

LIVING WATER

"CALL UNTO ME, AND I WILL ANSWER THEE, AND SHew THEE GREAT AND MIGHTY THINGS, WHICH THOU KNOWEST NOT."—*Is. 55:6*

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A PRAYER HEARING GOD*

By GEORGE MULLER

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."
—Matt. vii, 7, 8.

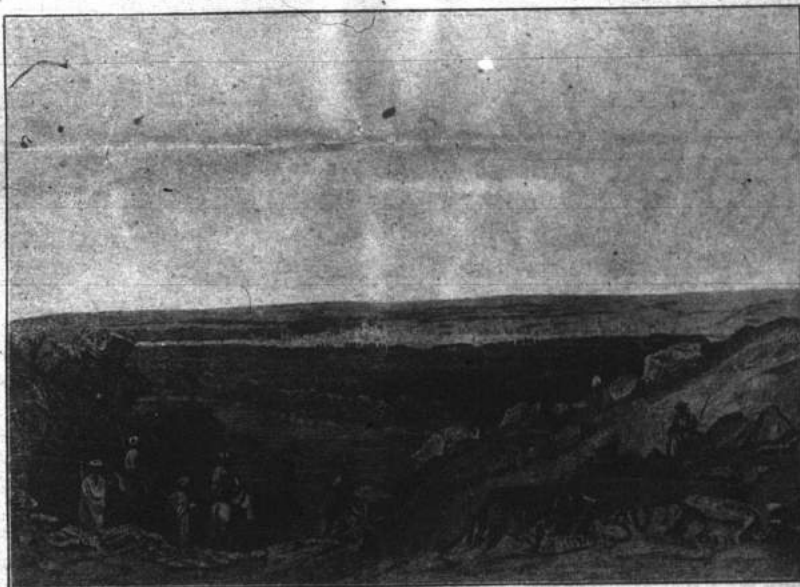
Our Heavenly Father loves all His children with infinite love; that is, He loves every one, even the feeblest and weakest of His children, with the self-same love with which He loves His only begotten Son. On account of this infinite love—knowing how great, how many, how varied, nay, how numberless would be their trials, their difficulties, their temptations, while passing through this vale of tears—He, in His grade, made abundant provision, in giving most precious and encouraging promises concerning prayer, so that if they take their trials, difficulties, afflictions and temptations to their Heavenly Father, seeking His strength, His counsel, and His guidance, and acting according to the loving counsel and advice given in the Scriptures—"Casting all your care upon Him," the position of most of the children of God would be very different from what it is. Then again, our precious Lord Jesus Christ loves us with the self-same love with which the Father loves Him. Do we all believe it?

The former statement, that the Father loves His children with the self-same love with which He loves His only begotten Son, and what I now state, that the Lord Jesus Christ loves us with the self-same love—that is, with infinite love—and that with this love He loves the feeblest and weakest of His chil-

dren, possibly may appear strange to some of you. Yet this is the statement of Holy Writ as found in the ninth verse of the fifteenth of John, and the twenty-third verse of the seventh of John. Our precious Lord Jesus Christ who loves us with such love, passed through

Had it been left to us to make promises regarding prayer, I do not know that you or I could have done more than say, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Yet, while the promise is so full, so deep, so broad, so precious in every way, we have here—as becomes us with other

parts of the Word of God—to compare Scripture with Scripture, because in other parts additions are made, or conditions given, which, if we neglect, will hinder our getting the full benefit of prayer. I judge we have not to lose sight of the passage in I John, fifth chapter, thirteenth to fifteenth verse,—"These things have I written into you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God. And this is the confidence that we have in Him; that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that he



DAMASCUS.

