

Living Water

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

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"THE LAST HOUR OF FOREIGN MISSIONS"

BY R. H. BOLL.

When birds are migrating in flocks to other lands and the instinct is strong upon them, if you catch one and imprison it in a cage, it will beat its breast against the bars and fall panting back; but let the migratory season pass, and you may open the cage, but it will not fly; and you may even take it and throw it up into the air, but it falls back limply to the ground. The tug on that little heart is gone. For a soul, for a nation, and I suppose even for a world, there comes a time when the tug of the Holy Ghost at the heart may pass forever, if they know not the hour of their visitation.

"The situation," says Dr. Mott, "is absolutely unique in the history of the Christian religion—unique in opportunity, unique in danger, unique in responsibility, and unique in duty. The church is confronting a rapidly climaxing world crisis; stupendous changes are constituting the greatest single opportunity which has ever confronted the Christian religion; and it is an opportunity which will not linger." The same emphatic warning was sharply accentuated by the Edinburgh Conference. "Our survey has impressed us with the momentous character of the present hour. The next ten years"—a daring specification of actual number—"will in all probability constitute a turning point in human history, and may be of more critical importance than many centuries." These words need to be burnt home upon the heart and imagination of the church of God. We are confronting the awakening of untold millions of mankind; a renaissance incomparably greater than the reformation, which convulsed Europe, is passing over the world; and the fact of inexpressible solemnity and of thrilling wonder is this, that the plastic, moldable stage of the waking nations may,

within the next ten years, pass away forever.

THREE REMARKABLE LETTERS.

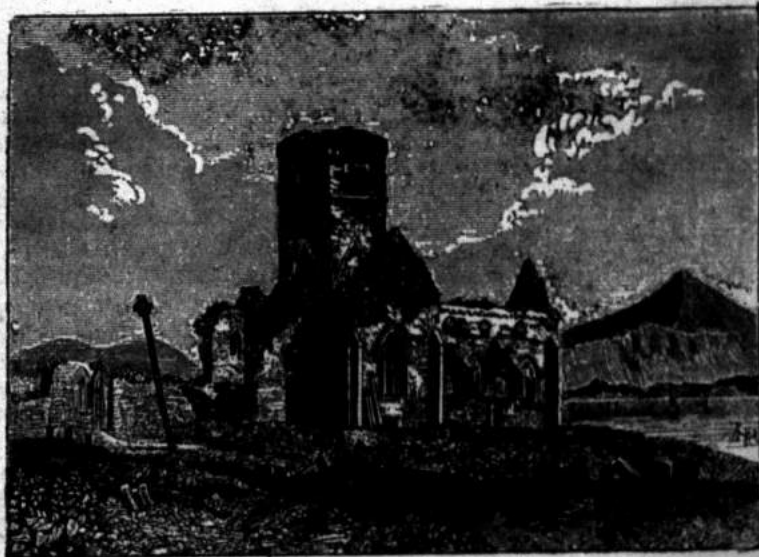
To-day an amazing tug is pulling at the heart of the nations, as myriads of men are migrating in flocks into the fold of Christ. Out of the heart of these nations have come, recently, three letters representing the three

Jews will accept Christ with great joy, and with the same understanding as a father meets an injured and cast-off son. That moment of the reconciliation of the Jews with Christ—mark you, here is a man who does not know Christian prophecy, yet how true are his words—"that moment of the reconciliation of the Jew with Christ will be the greatest in the history of mankind. On

that day the Messiah will come, as at first, under the light of a new recognition. I believe that the Jews are traveling in that direction. I believe it steadfastly because it cries aloud in my soul." (*Trusting and Testing*, November, 1908.) Is not that a wonderful letter coming from a Jew?

Now we turn for a moment to the Hamitic nations, and we naturally turn our thoughts to Africa. Here the accent is very different. God uses personality so exquisitely and so variously. Here is a letter written from an African tribe addressed to the "teachers of Europe." It says: "We are those who went astray, but the Lord did not leave us. He sought us with perseverance, and we

heard his call and answered. Now we are his slaves." It is so simple, and almost like the apostle John. "Now we are his slaves, having no other master at all. Behold, we tell you a word of truth. We had three teachers. One is in Europe; another has gone to Ikung; and this one who stays with us, his furlough is due, and his work is many." How quaintly and how beautifully put—"his furlough is due, and his work is many!" "If he goes to rest in Europe, with whom are we left? It is good that you should send us teachers who will enable us to be full of the words of the Father. Friends, what do you run away from? Death? Or the long distance? What



THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. MARY AT IONA.

great divisions of mankind, and voicing the cry of the world to the church of God. We take first the call of the Semitic nations, voiced by a Jew. This Jew lived for several months with the monks on Mount Athos, and afterwards wrote the following letter to the metropolitan, one of the Oriental archbishops. Mark what this Jew said: "Your Grace, I am bringing a great petition to you. I want to bring from my heart something that has moved it for years. I myself am but one of a nation who, in the judgment of the nations who have accepted Christianity, are considered as a nation hostile to Christ. Against this I am ready to fight with all the powers of my soul. Sooner or later the

the Lord command? He said, 'Go, and preach the gospel in all the world.' We have a desire to hear your teachings in the teaching of the Jehovah God; and we have a thirst to see you in the eyes; but we have not the opportunity. We have not the opportunity here below; but we shall have in heaven. In the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, one God." (*Missionary Review of the World*, December, 1906.) How tender and beautiful!

We turn to the Japhetic nations, and here is perhaps one of the most wonderful letters which a body of unbelievers ever addressed to the church of God. It comes from the Brahmo Somaj of India, and is addressed to the "venerable bishops, priests, missionaries, and other representatives of Christ." "Reverend Sirs, you have opened up the path of India's regeneration. You have already achieved what millions of England's armed men, as well as its network of railways and telegraphs and a thousand other agencies, could not have done. The Bible which you have brought is an inestimable boon, and the sweet and sacred name of your beloved Master, which has already revolutionized the world, is unto us a benefaction, the true nature of which we cannot yet adequately conceive. Our country cannot do without Christ. He has become to us a necessity, a greater necessity than food and raiment. India is the fair bride"—these words are, of course, a gross Oriental exaggeration, but listen to them—"India is the fair bride whom her father has been adorning from ages immemorial for the acceptance of the great Bridegroom; and his beloved Son, in the fullness of time, has come to take his bride." (*Church Missionary Intelligencer*, May, 1905.)

THE GOSPEL IS FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE.

So the pull of God's hand is on the heart of the nations; but the hour will not last. In the words of Max Muller: "We are on the eve of a storm which will shake the oldest convictions of the world." Or, as Principal Forsythe has expressed it: "The gospel is fighting for its life inside the churches, as well as outside." We stand on the brink of a day in which the struggle will be more desperate and terrible than any that has gone before, because it involves no less than the destiny of the world and the supremacy of God. "Rarely, if ever," says Mr. Samuel Wilkinson, "has Jewish opposition been so andorous and vindictive." A consuming wave of Islam is passing like a prairie fire over Africa. In the East has been every great apostasy from God; the East will give birth to the philosophy of antichrist (1 Tim. 4:4); in the East already vast revivals are passing over the false religions of the world. The Edinburgh Conference reports not only that eastern governments are banishing the word "God" from the school text-books, and that Haeckel and Ingersol are studied from Turkey to Japan, but that Hinduism and Buddhism, copying aggressive Christian effort, now press their propaganda through Sunday schools, orphanages, theological col-

leges, and even missionary societies. In China, Confucius has been raised to the rank of deity. India is becoming once again the breeding ground of deadly agnosticism, in which, as in the second century, the church will be hugged to death by the giant theosophies of the East. "Extraordinary revivals of Buddhism," says the Bishop of South Tokyo, "have taken place in Japan during 1910."

DARKNESS GAINING ON THE LIGHT.

During the great missionary century, while three or four million souls, roughly computed, have been brought to Christ, there has been a growth of population of two hundred millions of mankind—a seventyfold increase of darkness over the light. The world was never so full of the lost as it is to-day. It is seriously possible that this decade may decide the fate of the world, and, to use Bishop Lefroy's words, "for generations to come the door to advance be fast barred to a degree of which we have hitherto had no experience whatever." I need not ask the hearts that love His appearing what all this means. "Little children, it is the last hour: and as ye heard that antichrist cometh, even now have there arisen many antichrists; whereby ye know that it is the last hour." (1 John 2: 18.)

Solemn hour; thus on the margin
Of that wondrous day
When the former things have vanquish'd
Old things passed away;
Nothing but Himself before us,
Every shadow pass'd;
Sound we loud the word of witness,
For it is the last.
One last word of solemn warning
To the world below;
One loud shout, that all may hear us
Hail him, ere we go;
Once more let that name be sounded
With a trumpet tone—
Here amid the deep'ning shadows,
Then—before the throne.

THE SUPREME URGENCY OF THE CRISIS.

The supreme urgency of the crisis is for a final proclamation of Christ. An English sportsman was in the Sudan. He was a Christian, and was lying in a midday siesta, on the burning sand, when he felt a touch, and he looked round and saw an old sheik of the desert. They got into conversation. I may say that the Mohammedan has his tradition that the prophet Jesus, whom they put under Mohammed, is to return after the coming of the Mahdi. The old man said to the Englishman: "Do you know the prophet Jesus?" The Englishman answered: "Yes." "Well," said the old man, "is he coming soon?" The sportsman answered: "I do not know." The old man pressed him further, and said: "Is he coming in a few months, or is he coming next year?" The sportsman said: "God only knows; I do not; but I know that he is coming again." "Well," the old man said, "I will tell you why I ask you. I want you to tell me what he is like, that if he should pass me in the desert I may recognize his face, and be able to welcome him."

What a day in which to live! What a

crisis! What an opportunity! It is for us to so reveal the Lamb upon the throne to the sons of men, that when his burst of apocalypse comes, myriads may know and welcome him Henry Clay, when once in the Alleghany Mountains, overlooking vast territories occupied only by the Indian and the buffalo, put his ear to the ground. "What are you listening for?" his fellow-travelers asked. "I am listening," he said, "for the tramp of the oncoming millions." So we listen. "And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." (Luke 13: 29.)

Therefore the hour is momentous for us all. "The crisis of the battle," said Napoleon, "is the moment in which to throw in all your reserves." We are God's reserves, who may be called to the colors in a foreign land at any moment. The faculty at Konigsberg refused Stephen Schulz (1724-1776) on his application for mission work among the Jews; whereupon he wrote them this letter: "I owe you obedience as fathers. If, therefore, you command that I decline the call to missionary work among the Jews, I can decline it with a clear conscience. However, I must say this: Should God ask me on the judgment day—

"(1) Have I not given thee from infancy a desire to show to the Jews the way of salvation? I would have to answer, Yea, Lord.

"(2) Have I not proved three years ago, during the trial trip, that I have given thee ability to labor? I would say, Yea, Lord.

"(3) Have I not shown that the harvest among the Jews is great, but the laborers are few? I would say again, Yea, Lord.

"(4) Have I not taught thee on that trial trip that the way was opened among the Jews for thee, and that in further travels and with greater experience thou couldst have still better access to them? again I would answer, Yea, Lord.

"(5) And when at last the Lord should ask me, Why didst thou not follow the call when it came? I would leave the answer to the honorable theological faculty."

The faculty sent Schulz to the Jews; how could they do otherwise? He became a second Paul in respect of travel and suffering, compassing thousands of miles. The call, once heard, is the call of God; and when fortified by such confirmation as Schulz could adduce, it is the irresistible summons of the Most High.

THE WAITING NATIONS.

"Recall the twenty-one years," says James Chalmers, "give me back its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give me it surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it back with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground—give it me back, and I will be your missionary still." Rarely does the Holy Ghost break an exclamation of admiration and wonder; but there he does. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet

of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace" (Isa. 52: 7)—tired feet, bleeding feet, blood-washed feet! God thinks them beautiful: "how beautiful are the feet!" Is there no young life among my readers willing to dedicate itself forever in the service of God anywhere in God's wide world? Not necessarily abroad; baffled missionaries often make the best home workers, and are the best holders of the ropes at home. It is hard to understand how young disciples, free from legitimate ties, have no passionate longing to give up their whole life and time to the service of God, whether at home or abroad. Could our Lord say more than he has said? "Who then is the faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall set over his household, to give them their portion of food in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing." (Luke 12: 42.) Why? "Of a truth I say unto you, that he will set him over all that he hath." Inconceivable wonder and glory: "All that he hath."

