-pulsating night. Peter launches out upon the sudden storm in the shallows; John walks in wonder and in majesty over the great uncharted deeps of the emotions, and so John's gospel is still the well of comfort for the distressed, a fountain of calm for the bereaved. I know a woman, under the grasses she is lying to-day, far away behind the hills; and, on the dust that was her heart a Bible is laid, open at a text dear to her and to one who loved her. Its words are known to these twain only; but I know it is out of the heart-music of the son of thunder's record of the Master's teaching. Peter's words are not the words that are laid upon the bosom of the dead, or that are whispered most often into the ears which are closing on earth's empty noises; but his standforward fearlessness is the inspiration, often, of many who otherwise would be found in the back row among the skulkers and the cowards when God is calling for men. These of course excel the others. They are giants. Peter outstands and John outshines all beside them in the little band of pioneers of Christ. The others of the group must have been men also of conspicuous note, probably men of practical knowledge, who had an ear for the true pulse of the world. James is little known, it is true; and yet he silently grew big enough to force Herod to kill him—strong and great, out of the silence wherein he had been growing, to die for the Master for whom he lived. Herod's murder of James is his testimonial. No fool, no useless partisan, is persecuted. Tell me the man who has enemies, and tell me the men who hate him, and I will tell you what manner of man he is. Why, often the proof of a man's true greatness is the fact that certain men can find no rest by day or night for following at his heels with slander! So James, although obscure, in the shadows behind the rest, finds in the hate of Herod a pedestal for lasting greatness. It is a striking group, a group of brotherhood—Peter and Andrew, James and John; but the brotherhood of the soul's affinity suffuses all, binds together indissolubly what blood does not unite. Heart-brotherhood is the real family tie in the history of souls.

The second group, the Matthew group, is also very striking. It holds together men who, groping among thought and reason, often lay their hands on doubts and fears lurking in the shadows. The denier may be in the first, but the doubter is in the second. There are brainy men with convolutions—Philip, the matter-of-fact, the unimaginative, holding Christ to the letter of the utterance, losing the inner meaning, the poetry, the prophecy, the beauty, and the glamor, and the spell of Christ; Nathaniel or Bartholomew, the guileless, just the best kind of material from which to build an agnostic or a martyr, easily drawn after a gleam, often mistaking the word for the truth, asking, with a smile and a sigh together:

"Can any good come out of Nazareth? How can Christ arise out of the village of hill huts, when there are cities and palaces, philosophies and poesies, fit for the promised king? Is there any hope for the poor world after all? Why stumble among earthly distractions and painful problems, after a dream?"

The guileless man is at once the crown and the cross of a world-saving scheme, for he sits arguing with his own heart, and with ghosts that flicker in the sunshine of his anxious smile, till often the day of doing is past forever, carrying opportunity with it to her grave.

Then comes Matthew the publican, the man whom Christ caught making gain from his country's bondage, hated by his countrymen and by himself, though he did not know it till Christ awoke the knowledge within him. We have a record of the Master from his hand, and we do not wonder at its minute beauty and wealth of reference, for the tax-gatherer would be no stranger to the keeping of a journal of the day's work. He is a silent man, with his note-book, making no speeches, content to stand last in the crowd and record others.

Besides him, Thomas, Didymus, the twin; and in more senses than the natural sense, divided between two natures—a double man in a real sense, with strong opinions and stubborn prejudices, yet apprehensive, believing, often, only the length of his finger. Yet he will face the dark all right, though his soul peers and peeps from the door of his heart a dozen trembling times ere he steps out and says, when all the rest are silent, "Let us go, too, that at least we may die with him!" Amid all doubts, he never hesitates to follow Christ. Even with his incredulousness he clings to the very truth which he is doubting. His ship trails its anchor through the deep, yet he trusts even amid his agonies to the stars he can not see. Hopeless, yet he puts his back against the cross. He is fire and water alternating; and thought, walking beside him, sometimes blinds him, and sometimes takes away her hand, and lets him see.

They are very human. They are getting nearer us, these men!

The third group is remarkable, also, for it holds James, Jude, and Simon, sons of Clopas, who was brother-in-law to Mary the mother. They are cousins of Christ, the brethren of the Lord, yet with these three, last of the list, his name like a blot upon the page, or like a tear-drop's stain, Judas—Judas Iscariot. They were all Hebraistic, all narrow, all bound up in Jewish prejudices. But why were they there, with that name that seems forever scorched into the holy page? Their hearts were not wide-awake to Christ. They cramped the spirit of the gospel. They tried to stop its universal heart-beat. They would have put their hands upon the lips of the gospel-herald. They would have tied the hands of Paul from carrying the cross forward for the Gentiles. They tried to tone down Christ to Jewish tastes, and cut down the cross to Hebrew sizes. So, like a warning to us, they stand alongside of that tragic name—O speak it in whispers! have tears for him, ye who may, oftener than once, have

been more than half-guilty of his crime, Judas—who sold his Master for a slave's price to the death of a slave on the cross. In the first group the denier, in the second the doubter, in the last the betrayer of the Lord. His name clasps the record, and there is the blood of himself red-rusted upon it.

That was the first band Christ gathered around him in Galilee, yet, varied though they were, the world needs the shadow for the sunlight. Life is kept in equilibrium by opposites.

Surely we are all bound together thus; and in Christ's campaign, God calls for all and for every kind, for the dreamers, the arguers, the doers; the mystics, the rationalists, the doubters—the men of emotion, the men of will, the men of the world. God made all variety, and they must be unified in him. And there is, work for all.

The problems of life are not of one kind only. All the souls that are going to hell this day are not all of the one nature. The man of genius walks, sodden and degraded, beside the outcast babbler of blasphemies, ribald and obscene. And with them that scarred, passion-riven, lust-blasted army of the desolate, who sell their bodies and their souls for greed of gain. Who shall save these for Christ? Who but the mixed band of differing natures, finding in the darkened

hosts of the helpless that have buried hope and slain sweet love, something in common, upon which to grapple and to hold!

For lo! Are we impetuous, eager, unequal, unsteadfast, noisy? Why even so, we may make known across the still hour of earth's darkness the coming of the questioning Christ, with the wounds of



MILETUS.

love above his head. Are we the recluse, the thinker, pale from the cloister, tired from the midnight lamp, weary with the chase after ever-eluding thought? Our eyes, opened by the Master's touch, will flood our souls with the light we could not believe in; and greater faith than we have dreamed of will dwell within us; and we shall plead with others, till they turn and follow the gleam that leads in the way of peace. Are we men of a business mind? Oh, then, what plans we shall make, what schemes we shall lay, what roads we shall engineer through hell, what money we shall gather, and beg and win to buy fields for souls to grow clean in, after the mire of the despairs and foulnesses in which they have been living!

Judas! Judas! you, too, are you hearing me? There is a place in Christ for you. Think, some day, what a solemn thing it is to be a bad man, a liar, mean, cruel, foolish, false, and fickle. What Christ are you betraying to-day? What is waiting for you? What thing of shame have you left lying at the door till you go hence? Go forth, and say to others like yourself, "I have seen my own soul, and I have been afraid, to see myself, with Christ's blood on me, not in saving, but in treason.

And I have thrown myself at his feet. And he will save me from myself, though I slew him, O my Lord!" Warn them, Judas. Be thou, even from the field of blood, a savior of men!

Take, then, these twelve home with you. Walk with them—sit with them at your fireside. Listen to their talk. They will take you where the poor that did not beg are dying; where the poor that could not let their honest poverty have an insult flung with the parish dole, like a dagger at their heart, die with the wound bleeding. They will tell you that Christ is not alone on creeds and pews, pulpits and praises, all strung on Sundays; but also, and most of all, Christians, trying to be each like a Christ, wherever they may be.

~~Whatever else you bring into your house, bring~~ thither the love these twelve men knew. Let sympathy and charity be again in earth's streets and stairs through you. Let the weary heart hear something of

God's love and man's love from you. Let the breaking spirit have the balm of healing poured into it by you. Let the poor know that Christ will not forsake them. Let the sick know that Christ does not forget them. Begin being comforting and guarding, saving angels of mercy here, in this narrow room of a world which is the school of souls for heaven; and the kingdom of Christ will nearer come to men through your dream and your song, your work and your repentance, O thou John! thou Peter! thou Matthew! and thou Judas, of our own people here.

God has many windows to his house, many wondrous doors, all low of lintel, and many winding stairs; but his house has countless chambers, ready to be clothed and draped with the best dreams of all. Be ye therefore busy at apostles' work till he come in Christ, winding up the history and solving the mystery of man.—*Homeletic Review*.

The Old Time Baptism of the Holy Ghost

J. HUDSON BALLARD.

These are days of new methods, new contrivances, and new ideas. The 20th century sees a great leap beyond 19th century conditions. Everything is changing: presumably improving. Every year sees the advent of new things which sweep away some older things in almost every department of learning and human action.