For behold, he prayeth. Acts 9:11.

difficulties, trials, and temptations, like unto ours, while He was in this world. He was looked down upon; He was despised; that Blessed One "had not where to lay His head;" and was, while in this world, "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Knowing the position of His disciples in this world. He has given the precious promise which I have read on the subject of prayer, and if it is made good use of, we may have Him as the burden-bearer, ever ready to help in time of sorrow, weakness and affliction,—in a word, in all the variety of position and circumstances in which we are found here in the body.

hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desire of Him." Here is the first point specially to be noticed regarding prayer,—"If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us, and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." If, therefore, we pray, and desire to have our petitions granted, it becomes us first to see to it that we ask for things according to His mind and will; for our blessing and happiness are intimately connected with the holiness of God. Suppose there were living in Bristol a person who had long carried on a business, who was known by those intimately acquainted with him to

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be an idle person, one who shrinks from work; or, whenever he can, gets out of it, and seeks to have an easy time of it. Suppose such a person had heard of the promises about prayer, and should say—"Now I will try if these things are true, and I will ask God to give me 100,000 pounds, sterling, and then I can give myself easy days; I can travel about and enjoy myself. Suppose he prays every day for this large sum of money, will he obtain it? Assuredly not! Why not? He does not ask for it that he may help the poor abundantly; that he may contribute to the work of God more liberally, but he asks that he may spend his life in idleness, and in enjoying the pleasures of the world. He is not asking for things according to the mind of God, and therefore, however long or earnestly he may pray, he will not get the answer. We are only warranted in expecting our prayers to be answered when we ask for things according to the mind of God.

The second point we should notice is, that we do not ask on account of our own goodness or merit, but, as the Scripture expresses it,—"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." I refer you to John xiv, 13, 14,— "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." The statement is given twice, in order to show the great importance of this truth; for whenever a saying is given twice in the Word of God, we may be sure a

weighty and important subject is brought before us. What does this statement, given twice by the Lord Jesus Christ, mean? If we desire to go to heaven, how shall we get there? On the ground of our own goodness, merit, or worthiness? Because we are not so bad as others? Because we go regularly to a place of worship? Because we give a little to the poor? In this way assuredly no one will get to heaven. It is quite right to go to a place of worship. It is quite right that of the abundance God gives we should contribute to the poor. It is quite right that we should act according to morality. But in this way a poor sinner can not get to heaven. We must see out lost and ruined condition by nature, and that we deserve nothing but punishment. The best person in this congregation, in this city, in the United Kingdom, or in the whole world, is a sinner deserving punishment. Never since the fall of Adam has a single person, by his own goodness, obtained heaven.

Under the old dispensation there was need to look forward to the Messiah, and since the old covenant dispensation has ceased there is need to look back upon the Messiah, who, in our stead, suffered the punishment due to us, while hanging on the cross and shedding his blood. All our guilt was transferred to Him,

that His righteousness might be transferred to us. And now a sinner,—though the oldest and the vilest wretch under Heaven, as assuredly as he puts his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall be forgiven, shall be cleansed, shall be justified,—that is, shall be reckoned righteous and just through this his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of his soul. In this way the sinner gets to heaven—by faith in Jesus for the salvation of his soul. As by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ we shall stand before God at the last, so it is now in approaching unto God in prayer. If we desire to have our petitions answered, we must come to Him not in our own name, but as sinners who trust in Jesus, who by faith in His name are united to the blessed risen Lord, who have become, through trusting to Him, members of that body of which He is the Head. Let none suppose that they are good enough in themselves. I deserve nothing but

iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." That is, if I live in sin, and go on in a course hateful to God, I may not expect my prayers to be answered. But what is meant is "my love is faith, I am ignorant, therefore I am unworthy." This is a mistake. The promises are particularly for such—for the weak, for the feeblest, for the ignorant, for the needy; and all such who ask for Christ's sake are warranted to expect their prayers to be answered.

A third condition is, that we exercise faith in the power and willingness of God to answer our prayers. This is deeply important. In Mark xi, 24, we read "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." "What things soever ye desire"—of whatever kind—"believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I have found invariably, in the fifty-four years and nine months during which I

have been a believer, that if I only believed, I was sure to get in God's time, the thing I asked for. I would especially lay this on your heart, that you exercise faith in the power and willingness of God to answer your requests. We must believe that God is able and willing. To see that He is able, you have only to look at the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ; for having raised Him from the dead, He must have almighty power. As to the love of God, you have only to look to the cross of Christ, and see His love in not sparing



MT. TABOR.