Meantime there are waiting nations, and the hour will not last. Two African chiefs came to Chalmers and said: "We want

Christian teachers; will you send them?" Chalmers had no one to send, and he said: "I have no one; I cannot send any one." Two years passed away and those two chiefs came to him again. Chalmers himself happened to be at liberty, and he traveled over the intervening country, and arrived on a Sunday morning. To his surprise, he saw the whole nation on their knees in perfect silence. Chalmers said to one of the chiefs: "What are you doing?" "Why," he said, "we are praying." "But," Chalmers said, "you are not saying anything." "White man," the chief answered, "we do not know what to say. For two years every Sunday morning we have met here; and for four hours we have been on our knees, and we have been praying like that, but we do not know what to say." What a picture of the waiting nations! Hear the warning of the Edinburgh Conference. The tug is at the heart of the waiting nations; but it may soon pass forever; and O, what must happen when the Holy Ghost departs (2 Thess. 2: 7) from the nations of the world! "That thou doest"—it is a principle of perpetual and urgent application—"do quickly."—D. M. Patton, in *Charlotte Chapel Record*.

they might be taken out of the world, only that they be kept from its evil while they sought to cure the evil and make all life better.

The message of the Master to-day calls to an active and positive Christian life. Our mission in the world is not merely to go through ourselves in a decent sort of way. We are not to think only of keeping our own garments clean, and winning our own crown, paying no heed meanwhile to the sin, sorrow, and need about us. We know what Jesus thought of the priest and Levite of his parable, who passed by on the other side of the wounded man.

Is the part of earth we live in growing purer, sweeter, heavenlier, day by day, because of our living in it? Are we touching the evils about us with our positive good and driving them away? How many of us sought with love and prayer and earnest effort this past week to save one man, or to bring one child under the influence of the gospel? What did we do to heal the strifes of men and to make peace, to soften the bitterness of quarrels and to bring together those who are at enmity? What did we do to help the discouraged, to cheer the depressed, to lift up hands that hang down? What effort did we make to put a stop to crime and vice in our community and make it a safer place for our children to grow up in.

Are we making a sort of house coat and slippers of our religion, sometimes to give us ease and comfort, to soothe our consciences and make us think well of ourselves? What is it costing us to be Christians, to follow our Master? What sacrifice are we making for Him? What kind of service are we giving to Him? What of our gentle ease are we giving up, what things are we doing without, that we may lay the more on the Lord's altar?

We are seldom asked to undergo perils, toil, and pain, and it is not likely that we shall need to die for our Master. But we have splendid opportunities to live for Him, to climb the steep ascent of heaven on paths of holy living, of devotion to duty, of self-denying service for others, and of heroic sacrifices in winning others to Christ. We need to pray for grace to be given us for such Christian living as Ernest Crosby outlines in his thought-compelling lines:

"So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.

But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

"In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

"It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride
Was it harder for him?

"But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

—Sel.

Making Life Sweet for Others

No man can really love his fellow-man aright until he first loves Christ. It is a great mistake to devote one's life to the good of humanity, to the betterment of the world, without having first given one's self to Christ. For we must be saved before we can serve. One is not ready to work for others, to do them good, until he has seen Christ for himself.

But, while the Christian must think of his individual salvation first, he may not rest there. Yet that is as far as some people go. They come to Christ and he accepts them, and they rejoice in the thought that they are God's children. But they have no concern for the souls of others. They never carry on their hearts a burden for any life. They feel no responsibility for the saving of others. Yet Christ makes it very plain that his disciples have a great deal to do with the blessing of the world. He says they are to be the salt of the earth. Saltless Christians are of no use. Christians are to preserve the world and sweeten it. That is one reason they are left here after their conversion.

But what is it in a man that makes him good salt? A religion without love, however eloquent, however seemingly gifted with power, however benevolent, is salt that has no saltiness. Sometimes men tell us that it is love for God that is salt in religion, and then seek to condone their want of love for men by claiming to love God. The apostle John sweeps away such a claim by telling us that the proof of the new spiritual life is love for men. "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love"—not God, but—the brethren. He that loveth not abideth in death." If we love God, we shall love our fellows.

There is, indeed, a cleansing, purifying influence in the mere silent example of good men in a community. Though they take no part in the world's controversies and struggles, if they live day after day pure lives, gentle lives, simple lives, lives without stain or reproach, they are like salt in their preservative, sweetening influence in the community. Salt works silently, without advertisement, without proclaiming its work. There is a tremendous power in simple goodness though it be not heard in the streets. There is many a quiet man who makes no noise, yet by the persuasiveness of his gentle goodness is a blessing to the whole community. There is many a woman who takes no part in reform societies or in public movements in which many other good women engage, yet, by the sweetness of her spirit and the unending ministry of her love in her home and among her neighbors, makes life all about her fragrant with heavenly perfume.

So Christians can be the salt of the earth just by being good and true and loving. Love is salt. Humanity is salt. Goodness is salt. The world does not know what it owes to its quiet, nameless saints.

But the passive virtues are not all. There is a positive force in salt. It is pungent and biting and strong. Christian men should be positive, earnest and outspoken. In medieval days the type of saintliness that was thought to be the most heavenly and Christlike was that which fled away from men and hid in caves and monasteries, saying its prayers, fasting, and wearing hair shirts. Not thus did the Master teach men to live holy lives. "I send you forth as lambs among wolves," he said to his saints. He did not ask that

FAITH AS A PREPARATION FOR SIGHT

FROM "THE LIFE OF FAITH."

Considerable injustice has been done to the New Testament doctrine of faith by those whose clearest definitions consist of violent antitheses. Very often is faith thus wounded in the house of its friends. We have grown so accustomed to the truth that "we walk by faith and not by sight," that we have almost come to regard faith and sight as antithetic, in much the same way that Tennyson regarded faith and knowledge: "We have but faith, we cannot know." But may it not be that faith and sight are the two ends of the same journey? May it not be that one is the means and the other the end? And is it necessary to set them in violent theological opposition? The fact that we walk by faith and not by sight does not mean that faith and sight are in opposition; it may mean simply the stages of the journey. "Now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face." To put the question in a more positive form: May it not be that faith is in reality the soul's preparation for sight, as truly as walking is the body's preparation for running? If such is the case, then there is no antagonism between faith and sight, and the old antithesis may well be set aside. If we can interpret faith—in one of its aspects—as a preparation for spiritual sight, we shall rescue it from that uninteresting situation in which so many Christian people appear to find it.

I.

John Owen, one of the greatest of Puritan theologians, has a characteristic passage in his writings which forcibly illustrates this relationship. "No man has any warrant to expect that he shall ever behold the glory of Christ by sight in heaven who does not in some measure behold it by faith in this world. Grace is a preparation for glory, and faith for sight. The soul that is not previously seasoned with spiritual illumination and faith in the Son of God is not capable of glory, or seeing Him as He is. All men, indeed, think themselves fit enough for heaven—what should hinder? Men in general will say, and that confidently, living and dying, that they desire to be with Christ, and behold His glory; but, in fact, they know not what it is—they can give no reason why they should desire any such thing. Men will not be clothed with glory whether they will or not. Heaven would be no place of happiness to men that die in their sins, were it possible for them to be admitted there. Music has no charms to those that cannot hear, nor the most beautiful colors to those that cannot see. Take a fish

from the bottom of the ocean, where all is cold and dark, and place it under the cheering beams of the sun; it will derive no benefit from them, it is not its element. Heaven itself would not be more advantageous to persons unrenewed in the spirit of their minds while in this world. Hence we find the apostle giving thanks unto the Father, 'Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.'"

It is very often said that the soul will enjoy no heaven above until the discovery has been made that there is a heaven below; and there is much of truth in the suggestion. Heaven is more than a place; it is a state of mind and an attitude of soul. There is therefore something tragic and forlorn about the unhappy person who is ever sighing for a heaven beyond, but who, ap-

even any idea of what it means, or of the grounds on which faith in it rests. The two great factors concerned in its production in the true religion are those we have now mentioned; an overpowering experience of the redeeming love of God, and a response to that love so absolute and unreserved that it does not count life itself dear to be true to it. Spiritually, the Christian faith in immortality is conditioned by these two things; where they both exist, faith rises to its highest power. Where faith is feeble, it is where either or both are inoperative. Is it not worth while to ask, in a generation in which faith is feeble and doubters many, whether it is possible for some people to believe in immortality, or rather whether they have any right to believe in it? It is a stupendous idea when we really take it in; and to grasp

it as not merely an idea but a reality implies spiritual strength on a corresponding scale. How can a man believe in immortality who has invested his whole being in things which perish as he uses them? How can he believe in immortality if he does not know something which is better than life, if he is not identified with a cause and an interest to which life itself may well be surrendered? That is the whole position as we understand it, and in that position we see the real ministry of faith. Faith is the preparatory school of sight. Faith is the beginning of the walk; sight is the end of the journey. Thus is it that we walk by faith and not by sight.

II.

A well-known biographer, in describing his father, who was a country minister and an omnivorous reader, says that it never occurred to him to make a channel between his library and his pulpit. The phrase is suggestive, and illustrations are numerous. We are all familiar with the admission of Drummond, in his Introduction to "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." He tells how he tried to keep science and religion in water-tight compartments, but failed hopelessly in the attempt. But we are thinking particularly, at the moment, of those who never dream of making any channel between heaven and earth. Earth is ever with them, closely and vitally; but heaven—well, in spite of all the poetic allusions we make to it, is very far away. And no suggestions are made that this is surely a very bad state of affairs. To put it another way. Few people seem to regard faith as an active agency of preparation for the fuller life of

even any idea of what it means, or of the grounds on which faith in it rests. The two great factors concerned in its production in the true religion are those we have now mentioned; an overpowering experience of the redeeming love of God, and a response to that love so absolute and unreserved that it does not count life itself dear to be true to it. Spiritually, the Christian faith in immortality is conditioned by these two things; where they both exist, faith rises to its highest power. Where faith is feeble, it is where either or both are inoperative. Is it not worth while to ask, in a generation in which faith is feeble and doubters many, whether it is possible for some people to believe in immortality, or rather whether they have any right to believe in it? It is a stupendous idea when we really take it in; and to grasp it as not merely an idea but a reality implies spiritual strength on a corresponding scale. How can a man believe in immortality who has invested his whole being in things which perish as he uses them? How can he believe in immortality if he does not know something which is better than life, if he is not identified with a cause and an interest to which life itself may well be surrendered? That is the whole position as we understand it, and in that position we see the real ministry of faith. Faith is the preparatory school of sight. Faith is the beginning of the walk; sight is the end of the journey. Thus is it that we walk by faith and not by sight.



A MOUNTAIN OF PALESTINE.

sight beyond. They dimly perceive that salvation is by faith, but in their heart of hearts they have very little use for this seemingly abstract quality. We have surely to alter all this, and we can do so in a very simple way. Let us get back to John Owen, and let us teach once more that grace is a preparation for glory, and that faith is a preparation for sight. It is a remarkable coincidence that Sir Oliver Lodge should practically indorse this statement in his book on "Man and the Universe:" "We can see Him now if we look. If we cannot see, it is only that our eyes are shut." Translated into theological terms, that statement means that there is such a thing as a vision of God, and if the vision is not beheld by the sons of men, it is not the fault of the Most High, but the failure of humanity. We do not forget, moreover, the fine saying of Socrates, which we read in the *Phædo* of Plato: "It is not allowable for the impure to lay hold of the pure," and if a man has no consciousness of the spiritual realm here and now, and no blessed overwhelming sense of the redeeming presence of Christ, then he has little right to talk of the glories that shall be revealed. Before he can enter into the unspeakable blessings of sight he must know experimentally, here and now, the unutterable things of redeeming faith.

