

Living Water

"Call unto me and I will answer Thee and shew Thee great and mighty things, which Thou knowest not." Jer 3-33

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The Need of Personal Work

BY J. O. McCLURKAN.

"Christians live like snails in the shell and look but little around in the world and know not the state of the world, nor of the church, nor much care to know it."

THE field is the world." It would be a liberal estimate to say that out of its 18,000,000 inhabitants, not one in a hundred attended church last Sabbath. Even in religious centers, church attendance is decreasing. According to a statement of the Earl of Shaftsbury, not more than 2 per cent of the English working men attend any place of worship. In our own country, we think the ratio would be higher, but there is an alarming decline here. Sixty-five per cent of the population of the United States belong to no church. For six successive years the Wesleyan Church in England decreased in membership. Less than fifty would be the average night attendance at one of the large churches of this city. Four out of five persons in a great city like London never darken a church door, and the prevailing attitude of the working class toward the church could be characterized as that of mild antagonism. That the masses are gradually drifting away from the church is almost a self-evident proposition. A college president says that all the denominations in America have failed to win the big-headed mechanic. Why this failure?

Tampering with the Scriptures has had no little to do with it. Scepticism in many subtle forms has masqueraded under the guise of higher criticism, new theology and kindred phenomena until the people hardly know what to believe. The pulpit, dedicated to the preaching of the Word, often betrays this solemn trust and wanders off into the dubious paths of subtle philosophies and science, falsely so called. We heard S. Parkes Cadman say, that one of the worst disfigurements on the face of the church had been her attitude toward science, and there is no doubt much that is true in this statement, for we have not forgotten what Copernicus and other kindred spirits suffered at the hands of a narrow, intolerant priesthood, but the same speaker betrayed the drift of his thought by criticising Luther for considering the Bible an infallible book. Lymay Abott lecturing preachers at a leading theological institute said that we learned of God through men, that the sacrificial system instituted by Moses was unnecessary, and that he had borrowed it from the surrounding nations, notwithstanding these statements were in direct antagonism to Scriptural teaching. Why should such a teacher be engaged by a school for preachers. Not long since a bright English woman from India called us severely to task for venturing to criticise R. J. Campbell's utterances. The tone of her letter indicated that our failure to agree with Mr. Campbell was due either to our narrowness of spirit or ignorance, when the facts are that there is hardly a fundamental principle of theology that Mr. Campbell in some way does not

challenge. A professor in a theological department of one of the largest institutions in the South in lecturing his class said that when Christ attributed the Mosaic authorship to the Pentateuch that he either was humoring a popular tradition or that he did not know any better, and a young lady in a Bible training school endeavoring to account for the strange phenomena of the Burning Bush, said that perhaps it was late in the evening and that Moses just saw the intense light of the evening sun reflected on the bush from the backside of the desert.

Need we wonder that the faith of many is being shaken in the Book when leaders in religious thought will talk this way? Some years ago *The Cosmopolitan* published an article embodying statements taken from nearly two hundred different class-rooms connected with the colleges of this country. The drift of these utterances was a thrust at the home, the church, the Bible and God. Only a few weeks ago the Associated Press Dispatches brought us a caustic criticism on several of our leading universities. Their student body was charged with a very large degree of gross immortality.

A public school-teacher of this city sometime ago appealed to us for advice as to what to do when those whose duty it is to visit the school came around and lectured the children with a thrust here and there at the authenticity and genuineness of the Scriptures.

We live in a heady age. People are wise in their own conceits. Some consider it smart to sneer at the old-fashioned notions and doctrines of the church. It is really disgusting to hear some of these novices who haven't one tithe of the knowledge of the old men of the church, talk of modern scholarship in such a pompous way. There is a measure of truth in evolution as a method. A horse evolves from a colt. A hog evolves from a pig, and a hen evolves from a chicken, but to push this theory so far as to account for the origin of the species is unscriptural. Paul in his epistle to the Romans bases his argument for the necessity of an atonement on the fall of man, and if the Darwinian theory of the origin of man is true, the great apostle predicates the doctrine of justification by faith upon a myth. However, all this kind of stuff is being served over the counters of the schools of the country and is passing for the products of advanced scholarship. Every stroke at the Bible only weakens the public conscience. The *Wall Street Journal* was right when it attributed the vast increase in rascality, bankers stealing the money and skipping off to Canada, and crime of all sort rampant, to a failure of the church to preach retributive justice. Nothing less than a Sinai and Calvary message will stem the tide of corruption. No mutilated Bible will meet the demands. The enemy has fired a big gun when he has succeeded in emasculating the Scrip-

trues so that they will lose their note of authority and take rank only with other great books, for after summing up all the other causes for the present strong tide of worldliness which is beating in upon the church, ignorance of the Scriptures, and a consequent failure to live in the power of the same is the root of all the trouble.

But how about the social outlook? Is it no brighter? Well, there are some encouraging features. The large amount of attention that is now being given to sociological problems is doing much to better social conditions on certain lines, and for all this we should be profoundly grateful, but after sociology has exhausted herself, it will still be found, as Bishop McConnell says, that the great difficulty lies in the fact "that the slums are in the people rather than the people in the slums." We live in a day when people "sit down to eat and rise up to play." It costs more to amuse people now than is spent for all the schools and churches; that is, more money is devoted to amusements than is given for both education and religion. This is rather a startling statement, and when we first saw it we hesitated to believe it. It hardly seems credible, and yet it is true. During the past ten years the cheap theater in the form of picture shows has come to the front. They are crowding their way into the very heart of the business centers of our city and are having an immense patronage, and while there is no doubt much displayed by them that is educational and not immoral, take them as a whole they popularize theater-going in general and their trend is worldly, while ever and anon their exhibitions are positively immoral. We can remember the time when theater-going for church members was considered out of the question, but now there is but little attention paid to the churches' deliverances on this subject. It would hardly be an extravagant statement to say that the majority of those who wear the name of Christ in our cities attend, not the picture shows merely, but the old-fashioned theaters with all their demoralizing effects.

The social habits of the wealthier classes are widening the chasm between capital and labor, the extravagances of the rich in contrast with the self-denials of the poor only feed socialistic fires and constitute the stock in trade of much labor oratory. The man who built a palatial residence in Biston and then failed to invite his brother to the housewarming because he was too poor to move in that circle, is only an illustration of the illusion of so-called high society. The craze to keep up with the procession necessitates driving at a Jehu rate of speed, hence the frequent commercial crashes, the rapid increase of divorces, the alarming laxity with regard to chastity licenses the adulterer to walk the street with unblushing cheek while sin, slimy and loathsome, assumes a thousand forms and crawls through the home. Puppies nurse while babies are slain. Dress often assumes such a form as to constitute the strongest appeal to lust.

Helen Hunt Jackson says: "The age, alas, has lighter grown," and we have seen no better summing up of its flappancy and lack of depth than in the following paragraph from the great English preacher, W. L. Watkinson:

"The lack of seriousness in the nation strikes even those who do not at all consider things from a religious standpoint. Much has recently occurred to make us pause, yet in the very midst of calamities and humiliations the most popular of our poets have to scourge us for our extreme thoughtlessness. We have seen in other nations the terrible consequences of light heartedness and heedlessness, yet we are fast drinking in their spirit and following in their steps. Political economists assure us that our commercial su-

premacy is jeopardized and unless we initiate a more patient and thorough education our star will set; yet the music-hall readers evening classes insignificant, and the recreations of the people must not be interfered with. Philosophers are insisting that national welfare and progress depend upon laws of self-sacrifice; but the general response to the arguments and appeals of these great thinkers is the most radical and manifold self-indulgence that this land ever knew. Our statesmen warn us that unless we attend more closely and seriously to the affairs and defense of our nation the gem set in the silver sea will be stolen or spoiled; but we listen only for a moment, and the band strikes up. The Puritan element—the element of seriousness, reverence, and earnestness—is obviously waning. A game of football excites the masses more than the imminence or the loss of a serious battle. Cycling, golf, and tennis destroy for tens of thousands the sanctity of the holy day; indeed, that day is now openly desecrated by disgraceful carnivals which would have shocked the men who created our civilization. Free libraries exist chiefly for the circulation of fiction lighter than foam. The race course is the national promenade, every third man buried in a sporting newspaper. The circus, the theater, and all kinds of entertainments monopolize inordinate attention. The flippant temper of the public is everywhere manifest. Outrageous vice alarms us, but surely this prevalence of a gay heedlessness is less to be deprecated. When the allies entered Paris after Waterloo, the audience in one of the great theaters insisted upon the closing of the doors, because the rattle of artillery over the pavement interrupted the enjoyment of the play; in a similar spirit of levity this generation yields itself to trifles light as air, and superciliously shuts out the disturbing signs which are at the door."

Neither is the outlook any better when we turn to the commercial world. Here we find the clash of conflicting interests, so violent at times as to culminate in riot and bloodshed. While the cost of living has nearly doubled during the past quarter of a century, there has been nothing like a corresponding increase in wages. Many have grown rich at the expense of the poor, and while it would be folly to attribute all the pauperism of the country to the oppression of capital, yet no candid investigator can deny the fact that the complexities of our modern civilization render it more and more difficult for the working man to provide his family with the necessities, much less the luxuries of life.

