

# Living Water

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

J. O. McCLURKAN, Editor  
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## The Awfulness of Sin

(1 Sam. 36: 21.)

A SERMON BY N. S. McCLURKAN.

PAUL said he had sinned; he had played the fool and had erred exceedingly. One of the leading daily papers stated some time ago that crime is more common today and honesty is rarer than ever before. I can remember when I was a boy my father would send me to take money to a neighbor. If he were not at home I could leave the money in a fence corner or lying on a stump in the woods and it was perfectly safe. But it would not be safe this day. I believe that the reason for this condition is that so many young people are living out of the church. In the United States there are thirteen million young men under thirty years of age, and of this number twelve million are not church members, and five million of them attend church occasionally. It is high time for us to do something to get our young people into the church. Last year, according to statistics, crime increased nineteen per cent, and seventy-two per cent of the criminals were under twenty-one years of age. In the city of Dallas alone last year there were nearly as many murders as in all England. So many of our young people fail to go to church. Why? The preacher has something to say to the young people.

Sin is awful. It is the one thing that will permanently damage a man and eternally destroy him. You may say, What is sin? Not living in conformity to God's will is sin; everything not of faith is sin; and transgression of God's law is sin. In our text Saul says, "I have sinned," and in the next breath he adds, "Behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly." When we commit sin, that moment we play the fool.

Let us see what is the end of the man who sins. God had led His people out of Egypt, had fed them with manna from above, had given them water to drink from the rock, yet they murmured against Him. Then He gave them a beautiful land flowing with milk and honey, yet they were not satisfied. They saw that the other nations around them had their kings, and Israel wanted a king too. God had warned them not to pattern after the heathen nations, but they wanted to be like other folks. Hell is full of people today who while on earth wanted to be like other folks. Yet God heard their cry and told Samuel to anoint them a king. So Saul was anointed king of Israel.

Physically, Saul was a magnificent king, and as long as he listened to the voice of the Lord and obeyed Him he was a success. But Saul got proud and puffed up; then came his disobedience, followed by his destruction. We see Saul slain on the field of battle. And not only was he slain, but his three sons were slain also. And what is sadder yet, Israel was slaughtered and defeated through the disobedience of one man. Some men say it is nobody's busi-

ness if they swear, gamble, falsify, or drink. But I say that it is somebody's business. No man can sin without bringing suffering upon others. Many a husband has sinned and broken an innocent wife's heart. Many a son has sinned and broken a dear mother's heart. In San Francisco about five years ago one man's sin caused twelve or fourteen suicides, and caused hundreds of families to have to be kept by charity. The innocent always have to suffer for the sins of the guilty.

I hate sin because it came near putting me in a drunkard's grave and a gambler's hell. Sin is fatal, as heartless as hell itself. In a Texas town a few years ago I stood with a great throng of people in a courtyard. I saw the sheriff drag a man to the scaffold and heard the cry of the heart-broken wife as she clung to her husband's neck. I heard the cries of those innocent little children. There was a death-like stillness over that throng as the sheriff pulled the black cap down over the face, and said, "Look out," a trapdoor fell, and a soul went to meet its God. I said: "O sin, sin, why did you make that wife a widow? Why did you make those innocent little children to suffer?" And I hear the answer as it rings back from the bottomless pit: "I heed neither the widow's cry nor the orphan's wail."

About three years ago I saw fourteen caskets in a row on the stage of Temple Auditorium in Los Angeles. A friend of mine, who was an usher, let us in at a side entrance before the doors were opened, and as I sat there in a box I saw the wives and families of the victims of the *Times* tragedy file in and take the reserved seats. Then the great crowd pushed in and filled that immense building. There I saw the pale faces of those sufferers and I said, "O sin, sin, why did you make those mothers to suffer, those wives widows, and those children orphans?" And I hear the echo as it comes back from hell itself: "I heed neither the widow's cry nor the orphan's wail." May God help us to abhor sin, to flee from it, and to flee to Christ for salvation!

Some men treat sin as a joke. You see young men go into sin, get on a drunken debauch, and meet on the street next morning and laugh and make a joke of their sin. May God help us to see that sin is an awful reality, and that sin is the most loathsome and destructive thing in the universe!

Evangelist Sunday says: "Go with me to New York. I will take you to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. I will take you to the eighth floor and to a southwest room where a man is lying on the bed in an unconscious state. There

are nurses and physicians about the bed. He regains consciousness and they send for his wife. But when she enters the room he lapses into unconsciousness again and she leaves. He again revives and they phone for her to come. She refuses to come again and a little while later he breathes his last. The son goes to the clerk and says he will have a casket sent up. The clerk says, 'No casket will come into this hotel. There would be an exodus of guests. People are superstitious along these lines. He will go out of here as any other dead man.' So they place his body in a linen basket, cover it with soiled linen, carry it to the freight elevator, and let it down. There it is placed in a dead wagon and taken to a magnificent home, a home where the tapestry on the walls cost nine hundred thousand dollars. The next day the body is taken to the cemetery and placed in a tomb, which cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The wife returns to the home; she walks the floor with her hands pressed to her head and cries out as if her heart will break: 'If I only had him back and we were lovers like we once were! If I only had him back and we were lovers like we once were!' When Gabriel blows his trumpet that old tomb is burst asunder, and that railroad magnate comes forth. Ask him if sin is a joke and he will tell you, 'No, no, a thousand times no.' He will tell you sin was an awful reality that robbed him of his character, rotted his life, and destroyed his soul."

Sin plays no favorites. It will slay any man who trifles with it. It destroyed the first king of Israel—God's chosen people—and rent his kingdom from him. Yonder in Pittsburg jail is a prisoner. The officers come to take him to the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. He draws back and says: "I don't want to go on the street in these clothes." They tell him he is not going on dress parade. They knock him down and handcuff him to another prisoner. A few years ago that man was at the head of the Pennsylvania delegation and, by the nod of the head, swung that body into line to cast the vote that secured Benjamin Harrison's nomination for President of the United States. He was a financial king, a political leader. Go to Leavenworth tonight and ask that man if sin plays any favorites and he will tell you no, a thousand times no, that sinned robbed him of his character.

Yonder in Chicago a woman who stood in the reception line with Mrs. Potter-Palmer and helped entertain the wives of the nobility of England in time of the World's Fair was found a few years later down in the slums in rags and tatters. In our cities you will find thousands who started well, but were disobedient to parents and to the voice of God, and now they are wrecks on the shores of time.

The devil is so deceitful, so cunning. He tries to make people think that little sins do not amount to much, but there are no little sins in the sight of God. Sin in the life is like the small Mattador plant of the Southland. It looks harmless at first; it climbs up the trunk of the mighty oak, spreads out upon the branches, and finally crushes the life out of the tree. Any sin allowed to remain will become a giant in the life.

I was preaching in a San Francisco mission one night to a large audience of down-and-outs. About sixteen came forward and made a profession. We asked them their trades, thinking to help them to secure work. Among them we found an ex-university professor from Pennsylvania, an ex-bank cashier from Iowa, a doctor of divinity who had once been pastor of one of the leading churches of San Francisco. These men had trifled with sin and sin had

brought them down. Sin destroys mentally, physically, morally, and spiritually.

Some say that they intend to become Christians just before they die. I shall never forget hearing a bishop speak on this line. As he stamped his foot he said with great force: "Aren't you better than devils?" Sin is heaven's sorrow and will be hell's horror. Sin has caused every heart ache, dug every grave, built every hospital and asylum, and caused all the misery and suffering in this old world.

You may play with sin now, but later it will slay you. Yonder in a London theater a man comes onto the stage and a cage containing a hyena is rolled into view. The man takes the animal through all kinds of tricks, then the cage is rolled away. They put up forest scenery and from one side a monster reptile is seen and on the other side is the man. They come slowly toward each other. The man's eyes and the snake's eyes meet. The snake quails. Man is master. They meet. The snake slowly winds itself about the man's body. Man is still master. But all at once there is an awful scream, the man's eyes burst from their sockets, the blood gushes from his nose, and the bones crack. Now the snake is master. The man had caught the snake when it was only a few inches long and had trained it, but now it had killed him. And that is the way with sin in the life. You may conquer it a while, but it will finally slay you. And one sin—the sin of rejecting Christ—will separate you from God eternally.