hell. For fifty-four years and nine months, by God's grace, I have walked in the fear of God, and by His grace have lived such a life that no one can point to me and say I am a hypocrite, or charge me with living in any sin. Yet if I had what I deserve, I could expect nothing but hell. I deserve nothing but hell. So precisely with all of you, and the very best and holiest person that can be found. Therefore on the ground of our goodness we can not expect to have our prayers answered. But Jesus is worthy, and for His sake we may have our prayers answered. There is nothing too choice, too costly, or too great for God to give to Him. He is worthy. He is the spotless, holy child, who under all circumstances acted according to the mind of God. And if we trust in Him, if we hide in Him, if we put Him forward, and ourselves in the background, depend on Him and plead His name, we may expect to have our prayers answered. Some one may say, "I have prayed through long years for my unconverted children, but they have not yet been converted. I feel I shall not have my prayers answered. I am so unworthy." Does this mean "I live in sin, I go on habitually in an evil course?" If so, the prayer can not be answered, for in the sixty-sixth Psalm we read, "If I regard

His Son, in not withholding His only begotten Son from death. With these proofs of the power and love of God, assuredly, if we believe, we shall receive—we shall obtain.

Suppose now we ask, firstly, for such things as are according to the mind of God, and only such things can be good for us; secondly, that we expect answers on the ground of the merit and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, asking in His name; and thirdly, that we exercise faith in the power and willingness of our Heavenly Father to grant our requests; then, fourthly, we have to continue patiently waiting on God till the blessing we seek is granted. For observe, nothing is said in the text as to the time in which, or the circumstances under which, the prayer is to be answered. "Ask, and it shall be given you." There is a positive promise, but nothing as to the time. "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." We have, therefore, patiently and quietly to continue waiting on God till the blessing is granted. Some one may say, "Is it necessary I should bring a matter before God two, three, five, or even twenty times; is it not enough I tell Him once?" We might as well say there is no need to tell Him once, for

He knows beforehand what our need is. He wants us to prove that we have confidence in Him, that we take our place as creatures towards the Creator. Moreover, we are never to lose sight of the fact that there may be particular reasons why prayer may not at once be answered. For the exercise of our faith, for by exercise faith is strengthened. We all know that if our faith were not exercised it would remain as it was at first. By the trial it is strengthened. Another reason may be that we may glorify God by the manifestation of patience. This is a grace by which God is greatly magnified. Our manifestation of patience glorifies God. There may be another reason. Our heart may not yet be prepared for the answer to our prayer. I will give an illustration. Suppose that three weeks ago a lad of sixteen years of age had been brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that with his heart full of love to the Lord he wanted to do something for the Lord. And suppose he goes to the Superintendent of the Sunday school, and says,—"Will you have the kindness to give me a class to teach?" A class of nine children is given him. Now this dear lad, whose heart is full of love to the Lord, begins to pray that God would convert these nine children. He prays in private and before them, and also exhorts them to seek the Lord. After going home from his class he gives himself earnestly to prayer that God would convert these nine children. On Monday he repeats his request before God, and so day by day during the week and on Sunday again particularly; and then he goes to his class and expects that these nine children will be converted. He finds, however, they are not, but that they are just in the same state as before. He again sets the Gospel before them. During the second week his prayers are most earnest; but on the following Sunday he finds that none of the nine children are yet converted. Does it mean that God will not answer these prayers? It can not be that this dear lad will have to go on praying, and God not regard it. But the reason is that the heart of this lad is not prepared for the blessing. If these children had been converted the first week, he would take credit to himself; he would think what he had been able to do, and would attribute the conversions to his entreaties, instead of to the power of the Holy Ghost. He would take a goodly measure of credit to himself, though he might not be aware of it. But let him patiently go on, and when his heart is prepared for the blessing, God will give it. Thus it is that the child of God has to wait; but when the heart is prepared for the blessing, most assuredly it will be given. Many of the dear children of God stagger, because prayer is not at once answered. And because for weeks, months, and years prayer remains unanswered, they

cease to ask God, and thus lose the blessing which, had they persevered, they would assuredly have obtained. It should be especially noticed that all the children of God, who walk in His ways and wait on Him in prayer, have, more or less frequently, answers to prayers. I will illustrate this. All who in any measure walk before God, at the close of the day thank Him for His mercies, and commend themselves to Him for protection during the night. In the morning they find no fire has happened, and no wicked hands have molested them. Here is an answer to prayer, and we have to thank God for it. The more we observe these matters, the more we shall find how we get prayer answered. Many that have suffered from sleeplessness have often, in answer to prayer, had sound, refreshing sleep, and have had in the morning to thank God for it. Now all, on the other hand, have