In the Select Letters of the saintly William Romaine there is a passage wherein he enforces the utility of Christian faith: "Read and pray for more faith, that what you have a title to you may take possession of, and so make constant use of it. Your estate is great, immensely great. Use it and live up to it: as you do in temporals so do in spirituals. Your money, your land, your air, your light, your meat and drink, and house and clothing, these you use; but you have not them *in* you; only being yours, they are used *by* you. So do by Christ." It is not enough that we have a kind of passive faith which is inoperative in the "world's broad field of battle;" we must cherish a faith which gives us a foretaste of the good things to come.

III.

Perhaps the most remarkable facts about this conception of faith are its homeliness and its immediate value. It should be obvious to all that a true Christian is a good citizen, and it should be taken for granted that a man who has a vigorous faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will be doing the work of the world with a noble will and an intelligent enthusiasm. The true man of faith is the great man of work, and the man who is conscious of the preparatory nature of faith will do the menial duties of life with more consecration of spirit. Faith does not isolate; it tends, rather, to a sweetly progressive unity, and the soul who has seen the Father, and who is living day by day in the heavenly places, will not be otherworldly in the sense of being monastic. "The right faith of man," said John Ruskin, "is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he

should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good to others or himself, with which, however, he is not at present concerned, will come of it hereafter." There is grave and immediate need that this side of the truth should be emphasized, and we have had no difficulty in seeing that ancient Puritan and modern scientist alike agree that faith has some kind of ministry in the life that now is. We want to see the younger generation with a keener enthusiasm for the New Testament doctrine of faith; the perils of the hour are subtle in the extreme; on the one hand we have a

persuasive pragmatism with its excessive emphasis on the function of the human will, and, on the other hand, we have a rather anemic theory of faith which makes no appeal whatever to the highest instincts of the soul. Hence the need that we should emphasize the immediate ministry and the continuous function of sane Christian faith. Let us declare quite bluntly that without *immediate* faith in an immortal life—a faith characterized by complete trust in Christ—it is vain and foolish to talk piously about heaven. If we have not faith we can hardly anticipate sight; if we have not grace we can hardly expect glory. And let us ever remember that without faith it is impossible to please God.

Save the Girls

BY REV. E. C. ATKINS.

Rev. J. H. Woodroof, President of the International Anti-White Slave Association, with headquarters at Denver, Col., visited Nashville, Tenn., last week. While in the city he delivered addresses at Elm Street M. E. Church, South, Sunday morning, and Immanuel Baptist Church at night. On Tuesday evening he addressed a representative gathering of citizens at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium.

At each of these meetings members were secured for the Association, and at the close of the meeting on Tuesday night at the Y. M. C. A. a local organization was formed. Rev. E. C. Atkins, a member of the Tennessee Conference of the M. E. Church, South, was elected President, and Rev. J. O. McClurkan, pastor of the Pentecostal Tabernacle, and President of Trevecca College, this city, was elected Secretary. The remaining officers will be elected and the organization completed at the first regular meeting of the local association.

Mr. Woodroof has a strong personality and the keen sense of responsibility which he feels, together with the world-wide need of this work, which has mastered him, makes him a master of men. His presentations of the work were strong appeals—not to the passions and emotions of his hearers, but to their highest intelligence. It is true that he was compelled, in the presentation of the work to throw wide the door that has so long hidden this monster from the public gaze, that he might be seen in all his hideous reality, but this was done with a discretion, grace and purity of diction that freed every address from the least trace of anything that could offend the refined sensibilities of the most sensitive. It would be difficult for any one to deal with subjects so delicate and of such tremendous import, with more prudence and force than this "Master Workman," who came to us fresh from the field, with the smoke of battle about him and the light of victory in his clear, thoughtful eyes.

It is impossible to give to your readers a clear conception of the addresses delivered in this city, or the impressions left upon the

minds and hearts of those who were privileged to hear him.

The great world seemed to lie out before him, writhing in the deadly grip of this monster, the Social Evil, in all its hideous forms. He seemed to see it all with one sweep of his clear vision, and to comprehend its need.

He laid before us the character and work of the Association, and dwelt upon the local need, and the work of the local association. The addresses were trumpet calls to clean men and women everywhere to line up with this great movement for Education, Law Enforcement, the destruction of this deadly foe of the home, and the safeguarding of our youth.

That we might see the Traffic in Girls as it exists he gave us both national and international facts that cut their way through all indifference, and reached the center of all hearts.

As this article is not intended to be the report of any address but rather a brief account of his visit to our city, together with some of the results of his work, it may seem out of place to the editor should I include a brief account of some of the cases related, in the effort to show that there is a national and international traffic in girls. Then again I hesitate because nothing less than a photographic report of these addresses could tell the story as it should be told, but knowing, as I do that hundreds of thousands of mothers and daughters are wholly ignorant of the varied and ingenious methods employed by the White Slave agents in trapping girls, I will attempt a brief reference to a few cases, for the sake of those who do not know, trusting that even this may help warn some trapping girl in time to save from the lures and snares set everywhere by these demons in human shape.

A "Want Ad" in a Texas paper caught the attention of a young girl in a country home, and believing that a good position was to be secured, where she could earn for herself an honest living and make her way in the world, she came to Fort Worth, Texas, and sought

the position. The place to which the innocent and unsuspecting girl went was a den of infamy, where she was locked in and held in bondage.

For two weeks she endured the torments of this living death, but one day she got access to a phone and called for help. Friends came, forced their way to her prison, and she was rescued.

Hon. Stanley W. Finch, United States Commissioner, Department of Justice, at Washington, D. C., says: "The cleverly worded advertisement for help is perhaps one of the most ingenious and effective methods, for by this means the traffickers are enabled to reach into every home, and business establishment in the country and many of the most carefully guarded and innocent are lured to the cities, and fall a prey to the 'White Slaver.'"

Such an advertisement stating that young girls were wanted for good paying positions at a new hotel in Muskogee, led three Kansas girls to leave their homes on the farms and go to that city. They found the "New Hotel" (?) a "House of Shame," but when they attempted to leave were locked in, and held for two and a half months in a bondage worse than death, before they were enabled to escape, and return to their heart broken parents, diseased wrecks of humanity.

I think I hear some one say: "Girls should be more careful. They do not take time to investigate and know where they are going before they leave their homes?" I will tell you: "They know nothing of the White Slave Traffic and see no danger. I am writing this that our girls MAY KNOW and KNOWING, be warned in time to save them, but when the last word has been said still the skill of the White Slaver, and procurer, will outwit some innocent girl and drag her to degradation and destruction.

Listen: A short while ago in Oakland, Cal., a mother and her daughter, ignorant of the methods of the procurer, and with no suspicion that their every movement was watched by those agents who were seeking to trap the young girl, went into a drygoods store to get some things. The mother said to her daughter: "I am going across the street for a few minutes. Stay right here until I come back. I will not be gone long." She had scarcely left the store when a young girl, dressed as a trained nurse came into the store and approaching the daughter said: "Pardon me, but your mother has just been run over by an automobile on the street, and has been taken to the hospital. She has sent for you."

The daughter suspecting no danger, and distressed for her mother, and anxious to reach her as soon as possible, followed the supposed nurse into a carriage, and though that was more than six months ago she has never been seen or heard from since.

Among the International cases referred to by the speaker was one related to him by E. R. Fulkerson, one of the National Lecturers of the Association. When he was Consul at Nagasaki a fine looking woman,

elegantly dressed came into the Consulate one morning and asked for transportation to a certain island, saying she was going there to open a school. Suspicion regarding her purpose led him to investigate, and finally to order the arrest of the woman. She was tried and convicted as a White Slave agent, and procurer, and sentenced to nine years in prison.

When she was arrested it was found that she had twenty-four of our American girls who had been trapped here and shipped to her, and that under the pretense of opening a school, she was preparing to place them in houses of shame. When asked how long she had been engaged in this diabolical work she replied: "Seven years." When asked how many girls she had procured from America, and sold into bondage in the Orient, she said: "Two hundred and sixty."

The next day the doctor, who was a graduate physician, found fourteen more American girls on the concrete steps of the building all in a dreadful condition, six of them so ill from abuse and disease that they had to be operated on before night.

That night he was called to the wharf to see a sick girl who had been put ashore from the midnight steamer. He found her lying on the ground by the sea wall, in a semi-unconscious condition, and in her delirium saying, "Mama! Mama!" He had her removed to the hospital, cared for, and when two weeks later she was well enough to talk he asked her what she was trying to say that night when he first saw her. She said: "I thought my mother was there with me, and I was asking her why she had not told me about these things."

The object of the Association, the speaker explained was not only to educate, and make known the existing conditions, and the dan-

ger which threatens our loved ones, and through literature and lectures give instruction on every phase of the Social Evil, but also to see that laws are enacted and enforced that will safeguard our homes and protect our youth.

"The battle is on! God calleth for you!" The call of God is to every man and woman for the best service they can render in every department of this great work. The future is bright with promise. Everywhere the strong men and women of the world are lining up with these great Sociological movements, and enlisting for the greatest war this world has ever known—the great war on White Slavery, and all forms of the Social Evil.

The "Traffic in Girls" is the blackest cloud overhanging our civilization to-day. In this great campaign are social reformers of the highest standing. "Educators everywhere are beginning to realize its vital importance as never before. Lawyers, doctors, business men and women are engaging in it. The churches are casting aside the cloak of over scrupulous delicacy, and modesty and are beginning to assume their part of the responsibility."

The purpose of this splendid association is to belt this globe with local organizations, in every city, town and hamlet, into which the strongest men and women of every community will be drawn to make a study of these great questions, and plan and work for the final destruction of this deadly foe of our civilization which is at our very doors to-day, reaching out its foul, and blood-stained hands to grapple and drag to degradation and death our fairest and best.

E. C. ATKINS,

Supt. of the State of Iowa
and National Lecturer

Testimonies About Family Worship

AFTER THE FATHER WAS CALLED HOME.

Forty-two years ago my young husband and I started out in life together, and the fire upon the family altar has been burning ever since, although thirteen years ago he passed to a glorious reward. I have gathered my children around the sacred altar ever since. We can no more live without this season of prayer than we could without our daily bread.

The more we have to do, the busier the day, the more time we wish to spend in reading God's Word and prayer.

My two daughters and I live together. We are our own bread-winners, and how good God is in supplying us! We give him back his tenth before anything is taken out for our own necessities.

We meet together after breakfast for about ten or fifteen minutes, using for Bible reading the passages selected by the International Lesson Committee. Each one prays, beginning with the younger daughter, then the older, the mother last, all uniting in the Lord's Prayer. We read a "thought" for

the day from "Earnest Workers" and J. B. Miller's "Bits of Pasture."

We also use the daily prayer-books for Foreign and Home Missions furnished by the Southern Presbyterian Church.

Every blessing results from our family worship. What sacred associations have about its sacred memory!—Jennie K. Fulton, Ky.

"AT HOME AND ABROAD."

We have had family worship every day of our married life. For the last ten years it has been our custom to read the daily Bible-readings in connection with the Sunday-school lesson each morning, and to pray at the breakfast-table. If I am away from home and in some other home, I read the same lesson, knowing that my wife is reading it in our home also.

We would not start on a day's journey without taking time to read the Word.—Fred Long, Jackson, Miss.

FACING THE QUESTION OF SURRENDER.
The summer I was nineteen I attended camp-meeting at Old Orchard, Maine.

the first morning prayer-meeting I heard a message that appealed to me strongly; it was just what I was longing for as a Christian. I remained away from the preaching-service to be alone with the Lord and my Bible. As I knelt in my tent seeking to know God's will, and desiring to make a full surrender to him, there came to me very clearly the question, "Will you go home and start a family altar?"

We had started family worship about the time I was converted, at fourteen, as my father was also reached by the same meetings, but he had grown rather indifferent, and I was away much of the school year; so it had been discontinued. I do not recall that I had felt that as a duty for me till it came as the test of my surrender of my will to God.

After a struggle, I said: "Yes, Lord, I'll do anything thou dost want me to do; only let Christ fill my heart and life." A great peace and joy resulted.

Many times in the following week was I tempted to dread the home-going or to doubt whether I'd be faithful, but Christ helped me to say always, "I will do thy will, only help me, Father."

The first night conditions could scarcely have been harder. A cousin of my father's, who was prone to criticise Christians, while taking no active part in the Lord's work herself, was visiting us. I had no liberty to mention the subject until my only brother, who was not a Christian, came in. Then I said to father, "Don't you think we ought to have a family altar? Won't you read?"