The religious world is undergoing a transformation corresponding to the general spirit of the age. All the new theologies and startling doctrines and unrestrained fanaticisms and "oppositions of science" have swept down upon us, and succeed in many instances in displacing the former order of belief. There appears to be a noticeable change even in the ranges of the full gospel, where such destructive alterations as those just referred to are not for one moment tolerated. A thoughtful observer can discern indications of a new attitude toward some of the fundamental experiences of the Christian life.

It is needful to remember that God's things differ from the things of man in that they have a perfect Author and from the beginning have been perfect. God's plans cannot be improved upon. His ideas subject themselves to no alterations or amendments. There is no place for a revised version of the eternal truths of God, although there is sometimes need of revising the vehicle by which these truths are passed on to us. Of course God varies His methods from age to age as the conditions require, and adapts Himself to the different racial and individual temperaments of men. But there are fundamental truths and fundamental Christian experiences which stand practically unaltered from age to age and surely need no alteration within the brief limits of a generation or two.

Because of these things we must view with prayerful concern the gradual alteration in the church's conception of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. In order that we may have the essential features of this glorious experience emphasized in this day of well-nigh universal change, may attention be called to several of the factors of the filling of the Spirit as this experience was known and enjoyed by the Lord's earnest

people not many years back. It will be noticed that all these essential features have been altered, some more, some less, during the last few years,—but not, we think, without much loss to Christ's church.

I. The "old-fashioned" baptism of the Holy Ghost included a preliminary and preparatory conviction of worldliness and carnality. Under the searching of God's truth the carnal elements in the life stood out with terrible prominence, and the world in all its subtle forms became a hideous thing. The Christian was oppressed by the sense of his unholiness, and often cried with tears in the intensity of his desperation. He realized with terrible keenness that he was a failure and that day by day he only grieved his Lord and misrepresented Him to men. The Christian convicted of his need of the baptism of the Holy Ghost realized the fact that he was failing in his duty of service to others and that the blood of souls was upon his skirts because he had not come to the place where God could energize him with power for service. In those days it was a terrible darkness into which the soul was thrown as God's finger was laid upon the sins of his life, and the pet and secret idols of the heart. In those days the confessions were confessions indeed, right from the heart, without any qualification or justification, but a heart-broken acknowledgement of complete failure and a desperate cry to God for a radical change.

II. The "old-fashioned" baptism of the Holy Ghost was preceded and made possible by a thorough-going surrender and consecration. The whole life was thrown upon the burning altar. Friends were given up; habits were disowned; pastimes and pleasures and innocent frivolities were cast away. The secrets of the heart were poured out to God and the idols on the "shelf behind the door" were snatched from their place and thrown into the fire. The consecration extended to the use of all one's talents and powers and to the surrender of all his time. It was a death when one "died all over" and all at once. He went to the bottom of his life, refusing to stop until the last reluctant thing had been given over to the will of God. Such surrender of sinful things and such consecration

of things that God could use made it easy for the Heavenly Father to bestow a baptism of the Spirit that was wonderful indeed. This leads us to say:

II. That the "old fashioned" baptism of the Holy Ghost was accompanied by or resulted in a radical change in the life of the person receiving such baptism. This change extended to all that had been included in the sweeping consecration. God took away the old things of sin and self, and gave back to the soul its faculties and powers purified and intensified. There was holiness of life; freedom from sin; careful avoidance of the country that only "looked like Egypt." It may have been a little extreme, but it was blessed extremism. There was prayer,—earnest, joyful, prevailing prayer. There was an eager devouring of the Word of God—not only at the conventional family worship or evening quiet hour, but at every irregular opportunity during the day. There was prompt and confident testimony in public to the goodness of the Lord and reality of His presence. There was happy, zealous and untiring service for Him among the lost

and the needy. In fact, the whole life was transformed, and no advertisement was needed to tell the story. The face reflected the change, the voice echoed it, and the subtle influence of a throbbing personality impressed others with the fact that this man or this woman had wonderfully met God.

We do not want to go back to things just because they are old or "old fashioned," but the experiences of the past to which we refer were experiences remarkably definite and marvelously satisfying. Are our experiences as definite and satisfying to-day? Are we as deeply convicted of worldliness and carnality? Are we going to rock-bottom in our surrender? Are we being radically changed in nature by the power of the baptizing Spirit? Let us be watchful lest we be too delicate, and refined, and learned, and theoretical in our teaching and experience concerning the deeper life. Let us remember that it is possible for even full Gospel Christians to have "the form of godliness" and to have a most beautiful form at that,—but with it all to be actually denying "the power thereof."

Paul, The Prisoner

BY R. J. WARD.

PAUL'S PRAYING.

HIS PRISON EXPERIENCES AS REVEALED IN THE LETTERS OF HIS FIRST IMPRISONMENT, VIZ., EPHESIANS, PHILIPPIANS, COLOSSIANS AND PHILEMON.

It is very easy to associate the name of Paul with prayer. "Behold, he prayeth" was the first words recorded of his Christian life. And so, when he becomes a prisoner we naturally look for the signs of his giving himself to prayer; and we are not disappointed. That prison in Rome became to him the audience chamber in which he held intercourse with the King. The soldier who guarded him must often have wondered as he saw him absorbed in prayer. His guard was always present; and according to some, there was a double guard by night, two soldiers instead of one. That would be worse than solitary confinement, when we remember the rough, coarse character of the ordinary Roman soldier. But nothing could keep this man of God from touching God and holding fellowship with Him. It recalls the quaint saying that "we may be walled in but never roofed in." And so, company or no company, friends or enemies present, helps or hindrances, Paul could pray and pray without ceasing. Eph. 6:18. ("Praying at all seasons").

These letters are steeped in prayer. They contain numerous references to the fact that he prayed, and they give us several specimens of his prayers. They bring before us prayer in three aspects, (1) Communion, in which we may include adoration and praise; (2) Personal petition; (3) Intercession for others. As an example of the first of these, take the opening of Ephesians. After the customary salutation, he goes off at once into a rapture of adoration, or rather goes up into the heavenly regions where he beholds God in all the glory of His power and grace. It is a Benediction, pronounced not at the end but at the beginning, not upon man but upon God. This extends from

verse 3 to 12, and then it breaks into intercession which continues to the end of the chapter.

Notice how Paul knew how to combine prayer with exhortation. He exhorts, and then he prays it in. How we need to be reminded to combine the two things, exhortation and prayer. Do not let us pray for people without speaking or writing to them; but let us not do the latter without prayer. Think of Christ's example in John 17. "I pray for them." "I have given them Thy word."

These prayers of Paul for his friends show us what a burden they were upon his heart. He had "a heart at leisure from itself." Many a prisoner would have been so absorbed with his own inconveniences and discomforts that he would have had no thought for others. In the case of this man, neither his sorrow nor his joy was selfish. In Philippians 4, a chapter running over with joy, we find him weeping over the enemies of the cross of Christ. The outburst of triumphant joy at the close of Romans 8, is followed by a flood of tears for others at the beginning of Romans 9.

These prayers for others reveal his faith in the power of prayer. He was cut off from the people in whom he was so deeply interested, and yet he felt he could reach them by prayer. That has become one of the commonplaces, and yet it is none the less wonderful. We can reach the absent by way of the throne of grace. In one moment we can be in India and England and America and Australia. Not by "spirit projection" of which the spiritualist talks; that is the satanic travesty of the divine reality. When Henry Reade of Tasmania was a wild youth his praying mother used to say to him, "Henry, wherever you go, I have hold of you because I have hold of God." And there are other barriers besides distance that can be overcome by prayer. We can reach by prayer those whom we cannot reach by direct word or deed. Just

as in modern warfare, the aeroplane is bringing in a new power and a new terror, and fortresses are to be attacked and captured by artillery fired from above, so in our efforts to reach human souls we can bring in a new power and a new hope. When direct effort fails prayer prevails, and from above God converts and saves those whom we have failed to reach from below. As a specimen of what Paul prayed for on behalf of his friends, take Eph. 1:15-23 (a prayer for vision), Eph. 3:14-20 (a prayer for possession). See also Phil. 1:9, etc., Col. 1:9, etc. These prayers really give a picture of the Christian life, and I believe they are recorded not only as models for our adoption in praying for others but as indicating what we are to seek for ourselves. They give us the three thoughts of vision, possession and manifestation. See, seize and show.

PAUL PRAYED FOR.

