

Living Water

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The City of Bombay, India

By Henrietta Matson

First, is Bombay, which lies on the west coast of India, and is the usual stopping place of missionaries who go into the interior of the country either north or south. Here one gets his first impressions of India, and feels a strange remoteness from all that he has ever seen or known before. The city is situated on an island, or it may be called a peninsula, since it is now connected with the mainland on the north, by railway embankments. The island fell into the hands of the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century, and although it has been ruled by the British for the last three hundred years, the descendants of the Portuguese are numerous in and about Bombay. They represent all grades of society, from the polished, high born gentleman to the common laborer, and are almost universally of the Romish faith.

When the traveller approaches Bombay from the sea, the view is very beautiful. The headland of Colaba, which protects the harbor from the sea, is first seen, and there the vast number of ships lying at the docks attract the eye, with flags of all nations flying from their masts. It seemed very surprising to find horse-cars or "trams," on the streets just as at home. Open cars are used entirely, and there one sees every nationality represented, for they are all ways crowded to.

It is said that the street car, in the cities, and the railways in the country, are the great levelers that India

far all castes and grades of people ride side by side, and in this way do what no other material agency can do, to overcome the hateful system of caste.

There is a large European element of society in Bombay, as it was once the capital of India, and is still the seat of government for western India. There are many fine government buildings, mostly situated on the Esplanade, broad, beautiful streets, public "gardens" or parks; and what is said to be the finest railway station in the world is found in Bombay. Malabar Hill is the residence of the Governor and other officials. The road up the hill is shaded on both sides by palm trees, and the cool sea breeze is delightful as one goes up from the heat and dust below, and looks out upon the sea.

But all this is European Bombay, and quite unlike the crowded portions of the native city. There are no sidewalks, and the bazaars and native shops seem to be on the open street; they are protected by awnings but all the wares are exposed, and one seems to be walking through a constant succession of small market places. Grain and rice, fruits and vegetables are sold by the vendor, who hails every one that passes. In another quarter are the finest fabrics, silks, jewels and sandalwood made into a great variety of beautiful things. The people walk in the middle of the street, in such crowds that there seems to be a constant procession, and when riding in a street-car it was always a source of anxiety lest some one should be run over; but the crowd always parted and we passed through just as in many of life's difficulties the way opens through apparently closed doors. Hindu gods are for sale at almost every turn; nearly all are ugly and grotesque, though made of various materials. On some of the principal streets there

wall. One gets only a peep inside of these temples, but that is enough to make our souls abhor the idolatry, and to cry to God for the people who are given up to its darkness and sin.

In some parts of the city there are beautiful Moslem mosques of fine architecture, and at the "call to prayer," devout Mussulmen hasten to answer it, but what an empty mocking their worship is! and one's

Him and sometimes was able to read a little of His Word.

On one occasion she obtained permission to take me with her as her "friend." The first visit was to a Mohammedan home. We went up a narrow street and knocked on a door which seemed only an opening in a garden wall. The porter opened and we were conducted through a narrow passage walled on both sides, to another door leading into a large house; with us this would be called the back door, but it seemed to be the only entrance to the Zennana from the outer world. Again we passed through long dark passages but finally came to a large room opening out upon a beautiful garden. The room was spacious, with lofty ceilings and richly carved walls. This was the living room, comfortable and pleasant, the doors and windows all open and the odor of many flowers came from the garden beyond.

A servant took us up stairs, where the lady on whom we called received us in a room furnished in European style—carpets and tapestries, pictures and works of art, which told of travel, culture and refinement. We were seated on an open veranda overlooking a beautiful garden of tropical trees, plants and flowers. A fountain threw its sparkling spray on the veranda around and the song of birds filled our ears. But a high wall on every side hid all this beauty, and the woman whose home it was, almost never went outside those walls.

She was a beautiful woman, with a sad, sweet face, on which were traces of suffering; her slight figure was clad in a pretty white sari, her native dress. She was a devout Mohammedan, and just then was observing a forty day's fast, abstaining from food all day, and at night eating very sparingly. A servant brought what I supposed was wine, but seeing that I declined, she desired my friend to tell me that they "never drank wine, only Christians used it." What a comment on our nominal Christianity! but alas, I know that "wine bibbing" was not indulged in by many others in that country, and that all Europeans or Americans were called Christians. The lady's husband had spent many years in Europe, where he had acquired European tastes and culture, but had not found Christ, however, and returned to his own land stronger in the faith of his fathers. There were oil paintings on the walls, of his ancestors—some old Mohammedans in full dress, some of them very handsome men too.

Our missionaries will have very little success to women of this class, but they will find thousands of poor women in the crowded bazaars, or rolling on the streets, to whom they can preach the gospel. They are famished souls, too, with little of earthly joy in their lives, only drudgery and toil and sorrow, and when the sweet story of God's love reaches down into their hearts it is like a bright ray of sunshine in a very dark place. Tell them of Jesus, that He came to save them—that He is waiting for them, that from their number He may gather many to Himself, when He cometh, and you will cause the angels to sing again, as they once sang—"Glory to God in the highest."



THE COTTON MARKET: MERCHANTS AT BOMBAY.

heart is wrung with an intensity of desire that they may know the love of God.

In the crowded street one is struck with the small number of women seen—only the "coolie" class with heavy burdens on their heads, or doing the rough work that only the common laboring man does in our own cities. In south India women go out much more freely than in the north, and even in Bombay Parsi women walk where they will, and even drive out with their husbands. But this is not the rule, for Indian women live lives of seclusion, and missionaries find that access to them is very difficult. "House to house" visitation will never do there, for the missionary is not permitted to enter.

Oriental women have always lived, more or less in the background, but Mohammed first shut them within walls, and then the Hindu did the same. The seclusion is rigidly enforced in cities. The word "Zennana" means the part of the house used exclusively by the women, but in missionary circles it has come to be applied to all forms of work among the higher classes of women, carried on in their own homes.

It was my privilege to know a lovely Christian Indian woman in Bombay. Her parents were Hindus, but when young were converted to Christianity, and she herself was brought up in a Christian home and became one of the Lord's anointed ones—a beautiful woman, educated and refined, and with so much of Christ Himself shining in her face, that she carried His message wherever she went.

She was a Christian worker, and was gladly received in the house of her sisters, where a missionary, who was not a native of the land, could gain no hearing.

She went into the high class Hindu homes, to the wealthy Parsis, and to the proud Mohammedan lady

The Valley of Achor for a Door of Hope

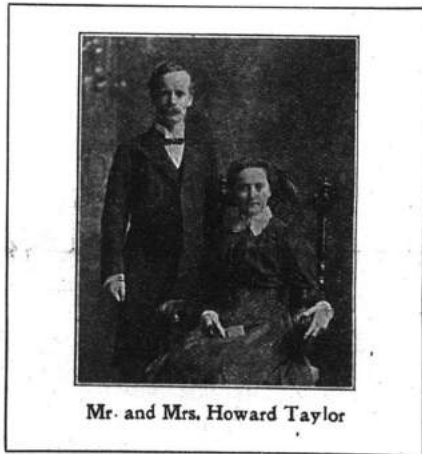
From an Address at the Salem Bible Conference, by Mrs. F. Howard Taylor, of C. I. M.

"The Valley of Achor." This passage occurs in the prophecy of Hosea. I want you to go in thought with me to the little land where this valley lies, the holy land of Palestine. Achor is a deep valley, the mountains around it on every side. It is not very far from Jericho. If you were traveling over those hills you might come some time on this dark, dreary valley. No green thing, no beauty, deserted, with not a house in it, and no living creature to be seen. The shepherds never lead their flocks toward that valley, nor do the children go near there to play. It is forsaken; people shrink from it. Nobody would pass through it after dark if they could help it. There, in the midst of the gloom of that valley, is a great heap of stones strewn together. If you should ask any of the people who lived near there, "What is the meaning of that dark, strange valley, so deserted, why don't you get those stones away and till the land and sow your crops there?" they would shiver and say, "Oh, nobody goes there." There is a story behind that valley. Let me recall it to your minds for a moment.

When the children of Israel came up out of the desert God gave them a wonderful victory at Jericho. The host of Israel took possession of the city, and were going on to take possession of the whole land, entering into the promised land just as we should be in our Christian lives. The Lord was bringing them right into the promised land with victory on every hand. Then they got a little puffed up, and careless. They said, "Why, there is the little city of Achor up there. It won't be much trouble to conquer that." They took about a couple of thousand men and went up, and what happened? Instead of taking the city they were routed before the enemy. They turned and fled, and the enemy pursued them and slew many of them, and the once victorious host was completely defeated, they did not know what to make of it. Had God forsaken them? Joshua fell upon his face and they all put their faces low down in the dust before God the whole day long. They could not understand it. They had been completely conquered when they thought they were strong; and do you remember what God said? He said to Joshua, "Why are you lying there? Get up and look into this thing." He said, "Israel has sinned, and that is why you are shamed before your enemies, and neither will I be with you any more until you put away the accursed thing from among you." God was not going to come back to them; there was to be no power and victory until they found out what the sin was, where it was, and put it away. Then all the people were called together, and God said, "Bring them up tribe by tribe, and I will point out the tribe and the family and the man." What a solemn scene that must have been! The tribes were all there before God and the lot fell upon the tribe of Judah, and then upon the family of the Zarahites,

and then upon the little family of Zabdi, and then upon Achan. Joshua said to him: "What have you done?" And Achan confessed his sin. He had been tempted and had taken from the spoils of Jericho a Babylonish garment and some silver and gold, and had hidden them in his tent. Hidden sin, hidden sin! That was the reason of the defeat and the trouble, for God had said that they were not to touch those things at all. That was the reason they were lying on their faces in the dust before God—because of that hidden sin.