I think he asked me to do so. My brother said he was going to bed, and left the room. That hurt me, but the Lord wonderfully blessed us then, and at later times. It has been our custom ever since.

Many times in those earlier days I had schoolmates or friends visiting me who were not Christians, or who were Universalists, and in one case an agnostic, and I used to think it would be easy if only father would take the initiative. However, I feel sure it was a source of strength to me, and helped me to grow in Christian character. Visitors have been blessed and have been a blessing to us.—*Ellen A Winslow, Springfield, Mass.*

IN THE SON'S FAMILY.

We were married more than forty years ago, and the first morning in our new home we began morning prayer, and have kept it up, except during severe illness, ever since.

I cannot tell you of all the results, as no one can know them, but one thing is sure, only good has come from it. Our children are in the church, and are consistent workers.

When our son married, he did not drop the home custom, and when children came he read from an illustrated work on the Bible, so that they could better understand.

It was a beautiful sight to see him with one on his lap and one looking over his shoulder, or to listen to the questions they were allowed to ask after the prayer.

We have prayers just after breakfast, as it takes not more than ten minutes.

My husband selects the Scripture the night before, usually part of a chapter, and on Sunday the Sunday-school lesson is read, followed by a prayer, all kneeling.

With this beginning of the day in prayer, the day is started right, with no cross or unkind words or acts.—*A. E. W.*

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followed by the Lord's prayer in concert. Our servant always unites with us. The whole thing only takes five minutes.—*Louis Boisot, La Grange, Ill.*

WHEN CHILDREN DEMAND FAMILY WORSHIP.

We began our family worship the first night of our honeymoon; we never thought of any other course, for, thank God, it had been the daily practice of both our homes all our lives.

Our family worship at this time is directed almost entirely for the benefit of our children, who are eight, six and four years old. We were both raised in Scotch homes, where attendance at worship was not only absolutely compulsory, but was entirely "over

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usually in the New Testament, not forgetting to run over with them the story of the previous night's reading, and explaining and simplifying all big words or hard passages as we read. We usually take only a natural division of the narrative such as given in the American Revision (which we use), and the whole time does not usually exceed ten minutes.

The prayer that follows is always as simple and earnest as possible, special mention being made of any unusual need in the children's lives, the sickness of playmates, etc.; and always for the little brothers and sisters in India and China and Egypt who do not know of Jesus.

The more definite needs of the parents are met in the Morning Watch. Thank God for it.

What are the resultant blessings? Well, one of the greatest was recently when the oldest child in the first informal prayer that we have known her to make, after praying for the little girls in India, finished up with, "And, dear Jesus, when I am big enough send me over to them, too."

Another result is that the children themselves demand family worship every night! And the spur is often needed on a tired papa, who remembers the time that his papa, very

justly maybe, accused him of "sneaking off to bed" to escape family worship.—*A. N. Fraser, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

WHERE THERE ARE NO CHILDREN.

We always observe family worship twice a day, at the close of breakfast in the morning, and just before retiring at night. Nothing has ever prevented our doing this even though we may have overslept and must catch an early train. In such a case the time used may be shortened, but reading and prayer are never omitted.

Our family consists of my husband and myself. In the morning sometimes we both read, alternately, and sometimes I do all the reading. We each offer prayer. At night I read, and usually each prays, but occasionally only one of us. If we have guests, and they are willing to read, they are supplied

twenty verses of the very best part of the Word. We often comment on a verse. Sometimes we quote verses in harmony with incidents of life. Recently when a perplexing question had to be settled, the mother quoted next morning at breakfast, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass." We could not keep house without this daily practice. Each morning we remember the son who is now away in college.—*C. A. Fraser, Millersburg, Ohio.—From S. S. Times.*

Living Water

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

EDITORIAL

further? History abounds with illustrations of such deliverances.

There is the midnight of conviction. The soul is weighed down with the consciousness of guilt, a defiled conscience. What a loathsome thing! The penitent heart cries out, "Oh that I knew where I might find him," and its deep language expressed in the language of the old hymn:

Many of those who are ripest in the richest experiences passed through the deep waters of repentance ere they found a resting place in Jesus. It was a veritable midnight darkness all around. They were backed by a guilty conscience, but alone with God in the awful and solemn hour they were enabled to commit themselves to the Son of God for salvation and there broke forth a chorus of songs in the night.

Oftentimes when the last sun has set and the stars are fading out of the skies guilty souls have prostrated themselves at the mercy seat and the midnight of conviction has been turned into a noonday of peace.

Heaven will have a multitude of occupants who can sing:

Then there is a midnight with regard to your work—a time when it seems to be a failure. How many have asked, what is the use of continuing when, so far as we can see, there is little or no good being accomplished. These seasons of depression sometimes follow severe efforts on the part of high strung temperaments. The gifted Alexander McLaren suffered much from depression following an extra output of nervous force. The midnight settles down upon others because of the fact that they are trying to pass by sight rather than by faith, for there are times in the lives of all saints when there is not much to be seen. It takes a long time to fully learn the lesson that there are seasons in grace and that the barrenness of winter is not an indication of sterility, but only nature recuperating that she may soon bring forth again. In the early spring when the farmer puts all of his seed into the ground, one who knows nothing about farming might conclude that there is nothing being done, as there is nothing to be seen but the cold, dull earth.

Elijah's midnight came with a strange oppressiveness as he lay under that Juniper tree in the wilderness, but songs in the night were not wanting. How tenderly the angel of the Lord ministered unto him and refreshed him for another long journey.

Perhaps it was midnight when the Master with Peter, James, and John prayed upon the mountain top. Already the shadows of Gethsemane were falling across his soul, when lo, songs were given, and the glory that was hidden within was revealed to the astonished disciples. It was a midnight triumph and a thrilling prophecy of the glorious things that should be wrought in years to come.

The Mediterranean had been storm-lashed for seventeen days. So angry were the skies that not even a star was to be seen. Hope had died away in the hearts of these sons of the sea. It was midnight, but lo, a man in chains received a message from the skies that all should be well and that none should perish. No sweeter song was ever heard on board a stricken vessel.

How often when pressed by foes without and within, when there is no outer light, does our Father throw a flood of light within, and out of the darkness of such a midnight experience come songs of cheer.

All Christian workers need to remember what the eloquent prophet said with regard to the coming Messiah, that He would not fail nor be discouraged until He had set judgment in the earth, and the injunction not to be weary in well doing, for in due season they should reap if they faint not. Sometimes the greatest victories are being wrought when there is the least apparent evidence of anything being done. We little know what we are doing, except that we are co-workers with the Eternal and therefore there can be no defeat.

Songs in the night! We were coming up from Fulton, Ky., where we had a camp meeting. The weather was exceedingly hot, there had been extra labor in packing the camping outfit and getting off on a noon train. Just as we were settling ourselves in the car there came over us such a sense of faintness that it seemed as if we would sink under the pressure, but opening our Bible our eyes fell upon this text, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." It was like a shower on a thirsty land. The Spirit used the Word to quicken. Immediately the feeling of oppression slipped away and our hearts were greatly cheered in the Lord. How often when tempted to discouragement, when oppressed by a feeling that we were not doing much, has the Spirit inspired words of encouragement, giving songs in the night. In fact, these seasons of darkness have come in the history of every movement. They do not argue defeat, but may be accounted for as periods of testing, or as the result of trying to walk by sight. Perhaps at the very moment that the darkness is most intense God is doing the greatest work, and the trusting heart soon learns to find a "glad hosanna for its woe and wail and a handful of sweet manna where the grapes of Esau fail.

Paul and Silas made the old Philippian jail ring with a hymn of praise. The like had never been heard there before. Heaven

—James E. Clarke.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

"He giveth songs in the night." Only the Christian religion thus cheers its devotees. Our God not only gives His beloved sleep, but gives words of cheer amid the darkness.

He delivers at midnight. While a corpse lay in every Egyptian home and that long, terrible night was full of heart-rending cries to a degree never before known, the people of God dwelt under the blood in safety; no midnight cry of agony was heard in their

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answered, and the result was a revival that culminated in the jailor and all his family getting religion and joining the church before daylight. The great apostle, in rehearsing to the heathen crew what God said to him, exclaimed, "Sirs, I believe that it shall be as He hath said." It was a shout of victory born of a song in the night. Many of earth's darkest places and the most critical hours have been memorialized by songs in the night.

Then toil on, weary worker, thy steps may be slow and thy soul weary, but look up, be of good cheer, go steadily on; ere long another song will break forth in thy soul full of the sweetness of heaven.

The greatest song ever sung on earth was that of the angel choir announcing the birth of Jesus, the Lord of heaven, had come in the flesh with good news of great joy unto all men. This angel song is full of promise, "He shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." The devil will be dethroned, all earth's wounds healed, all its wrongs righted; "sorrow and sighing shall flee away," "there shall be no more death," "but a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Glorious song this, that the affrighted shepherds of Bethlehem heard. We are traveling on, it seems slowly, painfully, oftentimes on toward that glorious time when He whose right it is to reign shall take charge, and the world's long night of sin shall give way to the day of millennial glory. The sun once rose on an earth without a sin in it—it will do so again; the stars once shone on an earth without a wrong in it—they will do so again; there was a time when there was not a tear in all the earth—it will be so again, for "God shall wipe away all tears from every eye."

Songs in the night! How full the Scriptures are of them! Songs in the night! How they have brightened the lives of saints! Songs in the night, ringing out clearly and distinctly amid all of earth's darkness, prophetic of ages to come when we shall have a world without a devil and an earth without a sigh, when the long, drawn-out carnival of crime and the tragedy of sin, and the bloody baptism of earth shall have been ended and there shall be no more night.

GIVING TILL IT HURTS.

We shall never forget the rebuke that a shrewd farmer gave us when we asked him to make a contribution to a certain enterprise, stating that he could give so much without missing it, when he replied that if he did not give till he felt it he would get no blessing from it. If the measure of the sacrifice made is to be the measure of the blessing the donor receives a great many of the world's largest givers will get little blessing. The best discipleship is, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself." It is not for us to lay down rules as to how this shall be done, but there are certain fundamental principles set forth in the Scriptures which are sufficient for any guidance that may be desired. "For ye know the grace of our

Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich;" "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Leaving us an example . . . follow in his steps." These Scriptures clearly set forth the measure of the sacrifice made by the Master Himself. He gave all that we might receive all; He wedded Himself to poverty that we might become rich.

Giving till it hurts. The old argument, "Oh, you can spare this and not feel it," has resulted in people bringing to the altar only the crumbs and saving the loaves for themselves. Lazarus still lies at the gate eating crumbs. It is not merely a question of money. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves if we have no treasures of far greater value. The hurt may come at a thousand different points; in fact when one denies himself to take up his cross the cross is found wherever there is a hurt, and the cross is just what it costs to walk with God. There will be a hurt every time one is cut loose from the self life. People, instead of receiving the full death stroke to self and giving themselves wholly to the Lord, hang on to certain reservations, and oftentimes the reservations constitute the bulk of their lives, for they do not want to suffer too much, they are not willing to give up certain things and make the sacrifice required for full obedience to the Lord; hence they drift along in an up and down life, knowing but little of the life of sacrifice. This has been a fatal defect in the experience of the Church—giving just what she could spare, carefully avoiding any sacrifice that would hurt, not giving anything that you would feel too keenly, but just throwing in the scraps and fragments. Instead of making a rule of giving only what will not hurt us, we ought to make a rule of giving all that we can; for the greatest of all hurts comes from self-centeredness. We are under obligations to give to all men as far as in us lies. The Scriptures nowhere mention self-preservation, but rather self-immolation, hence only people with spiritual vision and with full hearted devotion to God can be depended upon to give till it hurts. It may be the pouring out of life upon some unlovable being, it may be the getting under an extra burden, a going that second mile, it may be making a contribution of money beyond that ordinarily known. Those who find the Lord can't pattern after the world. The unregenerate man says, save yourself; but the spiritual man says, sacrifice yourself, pour yourself out for others. It is not a question of what we can get out of the world by saving, but it is a question of what we can do for the world by sacrificing. A failure to recognize and obey this has kept the

Church in the wilderness, and has resulted in the population of the earth remaining mostly heathen. "As much as in you lies" is the measure of the obligation to give. You are a steward; something has been put into your hands that nobody else has. You are living in a pivotal time, at a pivotal place, and there should be nothing less than a full-hearted devotion to God. The Master said, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life for the brethren." The spirit of sacrifice appealed to the Father's heart.