He not only prayed for his friends but asked them to pray for him. Perhaps he had two reasons for this course. He wanted to show them that, greatly gifted as he was, he was not beyond the need of being prayed for. He wanted also to show them their part and their privilege. However poor or obscure, there was not

one of them but could pray, and prayer, then as now, "moved the hand that moved the world." What did Paul ask his friends to pray for on his behalf? Compare Eph. 6:18 with Col. 4:2, 3. In the one place he asks them to pray for "utterance," or the open mouth, in the other case for the "open door." He declares his dependence on their prayers for temporal benefits, e.g., his release from prison. See Philemon 22; compare with Romans 15:30. That latter passage reminds us that Paul's deliverance from the fury of the Jews who sought to kill him was a remarkable answer to prayer; for it was accomplished through the intervention of that very Roman power which had crucified the Lord and had previously imprisoned Paul and Silas in Philippi. Even so, God makes the wrath of man to praise Him and the remainder of wrath "He girds Himself with," as with a sword for use when occasion requires. (Psalm 66:10, R.V.) See also how Paul relied upon the prayers of others and counted upon their efficacy for spiritual blessing in Phil. 1:19.

— Let us praise God for this marvelous power of intercessory prayer. Let us thank God for the priceless privilege of being prayed for, and for the yet more precious privilege of praying for others.

Waters From The Sanctuary

(Ezek. 47:1, 10).

MRS. MAY MABETTE ANDERSON.

"MUCH MORE."

There are seasons in a believer's experience when certain passages from Scripture mean far more than at other times. "Reconciled to God by the death of His Son" means everything to him in his earlier Christian walk.

But later treasures from the Word have sometimes seemed to dim their significance. Or, if not dimmed, they have placed other truths in the forefront of his consciousness so that the effect, when casually considered, appears much like dimness.

And yet, when freshly pondered, how the pregnant words thrill him with even a deeper sense of gratitude than in those early hours of glad experience. For, has not his whole outlook on time, as well as on eternity, been altered by this one fact—stupendous in its far-reaching influence and power—that he is "reconciled to God?"

This marvelous reconciliation has come to him through the Cross, the ghastly symbol of death. Once, before he realized his import, he shrank from the thought, seeing only its ghastliness. Now he cherishes it as a priceless personal possession. To Him "death has been swallowed up of victory," and well he knows that the Victor over death and hell could not have risen triumphantly from the tomb had he not first suffered on Calvary. Hence the Cross now speaks to him of life, as well as of death, and gazing reverently upon it his soul can shout:

"Glory to God in the highest! The law of the spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

Beloved, are we utilizing this freedom? Are we

claiming and using, here and now, our wonderful inheritance? Or are we—as are so many worldly believers—content to plod along in almost any joyless fashion (so that we are not yielding to carnal sin) and waiting for our "blessedness" until after awhile, when "we get to Heaven?"

The writer has found, for some time, that it is by dwelling on the significant thought contained in the "much more" of Romans five, ten, that fullest victory is secured. "If reconciled by His death . . . much more are we saved by His life."

Saved from what? From everything that would dim the fulness of life that our glorified Lord desires should be ours, here and now, whilst we are sojourning in our tabernacles of clay. And He waits to in-breathe this fulness of life as we lift our eyes expectantly to Him, holding the mind and spirit in stillness before Him. Human emotionalism, let it be remembered, is ever a bar to the deepest work of the Holy Spirit.

Just at this point is where so many precious souls go astray. They are looking for, and seeking, thrilling "experiences," or "signs that satisfy," not content unless powerful emotionalism comes to them, nor recognizing the dangers that lurk in these hours of excessive feeling.

But the writer does not wish to linger on the theme of danger, but merely, in passing, to throw out a hint that may help some earnest but untaught soul to avoid the rock on which so many precious ones—especially of late years—have gone down.

(Continued)

Station A., Washington, D. C.



The One Proportion

H. W. SLICER.

The calendar said "January," the bells rang "Sabbath," the clock struck "Twelve," and the little old woman on the mantel shelf was out to announce "falling weather," which weather had already begun to fall, indeed had been falling all the morning, so that now the snow lay deep and white over the lawn, and had even begun to creep up the windows and doors.

Within, all was cozy and warm. Cousin Nancy had read her morning sermon, and was quietly sitting before the fire listening and waiting,—listening for something, for some one. Presently, from without, there came a sound of vigorous stamping and beating and shaking, and Betty, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks, appeared in a cloud of wind-driven snow.

"Child, you must be soaking wet; take your cloak right off, and come and warm yourself here at the fire. I cannot see any merit in going to church on such a day as this."

"But I'm not very cold and I'm not very wet, and the storm is beautiful. I feel all alive and aglow. And we had *such* a fine sermon! I'm sorry you missed it."

"I've missed a most disagreeable storm and, besides, I've had a very profitable morning—I've been reading about the old Jewish feasts and their relation to Christianity."

"But, Cousin Nancy, I do wish you could hear that sermon—I wish I could tell it to you. It was about giving, and it has set me to thinking for myself, and I just feel like beginning all over again. There, I'll throw my cloak over the chair to dry off a little. Dr. Martin says he believes that the only gifts God recognizes as really given to Him are those that come out of a loving desire to lay our very best at His feet. That it is not the separate gift, as such, that pleases Him, but the steady, habitual consideration for His cause, which flows out from a heart already His as naturally as melody from the throat of a bird; that giving is our heart-song to God, the gold or the silver is only our way of putting it down that others may join in the song and be able to praise Him, too.

"And then he went on to talk about tithing. He says 'there is a great deal of talk about proportionate giving, and that that is well; we all need some example, some guide;' but he is not satisfied with the proportion. 'Men are talking about a *tenth* as if it were the acme of Christian benevolence. For the man whose tenth is a tenth of his little all it is, indeed, self-sacrificing and glorious, but, for the man of wealth, 'tis but a little thing. Israel was concerned for Israel and the stranger that might be within her gates; yet Israel, in reality, gave much more than a tenth. Ours is a different mission, for our Lord is concerned for all the world, and the proportion that would be sufficient for the kingdom of God in Israel could not be expected to suffice for His kingdom unto the ends of the earth when the givers are fewer, by far, than the recipients.'

He says that, to look at it as a matter of right, there is none to whom so properly belong the good things of this world as to the Christian: yet the question with us cannot be, 'How much can we claim as our right?' but 'How much can we properly and wisely do without for Christ's sake that His kingdom on the earth may be enriched?' not, 'How much we are *required* to give?' but, 'How much are we *able* to put into His treasury?' 'For us there is but one example, but one proportion; and that you all know; yes, *Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.* Have we tried to measure our giving by that?' He said, 'That is the proportion, yours and mine; not an arithmetical problem, but a simple outgoing of love for love's sake—a giving of all that we can. That is the giving that God wants, and with that giving always goes the giver.'

"And then he said a great deal about *direct* giving.—I wish I could tell it all—it was so grand, so high, so broad; it took in the giving of the whole man with all his powers and resources for the whole world, as far as he could reach it and as directly as possible, letting himself as a throbbing brother-heart go with every gift. But, Cousin Nancy, the last of the sermon seemed the best of all. After Dr. Martin closed his Bible he seemed just to talk to us as if he had taken one by the hand and were looking into one's eyes. He said, 'If, in your giving, you should ever have an opportunity to choose between giving something, however small, direct to the Lord Jesus, or giving that same amount in a roundabout, secular way, choose the direct way; it will refresh your soul, and will make you want to give more so that you will be watching for your next opportunity instead of half dreading it; you will be learning how to give, to give gladly, eagerly.' Just think of it, Cousin Nancy, 'watching for the next opportunity!' And yet I believe it is true. Then, leaning over the pulpit, he said, *very* tenderly and reverently, 'Beloved, I am an old man now; I have been loving the Lord Jesus for fifty-two years, and I want to tell you that I have never given Him anything without growing stronger thereby. I have never given anything direct to Him but that, somehow, His hand has touched mine in the receiving and made it glow with new life.'

"Cousin Nancy, it's true, it's all true—I know it's true! and I want my giving to be blood-warm instead of sugar-coated. I can't help it if it's different from the ways of other people—I can't help it—I'd rather die than not be myself—than not live up to what I believe to be the highest, the best."

"There, Betty, don't be too serious about it, you know we sometimes have to translate the sermons into practical everyday methods. But it's nearly one o'clock; I must get out the pickle for dinner." And Cousin Nancy was gone.

Poor Betty! She was soul hungry, and she wanted responsiveness. Ah, if we had the gift of imparting our soul-atmosphere before attempting to give our soul-thoughts, how easy it would be! Easy? Yes, so easy, perhaps, that we should never know that we need

(Continued on Page 12).

LIVING WATER

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE



THE OFFENSE OF THE CROSS.