Beloved friends, there is the secret of the failure of our lives. It is the same thing today. But we shall be more than conquerors through Him who is able to save to the uttermost, just sweeping through the land with victory all the way. Is not He able to fight all our battles? Why, the Christian life is meant



Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor

to be a life of victory all the time. Why do we lie upon our faces so often before God confessing failure? Is that to the honor of God? "Neither will I be with you any more until you put away the accursed thing."

Beloved friends, I want to say to you out of my heart, I am afraid that often where there is a great deal of talk about holiness there may be hidden some accursed thing in the life that is weakening us and making all the talk just empty words. These people were God's people and He was with them, but for a moment they had gone wrong through secret sin. We must have the genuine thing and not merely outward forms, and the genuine thing comes only with the presence of God, and the continued presence of God in our lives. Then you get real victory. It may be a very small thing; it generally is in the lives of people who know the power of the Holy Spirit, but God will show it. There were those thousands of people before God. He knew exactly the spot where the thing was that was causing all the trouble. God can put His finger upon the weak spot in your life and mine, and He will help us there to conquer, that our holiness may be a genuine thing with the power of God behind it all the time.

Now they came to this valley of Achor. What happened? Sin had to be put away, it must be put away. That man and his wife and children, his family, all his sheep and oxen, his cattle, everything that belonged to his tent, all his possessions, his silver and gold and the garment for which he pledged his soul, the whole lot had to be taken away out of the desert, and you remember the awful thing that happened. They took them all and carried them up to the Valley of Achor and there, in that lonely shut-in place, they stoned them with stones until all were buried under that vast heap of stones, and the people gave that valley the name of Achor, which means "trouble." It was the valley of trouble. It was forsaken, dark.

It stood in the life of Israel for sin and judgment upon sin; it stood for all that was most awful; it was a scar always upon the heart of the people; there it remained year in and year out; in the bright spring sunshine there was that dark valley. Hundreds of years went by and it was still there, that dark, forsaken valley, until the very name "the Valley of Achor" became a byword among the people of Israel. It meant failure, judgment, sin, fear and death. It stood for everything that was darkest in the experience of the people. There it stood and nothing could change it.

My friends, am I speaking to some heart to-day who knows what that means? Have you got in your life a Valley of Achor? Have you a dark place in your heart where sin has been, where there is sin just now? Have you got some besetting sin? A bad temper, perhaps, a temper that is always tripping you up and making your life a failure. Have you some burden or sorrow that you can't get rid of, have you some member of your family, perhaps, that is given to drink, or some dark tragedy in your heart? As you have we all have that weak spot where we are so apt to fall. Are you prone to worry? Is that the weak spot? Every heart has its Valley of Achor more or less dark and fearful. There it is. Every heart has it and knows it.

Now listen. Hundreds of years went by, and seven hundred years after that time God was speaking to the people one day. They had wandered from Him, but God sent them a messenger straight from heaven. God sent Hosea with the message that he was going to bring them back to Himself and take away all the sin out of their lives, and then He searches around for some illustration, so to speak, and this is what He says in Hosea, the second chapter and fifteenth verse (He is speaking about Israel having wandered away from Him), "I will bring her back again, I will give her her vineyards in the wilderness, and the Valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth and as in the day when I brought her up out of the land of Egypt." That is the message—"The Valley of Achor for a Door of Hope."

When God was looking around for some illustration to make plain the way in which He could rescue them, He said: "Why, look at the Valley of Achor, I will make it to you for a door of hope and a place of singing.

That great pile of stones gone, all memories gone, it shall be a door of hope and a place of singing." "She shall sing there as in the days of her youth." It shall be as in those early days of victory, a triumphant march right through that dark valley. A place for the flocks to lie down in, sunshine and roses and food for the soul, the songs of praise and victory. Where? Right in the Valley of Achor, right in the darkest place, right upon the spot where sin and failure have been, where we have been put to shame, there God can give us the victory.

Beloved friends, the message that God has given me to-day is this, strongest through and through at your weakest point, triumphant where you have always failed, the Valley of Achor that shall be the door of hope. So we don't need to be afraid of our weaknesses, we don't need to look with trembling on our besetting sin, we don't need to say who shall deliver us from the body of this death? God shall deliver us. Never forget the message of the Scripture is "God the great restorer." Look at the valley of Achor in your life, dear soul. God give us courage to face our weaknesses. Let us face our sins and failures and then praise God for deliverance. Let me call your attention to what Zephaniah says "Sing, O daughter of Zion, shout, O Israel, be glad and rejoice with all your heart, O daughter of Jerusalem."

The whole of the book of Zephaniah has been dark and sad. This is a sudden turning point. Sing, rejoice, be glad with all the heart. There is not any room left for fears and doubts. Why? "The Lord hath taken away thy judgments, he hath cast out thine enemy: the King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee: thou shalt not see evil any more. In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not: and to Zion, let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing."

We can take our weaknesses and our besetting sins and make them a cause of singing. We certainly can do it, and the sooner we realize that the better. We are weak; we have our temptations; and as long as we live in this world we shall never be free from temptation, but temptation is not sin. God can take us where we have always been weakest and He can make us strongest on that spot. Do you believe that? When God gets in the midst of the heart and gets a chance, gets room to work for us, he sings for joy. We are told to sing and shout and rejoice because God is there. The Scripture tells us that "he is mighty to save," and then it says that "he is resting there in his love."

You know how, when you get right along side of some one you love very dearly (perhaps it is your husband whom you have not seen for months), why you sit down by his side, you hold his hand, you can't talk, it is better than words, you rest in his love, you have potten home next to that heart at last,

and you are silent in love. And that is what it means. God is silent in His love when He gets in the midst of our hearts. Then He sings in the valley of Achor and He tells us to sing there. You know this is not all talk. It is the greatest reality.

Out there in China when they hear about Jesus Christ, they take Him immediately. I have been writing a book, a wonderful story about a man whom God saved, out and out, in China. He was an opium smoker; completely enslaved. He was an intelligent, scholarly man who had everything a man could have to help him in the struggle against that temptation, but he could not conquer it, but Jesus Christ came along the road of the opium smoker. He had never heard of Jesus before. The first time he heard of Christ he got hold of the precious Bible. He was reading the gospel all by himself. As he read about Jesus the conviction came over his soul that he was reading about no mere man, that this Jesus was more than man, and he put the book in front of him and went down on his knees on the floor in his room to read that



Opium Smokers

(Courtesy of Board of Missions M. E. Church, South)

book; he could not read it sitting up. Conviction of sin came over him, and as he read about Jesus dying on the cross, this thought came to him—He did it for me, for me. I can't tell you how it was, but there alone in that room there came to that man a vision of the living Christ. He saw not with the eyes of the flesh, but Jesus Christ became so real to him that from that hour until the hour of his death, twenty years later, he was like a man who had seen God.

The first thing he did was to send away his opium, and set out to face that struggle in the name of Christ. You can't imagine what that struggle was. The devil knew well enough what that man was going to be; he knew the power that was to be in that man's life. He made a desperate onslaught to crush that life out then and there. The man could not eat, he could not sleep, he could not rest, the tears just poured from his eyes, days and nights he was in agony that cannot be described. It went on for several days, and then, in the middle of his agony, when he thought he would die, and all he could cry out was: "I am willing to die in this struggle but never to touch opium again," his eyes fell upon his Bible and upon that verse: "I will send you another Comforter." He re-

membered having read about the Holy Spirit, and suddenly was flashed into his mind: "Why, the Holy Spirit is the one that can help me now, and he cried to God to baptize him with the Holy Ghost."

My dear friends, then and there God filled him with the Holy Spirit. He told me that the whole thing passed away just like the leaves falling off the trees in autumn. On the spot he was filled with the Spirit and got the complete victory. He told me himself that the power of the temptation was broken never to come back. During that night he awoke and found himself rejoicing in the Lord—he was singing in the Valley of Achor. He said to me it was like rays and rays of light. He sat up in his room and wept and wept for joy. He was filled with the Spirit of God.

"The valley of Achor for a door of hope." He went right down to that dark valley. He went right down among the opium smokers of his native city. He set to work to give his life to save them. Have you ever tried to save a drunkard or a morphine fiend? Do you know the power of the devil there? Opium smoking is worse even than that. He set to work to save these men in the power of the Holy Ghost, and was the means of saving about thirty thousand of them. Thousands of them gave up idolatry and became Christian inquirers, and many, many hundreds of them remain to this day staunch Christians.—

Take for example one man. A fine, handsome, intelligent young fellow he was. He was down in the depths with this opium smoking. He came into one of this man's opium refuges and he got cured there through the help they gave him, but he went back to it. But this man went and found him, and took him to his own home. There he surrounded him with loving care; he would get up all hours of the night to pray with him.

He fought the devil in that man in the power of the Spirit of God, and would not let him go, and for the second time he saved that young fellow, and led him to Christ, and the young man was so filled with the Spirit of God that he was the means of saving scores and scores. We went to a place where he had been working, and we found there about ninety Christians, all the work of that young fellow. Dear Pastor Shee is gone. He has finished his wonderful course and is with the Lord, and his work is carried on by that young man whom he saved the second time, and that young fellow is the head of all that work to-day. "The valley of Achor for a door of hope." If God can do that in the life of a Chinese, what can't He do in your life and mine?

It is no good for us to struggle and fight. What we want to do is to know how to let the Lord come in at the critical moment and do His own work. May I give you a little verse? Psalm 25: 15, the blessed secret: "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for He shall pluck my feet out of the net."—Christian Life.