to many of his prayers. During the first six weeks of the year 1866 I heard of the conversion of six persons for whom I had been praying for a long time. For one I had been praying between two and three years; for another between three and four years; for another seven years; for the fourth above ten years; for the fifth about fifteen years; and for the sixth above twenty years. I asked once a thing of God, which I knew to be according to His mind, and though I brought it day by day and generally many times a day before Him, in such assurance as to be able to thank Him hundreds of times for the answer before it was received, yet I had to wait three years and ten months before the blessing was given to me. At another time I had to wait six years; and at another time eleven and a half years. In the last case I brought the matter about twenty thousand times before

God, and invariably in the fullest assurance of faith, and yet eleven and a half years passed before the answer was given. In one instance my faith has been tried even more than this. In November, 1844, I began to pray for the conversion of five individuals. I prayed every day without one single intermission, whether sick or in health, on the land or on the sea, and whatever the pressure of my engagements might be. Eighteen months elapsed before the first of the five was converted. I thanked God and prayed on for the others. Five years elapsed, and then the second was converted. I thanked God for the second, and prayed on for the other three. Day by day I continued to

pray for them, and six years more passed before the third was converted. I thanked God for the three, and went on praying for the other two. These two remain unconverted. The man to whom God in the riches of His grace has given tens of thousands of answers to prayer, in the selfsame hour or day on which they were offered, has been praying day by day for nearly thirty-six years for the conversion of these two individuals, and yet they remain unconverted; for next November it will be thirty-six years since I began to pray for their conversion. But I hope in God, I pray on, and look yet for the answer. Therefore, beloved brethren and sisters, go on waiting upon God, go on praying; only be sure you ask for things which are according to the mind of God. The conversion of sinners is according to the mind of God, for He does not desire the death of a sinner. This is the revelation God has made of Himself—"Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Go on, therefore, praying; expect an answer, look for it, and in the end you will have to praise God for it. I still look for the conversion of these two individuals.

There is one point I would especially lay on the hearts of my beloved brethren and sis-



JOPPA.

sometimes long to wait for answers to prayer. Many of the dear children of God have long to wait for the conversion of their children. While some receive the blessing very soon, others have to wait for many years. I have had immediate answers to prayer, so many that I could reckon them by tens of thousands. If I say that during the fifty-four years and nine months that I have been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ I have had thirty thousand answers to prayer, either in the same hour or the same day that the requests were made, I should not go a particle too far. Often, before leaving my bedroom in the morning, have I had prayer answered that was offered that morning, and in the course of the day I have had five or six more answers to prayer; so that at least thirty thousand prayers have been answered the selfsame day that they were offered. But one or the other might suppose all my prayers had been thus promptly answered. No; not all of them. Sometimes I have to wait weeks, months, or years; sometimes many years. The man speaking at the present time, whom God has delighted to honor by giving thirty thousand answers to prayer in the same hour or day on which they were offered, this selfsame man has had to wait many years for answers

ters, and that is,—united prayer. In Matthew xviii, 19, the Lord Jesus says—"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven." If, therefore, there are brethren and sisters in Christ who have unconverted relatives, and if they could unite with two or more persons, and unitedly ask God to convert their children, oh, what blessing might come in this way! They should plead this promise before the Lord, read it out when they meet, and put their finger—so to speak—upon it. If they meet once a week for a half an hour, or once a fortnight, or as often as they conveniently could, to plead this promise before the Lord, after a while a father would have to say, "My son, who almost broke my heart, has been converted," and a mother, "I have a letter from my daughter, who fifteen years ago left my home, and has been living in sin, telling me she has found the Lord Jesus Christ." How their faith would be strengthened by such testimonials! After a while, as their faith got strengthened, they would unitedly pray for their Pastor, that God would more abundantly bless his labors in the conversion of sinners, and in blessing on the Church; and as they got further enlarged, their prayers would extend to Missions, the circulation of the Scriptures, the tracts. They would know the power and blessedness of prayer more and more abundantly, and would wait earnestly upon God, asking Him, yet once more, in these days to grant a mighty revival in the Church at large. If this were

generally so, with what power ministers would set forth the truth of the Gospel, what blessings would come on our Sunday schools, on the circulation of the Scriptures, on open-air preaching, and other Christian work. God grant we may more earnestly give ourselves to prayer!