Only spiritual men can be depended upon to do spiritual work, and it remains for those who know the Lord and work righteousness to exemplify this great law of self-renunciation, and they should apply it sharply and definitely to every point of life.

Giving till it hurts will be followed by large blessing. A self-denying church is always a victorious church. Let the religious teachers clear away this rubbish and teach the people that the glory here and hereafter comes according to this law of self-denial; that the people who live self-centered lives here, if they enter heaven at all, will enter there without much reward.

"Herein doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life for the brethren." Please notice the "because in the above sentence." Life is too important, time is too precious to spend it merely making money or gathering fame, but the supreme business of a Christian is to lead men to Jesus, to be a witness for the Lord, and it matters not what sacrifice this involves it should be resolutely chosen.

This principle applies to every phase of life. There are diversions in the social realm, there are self-effacements in the religious life, there are adjusting conditions in the spiritual realm, and we only follow Christ as we obey His Spirit. Reader, let us go forth with a fixed purpose not to try to get out of men all we can, but let them get out of us what they need. We are here in the world not for what we can make out of the world, but for the good we can do while in it. Don't forget that the measure of responsibility is in exact proportion to the measure of opportunity, and that those who accomplish the most for the world are those who have denied themselves. There is the intellectual realm, where, if we follow Jesus, there will be much self-denial in the way of uncongenial associates and dull employes. What would happen in this country if people only grasped the idea that the measure of their sacrifice is in proportion to the measure of their ability to alleviate the condition! Then men would not give because it would not hurt, but would give till it did hurt. After all, my brethren, these are solemn days, and the calls are many, but let no one stint himself, but all, as far as in them lies, do good unto all men, consecrating themselves to this one sublime thought, namely, that God is our Father, Jesus Christ is our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit is our Comforter, and from these we are daily tak-

ing counsel. The widow whom Jesus commended gave until it hurt, i. e., she gave all she had—she certainly felt her gift. Worldly men occasionally make some magnificent donation, but the bulk of the sacrificing has to be done by the poor, and that in a very small realm; but it is the Master's plan, not that a few favored sons shall do all the sacrificing, but that the rank and file of the congregation of the Lord shall undertake for Him, giving themselves and all that they have until it hurts, in fact being cut loose from the old wicked self life, and being joined on to Christ in a life of continuous self-denial, a joyful service. If people would only give till it hurts, deny themselves and give till they feel it, not merely money, but in every other way, what a marvelous change we would have, and how the blessing of God would come rushing down in torrents upon the people. Most people are encased in a crust of selfishness, and until this is pierced through and eliminated they will never know the fullness of usefulness or blessing. A great many people study just how little they can give, whereas it should be their desire to know how much. In other words, we should live wholly in the Lord's will, with ourselves a living sacrifice upon His altar, and we should stop trying to shield the people

from sacrifice, for the law of sacrifice is the law of blessing, not the old idea of penance for salvation, but of self-denying labor for reward. How that old idea of saving yourself needs to be shattered! It is borrowed from the world; it does not belong in the vocabulary of heaven. Jesus did not come to save Himself, but to save others. His was one supreme act of self-denial in order that the world might be brought to know Him. It is said that even Christ pleased not Himself, that is, He sought His Father's good pleasure and in this found His highest good. So it will be with us, the greatest lovers will be the greatest cross-bearers, and the greatest cross-bearers will be the greatest crown-wearers. What is our life anyhow but to be offered as a sacrifice unto God? What are we here for but to do as much good as possible? Is there a single Scripture that justifies us in shielding one? Ought we not rather to urge them all to make that great renunciation and ever afterwards go forth not with a purpose to avoid being hurt, but with a fixed desire to bear and forbear with earth's needy millions. Then and not till then will we know the blessedness of self-denial, and understand something of that inner fire that burns from living wholly unto the Lord.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.

Few of us have ever sounded the depths of that expression of our Lord, "These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Fullness of joy is rarely seen. The sacrifice of praise is an offering which we oft forget to bring. There should be more emphasis put upon the resurrection side of religious experience. Temperaments differ, and it is much easier for some to maintain the habit of praise than others, but there is grace sufficient to enable each of us to "Rejoice in the Lord always, and in everything to give thanks." "Regions Beyond," commenting on this subject, says:

"Some have God's indwelling life only as the trickling stream, with scarce enough to keep and refresh them at times of test and stress, and never knowing what His fulness means. Others there are in whom the words of Jesus are joyously fulfilled: 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly' (*more abundantly*). Not only are they filled with the Spirit in their own inner life, but they overflow in abundant, outgiving blessing to the hungry and thirsty lives about them that seek to know the secret of their refreshing. Sorrow comes, but it cannot rob them of their great peace. Dark grow the days, but their childlike faith abounds more and more. Heavily fall the afflictive blows, but like the oil well which, under the blow of the explosive, gives forth a more abundant flow because of the very shattering of its rocky reservoir, so their lives only pour out an ever increasing and enriching volume of blessing upon those about them. An unceasing stream of prayer flows from their hearts. Praise leaps up instinctively and artlessly from their lips as glad song bursts

from the soaring skylark. Trust has become a second nature; joy is its natural outcome; and ceaseless service springs not from the bondage of duty but as the gracious response of love. They are not like dry pumps, needing to be aided by others through impoured draughts of exhortation and stimulation ere they will give forth their scanty supply. They are rather deep-driven artesian wells, spontaneous, constant, spirit-flowing. In them the Master's words have been fulfilled: 'The water which I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'"

A COMMON PLEA.

Inability is one of the reasons most frequently given for failure to obey some divine call; as if the Lord would call anyone to do a work for which they were incompetent. When He appoints it is the guarantee of all needed grace to fill the position. He can't make a mistake and yet puny mortals will presume to argue their inability in the very face of Jehovah's call. Even Moses ventured to contend with the Lord about his fitness for going to Pharaoh. Wm. R. Richards in that excellent book entitled "God's Choice of Men," makes the following excellent comment on trying to beg off from God's appointment:

"Moses, when the Lord was ordering him down into Egypt to speak to King Pharaoh and the people cried, as we read in the fourth chapter of Exodus, 'O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since Thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.'"

"Here, again, we think the better of Moses for not rating his own abilities very high. A prophet who should start out by congratulating himself on his own remarkable elo-

quence would not be one that you would care much to listen to—a man naturally swift of speech, who has only to open his mouth and the words pour out of themselves, gifted with that fatal facility of religious exhortation. I have always fancied that Aaron was an orator somewhat of that order. He could talk easily: 'The Lord knows that he can talk.' (Ex. 4:14). But Moses was different; it was not easy for Him to express Himself; He was slow of speech. There must be a great deal in his heart to say before the right word would come, and now the thought of going on this mission to King Pharaoh left Him speechless.

That is well; but the question is, whether a man shall make this inability of which he is so painfully conscious an excuse for persistently refusing to obey God's call. Oh, he must not do that, for that would be charging God with folly in calling him. If God chooses to call the man, it must mean that He can change the apparent defeat into a real qualification for just the work He wants from this man. These slow speakers sometimes make the most effective speakers. We are told that the bore of a good rifle must be a little too small for the bullet, so that the bullet will not go through the barrel till there is much power accumulated behind to push it. With that power, when it goes, it goes; there is no stopping till it has pierced its mark. Now Moses' bullet was bigger than his bore. His thought was too big for his mouth. His words came hard; but when one of them really came out, there was nothing in all Egypt that could stop it.

"But the words of Brother Aaron, the easy talker—I do not know what they were; who does? The only impression they have left on the record was when he directed the people how to make the golden calf. Generally Aaron's words were like a charge of black-shot trickling from the mouth of a twelve inch cannon, without power enough to do a pine-board.

"Here you have found yourself called to do something for your Master; that is to say, there is something that evidently needs to be done for Him, and it was you who discovered the need; that discovery by you constitutes your call. But at the very moment of discovery you became aware of natural defects and limitations in yourself which seem to make it impossible for you to do the thing. Perhaps the service is a word that ought to be spoken; and you, you are not eloquent. You always knew it, but never before had you felt it so painfully as now. Some one else must be found to speak the word, like Brother Aaron here who talks so easily. He has only to open his mouth and the words roll out. Is it not his calling? Is he not a priest, or a parson? So you excuse yourself.

"Yet your conscience is not quite silenced. It is as if an unseen Master were saying, 'Someone must speak that word for me, and even while He says it He is looking at you. Do not go on refusing. The Master who calls you can take your felt inability and make it a qualification.

"There are silent people in every community, people of religious reserve, who because of this reserve never speak to a neighbor personally about religion. They think themselves excused by their slowness of speech. Yet the Apostle Paul could not make the impression on the neighbor that some of them could make if they would speak to the neighbor, largely because the neighbor knows that the word comes so hard. The power that has set your slow tongue moving at last is a power that he finds it impossible to resist."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

P. R. NUGENT, Richmond, Va.

MOSES PREPARED FOR HIS WORK.

(Ex. 2:11-25).

LESSON FOR JULY 12, 1913.

Golden Text: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Mat. 5:5.

Read Acts 7:22-29; Heb. 11:24-27.

Moses at this time had spent forty years in Pharaoh's court. He had acquired wisdom and was able to see the future. Josephus, a Jewish historian, tells of the national need and how it was met by defeating the Egyptians. He says, took place and of Midian. About Moses in the

rebuke, but the wrong doer was not willing to receive either. "Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee; rebuke a wise man and he will love thee" (Pro. 9:8). One of the close tests of character is found in one's attitude towards rebuke, or reproof. How do you take it?

5. *His flight* (14, 15). When Moses heard that his deed was known he feared the consequences of it being known. But when he decided to leave Egypt he acted by faith in God. God could easily protect him from Pharaoh's anger and he evidently believed God would do so for we are told that when, by faith, he forsook Egypt he did not fear the wrath of the king (Heb. 11:27). His first fear gave way before his faith.

6. *His gallantry* (17). Moses was as ready to help these women as he had been to help his own people. He might be truly called a *born deliverer*. The disposition to help the down-trodden was strong in him. Matthew Henry calls attention to the modesty and propriety of these women in that they did not invite the helpful stranger to their home until told to do so by their father.

7. *His contentment* (21). It was a long step down from the Egyptian court to the position of a shepherd—a despised class among the Egyptians. The fact that he was "content" to settle down to such a place shows that he was humble, and pliable in God's hands. He would fit into any place God had for him. Will you?

Moses' stay in the land of Midian gave him opportunity to learn somewhat of the country through which he was to travel later on. It also gave him full opportunity for much communion with God.

MOSES CALLED TO DELIVER ISRAEL.

(Ex. 3:1-14).

LESSON FOR JULY, 19, 1913.

Golden Text: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." Mat. 5:8.

About forty years have passed since Moses fled to Midian and he was, therefore, about eighty years old. Whether this long time was necessary for Moses' training only, or whether it was also a part of God's purpose for Israel, we are not told. Probably it had to do with both. The closing verses of ch. 2 give light on Israel's state and God's attitude. The people sighed under bondage and cried unto God. God "heard," "remembered His covenant," "looked upon . . . Israel" and "had respect unto them." Oppression drove Israel to prayer, prayer prevailed with God and then He began to work in the line of answering prayer, by appearing to His prepared man—Moses—and commanding Him to act for the deliverance of the people.

1. Moses had enduring qualities. Keeping sheep was a laborious, trying life and, as compared with his former life, not an honorable one, but the end of the forty years finds Moses still at it. He had in him the quality that stands true to a hard position and one that had in it much that was monotonous. Some of God's servants will readily stand very well in easy, or pleasant, or encouraging, or spectacular, or honorable places. How many will be faithful in hard, lonesome, humble places, or places in which they see little or no encouraging results? Will you? Moses was faithful to the care of sheep for forty years. No doubt his being shepherd of these sheep prepared him to be a shepherd to his people, for he had to do for Israel much that a shepherd has to do for his sheep.