A great European artist went into the fashionable district in London to find a child whom he could paint to represent Innocence. He found a beautiful child and gained the consent of the parents to paint its picture. Years passed by, and the artist decided to paint a picture in contrast with the first and call it "Crime." He went down to the prisons and there found a man who, though young in years, was steeped in crime, and showed lines of dissipation. He secured permission to paint his picture. When he had finished he decided to show the two pictures to the criminal. He unveiled the first and the man threw his hands to his head and cried out: "My God, that is my picture when I was a child." What had brought about the change? S-I-N—Sin.

I was reared in a good home, had a godly father and mother, yet I began trifling with sin. I fought the call to the ministry and caused an innocent wife to suffer. I made a success of failure. I made an awful shipwreck of my life, and O I suffered the torments of the damned because of my sins, and I'm ashamed of my black past. I only refer to it to warn young men and to show what God can save a man from. But God reached away down and picked me up and set my feet upon the solid rock—Christ Jesus—and loosed the bands that had me bound.

A few years ago a man who was living in sin had an only child, a boy whom he dearly loved. The little fellow lay dying and he called his father to his side and plead with him to become a Christian. His little hand was so small he could reach around just two of his father's fingers. He clutched those two fingers with a death-like grip, and after life had left the body that little hand still clung to those two fingers. The father said that for days he could seem to feel that clutch on those fingers, his little boy trying to just lift him up into glory. He could not get away from it, and it caused him to yield himself to Christ.

Now while you have the prayers of loved ones trying to lead you to Christ, listen to their pleadings. Turn your back upon sin and take Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour and acknowledge Him as Lord and King.



# Christ---Our Priest-King

BY A. C. DIXON.

"An High Priest over the House of God"—Heb. 10:21.

WHEN the Christ-life comes into our souls, it begins to organize along the line of the character of Jesus, to make us like Him. What He does for the individual, He does for the corporate body. He is "an High Priest over the House of God." A house is organized material. There is a lot of good spiritual stuff which has not gotten organized into a house; but we bear a personal relation to each other, and a fraternal relation to Christ—we are a household. The word "house" implies a structure; Christ made the house, and He is

## THE MASTER OF IT.

In Deut. 17:12, we have a guide to His authority as a High Priest. "The man that will do presumptuously, and will not hearken unto the priest that standeth to minister there before the Lord thy God, or unto the judge, even that man shall die; and thou shalt put away the evil from Israel." The priest represented God, and in the theocracy we note that a number of things were high-treason because they were an offence against the King Eternal. It was a capital offence to pick up stones on the Sabbath Day, because God was King, and He had declared that the Sabbath Day should be set apart for holy uses. It was also high-treason to disobey the priest, because he represented God.

"A High Priest over the House of God." There is in this a thought of authority and of kingship. We have in Christ, "within the veil," a Priest-King, One with authority, and yet One who represents the priestly function in the highest sense.

In Gen. 14:18, we read: "Melchisedec, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God." Look at that Scripture in the light of Heb. 7:1-3: "For this Melchisedec . . . abideth a priest continually." There are many opinions as to who Melchisedec was, but personally I believe he was the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe it because there are things said of Melchisedec that cannot be said of man. Melchisedec came to Abram as king and priest; ruler and servant; with dominion, and yet as a servant who brought forth bread and wine. Do we not see in that the Lord Jesus Christ?

Christ is a Priest, not after Aaron, but after Melchisedec, not of the flesh, but after the power of His indestructible life. This High Priest is one who deals not with time, but with the eternities. When we see what is said about Melchisedec, we see also features of the Eternal God in Christ: "To whom also Abraham gave a tenth part of all, being first by interpretation King of Righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, which is, King of Peace; without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually" (Heb. 7:2, 3).

These things cannot be applied to any mere man; they can only be applied to the Lord Jesus Himself. Melchisedec is a neglected character because he is mystical, and when you take the words just as they are, he assumes the Divine form and has

## THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

I. CHRIST IS INFINITE HOLINESS.—The name Melchisedec means: "My King is righteous"; and the Lord Jesus takes that name to set before us His infinite holiness. In order that He may be High Priest, He must first of all be King of Righteousness. No one can be His subject who does not become righteous.

Jesus Christ on the cross is the commendation of God's love, and the declaration of His righteousness. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3: 25, 26).

Christ on the cross is the vindication of righteousness, and the purpose of it is, that He may be just, and the justifier of him that believeth. If the Lord should pardon the sinner without satisfying justice, He would be unjust. Mercy is a species of injustice. The very moment the justice on the bench becomes merciful, he ceases to be just; and God, to remain God, must be just. Jesus Christ on the cross, meeting the demands of righteousness and judgment can be perfectly just, and perfectly merciful. Christ declares that God can remain on His throne of justice, and pardon the sinner. Without the cross of Christ, God would lose His throne of righteousness, if He pardoned the sinner. You must get rid of your guilt before you can enter the realm of peace. The barrier is removed through accepting His righteousness, and you become the subject of peace because you become the subject of righteousness through His atoning death.

II. THE LORD JESUS ON THE CROSS VINDICATES RIGHTEOUSNESS—that God may be merciful in the salvation of the guilty. God shows His love and kindness in a thousand ways, but the only place in this universe where God deals with the guilty, condemned sinner is on the cross. You cannot find mercy in natural law; it has no heart, and no eyes to weep. You keep natural law, and you are rewarded; you break natural law, and you are punished. There is no mercy for sinners anywhere in natural law; but when you go out to Calvary and

## STAND BENEATH THE CROSS,

looking up into the Face that was marred, you begin to realize that there is something better than natural law, that God's justice has been met, and that now He can be merciful.

A friend of my father's was a judge, and there came before him a very bad man. The trial proceeded, and the man was found guilty. The judge looked at him, and said: "Do you recognize me? Do you remember John Kerr, who used to play with you on the green in the old country village? We were boys together, and here am I compelled to pass sentence on you." He passed the sentence of a fine of £20 or imprisonment, knowing that the man would have to go to jail, for he could not pay; and when he had passed the sentence, he handed in a check for £20, and said: "I will pay your fine because of old times." He declared the righteousness of the law, and then he could show mercy. If he had let the man go without meeting the demands of the law, he would have been impeached; righteousness would have demanded it; but when he had met the demands of the law, he could be merciful. So Jesus Christ meets the demands of the law, infinitely righteous as He is, that He may pardon us.

III. AS MELCHISEDEC BLESSED ABRAHAM, SO OUR MELCHISEDEC BLESSES US.—The Lord Jesus did not come into this world as the High Priest, but as the Lamb; and when John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," he gave the heart of the

mission of Christ. The crucifixion was no incident; it was the heart of the mission of Christ. All through the Old Testament Scriptures we find the type and symbol pointing forward to His death. Everything about the Tabernacle and the Temple was suggestive of His death. It was not the priest that died; it was the priest that offered the sacrifice.

Jesus became incarnate, not primarily that He might enter upon His High Priesthood, but that He might make atonement for sin. After the sacrifice had been made on the altar, the priest began his function. On the great Day of Atonement he passed by the altar of blood, took some of that blood, and went through the veil into the holy place, there to present the blood, and to commune with God from above the mercy-seat.

Jesus Christ entered upon His High Priestly function when He ascended to glory. We see Him as the Victim, as the One who offered Himself for the salvation of the world; then He takes His own precious blood into the presence of the Father, and there speaks for us through all eternity. There He proclaims the sacrifice for guilt, and the cleansing from sin.

IV. AS THE LAMB, JESUS CHRIST SUFFERED A KINGLY DEATH.—He did not die as High Priest, but as King. "I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it again." He did not go to the cross because He was compelled to go—except by His infinite love and mercy; He could have smitten that mob, and rescued Himself, if He would; but as a King He chose not to do it. With all

#### THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD

He could pray for twelve legions of angels, but He restrains omnipotence; and we see in all the speeches and dealings of Christ that calm, majestic attitude, that bespeaks a King. He is the One that has the power and refuses to exercise it; and He is willing to become weak in order that we may become strong in salvation.

The two thieves who died on the cross at His side both joined in the mockery until one of them began to realize that He whom he was mocking was really a King, and turned to Him and said: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy Kingdom." That marks the difference be-

tween the saved and the lost. Some people regard the Lord Jesus Christ as perfect in character, but only human, and a martyr to a great mission—living and dying for what He believed. There is no salvation in that, and no matter what high opinion you have of our Lord, there is no salvation until you begin to realize that He died as King. He came from heaven as the King of Righteousness, and was just as much a King on the cross as He was on the throne before He left.

After His resurrection and ascension He entered into the Holy of Holies with the blood and all that it means, to represent saved humanity, as our atoning Lamb; and there He is to remain until, by and by, the veil shall open and the Priest-King shall come down again in glory.