I have found it a great blessing to treasure up in the memory the answers God graciously gives me. I have always kept a record to strengthen the memory. I advise the keeping of a little memorandum book. On one side—say the left-hand side—put down the petition, and the date when you began to offer it. Let the opposite page be left blank to put down the answer in each case, and you will soon find how many answers you get, and thus you will be encouraged more and more, your faith will be strengthened; and especially you will see what a lovely, bountiful and gracious Being God is; your heart will go out more and more in love to God, and you will say—It is my Heavenly Father who has been so kind, I will trust in Him, I will confide in Him.

With regard to any who do not know Him, let the first prayer be, offered tonight, before you leave this place, "Show me I am a Sinner." When you see this, ask the Lord—"Help me to put my trust in the Lord Jesus Christ," and you will find how ready God is to give blessing. May we all who are the people of God receive a blessing, and our dear friends and fellow-sinners be stirred up to seek Him while He is to be found. God grant it for Jesus sake.

dwelt in the mountains; and the Canaanites dwell by the sea and by the coast of Jordan."

At once all those eager faces are down-cast, and murmurs and cries are heard. And why should they not fear? These men who speak are their rulers—their leaders. If such are terrified, why not they? Therefore, it seems a decisive voice—a voice of authority. But now Caleb, who has claimed by faith his own possession, and knows better than any what foes they have to meet, stands forth to still the people: "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." By his side is Joshua, but they are only two, and the ten again repeat: "We be not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we." And now they forget all else, and their fears swollen by this tide of popular feeling, they go on to present the darkest possible picture, which, as truthful men, they could venture to give: "The land through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we saw in it are men of a great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight!"

O Princes of Israel! if only as ye went upon your way, ye had bethought yourselves to sing once more the song ye once sang so well: "All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away. Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power!" But no, they forgot even to make mention of His name. They saw only themselves and their enemies; and so seeing, it was but a slight hyperbole to draw the contrast of grasshoppers and giants. They had lost sight of the Lord. Had they only lost sight of themselves, while they looked to Him, how different had been the contrast—no longer between grasshoppers and giants, but between giants and God! Would the feet of a giant fall heavily upon the grasshopper in his path? Much more would the strongest enemy melt away before the advancing feet of the Lord strong and mighty! And herein it was "an evil report" rather than a false one, that it ignored God—His promise and His power.

All that night throughout the vast camp, lying down but the night before to happy dreams of the land so close before them, is heard the sound of weeping. And well may they weep, since they had lost that buoyant hope. The terror and grief become at last a panic. As the strong men look upon their wives and children, who give way to still more violent emotion, they ask, with indignation, "Are these to be a prey? Wherefore hath the Lord brought us into this land? Were it not better for us to return into Egypt?" And at once the bold decision is made by which they take themselves out of God's hand—"Let us make a Captain and let us return into Egypt."

But who shall be the Captain to lead them back? Not Moses, not Aaron. They are fallen flat upon their faces before all the people. Meanwhile, Joshua and Caleb make another attempt to rally the host. "The land which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land. If the Lord delight in us, then

The Failure of Unbelief*

By SARAH F. SMILEY

"So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief."—(Heb. iii. 19.)

The men to whom the searching of the land was entrusted were no ordinary spies. Croten from each of the tribes, they were all "heads of the children of Israel"—"every one a ruler." "So they went up and searched the land," and a search that extended through forty days must have been a thorough one. From north to south they saw with wondering eyes such bounties as they had never seen before. They passed on to the shores of the great sea. They beheld Lebanon and its cedars. They rested before the peaks of Hermon and Carmel. They followed the bed of the Jordan from the beautiful lake where it is born, to that sea in which it dies. They marked the countless hills and valleys, and the multitude of brooks. They saw, also, their enemies, the strongholds, and the very giants. They went to the graves of their fathers at Hebron, and saw there in that old city the three sons of Anak, whose names are so singularly preserved.

One can but listen in imagination to the talk of these men as they journey over those hills. What outbursts of joy—what sighs of

dismay! What reasoning in their hearts, and what constant interchange of hopes and fears!