2. Moses was now ready to hear God's call to immediate action. This is why God gave him the call: When he heard it he was not nearly so forward to act as he had been forty years before. He had no doubt lost his former self confidence and come to see more of his insufficiency. People are often very forward to undertake something for God because they do not know enough of themselves to see how unfit they are for the work they undertake. And then there is the other extreme of being so taken up with

one's deficiencies that there is a shrinking, or refusal, when God calls to go forth. The lesson and ch. 4 show Moses in this shrinking condition.

3. The burning bush was of course, and evidently, designed to attract Moses' notice. It showed him, too, that an earthly, helpless thing can be on fire and yet not consumed. This may suggest Israel's existence in the "fiery furnace" in Egypt; or it may have pointed to the day when the fiery pillar of God's presence would be in the midst of Israel; or it may have shown Moses that he could be as truly on fire with God's presence as that bush was and yet not be consumed. Moses was to see much of the fiery manifestation of God and doubtless this beginning fitted him for what was coming. He had to learn that day a lesson as to how to approach a holy God, and when God began to unfold that lesson Moses hid his face (6). Men feel somewhat easy in approaching God until they really find out somewhat of who He is. (Ezek. 1:28; Job 42:5, 6; Rev. 1:17; Isa. 6:5). And when God in His majesty and holiness is revealed to man he goes down in conscious littleness and helplessness. Reverence and humility should characterize our approach to God.

4. God had a warning and a revelation for Moses before He gave His call. "Draw not nigh hither." The emphasis seems to be on the "nigh." Man, in a certain state, cannot safely come near to God. God's warning seems to have referred to Moses' safety as he had not apparently yet learned how to approach the One with whom he was to have so much to do. He turned merely to see a "great sight," something wonderful, no more. Hence he was about to rush heedlessly to the precincts of that fire.

God's revelation was first about Himself—who He was (6). He was the One who stood in covenant relation with the patriarchs and as such, was about to carry out His promises. Notice that God says, "I am come down to deliver them." God was the real deliverer. This important fact comes first because it is first. Moses' call came second because Moses and His work were second. He was simply God's agent.

5. Moses failed to promptly meet God's call, "Who am I, etc." It really made no difference who he was since God was to deliver. Moses did not have to be great in Pharaoh's sight, not eloquent, in order to do what God called him to do. All God wanted of him was that He should carry out His orders. When God commands any of us we need not ask, "Who am I?" God fully knows what we are when He calls us and we should learn that He would not call us if He could not use us. To shrink from God's call shows fear, or unwillingness, or unbelief. Even humility may lead one to falter or shrink for if there is humility without faith the result is a shrinking. Matthew Henry calls attention to the tremendous task that confronted Moses in undertaking to lead out a multitude of undisciplined, dispirited people. Moses' very knowledge of the need may have daunted him.

6. While God freely promised His presence (12) the token He gave was connected with Moses' performance of His duty. Hence the promise of this token may have become a stimulus to urge him on to get it. He would, if he brought His people out of Egypt, see them regularly enter upon the worship of God. This no doubt appealed to him as a great and blessed result.

7. God's revelation of His name may have been designed to impress His unchangeableness and truth. "I am that I am," or "I am what I am." He is not changeable, nor does He profess to be what He is not. And He really is and not a mere image, as an idol. Nor does He say, "I was" or "I will be." It is always "I am."

Now is the time to get your friends to subscribe for LIVING WATER. Besides being a blessing to them, you will be blessed also.

FIELD NOTES

WANTED

A song leader to go with my gospel tent the remainder of the summer and fall. Good pay. Address W. H. White, Russellville, Ala.

We are in revival work at Milton, Florida. We go from here to Milton, Florida, Star Route No. 1. Attendance good. We are holding under tent.

J. E. BRASHER,
N. G. PULLIAM.

I have a number of good papers that I would like to pass on to others. All those desiring two or more copies will please send me a stamp for postage on same.

LEILA MAYAN CONWAY.

Hurlock, Maryland.

We have just closed a meeting at Elko, Georgia, where the Lord gave us great victory. *Living Water* was put in several homes and we believe great good was done.

Yours in His name,

JOHN S. SHARP,
ARTHUR J. MOORE.

The Lord gave us a gracious meeting at Gold Point. We praise Him for those that were saved and for His blessings on the work. We are still in the battle.

Yours for lost souls,

LAURA PERRY,
ISA CROUSE.

JOSEPH OWEN'S SLATE.

Clarksville, Tenn., July 11-20.

Boaz, Ala., July 21-Aug. 3.

Indian Springs Camp, Flovilla, Ga., Aug. 7-17.

Wilkinsburg, Penn., Aug. 19-Sept. 1.

Vincent Springs Camp, Dyer, Tenn., Sept. 4-14.

Our tent meeting at Sloss Mines has closed. Fifty-four persons claimed a definite blessing. Deep and pungent conviction seems to be upon the people. Some are being blessed as they go about their work.

Pray for us. Yours for many souls,

Russellville, Ala.

W. H. WHITE.

Muncy Valley Holiness Camp-meeting will be held at Hughesville, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, July 17-23, 1913. Workers: Rev. Daniel Hodgins, Brighton, Mich., and Clarence Cosand, singer, Lupton, Mich. For information write to Sarah P. Enoyd, Pennsdale, Pa.

We are in the fight, God is giving victory. We just closed a meeting at Snow-Hill, in Dale County, Alabama. God gave us twelve precious souls, for which we praise Him. We are engaged until September. Pray for us. Yours for the Master.

Opp, Ala. A. L. SNELL AND FATHER.

The Water Valley Holiness Camp-meeting will be held July 19 to August 5, 1913. Preachers: Rev. J. J. Smith, of Big Springs, Tennessee, and Rev. M. C. Baswell, of Paris, Tennessee; S. H. Prather, leader in songs.

Water Valley, Ky. W. J. WILLINGHAM, Sec.

The Indian Springs Camp-meeting will be held August 7-17. Leaders are Joseph H. Smith, J. L. Brasher, Joseph Owen, and Charlie D. Tillman, song leader. Luther B. Bridges will lead the young people's meetings. This camp ground is near Flovilla, Georgia. Buy ticket to Flovilla. For particulars write G. W. Mathews, President, Fitzgerald, Ga.; J. M. Glenn, Secretary, Savannah, Ga.

We have just closed a twelve day's meeting in which God gave great victory. We can truly say this has been the greatest meeting of our life. A

number were clearly saved or sanctified, for which we praise God. We are looking forward for a Camp-meeting at this place next year. We go from here to Bro. Strickland's home in Florida. Pray that God will bless and make us a blessing while there.

Yours for the lost,

H. A. HAMBY,
S. W. STRICKLAND.

Decherd, Tenn.

The District Assembly of the Colored Holiness Church will meet in Nashville, July 12-20. There will be delegations from different parts of the country. All people engaged in the spread of Holiness work are cordially invited to be present. Liberty of the Spirit will be given to all engaged in the spread of scriptural Holiness. This meeting will be held in a tent on the campus of Walden University.

Elder William A. Washington, Chairman, Madisonville, Ky.

Elder G. A. Goings, Gen. Supt., Nashville, Tenn.

We are glad to report a great victory for the Lord at Hudson Creek Tabernacle. A number of sinners were converted and back-sliders reclaimed. The church was strengthened considerably by the revival spirit that swept over the surrounding community. I baptized twenty-five. I think we shall see some of them at Trevecca next fall. I shall spend the next two weeks teaching a singing school. We are expecting to have a great time in the Lord in it. Our meeting scheduled for that time was postponed.

Pray much for our success.

Yours for the lost,

Bentley, La.

J. A. WADE AND WIFE.

HOLINESS CAMP-MEETING.

The Southern Maryland Holiness Association will hold its tenth annual meeting at LaPlata, Md., August 8-17, inclusive. Rev. E. R. Crockett, of Roanoke, Va., will have charge of the spiritual part of the meeting, assisted by Rev. J. R. Buckmaster, of Baltimore, Md., Rev. J. C. Frazer, Rev. D. W. Sweeney, Rev. A. P. Gattion and others. Gospel singer—a lady from Virginia. It is earnestly desired that all who can will come and help us push the battle for souls. For further information apply to J. H. Penn, President Southern Maryland Holiness Association, LaPlata, Maryland.

Bro. Lige Weaver and Bro. McChesney held a two week's tent meeting in Clifty, beginning June 8. There was the largest attendance and more interest taken in this meeting than any meeting for some time. A number of souls were saved, some reclaimed, several sanctified. We believe God sent Bro. Weaver to our town and he labored faithfully for two weeks. His sermons awakened church members as well as sinners. Bro. McChesney's singing was a blessing. They made many friends who will welcome them back. Our prayers are with Bro. Weaver in his meetings.

Clifty, Tenn.

VIRGINIA MOORE.

For the past three weeks I have been assisting Rev. Wm. Haggerty of the M. E. Church at Rockwood. The Lord graciously blessed. The Church was always crowded, even though the shows came. It seemed that God gave us special blessings in our own hearts during these meetings and as we endeavored to hold up the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," He gave the seal of His approval. Many hearts were moved upon to seek Him in the pardon of their sin. Last Tuesday night was a time of great victory. One soul was gloriously converted three seats from the back of the church, another nearer the front, while four came through at the altar. Thirty-three bright professions in all. The Christians were built up and made strong in

our God. Family altars were erected and am leaving *Living Water* in more than a dozen homes. Thank God for the privilege of having even a small part in this great battle against sin. After a few days rest will leave for Morgan Springs, Tennessee, (a summer resort), to be with Rev. Thos. Heird in M. E. Church. I am encouraged to press on in the "power of His might" "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Praise God for the precious blood. I know it covers all the past and the "yes" that is deep in my heart brings tears of joy.

God bless the *Living Water* family. Pray for me, I need your prayers. I am going through at any cost.

His for service,

Rockwood, Tenn.

LILY B. SWINNEA.

Missionary Department for July, 1913

A WORD OF THANKSGIVING.

We have come to the July issue of our Missionary Department, and we would pause and lift our hearts to God in worship and praise for His goodness. His blessing has been upon our mission stations and our missionaries in a marked and gracious way. Some have been near the crossing of the River, but our God—the covenant keeping God—has heard prayer and has delivered. How these would have been missed out on the thin line of battle where the workers are so few, and none trained to take their places; so we praise Him for His goodness.

We quote from a letter from one of our India missionaries as follows:

"Something occurred here last week that made me realize how blessed we have been. An old lady who has worked in India many years under the London Missionary Society came up to spend the hot season. A day or two later she received a wire that her son had been bitten by a cobra and died in less than two hours before medical aid could reach him. A year ago her husband died and the year before that, a bright young daughter who had finished her education at home and had come out to help in the work, took plague and died. We have had some suffering and some very heavy expenses but we have not had anything like that."

Ten years ago our mission was opened in India and there has not been a death in these years. There has been but little distressing illness. There has been but one case of the dreaded plague, and the brave missionary, though in the very grasp of death recovered, thanking God that she would now be able to care for the poor, neglected ones of India who are thrown out to die of this terrible disease; and in fact that was what she was doing when she was exposed to this malady that would have cost her life had not God heard prayer and raised her up. In India there have been other blessed deliverances that none but God could have wrought.

Twelve years ago work was begun in Guatemala, Central America, and there the favor of the Lord has been marked. His blessing has been rich and never-failing. Sorrow has come to the faithful toilers there, in that death has entered the ranks. Three of those who first went to this station have joined the host innumerable around the heavenly throne; but the Comforter has been the stay of the bereaved, and the work moves on to victory. These three have been the only deaths in the entire missionary ranks of the Pentecostal Mission. Truly the Lord hath been gracious.

In China recently robbers invaded the mission premises and carried away some of the workers and school boys and were holding them for a money ransom, but they have been released and are home again. In both Cuba and South America recently the children of the missionaries have been critically ill, but the Lord has answered prayer in their restoration.

Then we are truly grateful to God that He has sent in the money to carry on the work in these different fields. Surely the promise, "By God shall supply all your need," has been verified. We are so thankful to our contributors for the money they have sent. Yours has been a blessed privilege of working with God. We are thankful for all who have stood with us in prayer. Without this ministry our work would be a failure.