The best friendship is that which inspires us to do better, to do our best.—I. R. Miller.

A Quiver of Arrows



ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

John Wesley and Michael Fenwick.

"Michael Fenwick," Wesley says, "was often hindered from settling in business because God had other work for him to do. He is just made to travel with me, being an excellent groom, *valet-de-chambre*, nurse and, upon occasion, a tolerable preacher." Mr. Fenwick, who was ambitious, one day complained to Mr. Wesley that, though constantly traveling with him, his own name was never inserted in Wesley's published journals. The next number of the *Journal* contained the following: "I left Epworth," wrote Mr. Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and about 1:00 preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick."

Reproving an Army Officer.

On one occasion, when John Wesley was traveling, he had for a fellow passenger in the coach an officer who was intelligent and very agreeable in conversation, but he was very profane. When they changed coaches Mr. Wesley took the officer aside and, after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, said he had a great favor to ask of him. The officer said: "I will take great pleasure in obliging you, for I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "as we have to travel together some distance, I beg, if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will kindly reprove me." The officer appreciated the gentle rebuke and, smiling, said: "None but Mr. Wesley could have conceived a reproof in such a manner."—Central Advocate.

A Gem From Joseph Parker.

"All the men were about twelve."—Yet no whining about a poor church or a weak church. We must burn such adjectives out of the speech of Christians. There is no poor church. There is no weak church. If you think of the church as a commercial institution with investments, endowments, revenues, then you may speak of the church as being both poor and weak; but the church is a spiritual fellowship, a branch in the vine sucking the very life of the root. There is a great deal of inquiry as to whether the church is "poor" or "rich," or "weak" or "strong." It is not heroic inquiry! Moreover we may be totally wrong in our estimate as to which is the poor church, and which is the rich. A church is not necessarily strong because its pews are thronged and its collections are heavy. It may be the handful of copper given by some village church is more than the two handfuls of gold given by the metropolitan church. In the large church there might not be one sign of sacrifice—and giving only begins where sacrifice begins. The little sum represent pinching and suffering and may equal to sacrifice. Banish from thought that any church, redeemed, inspired by the Holy Ghost, can be poor or weak—though "the number of

men be about twelve." If you allow the other style of reasoning you will insult not the ministry, but the very genius of the Christian church. We shall then talk about our "weaker" brethren, and will apportion them places on the back seats when they come up to the feast of trumpets. Let us protest against this. On the floor of the church, and in the presence of the Cross, all Christians are equal.—Sel.

Life Bears Fruit.

Your labor is not vain in the Lord (1 Cor. 15: 58).

A story has recently been told of an English official from Peking, who was asked by a gentleman whether he had witnessed any effects of Christianity upon the high officials of the Chinese Empire. In reply, the officer said that he had once asked a high mandarin whether he had ever read the Bible. The mandarin retired to his inner room, and brought back a book full of extracts from the New Testament, saying that he had copied from it the things which he had most admired. Then laying the book upon the table, he put his hand upon it and said, "If only the people who profess this religion were to live in accordance with its precepts, this religion would spread all over the world." God will not let our faithful living in the spirit of Christ fall fruitless to the ground.—L. A. Banks.

Take Heed, Therefore How ye Hear.
Luke 8: 18

"The dullest sermon I ever listened to!" exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

"Yes," replied grandpa, a twinkle in his eye "I thought so myself."

"Did you, grandpa?" exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one stand by him.

"I mean to say I thought you thought so," replied his grandpa. "I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you."

"Just the other way, how?" Sam demanded.

"Why, before you went," answered grandpa, "instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading the trashy paper. Then, instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached, as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat, and turned half way round. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking that you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through a sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fail in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon."—Morning Guide.

In Earnest.

Many a good sermon is spoiled by a cold delivery. Two men were addressing a large meeting in Exeter Hall; the one a D. D., and the other a workingman. The doctor was polished and pompous in his style of oratory, and his words fell like a drizzling rain upon the audience—they fairly shivered as he proceeded. Presently the workingman rose to speak. He told of his experiences and spoke out of his convictions; he was on fire with his subject, and his words fell like sparks among gunpowder—the people took fire, and broke out in thunders of applause. Said a gentleman to a man sitting by his side, and who was applauding most vigorously:

"What is he saying?"

"Oh, I don't know, but *look how he is saying it!*"

Much of pulpit power, under God, depends on that element of enthusiasm. They make others feel who feel themselves. How can he plead for souls who neither knows nor feels the value of his own? How can he recommend a Savior who himself despises and rejects Him?—Sel.

You Must Be Born Again.

There is a story of a colored man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the hands of a clock, saying:

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jess doan keep no mo' kerrec' time for mo' den six munfs."

"Where is the clock?" answered the watchmaker.

"Out at de house on Injun Creek."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid' de clock ceptin' de han's, and I done brought 'em to you. You jess want the clock so you can tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's." And so saying, he went off to find some reasonable watchmaker.

Foolish as he was, his caution was very like that of those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They know no more of the need of a change in their spiritual condition than the poor negro did of the works of his clock. They are unwilling to give themselves over into the hands of the great Artificer, who will set their works right, so that they may keep time with the great clock of the universe, and no longer attempt to set themselves according to the incorrect time of the world. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, "We only wish to avoid this or that bad habit." But the great Clockmaker says, "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the clock. I must have the clock."—Living Truths.

No one can take out of men's minds and hearts the seeds of evil he has dropped there.—J. R. Miller.

Doubtless you have some friend among the clergy who would be glad to read LIVING WATER. Suppose you send it to him for a year on our special proposition.

SIGNS OF HIS COMING

By Rev. W. B. Godbey

HISTORIC REPETITION.

That history in the progressive ages ever and anon repeats itself, is a trite maxim. When John the Baptist, standing on a great rock, in the wilderness of Judea, lifted up his stentorian voice like a trumpet, electrifying the uncultured rabble of the desert with the supernatural fire that flashed from his eye, as well as the clarion roar of his magnetic eloquence and burning pathos, the thrilling tidings on the wings of the wind flew from Dan to Beersheba, raising all Israel on tip-toe; the paradoxical report that a mighty prophet has arisen in Israel, after an interregnum of 400 years since the days of Malachi, thrilling all Hebrew hearts, not only throughout the land of Canaan, but interpenetrating the Gentile world, and everywhere stirring the children of Abraham with the inspiring hope and the bounding assurance that the God of Abraham Isaac and Jacob has remembered His holy covenant and sent them an inspired prophet to call the people to repentance. Not only do the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the rank and file of the Theocracy and the robed and mitred hierarchy from Jerusalem, but the sons of Abraham scattered among the Gentiles in far-off lands hear the news and come—Apollos all the way from Africa, and multiplied thousands from the ends of the earth; yea, they empty the cities and populate the wilderness, that they may listen spell-bound, from dewy morn till dusky eve, hanging electrified on the lips of the greatest prophet the world has seen. Meanwhile popular sentiment trends to one grand focus, and that is that this wonderful prophet is none other than the Christ of God and the Redeemer of Israel. This opinion becomes universally prevalent, sweeping the multitude like a tornado, bearing down everything in its irresistible wake. The cultured clergy lay under contribution all their rabbinical lore, with the long roll of prophecy held up before their eyes the live-long day, investigating with all their genius and learning the predictions of all the inspired prophets from Moses to Malachi, in reference to the Messiah whom God had promised to send into the world to save the millions from sin and death. Eventually the enthusiasm culminates in the appointment of an official delegation to publicly call out the wonderful preacher, to settle the question with his own *ipse dixit*. To their surprise and disappointment, he responded in the negative, at the same time relieving their mortification by assuring them that the Christ, for whom they had waited 4,000 years, is already on the earth, and will come to his baptism and he will point Him out to them, so they need not be mistaken.

N. B. This universal apprehension that John is the Christ, vividly illustrates the attitude of the Hebrew mind at that time, i. e., that of general expectancy. When John had been preaching six months dur-

multitudes, sure enough, Jesus comes to his wonderful protracted meeting, already for some time moved from the wilderness of Judea to the flowing Jordan. Amid a universal spell-bound enthusiasm, the King of Glory meets the prophet of the wilderness, demanding baptism at his hands. John reluctantly and modestly, after momentary hesitation, acquiescing, ceremonially inducts his Lord into His official Messiahship, thus consecrating Him to the momentous work of His High-priesthood, in which He was to offer His own body a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. God accepts His consecration, sealed by baptism, and sends Him down the Holy Ghost from heaven, symbolized by a dove, thus qualifying Him to preach the gospel and perform the mighty works incident to His official Messiahship.

John's ministry had stirred the world as the bygone ages had never known. The preaching of Jesus, accompanied by His stupendous miracles, not only perpetuated the Johanic revival, but gave it new impetus, thus rapidly putting John into eclipse, which was soon expedited by his imprisonment and subsequent decapitation by Herod; meanwhile all eyes were turned to Jesus with thrilling enthusiasm, believing Him to be the Shiloh of prophecy. Under the universal apprehension that the Christ is to be king of Israel in the succession of David, His mighty works so stir the people with the conviction of His Christhood that He finds it necessary at the beginning of His ministry to leave Jerusalem, the center of Hebrew influences, and Judea, the populous country, and go away and spend five sixths of His ministry in the comparatively obscure regions of Galilee, in order that He might have time on the earth to preach His glorious gospel and effectively inculcate it in the minds and burn it into the hearts of the inspired twelve; thus qualifying them to carry it to the ends of the earth and preach it to all nations. For this reason He also frequently charged them not to publish His mighty works, because their publicity conduced to convince the people of His Christhood and stir them up to crown Him king of the Jews, in which case the Romans would have killed Him as a rival of Cæsar under charge of high treason, which they did eventually, superscribing the criminal allegation under which they put Him to death, "This is the king of the Jews" being superscribed in Latin, Greek and Hebrew on the cross above His head. For this reason He never openly declared His Christhood till two and a half years out of the three occupied by His ministry had passed away. These facts clearly show the attitude of the Hebrew mind at that time on the constant outlook for the Messiah.