There are plenty of folks who talk beautifully about the Christ of Galilee, Jesus of Nazareth, the Perfect Man, etc., that have no sympathy with the humbling doctrines of the cross. As in the days of Paul, they must be counted as enemies of the cross. The Unitarian drift now on puts added emphasis on the man Christ Jesus, but hates the central theme of the Bible, Christ crucified. The basic principles of the gospel all center in the cross. Without the sacrifice made by Christ there could have been no atonement for sin. Law had to be satisfied, justice appeased, and the means provided through which man could be restored to the image of God. All this has been accomplished through the substitutionary work of Jesus Christ. There could have been no salvation without the sacrifice of Himself. We live because He died. All this talk in glittering phrases about Jesus dying only to set us an example, etc., is the veriest nonsense. He died to open the way from earth to heaven. He removed both legal and spiritual obstructions, to make it possible for God to be a justifier of the guilty, and for those dead in trespasses and in sins to be restored to the image of God. This pantheistic, Unitarian idea of salvation is anti-Scriptural. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission. Herein is love—not that we loved Him, but that He loved us and gave His Son to be a propitiation for our sins. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto us our trespasses. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God, for He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

There can be no Christian life without an experience of grace—grace as seen in the union of God and man in Christ, for the putting away of sin. He is our substitute. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "He hath poured out His soul unto death as an offering for sin and by His stripes we are healed." Let unbelievers cavil as they please—the believer enjoys both imputed and imparted righteousness. Judicially, we

died with Christ. (Col. 2:20). One died for all (2 Cor. 5:14).

We need not wonder at Paul exclaiming: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," for the work wrought therein provides both pardon and holiness.

IN YOUR PLACE.

Perhaps you feel that you could do so much more somewhere else. There are instances in which this is true. Ministers are changed from place to place and so on, but generally speaking just where you are is the place to win the victory. What you need is not a change of location, but rather a change of attitude toward your work. The most of life is made up of the commonplace, but it should be performed in an uncommon way. That is, even a bootblack may do his work in a kingly manner. We are prone to estimate the difficulties of our position and underestimate those of others. There is a morbid restlessness about a great many. They foolishly imagine if they could only change places with somebody else they could get along so much better. Happy the man that has learned that it is not so much the kind of work he is doing nor the place where he is doing it, if it is only done in the right spirit. Be true to the place where God puts you. If the devil has you in a corner, get out of that corner and find your place, but do not allow yourself to think that because the work is humble and difficult, or yields but apparently little fruitage, that you are therefore out of the will of God, for a large part of life's toil is in just such places as this. Stand just where Providence has placed you, and through Divine grace make good there. The following little poem, taken from the W. C. T. U. *Bulletin*, is to the point:

Just where you are in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for some purpose
Unknown tho' it be.

Know He has chosen you for it,
Stand loyally!

Just where you are in the conflict
Stand undismayed!

Fear not the forces of evil
Howe'er strongly arrayed,
'Tis but Wrong's puny might
Over 'gainst infinite Right!

Where'er your place may be,
Stand loyally!

Just where the Leader has placed you
Be faithful and true.

It may be the turn of the battle
Depends upon you!

Tho' but to stand and wait
Seems but a coward's fate,
If that your task may be,
Stand loyally!

AN EPOCHAL MEETING.

The annual gatherings of the Pentecostal Mission have been occasions of more than ordinary interest, and the one that has just closed was in some respects the best that has been held for years. There has seldom, if ever in all the history of the mission, been

such a oneness of purpose to extend the work along the original lines, both at home and abroad. The outlook is encouraging for better results than ever. Individuals, prayer circles, mission bands, local congregations, in fact, any and all followers of Christ may co-operate wherever they so desire. Those who find an opening in their respective denominations can still co-operate with the mission in whatever way they think best. Local congregations can do the same, and even whole denominations if they so choose.

The preaching was good. W. M. Tidwell, John L. Boaze, Mrs. L. O. Stratton, W. S. Hammond, and J. ~~W. S. Hammond~~ rendered excellent service in the ministry of the Word. It was Brother Taylor's first visit to us. He came just at the time when he was most needed. A special effort was being made on behalf of missions, and among the many earnest voices who have been heard here from time to time, none have been more urgent than this gifted advocate of world-wide evangelization. Brother Taylor is doing quite a work in the way of gathering funds and sending out missionaries through the various church boards, but perhaps his most far-reaching work is that of an awakener. People will be brought under conviction for their inexcusable neglect of the heathen wherever he goes. He kindly assumed the support of two of the five outgoing missionaries.

The Convention was pre-eminently a missionary gathering. From Saturday afternoon till the close Sunday night crowds listened to stirring messages and powerful appeals in behalf of those who have so long sat in darkness. The tide of interest ran high, and the people were held as by an invisible hand. It is sometimes urged that missionary meetings are dull, and that it is not safe to introduce them in camp-meetings, but the right sort are not. If conducted in the power of the Spirit they never fail to awaken a revival interest. Even deeply spiritual people are not awake as they should be. Much of the indifference is due to the fact that they have never looked upon the fields, and therefore are ignorant of the appalling need. Facts are the fuel for missionary fire. There is an urgent need of widespread publicity. Literature should be distributed, luminous sermons preached, and such an agitation of this long neglected theme as to arouse the people from centuries of lethargy.

Five new missionaries were set apart: Miss Olive D. Graham of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Miss Jessie Basford of Clarksville, Tennessee; A. Ross Pittman of Lebanon, Tennessee, are to go to India. J. A. Dunkum of Lynchburg, Virginia, goes to Central America. Mrs. Etta O'Toole goes for evangelistic work in Central America and the West Indies. She will accompany her husband, Thomas O'Toole, one of our old missionaries. Miss Eva Carpenter who has been doing effective work while on furlough, expects to return to India with the newly appointed workers. We are thankful for these additional witnesses in the regions beyond.

The missionary offering was the best we have had under similar conditions. The very first service was

characterized by marked manifestations of spiritual power, and throughout to the close there was an ever deepening interest culminating in a season of religious fervor, and a depth of conviction seldom witnessed. For all of this we praise our Heavenly Father, take courage and press on.

MYSTERY REVEALED.

In Colossians 1:27 the apostle says that "Christ in you the hope of glory," was the mystery which had been revealed, but many Christians are yet living in ignorance of this wondrous truth and suffering immeasurable loss therefrom. When they think of God ~~as if he were away up in heaven rather than One who dwells within them.~~ As Augustine says: "Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! Thou wert within me and I abroad and searching for Thee. Thou wert with me; but I was not with Thee."

The revelation of Christ in the heart is the very core of a profound religious experience.

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn;
The Cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up again."

Recognizing Christ as dwelling within the heart rather than without, marvelously increases the power for all holy living.

Tennyson wrote:

"O, for a man to rise in me,
That the man that I am may cease to be!"

This cry is satisfied in proportion to the extent in which Christ is recognized and enthroned within. The priceless work of Christ for us in its substitutionary features cannot be too much emphasized, but the work of Christ in us has received far too little attention. The former has been stressed to the neglect of the latter. The Pentecostal movement has done much to bring this last doctrine to the consciousness of the church. When Christ fills the heart a perennial stream of righteous living will flow therefrom. When the fountain is pure, the stream will be clean.

Marlowe speaks of "Infinite riches in the little room," and Thomas a Kempis puts it thus, "All the glory and beauty of Christ are manifested within and there He delights to dwell. . . . His condescension amazing, His conversations sweet, His comforts refreshing and the peace that He brings passeth all understanding."

Rutherford said, "I thought of Christ till every stone in my prison cell shone like a ruby." Ah, this is the secret, yielding all to God, and recognizing that He has come to reign in the heart. We are living epistles and will impress our fellowmen just in proportion to our personal likeness of Christ.

"May each eye that sees me, see
Something of Christ in me,
May each man that hears me, hear
Jesus whispering in his ear!"

Whitfield spoke too boldly, when he likened Watts, the hymnologist, to "a bit of Christ," but he was only endeavoring to emphasize the fact that Christians

should so live as to reveal Jesus to the world. A child when asked, "Where is Christ?" replied, "He lives in our alley." There was a saint dwelling there and the child rightly thought that Christ was living where this devout person stayed. "Christ in you is the hope of glory." What thrilling news! Its realization would transform the church from weaklings to giants.

Reader, if thou hast not learned this secret, begin now to grasp it. Live the yielded life, trusting your heavenly Father to reveal His Son in you and accepting the fact that He does do it without regard to feelings and ere long you will be sweetly conscious that Christ dwells within and your whole being will pulsate under the thrill of His new-found joy, and be gloriously strengthened by this inner touch. There will be a measureless uplift in the whole life for the very same power that was manifested in the resurrection of Jesus Christ is now within you lifting you out of the old life into one of marvelous depth, riches and power.

"Above all as thy ruler,
Below all as thy sustainer,
Around all as thy all-embracing protector,
Within all as thy fulness of life."



A DIRECTORY FOR PRAYER.

William Gurnall, in his *Christian Armor*, gives what he calls "A Directory for Prayer," in which we are instructed how to perform this duty and enjoy this privilege under six different heads, as follows (Eph. 6:18):

1. The time for prayer: "Praying always."
2. The kinds and sorts of prayer: "With all prayer and supplication."
3. The inward principle of prayer, from which it must flow: "In the Spirit."
4. The guard to be set around the duty of prayer: "Watching thereunto."
5. The unwearied constancy to be exercised in the duty: "With all perseverance."
6. The comprehensiveness of the duty or persons for whom to pray: "For all saints."—*Christian Witness*.