In the tenement districts of our great cities, pauperism has reached such a state of degradation as to eclipse anything known to antiquity. Think of a room not more than 10x12 feet in dimensions occupied by eighteen people, men, women, children, black and white all living together. Imagine, if you can, forty-five people sleeping in a single room. Seven families all crowded into one room and as many as fifty-eight babies in one tenement. No wonder that in one of the worst sections of New York, the death rate of children reached the enormous figure of 75 per cent. When it is remembered that many of those who are responsible for such conditions are prominent churchmen, is there any occasion for surprise that the breach between the church and the working man continues to widen every year? The notable author and churchman, Canon Farrar, said that not 3 per cent of the working class of London were regular or even occasional communicants. More and more that large number of people known as the laboring classes are coming to think of the church as standing in with the rich in their oppressions of the poor. To be sure, this is not the only cause of alienation. The one reason above all others is that "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds

are evil." Nevertheless, a calm, dispassionate view of the situation without being duped with the false optimism of the day, nor prejudiced by pessimistic wails compels us to acknowledge that the abuses and contortions of Christianity as represented by many capitalists who, though prominent in ecclesiastical counsels, pay starvation prices to their employees are responsible to a considerable extent for the present estrangement of the masses. When women make cheap overcoats at four cents apiece and knee pants at sixteen cents a dozen pairs, they are not apt to want to go to their employers' churches on Sabbath days.

Think of women making twelve shirts for seventy-five cents and furnishing their own thread, and children working twelve hours a day for \$1.00 a week. It is said that the average annual income of the richest one hundred Americans could not be less than twelve to fifteen hundred thousand dollars each, and two hundred thousand persons control 70 per cent of the national wealth; that is, 3-10 of 1 per cent of the population controls 7-10 of the wealth. There are eleven thousand people worth from one hundred to one hundred and fifty million dollars each in New York City, and yet 2-3 of the population live in tenement houses, some of which are not fit for stables. The industrial problem looms up into gigantic proportions.

The exponents of the new theology may talk their colorless optimism as much as they please and decry against alarmist and chronic-kickers in general, but the fact remains that there is a titanic struggle on in which the interest of one class is arrayed against that of another; and that the blowing up of buildings and other riotous outbreaks are only "coming events casting their shadows before," unless there can be a righteous adjustment of these differences. A mother stood out on the curbstone shivering, with her baby in her arms, while a \$50,000 ball was in progress at the Del Monico. A passerby investigated and found that the starving babe had frozen to death. There were many people amid that whirl of dissipation who would have gladly supplied the need of this starving mother, but the state of affairs that brings about such a condition is the thing

to remedy. Croesus whose wealth was estimated at \$8,000,000.00 was, comparatively speaking, a poor person, measured by the wealth of our Morgans and Rockefellers.

We do not agree with Chas. Kingsley in saying that, "If the Christian church was what she ought to be, and could be, for a single day, the world would be converted before nightfall," for there lived on this earth at one time an absolutely perfect character, and yet many respected and ultimately crucified Him. Nevertheless, if the church was filled with the Spirit of God she would come forth "as clear as the sun, as fair as the moon and as terrible as an army with banners."

Someone has said that we have not gained in power but in things. We are drifting toward an educated paganism, or a cultivated heathenism, and the widespread hearing that is being given to such heresies as the New Theology, New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy and other revivals and rehabilitations of Hindu philosophy, mixed with other kindred phenomena substantiates the statement. During the past century, the increase in the heathen was numerically seventy times greater than that of the converts to Christianity and at this rate we never could convert the world. However, the Bible does not promise that the world will be converted in this age, but it does command a world-wide proclamation of the Gospel, to be followed by a gathering out of the people who shall be filled with the Spirit and so disciplined as to show forth the praises of His glory in the ages to come.

Surely this brief survey of the situation is sufficient to show the impotency of many of the boasted methods of the religious propagandist of this day. Big churches, big choirs, big preachers, big meetings, teams of various kinds traveling over the country, all may have their place and accomplish much good, but the problem of how to reach the masses still stare us in the face, and remains unsolved until the church is so awakened that the Andrews will go after the Peters and the disciples, as of old, go everywhere preaching the Word. This multitude of non-church goers must be first interested and won by the personal touch.

The Christ of the Bible---and of The Papacy*

BY A. C. DIXON.

Preach the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me.—John 5:39.

There shall arise false Christs.—Matt. 24:24.

In the New Testament, the Lord Jesus Christ is the Head of His Church; and His people, without regard to any official position, are the members. He is the Head, while they are the hands and feet, responding to the will of the Head; their place is determined, not by the office, but by their faith.

The Papacy of today is the anomaly which Paul pictured to the imagination of the Corinthians, when he said: "The body is not one member, but many; if the whole were seeing, where were the smelling; and if they were all one member, where were the body?" The Pope of Rome, one member, has become the whole body, head and all. No Roman Catholic, in religious matters, can see, hear, or smell for himself; the Pope is his eyes, ears, and nose.

To Christ's Church we bear the relationship of children to a family, for Paul mentions "our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom

THE WHOLE FAMILY

in heaven and earth are named." Not so the Roman Catholic people; to the Pope they bear the relation of servants to a master. What the Pope says, they must do, because

*Sermon preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

he has all authority, and they have no right to think for themselves, in opposition to him. The Pope has been compared to a tall spire, his cardinals to little turrets surrounding him, his bishops to the arches and domes, whilst his priests are the stones which hold the building together; and the people pay for the erecting and upkeep.

The Christ of the Bible differs from the Christ of the Papacy in three important particulars.

1. THE CHRIST OF THE BIBLE IS ABSOLUTELY PERFECT: THE CHRIST OF THE PAPACY, as represented by the line of Popes, IS VERY IMPERFECT.—Peter says of his Lord that "He had no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." In Heb. 7:26, we read: "For such a high priest became us who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." Even the demons, and tongues called Him "the Holy One of Israel." His aust help could find no fault in His character. To Pilate's "What evil hath He done?"—the answer has been "their enemy." He is THE LAMB WITHOUT SPOT. We must help

Now turn to the Christ of the Papacy by the line of Popes. Though the Pope, which can be the successor of Peter, he does not differ. One night a man Peter, but Christ. When the dissenters. One night a man Peter, but Christ. When the dissenters.

ops, in 1870, came before Pius IX. with their protest against the dogma of Infallibility, they were informed by the Pope that it was no new doctrine, but that the Church had always believed and taught it.

The Roman Catholic Church is therefore compelled to believe that the official acts and utterances of every Pope, in the whole Papal line, are the acts and words of Christ, and Christ is responsible for them. The dogma of Infallibility makes the lives of the Popes a continuation of the life of Christ on earth. An examination of their history will show us the kind of Christ the Papacy calls upon us to accept.

In the year 682, we see one infallible Pope cursing another infallible Pope, who preceded him, which, in the light of the claim that the Pope represents Christ on earth, means that Christ in 682 denounced Himself as He was in 625. He who is "the same yesterday, and today, and for ever," had completely changed in fifty-seven years!

When Stephen VII. came to the Papal throne, in 897, he had the body of one of his predecessors taken from the grave, horribly mutilated, and thrown into the Tiber. In this transaction, Stephen acted as Pope; so I am called upon to believe that the Christ of 897 could treat Himself in this barbarous fashion. Their characters, personal and official, are, in some cases, almost too bad for the public gaze.

Innocent VIII., in his Bull of excommunication against the Waldensians, whose crime was that they preached

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH,

invited all princes to tread them under foot as venomous men. No one will contend that he decreed this as man, and not as Pope, for all good Romanists accept the Pope's decree as the voice of God. Am I to believe that Christ pronounced such execrations against His people? Such is not the Christ revealed in the Scriptures. The Christ of the Bible is meek, loving, and forgiving; the Christ of the Popes is always imperious, never meek, frequently cruel, and very unforgiving toward his enemies. May God turn the faith of all the world to the true Christ of the Bible and of history!

II. THE CHRIST OF THE BIBLE IS A LIVING CHRIST, THE CHRIST OF THE PAPACY IS A DEAD CHRIST.—The death of Christ is one thing, the dead Christ is quite another. By the death of Christ we are reconciled to God; by the dead Christ we get neither hope nor heaven. The dying Christ is an object of faith; the living Christ is an object of worship. Nowhere are we taught, by precept or example, to worship the dead Christ. The effigy of wood is not the Christ who is present with His people today, and commands their adoration. That is the Christ three days dead in the sepulchre, guarded by Roman soldiers; and the Roman Church, I am sorry to say, is a sepulchre in which a dead Christ is buried and guarded, by Pope, cardinals, bishops and priests. Now and then the living Christ appears among them; as in the days of Savonarola, Huss, and Luther, but His presence is as fearful to them as was

THE LIVING RISEN CHRIST

to the Roman soldiers. An immortal priest may confess to his brother-priest any crimes, however bad, and be absolved, without losing his position; but let a priest preach the living Christ, mighty to save without sacrament, confession, or mass, and he is hurled from his priestly office amid anathemas.