See old Simeon and Anna waiting in the temple and under the inspiration of the Holy

and begging the Lord to let them go to heaven, as their failing eyes had seen His salvation! This is a significant fact that the whole Gentile world was on the outlook for the Lord to appear, at the time of His first advent. See how those heathens at Lystra mistook Paul and Barnabas for Jupiter and Mercury, Greek and Roman gods; thus illustrating the fact that the Greeks and Romans, who at that time filled the world with the exception of the Jews, were on the outlook for the Lord's appearing. Polytheism—with its innumerable divinities, Baal, the sun-god, and Ashtaroth, the moon-goddess—supereminent, has run its race, enjoying the monopoly of the world four thousand years; signally fails to satisfy the longings of the immortal soul, and is now everywhere on the decline. Her gorgeous temples, enriched with silver and gold and ornamented with precious stones, everywhere falling into dilapidation; her votaries forlorn and dissatisfied and her altars rapidly going into depreciation and abandonment, the anticipation spontaneously prevails among the Pagan millions that the God of the universe in condescending mercy is about to send a Messenger of light, wisdom, truth and righteousness into the world.

Human learning, originating among the Egyptians, progressing among the Chaldeans and Persians, culminating among the Greeks, who in poetry, oratory, philosophy and the fine arts, mutually developing into the Greek language the highest achievement of human genius and erudition, excelled all nations, thus climbing to the summit of human greatness, and under the leadership of Alexander, conquering the world, having reached the climax in the elevation of the Greek philosophers to the summit of the world, has after all its boasted achievements, signally failed to solve the problem: "Who am I, whence came I, and what is my destiny?" This signal failure of human learning, genius, culture and wisdom to solve the abstruse problem of humanity, had superinduced the universal conviction that the Author of the universe would send a revelator of hope and salvation to the desponding nations of the earth. The Alexandrian conquest had put the Greek language in every national capital on the earth, from which it had radiated and become universal, God's providential vehicle for the evangelization of the world.

Meanwhile, the Roman empire had consolidated all nations into one universal despotism,—a preparation infinitely conducive to the evangelization of the whole world. While this universal expectancy characterized all nations; the leaders of the Jewish hierarchy, evidently providentially anathematized by judicial blindness; were unable to see the signal fulfilment of Messianic prophecies, which were daily verified before their eyes. Jacob had predicted (Gen. 49: 10:) "The scepter shall not depart from Judah nor a law-giver from between his feet, till Shiloh come." Shiloh had come, and the scepter had departed, all this transpiring before their eyes; yet they could not see it. The seventy weeks of Daniel, i. e., 490 years from the founding of the second temple till

STRUGGLING FOR HOLINESS

George Bowen, in Divine Life



Struggling for holiness is by many regarded as the best evidence of holiness.

Men are regarded as saints who put forth a great deal of effort in the pursuit of righteousness. Men in India who travel on foot 500 or 1,000 miles, under circumstances that aggravate the difficulty of the enterprise, to reach some sacred shrine, are looked upon as eminently righteous. The question is not, Do they obtain what they strive after? Their striving is regarded as itself the best evidence of holiness.

Not merely among Hindus does this way of viewing the matter obtain; it is also found among Christians. Many biographies of good men are largely taken up with the account of their struggles after holiness. We are told of the deep sense of their own sinfulness, the tears, the earnest pleadings, the fastings, the perpetual conflicts, and we are expected to recognise them as holy because of this constant endeavor to be holy. And many have been led by these portraiture to conclude that all that Christianity can do for us is to awaken us, and stimulate us to such ever-renewed efforts to beat back sin and follow hard after holiness.

But is this what the Bible calls holiness? We do not call it health when a man, conscious of some severe illness, takes great pains to procure the help of physicians, and gives all his attention to the one matter of battling with the disease that besets him. We look on to see what is the issue of the conflict, and do not expect to regard him as possessed of health, until his conflict has terminated in victory.

Many men go all their days battling with disease without overcoming it. It is so far a good sign when a man knows his sinfulness, for it leads us to hope that he will avail himself of the means of deliverance. Nor can he be too much in earnest about it. But it is of the utmost importance that he should wage the battle with the armor of heaven, conspicuous in which is the helmet, *the hope of salvation*, the expectation of deliverance, and faith which brings the future near. *Striving for holiness is not itself holiness, and should never be confounded with it.* The world looks on admiringly because of the penances, and austerities, and mortifications, and tears, and prayers, and vigils with which some seek for holiness; but we are told that without holiness itself no man can see the Lord.

Holiness is not an achievement, but a gift. Our efforts and struggles bring us, or should bring us, to the recognition of our utter inability to purify ourselves, and happy is he who reaches the point of self-despair, realizing that he is utterly bankrupt of the ability to emancipate himself from sin. He is then in a fair way to perceive that what he himself, with all his self-tutoring and self-condemnation, is impotent to accomplish, Christ willingly undertakes to accomplish. When

an opportunity for Christ to show what He can do in the way of saving men from their sins.

We are "not under the law, but under grace," both as regards justification and sanctification. "Sin shall not have dominion over you," is the promise distinctly made to believers, for the reason that they are not under the law, but under grace. That is to say, we are not left to our own efforts, *but the power of Christ comes into our hearts to do what we cannot do.* We reckon ourselves dead unto sin, by reckoning that He who died for us and rose again is with us, and in us, and that sin has to encounter not us, but Him. Recognition of Christ is victory. Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

Men are brought out of darkness into God's marvelous light, that they may minister to their fellow-men, becoming lights in the world, holding forth the word of life. But in order that they may be free to engage heartily in this service, it is necessary that their powers be liberated from the necessity of carrying on a continuous warfare within. There is enough to engage the utmost powers of every man in the outer world, in efforts to impart to others what God has shown to him. When the thirst of his own soul is satisfied in Christ, rivers of living water flow forth from him. But sin unsubdued within him disables him, compelling him to give his chief attention to himself. Full salvation is the liberation of all our powers from the thralldom of sin, that they may be used by Christ for extending that kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"I write unto (designate) you young men," says the Apostle John, "because ye are strong, and have overcome the wicked one." Again, "he that is born of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." The victory here spoken of is doubtless the victory over inward sin, whereby a believer becomes fitted to engage in the work of battling with sin in the open, and seeking the deliverance of those who are led captive of Satan at his will. *The great aim of the Prince of this world is to keep the believer occupied with himself, to keep him engrossed in introspection, and fighting in his own strength with one that is stronger than himself.* But the faith whereby we recognise the power and readiness of Christ to meet and discomfit our inward foes, and cast them out as He did the unclean spirits of old, delivers us from the necessity of spending all our moral and spiritual strength in fruitless efforts, and sets us free for the work of battling him who is entrenched in the hearts of others.

Christ is "made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption." *In Him we have these, in ourselves never.* The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus maketh us free from the law of sin and death. Christ is our holiness, and is so forever. The earth

becomes independent of Christ, so that he can walk in his own holiness. Take away the sun, and the earth is enveloped in its pristine darkness; take away Christ from the saint, and the sainthood is gone: sin is in its old ascendancy.

Purity and Maturity Not the Same

What is purity? By purity is meant a heart in which all the graces exist in an un-mixed state: love without any hate, faith without any unbelief, humility without any pride, and meekness without any anger.

Maturity means all this, but it has also the sense of ripeness, by time or natural growth. Purity implies something removed; maturity something enlarged.

In purity the soul is restored to health (holiness is healthiness). In maturity it knows the blessings of well-developed manhood.

Purity is the preparation for growth.

Maturity is the consummation of growth.

Purity is instantaneous.

Maturity is gradual.

Purity is never obtained by growth, nor maturity by simple cleansing.

Purity respects quality; maturity respects quantity.

Dr. Dempster once said: "Beyond sanctification there is no increase in purity, but unceasing increase in expansion."

Bishop Hamlin said: "The heart may be cleansed from all sin while our graces are very immature. And the cleansing is a preparation for their unembarrassed and rapid growth."

Purity does not store the mind with Bible knowledge. That is gained by time and research.

Purity will keep us loyal to God and to His cause.

Purity preserves us from wrong intentions, maturity from improper acts.

Purity is a standard. There are certain adjectives which do not admit of comparison. You cannot cry, "Pure, purer, purest." To say that a thing is pure and another thing is purer, implies that the first is not true.

So with the word "clean." The blood cleanses from all sin. As Frances Ridley Havergal and John Wesley say, "All is ALL."

When you get all the fifth out of your linen you may go on washing for a fortnight, but you won't get any more out. Clean is clean. The standard is—"perfect as He is perfect"—"clean as He is clean"—"holy as He is holy"—"pure, even as He is pure." Take an illustration. Say you are crossing the Atlantic Ocean. You dip your finger in and a drop hangs on its end. That drop is exactly like the ocean—pure as the ocean for it is out of it. But there is this difference, it is not as large and heavy. When our hearts are purified they are pure as He is pure, for the purity is derived from Him. But we are the drops; God is the great ocean.