All rules for prayer are helpful, but each must learn to pray for himself. The method that would suit one might not be adapted to another. There is no universality in *how* to do things, but the *spirit* of the doing is the same. Let each of us join with the disciples in saying "Lord teach us how to pray," and then go on "in the school of prayer with Christ" day by day, turning its wonderful pages and becoming better and better acquainted with God and His ways of working in the earth.

THE WAIL OF A PASTOR.

"We need spirituality among our members. Where are the class-meetings, love-feasts, etc., which were intended to develop our people spiritually? While our brethren are contending over the 'second blessing,' their members are going to hell for want of the first blessing. I believe I have as good a people as any of them have,

but not one-third of them know anything about the first blessing, and I am trying to get them to seek salvation. We strive to count numbers, we 'string our fish,' are not careful about their moral fitness, and that is the reason we have so many drunkards, card-players, dancers and swearers in our church, and so very few that pray or testify."

So says a Methodist pastor and he is only one of a great multitude of men who are called to breast the awful tide of worldliness sweeping over the country. There is but one remedy—confession, repentance, conversion and the baptism with the Holy Ghost. The distinguishing traits of discipleship have been so eliminated that the ordinary church-member of today cannot be distinguished from the respectable sinner. It is sad indeed and calls for the most earnest prayer on the part of those who love the Lord in sincerity. It is no time for ecclesiastical strut and a vain boast of numbers, but rather going down in sackcloth and ashes before the Lord, if perchance He will send a mighty awakening throughout the church.

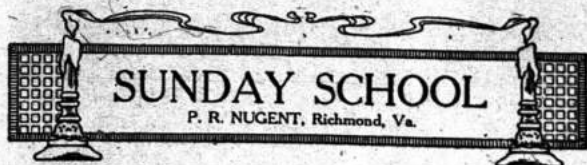
REPENTANCE.

The "repentance that is not to be repented of" includes a turning from all sin. We believe that all who genuinely repent exercise the grace of faith. A shallow repentance cannot end in a thorough conversion for a right attitude towards sin is essential for holy living.

Some have a much deeper insight into the hideousness of sin than others. Some (children, for instance) may be converted without the consciousness of any great burden of guilt, but all must take the right attitude towards sin, which is that of hostility. Merely confessing sin is not sufficient; there must be also the forsaking. Until people stand right on the sin question, there is no hope of real conversion.

It is not a matter of feeling. We have known people deeply wrought upon who never repented, and we have known others to repent who were not subject to any strong emotion. We repeat, repentance is the taking of God's side with regard to sin. Gypsy Smith puts it as follows:

"What is true repentance, then? Listen! It is not promises to be better. It is not emotion. It is not excitement. It is not sensationalism. It is not hanging after evangelists and evangelization. It is not tramping from church to church to hear a man speak or sing or pray. There is something infinitely better than all these things. It is not church fellowship or communions. It is not self-elected work. It is not getting busy about religious things. It goes deeper than all these things, and it should precede all these things. It is the one great, deliberate act of the soul. It is the command of God to be willing and obedient, and it is the response of the awakened, intelligent, redeemed soul to the call of its God. True repentance is turning from sin to God, from sin to God. That is repentance from—, to. It is putting your hand on your heart and getting hold of the thing that has been your curse, the enslaving passion, the captivity, the predominating force in your existence, the blackening thing, the hellish thing, the damning thing of your soul and dragging it out, and saying, There, Lord Jesus, that is it, and I will die before I will commit it again. I turn from it now, and forever. That is repentance; that is, Bible repentance."



THE GREAT QUESTION.

(Mk. 8:27 to 9:1).

LESSON FOR NOV. 17, 1912

Golden Text: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Mat. 16:16).

Parallel in Mat. 16:13-28.

Vs. 27-30. The time had evidently come when people generally had come to some sort of opinion about our Lord. The ~~fact being that~~ ~~the people~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~ ~~to~~ ~~some~~ ~~sort~~ ~~of~~ ~~opinion~~ ~~about~~ ~~our~~ ~~Lord~~. They themselves and decide whether they would fall in line with some low grade, but popular, view of Jesus or whether they would be true to the light they had received. The Lord's questions brought them up to the point and gave opportunity to clearly take a position. This time must come to people when they hear about Jesus and any part of "the truth as it is in Jesus." They must come either to settled unbelief and wrong views of Him, or to settled faith and right views of Him.

Among those who did not accept Jesus as the Messiah, there is a noticeable variety of opinions. The highest grade seems to have been that He was John the Baptist resurrected. Next comes Elijah, the forerunner of the Messiah. The lowest opinion of those that honored Him at all was that He was merely on the order of the old time prophets. All these opinions show that He was given a position above the ordinary and probably some who held them were toned down from the true view by the opposition of the religious leaders. (Lange). Such people would have regarded Him as the Messiah but for the opposition of their leaders. So they honored Him as far as their man-fearing, man-ruled condition would allow.

"Whom say ye that I am?" This shows that one's opinion of Jesus is no small matter, and that those who accept Him as He really is have to declare it. And a correct view of Jesus comes by God's own help. The Son of man is also the Christ (Messiah), the Son of the living God—no less than this. The Father reveals the Son to man and the Son reveals the Father (Mat. 11:27).

The command in v. 30 was probably given to avoid a mere carnal movement such as took place when He fed the multitude. The only way the multitude would receive the announcement at that time would probably have been in the sense of an ordinary man and a mere earthly king.

Vs. 31. People have to be clear on one truth before another is given. Jesus waited till His disciple (and probably all the others) was clear in his faith that He was the Christ before He began to teach them what the Christ, and He as the Christ, had to suffer. If He had told them before it might have stumbled them badly. Such "strong meat" they could not have stood. "Openly" here may mean that He told this part of the truth to the people generally as being true of the Messiah without telling them that He was Messiah. Peter showed his eager, but mistaken, zeal by catching hold of Jesus as he gave his rebuke.

V. 33. There is a sense in which a good purpose may be a bad one. Peter meant well but a good purpose (at heart), when it springs from ignorance, pride or unbelief, is really a very bad one. The good intentions of friends may seriously interfere with a person's walk with God. Peter, without knowing it was taking part with Satan and doing his work. On this account he also received the rebuke directed to Satan. Notice that the things of men are opposed to the things of God. Wherever people hold mere human opinions, and are moved by mere human motives, they easily become the tools of Satan.

Vs. 34-37. No one can choose to "come after" Christ unless he also chooses to follow Him in denying self. This teaching very naturally comes in connection with Peter's error in appealing to Jesus to avoid the sufferings He had spoken of.

Peter exhorted our Lord to pity, allow for, self. Jesus tells them the only way to follow Him is just the reverse of this. Jesus also took His cross; He took the place of an utterly unselfish death, suffering entirely for others. His people who really "come after" Him will know what it is to be crucified with Him (Gal. 2:20). Self dies and gives place to an unselfish love that is ready to die for others' good.

How "save" life (35)? By living for self in any form; by refusing to deny, disown self; by avoiding suffering for, and with Christ. He who does this is trying to save his life. Emphasize the "his." He holds life as his own alone. The opposite of this is to deny his (my) life in the selfish, self centered sense and turn it over to God for man. He who takes the former course, when life ends has nothing to show for it. It is lost. He who lives for Christ invests his life in that which endures forever. Hence he saves, keeps, preserves it.

The truth of v. 36, 37, is made clear by I Jno. 2:15-17. If a man gains the whole world he gains what ~~passes away~~ and therefore cannot be retained. What, then, the profit? None at all. When one's life is lived out what can be given in exchange for it to get it back? Evidently nothing. So, when the soul is lost, it is just as impossible to buy it back. These facts are as clear as any business "profit and loss" but how few are willing to take the way of true gain by yielding all to Christ and living for Him alone!

One thing that holds people back from this is shame (38). People are ashamed of Jesus and His truth and turn from the way of the reproach that comes for His sake. This is true in our time as to sanctification. Many turn away because of the shame involved, for many look down upon professors of holiness.

Ch. 9:1 seems to refer to the day of pentecost when the Holy Ghost came in power upon the disciples.

Added Note. In v. 35, "My sake and the Gospel's," means, 1. Those who for Christ's sake, to win Christ, lose life. 2. Those who take the course of denial of self because they are called to preach the gospel.

Rev. Lucius B. Compton, of Asheville, N. C., will conduct a 10 days' meeting in Toledo, O., Nov. 8-17. Two meetings daily will be held, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., in the Memorial Hall Annex. Meetings will be interdenominational and held under the auspices of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. For further information address, T. B. TURNER, 1934 Erie St., Bell Phone, Main 4672. Bring "Best of All" song book.

"IN A MINUTE."

"Well, well, don't fret; I'll be there in a minute."