Grant it that the Romanist does not worship the mere effigy, but the dead Christ, and it is none the less idolatry. Even if he worships the dying, rather than the dead, Christ, he worships what does not exist: the dying Christ *was*, the living Christ *is*. To worship the dying Christ is

to worship an historical fact. We accept the death of Christ as our full atonement for sin; it is the finished fact, never to be added to, or taken from. We love the living Christ, because He died for us, and His death we will never forget; but the Christ of the cold, clammy hand and heart is not the Christ we worship, and to whom we come for strength and sympathy.

The women brought their spices to the dead body, but none of them worshipped it. Before the living feet of Christ, Mary fell, but never before the lifeless body. But the great Roman Catholic Church has done that: the dead or dying Christ is worshipped everywhere, whilst between the living Christ and the people there are so many priests and saints, that He can hardly be seen for them. If they will have an effigy of Christ, why will they not represent Him as He is, the living

MEDIATOR BETWEEN GOD AND MAN,

risen, alive, active, doing His own work in His own wise, omnipotent way? Can it be, then, that priests, and Mary, and all the saints, whose business it is to take the place of Christ, would be thrown out of employment? The living Christ can do His work and represent His own cause. The whole system of the Papacy accords with the idea that Christ is dead and cannot take His own part, but must have a vicegerent on earth to take His place, Mary and the saints to look after Him, and priests to speak the word of pardon. The Christ of the Bible is a loving Shepherd, who goes with His flock, leading and keeping. The business of the Church is to follow the Master, knowing that He said: "I am with you always," and will ever be faithful to His promise.

III. THE CHRIST OF THE BIBLE IS AN ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR AND MEDITATOR—THE CHRIST OF THE PAPACY MUST BE SUPPLEMENTED BY THE MERITS AND MEMORIAL OF MARY AND THE SAINTS—The angel said to Joseph: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." He does not help to save, but saves completely. When I read these words of Peter: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved," I ask—Shall we strive, by sacrament and penance, to do what no other but Jesus can do?

Listen to what Paul says: "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." If salvation is God's gift, through Christ, no penance, nor merit of saint, is needed to pay for it; we accept it as His own gracious free gift. If there are any who are trying to save themselves from some of their sins by penance, or merit, or other means, listen to God's words: "Christ hath redeemed us from all iniquity." "Our righteousness," says the Spirit, "is as filthy rags." We cannot wear His spotless robe with these filthy rags.

Some harmless, even helpful, liquids, when mixed, become poisons. Poison not the merit of Christ with your own self-righteousness, or the self-righteousness of anyone else, in earth or heaven. Better never to be baptized, than to do so believing that that can save your soul; better never to fast or pray, than to think that either.

HELPS TO ATONE FOR YOUR SINS.

Better never to believe there is a saint in heaven, than to supplement the merit of the Lord Jesus Christ by theirs.

Do we fairly represent our Roman Catholic friends, when we say that they depend on the merit system of saints to supplement the merit of Christ? The Pope claims that he holds the keys of the treasury of merit (he calls it "works of supererogation"), which can unlock at will, and transfer to the account of anyone who will pay enough; that is a man, by his own good deeds on earth, should have enough

over to save somebody else. To say that we need Mary to sympathize with us, and to hear our prayers, because she has a woman's heart, does not honour Him who is, in Himself, all that is womanly and all that is manly. To say that Jesus will listen to His mother more readily than to a poor, broken-hearted sinner, does violence to the character of Christ given us in the Inspired Word: "We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched by the feeling of our infirmities."

I have talked to many good Roman Catholic people, but I have never yet met one who had assurance of salvation,

and they think we have no right to it. They consider we must suffer for sins committed after baptism, and then go into eternity to the purgatorial fires; and how long we are to stay there, nobody knows. I wish I could tell them in a voice, and with a heart, so full of love and tenderness that they would believe it, that you may know you are saved, saved without penance and purgatory, all through the merit of our Lord Jesus Christ. I delight to turn to Him who is my complete Redeemer, to Him who died for me, and now lives, and loves, and lifts my burdens.—*The Christian.*

The Result of Present Faith

A SERMON BY N. S. M'CLURKAN.

Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. Jesus saith unto her. Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

WE see here that Martha had faith for the past, and she had faith for the future. But Lazarus was dead in the tomb. What he needed was someone who had faith for the present. It is easy for us to have faith for the past. We say that a few years ago it was the easiest thing in the world to have revivals. But we need people who have faith that God can give us a revival now. Nothing is impossible with God and He never disappointed a soul that trusted in Him. We need a great revival now. We look all around us and see many men and women in this fair land of ours who never darken the door of a church. Many of us have neighbors who are good citizens, and children whom we love, but without Christ they are lost. Do we want to see them saved? Soon the black cap of death will be pulled over their faces, the Great Executioner will say: "Look out," and their souls will go into eternity. It is for us to bring them into the kingdom.

I wish I could relate to you some of the instances of faith that have come under my observation. There was one man in Fort Worth, Texas, who had faith to build a down-town mission. When I first went there for a series of meetings he met me in front of a bank and said: "McClurkan, I believe the Lord has sent you here in answer to prayer, to establish a down-town work." Some people said he was visionary, but may the Lord send us more visionary men! He worked and prayed and would not be discouraged, and through his faith that mission was established, and it has been the means of saving hundreds of souls.

May God help the Christian people to have faith, not only for the past and the future, but for the present. You hear people say: "We've just had so much good preaching the people are Gospel-hardened." But, thank God, He can save even the Gospel-hardened, if we only have faith for it! Let us not limit God's power. He can save from the utmost to the utmost, all that come unto Him.

A man who had thrown away a \$25,000.00 law practice and had gone down through drink, staggered up the street in New York one night and asked for Stephen Merritt's office. He was admitted and he asked for a job. Steven Merritt handed him five dollars and told him to get a bath and clean linen and come back at three o'clock and he would give him a hearing. The man looked astonished and said: "Man, how can you trust me with five dollars?" Merritt said: "I trust you with it." At three o'clock the man returned and there in his office Merritt told him of the power of Christ to save men, and the man surrendered his heart to God. A few Sundays later he stood on Talmage's plat-

form and told of the wonderful love of God, and he afterwards ran for President of the United States.

God is able to save the hardest case. I shall never forget one man who heard our testimony in a street service in a Western city one night, and became interested. He followed us into the hall, and at the close of the service he came forward and gave his heart to the Lord. I introduced him to my wife and some of the other workers and he said: "McClurkan, these are the first women I have shaken hands with since I was fourteen years of age to whom I would not be ashamed to introduce my mother." Next morning he went to the saloon he was running, threw the keys down on the bar and said to his partner: "I'm through with this business. From now on, by God's help, I'm going to live a clean life and make an honest living."

But we see that there was a stone at the door of the tomb, and Christ commanded them to remove it. They had placed it there and it was their place to remove it. I wonder if our lives are a stone in anybody's way. Our lives are the greatest sermon we can preach, and may God help us Christians to live true to Him.

There are many stones we can remove. There is the flinty stone of ignorance. It is alarming today how ignorant people are of God's Word. The Bible is absent from our public schools, and comparatively few homes have family altars. People do not study the Word. An evangelist of the Bible Institute was preaching on the street in Los Angeles one day when a man stepped up in front of him and declared the Bible to be a book of contradictions and lies. The preacher looked at him a moment, then took a ten dollar gold piece from his pocket and said: "You look like you need money, and if you will correctly quote one passage of Scripture I'll give you this ten dollar gold piece," but the man could not quote one passage.

We are so careful to give our children a good education. And it is important to know books. But it is far more important to know God. One has said: "To know book is to know much, to know nature is to know more, but to know God, one has found the heart of wisdom, the source of power, and the fountain of eternal life. For to know God aright is life eternal."

By faith we can remove the granite stone of unbelief and the slaty stone of error. There is so much false teaching today, and so many isms abroad in the land. We must help remove these. We can also remove the limestone of prejudice. Many people argue that the church is their enemy. They don't know that it is their best friend. We must help to remove their prejudice.

There is also the hard stone of doubt, which can be removed. There are some honest doubters. One night a man stepped into a mission. George Trotter went to him and

spoke to him about his soul, but he would not listen. He said: "Don't talk to me," and rushed from the building, but just as they were ready to close for the night the man hurried in, went to Mr. Trotter, and said: "What was that you were trying to tell me?" Mr. Trotter then told him of the love of God and His power to save. The man fell to his knees and cried out: "Oh, God, if there be a God, reveal Thyself unto me." God always hears the honest seeker and He did reveal Himself to that man.

The last trip I took to California I attended the funeral of that man. His last words were: "Tell all the boys I died loving Jesus." The first man he ever led to Christ preached his funeral and all his pall-bearers were men whom he had pointed to Christ.

We can remove the sleepy stone of inconsistency. I heard Ng Poon Chew, the Chinese editor and statesman, say before a body of ministers in San Francisco that if we Americans continue as we are going now, within a hundred years China will be sending missionaries to heathen America.