V. THERE IS A SENSE IN WHICH JESUS BECOMES KING THROUGH HIS PRIESTHOOD.—"We are kings and priests unto God," and we do not need anybody to introduce us to Christ. We can go right in and speak to Him for ourselves; the way of approach is open. While He was here we find in His ministry the nature of a Priest that serves: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

He tells us how to be kingly, and to have a place of greatness and authority. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." The men and women that are really great, powerful, or kingly are those

#### WITH THE SACRIFICIAL SPIRIT

of our Lord Jesus Christ.

He is the King of kings, and Lord of lords, but He saw fit to empty Himself of glory and dominion. He laid aside the crown that this world might say He was King indeed, and worthy of the crown. "We see Jesus crowned with glory and honor for the suffering of death."

Let us take a look through the door of heaven, and behold all the hosts of heaven. We see the Lamb as it had been slain in the midst of the Throne. Jesus Christ is King in heaven. As the Lamb, the marks of the cross are upon His person; and as we look and linger, we catch the words: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." All heaven gives Him the crown, because our great High Priest over the house of God is the High Priest that is worthy to be King.

## Pray About Your Praying

BY J. C. WILLIAMS.

PRAYER is the breath of the new creation. To stifle prayer is to strangle every spiritual aspiration, and when stifled it will not be long before the actions become maimed and halt. Any slackness in Christian profession has first of all expressed itself in loss of prayer power. If we are strong in the secret prayer chamber, we are strong in public; if strong in prayer, we are strong in the ways of life.

Prayer is a vital expression of our union with God. No duty is more pressed upon us than intercourse with God: it is the source of all we do, and therefore this insistence on prayer in the Word of God. "Pray without ceasing," "watch and pray." Note the insistent way in which the Apostle Paul asked for prayer from the converts of the early Church.

In every crisis of Jewish history every revival of God's power was molded in the heart of prayer. Hezekiah was moved to prayer on his throne, and prayer swept through the city. The temple was cleansed, worship restored, the people were moved to repentance. All this started in the heart of the king in prayer. The history closes with the

words, "for the thing was done suddenly," but long before the outpoured blessing there was the brooding Spirit of God at work. We have no conception of the potentiality of prayer. Daniel so moved unseen spiritual forces that an archangel left his place to meet his need, because he had prayed on earth.

*Why should we pray?* Prayer supplies the answer to all problems. It is a hard, exhausting life. Men have been moved to pray until physically exhausted. There is a fleshly and soulful realm of prayer, but there is also a spiritual realm of prayer which exhausts. When our Lord performed a miracle virtue passed out of Him. If we are to be men of prayer, we must be prepared to pray. Luther said prayer was the science of sciences.

*Why is it so hard to pray?* Because the world atmosphere stifles Divine desires, it is contrary to the spirit of prayer. If we live and move in a poisonous atmosphere it will poison our spiritual life. The disciples came to the Master and besought Him to teach them to pray. Jesus said, "Enter in, . . . shut thy door." He who would walk with God cannot fulfill his function unless he com-



"where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." (Rom. 5: 20.) Christ is God's remedy for all the ill that, on account of the fall, belongs to the "in Adam" state. But this remedy means more than the removal of evil. It includes the implanting in us of all those Godly graces that are the opposite of the iniquities removed by our Lord. The bitter is replaced by the sweet, the evil by the good, and the aspirations of faith for Christian experience are to be regulated by the measure that is in Christ. Low-grade views of Christian experience often come from low-grade views of the Lord Jesus. If we see Him aright, and really want all of God's provision, we will give diligence to experience all that belongs to those who are "in Christ." Faith in Christ will not stagger, nor be surprised, at any good thing that comes to spirit, soul and body on account of union with Him.

## Waters From the Sanctuary

(Ezekiel 47:1-5.)

"THE LORD IS THY KEEPER."

BY MRS. MAY MABBETTE ANDERSON.

IN one of the many letters sent to the writer of this page, the following poem came. For long months it laid unread under the pressure of duties and of weakness. Only recently it claimed close attention. And it brought a sweet message to my soul. So I am constrained to "pass it on" to my loved brothers and sisters in Christ who form the LIVING WATER family. May it carry a blessing to each one!

The tears of gratitude for these precious words—needed in a time of sore trial—stream down as the poem is copied for you, beloved ones. For, at times, it is true that the fire grows so hot that we fain lose sight, almost, of the Master's bending face and tender hand. And the afflictions that press do not seem "light," but heavy. It is only human to have such moments. It is Divine to rise—in the strength of Jesus—to the plane of full victory where we cry: "Thy will is best, O Lord! I choose it—even while I seem to shrink. Help me to be so joyous in Thee that angels and men may see that I am blest, even when they cannot understand the 'wherefore.'"

Beloved, surely the coming of the dear Lord is close! All things thus point. It may be today, tomorrow, next year, many years hence. But let us be ready; let us look up into His dear face and say: "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly. I will not give one backward glance, but will trust all my loved ones to Thee."

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### THE HILLS OF GLORY.

A young Scottish girl, who was taken ill in this country, knowing that she must die, begged to be taken back to her native land. On the homeward voyage she kept repeating, "Oh, for a glimpse o' the hills o' Scotland!" Before the voyage was half over it was evident to those who were caring for her that she could not live to see her native land.

One evening, just at sunset, they brought her on deck. The west was all aglow with glory, and for a few minutes she seemed to enjoy the scene. Some one said to her: "Is it not beautiful?" "Yes, but I'd rather see the hills o' Scotland."

For a little while she closed her eyes, and then opening

all, and we are almost there." Then, closing her eyes, she was soon within the vale. Those beside her knew that it was not the hills of Scotland, but the hills of glory, that she saw. Perhaps there are some fair hills toward which you are now looking, and for which you are now longing, and you may be thinking that life will be incomplete unless you reach them. What will it matter if, while you are eagerly looking, there shall burst upon your vision the King's country, and the King himself comes forth to meet you and to take you into that life where forever you shall walk with him in white because you are found worthy? "For the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to usward."—*American Paper.*

### FAMILY WORSHIP.

There is probably no mistress of a household who has not felt uncertain about asking guests to join in family worship. Every one has acquaintances she would not hesitate to ask to the table, but would hesitate to ask to the home altar. Perhaps the reluctance arises from a dissimilarity of creed, and a fear of offense in consequence. But the diversity of the creed is no bar. Prayer has nothing to do with creeds. Prayer is the universal religion, and men of every creed and men of no creed may meet together at the feet of one heavenly Father. The reluctance arises more likely from that weak, shame-facedness which too often prevents sympathy between friends on spiritual subjects. They are afraid to be misunderstood, smiled at, criticised. This latter idea is one which even good and great men have not always met bravely; for when Dr. Fuller once had some guests of great quality and fashion, God-fearing as he was, he omitted his family worship on their account. This act, which he bitterly repented, he designated as "a bold bashfulness, which durst offend God while it did fear man." But we should remember with the grand old preacher that our guests, though they be never so high or rich, are yet by all the laws of hospitality below us while they sojourn under our roof; therefore, whoever comes within our door should also come within our household customs and discipline. If they sit at our table for meat, it is but kind and right that they should also bow at it in prayer.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

# LIVING WATER

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## EDITORIAL

### Personal Work By Pastors

There is a deplorable lack of personal evangelism on the part of the ministry. Even the hardest workers among the clergy are kept so busy during these strenuous days in doing a lot of things that they ought not to have to do that they have little time for any kind of visitation, except the perfunctory pastoral calls which are often only a bit of social life. We have often looked at the Black Bottom, Barbary Flats, and Hells Half Acres in our cities and wondered what marvels could be accomplished if the ministers would go like flames of fire into these places, coming in close touch with the people proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Similar results would follow work among the poor, middle, or so-called high classes. When a convention gathered in San Francisco some years ago a divisional officer of the Salvation Army began his address on "darkey" San Francisco" by saying: "Mr. Chairman, I have never been in 'darkey' San Francisco; I haven't had money enough." There was more than a grain of truth in the statement, for people not only live in the slums, but they have the slums in them. High society may be as corrupt as low, and the mansion with the brown-stone front stands as much in need of the Gospel as do the denizens of the red-light district.

In apostolic times men were appointed to serve tables so that the apostles might give themselves to prayer and the preaching of the Word, but now-a-days there is an almost endless diversity of work piled upon all preachers who will assume it, so that their vital energies are sapped when they come to the chief function of their office, which is preaching the Word.