And now they have returned, and the whole congregation, with Moses and Aaron at their head, stand around, ready to listen to the travellers. "Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," and blessed might their feet have been that day. There is a hush of expectation: "We came into the land and surely it floweth with milk and honey;" and then, slowly lifting that heavy cluster of grapes of Eschol from the staff resting upon the shoulders of two of them, and upraising it in the sight of all,—"This is the fruit of it!" What visions of plenty are swimming before all those straining eyes! How the little children even clap their hands for joy!

But listen, the men have not told all! "Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great; and, moreover, we saw the children of Anak there." And now, with a minuteness not given to the other side of the picture, they go on to describe their enemies: "The Amalekites dwell in the land of the south: and the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Amorites

* From *The Fullness of the Blessing*.—Randolph Co., New York.

He will bring us into this land and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us: their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not." The bravest and noblest words that ever came to rally a panic-stricken host! Yet they only vex and anger the people. And for standing there and saying no new thing, saying only what God had always said, they well-night met the fate of Stephen—"All the congregation bade stone them with stones."

But another voice is heard. As they look up, before all their eyes, shining from out the Tabernacle, appears the glory of the Lord. He speaks to Moses: "How long will this people provoke me? and how long will it be ere they believe me, for all the signs which I have shewed among them?" In these words we see at once their real offense, and what sin of sins it was that stirred Him thus. Even at their last rebellion it was something deeper than their lust that had chiefly grieved Him; for "a fire was kindled against Jacob, and anger came up against Israel, because they believed not in God, and trusted not in his salvation." But this word of God which they believed not now, was a word so often given, so old, so ever new, that not to believe it was, indeed, to deny Him. What marvel that He said to Moses, "I will disinherit them!" The sublime pleading of Moses with his God, that unworthy as the people were, He would yet regard His own honor among the heathen, won at last the gracious answer, "I have pardoned according to thy word." But Pardon more often wisely includes chastisement than excludes it; and even because He kept them as His children, must His hand be heavy upon them. Ten times the men who had seen His glory, and all His signs, had tempted Him. Their trial was complete. They could not see the land—"Tomorrow turn you and get you into the wilderness by the way of the Red Sea."

And, so saying, He did but take them at their own word. They would not believe His Word, therefore their own should come to

pass—"As truly as I live, saith the Lord, as ye have spoken in my ears, so will I do to you: Your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness. . . . Doubtless ye shall not come into the land concerning which, I swear to make you dwell therein. . . . And ye shall know my breach of promise."

Slowly, but surely, the weary length of forty years, were more than half a million of men to whom God had given a home in Canaan, to find their graves in the sand of the desert. There was little to break the monotony of that nomad existence; but one toil never ceased. Day after day, they carried forth out of their camp the score or more of corpses of soldiers, who had fallen, not in battle, but because of their unbelief.

A still sadder doom was assigned to the ten spies. We justly count among the sins of darkest dye the deliberate slander of a fellow-being. But these men had slandered God. Upon the face of it, it was only an evil report against the land. But in reality it was charging God both with untruthfulness and inefficiency; and for such a sin as this, "they died by the plague before the Lord."

Finally, we find that presumption takes the place of faith. They recognize at last their fearful mistake, but not to humbly repent of it. Only their strong and stubborn wills refuse the punishment. Going up against their enemies to be smitten and discomfited, they have to learn that not a step is safe unless God go before them.

Forty years in the wilderness! For forty years grieving the Lord, and chastened by Him! And yet even this is used to show forth His long-suffering and goodness—"Being full of compassion," not even then did He "stir up all His wrath."

There is a brief review of this period in the Acts, which forms a most interesting sequel to a statement of Moses. The latter, in reviewing the period *previous* to the provocation, says to the people: "Thou hast seen how that the Lord thy God bare thee, as a man doth bear his son, in all the way that ye went until ye came unto this place." The Apostle Paul takes the same view of the *entire* period.

THE ARGUMENT THAT WON THE INFIDEL.