There are many other stones for us to remove. But after the stone was rolled away and Lazarus had come forth, he was yet bound with grave clothes. Christ commanded them to loose him and let him go. And that is something else for us to do.

Some people say they would believe in revivals if the converts would only stick. If they don't stick, why not? Because we do not do our duty. I have a friend who is one

of the most successful evangelists in the South today. The day after he was saved he wanted to find some one who would encourage him. He met a man who had once asked him for a vote. My friend told him that for a drink of whisky he would vote for him. The man replied that if he waited for that he would never vote for him. So my friend thought this man surely had salvation and would encourage him. But when he told him he was saved the man gave him about two fingers and said: "Well, it's a good thing," and got around the corner as rapidly as he could, for fear he would be asked for fifty cents. My friend then went to one of the pastors in that city and told of his conversion, but the pastor had not much confidence in him, and said: "Well, I hope you will stay with it." That was like running an icicle down his back. He then went up to the office of a dear old minister of the city, and said: "Doctor, I've been saved from the old life of sin." The preacher jumped out of his chair, threw both arms about the man's neck, and said: "God bless you, I knew your grandfather's prayers would be answered. And I believe God is going to bless you, and that you will win thousands of souls for Him. If you ever need any help just call on me." And that was what loosed him. He went out of there walking on air, and feeling that someone had confidence in him. And he says today that he owes more to that man than to any other one person. May God help us to show people that we believe in them and to encourage them.

Burma at Break of Day

BY JESSE PAGE.

ALMOST all the modern work of evangelizing the heathen world is bridged over by the hundred years since the days of Judson. The great missionary societies were then mostly in their infancy, some actually unborn. It is a significant fact that the group of earnest American Congregationalists who met together to send Judson to India, formed the nucleus of the now famous American Board of Foreign Missions; and on his arrival, with new convictions on the subject of baptism, it was the appeal to American Baptists which founded the great and efficient American Baptist Missionary Society. In this respect, as in others, Judson was a maker of missionary history. Like all pioneers in the sacred cause of conversion of the heathen, this man is the property of the Church of God, in its widest sense. With Martyn, he trod a lonely path. He bore the brunt of superstitious cruelty and the jealous opposition of the East India Company, laboured in translating the Word of God, which was flung back at his feet with disdain, suffered unspeakable sufferings of body and mind, and passed to his rest from the deck of a lonely boat. Such men are rare and memorable: "They climbed the steep ascent to heaven, mid sorrow, toil, and pain." Let us linger lovingly over the retrospect of a life so richly lived.

The boyhood of Adoniram Judson was studious and clever, with a dash of ambition, which a fond father encouraged. A serious illness in his early teens weakened a frame already frail. No one would have ventured the forecast of a strenuous and adventurous life for a youth whose destiny seemed rather a pulpit or a professor's chair. At the University he was infected by those germs of infidelity which the French Revolution set free across the world; and, already adrift from the sacred anchorage of his parents' faith in God, he started out to see life, beyond the narrow horizon of his little native town. But this was

to be his Damascus road, on which the Divine light was to awaken his soul. One day, reaching a wayside inn, he slept, or tried to sleep, while in the next room a young man was dying, not only in pains of body, but in despairing agony of soul.

Who was this suffering stranger, who, he was told on the morrow, had died so unhappily? The brilliant young college chum whose flippant atheism had undermined Judson's faith! The shock was a revelation of his own state; he saw the hollowness of a philosophy which broke like strands of sand in the crisis of deepest need; and, turning his horse's head homewards, it came to pass that one day in his father's house he solemnly dedicated his life to God. Thus, "in a mysterious way," His wonders of redeeming love are performed in the call of His chosen witnesses.

Coming over to England to consult the London Missionary Society, he had his first taste of hardship, when captured by a French privateer, not so long before Waterloo. He was flung into a French prison at Bayonne. Months afterwards he reached the old Mission-house, in Blomfield Street, only to find that they could not promise to share his support, so he returned home. But the cries of the heathen continued, and the yearning passion of his heart was satisfied when, in the providence of God, he landed in due time, with his wife, at Calcutta, and was warmly welcomed by Carey and the brethren at Serampore. The same hostility which hindered Martyn hustled Judson from India, and for a time he found refuge in Mauritius, then called the Isle of France, and recently acquired by the English. Afterwards, by a tempestuous voyage, with Mrs. Judson in a state of serious illness, they reached Rangoon. This was the land of their adoption, and these dark-eyed Burmese, the souls for whose salvation they were to spend their strength and plead in prayer.

For a time Judson, with his books and papers thick about

him, wrestled with one of the most trying of all the Oriental tongues; and bit by bit, from the lips of his Burmese companion, from the talk of the passers-by in the sunny streets fringed with palms and flowers, he became master of the language. In this accomplishment, his gifted wife was not far behind. Visitors, with curious questions on the subject of religion came and went. Into their open hands he was able to place that wonderful pamphlet in Burmese: "A View of the Christian Religion; Historic, Didactic, and Perceptive"—the circulation of which was made possible by the arrival of a small printing press, of a type we should consider today extremely antique and inefficient. But through this plain and simple medium the truth went forth far beyond the sight of Judson, or the range of his voice, as he used to say: "At every creak of the press he thanked God light was going forth to the hearts of the dark Burmese." It may be said of this servant of God, that he made it possible for many thousands to hear the Gospel message whose faces he never saw.

Possibly few could enter so well into the feelings of the Gentiles, when he wrote of his perils of waters, of robbers, of heathen, of weariness and painfulness, and of cold and nakedness. Can any other missionary life have been so incessantly worn by suffering? He was always in the crucible, around which it pleased God to send the fiery discipline of trial. Overdone with work, he sails for Chittagong; the ship is blown out of her course; food runs short; he lies in fever, crying for water which cannot be given, and kept alive by handfuls of dirty rice picked up from dirtier boats. They catch sight of land, the mud of Masulipatam; he sends a scrawled note, for any Englishman to fetch him ashore to die in peace on land.

He came back to find the mission a desolation, and his heroic wife literally "holding the fort" against all odds. Who can follow his visit to Ava without a beating heart? Carrying some beautiful volumes of the Burmese Scriptures, as a present to the king, Judson gets no quarter at "the golden feet." It was the first taste of that cruel and insatiable enmity which later on burst upon the missionary party, when they had come at last to make a home in the capital.

The immediate cause of this persecution, which almost amounted to martyrdom, was the war breaking out with the English troops, and the invasion of Burmah by what the king felt were contemptible foreigners. Every defeat of the Burmese arms tolled the knell of the missionaries, and Judson, with Dr. Price, and some English residents, were speedily suffering torture, starvation, and misery in the death prison. They were suspected of being spies, and every species of indignity and cruel contempt was poured on them.

Racked with fever, ill-fed, the mock of jesting jailors, their homes robbed and desolated, their servants driven off; at one time Judson felt that death would be indeed merciful, however it came. The pathos of it all was in the efforts of his brave wife, facing alone the storm. Waiting day after day at the cell door to whisper some word of hope, and to plead for pity, holding in her arms her newborn child—is there a more touching picture in literature? When release came, not a day too soon, he was asked to placate the victorious British general. Then Judson reached Rangoon again, but at the request of the Commissioner, he went back to settle matters at Ava. During his absence his devoted wife, smitten with fever, enfeebled by hardship, and unbefriended, died alone, save for the ministrations of her weeping Burmese girls.

The simple fact that Judson was associated with the

English officers, as intermediary in their dealings with the Burmese authorities, proved only a ground of suspicion at the Court; and persecutions, with opposition to his missions, disturbed his Burmese work. When he turned his face to preach the Gospel to the Karens—a remarkable race, dwelling in jungle villages—he laid the foundations of a permanent service of blessing. Later, we find him bringing his second wife and children for medical help homewards; but Mrs. Judson dies on board, and is buried near the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Judson, with his motherless little ones, reaches Boston at last, after thirty-three years absence from his native land. The enthusiasm of his home welcome awoke all the churches. Amid all this praise, the hero of the hour hung his head with unaffected humility, and when he rose to speak—a thin, weary, shy man—his voice was so faint and husky that another had to stand by and repeat his words. The rest is soon told—his return to his beloved field of toil; the completion of his monumental work in translating the whole Bible into Burmese, and compiling a dictionary of inestimable value to all who afterwards would have to grapple with that difficult tongue; with still more strenuous endeavor, as upon his life already fall the slanting rays of the setting sun. Fever, recurring with frequency, forces him at last to get into a ship, and try the help of a breath of the sea. His wish to die and be buried at sea was granted; for on the evening of April 12, 1850, with his eyes turned towards the receding shores of Burmah, he reached the heavenly anchorage, where awaited eternal rest and peace.