Again, we do thank God for our faithful missionaries. They are a true, heroic, loyal, and devout company, and have been faithful amid trials, hardships, and testings. They are standing nobly at the front of the battle, doing what they can to get heathen souls into touch with God. They are not complaining, but write in tones of appreciation and gratitude, and this is encouraging to the Board that must stand back of them whether the



treasury is full or depleted. So we would praise God and take new courage. He will bless more and more if we keep low at His feet in a ministry of prayer, in a spirit of self sacrifice and confident trust.

INDIA.

The rainy season is on now in India and our missionaries are at their stations in the battle. It was necessary for some of them to go to hills for the hot season. We are so thankful that God has given them this much needed vacation and rest. However, it could hardly be called a vacation for some of them worked on the language, others in correspondence, and others in translating. How they must have enjoyed this change. We quote from a private letter from one of them:

"We have had a small monsoon already up here beginning with the heaviest hail-storm I ever saw and the cold rainy days continued a week. We could hardly keep comfortable

here day or night. Some days we had only fire-pots with charcoal, but some days we had wood fires in our grate. We were reminded of the back-log fires we used to enjoy in the country at home. I was thankful indeed when the sun shone out again. For a week the days have been perfect days, so clear and bracing. Some times we could get beautiful views of the snow-capped ranges 75 to 100 miles away. We have so enjoyed these grand old mountains. On cloudy days we have some rare cloud effects."

We are confident that all will enjoy the letter below from Miss Basford, and will enjoy seeing her picture. She left the homeland for India last Christmas, and we rejoice with her that she is really there and is getting the language. What a blessed privilege is hers.

Dear Friends: How glad I am to address you from India. Four months in this land; and the time has passed quickly. Everything is new and full of interest. We have been busy studying the country, the people, and their language, and my heart is singing praises to God that to-day finds me in this needy field where the harvest truly is great but the laborers are few. My daily prayer is: "Lord help me, that my life among this people may ever show forth the love, power and glory of Him, Who came not to be administered unto, but to minister." For I want to really be God's humble servant to this lost people, even to those who seem the most degraded and lowest down in sin. And there are those here who seem very low down indeed in the scale of humanity. Yet how God causes our heart to go out in loving tender compassion toward them and all ideas and feelings of racial superiority are completely obliterated in the thought, that for such as these was Christ's humiliation; for the sake of such as these "He took upon Himself the form of a servant," was made in the likeness of man, and chose for Himself no other title but "Son of Man." So these are my brothers and sisters. They are your brothers and sisters, and are we not our brother's keeper? My heart is so stirred at the scenes around me, that if I would I could not write about India without making a plea for the millions of her people "who sit in the region and shadow of death"; to whom no light has come. They sit waiting in their long night of darkness. How long shall they be kept waiting? It depends upon you and me.

God grant that we may be faithful in giving the Gospel Light to these our brothers and sisters, not only of India but all lands where Christ is not known. I had thought before coming to the mission field that perhaps missionaries in stressing the needs of the foreign field had overdrawn the conditions. Now I believe the picture has never been overdrawn. I think it would be impossible to overdraw the conditions of heathen lands. Bishop Foster has sketched a picture of the heathen world in the following: "Paint a starless sky; hang your picture with night; drape the mountains with long far-reaching vistas of darkness; hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape; darken all the past, let the future be draped in deeper and yet deeper night; fill the awful gloom with hunger, sad-faced men and sorrow-driven women and children!"

That is a true picture of the heathen world. I pray that God may so paint it in letters of fire upon the heart of every one who reads this letter and to whom He would speak on the subject of missions until you are made to cry out from the depths of your heart, Lord what wilt Thou have me do? And then whatsoever He says do, do it.

Since coming to the mission field many of my friends have written asking me what I have to eat, if I have enough, what kind of a house do I live in, etc., and I am glad to say that I have had plenty

to eat and a comfortable bungalow in which to live, not a palatial residence however, as some missionaries have been accused of possessing, but we are thankful for a good substantial building which keeps out the rain and sun, especially the sun, which is more to be feared than all the cobras, centipedes, tarantulas, etc., which I suppose, judging from my own experience, are the dread of all new missionaries. As to our food, it is not always, perhaps, as tempting to the palate as that to which we have been accustomed in the home land, and it has been necessary to cultivate an appetite for things not especially pleasing, also to put into the background for a while at least all inherited ideas and notions in regard to cleanliness and so eat what is set before us asking no questions. But I do not consider these things a hardship. I am happy in the thought that it is for Him. And while there are many bitter inconveniences and things that are not pleasing to the flesh, do not waste your sympathy on the missionaries, but rather pity the millions of this country, who go to bed hungry every night. And what kind of bed do they have? Only the ground with no roof except the sky overhead. But God is looking down on them and you and I will have an account to render.

When I began this letter I thought to write a detailed description of the country as we saw it on our trip to the Himalayas, where we are now staying, but other thoughts kept crowding in until I fear it would make my letter too lengthy to tell all that would be of interest about the different objects, so I must be very brief.

We left our station at Khardi, March 5th, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Coddington, Mrs. Davis and Miss Graham, for a three months' stay in the Himalayas. As this was the beginning of the hot season on the plains and the heat was getting almost unbearable, especially to new missionaries, and Brother Coddington thought it best for Miss Graham and I not to try staying on the plains so soon after coming to the field. Mrs. Coddington and Mrs. Davis were both badly in need of rest and a change. We came a distance of one thousand miles through some of the most fertile as well as some of the most barren sections of the country.

In the Punjab district we saw large fields of waving grain and beautiful groves of bananas and other tropical fruits.

India has such a variety of climate that we saw summer, spring, winter and autumn in one week.

In some sections the wheat was just coming up, while in others it was being harvested. We passed through places registering 120 degrees of heat and we felt the heat intensely as the train would make stops at the different stations. At a town called Jahansi on the main line of the G. I. P. R. an M. E. Conference was held a few years ago, and it is said that the delegates sat with their feet in bath tubs in order to keep cool enough to transact their business.

Our first stop was at Agra, where we spent the day sight seeing. We were much interested in its numerous architectural works and felt that it is rightly called "Pictorial Agra." This city bore a very prominent part in Mogul history, being at one time the seat of government for the united provinces of Agra and Oudh, and it is the second city in size and importance, situated on the river Jumna about three hundred miles above its junction with the Ganges.

After having secured a guide, we went first to visit the famous "Taj Mahal." This most marvelous piece of architectural work regarded as one of the wonders of the world stands on the right bank of the river Jumna. If you ask me what I thought of this building I could not tell you, for I do not know how to criticize such a piece of art, but I did not feel as one woman who exclaimed on seeing it, "I would die to-morrow to have another such over me." I think however I experienced a similar feeling as the noted woman who exclaimed, "The half has never yet been told," and I wondered if Solomon's temple could have looked more grand, and if I had

come to India merely sight seeing, this alone would have repaid the journey.

For the benefit of younger readers who may not be familiar with the history of India, I will give a brief account of the Taj. It is the tomb of Mumtazi Mahal, wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan, by whom it was raised as a tribute of love and admiration, and in which they both repose side by side. No king ever excelled Shah Jehan in love and devotion to his queen. She was married to him at the age of nineteen and when he came to the throne in 1627, he conferred upon her the title of Mumtazi Mahal, or "exalted of the Palace." She was the daughter of a very shrewd minister and from him inherited her keen intellect and diplomatic turn of mind and so she was always consulted in all important matters of state. She was also keeper of the Royal Seal and her intercession saved the lives of many condemned to death. She was noted for her beauty, accomplishments and tender hearted sympathy for the poor and distressed. When she died, Shah Jehan's grief was intense. It is said he even contemplated resigning the throne. In two years his hair turned silver grey, and the Taj was built simply in compliance with her last request, that a building of unrivaled magnificence should be erected over her grave. For the construction of this "Dream in Marble," as it



Hindustan, and indeed of all Islamism in the East, as well as one of the greatest and most magnificent cities of antiquities. Its walls have no equal in the world and it is said, "Whoso holds Delhi holds India." Every moment of the time spent here was full of thrilling interest. The rise and fall of empires and kingdoms is graphically displayed at every turn in its many monuments, palaces, and mosques. But what we enjoyed most was "Silver Street," for we are more interested in native life as it really is at present and here it can be seen in its most picturesque form and what seemed the most striking feature of the scene to us was the many varieties of color. Yet all seemed blended perfectly into one harmonious whole, and while the most casual observer could not fail to note the Hindus love for bright colors, the artist's eye would also detect a correctness of taste, and love of picturesque effect. I am not an artist but I was conscious that there were no "color discords."

The shops were only little cabins with their bright display of goods often laid out on the ground and the shop keeper sitting flat on the ground also, the whole presenting a very unpretentious picture. And yet we were told that these shop-keepers have within their call half the jewels of India.

Instead of street cars and autos, elephants and

camels heavily loaded walked the streets and there were carts drawn by bullocks.

I see my letter is growing lengthy and I will have space to only mention the other objects of interest we visited which were, the largest mosque of its kind in the world, the Palace, the Peacock Throne and Kashmir Gate. I will say just here that it was by the kindness of the railroad officials that we were permitted to stay in the waiting rooms free of charge and as we took our provisions with us and prepared our own meals on a little oil stove, we were thus able to stop over at the different points of interest without extra expense, while otherwise we could not have done so. We are very thankful that God has permitted us to come to the hills while we are studying the language. The climate here is delightful and the mountain scenery is beautiful beyond description.

On the first day of our arrival, Miss Graham and I walked out some distance from the bungalow, where we had a splendid view of the mountains and country around us, and as I gazed at the snow-capped mountains towering so high in their majestic grandeur, and hill and vale clothed in the gorgeous robes of tropical verdure, my soul was stirred and tears flowed freely. We had just seen in the marvelous architectural work of mosque and palace, what human skill and genius could accomplish and had felt that it was truly wonderful, but how it paled into insignificance before this, the handiwork of God, and we felt that God alone does things on a really grand scale! I am coming to realize more and more how really small I am, how big the world is, and how much greater than all is God.

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Yours in Him,

May 21st, 1913.

JESSIE BASFORD.

CUBA.

Brother J. L. Boaze is in Cuba on an evangelistic tour. The Lord is greatly blessing his preaching, and he may remain some time longer than he expected. Pray that God may direct about this. If he remains it will enable Brother Castellanos to go out to other adjacent places to preach, thus more people will be brought into touch with the Gospel. Miss Gardner has stood so alone in this work and has been faithful amid persecution and testings of various kind, so we are especially grateful that Brother Boaze can be there for a while to encourage, and to assist in the work. Recently the persecution from the Catholic Church has been severe, and your earnest prayers are coveted that the spirit of the Master may be manifested and that His tried ones may come forth as gold to shine with a new luster, and to more and more reflect the image of His Son and win souls for His Kingdom. We give Miss Gardner's letter as she writes out of her heart:

Thank you and all for your faithfulness in supplying means for the support of His work here. Please do not forget to pray for us. I have never felt more the need of looking to God through Jesus' name and drawing from Him a supply for all my need than I do to-day. I feel very keenly the responsibility that God in His wisdom has laid on me in holding me here by the strong cords of His love in my heart. So far as I know, our work is the only one in Cuba advocating the experience and doctrine of holiness in the fullness of the blessing. Oh, how I long to see the power and blessings of God poured out on the Church of God in Cuba. The burden of my prayer is now. "Behold their threatenings; and grant unto Thy servants they may speak Thy Word."