True, ministers are busy, but their time is largely occupied in things not so important. The multiplicity of cares which pile upon the city pastor keeps him "busy rather than impressive." He is continually doing things, but the doing has not the grip in it that there should be. There is not enough of bringing to pass things that make for righteousness. When pastoral calls are made, it is too often with the social idea dominant, or as a collector to

replenish the treasuries of the church. This is all important, and should have due attention, but more vital still is the spiritual status of the folks. The true pastor goes into the homes of the people, he visits among the shops, offices and farms. He converses with people on the streets and that with a view of eternal interests. He goes down under them in prayer and faith. He struggles with them in their difficulties, mingles his tears with theirs, and together they shout the victory. In order to do this, he must be intimately acquainted with their inner lives, for he cannot enter into sympathy with their trials unless he knows what they are. Pastoral work is not easy. When done in the right spirit, it is very taxing on ones vitality. To go around among the people and pour out the heart as occasion demands is very exhausting to the nervous forces, and yet it yields such abundant fruitage. Theodore Cuyler quotes an old Scotchman who said his pastor's sermons always sounded better to him on Sabbath if he had had a hand shake with him through the week. We would bring no railing accusation against those who preach the gospel, but facts cannot lie. The poor are often neglected; homes passed where a preacher's visit would have done incalculable good. The Master went among Publicans and Sinners, but the average preacher manages to keep away from them. When pastoral work is done it is often nothing more than what society would term a professional call. Prayer is omitted and there is nothing in it to move the heart Godward. Dropping in here and there for a brief chat may serve as a stimulus to the social life of the church, but it is a failure when it

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with the love of Christ, you will soon see a revival in your district, but alas, so little of this is being done. To him who sees things as they are, the results of such pastoral neglect are simply appalling. An angel of heaven might rush with delight into such a ministry, but we poor sluggish mortals float along with the drift and let these priceless opportunities pass forever beyond our reach.

The preacher can do nothing else that will so bridge the chasm between the working people and the church as to keep in close personal touch with the masses. Thousands are alienated under Christianity by assuming that the ministry are standing in with the rich and that the church is



after money more than anything else. If the preachers will do as Paul did, go from house to house warning every one night and day with tears, the attitude of the masses will soon be changed.

When appointed to a deserted church at San Jose, Cal., we saw that the only way to get a hearing was to go after the people. It was literally a house-to-house ministry, until both prayer meeting room and church were filled. Some afternoons we would take a block, say in the northwest part of the city, and there would usually be some one family that we knew from whom we would get a start and from them we could learn of others near by. With this as a vantage ground, we went from house to house, omitting those that were already engaged in religious work. There were few rebuffs. Often we went no further than to have a brief conversation standing at the door and then perhaps a sentence or two of prayer and then on to the next place. Sometimes it would be necessary to go in for a more prolonged visit. In this way we often came across non-church goers and were able to induce them to come to church, and they frequently would be saved.

It is surprising to know how many people there are who have their church letters in their trunks. In a recent census taken by the churches of a certain district, it was said that there were 400,000 people found who were holding church letters. The house-to-house ministry is the very best way to reach people of this class. There are large numbers among those who do not attend church habitually. As expressed to us by a certain banker in a Western town: "Yes, Parson, we need somebody here to marry our children and bury our dead." Nonchurch-goers know that sooner or later troubles are coming. Many of them at one time attended church and they are not destitute of holy memory. They are glad to have some personal friend among the ministers to whom they can go in time of need. A large number of funerals that pastors are called to conduct are in families who go to church seldom, if ever, and a very conscientious pastor sorely regrets the fact that he did not sooner get in touch with these people so that they could have had the ministry of the Word in their last illness, but the fact of having been called in at a time of sorrow leaves an open door for further ministry and the after-funeral work of a pastor is among his important duties. The heart is peculiarly responsive to the sympathetic touch and more open to the truth at that time.

There are old staid communities where strangers are seldom seen and the preacher knows everybody without very much mixing around, but these are fewer and fewer in number. It is an age of moving about. Many are running to and fro and knowledge is being increased. There is more traveling now in one year than in twenty-five fifty years ago. There will probably be from eight to ten billions of fares paid for transportation over various lines within the present year, and if preachers keep in touch with the people they have to go where they are. Nearly all churches bear the inscription, "Strangers Welcome," but it will take a more vital touch than a sign to draw people inside.

The minister who goes among people enough to know them has the advantage over his clerical brother who buries himself in his office. One of the most eloquent sermons we ever heard was preached by a city pastor whose audience did not average over fifty. He shut himself up with his books and had little grip on the masses. There are few places, indeed, where a faithful pastor cannot get a good hearing. If he visits all classes, prays in all kinds of homes, interests himself in the welfare of the servants, he is soon

known as the friend of all men. Every class feels free to come to him in trouble. He is everybody's man. His heart is so imbued with the Spirit of his Master that he is touched with a feeling of compassion in the presence of every need. He is universal in his sympathies, and although he may live in a wilderness the people would soon make a pathway to his door, for the bees will no sooner find a piece of honey placed on the doorstep than will people locate those who can and will be of service to them.

There are ministers who make a grievous mistake of visiting only certain well-to-do homes. Especially is this true in rural communities. When the preacher starts Sunday afternoon for his appointment, he might turn his horse loose and he would go at once to the stile of the old Squire or the Colonel where he has so often stopped. He knows his place. How much better to go to places where the need is greater. There are few families in any community but what would appreciate a call from the pastor, and there are plenty of places to spend the night without stopping always with the favored ones. Never neglect the poor.

People crave sympathy. When Leonidas Polk, who was killed in the War between the States, visited a dying negro with whom he had played as a boy, he inquired if there was anything he could do to add to his comfort. "Yes, Marsah, if you don't mind just take off your coat and lie down here aside of me, and let me put my arms about you like I did when we were boys." The Bishop complied with his request to the delight of the faithful servant. After all, people want somebody to love them, and those who would be soul-winners must make that fact very clear by kind ministries. The outcasts of New York never had any doubt as to Sam Hadley's love for them. It mattered not where they went, they soon would find him. While on his deathbed he exclaimed: "Oh, who will now take care of my poor old bums?" It mattered not how whisky-soaked and vermin-covered the ragged applicant might be, he always found a welcome at Hadley's door.

There is no doubt that much of the modern training for preachers educates them away from the throbbing heart of humanity. They don't know how to get hold of folks. Some one has said that it would be a good thing if every preacher had to serve twelve months as night clerk for a large hotel. An experience as collector or policeman would be very helpful. Ministers are looked upon as a class by themselves, and people stand aloof from them. They are not sought as companions, and many regard them as being a goody, goody kind of impracticable specimens of humanity that cannot be well dispensed with, although they are not so important. The more practical knowledge a preacher has the better for him. If he is a man of affairs, so much the better. Personal work on the part of the preacher is absolutely necessary if he is to know what the folks are doing. How can a man be conversant as to the needs of his people if he does not keep in close touch with them. Really pastoral work supplies a vast amount of preaching material. The minister does not need to have recourse to so many books of illustrations if he is daily mingling with many-sided humanity. The pastor who fails to get into the heart of folks suffers irreparable loss.

No man can preach as he ought to preach unless his own heart has been plowed and the grief of his own spirit has been bathed in the tears of his people. Many ministers are silent with regard to great problems concerning which they would be all aglow if they were only intelligent as to the matter. Phillips Brooks was fascinated with people. The solitude of the country did not charm him like the teeming multitudes of the great city. Humanity appealed

to him. He was deeply interested in their possibilities and profoundly touched by their needs. We know a good woman now with the Lord, who said that she wanted to be a mother to the motherless boys.

A runaway team rushed madly through the streets. Just ahead stood a defenseless child. An old lady rushed from the sidewalk and seized the little one just in time to keep it from being crushed beneath the horses' feet. A crowd gathered in a moment and congratulated the woman. It is your baby is it? "No," she said, "it is not mine, but it is somebody's."

Henry Martyn was so keenly sensitive to the need of even the most degraded that he burst into tears as he gazed upon some of the lowest of India's caste, exclaiming, "Their souls are as precious in the sight of God as that of the King of England."