A new Burma meets us today. Ava is a heap of ruins, while Rangoon, the old time straggling village, is a city of importance, with all the signs of Western civilization. The pagodas are glittering in the sun, and myriads of Burmese still kneel at the shrine of Buddha; but everywhere the Christian religion is also in evidence. The various missionary institutions in Rangoon, with the numerous simpler houses of worship, colleges, hospitals, and schools in other places, speak of the conquests of the Cross. Judson's name is written large in the history of Burma, as Livingston's is in that of Africa: they were both path-finders, making a highway for the Lord. For six years Judson waited for his first convert; now the American Baptist Mission numbers 70,000 Christian members, with an equal number of adherents, besides 2,000 native workers, and the Anglican Church has a large sphere of usefulness, including educational and medical institutions.

Burma is not yet won for Christ, and the cry of Macedon still comes from her dark-eyed children, to those who are ready for the Master's call. When we recall the name of Judson, illustrious in the Kingdom of Heaven, we must not forget how, like the apostle who also laboured amid much suffering, he laid the wreath of all his honors at the mount called Calvary, saying: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Do not let our admiration outrun the deeper meaning of a life like this. Before we pass from the picture, it is fitting that we pause a moment. With these memories awakened by the commemoration of his centenary, we ask, where is the virtue of his name today? His face—pale, weary, and wistful—looks at us across these years again, rekindling in our hearts the fire of a consecration which means victory in the end, pleading with us for the salvation of those souls afar off for whom Christ died, and testifying, in these our days of hesitation and compromise, to the power and sufficiency of the Word of God and the Gospel of Redeeming Love.—*The Christian*.

LIVING WATER

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EDITORIAL

WEEKLY VERSE.

"Let your heart therefore be perfect with the Lord
your God, to walk in His statutes, and to keep His com-
mandments." I Ki. 8:61.

THY LOVE IS SUNSHINE.

- Oh, Thou whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear;
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amid their sins are dear.
How Thou canst think so well of us
And be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

CHORUS.

Thy love is sunshine to my heart,
Thy ways I may not understand,
But when I cannot trace Thy hand,
Thy love is sunshine, sunshine to my heart.

- But Christ has made the mystery plain;
By love and grace divine,
My worthlessness is counted His,
His righteousness is mine.
And now accepted in His love,
Thy grace can reach to me.
Thou still canst be the God Thou art
And love me, e'en as He.
- Yet evil habits linger still
More grace, O Lord, more grace.
More sweetness from Thy loving heart,
More sunshine from Thy face.
Shine with Thy brightness in my mind,
Thy sunshine in my heart,
Till even I, at length, O Lord,
Be like Thee as Thou art.

THE WAY NOT FORGOTTEN.

One day a carrier pigeon flew against Mrs. Nansen's window in her Norway home. Opening the window, she seized it and caressed it with numerous kisses. It had brought note from her husband in the frozen north, telling her that he was well. Nansen had tied the note to the bird and then set it free from his ice-bound quarters. Though the little creature had wandered far from its Norway nest, it turned and began again the homeward flight of a thousand miles over a frozen waste, and then another thousand miles across sea, forest, and plain, until it reached its long absent home. The home instinct had not died. So it is with the Christian. It matters not where his place may be, his heart finds its home in God.

VERBOMANIA.

The Bible Teacher says that a Russian, Lourie, by name, has been studying the disease of so much talk, Verbomania. He thinks it is a product of our civilization, and is to be cured by seeking quiet retreats where people can think rather than talk.

That periods of retirement are absolutely necessary for the deepening of thought and the enriching of the heart, we well know. The Book says, "Study to be quiet." There is such a feverish haste and thoughtless utterance about this age, that it behooves us all to study silence, remembering that in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." People who are continually talking are flooding the market with a lot of raw, worthless ideas. It would pay to engage in the luxury of thinking a while, repressing utterance and letting some thoughts hang on the tree long enough to get ripe.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

JEWISH SIGNS.

As we near the coming of Jesus the Jews will return to Palestine. They will return in unbelief. More than 100,000 have already returned, three times as many as returned under Ezra from the Babylonish captivity. The Zionistic movement, which originated a few years ago on Church Street, in London, is helping to popularize the colonization of the Holy Land. Notwithstanding their unbelief as a nation, all through the present dispensation a remnant has been saved. (Rom. 11:5.) There are supposed to be about 50,000 Jewish Christians in the various churches of today, besides that most remarkable movement under the late Joseph Rabinowitch in Russia which perhaps has an equal number who accept the Messiah.

SPIRITUALISM.

Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. 1 Tim. 4:1. (See Rev. 16:13, 14.)

Spiritualism is one of the most dangerous of all heresies. It has lurked in some form through all the ages, but it is only during the past half century that it has had such a marvelous development that its adherents are numbered by the millions. It appears in the Scriptures under various guises, such as "witchcraft," "sorcery," "familiar spirits," "Wizards that peep and mutter." The Jews are forbidden under penalty of death to have anything to do with these "doctrines of the devils."

It is a grave mistake to attribute all the phenomena of a seance to human fraud. That there are frauds practiced we readily admit, but the taproot of spiritualism goes deeper than the cunning ingenuity or scientific skill of any man. Our dead do not come and speak to us, but Satan assumes such a guise as to personate them. The medium is only the instrument through which the devil works. For instance, when Ahab was counseling with the false prophets relative to the expedition to Ramoth-Gilead, the prophets were the mediums through which the lying spirit spoke to him and lured him to ruin. Satan can come, either as an angel of light or in the form of a departed friend, and in each case his purpose is to deceive and destroy.

We are told in the Apocalypse that preceding the battle of Armageddon three unclean spirits went out of the mouth of the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet.

Spiritualism is thought to be one of these spirits, while the other two will find expression in some of the pent up forces of evil which are crouching like a lion in his lair,

awaiting the time to spring upon us. Just at this time comes the whisper, "Behold I shall come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments."

PROPHETIC STUDY.

"For the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end." Dan 12:9.

As we near the end of the age, Daniel's prophecy is to be unsealed. A flood of light is now being thrown upon it.

Sir Isaac Newton used to say that "about the time of the end, in all probability, a body of men will be raised up, who will turn their attention to the prophecies, and insist upon their literal interpretation in the midst of much clamor and opposition. For as the few and obscure prophecies, concerning Christ's first coming, were for setting up the Christian religion, which all nations have since corrupted, so the many and clear prophecies concerning the things to be done at his second coming, are not only for predicting, but also for effecting a recovery and establishment of the long lost truth, and setting up a kingdom wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The words of this wise man have been verified. A body of men has been raised up who are interpreting the prophecies with a fidelity and harmony hitherto unknown. The printed page and the pulpit join with them in the solemn and yet joyful cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

LOOKING FOR HIM.

The Holy Spirit told Simeon that he should not die until he had seen the infant Jesus. We heard a veteran missionary say that she had an intellectual apprehension of the imminence of the Lord's coming some time before it pleased the Lord to reveal it to her heart. It is a fact of profound significance that the Holy Ghost is revealing this blessed truth to those who are nearest to Him—but the wise SHALL understand. This conviction, that the Lord is coming soon, so universal among people wholly given to God, should awaken the most careless. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." "He shall guide you into all truth. Is he not now revealing this truth to the Bride that she may be ready to go out to meet Him when he comes?"

COMMERCIAL SIGNS.

"Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Dan. 12:4.

This is the richest period of the world's history. The volume, the output of commercial life, is simply tremendous. Man's intellectual powers are glowing with a brilliancy which indicates that they are reaching the zenith. Discovery, invention, the printing press, steam, electricity, have revolutionized the old order of things. This feverish, restless, excited age is at its high tension. The wheels of time are moving more rapidly as they near the crisis.

EVANGELICAL SIGNS.

While the scriptural forecast for the church at the close of the dispensation is gloomy, yet it is not all dark. One arm of the church is coming out from the world and pressing right on into the bosom of God, while the other is rushing down into the pit. The age will close amid the most colossal exhibitions of wickedness on the one hand and righteousness on the other. We are now in the midst of the

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

When from scattered lands afar,
Spreads the voice of rumored war,
Nations in tumultuous pride,
Heave-like ocean's roaring tide,
When the solar splendors fail,
When the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that starlight reign,
Sink dishonored to the plain,

Matt. 24:6, 8.
Luke 21:25.
Haggai 2:7.
Heb. 12:26, 29.
Matt. 24:29.
Rev. 16:12.
Matt. 24:39.
Joel 11:10, 31.

World! do thou the signal dread,
We exalt the drooping head;
We uplift the expectant eye,
Our redemption draweth nigh.
When the fig-tree shoots appear,
Men behold their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fall,
We the coming Conqueror hail.
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
Listen to her longing vows;
Listen to her widowed moan,
Listen to Creation's groan.
Bid, O bid Thy trumpet sound,
Gather thine elect around,
Gird with saints Thy flaming car,
Summon them from climes afar,
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty Head, Thy members claim.
Where are they whose proud disdain,
Scorned to brook Messiah's regin?
Lo, in waves of sulphurous fire,
Now they taste His tardy ire;
Fettered till the appointed day,
When the world shall pass away.
Quelled are all Thy foes, O Lord,
Sheathe again the dreadful sword,
Where the Cross of anguish stood,
Where Thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked Thy dying groan,
King of Nations, plant Thy throne.
Send Thy law from Zion forth,
Speeding o'er the willing earth;
Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise,
Crowned with more than Paradise;
Sacred be the impending veil!
Mortal sense and thought must fail,
Yet the awful hour is nigh,
We shall see Thee, eye to eye.
Be our souls in peace possessed,
While we seek our promised rest,
And from every heart and home,
Breathe the prayer, "O Jesus, come!"
Haste to set the captive free,
All Creation groans for Thee.