But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick traveling, you say? Why that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of the light which just now reflected from that mirror, made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, all over the world, about eighty new-born infants have each raised a wail of protest, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggles of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh. —Selected.

THE ONE PROPORTION.

(Continued from Page 7).

a sympathy deeper, fuller, divine, whose comfort is an everlasting comfort—even strength for every duty of each day, and, thereby, growth in a stronger, richer life, which shall outgrow the old trials and temptations.

With a great longing at her heart Betty sought her own room, where it seemed that God was waiting for her. And there, reaching out after the divine love, she was satisfied and strengthened—strengthened to go forth on her errand of direct and eager giving.

Somehow, strange it ~~is~~ ~~was~~ it strange?—Betty's heart went out in great tenderness toward Cousin Nancy. Even the pickle dish seemed glorified for love's sake, as she thought of the hot summer day and the red face bending over the kettle—just because "Betty is so fond of it." She could not help—she did not try to help—throwing her arms around that dear little woman when they met at the dinner-table, crying out impulsively, "Cousin Nan, what would I ever do without you!"

"There, child, sit down and eat your dinner. The turkey is the prettiest we've had this winter, and the cranberry sauce is just about right. By the way, speaking of turkeys, while I was in the pantry I was thinking that, after all, instead of sending one to Mrs. Blow for the supper, I'd just send her five dollars for the work, and be done with it—it'll save me a lot of trouble. I know it's more than the turkey would cost, but still—O, well—never mind—it's all right!"

The part of Cousin Nan's pantry soliloquy that she did not tell was on this wise: "I don't know, but somehow, I don't like the idea. Now, if it were a library we were building, or some other improvement for the town, I'd be cooking and selling and chatting over it all, with the rest of them; but when it comes to saving souls—to sending the Christmas song around the world—I don't like the idea of its going on turkey wings and in frying-pans. O, it sounds almost wicked even to think it! I suppose it's the surest way of getting the world's money, but there must be a better way for the Lord's own. But I'm not sitting in judgment on other people; only, just now, I feel like getting down on my knees and telling the good Lord that I've been a mean woman, and that I'd go myself with the message if I could. But He knows I can't do it, so I'll try to do the best that I can with the giving, and not be so frosty cold to Betty, on the outside, when she comes in all warmed up. I never could see why I wasn't better on the outside. I suppose it's just that fear of being a hypocrite—of having people think you're a saint when, all the while, you're tearing them up in your heart. But the money is going straight this time, without any carving down or dressing up, and next Sunday's turkey can be a chicken or a steak, no matter; and may the Lord make Nancy Peterson a better woman."

Nancy, we're coming, too; we'll join you kneeling there—"The love of Christ constraineth us." "For we know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though

he was rich, yet for *our* sakes he became poor, that *we* through His poverty might be rich."

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, for *me*, for *you*—willingness to become even poor, that others may be rich; the love of God—infinite, unspeakable—to be in *your* heart, in *mine*, reaching out after a lost world; the communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost—enlightening, enabling—to be with *me*, with *you*; and this "Heaven on earth" not only in the church, at the last moment of worship, but all the way home, and within, after the door is shut, and all the day, and every day, now and evermore. This is God's thought concerning us, and He wants to make it His blessing. Let us wait before Him for the fulness of the benediction as it comes from His own hand.—Sel.

"Religion is all moonshine!" said somebody, but moonshine is the reflection of the sunshine, and true religion is the reflection of the Sun of Righteousness.

Christ-crucified is sufficient for our (1) salvation; (2) sanctification; (3) multiplication; (4) glorification.—Dr. Dixon.

CALENDARS FOR 1913

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PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUB. CO.

125 FOURTH AVE. N. - - NASHVILLE, TENN.

Our Missionary Department for November

INDIA.

We are praising God that in dark India—the land so long made sad by heathen superstitions and Christless religions, He is giving us the privilege of planting stations where the gospel of salvation is being preached; where these oppressed, sin-burdened souls may find real rest and peace; and where they may learn to glorify the God who hath redeemed them. Truly do we, as Mrs. Davis says, rejoice in this privilege. Just at this time we are thanking God that in a few weeks three new missionaries are to join the ranks in India, and that with them Miss Carpenter is to return from her furlough. This will give us thirteen workers in that field. How grateful we are for these faithful ones, but how we wish we had more.

Again, we want to praise our Father for the success He is giving; but this very success is bringing its added responsibility. Some one has said that responsibility spells opportunity. If this be true, how gladly should we get under this increasing work with our efforts, our prayers and our offerings. As the Lord gives us children for schools, as He sends in children to these orphanages, as He opens doors in new centers, as He sends in patients to be treated surely He expects us to furnish the means to accomplish these things. As new missionaries go there must be more living rooms built, and more facilities for work. How blessed it would be if all of us would feel our responsibility. There must be increased effort, increased giving, increased praying if we meet the present requirements. Surely we must not fail at this crisis time.

We are giving below this encouraging report of Miss Leonard's work. We all will remember that she is working among the Varlis, an aboriginal tribe who never had the gospel till she moved among them and opened this new station, Parli.

EVANGELIZING IN INDIA.

The rains stopped this year a week or six weeks earlier than usual and Miss Leonard had the honor of being the first one to get out into the district. There are government rest houses in some of the villages where she wants to work which can be used by paying so much per day, provided no government official happens to be there at the time. The government officials do not begin to tour, as a rule, till November, when the cool season has set in, so Miss Leonard is out ahead of them.

When she returned from this first short trip to prepare for a longer one she wrote Mrs. Coddling about the trip, and we thought it was interesting enough to share with Living Water readers, so I have copied and am sending the following extracts from it. What she thinks about our doing this we will let her tell us when she sees it in print.

As you, who have a part in the work, read reports like this, do you not praise God for the privilege? And you who have had no part in it, either by gifts or prayer (for it takes both for touring work), don't you covet a share? If you don't, I am afraid you don't know a good thing when you see it.

With greetings to all the Living Water family,

BERTHA DAVIS.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS LEONARD'S LETTER.

"Just got in yesterday evening, having had the best time I ever had on a tour. The road from here to Suramal is beautiful beyond description. We took our time and enjoyed ourselves seeing all the beautiful sights. We arrived there about noon and were greeted just outside the village by a large crowd of children, some of them almost grown. As we passed them they asked, "Shall we come to the bungalow?" I "played like" I did not hear, as we were tired and hungry, but I suppose they don't know what "play like" means, for they all soon came.

Then late in the evening we had quite a crowd and the next morning—in fact, each morning we were there—they began to come in about half past six and no one seemed to be in too much of a hurry to hear the Gospel. Most of them remained long enough to be preached to twice.

When we went in the village the people flocked around us and I have never seen such attention and they seemingly took the truth in and after they had been preached to they asked for more.

John (a native catechist) went out one morning to a cluster of villages three or four miles away, and, as we had never been there, he said he thought he would not preach, but just get acquainted so as to open the way before we go again. But they were so extremely nice to him and seemed so open he remained all day and preached to them.

There is a government clerk at Suramal who has heard much of the gospel and says he believes in a few years all of India will turn to Christ as it is the religion. He was very nice to us. He is a Brahmin by caste. It seemed good to meet and talk with one after seeing only jungle folks for so long. It seems as if these high caste people do not belong to India, they are so different from the others, yet I love the Varlis, jungle and all.

But the best news of all is that the young school master there, whom John has met several times and given books, says he believes that Christ is the Saviour and he expects to become a Christian. The first he heard about Christ he bought a Gospel of John from a Hindoo bookstore, became convinced, and one night gathered his village people around him, sat up all night and read this Gospel to them. He came down as we did yesterday, going to a village beyond here. He came back here today and I gave him a New Testament. Pray that the enemy may not come in. He is a young man and has a very bright, quick mind, married and his father and mother are both living, so it will mean much for him to break loose. But God is able.

I want to go back to Suramal in a few weeks, stay a few days there and then go from there to Khodala; from there to Mokhada and from there to Jawhar. There are government rest houses at all these places.

We all felt the presence and power of the Lord so much on this trip that we did not want to come back and feel anxious to



LIZZIE LEONARD.

get out again. John and his wife seem to be getting the people on their hearts more than ever before. I am so thankful.

"Have I told you that I have moved my bed into the little room and given up my room to be used for services. The room we used was getting too small. Most of the Varlis come to services on Sunday. I have one special service for them every Sunday and have brought them from the Garden to the Resurrection. They have a great many visitors and bring them to church, too, so in this way we get to reach many. They seem to be taking the truth in a marked way. Last Sunday as I told of the crucifixion they all seemed so solemn and Tulsabai sat and bit her lips and her eyes filled with tears. What could be grander than the privilege of telling this wonderful story?"

REPORT FROM THE BOYS' ORPHANAGE, INDIA.

Only one who has been engaged in orphanage work, especially when there is an admixture of those who have one or both parents, can fully appreciate the trials which necessarily come in connection with such work. And only those who have been in India can know what things one must meet in an Indian orphanage.