You say, "Have we, when we are purified, reached the top?" No; we may go on developing for ever. To come back to the other figure of washing the linen clean: When it is washed it is full of crimps and wrinkles, and, in some cases, there are holes in it. We may have clean hearts—our robes washed and made whiter than snow—yet some of us are full of crimps and wrinkles, and even have holes in our garments. Impropriety of speech is a wrinkle, and well-meant blunders and mistakes are holes. But you know the wrinkles will come out with a hot iron, and the Lord by the hot discipline of life will take all the wrinkles out of us. Yea, He will present us before the throne entire, complete, unblameable in holiness, with beautiful flowing robes, not only without spots, but without

Waters From the Sanctuary

Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins,
Avondale, Ala.

God's Measuring Rod.

Years ago the writer read a solemn little story based on a dream a young girl once had which altered her whole after life.

She thought she was returning home from school. As she neared "the village green" she saw that a large crowd had gathered on the common. In much curiosity she joined it, to discover that an angel from heaven was measuring her townspeople. His measuring rod was a beautiful golden one, and her first feeling of amused curiosity was soon replaced by one of solemn awe as she saw that the measurements taken were of the soul, and had no reference to the physical being.

Her feeling of awe deepened as she noticed how strangely the height of each soul that passed under the rod, contrasted with the visible height of the body, for the angel called out, in a clear tone, the exact figures of every soul he measured.

For instance, the girl's pastor, a jolly, kind-hearted man of magnificent physique, was found to possess a soul of dwarfish dimensions, while the village seamstress—a poor little woman with a distorted spine, whom everybody pitied was found to have the most perfectly developed soul in the entire community. And for a moment, as she passed from under the angel's rod, the girl seemed to catch a glimpse of a glorious face and figure which she recognized as belonging to the deformed seamstress, but so beautiful and perfect that she caught her breath in wonder and admiration.

When the girl's own soul was measured—it was found to be *merely alive*, so weak and feeble that she burst into tears and said: "Give me another chance, please. If you will, I won't starve it, as I have done in the past."

And the angel looked sadly into her eyes and answered: "Yes, you have truly starved your soul. It is almost dead. I will give you one more chance. See to it that I do not find it in this sad condition when next I come."

The sequel showed that the girl kept her promise, and after that solemn dream her first thought was ever given toward her soul.

God is measuring us, beloved, every day. And His measuring line or rod, as some writer tells us, "is made out of trials." Whenever He wishes to gage our spiritual growth, He applies this rod. To us it often looks dark and uninviting, but when our eyes are opened to see it as He beholds it, it is seen to be of burnished gold.

Some souls measure up so badly when this test is applied, that God is forced to place them on one side, and to say to the angel to whom He entrusts His measurements: "Pass him by. He will never be anything but a wailing infant. No use to waste time on him. To keep the breath of life in him is all we can hope to do."

Have you, have I, been thus set aside, dear reader?

composed of soldiers of a certain weight and height. Not one that does not reach stalwart dimensions, can be entered.

So those who are to stand nearest our Lord in the future "kingdom" must be able to measure to a certain height and weight along spiritual lines. And this standard can only be reached as we are tested again, and again, and yet again, by trial and affliction. Each testing should make us stronger than ever before, if we are to meet God's high thought for us.

We may assent to this truth intellectually, but beloved, it is only as a truth is *burned into our deepest nature* by the fire of *personal experience*, that it becomes really ours—a part of our very being.

Every testing or measurement by God's rod, is meant to burn out of our nature something that is worthless; something that God cannot use, and that hinders us from being the instrument He needs to accomplish His holy will. When once this thought gets possession of us, how quietly we will stand while the measuring rod is being applied, and how devoutly we will say, even though the heart may be breaking under the test: "Hold me still, my Father, that I may meet the highest measurements Thy love sees is possible for me to reach."

Perhaps an illustration will help us grasp the thought. A young professional man—who loves God sincerely—hungers for a deeper knowledge of His Lord's love. He lays his all on the altar. Christ meets, accepts, cleanses and fills his seeking heart.

Trials quickly gather about his path. He sees his practise fall away, until there comes an hour, in spite of all the energy he can command, when blank ruin seems to stare him in the face.

If he decides—as so many are doing: "It was better with me before I knew my Lord so intimately. I will go back to where I stood when the world smiled on me and showered her favor about my path," he is in sore danger. He has failed when the test was applied, and it may be the best measurement that will ever be granted him, until the final measuring day is reached beyond which there is no further trial.

But if—as some souls are doing, thank God! for this is no fancy sketch—he meets the test bravely, and when hope seems ready to leave him he cries, with his gaze fixed unflatteringly on his Lord: "though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee," all is well.

His Christ has His mighty arm of love and strength about him and, when he has sufficiently stood the test that must needs be applied to prove him meet for the honor, the command will be given: "Here is a wide place. Set him in it for he is worthy."

That place of honor may be in Cuba; in India, God may have thousands of hungry souls waiting over yonder for the moment when this man, prepared and girded by his Lord for the exalted mission, can be sent to

Brother, do you not hear their cries of anguish and despair? Can you not see their dying faces dumbly pleading for a chance to know your Christ, and live? Must they die in darkness and horror—as so many millions have died before them—because you are not yet so fully yielded to your Lord that you can hear His urgent call: "Who will go? Whom can I send?"

Oh, this moment may your soul make answer: "Here am I, Lord. Send me." . . .

Weeping ones; suffering ones; heart broken ones, near and far, listen to the comforting word your Lord is whispering, even while His measuring-rod is pressing heavily upon you:

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted; behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones (Isa. 54: 11, 12).

With this sweet whisper in your hearts; with this strong promise to bear you up; with this goodly heritage spread out before you, will you waver? Will you doubt? Will you draw back?

No! no! A thousand times no. Though the sound of the drops of blood from your breaking heart may still drip, drip, through long days and longer nights, hear what your Lord says: "Not yet can the pressure be removed. A little longer must the suffering continue. But I am with thee; My grace is sufficient for thee. Faint not. Take hold of My strength."

And then, as He sees you stagger under the rod, almost ready to doubt His love and faithfulness, He adds:

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands; Thy walls are continually before Me."

"Yes, these are precious words; but they are not for me," some one may say. "They are spoken to Israel."

Listen: "This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord" (Isa. 55: 10 and 17. Also Isa. 49: 15, 16).

Lift up your hearts and voices afresh, dear tested ones, and say: "Once more, with all my soul, I choose Thee, my Christ, as my Portion and my Inheritance. *Come what may*, I am Thine, and Thou art mine. Amen!

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AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

When I first saw Mr. L., the principal subject of this narrative, his tall figure and venerable appearance indelibly impressed my mind. He was eighty years of age, and upwards of six feet in height, though his form was somewhat bent. His hair was as white as age could make it, and his limbs were yet firm and vigorous. In early life he had been a soldier of the Revolution; and afterwards, for many years, he had followed the occupation of a miller; but he was now cultivating the farm of a widowed daughter, with whom he resided.

He was, however, so deaf that it was difficult to converse with him beyond a few short sentences. The sight of but one eye remained, and that barely sufficient to enable him to read. His love of this world continued unabated; and he seemed almost inaccessible to divine truth. His deafness was his excuse for never attending public worship, and the defect in his vision afforded a ready apology for neglecting the written Word. He was also quickly aroused to anger, and when thwarted, even in trifles, was very profane.

Often have I exclaimed concerning him, "How cruelly has that man used the immortal spirit that dwells within him! How dark its habitation now, how certain its doom hereafter! So old, so near the close of life, and so unconscious of his danger!" I have turned away, as we turn from some awful catastrophe which we cannot prevent, but the issue of which we shudder to witness.

But I did not then know how earnestly and perseveringly his pious daughter was wrestling alternately with her God and her aged parent for the salvation of his soul. The emotions of her heart can only be understood by those who, like her, have beheld an aged father upon the verge of eternity, without one solitary ray of hope to brighten his prospects.

That their beloved friends should live at enmity with the Redeemer is, to the people of God, the bitterest draught of affliction they have to drink in this vale of tears. How painful the reflection, that many an eye that now beams upon us with tenderest affection, may be averted from us in the world to come, in all the shame of everlasting abandonment, or else turn towards us in all the anguish of despair! Feelings like these often lie concealed from common observation, and are only poured forth to Him who heareth prayer.

The tears, the prayers, the alternate hopes and fears of this beloved daughter, are only known to Him who, while He sees in secret, rewards openly. Her exertions, however, were not limited to the closet. She used all that influence which affection best knows how to use with the objects of its solicitude. When

aged form would tremble with violence of excited temper, and his lips utter language which agonized her heart, she would still throw her arms around him, and with tears entreat him to consider his age and accountability; and then, too, she would pour into his ear such a strain of affectionate and pious eloquence, that before she left him he would become calm and abashed, if not convicted.

This conduct displayed much Christian heroism. There is a mysterious principle in the human heart, which renders it difficult to warn with faithfulness, and at the same time with tenderness, our near relatives, especially our superiors in age. The daughter of Mr. L. might have pleaded for neglect of duty, her father's age, his insensibility, his deafness; but she sought no excuse. She opposed to his anger the mildness of a Christian; to his obduracy, the melting tenderness of filial love, to repeated discouragements, the strong confidence of an overcoming faith.

It was not until she had long hoped against hope, that any evidence was afforded that she had not labored in vain; and when that evidence was afforded, it seemed as if God would show, that in answering the prayers of His children He sometimes designs to take them by surprise.