Luke 21:26, 36.
Luke 21:37, 38.
Eph. 1:14.
Rom. 8:19, 23.
Matt. 24:22, 23.
Luke 21:29, 31.
Isa. 59:18, 19.
Rev. 19:11, 16.
Rev. 19:7, 9.
Rev. 6:10.
Luke 18:3, 7, 8.
Rom. 8:22, 23.
1 Thess. 4:16.
Matt. 24:31.
Jude 14.
Isa. 24:13-15.
Matt. 24:40, 41.
Rev. 20:4-6.
Luke 14:4.
Psalm 49:14, 15.
1 Thess. 4:17.
Col. 1:16.
Luke 19:12, 27.
Matt. 13:41, 42.
Luke 17:27, 30.
Rev. 19:20, 21.
Rev. 18:3, 5, 9.
2 Peter 2:9.
Rev. 19:15, 21.
Psalm 110:5, 7.
Isa. 53:3, 5, 12.
Mark 15, 27.
Mark 15, 29.
Isa. 24:23.
Zech. 8:3.
Dan. 2:35, 44.
Isa. 40:1, 9.
Ps. 67:6.
1 Cor. 13:12.
1 John 4:2.
Luke 21:31.
Rev. 1:7.
2 Thess. 3:5.
Heb. 4:9.
2 Tim. 4:8.
Rev. 22:20.
Isa. 94:9.
Rom. 8:19.

—Charlotte Elizabeth.



TEDIOUS PRAYING.

A preacher once asked his friends to suggest a list of subjects for which prayer should be offered, in order to replenish his prayer-life, as he was in danger of getting into ruts. He was surprised at the large and varied list of subjects sent to him, and they were all of legitimate interest for prayer. The narrow prayer-life—how prone we are to fall into it! Some people have but one prayer; their petitions are the same whether at a funeral or a wedding. Variety, depth, simplicity and fervor should characterize our praying. He who can lead his congregation well in prayer, is more foreful than he who can preach well. Mr. J. McLeod relates the following incident:

"I really think that one of the most amusing stories I ever heard about a religious meeting is the story Grenfell tells when he first went to hear Moody in London. And one of these same old drones was addressing the throne long and loud, when the big evangelist rose and said, "We

will sing hymn No. — while the good brother finishes his prayer." Grenfell at the time was not a Christian; in fact, he was becoming so bored by the length of the petition that he was just about to reach for his hat and leave when the interruption took place, and the ridiculousness of the thing so seized him that he stayed. And that wait became his life crisis."

ALONE WITH GOD.

Take time to be alone with God. The *London Christian* utters the following warning:

In these days of hurry and bustle we find ourselves face to face with a terrible danger, and it is this—no time to be alone with God. The world, in these last days, is running fast; we live in what is called "the age of progress," and "You know we must keep pace with the times." So the world says. But this spirit of the world has not confined itself to the world. It is, alas, to be found among the saints of God. And what is the result? The result is—no time to be alone with God, and this is immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God. And what next? Surely, the question does not need an answer. Can there be any condition more deplorable than the condition of a child of God who has no inclination to be alone with his Father?

This "desert life," as many call it, is of an importance that cannot be overvalued; and as if with a trumpet we would sound it in the ears of brethren. Let us turn to the pages of God's book; for we can turn nowhere else if we are seeking the light on this or any other subject. On scanning its precious pages we find that the men of God—God's mighty men—were those who had been in "The School of God"; as it has well been called; and His school was simply this: "In the desert alone with Himself." It was there they got their teaching. Far removed from the din and bustle of the haunts of men—distant alike from human eye and ear—there they met alone with God; there they were equipped for the battle. And when the time came that they went forth in public service for God, their faces were not ashamed—nay, they had faces as lions; they were bold and fearless, yea, and victorious for God, for the battle had been won already in the desert alone with Him.

THE LAITY.

When the disciples were scattered abroad on account of the persecutions following the Day of Pentecost, they went everywhere preaching the Word, and from that day to this laymen have been a powerful factor in evangelism. Much of the success of the McAll mission in France is due to the zealous labors of the converts. Celsus, an infidel writer of the second century, bears testimony, though in a cynical way, to the efficiency of the laity, declaring that:

"Workers in wool and leather and fullers and persons the most uninstructed and rustic were the most zealous ambassadors of Christianity and brought it first to women and children."

Theodoret, a Christian of the fourth century, writing of the intelligent and effective labors of the Christians of Northern Syria, says:

"Were shoemakers and smiths and workers in wood and other hand craftsmen, and in like manner, women, not only the educated, but also those who have to work for their living, needle women and servant girls . . . ditchers, herdmen and gardeners, conversing respecting the Divine Trinity and concerning the creation of the universe and knowing much more of human nature than Aristotle or Plato; and moreover having a regard for virtue and avoiding vice and fearing the looked for punishments and awaiting the Divine Tribunal . . . and gladly undertaking every kind of labor for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

In fact, whenever the laity are filled with the Spirit, they always push forward and something happens. The baptism of the Holy Spirit converts timid, shrinking believers into bold witnesses for Christ, and always results in recruiting from their ranks many who are thrust out to preach the Word.

THE MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

The *Homelitic Review* says: The marks of the Lord Jesus, according to the Apostle, were those gotten in suffering for His sake. The burden-bowed form and the toil-wrinkled face, gotten for Jesus' sake, look beautiful to His eye. The same journal adds the following story:

Somewhere in romantic fable or song I have heard of a valorous prince who went forth to find the maiden with most beautiful hands, that he might make her his wife. And so all the fond fathers and ambitious mothers sought to preserve and beautify the hands of their daughters by protecting them from being hardened by service and pricked by sewing embroidery. But one day a lovely girl, in rescuing an animal from suffering and death, had the "white wonder" of her soft hands so frightfully torn and marred that the cruel scars could never be removed. The prince wooed and won her and made her his queen.

We are saved by grace; no work of our hands can atone for sin; but we will be rewarded for what we have endured for Jesus sake.

Mary was only thirteen, the eldest of seven children. Her mother was dying in her narrow tenement quarters. She called Mary to her bedside, and said: "I must leave you, and you must be mother now to the children. Be patient with father; you know he is kind to us when he is not in drink, so be patient when he comes home and abuses you, and keep the children together. Don't let them be separated. God help you; the task is hard, and you so young!" And the mother was gone. Little Mary bravely entered upon her holy commission. But two years later a fever brought her to the gate of heaven. She told her sad story to a deaconess who was tenderly ministering to her; and then said: "Now I am dying, as mother did. I have been patient with father, and I have kept the children together, but I am afraid to die. I have not gone to church because I have had no fit clothes, and I have been too tired of nights to say my prayers. Now what can I say to Jesus when I see him up there?" The deaconess took the little hands, hardened by toil for others, and said: "Don't say anything, Mary; just show him your hands!"

"The faith of the head is the faith that is dead;
The faith of the heart is better in part;
But the faith of the hand is the faith that will stand,
For the faith that will do, must include the first two."

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care!
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead his feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer his heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent—
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill his life with bright content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Speed, friend, no longer wait,
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear
They may not need you in the far-off year—
Now is the time.

—Selected.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

"The voice within is still and small,
But holdeth lords and kings in thrall.
Not one to whom men bend the knee
But owneth its authority.

Far to the hushing winds are blown
The thunders of the tyrant's throne.
But ah! that Voice in you and me—
It echoes through eternity!"



Address all communications for this department to Mrs. John T. Benson,
Eastland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dear Cousin Eva: The Lord in His gladness has permitted us to see the beginning of a new year. God grant we may do more for His glory and for lost souls than ever before. I praise Him for putting the mistakes and failures under the blood. I want to live so close to Him that he can guide me with His eye. I send the birthday dues of my children for this year. The sum of their ages is \$3.98. I send \$5.00. The Lord bless it to His glory, and to the good of souls. Pray for our town. Yours saved,
Cototn Valley, La. MRS. S. L. COLE.

Children, our sister speaks of the Lord guiding her. Please think about this. The Bible has so much to say about the Lord *guiding* us. He knows that we are not very wise; that we do not know the best way, and He is willing to teach and lead us. Do you know, little folks, how *faithfully* God does this work? If we will stop and listen to His quiet voice, He always tells us what and what not to do. And He never forgets, even in the smallest things of our lives. Don't you think this a wonderful proof of His *faithful love*?

Dear Cousin Eva: I am praising the Lord for all His blessings and mercies. Pray for me that I may do His whole will with all my might. You will find enclosed my dues; would that I could send five times as much, as I want you and all the cousins to pray for the healing of my body if it is the Lord's will to heal. Yours for the Lord.
Aliston, Ala. ANNAH MIXSON.

Pray for this cousin, who has long been one of our faithful members.