There is so much unbelief and cold indifference; so much faith in idolatrous worship and the miraculous through dead images, paintings, spiritism, witchcraft, etc., that nothing short of the miracle working power of God will ever bring this people into a saving knowledge of God. I receive and read a number of the best Christian periodicals on the deeper truths of the Bible that belong to these days in which God has given us existence. I read of glorious and marvelous workings of the Spirit in many lands of pagan darkness as well as in our own beloved Christian countries. The United States, Canada, England, etc., and I take up my Bible and I see Jesus doing the same works; I hear Him promise His followers that they should do the same works and greater works because He was going to the Father. Not only so, but I hear Him say: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." Then, I turn to the Acts of the Apostles and I see the mighty power of the Holy Spirit manifested throughout the church. And everywhere, wherever the missionaries went, they kindled a fire that burned out sin, from the hearts of those who believed and accepted Christ. It was no half hearted *don't-care* kind of Christianity. It was not the slow process of present day missionary efforts. They did not depend alone on getting "well organized Sunday School and institutional church work established." I see, too, the mighty persecutions it brought against the Church in Jerusalem. I see its entire membership, except the twelve, of not less than 5,000 scattered abroad throughout Judea and Samaria, and they went everywhere preaching the Word. I see the saved ones in Jerusalem selling all that they had and giving it into the treasury of the Church to be used for God's cause. They seemed to literally take Jesus at His Word, "Take no thought saying, What shall we eat or what shall we drink or where with all shall we be clothed." Their one absorbing thought and purpose was to serve and glorify God, looking for the return of their Christ. God honored them by healing the sick, by sending angels and earthquakes for their deliverance; by allowing some to die as martyrs with shining faces looking into heaven itself beholding their crown and their Christ. Oh, when the persecution is strongest and the battle hottest, when all seem destroyed, God fights for them and Saul, the murderer, becomes a penitent at the feet of Jesus, crying, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me do," and at once he becomes a preacher of righteousness and a champion of the cause and begins a world-wide missionary campaign which is still being propagated, and later gladly lays down his life for Christ. I read too, that the preaching reached the ends of the world in that generation.

I remember how God wrought among us when I used to assemble with dear saints of God at home. How the fire burned! How the people were brought down under the mighty power of God! How the sick were healed! How the faces of the children of God shone as they told of the glorious works of Christ in their hearts by the Spirit. I read that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteous is accepted of Him. In the face of all this, when I realize that for more than eleven years God has held me in the Cuban work, and yet I can see so little of all this character of Christianity in our work that I am brought down in penitence and shamefacedness before my God, and cry out of the depth of my heart: "O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for Thine own sake, O my God." "O Lord, revive Thy work. . . In wrath remember mercy," for truly the wrath of God is breaking upon this nation that has forgotten God. For forty-five years she has suffered the cruelties and all the accompanying evils of war and for thirteen years the Gospel light is being offered to them. The multitudes spurn at it and go on in their folly, while a few choice souls here and there accept all the light given them and forsake all to follow Him whom their soul loveth. I have seen and known of some gracious workings of God's Spirit among us; but I am not

satisfied. I have not seen the great deep of the hearts of the people broken up. There is too much, it seems to me, superficial work. There is not enough of conviction. The people do not get "visions of God" sufficiently great to subdue into deep penitence and horror of sin that brings to a repentance and turning away from sin and the world to the beauty and loveliness and holiness of Christ their risen, living Lord, hence forth to see Jesus only. O, God forbid that I should despise the day of small beginnings, or the seed sowing, or waiting time; but also forbid that I should be satisfied with any thing short of Bible salvation, and deep experiences for this people to whom He has sent me as a witness. Oh, I feel in the depth of my own soul that He is calling me to press forward into new territory in this life of faith in God and enlargement of heart, and greater fillings of the Spirit in my own life so as to be able to meet God's expectation of me in behalf of the people to whom He has sent me. His Cause pleads this action, His glory demands it and His Spirit urges it. He is able to supply all my needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Now, why have I written you like this? That you may more earnestly pray for me in behalf of this work. God is blessing the work, but may it be only the cloud like a man's hand that preceded the great outpouring of rain for which Elijah prayed in behalf of the nation for whom he wrought.

Brother Castellanos' little four-year-old girl "Noemi," fell and received a serious cut on the knee. She has been dangerously ill now ever since for nearly a week from infection through the wound. Please pray for her healing in Jesus' name.

Your sister in Him,

LEONA GARDNER.

WHY ARE WE STILL BABES?

How is it that in spite of 1900 years of experience the church has not learned to throw off its swaddling clothes of selfish sectarian pride and trifling doctrinal differences which as ever must be the little foxes that spoil the vines in Christendom? Is it that truth can never be presented to the "earthy" except it be wrapped in clouds of its clay?

St. Paul must have had this in mind when in 2 Cor. 4:6, 7, he speaks of the "earthen vessel" in which we have "the treasure"—the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and he gives the reason "that the excellency of the power may be of God and not us."

Yet it cannot be wrong to wish that truth could so be presented to the world that clay might not rob the jewel of its luster.

Our attention was called the other day to the Editorial Comment on "Rural Religions" in the March issue of *The Homiletic Review*, showing the deplorable denominational rivalry in a certain part of Indiana. We wonder when will God's children, not only in Indiana but in all parts of the world, bury the hatchet and unitedly go forth conquering in the strength of "the Sword of the Spirit"? Perhaps competition is a healthful condition in the church as well as in commerce, but let the ware speak for itself.

It must look ridiculous from high heaven to see so many deluded popes presenting their monopolized, so-called, truths as cocksure revelations, while they ignore the same privilege to others.

Would that this deplorable condition could be kept from entering the mission field, but the seed of dissension is there, it is useless

to deny the fact. The writer of these lines has been passing through a rather bitter experience, though his case has not been denominational. After opening up an interdenominational work which has been the means of the salvation of souls, some very zealous fellow Christians who are blind to their sectarian Spirit have scattered the flock and caused some wounded spirits. There is at present very good hope for a regathering and a reuniting of our forces, but even then one would wish that such experiences might be avoided on the mission field. A missionary on the field who preaches a faithful Gospel ought to be spared such experiences where his hands are full combating sin and errors of those among whom he labors. It is anything but pleasant for a missionary who, nearly broken down under an intense struggle against darkness, meets with an unexpected foe, some of his own kin in the faith, who seek to rob him of the fruit of his labors. There is an antagonism, however, against everything denominational which drives one to the opposite and opens his arms to all true believers in all denominations. This is our experience and we feel more than ever that we will stand for the broad vision and intense Spirit of the Gospel.

I trust the above will not dishearten those who give of their means and prayers for missionary work, but that they might more wisely direct their efforts. In the mission field as well as elsewhere we are prone to go astray if in a literal interpretation of the Scriptures we do not breathe the full Spirit of the whole.

One consoling thought comes to us in our humiliation, in spite of the appearances of the church, God looks upon it as the apple of His eye and to-day He has no other means through which He may bless the world. If God sees fit to use His church to-day in carrying the Gospel to every creature, it must indicate that the truth it holds forth is received in spite of the rugged "earthen vessel" in which it is presented and that after all it is the light-holder showing the way of saving grace.

Let us not boast our "earthen vessels," rather let us humiliate ourselves over them and as babes glory in "this treasure" and praise Him, "for out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" He has "perfected praise."

We are glad to announce that in spite of difficulties referred to we expect to baptize a bright young medical student this coming Saturday D. V. May God bless all *Living Water* readers and help them to pray for us.

In His service,

JNO. W. BURMAN.

Sucre, April 15, 1913.

A DOUBLE REBUKE.

"Is she a Christian?" asked a celebrated missionary in the East of one of the converts who was speaking unkindly of a third party.

"Yes, I think she is," was the reply.

"Well, then, since Jesus loves her in spite of that, why is it that you can't?"

The rebuke was felt, and the fault-finder instantly withdrew. Some days later, the same party was speaking to the missionary in a similar spirit about another person. The same question was put, "Is she a Christian?"

In a half-triumphant tone, as if the speaker were beyond the reach of gunshot this time, it was answered, "I doubt if she truly is."

"Oh, then," rejoined the missionary, "I think that you and I should feel such tender pity for her soul as to make any harsher feeling about her quite impossible."—*Family Treasury*.

"I was visiting a missionary leper asylum," said the Dr. Bonsey, of Hankow, "when I saw a terrible object propped against the wall. He had lost all semblance of humanity, eyes and face eaten away, his head a mere round ball. He could neither move nor speak, but could hear a little. Then the doctor in charge pointed out to me, standing near him, a handsome young Chinaman, with no visible sign of leprosy upon him, who had been recently placed there by his parents on discovering that he was a leper. 'Do you see that young man?' he said. 'When he came to us he was intensely proud. Twenty-seven of our twenty-eight other inmates were Christians, but he was bitterly opposed, and would not associate with them. After a little, however, as he heard the Gospel, he became interested, and was converted. His first thought was, 'What can I do for Jesus?' And of his own accord he constituted himself the nurse of this melancholy object, sleeping by his side, feeding him before touching his own food, and lifting him hither and thither.' What an example of Christlike love!"—*Ex.*

Requests for Prayer

Sister Butler in Guatemala has been in poor health. Pray that God may graciously heal, cheer, and bless.

Ask God to send the money for paper and to carry on the printing work in Guatemala. Brother Richard Anderson needs your prayers as he carries on this important work.

Pray that if it be God's will Miss Long may be restored to health so that she need not return home as now seems necessary.

Brother J. L. Boaze is in Cuba on an evangelistic tour. God is greatly blessing his ministry. Pray that He may bless more and more, and that if it is best Brother Boaze may remain to enlarge the work and lead souls to God.

Pray for money to meet the deficit in the general fund, and to enlarge as is pleasing to the Lord.

FALTER NOT, YE CHRISTIAN.

C. N. ROGERS.

How oft do I wonder,
When a man, I behold,
Who lives for nothing,
But pleasure and gold,
O, what will become of his soul?

The heedless maid, the thoughtless youth,
Who lives in sin, who ignores the truth,
When their life is done, when their bodies mold,
O, what will become of their souls?

O great God of Heaven, what a sad thing to see,
A father, a mother, in ignorance of Thee;
O, where will they be when their life blood is cold,
O, what will become of their souls?

O Christian! O Christian! I pray thee be bold,
In the face of all sin the Gospel unfold,
To those who are dying, and will not behold,
The goodness of God, in the "Immortal Soul."

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR JUNE, 1912.

Our friends will notice a further deficit. Our expenses were a little larger than usual during the past month, and our receipts less. We trust that all interested parties will take this on their hearts and ask the Lord to supply the needed means.

Balance from last year.....	\$ 243 70
Contributed by Pentecostal	
Tabernacle, previously.....	\$2,483 33
Contributed by Pentecostal	
Tabernacle, this month.....	156 95

Total.....	2,640 28
Contributed by Pentecostal	
Tabernacle Sunday School	
previously.....	365 51
Contributed by Pentecostal	
Tabernacle Sunday School	
this month.....	56 00

Total.....	421 51
Contributed by other friends	
previously.....	3,686 90
Contributed by other friends	
this month.....	429 70

Total.....	4,116 08
Total collections to date.....	7,422 09
Previous disbursements.....	7,248 19
Disbursements this month.....	935 27

Total.....	8,183 41
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Amount overpaid.....	\$ 761 70
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OUR MISSIONARIES.

Miss Leona Gardner, Trinidad, Cuba.
Mr. and Mrs. Teofilo, Castellano, Trinidad, Cuba.
Juan Entralgo, Trinidad, Cuba.
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Butler, Coban, Guatemala, Central America.
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Anderson, Coban, Guatemala, Central America.
C. G. Anderson, Zacapa, Guatemala, C. A.
J. A. Dunkum, Christobal, Canal Zone, Panama.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy G. Coddington, Khardi, District Thana, India.
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gregory, on furlough, Bay Kingsville, Ky.
Miss Lizzie Leonard, Khardi, District Thana, India.
Miss Eva Carpenter, Vasind, District Thana, India.
Mrs. Bertha Davis, Khardi, District Thana, India.
Miss Bessie Seay, Khardi, District Thana, India.
Miss Florence Williams, Dhulia, West Khandesh, India.
Miss Mattie Long, Dhulia, West Khandesh, India.
Miss Jessie Sanford, Khardi, District Thana, India.
Miss Olive D. Graham, Khardi, District Thana, India.
Mrs. Alice Galloway, Chik Hom, Hoi Ping, Kwang Tung, China.
Mr. and Mrs. John Burman, Sucre, Bolivia, S. A.
Miss Augie Holland, Sucre, Bolivia, S. A.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson, on furlough, Salem, Va.
Victor W. Kennedy, Apartado 52, Panama City, P. R.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Toole, Englewood, Tenn.

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For catalogue and terms, write

J. O. McCLURKAN, President, Nashville, Tenn.

"Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led;
Never mind how he died."