But we praise God that *He knows* and has been with us "all the days" to help, strengthen and encourage when our hearts feared and our bodies seemed to be giving away under the pressure, when things seemed to be going to pieces. We have not always realized how near He was, but love is persistent—we would hear Him speak words of cheer or words of rebuke that caused us to look away from our little faith and love and rest upon His great faithfulness and love.

One of our boys insisted on spending his holiday with a wicked and dissolute brother. God had graciously saved this boy and we did all we could to dissuade him, but seeing that he would not be satisfied, and trusting God to rule and over-rule, we talked with him of the seriousness of the step and told him not to return unless his mind was fully made up to be more faithful and obedient.

He went by train to Poona, about 100 miles from here, spent the little money he had foolishly on food and a cap, walked to his brother's town, found him not at home and no trace of him. In a few days such repentant letters came from him, asking that we send 50 cents for his home ticket and money to cover his board for four or five days, about the same amount.

I wrote him that I would pay for his ticket one way, as I had for all boys going home, but that he must work and pay for his board.

Before my money reached him, as his money was finished (only a few cents) he borrowed 16 cents from a Salvation Army Captain and set out afoot. After walking three days, about 92 miles, he met our school head master at the junction, 32 miles from here, and he helped him get to Khardi. Our hearts ached as we saw this prodigal looking thin, weary and foot-sore. He said: "I have had a hard lesson and I hope to profit by it." I believe he did, for he seemed a different boy for the next two months that he was with us; he was only a pleasure.

We have now sent him to the Christian and Missionary Alliance shops, 280 miles from here, to learn carpentering. Pray that God may establish and fit him to be a useful, true man. He has a quick mind and a strong body. The missionary in charge gives good reports of our boy.

But God has sent us in six more boys, one of these was a wee baby that was with us only three months when the Shepherd gathered him into the heavenly fold. He had found a very warm place in our hearts.

One of these boys and four others were saved on our special prayer day in August. Three days later we received a letter from the young woman who, with her sisters, is supporting one of these boys. She said we are praying that Babu will be saved ere this reaches you. It was even so, for Babu was among those saved three days previous.

God has blessed in the prayer services which we have held each evening in our bungalow—the boys who voluntarily came (and only a few remained until we found them getting into mischief), and who have yielded to the Spirit's wooings have been much blessed. Others, five in particular, seemed to get harder,

so we made them a matter of special prayer in our English prayers and there are evidences of God's dealing with them.

When these boys were yielding to the enemy some of our older boys were talking it over and one of them said in a testimony meeting: "We have concluded that the reason for these things is only this—it is the last days. Satan sees his time is short and is doing all he can to destroy people." It was encouraging to know that the boys were considering these things.

Just now we are having a siege of measles—three have recovered and at present five are sick. One of our oldest boys whom the children affectionately call Dada (elder brother) has been such a help in this time looking after these boys, giving their medicine, praying for them, ministering to them in every way night and day. One night after a very busy day dispensing to those who come for medicine from the villages and preaching to them, caring for a number of patients, he forgot to eat his evening meal. I have to watch him lest he sleeps too little. Pray that God's hand may continue to bless this faithful young boy who is called to the ministry and has learned one of the most needful lessons, i. e., "I am among you as one that serveth."

We need and earnestly desire your prayers, as we endeavor to train these boys for God—there are thirty of them and about forty-five girls in Dhulia. Some of these are yet unsupported. Would you not like one? If so, write us.

Our rainy season is about over—the next few months will be spent in special evangelistic efforts. Missionaries from each station will be touring. Money will be needed for tents, carting, putting up tents (as there are women in three of the stations) and other things. Much prayer will be needed. Will you not help to make this the best touring season, one in which souls shall look and live. Pray that workers may be thrust forth from among the Indians.

In the service of our Master for India.

MRS. ROY G. CODDING.

A FAREWELL FROM SISTER GALLOWAY.

This will be the last letter from me in America. The Lord willing, I sail September 27 on the Tenyon Maree from San Francisco to China. I have written to secure my berth second class, so I feel as if I was partly on my way. I am now saying goodbye to my friends and preparing for the voyage. The Lord has certainly blessed while here in America, and I feel that many dear ones in Nashville will take me and the mission in China on their hearts as never before. But, oh, how I longed for a man and his wife to go back with me, both are needed, but up to this date it seems I must go alone, "yet not alone." The money has not come in for them to go. Who is to blame? Not the Heavenly Father. Who is holding back the money needed to send forth these laborers into the field? One man wrote and asked what it would cost to keep these two, "the man and his wife, and not let them starve to go with you?" I answered him, but have not heard again. How many times our hopes are raised and then saddened. There seems such a call to India. Is there no one called to China? Put China upon your hearts in prayer and remember I am alone and need help. There is no lack of money in America. If you could take a glimpse at the other side and see the need many unnecessary things would be laid aside to extend the kingdom of God. I have never forgotten the meetings in San Francisco when the Christian Endeavor Convention met there and Mr. C. T. Studd spoke every day and told the needs of China. It was then that I felt the call to lay all on the altar for God to use for his glory. My time, myself and all I owned in this world, and I have kept nothing back, and have gone forth "not knowing whither," but obeying the Lord's call to go and open a station in China where our native pastor had been praying for seven years for someone to "come over and help," and I heard the real Macedonian cry and the voice of the Lord saying, "Go." All may not be called to go, but all to help send the messengers to give the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing heathen.

I want to praise God. I have got the land and am believing for the rest of the money needed for the new building. Is there anyone who reads this letter that has the Lord's money laid away that will bring it out and know the joy of being a steward for the

Lord. The Word says "covetousness is idolatry." Remember it says, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meat, but it tendeth to poverty." Pro. 11:24. Also, "the liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Pro. 11:25. I am praying that the coming convention be the best convention ever held in Nashville for the glory of God.

MRS. A. GALLOWAY.

Chik Hom, Hoi Ping, Kwang Tung, China.

TOURING IN GUATEMALA.

Our hearts were made glad the last mail before I left home by a letter from Bro. J. M. Pike, stating that he would forward to us through Bro. J. T. Benson a draft for sixty dollars from Bro. L. C. Killam, 714 South Seventeenth Street, Tacoma, Wash. Praise the Lord! That will just about, with a little we have, pay all indebtedness on the forty-four hundred pounds of paper we bought for our publications. We paid for the paper when we ordered it, but the duties and freights ran up to a considerable sum.

Bro. Killam is an old soldier who lives on a small pension for services in the civil war. Some nineteen years ago he had a stroke of paralysis and has not been able to work any since. Says he has epileptic attacks at times. In other days he has contributed \$100 to our printing work.

I am with Bro. Conway Anderson at Zacapa. He is much better in health now than he was, but is not strong and well.

We had a fairly good trip coming down from Coban. Came along selling the Word and talking to people about Jesus and His salvation. The second night out from Coban we had to sleep out in the porch of the courthouse. Bro. Anderson on a wide bench and I in a hammock.

The third night we hardly slept any at all, as we were waiting for the train until 9 o'clock. When the train came to Pancapche, the station at the end of the line, they had some freight to load on and it was after 10 o'clock when we boarded the train and set out for the other end of the line, twenty-nine miles distant. No one would blame us for taking the sleeper, as that was the only car for us except a hog car. The sleeper did not have anything like the conveniences your sleepers have there. There was a bench on each side of the car and bundles and boxes along in the middle of the car. There were not many passengers, but there were too many to find room to stretch out their tired bones on those benches. The car had a division and I went into the one that had no light and stretched out on a bench that had five big demijohns of rum along about the same altitude of my nose and five on the other side by the other bench. Much of the way was made hideous by the awful and loud cursing of the conductor. After about three hours and a half of going and stopping we reached Panzos, where we embarked at 5:30 o'clock Friday morning. We stretched out on some sacks on the floor and tried to sleep some while waiting for the boat to start, but the mosquitos would not leave us in peace. Down through that section of the country one does not want the train or boat to stop as the mosquitos are painfully annoying when one stops.

We had a good trip down the river to Livingston. The scenery at some places is beautiful indeed. At Livingston we had a meeting on Saturday night and on Sunday night another meeting at Port Barrios. Swarms of men now infest Port Barrios. They are employed by the Northern Railroad of Guatemala and by the United Fruit Co. Rum is abundant and virtue has no premium. Some fifty people attended the meeting in English. There is a big field at Livingston, Port Barrios and up this railroad from Barrios to Zacapa for some of God's people to work. There are hundreds of English-speaking people, most of them negroes.

I am glad to tell you that Ruth and Grace, our two oldest girls, joined the church on Sunday night, the 18th of August.

Recently I have been encouraged by the facts found in Isaiah 42:4 and 53:11: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law." "He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." Wonderful language to use in regard to the King of Kings. It is my privilege to so walk and serve as not to fail

nor be discouraged and someday see such results as shall be satisfying. Yours in His service.
J. T. BUTLER.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL IN BOLIVIA.