Dear Cousin Eva: Inclosed you will find my birthday dues, which is 65 cents. Am a little late; hope I have not been counted out. Your sister in Christ.
Stonewall, Okla. JENNIE CATER.

We never *count out* one of our members, feeling that they will remember in time. Are all of you praying for a *revival in interest among the cousins*?

Dear Cousin Eva: It is time for our birthday dues. We joined the band on year ago, so you will find enclosed our amount, \$1.82. We send \$2.00 for good measure. Yours as ever.
Chatham, La. JOHN L. HEARNE.

I like these *good measure* letters. Jesus had something to say on this subject. When you measure out things, He said, *give good measure, pressed down* (that means crowding it in.) *Shaken together* (which fills up the cracks.) *Running over* (as full as we can get it.) When we do this we are *liberal*. He also says that the *liberal soul* will grow fat. This is worth *studying* about. I heard once of a dear old lady who sold milk to a neighbor. Her little grandchild stood by her one day waiting to carry the milk.

"Grandmother," said the child, "why do you measure out a quart and then pour in more until it runs over the cup?"
"Because I like to do what Jesus told me to do."
"Did He tell you how to measure milk?"
"O, yes, just as He tells us about every little thing which touches our lives."

"What did He say?"
"To give good measure, *running over*."
"Why, grandmother?"
"Well, dear, the stingy, close, soul draws up, shrivels,

shrinks. The *liberal soul* grows fat, and *strong* and full of the joy of living."

"I am glad you told me," said the little one, "I am going to give good measure, too, all my life."

Are we trying to *measure* according to Jesus' idea?

Dear Cousin Eva: Enclosed please find \$2.25. Our birthday dues for this year amount to \$2.05, so we are sending a little extra for good measure. We are late in sending them, but for our acceptance are trusting in the old adage, "Better late than never." We are interested in missions, and wish we could send more. However, we hope our little mite will prove acceptable and do some good. Praying God's richest blessings on you for your part in the work, and that you may be filled anew with "His Spirit." I am yours for His service.
Bedford, Va. (MRS.) W. H. WRIGHT.

Dear Cousin Eva: I am a little late in sending in my birthday dues. I was 66 the 17th of November. I pray it may help some poor, needy soul. May the Lord bless you in your work is the prayer of your sister in Christ Jesus.
Lebanon, Tenn., Route 11. MRS. L. F. WARD.

I am always glad to hear that someone is praying for us. I want to plead for special prayer at this time? First of all, let each one of us thank God for what He has already done. I believe, deep in my heart, that God has had a hand in this work. Unless He had, we could never have done what we have. Let us *recognize* His part, and acknowledge it to Him. And then let us humbly ask that He continue to do for us. Will you take this upon your hearts for the next few weeks, anyhow?

Dear Cousin Eva: The money enclosed is from sale of eggs of a little hen that persisted in laying in a certain place each season, on top of a large box under a shed. The thought came to me to save the eggs she laid and sell them to get missionary money (and use it for specials). The next lot I sell I am planning to use for "Home Missions." Perhaps you will hear from my hen and I again in the future. I used to worry about how I was to get my missionary money; but in conversation in my home one day with the now sainted Rev. John S. Keen, on the subject, he said: "Give yourself to Him, sister and the money will come." Eight years ago last summer I made the venture of "placing my all on the altar," and I praise the Lord the money always comes, and that on time. Blessings on the Lord's work everywhere. Your co-worker in Jesus.
Adairville, Ky. MISS ALICE CAMPBELL.

This little hen is playing her part in life better than some folks, isn't she? Had you ever thought about it, that trees and flowers, birds and beasts, seem to try to do that for which God made them? But man is bent on doing his own way, and that entirely different from the way God made Him for. He pours fiery liquor into his stomach, poisons his system with tobacco, uses mouth, eyes, ears, hands and feet for all sorts of unclean things. If we fulfilled God's purpose for us as well as the rest of His creation, the earth would be a better place.

Dear Cousin Eva: It is past time for our birthday dues; am sorry we have delayed writing. You will find enclosed sixteen cents for myself and eight cents for my sister, Ina. Our Sunday School is getting along nicely. We have young people's prayer meeting at the M. E. Church on Sunday night. I know Jesus is keeping me day by day, and without Him I could do nothing. Cousin Eva, may the Lord bless you in your work. I remain your cousin,
Nocona, Texas. LIZZIE SELBY.

What a blessing that you have learned the precious secret of daily keeping, Lizzie. I suppose, children, that all of you know we can't *save* ourselves. Jesus must do that. But not all of us know that we can't *keep ourselves*, that Jesus must do this also. Let me tell you this story: A man was traveling a hot, dusty road, many miles yet before him, and a heavy burden on his back. A kind stranger caught up with him, and offered to take him in his wagon the whole of his

journey. The man climbed in gratefully. The wagon was comfortable, the horse a good traveler, and the man felt that he was most fortunate in meeting up with this kind stranger. By and by his new friend noticed that he still held the heavy burden on his back. "Why don't you put down your load?" he asked.

"O, it is enough for you to take me," was the reply. "I feel that I ought to carry my load myself."

Was he very foolish? Not more than we, when we expect Jesus to save us, but try to do the *daily keeping* of ourselves. Little cousins, Jesus does indeed save us; and just as truly He has a *distinct, different power to keep us*. Many of us do not know it, and many more never learn the secret of letting Him do it. *It is hard for us to let go the burden*. Like the foolish traveler, we climb into the wagon, then sit in a strained position, bowed beneath the load of daily life. And thus the journey isn't a very *restful* one. Will you remember this, that Jesus has wonderful power to *keep*?

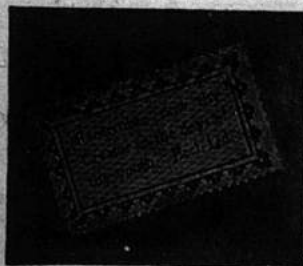
Cousin Eva.

SPURGEON'S LAST SERMON.

The closing words of Mr. Spurgeon's last sermon, on June 7, 1891, were characteristic of the man, as follows:

"What I have to say lastly is this: How greatly I desire that you who are not yet enlisted in my Lord's band would come to Him because you see what a kind and gracious Lord He is. Young men, if you could see our Captain, you would get down on your knees and beg Him to let you enter the ranks of those who follow Him. *It is heaven to serve Jesus*. I am a recruiting sergeant, and I would fain find a few recruits at this moment. Every man must serve somebody: we have no choice as to that fact. Those who have no master are slaves to themselves. *Depend upon it, you will either serve Satan or Christ, either self, or the Saviour*. You will find sin, self, Satan, and the world to be hard masters; but if you wear the livery of Christ, you will find Him so meek and lowly of heart that you will find rest unto your souls. He is the most magnanimous of captains. There never was His like among the choicest of princes. He is always to be found in the thickest part of the battle. When the wind blows cold He always takes the bleak side of the hill. The heaviest end of the cross lies ever on His shoulders. *These forty years and more have I served Him, blessed be His name! and have had nothing but love for Him*. I would be glad to continue yet another forty years in the same dear service here below, if so it pleased Him. His service is life, peace, joy. Oh, that you would enter on it at once. God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus even this day. Amen."—Sel.

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THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

A slight storm laid low a tall, well-built oak. Then it was discovered that the tree consisted of a shell, its heart eaten away by the canker of rot. An insignificant stroke of disease carried to his grave a man tall, well-proportioned; apparently his vitality had been wasted away by the use of alcohol. Like the hollow tree, there was nothing to withstand the blast. A man professedly standing for honesty in business, occupying a prominent position in a Christian Church, fell before a gust of financial temptation. An analysis of his character showed that he was like the tree, mostly external shell. His character resembled the physical frame of the man who died. The tree thought it was strong because it had not been tested. The first man boasted of his health because he had never been sick. The second man did not expect to fall because he had not discovered how weak he was.

Sir Galahad, the old knight who stood as the type of chastity, said: "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." It is so still. The man whose heart is right has the power of ten average men from the very fact that his heart is right. If Sir Galahad was correct, his language might be followed with the statement of the man his exact opposite in character, "My weakness is as the weakness of ten because my heart is impure." If a man's heart is wrong, he has hidden away in his life as much weakness as belongs to ten average men from the very fact that his heart is impure. It cannot be otherwise. He whose purposes are such as to command the blessing of God has the help of heaven, in addition to the strength of his own will. A good man here, and the assistance vouchsafed by the Lord, make a splendid team in running the race of life.—Selected.

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FIELD NOTES

- J. M. Wines reports a good meeting at Marshalltown, Iowa.
- Rev. W. B. Yates is holding revival services at Waycross, Ga.
- Rev. A. A. Meyrick recently held a meeting at Benton, Illinois.
- Rev. B. S. Taylor is holding revival services in North Nashville.
- Rev. W. W. McCord is holding revival services at Callahan, Florida.
- Rev. Solomon Irick reports victory in a recent meeting at Perkins, Oklahoma.
- J. B. McBride has been holding revival services for Mrs. DeLance Wallace, in Walla Walla, Washington.