On her return home rather late one evening from a religious meeting, she was obliged to go into the apartment of her aged parent to obtain a light. She found the room entirely dark, and supposed he had gone to rest. Having groped her way to the fireplace, and lighted a candle, on turning to leave the room the first object that met her eye was her father, kneeling in prayer, and drowned in tears. The surprise was mutual, and mutual embarrassment ensued. What a sight for such a daughter! Her first impulse was to exclaim, "O my father!" The next was to leave him at the throne of grace. She hurried out to unobscure her feelings, and to intercede at the same throne.

Whether this aged sinner had long stifled the conviction and striving of the Spirit, or whether they reached him for the first time that night, I am not informed. Enough is known to testify to a mighty working of the power of God. In the stillness of night, rendered more silent and dark to Mr. L. by bodily infirmities, instead of finding that rest which age and labor so imperiously demand, we see him earnestly seeking a once despised and rejected Savior.

His daughter soon requested me to call and see him, merely mentioning that she believed he was more disposed than formerly to attend to the subject of religion. In complying with her request, I thought it most probable that I should find him endeavoring to patch up some miserable refuge of lies against the near approach of death. Indeed, so little did I expect satisfaction from my visit to him, that on the way to his dwelling I tried to prepare

On entering his room I found him so attentively engaged in reading his Bible, that he did not perceive me until some one said to him in a very loud voice, "The minister has come to see you." He arose immediately, and his whole appearance spoke volumes. I perceived at once that he was no longer the careless sinner I once had known him. The tears trickled fast down his furrowed cheeks, as he welcomed me, not only to his house, but to his heart. A deep sense of his unworthiness, both in the sight of God and man, was mingled with overflowing gratitude for my visit. I seated myself beside him, but such was his deafness, that the only way I could instruct him was to point out passages of Scripture suited to his case. In this I was often interrupted by his voice, tremulous with emotion, exclaiming:

"Oh sir, I have been such a great sinner—to think how long I have lived in neglect of God and eternity; and now I am so deaf that no one can talk to me without the greatest trouble! And my sight is failing me so fast, that I can only read a little at a time. I am afraid I shall never understand this book. I am not worthy of all this trouble."

In this way he usually expressed himself. His views of sin at this time were uncommonly clear. He seemed to feel deeply its odiousness in the sight of God, and its desolating influence upon his own heart. He considered himself the chief of sinners, because he knew of none that had spent so many years in sin. The retrospect of that life was painful beyond expression. His long service of sin and the world overwhelmed him with remorse and shame; and his obduracy and hardness of heart appeared marked with peculiar aggravation. How bitterly did he deploy the folly of his early neglect of religion. What would he not give for the happiness of looking back upon a life devoted to God. His distress was aggravated by his increasing infirmities. The fear of total blindness was dreadful to him, who saw that his only hope lay in the volume of eternal truth. So anxious was he at this time to seek there, as for hid treasures, that he never closed that book without a sigh, and rarely laid it aside without tears.

As I closed this visit, I could not but fear lest he should descend to his grave without any clear evidence of peace with God; for he seemed to obtain no distinct idea of the plan of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. He knew he had no righteousness of his own, but how he could be saved without it he did not apprehend. For many years he had excluded himself from the means of grace; and now, how could one who had been so long naturally and spiritually deaf to the voice of mercy, ever be taught to realize the joy of sins forgiven? But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. It would seem as if He had selected one whose case appeared so hopeless, expressly to manifest the riches of His grace.

I visited Mr. L. during the succeeding year as often as circumstances would permit, but in all that time his soul found no substantial peace. He did not doubt the ability of Christ to save all that come unto God by Him, but His willingness to save such a sinner.

One reason, probably, why he so long continued without the consolations which are in Christ, was his difficulty in obtaining evidences of the sincerity of his faith. The convert in early or in active life finds daily evidences of his faith in the frequent trials to which it is exposed. At one time he has open dangers to shun; at another, he is called upon to engage in active duties. From his watchfulness in the one case, and his zeal in the other, he derives testimonies to his faith in God. Not so with him whom age or bodily infirmities preclude from laboring in his Master's vineyard. He must derive his evidences alone from the exercises of his heart—a heart which he knows is deceitful above all things. Here was Mr. L.—'s difficulty. He had lived long without God; he had spent the ardor of his youth and the energy of his manhood in working for the wages of sin; and now that he had grown old, and no longer engaged in active pursuits, how could he discover, from any obvious fruits of repentance, whether he had really passed from death unto life? How could he hope that God would receive the miserable remnant of a worn-out life?

From the time of my first visit to Mr. L.— after his mind became serious, he appeared entirely occupied with the great concerns of salvation. It was a common remark of those who called on him, "We always find him reading his Bible." He would pore over the sacred volume with such intense interest, that it required an effort to divert his attention to other things as occasion required. I have no doubt, from his manner, that he was often engaged in prayer when his eyes appeared fixed on the sacred page. In fact, he received very little instruction from any source except his Bible and the teachings of the Holy Spirit. The method which I generally pursued with him was as I have already stated, to point to such portions of Scripture as I thought suited his case, but his deafness precluded my commenting upon the text. While I watched that he might not fall into error, I was gratified to observe how far he might in that manner be guided into all truth. The result was, in my view, a triumphant proof that the Spirit of God is the best interpreter. His dangerous state as a sinner, the holiness and justice of the divine law, the necessity of a new heart, and of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the duty of a total and unreserved submission to the will and sovereignty of God, were confessed by him, without any other guidance than His who has promised to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.

He removed to the distance of some miles, but several times came to see me; and was much pleased with the opportunity of religious intercourse afforded him, in conversation, by an ear-trumpet he had procured. His visits were always spiritual, and deeply interesting; and he gradually obtained clearer views of the nature of faith and of his own personal interest in Christ.

I afterwards visited him at his new residence. It was my last visit; and the impression it left upon my mind will not be soon

to the room he occupied, at the door of which I knocked several times; and upon receiving no answer, I opened it and entered. Mr. L.— was seated in a chair, which he had drawn near the window; he was alone, and his back was towards the door. I was immediately struck with the motionless appearance of his figure, and the singularity of his attitude. His head was bowed down in such a manner as to appear, at first, as if it reclined upon his knees. I hesitated a moment before I approached him, but could not perceive the slightest movement. It seemed, at first, as if the vital spark was extinguished. I was soon relieved. Looking over him, I saw the large Bible open on his aged arms, supported by his knees, and its pages wet with his tears. I paused to contemplate the scene, unwilling to destroy its interest. That form bending under the weight of fourscore years, those whitened locks, those secret tears, that precious Bible, are all still vividly before me. How long he would have remained in this position I cannot say. He showed no disposition to move until I attracted his attention by laying my hand upon his shoulder. Now, for the first time, he told me of his "peace and joy in believing." Jesus was now precious to him; he could now say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Let not the reader suppose that he felt less of his unworthiness, nor of the indwelling corruptions of his nature. On the contrary, he felt that he had cause constantly to exclaim, "Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" but he saw at the same time, more clearly than ever, the fulness and freeness of the redemption purchased by Christ Jesus. He spoke also of the duty of a public profession of his faith, and of the Lord's supper. Shortly afterwards his health declined so rapidly that he returned to his daughter's house, where he died about two years after that daughter first found him engaged in prayer.

His extreme deafness prevented any connected conversation in his last hours; but his end was peace, and his dying testimony was, that he "had a trembling hope, hanging on the merits of his Redeemer." His remains are now mouldering in the retired churchyard at ——— in New Jersey; but long may his memory live, to tell to youth the preciousness of an early acquaintance with God, and to age, that there is pardon and peace through penitence and faith in Christ.

And may this happy result of a pious daughter's faithfulness deeply impress upon Christians the duty of earnestly caring for those who have no care for themselves.

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Field Notes.

By their fruits ye shall know them.—Matthew 7: 2

[Reports for this department should be condensed and written on a separate sheet from letter, and reach us early.]

Services in the Mission, corner Summer St. and Jo Johnston Ave., every Thursday at 7:30 p. m., and every Sunday at 3:00 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m.

B. L. Patterson and wife expect to begin a meeting at Winfield, Kansas, May 22, to continue until May 31.

Evangelist W. M. Rodgers reports an excellent meeting at the Freewill Baptist Church in this city. There were thirty professions of religion last week.

Rev. Sam S. Holcomb and wife report a fine meeting in Conway Ark. The Holiness people have bought an abandoned church and fitted it up to have worship.

Evangelist H. G. Rodgers has located his family at Humboldt, Tenn., where he expects to make his headquarters for the present. He expects to begin his tent work in a few days at Brownsville, Tenn.

Let all our subscribers remember that whenever they address us with regard to our paper, it is very necessary that they give us the post office at which they receive it; for without this we cannot hope to find the name on our list, change the address, give credit or stop sending the paper.

R. L. Jordan writes that after living in the church twenty seven years he attended a meeting at Randleman, N. C. where he was saved. Soon after he was sanctified, and for the last four years he has been in the service of the Lord. He and his wife are now running a rescue mission in Danville, Va.

Dalley, La.:—I have just closed two meetings on Brother Shaw's work. The Lord gave us souls. Many quit their tobacco. The Lord healed a man when I was here before. He is still up. The doctors had given him up to die, but Jesus healed him. I am preaching a full gospel. W. T. CURRIE.

The Lord is blessing in the meeting being held at Florence, Ala., by Rev. Seth O. Rees. There are at the altar every service numbers, almost all of whom are either getting saved or sanctified. Bro. Rees is preaching with power, and God is answering. Bro. L. P. Adams and his band are on fire for God, and are pushing the work. The meeting is being held in an old planing mill, a rough place, but just such a one as you expect to find the Holiness people in.