BY JOHN BURMAN.

One day in December, 1909, a young man whose acquaintance we had made, brought, with some persuasion, another fellow-student with him to see the much-talked-of "Protestantes." This young man, we were told beforehand, was very religious, and fulfilled within his ability the commandments of the pretentious Church of Rome. We had some Gospel reading and explanation, to which he was an attentive listener without saying a word. He took leave and we did not see him for about a year, when he, through the same friend, sent word that he was going to look us up again. He came, and God wrought a work of grace in his heart that has made him a most faithful follower of the Lord Jesus. He is now a soldier, and has to serve two years in the army. In telling his experience, he said: "When I heard you that first time, I knew that you spoke the truth, and I could not get away from it, try as I might. I wish that I had never heard you. My responsibility to the light so troubled me that I determined, cost what it might, I must surrender to it."

One day sitting in the "plaza," an intelligent young man stepped up and introduced himself, saying that he desired to know me. He had been in soul trouble, and almost in vehement desire to know the truth. He had read everything he could get his hands on. In his search he had been much poisoned by sceptic and atheistic literature, but in his distress God's opportunity came, and a Gospel of Mark, published by "The Bible House" of Los Angeles (California) fell into his hands. He was astonished at the revelation it gave him of the Lord Jesus. He read it twice in succession, and inquired for more of the same order. Someone had a Gospel of Matthew, and he borrowed it, after which he met me on that memorable day in the plaza.

We were surrounded by men and students on all sides, but he paid no attention to them, only putting to me one question after another. He came to our house that same afternoon, and continued coming until he gave up his intellectual struggle and yielded to the one who is "The Truth." This was Emiliano Tapia from San Pedro de Buena Vista, who continues faithful, and he has been the instrument in the conversion of his cousin, a girl who does not speak Spanish (only Quichua). He has a younger brother, Liborio, who was baptised a week ago today. Another brother, still younger, also professes conversion. Thus you will see that, out of the four baptised believers, three are from San Pedro de Buena Vista, and we hope they will prove a blessing to the work begun there.

We have been greatly blessed the last nine months through the fellowship and efficient help of Dr. Hamilton and family, Mr. Tate and wife, Mr. Burgess, and later Mr. Rowdon. These brethren are here for the glory of God, and later will locate among the Indians, or elsewhere as the Lord leads them. Do not fail to remember us all in your prayers.

Remember that we are in a land where the name of God has been on the lips of the lost, but a weapon in all their pretences. This is a fact that confronts us every day. May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be shed abroad in the hearts of many to the salvation of their souls, giving them an experimental knowledge of God.

To this end let us continue to pray.

GOD KEEPS IN CUBA.

Indeed we stand in need of Divine strength to stand firm against the wiles of Satan here where he has his forces thoroughly organized. Some times the pressure is so great that it seems that the earthen vessel will break, but I know that His spirit dwelling within will give strength according to my need and His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. I think this has been the most trying year in the history of our work. The battles have been many, the warfare continuous and we have been often pressed out of measure; but our purpose is stronger by God's grace to conquer. Truly the groanings of the Spirit of God dwelling in my spirit this morning in behalf of the church

here cannot be uttered. God has wonderfully renewed my strength spiritually and physically in answer to prayer, and waves of joy have rolled over my spirit as He has made His truth real to my heart and as He has let me pray through to victory in behalf of some of the workers. But I see and know things from which we must be delivered if we would have real revival victory and power to win souls and lead them on into deeper truths and experiences. As Bro. McClurkan often says, "We are just little children yet in the things of God," and my heart almost breaks to see these spiritual children of mine leave the things of childhood and go on unto perfection. The burden of my prayer is for the deepening of the spiritual life of the workers, for their enlightenment in their spiritual understanding, and for the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of God's love. Please pray with me for these definite requests; for until we break through on these lines we cannot have the victory for souls.

Together with you I am looking to God for Him to send in the means necessary for the great work in your hands.

Our church here has adopted the envelope system for offerings for the home work, also for foreign missions. I am enclosing \$3.12, our offering this month for missions.

LEONA GARDNER.

Miss Dora Benson has been appointed Secretary of the Mite Box Department of which Cousin Eva has been speaking on her page, and of which she is to have general supervision. Any one desiring a box write Miss Dora Benson at Eastland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

SPECIAL REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

Continue to pray for Miss Long in India, and for Brother Ferguson in South America, both of whom are broken down in health.

Pray that this young schoolmaster at Suramal, India, of whom Miss Leonard spoke, may have a real experience of salvation and become a teacher of righteousness.

Pray that God may direct in the final arrangements for the outgoing missionaries.

Join Miss Gardner in prayer for a revival in Trinidad, Cuba.

SPECIAL NEEDS.

We again call attention to the fact that we want to bring Bro. and Sister Gregory back home. We have had considerable amount paid into this fund and hope by the end of November that our freinds will have sent in a sufficient amount to meet this urgent need.

Second, there are still several girls in the Girls' Orphanage in India unsupported. These can be taken care of one year for the sum of \$25.00.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR OCTOBER 1912.

We are rejoiced to say that during the last month we have been able to raise sufficient funds to meet our needs and also to pay the shortage which we had at the beginning. In addition to this we have in the treasury \$243.70.

This report not only represents the month of October, but is the totals for our year which ended October 27.

Our friends will notice that we carry over to the new year the sum of \$243.70, for which we praise the Lord.

Balance from last year	\$	1 39
Previously contributed by Pentecostal Tabernacle, Nashville, Tenn.....	\$	3,433 90
This month's contributions.....		1,088 37
Total to date	\$	4,522 28
Previously contributed by Pentecostal Tabernacle Sunday School.....	\$	634 67
This month's contributions.....		39 61
Total to date	\$	674 28

Previously contributed by other friends.....\$ 5,787 46
This month's contributions..... 626 46

Total to date	\$	6,413 92
Total collections	\$	11,611 87
Disbursements previously reported.....	\$	10,769 07
Disbursements this month.....		599 10
Total	\$	11,368 17
Amount in Treasury		243 70

OUR MISSIONARIES.

MISS LEONA GARDNER, Trinidad, Cuba.
MR. AND MRS. TEOFILÓ, Castellano, Trinidad, Cuba.
JUAN ENTRALGO, Trinidad, Cuba.
MR. AND MRS. J. T. BUTLER, Coban, Guatemala, C. A.
MR. AND MRS. R. S. ANDERSON, Coban, Guatemala, C. A.
C. G. ANDERSON, Zacapa, Guatemala, C. A.
MR. AND MRS. ROY G. CODDING, Khardi, District Thana, India.
MR. AND MRS. HUGH GREGORY, Khardi District, Thana, India.
MISS LIZZIE LEONARD, Khardi, District Thana, India.
MISS EVA CARPENTER, on furlough Nashville, Tenn.
MRS. BERTHA DAVIS, Khardi, District Thana, India.
MISS BESSIE SEAY, Khardi, District Thana, India.
MISS FLORENCE WILLIAMS, Dhulia, West Khandesh, India.
MISS MATTIE LONG, Dhulia, West Khandesh, India.
MRS. ALICE GALLOWAY, Chik Hom, Hoi Ping, Kwang Tung, China.
MR. AND MRS. JOHN BURMAN, Sucre, Bolivia, S. A.
MISS AUGIE HOLLAND, Sucre, Bolivia, S. A.
MR. AND MRS. FRANK FERGUSON, 9 de Julio, F. C. O., Argentine, S. A.
VICTOR W. KENNEDY, Apartado 52, Panama City, Pep. de Pan.

"But we are not all called to be missionaries." No apparently not! And, so far as I can see, we are not in the very least danger of thinking that we *all* are. We are much more in danger of transposing the words, and thinking, "We are ALL not called to be missionaries."

"That the thoughtful and educated men of India," says Mr. Sherring, "should patiently endure the tyranny of caste—a tyranny the most relentless, and at the same time the most senile and unreasonable ever exercised by the human mind in its greatest corruption—is a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of our race." Even the lowest and most degraded of the people, who are spurned from the temples, are some of them as great sticklers for caste as the highest.—Selected.

A DECAYING CHURCH.

Some one tells a story of an artist who was once asked to paint a picture of a decaying church. To the surprise of many, instead of putting on the canvas an old tottering ruin, the artist painted a stately edifice of modern grandeur. Through the open portals could be seen the richest carved pulpit, the magnificent organ, and the beautiful stained glass windows.

Within the grand entrance was an offering plate of elaborate design for the offering of fashionable worshippers. But—and here the artist's conception of a decaying church was made known—right above the offering plate, suspended from a nail in the wall there hung a square box, bearing the legend, "For Foreign Missions," but right over the slot through which contributions ought to have gone, he had painted a huge cobweb!—Selected.