John T. Hatfield is evangelizing in California. He reports a hard-fought battle, but sounds a note of victory.

I feel that I should correct through the *Living Water* the enclosed noticed: "The account given on page 5 of the experience of missionaries with robbers in China is the terrible experience of missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. They are co-workers of Mrs. Georgia Minter and this account was sent to us by her. She was at another station, hence was spared this trying experience." The experience of the missionaries at Tsaoyang, Hupeh Province, were printed correctly, but they are not my co-workers, as they are under the Norwegian Lutheran, or Swedish Board, I don't know which. Of course, they are fellow-missionaries, but not co-workers, because not under the same board. Wuchang, where I live, is strongly fortified and a military headquarters, so there is very little danger of robbers here. My work is moving on and is very interesting, there is a real desire now on the part of the Chinese for study, and, of course, because of that we can give them the Gospel. The people are very friendly; it is the day of opportunity here. As I pass through the streets with my Bible women I am frequently asked into the homes. In the olden days it was never heard of. A young woman invited me in a few days ago, I went in, she was very much interested in my foreign clothes, of course, so I took my coat off and let her try it on. She was very thin, and, of course, was almost lost in my coat and walked around with so much pride and asked me where she could get one. The Chinese have just swung to the other extreme now; they want things just as foreign as they can get them. Of course, this all helps us in the work. This week, or rather last week, I was invited into a big official's home; you would have laughed had you seen all the "manners" I went through. I started out from our house walking; after a short distance I was met by a servant and she escorted me to a big, rich home. There I was met by the head wife of this official. She shook hands in foreign style, then she called rickishas and had me to get in, and she got into another one, so she had me hurled through the street. I didn't know where I was being taken to, but the Bible woman was along with me, so finally we came to the official's home, then she escorted me in, and to the chief seat of honor, and had tea, finally the official came in. One of the spread sweets, and he said, finally the official came in. One of the first things I asked him was if he could speak English, but he said he couldn't, so I proceeded to practice my Chinese on him, and I think I used up a great part of my vocabulary on him, because he didn't take any more notice of the Bible woman than had she just been an

ordinary servant. It would have been a great breach of etiquette for him to come down from his perch and talk to a Chinese woman, but he could to me as I am a foreigner. Well, I talked all I could think of. He had never heard the Gospel. Then I picked up some illustrated tracts and asked the Bible woman to explain the Gospel story to him. He listened although she had her back to him. When I started out I took two copies of the Gospel of Mark with me, I felt impressed to do this, so I gave them to him. I think their object in sending for me was to sell me their home, as they took me all over the premises, but my object was to rub in the Gospel all I could in the opportunity I had. It is true here as everywhere, the poor have the Gospel preached to them, but the rich are hard to reach. Pray for him. Yours in Him,
GEORGIE MINTER.

"GO YE THEREFORE."

BY ORPHA CHAPIN.

The Master has left us a message to bear
 To souls who are weeping in sin and despair.
 The centuries passing still witness their need,
 The wail of the dying we still fail to heed.

Oh, go to them quickly and tell them of Him
 Who has redeemed them from bondage and sin.
 Tell them of One who arose from the grave,
 Hears their sad cry and is mighty to save.

Go, brother, go, ere the light cometh on!
 Go, sister, go ere the setting of sun!
 Moved with compassion that touches the heart
 Proving the love that has bid us depart.

Evangelists' Slates

J. L. BRASHER.

- Marshall, Texas, M. E. Church, May 3-17.
- Last of May promised, but not settled.
- Youngstown, Ohio (camp) June 5-14.
- Jamestown, N. D. (camp), June 19-28.
- Mountain Lake Park, M. D. (camp), July 3-12.
- At home remainder of July.
- Mt. Vernon, Ohio (Camp Lychar), August 6-14.
- Toronto, Ohio, Route 2 (Hollow Rock Camp), August 16-23.
- Oakland, Ind. (camp), August 28-September 6.

W. H. HUDGIN.

- April 30-May 10—Pocahontas, Va.
- July 10-21—Rutherford, Tenn.
- July 24-August 2—Caneys Springs, Tenn., camp.
- August 6-16—Uba Springs' camp, Martin, Tenn.
- August 21-30—Santa Fee, Tenn.
- September 11-21—Coopers, W. Va., camp.
- September 25-October 4—Meadow View, Va.
- I have a few dates to fill in. Would be glad to correspond with any one needing help. Yours in His service.
 Rogers, Va.

J. F. OWEN

- Columbus, Ga., May 8-17.
- Youngstown, Ohio, June 4-21.
- Minerva, Ohio, June 25-July 5.
- Petersburg, Ind., July 9-19.
- Scottsville, Tex., July 23-August 2.
- Hampton, Ky., August 6-16.
- Killcrest, Ill., August 20-30.
- Defeated, Tenn., R. R. 1, September 10-20.
- Birmingham, Ala., R. R. 4, September 20-October 4.
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The Power of a Timely Word

BY J. C. DUDLEY.

OFTEN a kind word will mean much, and many times a word in the right place may be the means of turning one's life from darkness and start him on the road that leads to victory. Words carelessly spoken have increased the heavy burden of some poor discouraged soul, and many times the word that we fail to speak is the most hurtful of all.

In my early Christian life, I saw the great need of encouraging words to young converts, and have endeavored to make this my chief mission. In the heart of a great revival, men are numerous who stand ready to speak encouragingly to the young converts. "Old fellow, I'm glad to see you take this step; there's nothing I wouldn't do to help you." How many times have you heard those very words, and after a few days, the convert had a little cross, and walked a few blocks out of his way to meet his friend, face to face, with the hope that he would hear a bracing word to help him on. Oh, how the little crosses are heaped upon a young man who has earnestly begun a Christian life! He needs a kind word; it helps, and costs so little.

A man who had turned from a life of debauchery stood in front of a saloon. He was, no doubt, thinking of his new vows—of the great problem that at that time seemed impossible. It is easy to drop back into the life that had dragged him into the gutter, but a struggle to hold to his new found life. A careless word from a passerby, perhaps, would have sent him to an early grave, and he would have died a drunkard, but one happened by whose heart was full of sympathy for the poor fellow, who was on the verge of ~~despair~~ ~~falling~~ ~~into~~ ~~despair~~. He followed, then a kind word, a gentle touch, and the two men walked away together; a timely word and a helping hand saved him. He had drifted down to the last ditch, but the words of encouragement from this thoughtful friend proved to be the turning point in his life; it meant much to him, and much more to the great cause of Temperance, for he became the world's greatest temperance orator, and the name of John B. Gough will live through eternity.

Some years ago, after the Holcomb revival at Mayfield, Kentucky, a man whose business prospects were ruined by the constant use of whisky—had sunk to the very pits—he professed religion and joined the Methodist Church, and gave up a job as traveling liquor salesman. For weeks he walked the streets in search of an honorable position; the people of the town had his name upon their tongues, until the revival had closed. He attended all the services and at the prayer meetings he would give a bright testimony, and pray in public. One Saturday night, after he had been working hard all the week in a lumber yard, a man stepped into a barber shop, and met a member of the Methodist Church, and said: "That was a great revival you had; the conversion of C— B— was wonderful, and he is working hard to make an honest living." The answer that came from the other cut like a sword. "Well," he said, "I've no confidence in the conversions of such drunkards as he is." A little more than a arm's length away, a man was lying in a barber's chair, with his face covered with lather; unfortunately it happened to be poor B— himself. Under this unkind remark, his courage broke down and back to the old life he went, and rapid was his gait that led to ruin and poverty.

A Christian woman in this city, who is one of the great-

est prison workers in Tennessee recently visited the lovely home of a man who had served a sentence in the penitentiary. Some years ago he came out of prison and into a strange city, without money or friends; he walked the streets for days, looking for work, but had failed to find it. Downcast, and broken in spirit, he again thought of committing a deed that would send him back to prison; he thought of this good woman who had taught him in the prison Sunday School, and went to her home, expecting, perhaps, some good advice, and then her door to close in his face, but instead of this, she met him with showers of kind words—and an open door. Through her efforts he found honest work. For eight years he has held a splendid position at a good salary. He now has a wife and three lovely children, and during the recent visit of his friend, he said: "But for your encouraging words, and the kindness shown me in your home, I would be in prison, perhaps, today." He is a Christian and a useful citizen, and is the husband and father of a happy family.

The mere mention of the name of Jesus, within the hearing of a drunken thief, caused him to again turn to a Christian life; and the turning of that life from a dark and bloody record meant more to down-trodden humanity than any happening of the nineteenth century. For this out-cast, in filth and rags, became the founder of the first rescue mission, and from this hallowed place thousands of helpless drunkards have been lifted into useful Christian lives, and the influence of Jerry McAuley is going to live on, and on, to bless wrecked humanity throughout the ages.

Let us speak a word of encouragement to the young convert, and help him on his way, but let us not forget the poor, discouraged man we meet every day; he needs it, too; he always has a keen relish for it. Unthoughtedly we speak words that hurt; they cut their way into sensitive, discouraged hearts, but often the word that hurts most, is the word that is never spoken.

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