Say what you please about the critical spirit of the day, the wild intoxication of the world and the siding in with such a strong tide against church-going, it yet remains true that a pastor who will endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, like his Master, keeping busy going about among all classes doing good, will never lack for hearers and will be familiarly called "our preacher" by many who would otherwise have been veritable Esaus. The education of both head and heart that a preacher obtains in thus serving is priceless. We have known communities where the minister would go on Sunday and preach, go back home that evening and not make a single call during the following week and keep that procedure up for a year and then wonder why his circuit did not revive, while all around him were families who seldom, if ever, went to church, and who would have gladly responded if he had gone like his Master praying and working among them. We cannot understand why ministers do not see this. No one who has the care of souls should sit idly by and let so many people be untouched by the Gospel when a little faithfulness on his part would reach scores of families.

Part of this neglect is, no doubt, due to the work of training. Another generation of preachers must come on the scene. A man ought to be ashamed to pastor a circuit and leave a lot of people untouched by his ministry. He can certainly go to their homes, if they are not interested enough to go to church, and if such a course is pursued he himself would be amazed at the awakening that would follow. What if the people are wicked? That is only a greater evidence of their need. Doctors go to see sick people and preachers should not neglect those who are spiritually sick.

There lived in a certain community a very wicked man—a notorious preacher fighter. A resident pastor was strongly impressed to go and see him, but he delayed for two weeks and the conviction came again that he ought to go, so he went to advise with one of his deacons. The deacon knowing the attitude of the old skeptic laughed outright and said: "Why, the old skeptic would kick you out on the street, and what kind of a figure would you cut next Sabbath being thus humiliated." So the pastor postponed his visit again until two weeks later there was another inward whisper, "Go and see that old man," and he knew enough about spiritual things to dare not refuse. As he knocked at the door, his heart was knocking rapidly against his breast, for he was uncertain about what kind of a reception he would get, but to his astonishment the old gentleman opened the door and smiled and said: "I am so glad you have come. I have been trying for weeks to get up courage enough to send for you. About four weeks ago something got the matter with me and I needed help." They repaired

to the parlor, and it was an easy matter to lead this now broken and contrite spirit to the Lord Jesus. The something that was the matter with him was old-time conviction. Remember that four weeks before the Lord had touched his heart, and that four weeks before the call came to the preacher to go and see him. This illustrates what is always true, that God never calls one to do a thing that he does not open the way for it to be done. In other words, every command of His carries with it an enabling promise. If people would walk in the Spirit, they would sometimes be sent thus on errands for the King, but alas, the majority of folks who are even close enough to the Lord to have this sense of oughtness, fail to obey.

When Sam Hadley felt the approach of delirium tremens while sitting on a beer keg in a saloon, he made his way down to McCauley's mission and went forward for prayer. Jerry put his arm around him and prayed like this: "Oh, Lord, here is this poor fellow in an awful hole. Help him out for Jesus' sake." The prayer was not such as was characterized by the most eloquent ever addressed to a Boston audience, but it was just such as this poor, almost hopeless, sinner needed. On every side there are people in the ditch. The wail of sorrow can be heard continually. The wreckage of humanity is something appalling, but Oh, how few will go down where the suffering is and put their arms about them and pray as did this converted river thief. They still, like the priest and Levite, pass by on the other side.

There are some things that preachers must carefully guard against in personal work. One is gossip. Shame on the minister that will go into a family and get its secrets and then peddle them on somewhere else. "A talebearer goeth up and down the country separating friends." People confide in a minister and tell him things too sacred to be repeated to any human being. Furthermore, persons who come in contact with as many people as he does will of necessity hear a great many things that ought never to be mentioned, and the wise soul-winner will not gossip. He will carry with him always two cemeteries, the right and the left ear, in which he buries the things that ought never to have been mentioned the first time and much that ought never to have a second hearing. Again, avoid light chaffy talk. Time is too precious to fritter away in gadding about over the country chatting in a worldly way.

It is to be regretted that much that passes for pastoral work is nothing more or less than formal calls, such as the devotees of fashion make. There was nothing in them to touch the heart. If prayer at all, it was a cold, bloodless thing and the home was but little effected in any way. Don't stay too long. On the other hand, do not rush off too quickly. Oftentimes you will find people busy. Be tactful enough not to bore them with a long visit when such is the case. Sometimes all that is necessary will be a word at the door, or a passing conversation at the gate, or a hearty handshake and a God bless you on the street, but generally there is time sufficient for a bit of earnest conversation and a prayer, then by all means take it.

One of the most common mistakes that pastors make is in not giving more attention to men. They usually study in the morning and do their pastoral work in the afternoons, at which time the men are away and so their ministry is confined largely to women and children. Far be it from us to say ought against this, for certainly the women and children ought not to be neglected, and one of the strongholds of the pastor is to know the children by name and to win their affection. Some of us will never forget that veneration with which we held those who ministered



to us in childhood, but we candidly believe there has been too much of a one-sided ministry. The preaching is often better adapted to women and children than to men. The pulpit never tires of paying compliments to those who toil along the painful road to maternity and sit underneath all the burdens of domestic worry to the neglect of the man with the dinner pail who toils from early morning until late at night, six days in the week, to keep the wolf from the door. His family should not have less attention, but he should have more. The Gospel is as much masculine as feminine. There should be more recognition of what men need, and in order to have this there must be more mixing among them. The minister should not confine his pastoral calls merely to the home. He should go in shops, stores, on the farms, and in fact wherever men are found, and get in vital touch with them and it cannot long be truthfully said of his church that it is composed chiefly of women and children. There was a time when women were more susceptible to the Gospel than men, but the drift is rapidly changing and under the hardening truth of a new civilization, women are getting as difficult to reach as men. We plead for a ministry that reaches both. Go after the men. They need salvation, and the church needs them. Vigorous work of this kind on the part of ministers would go far toward removing that impression that the church is for women and children and that the ministers are lacking in the masculine touch. The prophet Ezekiel was usually addressed as the "Son of Man," and on one occasion he was commanded to stand upon his feet and it would do well for us men to be men indeed and to stand up and impress the world with that fact.

After all, is not the failure in personal work largely due to a lack of love? If people were loved well enough some way would be found to reach them, for love always finds a way of approach. In the days of Oliver Cromwell a young man was sentenced to be shot at the ringing of the curfew. The great protector attended in person to see that the execution was carried out. The young man had a sweet-heart who was determined to postpone his death as long as possible, so she climbed up into the old church belfry and swung on the bell clapper. The sexton was hard of hearing and when the time came for ringing the curfew he pulled faithfully at the rope and he was so deaf that he did not detect its failure to ring. The young man stood bandaged, the soldiers were lined up ready to fire when the curfew rang, but there was no sound. Cromwell hurried a messenger to the church to see what was the matter. Looking up into the belfrey he saw the young woman holding on to the clapper. He arrested her and brought her to the Lord Protector. Cromwell inquired as to why she acted thus and she told him that the young man was her sweet-heart. "Well," he said, "such love as this shall not go unrequited. You shall have him," and there was no curfew rung that night nor no execution.

If we love folks well enough we will continually seek out the best way to save them. Like the blind girl who was sold while a child for the purpose of prostitution. When she became a woman disease fastened on her and she lost one of her limbs. As she was no longer profitable to her owner they sent her to a hospital where she heard the Gospel and was saved. In the meanwhile she took leprosy and asked to be sent to a leper colony as a missionary, and this woman of the street with but one limb, blind, and a leper was instrumental in bringing about a gracious revival among that dreadfully afflicted people. She loved well enough to suffer long enough to win. Strange how indifferent people are to those who are even in close touch with them. Their spirit-

ual sensibilities are deadened. They have no keen sense of the danger that even their intimate friends are in. The Chinamen say, "Send us missionaries with hot hearts." People will melt under the fervent touch here as well as in the Celestial Empire.

A brilliant young physician went out from Edinburgh as a medical missionary to India. A clergyman passing through the country where his station was located asked him if he had occasion to regret having come to dwell among a people so ignorant and degraded. He exclaimed, "No, the Lord paid me the other morning for all I have ever suffered for Him here. I had gone my last round through the hospital. It was late at night, but as I returned to my room I suddenly thought of a poor boy who was dying and it occurred to me that possibly he might throw the cover off through the night and get cold. I went back and quietly tucked the blanket about him, thinking that he was sleeping, but when I returned the next morning he looked at me with a puzzled expression and said, 'Doctor, what was it that caused you to come back last night and wrap me up so carefully? Me a stranger for whom nobody cares.' I replied that I did not come. 'Yes but you did, Doctor; you can't fool me. I knew your step. No, my young friend, it was not I, but the Christ whom I preach that caused me to do what I did.' The compassionate Savior who moved the heart of this young Scotchman until the pagan heart melted under the touch is waiting to quicken us all.