New Castle, Pa.:—

The meeting in the Protestant Methodist Church at this place was a victory. We found the pastor, Rev. Wilson, a combination of meekness and English firmness. God was with us from "start to finish" in great power. Between 200 and 300 professed either pardon or sanctification.

Several people, who saw the great good that can be done with free literature, gave me their jewelry for this work. We go to Briceville, Tenn., Apr. 12-22. JAMES M. TAYLOR.

Okarche, Okla.:—

We left Nashville Tuesday, Apr. 7th, at 7 a. m. Had a fine run to Memphis, reaching there at 3:45 the same day. We left there at 8:30 p. m. over the Choctaw road, and had a fearful trip to Little Rock. The overflow from the Mississippi made the roadbed unsafe, and the tornado that night was death-dealing along the country. From Little Rock via Shawnee, Oklahoma City, and El Reno to Okarche was a magnificent run. We are about forty miles south-west of Guthrie, the capital of Oklahoma, in as fine a prairie country as can be found. Okarche is a nice, clean town, about as large as an ordinary Tennessee county seat town.

The M. E. Church is well located. It and the parsonage are new frame buildings. The membership is intelligent, as it has a good percent of professors of sanctification. The Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, Epworth League, class-meeting and Ladies' Aid Society are active. We are pleased with our place and with the country.

The children are all well and "Miss Flora" stood

Dall y, La.:—Rev. W. T. Currie and myself and wife have just closed a meeting at Cedar Hill, La. The dear Lord was with us in great power. People flocked to the altar by the scores, and some were saved. Others were sanctified, and some were healed. Shouts of victory were heard on every hand, and it was wonderful to see folks 84 years old walking two miles and jumping and shouting the praises of God. The meeting closed in a halo of glory, and a general call was made for us to come back. The dear Lord willing, we will go back in July, and we expect the Lord to give victory from on high. I pray the Lord to send laborers into the field. "The harvest is great and laborers are few."

Rev. F. L. Shaw and myself will receive calls at places where they want the full gospel preached and practised. Glory. A. B. BARRY.

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Asbury College Commencement May 22-7.

Friday, 7:00 p. m.—Intermediate and Primary Entertainment

Saturday, 10:00 a. m.—Preaching.

Saturday, 7:30 p. m.—Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Sunday, 9:00 a. m.—General Testimony Service.

Sunday, 11:00 a. m.—Preaching.

Sunday, 3:00 p. m.—Preaching.

Sunday, 7:30 p. m.—Preaching.

Monday, 10:00 a. m.—Lecture or Sermon.

Monday, 3:00 p. m.—Preaching.

Monday, 7:30 p. m.—Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Tuesday, 10:00 a. m.—Preaching.

Tuesday, 3:00 p. m.—Preaching.

Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.—Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Wednesday, 10:00 a. m.—Thirteenth Annual Commencement Exercises.

The following ministerial brethren will do the preaching at the Commencement: Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, editor of the "Witness," Chicago, Ill., Dr. R. N. Price, of the Holsten Conference, and Evangelist, W. J. Harney. Brothers McLaughlin and Harney need no introduction in this country. Dr. Price is known as a preacher and writer through this country, but not known personally. I do not hesitate to say that those who hear him once will want to hear him again. He is considered one of the strong men of Southern Methodism. He has represented his church in the General Conference, and is considered one of its efficient members.

Now with this bill of fare I feel assured that scores of friends of Asbury will be glad to have an invitation to attend our coming commencement, and I here give them an old-fashioned, warm-hearted, Kentucky invitation.

Come, and we will do our best to feed your head and heart. I hope that hundreds who may not be able to come will ask God's blessings upon the Commencement exercises. As the program would indicate, our object at the Commencement is to combine literary and musical entertainments with clear cut, full salvation work. Yours, J. W. HUGHES.

Report from Asbury College.

Dear Brother McClurkin:—

It gives me great pleasure to report through the columns of your excellent paper the workings of our school this year. Under God it has been our most satisfactory year. Teachers and pupils (with a rare exception among pupils) have been disposed to do earnest, honest work. I have never had in the en-

first, to be obedient to God, and, second, to their human leaders. The class work has been eminently satisfactory.

The two literary societies are doing the best work in the history of the college.

Our School of Oratory has added much to the speaking ability of the school, giving a special line of training to those studying for the ministry.

The Boys' Conference is a very helpful source of information and inspiration, where they preach to each other, and it is withal proving to be a very practical and valuable line of work to the young men.

We are far in advance of anything in our history on missionary lines. I have never known the missionary spirit to be nearly so good as now. The College Missionary Society is wide-awake, liberal, and doing all in its power to put the spirit of missions upon the student body.

The Volunteer Band (eighteen in number) is proving to be a blessing to these young men and women who offer themselves at the call of God and the church to such openings as may be presented.

A Spanish Class is being taught, giving pupils a knowledge of the language from both written and colloquial standpoint, so that when they get into Spanish speaking countries they will be able to speak and pray in their language at once.

We have had two excellent meetings since Christmas. Brother McLaughlin, of the "Witness," was with us nine days. It was the general decision of school and public that he was one of the clearest and strongest presenters of the truth that we have had in this community. Owing to the fact that he is quiet and rather an unimpulsive speaker, he at first did not get the hold upon the people that some had, but as they became better acquainted with him he got a blessed hold upon the people, and was graciously used in getting sinners converted, backsliders reclaimed, believers sanctified, and the saved edified and more thoroughly established in the things of God. He will receive a royal welcome at our commencement, being called as one of the preachers on that occasion.

Evangelist W. J. Harney, one of our ex-students, dropped in on us unexpectedly, and preached a number of days and nights, and God graciously owned his ministry. Some blessed work was done on all salvation lines. No boy who has been in this college stands better or has a warmer place in the hearts of the people of this community and members of the college than he. I say without any hesitancy that he has made splendid strides as a preacher, and on religious lines. He is a strong preacher, and brings the truth home to the conscience of men. He is energetic, oratorical, yet teachable, and prays much. If he will keep down at Jesus' feet, as he is now, God has great usefulness in store for him. He makes sin hideous, and magnifies his Lord, saying He can fully save man from all sin.

We are now pressing the work on the home stretch, praying for and expecting a gracious commencement. Yours, J. W. HUGHES.

Meeting of Southern Students.

The tenth annual Southern Student Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations will be held at the Asheville School, Asheville, N. C., June 13 to 21. This is one of five Conferences to be held this year for the development of the Christian life of college men, and training them in leadership in the student Christian work of their institutions. The first conference of this character was held upon the invitation of Mr. D. L. Moody at Mount Hermon, Mass. in 1888. It has since been held at Northfield and has attained an annual attendance of over 700. Conferences will also be held this year at Northfield, Mass.; Lakeside, Ohio; Lake Geneva, Wis.; and Pacific Grove, Cal.

At the Southern Student Conference meetings will be held each morning with addresses to strengthen the convictions of the students and to deepen their spiritual life. At sunset each evening life work meetings are held out of doors at which the various Christian callings needing college men are presented. At the platform and life work meetings addresses will be made by Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. Carter Helm Jones, D. D. of Louisville, Ky., Prof. O. E. Brown, Vanderbilt University; Rev. Ira Landrith, D. D., Nashville, Tenn., Rev. William M. McPheeters, D. D., Columbia, S. C., and Prof. Wilbert W. White of New York City. To help to promote the growing interest in personal Bible study on the part of students, normal Bible classes will be conducted each day of the Conference for the training of leadership of student Bible classes. Mr. F. Boyd Edwards of New York City will conduct a class in "Studies in the Life of Christ." Prof. W. O. Branham of Spring Hill, Tenn., will lead a preparatory course on "The Life and Works of Jesus According to St. Mark;" and Mr. Augustus Nash, Religious Work Secretary of the Cleveland, Ohio, Young Men's Christian Association, will conduct a course on individual work for individuals.

Foreign missions have always been strongly emphasized at these Conferences. Each morning a Missionary Institute will be conducted under the direction of Mr. F. P. Turner and Mr. J. E. McCul-

Sunday School Lesson

Lesson for Sunday, May 3, 1903.

Paul Arrested.

Acts 21: 30-39.

REV. F. R. NUGENT, RICHMOND, VA.

Golden Text: "If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed" (1 Pet. 4: 16).

Last Sunday's lesson left Paul on the way to Jerusalem. His entrance into the city in the midst of the feast of Pentecost seems evidently to have been a mistake on his part, the result of a personal conviction, and contrary to the advice of the Holy Spirit in verse 4. We believe, too, that this error was followed by another, namely, undertaking to carry out some of the ceremonial Jewish law (verses 20-26 and Num. 6). Not for the purpose of getting at the unbelieving Jews in order to save them (1 Cor. 9: 20) but in order to convince the Christian Jews that he was loyal to the law of Moses, verse 21. "Christ is the end of the law to everyone that believeth (Rom. 10: 4), and it rather seems that this act was a needless concession to make to believers. Paul's special mission was to the Gentiles, and even as regards Jewish believers, God had evidently taught him that there was but one way (that of faith and grace, not works and law, Rom. 4: 1-16) for all. Hence the keeping of Jewish ceremonial law was no more binding upon Jewish believers than upon Gentiles, though evidently, for a time, many clung to it as people now cling to methods, customs and associations because they became dear through past circumstances.

The allotted period of purification was not over before Jews from Asia who had doubtless seen Paul at Ephesus, or in that region, raised a great outcry (perhaps they had been at the tumult in Ephesus ch. 19) against him on the very charge he was trying to refute, and on the further charge that he had brought a Gentile into the temple when it was contrary to custom to allow Gentiles to come into that part of the Temple set apart for Jews, "lest they should defile it" (*Annotated New Test.*)

It is noticeable that this outcry and tumult were raised on a mere supposition (verse 29). Much of the trouble that comes to people arises from a "suppose so," and we who are Christians should be slow to draw conclusions against people. The evidence of circumstances may be against a person, yet there may be some mistake on our part in regard to the circumstances.

But God's time for Paul's departure had not yet come, and though there may have been hundreds, or even thousands, in that mob thirsting for Paul's blood, God had a ready and effectual way of rescuing His servant. He who has at His command the armies of heaven, has also at His command the armies of earth, and can use them in a way that is entirely natural. The spiritual mind soon learns to seek and find God in ways and events with which the natural mind thinks He has nothing to do (Ps. 107: 43). And people are God's agents often when they are altogether unconscious of it. The Roman officer thought he was capturing an outlaw, but he was rescuing a servant of God. God so clearly has His hand over the affairs of the world that Cyrus, king of Persia, is called His anointed, though he did not know God's purpose in his life, at least when God first chose him (Isa. 45: 1-4).

We notice, too, the same expression applied to Christ, verse 36. It is truly an honor to "suffer as a Christian." It was Paul's loyalty to God and His truth that began this persecution (verse 28), and later on the crowd again rejected Paul as he testified to God's dealings with him. Those who really manifest loyalty to Christ must expect some of the same treatment He received. This is not to be sought after, but when allowed by God, is to be taken from His hand. The smiles of God's favor can be realized amidst the world's frowns, and we believe there is less danger in being rejected by the world, than in having its favor. Some who have stood true in adversity have gone down in prosperity.

God's keeping power is blessedly evident in this whole circumstance. We read of no human friend helping Paul—there may have been no opportunity for it—but God so sustained him that he seemed cool and collected. He saw an opportunity of turning a raging mob into a silent congregation, at least for a time. He who had called on others to awake

opportunity and ready to "preach the word" out of season" as well as "in season" (2 Tim 4: 2). It has been said of John Wesley that when he was being dragged through the street by those who threatened to throw him in the river, he was as calm in soul as when seated in his study, his only inward disturbance being a brief anxiety about a valuable manuscript in his pocket lest it should get drowned with him! God is still "able to keep" (Jude 24).

SLEEPERS.

Sampson losing his strength as he slept in the lap of Delilah (Judges 16: 19); Jonah sleeping in the hour of danger (John 1: 5); the apostles sleeping under the shadow of Calvary while their Lord was being dishonored (Mat. 26: 40); wise virgins slumbering, foolish virgins sleeping, uncertain when the bridegroom would come (Mat. 25: 15) are all types of certain classes of Christians. Practical Commentary.

Signs of His Coming

Continued from page 5.

the crucifixion of Christ, were just then running out. We wonder why the leading clergy were so grossly blind to the signs of the times and the fulfilment of the prophecies.

The solution is, as we see, Matt. xii. They had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and were given over to hardness of heart, and reprobacy of mind. At the present day it is an indisputable fact that there is an expectancy among all nations, even heathens and barbarians not excepted. N. B. The elect of grace are in every nation under heaven, as they were nineteen hundred years ago when He came the first time. As they were then looking for Him in every nation, while the non-elect were fast asleep; even so it is now. In my travels in America, Europe, Asia and Africa I have everywhere found people looking for His appearing. We are living in the most important age of the world, destined to witness the most stupendous miracles magnitudinous revolutions and wonderful events, such as will certainly characterize the second coming of the Lord. He first came to suffer and to die, to redeem the world. He comes again in His glory, to snatch away His waiting Bride, dethrone Satan, conquer the world and reign forever.

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S. W. MCGOWAN'S SLATE

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| Chapel-hill, | April, 22, 11 a. m. |
| Liverwort, | April, 7 p. m. |
| Isen, | April 23, 7 p. m. |
| Mt. Union, | April 24, 7 p. m. |
| and also | April 25, 11 a. m. |
| McCary's Chapel, | April 26, 3 p. m. |
| and also | April 26, 7 p. m. |

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My Experience with Holiness People.

BY J. T. TAYLOR.

I have been a minister of the gospel for twenty-five years. I was born and raised among those excellent people known in history as Disciples of Christ, or The Christian Church, organized by Alexander Campbell. I was taught to believe that I belonged to "The Church," and that all other churches were spurious. I was a church-man of the deepest dye, although, I must confess, that I was broader than my creed. Somehow, in spite of me, I was forced to believe that God had a people outside of my church. But while I claimed to be free, I was not free. I refused to fraternize with other churches and ministers, hence I was selfish and narrow, for which I was ashamed. For more than twenty years I labored in this channel, receiving hundreds into "the church," many of whom were noble people, and were regenerated; but strange to say, not one of these claimed sanctification, or perfect love. I knew that the Bible said something about sanctification, but in all those years I never heard a sermon on the subject, nor did I try to preach on it; and if my mind was called to it, I was impressed about the same way as when I heard of Noah's ark, or Cain's wife!

I suppose it would be fair to say that my religion consisted of a ton of church doctrine to a pound of righteousness? And of course, those whom I instructed were of the same type. The trouble was, I had starved my spiritual nature by trying to live on the hull instead of the kernel of religion.

MY EYES BEGAN TO OPEN.

In my travels I began to meet with people who talked about "holiness," or "living above sin," and at last I heard a man preach on sanctification,—and my! he took the position that a Christian "was a sinner, and was not a sinner!" About this time (three years ago) I prepared a sermon on sanctification, and I took this position: "We sin every day, but the blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin." This made a Christian a saint and a sinner at the same time! My sermon was accepted by my brethren, and the people generally, wherever I preached it! I also took the position that if my neighbor claimed to be sanctified, and that he lived above sin, I would be forced to put double locks on my corn-crib! Soon the evangelists began to visit some sections of my country, and although they went by the name of "cranks," the people caught on to some things that were said; and especially the tracts fell by the wayside, and like wind-wafted seed, fell into the soil of honest hearts, and grew to the glory of God. In one way or another, papers, tracts, booklets, fell into my hands, and I began to read, and the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw the glimpse of a new world! For the first time I saw that conversion and growth were not all of religion. I discovered

that there was a wide difference between MATURITY and PURITY; that the first process might continue forever, while the other, having a beginning, must necessarily end instantly,—as for instance, when the dross is departed from the gold, *then it is pure*. A person may be pardoned and brought into the favor of God, and here the process of purity has begun, but Christ prayed for His disciples, "sanctify them through thy truth," showing conclusively that there is a second, or after work in grace. I saw the wonderful meaning of that saying, "And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1: 21). His people, not the world, were to be saved from their sins. Again, to the church at Ephesus, Paul writes: "That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man" (Eph. 3: 16). Again, "That he might present it a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but it should be holy and without blemish" (Eph. 5: 27). Then I saw that God claimed the whole man in His service. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Eph. 5: 23). I saw that there was such a thing as "going on to perfection" in this life (Heb. 6). That God requires Perfect obedience (Gal. 3: 10), Perfect love (1 Jno. 4: 17), Perfect humility (1 Pet. 5: 5), Perfect peace (Jno. 20: 21), Perfect self-denial (Mark 10: 24-30), Perfect faith (Acts 8: 37). I saw that if we use all the means of grace we can live without sin. Notice the things affirmed of the Christian: "Does not commit sin" (1 John 3: 9). "The wicked one toucheth him not" (1 John 5: 18). "Purifieth himself even as He is pure" (1 John 3: 3). "He that committeth sin is of the devil, whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin" (1 John 3: 8-9). "In Him is no sin" (1 Jno. 3: 5). In my vision I also saw the true church of the living God. And every so-called church organization under the sun vanished away. I saw the True Vine and its branches; there was nothing to be seen about the church, except as the branch receives its life from the vine, and bears fruit, so the church lives and bears fruit, by being connected with the life of God in Christ (John 15: 1-5 Acts 2: 47). This church is beautiful, it is in the world, but not of the world; it is a unit, held together "in the unity of the Spirit" (Eph. 4: 1-3). Love is its bond of perfection, and it has not on it the "mark of the tool" of human wisdom.

I had labored much for what is called "Christian union," by having the people to accept my interpretation of certain Scriptures, which I now see can never be done; but I can rejoice that Jesus did not pray in vain, when He said, "That they all may be one" (Jno. 17: 20-22). I find that every Spirit-

filled person is one in Christ Jesus. A person who is sanctified will fellowship every child of God. Selfishness and depravity are at the bottom of all divisions. In holiness there can be no division.

Besides reading their literature, I have come in personal contact with a number of Holiness people. I have only met one evangelist, namely, D. B. Strouse, of Salem, Va. I heard him preach for the first time the doctrine of "full salvation." He has laid down all for Christ. I have met a number of persons claiming sanctification, and they exhibit a joy and kindness unknown to the "members of the churches." While I love everybody, and know many Christian people in the various churches, I have never met a people so warm-hearted, so brotherly, so ready to make sacrifice, so ready to testify for Jesus, as those persons known as "Holiness people." Certain persons have used many devices to turn me from the doctrine of holiness. With scorn they point to certain weak brothers, and say, "cranks," "crazy," "hypocrite s c., I answer, "I know the doctrine is true, though all men forsake it."

Lastly, I have been reading LIVING WATER and the Revivalist for some time, and I have been lifted up toward the mountain top, and have come in contact with a host of heavenly-minded people, of whom the world is not worthy. God bless the Holiness people, with their editors, and especially with the missionaries who have left all for Jesus. God bless the kind hearts that have aided me in any way to see more light.

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