In one of our pastoral visits we met a woman who told us how anxious she was to bring her boys under the influence of the Gospel and that she invited a minister to come and see them, but she said it was such a cold, formal visit. This fervent-hearted mother was disappointed with the icy touch her boy received. Those who stand between the living and the dead, who weep between the porch and the altar ought to be large hearted, compassionate natures. As Hanny Vicker's wife died a tear stole out of her eye and rolled down her cheek. The saintly man took his handkerchief and wiped it away and said, "Thank God she will never shed another;" and those who are busy drying away the tears and bring a word of cheer into a storm-swept and broken-hearted race, will always have more than they can do. There are statements made by the apostle Paul which seem as a terrible rebuke to a coldhearted and dry eyed clergy. On one occasion he had such a compassion for the blinded brethren of Israel that he wished himself a curse away for their sake. Again he exclaimed, "Flee if you cannot fast." His very life was twined about those who had been brought under the influence of his ministry.

The good Queen of Sweden gave her diamonds to found a hospital. Sometime afterwards while visiting the inmates she found one old saint passing on his way home while tears of joy rolled like crystal drops down his face. "There!" she exclaimed, "I see my diamonds again." All there are diamonds everywhere if we will only have enough to go out, and toil enough to gather them for the King's crown.

An insignificant little word is that word "if," yet a word of tremendous import. All that belongs to life is conditional. "If" is a sentinel who stands at the entrance to every avenue of successful living. You must answer his challenge, meet his conditions, before you can pass along the road to achievement. Can you or can you not accomplish the thing which ought to be done? You can, certainly you can—if you meet the conditions. "If ye be willing and obedient"—all the treasures and glories of God are for you; but what becomes yours depends upon how you meet the challenge of "if."—Selected.



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

*Dear Cousin Eva:* As I did not write to you last year I shall now do so and send up my birthday dues. I am nine years old last Easter. Fleda and I sent some picture postcards to Miss Bessie Seay and Mrs. Alice Galloway. Yours affectionately,  
OLIVE SAMPSON.  
Glenhurst, Newport, Jamaica, May 30, 1914.

*My Dear Cousin Eva:* I am going to write to you again and send you my birthday dues. I am learning to read this year, and next year I shall be able to write my own letters. Mamie writes them for me now. How is your little girl getting on? She must be such a nice little girl! I would like to meet her. Perhaps some day she will come to Jamaica. I send my love for you both. Your little cousin,  
NELLE SAMPSON.  
Glenhurst, Newport, Jamaica.

Nellie, are you really *thankful* to God that you live in a Sunday land? We found out last week that schools for girls are not found in other countries. That is unless Christian people send preachers and teachers to them. Wouldn't it be sad to live where you couldn't go to school and keep your little mind busy and happy with lessons? Of course, you get tired sometimes, but you wouldn't like it if there never was any school, would you? You see, dear, heathen men do not think much of women and girls. They do not believe that girls have souls, or that they have sense enough to learn lessons. *We* know better, don't we? My little girl, of whom you speak, learns as fast as any boy. The day school closed, like every other little girl, she put on her best white dress and the prettiest ribbon bow on her hair. In about two hours I heard her running up the steps. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright. "O, mother," she said, "my name was on the board as one of the class leaders. I led my whole class for the year in one study, making a grade of one hundred."

I don't have to tell any of you little girls that there were as many boys as there were girls in that class of sixty. *We* know the truth about little girls' minds, because Jesus has taught it to us. The only hope for girls in heathen countries, indeed for childhood at all, is in the light and truth which He alone brings. Help all you can to make Him known to them, dear children.

*Dear Cousin Eva:* Here I am once more with my birthday dues. I am eleven years old now, but I am sending up 29 cents for good measure. Last year I had a nice little hen so I decided to keep it for the missionaries. She has three nice chickens now and I am hoping they will continue to thrive. I like the young people's page so much and enjoy reading the letters and the nice little stories and incidents that you tell us. Our little baby, Joyce, is two years old now and she is growing such a sweet little girl. She, too, is sending two cents. Cousin Eva, I am growing more and more to love Jesus and am trying my best to please Him. Please pray for me and all my little sisters and brothers that we may all grow up good Christians. Yours affectionately,  
FLEDA SAMPSON.

This is the second missionary hen we have heard from this year. I am sure all of us are going to be interested in how those chickens thrive. This impressed me in your letter, Fleda, that you love Christ more and more and try to please Him. This is a great privilege, dear. It means that as we know Him better, we want to be more like Him, and we try to speak and act as we think He would. Children in Christian lands have so much to help them that there isn't any reason why they shouldn't grow up into good men and women, is there? Now in the case of a child like Salu it is

different. We could hardly expect her to grow sweet and truthful and good. That is, unless a Christian missionary should go to tell her how. We who know about Jesus and His power to save, well it would be a strange thing if we were not improving all the time, wouldn't it? Ah, Jesus helps *daily, hourly*, if we will heed His voice. He wants us to grow better every day of our lives, and we can if we want to. Keep up your daily life with Him therefore, Fleda.

Wouldn't it be lovely if every cousin would follow Olive's example and send up past dues?

If you read last week's page about Salu, and the picture cards, you are glad that you took the trouble to send out some packets. The little Sunday School described was a sure enough one. Miss Bessie Seay held it and wrote me about it. She even sent me a picture of her little brown band *squatting* about her. "These are Hindoo children," she wrote in the back of the picture. "Class is just over and they have their cards in their hands—all postcards sent in to us. Some of them look as if they need some clothes, don't they? They are dear little things, though, and I love them."

I wish you could look at this picture as I am doing now. There are several large boys, perhaps twelve years old. Then they range downward to a very little tot, who, like the others, holds fast his precious picture card. All are staring straight in front; I suppose at the "picture-taking box." Send some more cards, Olive, and pray for these little children in the no-Sunday land.  
COUSIN EVA.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.





We have had a fine meeting here. W. W. Owen, song leader, and myself will begin a three weeks revival campaign in the First Methodist Church, Irvington, Ky., July 1. Rev. T. J. Wade is pastor. Your brother.  
J. B. KENDALL.  
Algood, Tenn.

#### WANTED.

A young man, thoroughly competent, to take charge of and instruct the college band, and thereby pay part of his expenses in Trevecca College. Send application, with references, to E. L. McClurkan, 125 Fourth Avenue N., Nashville, Tenn.

The Uba Spring camp-meeting will begin August 6 and continue till August 16. Rev. Bud Robinson will be the preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. Hudgins in charge of singing. Plenty, shade, water and straw. Expect to have a restaurant on the ground. Everybody invited.  
J. B. McDOWELL.  
Fulton, Ky.

I have just returned from Enterprise, Ala., where God gave victory in some services. I have secured Bro. Bud Robinson for a revival in Ozark, Ala., beginning October 15. Prayers requested that God will bless.  
MARVIN CARROLL.  
Ozark, Ala.

#### NOTICE.

We want two sanctified women for Ruskin-Cave College—one matron, one expression teacher. Address R. E. SMITH, Ruskin, Tennessee.

The meeting at Youngstown, O., closing June 21, was a time of victory and salvation to many hearts. An association for the promotion of Holiness was formed with a membership of about sixty and larger plans are being laid for the work in the future. Your brother in Jesus.  
JOHN F. OWEN.

Miss Lettice A. King, of Jamaica, writes that she is now in a sanitarium and requests that her friends need not send any more literature until they hear from her through the paper. She expresses her most sincere gratitude for all literature sent. She always appreciates literature.

The Indian Springs camp-meeting, Flovilla, Ga., will hold its twenty-fifth yearly assembly August 6-16, 1914. The leaders will be Dr. E. F. Walker, Charley Dunaway and some members of the *Living Water* force. Charley Tillman will have charge of the music with large assistance. Probably the largest camp-meeting in the South with above a hundred ministers of various denominations in attendance. This camp promises to be the best in the history of the grounds.  
G. W. MATHEWS.

#### AGENTS WANTED.

To sell Wall Mottoes. Large discounts and big profits. Send for catalog and terms. PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.

Our annual tent meeting will begin the 10th of July in J. A. Sain's woods, six and a half miles west of Rutherford, on the M. & O. Railroad, one and a half miles northeast of Yorkville. W. H. Hudgins, of West Virginia, and Miss Emma Turbeville, of Martin, Tenn., will do the preaching and Miss Laura Turbeville will have charge of the organ and song service and others to help. Everybody that can come. All workers will have free entertainment. Pray for this meeting.  
Rutherford, Tenn. J. A. SAIN.

We have just closed out a revival meeting at Bon Air, Tenn. The devil was defeated and there were sixty souls blessed. A man and his wife who had been separated for some time broke ranks with the devil and joined hands with God and each other to live together until separated by death. Thank God for a Gospel that makes crooked places straight and digs down the hills and fills up the ditches, and as

John says in Matt. 3:3, makes his paths straight. We are now in a battle at Doyle, Tenn. Victory is ours and we are expecting great victory before we close the meeting.

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#### A GOOD HOME FOR A LADY.

I desire a deeply spiritual, economical, industrious woman to help in orphanage work and in a school to help poor boys and girls to get a good, practical education under deeply spiritual influences that they may be prepared for useful lives. It is a benevolent institution and financial inducements are not offered, but if need be there can be some financial aid given. It is an opportunity to do good that should be embraced by some good woman.  
C. A. SHEARMAN.  
Ozark, Ark.

The Scriptures tell us "it is blessed to publish glad tidings of good things," so I feel glad to say I have such news. While I have been unable to preach much for two months, yet my work has moved forward. We have six good Sunday Schools and our services of worship have been well attended and interest good. One man was gloriously reclaimed at my quarterly conference. Bro. and Sister Pomeroy begin a meeting with me at Asbury next Wednesday night, July 1. We are to have a two weeks meeting, uniting Dowelltown and Asbury. We are praying and trusting for a great awakening. We then have Bro. Pomeroy to hold a meeting at Indian Creek. I want to say I met Bro. O. O. Smith at McEwen recently and he inferred that it was being reported I had gone back on Holiness. I wish to here state I was never more in sympathy with the blessed doctrine. I still preach it as a second work even though I lose part of my salary for doing so. I realize the subtle influences through which ministers fail to declare "all the counsel." I am for all the truth saved and cleansed.  
Dowelltown, Tenn., June 27. E. C. SANDERS.

Get your friends to subscribe for *Living Water*. We are sure it will be a blessing to them.

We are still in the battle and on the Lord's side. Praise be unto Him! It is truly a blessed privilege to serve Him. Bro. and Sister Hoke were with us in a meeting recently. The Lord blessed and used them and while we did not see the results we had hoped to see, we believe there was real good done for which the Lord be praised. We enjoyed having our brother and sister with us. May the Lord richly bless them and use them for His glory. In looking over our treasurer's report for May we find there is a shortage of (\$754.00) seven hundred and fifty-six dollars on missions. Do we care? How much do we care? Will every reader of these lines earnestly pray just now for the Lord to send in this amount and more as it is needed, and before you cease praying ask the Lord how much He wants you to give, then say a good, loud Amen to your prayer by giving that amount.  
Your brother,  
J. F. PENN.  
Knoxville, Tenn.

The Caney Springs, Tenn., camp meeting will be held July 24 to August 2. Preachers in charge, Mrs. Edna Wells Hoke and Rev. W. H. Hudgins. Other workers will be there. These preachers are too well known to need any special introduction. It is indeed a treat to hear either of them preach. We are praying for and expecting a great meeting and we extend a cordial invitation to God's people everywhere to come and be in this meeting, and we especially request the earnest prayers of God's people for this meeting. Entertainment will be free to preachers and their wives and all active workers. We are planning to give the best possible entertainment to all that may attend at the very lowest possible cost. Meals can be had at the restaurant on the grounds just as cheap as it can be furnished, including lodging. This camp is just about one and one-half miles from the new railroad which will be in operation by that time. We will arrange to meet visitors at the depot if they will notify us of their coming. Now everybody plan to come to this meeting. You will always be glad you came. It will be a feast of good things to those who come to worship God. For any further information please apply to W. J. Martin, Chairman, or to W. J. Floyd, Secretary.  
Caney Springs, Tenn.

## The Child And The Picture

ONE day a little girl climbed the steps of the Art Institute in Chicago, and made her way through the door, and up to the big uniformed guard who stood near it. "Please," she said, "I'd like to see the very prettiest picture there is here."

The guard looked down at the little girl with a friendly smile. "The 'very prettiest picture?'" he said. "I am not quite sure which is the prettiest one, there are so many pretty ones."

The little girl still looked up at him wistfully. "Please," she begged, "the very prettiest picture!"

"All right, missy," answered the guard, "we'll try."

The little girl slipped a confiding hand into the guard's big warm palm, and off they went toward the rooms where hung the pictures which a little girl might like.

Room after room they went through slowly, carefully scanning the walls for the "very prettiest picture." Suddenly the little girl drew her hand from the guard's and sped away toward a picture in which another little girl stood with lifted head, listening.

The child stood silent a moment before the picture, and then she broke into a little rippling song. Straight to the little girl in the picture she sang verse after verse of a melody so sweet and so full of cheer that all the people in the room stopped to listen.

The words were in German; so the guard could not understand what the song was about, and the little girl did not tell him. But when the last verse was ended, she once more slipped her hand into his.

"That's the very prettiest picture," she said.

"Is it? Why?" asked the guard.

"Oh, I can't tell you," said the little girl. "I only know that it made me very happy—so happy that I just had to sing!"

If the great French painter, Jules Breton, who made the picture could have peeped into the Art Institute that day, he probably would have been made very happy by the little girl's happiness; for it would have shown him that the picture said to her the same thing it said to him when he painted it. This painter loved the out-of-doors, and the fields, and the early morning; and he must many times have listened in the harvest field, just as his peasant girl was listening, to the lark soaring skyward and pouring out its early good-morning song of joy.

When he was a little boy this Jules Breton lived in the country, in a place called Courrieres, where he played with his brothers and sister, in his father's garden, running down the broad paths, climbing the pear trees, making friends with the birds and frogs and lady-bird and grasshoppers; and sometimes stretching out on his back in the sun among the flowers.

It was in this garden that little Jules discovered that he wanted to be a painter. In each of the garden's four corners stood a large stone figure, and these figures represented Spring, Autumn, Summer, and Winter. Every year a man came to paint the house, and he always painted new clothes on these figures, too.

That looked to be considerable fun to little Jules. "I will be a painter," he declared the first time he saw the man do this.

Next to the garden Jules liked the dusty, cobwebby loft in the house, where a big, worm-eaten box was filled with books containing wonderful pictures. Jules loved to slip

away up there, and look at the books, and they taught him to love pictures so much that he was never satisfied till he too could paint them.

His first drawing teacher was a man who had drawn a crayon portrait on the side of a barn in the village. This portrait was of a man smoking a pipe—but the pipe was upside down. Jules copied the picture and made the pipe right side up, which everybody thought very smart for so little a boy. And he drew charcoal pictures all over the walls of a large unfinished parlor in the house.

At school Jules copied pictures by the hour. And once he got into a scrape by drawing a picture of a big wolf hound and writing the name of one of the masters beneath it. And he was soundly thrashed for it, too.

But that was not his first scrape. Jules's uncle lived with the Bretons, and in his room was a bookcase with several drawers, in which the little boy used to rummage when his uncle was away. Among other things which those drawers contained were some color boxes for painting in water colors, bladders with oil colors, and flasks of varnish. Jules tried all the paints on the back of his hand, and pricked the bladders with his penknife, one bursting open and covering his fingers, and the carpet as well, with Prussian blue. The young culprit scoured his hands with sand, and scrubbed the carpet with soap and water, and after lots of hard work succeeded in getting both clean. When he was a little older Jules had a room off the garden which he called his studio, where he amused himself during his vacations by carving figures of peasants in soft stone, and painting on wood with the juices of flowers and berries. His first picture was a sign he painted for a village woman.

Later on, when he went to college, Jules drew from plaster casts, then portraits in pencil, and landscapes.

He studied art in Ghent and Antwerp and Paris, working very, very hard, and finally he painted a picture so beautiful and so fine that he was given the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which is the highest honor France has to bestow upon her sons.

Perhaps you have in your home his picture, "The Gleaners." "The Song of the Lark" he painted many years later.—*Continued.*

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## Bob's Beautiful Hands

"Oh, mamma! I am going to have the most beautiful hands you really ever saw. Miss Grace showed us how we could, and we are all going to start right away to make them handsome!" And Bob whirled in from school like a tiny cyclone.

"Isn't that splendid! I suppose Miss Grace has told you how to keep your hands clean and your nails neat, as I have tried so hard to do," and mamma took the little fat hands in hers.

"Oh! No, not that way at all, though of course we must keep them clean; but I'll tell you how we are going to do it.

"We had a lesson about hands today round our little table, and we learned a lot of things.

"Miss Grace had us all show our right hand, then our left. Some of the children did not know which was which, but I did. Then we played 'Pretend,' and we had lots of fun. We played the piano and beat drums, we washed clothes and our faces and hands, we sowed seed and gathered flowers, we made snowballs and had a snowball fight, we gathered oranges and figs and lemons and picked strawberries; we swept snow from our shoes, and picked up chips, and rang bells.

"Then, while we rested, we told what use our hands and arms were to us and what they did for us.

"They help us dress and comb our hair, they carry our books, and help us write, and play all our games.

"Miss Grace wondered if we could not make our hands of some use to other people, too; and all the children said they would try and have their hands do something for somebody.

"One little girl said she would look after baby, one boy said he would carry in the wood for mamma, another would run mamma's errands.

"Then we learned the prettiest verse from the black-board:

BE BLOWING'S CHRISTIAN. THEY DO NOT WASH  
 \* \* \* left in God's contempt apart,  
 With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,  
 Tame in earth's paddock as her prize.

"Can't you see, mamma, if we do that it will make our hands all perfectly beautiful?"

And mamma was very sure it would.—*My Lesson.*

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### GREATNESS THROUGH SERVICE.

Mk. 10:32-45.

#### LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1914.

Vs. 32-34. *Born to die*, was the truth about the Lord Jesus. It was very clear and acceptable to Him, but neither clear nor acceptable to the disciples until He had passed through death and resurrection, and they knew the facts and the meaning of them. But this much they did know—His life was in danger from His enemies in Jerusalem (Jno. 11:7, 8), and they were amazed, not merely at His going to Jerusalem—which to them appeared unwise or imprudent—but also at the "calmness and courage with which He went." Christ was a surprise and an enigma even to His closest, truest friends in those days. Ignorance and unbelief interfered with their understanding Him. The same is true today.

Yet these disciples had loyal love to Christ. They feared (v. 32) as they faced the evident danger, but determined to go even if they had to die with Him (Jno. 11:16). This going on in spite of their fears shows how strong their loyalty to Him was. They thought more of being true to Him than they did of their own safety. Their failure later (Mat. 26:56) on should not blind us to this evident success in standing a test that had reference to their love of life.

While it is often true of us that we have to be taught a truth several times before we really take it in, it is no doubt also true that the character of the truth may have something to do with the time it takes for us to learn it. The truth of vs. 33, 34 was contrary both to their views and desires and this tended to close them to it. They had had this lesson before, but had not really received it.

Vs. 35-45. See also Mat. 20:20-28. This is a marked illustration of what may be called the mixed state of human experience. There were faith and unbelief—faith as regards Christ's rulership, unbelief as to the fact, need of meaning of His sufferings and death. In spite of the small number who accepted Jesus as deliverer: in spite of the large number—including the leaders of the people—who refused Him, James and John, and the rest also, were apparently unshaken in their faith in Him as God's appointed Savior and King. If they had not believed this there would have been no ground for their request for honor.

Unselfishness and selfishness were also mingled. The former made them willing to face danger for Christ's sake; the latter stirred them to seek a high place for themselves without letting the others know about it (they did not hear of the request till later—v. 41), their mother taking part with them by presenting their request (Mat. 20:20). It may have been all arranged between them—a little piece of family selfishness intruded into the Lord's cause, an example of what has often taken place since then for there are some who act as though they thought the Lord's cause existed for the special purpose of exalting their relatives and friends and gratifying their own carnal desires.

The Lord's reply shows, (1) His entire subjection to the Father and agreement with His every plan. (40). He did nothing apart from the Father. (2) Lowly suffering comes from exalted position. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him" (2 Tim. 2:12; also v. 39). We must be truly baptized into His death before we can take part in the glory of His kingdom. The suffering is no doubt connected with our getting rid of all elements of character that would work against our exaltation, and also the obtaining of all those elements that agree with it.

While it is true that honors in Christ's kingdom are, like salvation, a free gift, a permitted privilege, yet, unlike salvation, these honors are connected with, or the result of, one's own faithfulness and attainments in spiritual matters. Preparation on God's part is connected with adaptation on man's part and adaptation on man's part is connected with his own victorious, faithful course in this life.

Carnal ambition and carnal displeasure (41) afforded Christ an opportunity for instruction that was a loving rebuke to the disciples, showing them how wrong were the views they had about His kingdom. Christ's rule for His kingdom and for His church now is that he who is chief in position is chief in humble service. Greatness and lowly ministry go together. The word, (*diakonos*) translated minister means to serve. Among other uses it was applied to household work. It contains no thought of exaltation or lordship on the part of those who bore it, but of lowly service. Hence he who is a minister of the

gospel, or a minister in material things (such as are often called deacons) in the church will, if he rightly grasps Christ's teachings, recognize himself as a servant of others for Christ's sake, with no right to "lord it over God's heritage." Self-exaltation, self-gratification, self-seeking and pride are utterly out of accord with Christ's teaching about a chief or great place in His church and kingdom.

### BLIND BARTIMAEUS.

Mk. 10:46-52.

#### LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1914.

As Mark speaks of Christ coming from Jericho in connection with this healing, and as Luke (18:35) says, "As He was come nigh unto Jericho" in connection with healing a blind man, perplexity has arisen because two gospels (Mat. and Mk.) say the man was healed on our Lord's way from Jericho, and the other (Lk.) says it was on His way to the city. There is really no need for perplexity if we notice that Scripture does not say it was the same man who is spoken of in all the gospels. Luke may have referred to one man and the other gospels to another.

V. 46. Jericho "was five miles west of the Jordan and seven miles northwest of the Dead Sea" (*Bible Dictionary*). As it was north-east from Jerusalem it was in the way of people coming from Galilee by the way lying east of Jordan. Our Lord, His disciples and the "great number of people" were on the way to Jerusalem to the pass-over feast. To the eyes of many Bartimaeus was just one of the ordinary blind beggars, but the narrative goes to show that he was above the average man.

V. 47. "Jesus of Nazareth" is literally, "Jesus, the Nazarene." It was probably a title given Him by His enemies—as a reproach. But it was true (He was a Nazarene) and it shows how much of reproach our Lord had to bear. Yet this, and all other reproach, did not hinder God's purpose through Him, nor keep from Him those who really wanted the truth. Doubtless this very title tended to draw the lowly ones to Him by making them feel that He was in touch with their lowly state. Certainly this poor beggar took hold on this title with vigor. He no doubt felt that this Man from a lowly town would not be above helping him.

"Son of David" was a messianic title and, therefore, one of honor. It was an acknowledgment of our Lord's true position as being Israel's King—a heir of David's line. So here, side by side, we have our Lord's humble position as a Nazarene, and His exalted position as being in regal family and Israel's long expected King. How much faith and faith this Man seemed to have—possibly did have! His petition for "mercy" meant a merciful act, or work, in giving him sight.

V. 48. "Many" thought he ought not to intrude himself upon the notice of this prominent Rabbi. They were officers and men of high proud, too—proud of being in the crowd that surrounded our Lord Jesus. So, when they saw that Jesus cast one upon another, they cried the more a great deal." Opposition, discouragement, strengthened his purpose. That shows the man's character. He was not a mere weakling, for they go down under such trials. He was who was not only daunted by difficulties, but even helped by them. The line of greater determination. How many of us are daunted by he was?

V. 49. In such a crowd there must have been quite a hub of noise, but it did not keep Jesus from hearing that one cry of need. In spite of the din of this world and the many things that were done, God's attention He still has an ear open to man's calls and needs. Those who said, "Be of good comfort," were just the same as those who told him to be still. They were blind, but they were pleased to see him in line with obtaining the help he needed.

V. 50. There is such a thing as being so intensely interested in seeking the Lord and His good things that all hindrances are thrown aside. "Surrender," "yield," "separate," "give up" are words that, to such people, are quickly settled as requirements to be met to them.

V. 51. What a large offer our Lord made! "What wilt thou?" It was definite, too—"what wilt thou, etc." God's promises are great enough, large enough to include very many things, but when we bring our requests, we have to specify what we need, or desire. There are some who come to God with vague petitions of some sort. He told the Lord exactly what he wanted—his sight. It may be thus translated, "Lord, that I may see again." This suggests that at one time he had his sight and had great blind. "Lord" here is really Rabboni (Jno. 20:16), a title indicating more reverence and affection than Rab and Rabbi. The use of this word is interesting as showing the man's heart relation to Christ.