"Ye are witnesses of these things." A minister had delivered a course of addresses on infidelity, and, as time went on, he was delighted to find that a certain infidel was anxious to unite himself with the church. "Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing," asked the minister. "No argument moved me," was the reply, "but the fact and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along, and, putting out her hand to me, she asked, 'Do you love my blessed Savior?'" The look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realize as never before, that He who could suffice to make one so helpless bright and glad, must be a blessed Savior indeed.—*Selected.*

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

Many years ago the city of Hamburg, in Germany, was in trouble. An army had come to take their city. The men had been working day and night for a week to keep the army out of the city. Weary and sad, one of the merchants passed through his garden, and seeing the beautiful ripe cherries which hung from the trees, a thought came to him. He knew the army outside were in need of water. How glad they would be for these juicy cherries! He hurried to the streets and called together three hundred children all dressed in white, and loaded their arms with branches from the cherry trees. Then the gates in the walls of the city were thrown open, and the children marched out, bearing the branches laden with fruit.

When the leader of the army saw the little children as they offered the cherries to his thirsty soldiers, his heart was touched. A cheer went up from the army, and the children were sent back with wagon loads of food. The next day the leader made peace and left the city which he had meant to harm.—*Sel.*

THE MORNING WATCH.

Miss Elizabeth Tobey, the evangelist, tells this story: She was holding a meeting for children some years ago and asked all those who would give themselves to Christ to stand up. Three children from one family arose, a boy and two sisters. "Now," said Miss Tobey, "if you are going to serve Christ you must pray every morning that the Lord will help you, for you cannot do it alone."

The boy went home and asked his mother to teach him how to pray in the morning. The mother had, perhaps, been so busy that she neglected to show her son until he made his request, and from that time on he prayed in the morning. The boy, although bright in other respects, was a dull scholar, but to the surprise of his friends he suddenly began to improve and gained considerable praise for doing well in school.

"There's a little secret about that, mother," he said. "I ask Jesus every morning to help me with my lessons—and He does."—*S. S. Illustrator.*

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

"YOU ARE ON IT."

A party of visitors was sailing on Milwaukee Bay, when one of the number remarked on the beauty of the bay. Another asked, "Where is the bay?" The answer came immediately, "Why, you are on it!" So the love of Christ surrounded and upheld men, even when they put him to death, but they knew it not; so it enfolds us today. Do we know it?—*Selected.*

LOYAL TO PRINCIPLE.

It is told that in the days when Henry Clay was being honored on every hand, four brothers by the name of Hutchinson, obtained

permission to sing at a banquet given in his honor a song of their own composition, lauding the great man. Clay was more than pleased, both by the graceful compliment of the verse and the skilled singing of the brothers. To express his approval, in the presence of the assembled guests, he sent glasses of wine to the four with his grateful acknowledgments. But the brave boys sent back word that they must decline with thanks, for they were teetotalers. This, in 1848, when temperance sentiment was in its feeblest infancy, required true courage. We rejoice to add that Clay did not resent the boys' refusal to drink his health, but declared, "If I were a young man, I'd be a teetotaler, too."—*Ex.*

Special Bargains—A Great Sale—Good Goods at Honest Prices

MRS. ROY G. CODDING.

Some such flaring headlines are seen in almost every daily paper and they catch the eye of thousands of women and girls who seem to have no higher conception of life than that of adorning themselves and their homes, and whose whole time is spent in the effort to keep up with worldly fashions.

And they are not satisfied with availing themselves of such great opportunities but *inform their neighbors*, who may have overlooked these "great opportunities" and *invite them to go with them that they also may have part in these great bargains*.

Such is the great world scheme of business—they spend much time, thought, energy and money in getting their goods before the public in a way to attract and appeal to one whose spiritual nature is still unawakened, so that he is unable to see "*things invisible, eternal*." He is still controlled by the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life."

As men of the world know not God and have never received life from Him and had His constraining love shed abroad in their hearts, that love which satisfieth the hearts and separates the man not only from worldlings, who believe that life consisteth in the abundance of things they possess, but from the *spirit of this age*, until he is glad to obey the injunction, "Be not fashioned according to this age," realizing his high and holy calling of being "conformed to the image of His Son"—"transformed" that he may prove the "good, acceptable and perfect will of God" and do business for Him. Wonderful privilege!

When we see how diligently and enthusiastically the world does its business and how slothfully and carelessly the church of God does His business, we see something of the meaning of these words in Luke 16:8: "For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

For various reasons we are held back from telling the needs of the work in which we are engaged for God. But I believe that oftentimes by such withholding we shut doors of golden opportunity that many would gladly enter, if they were swung wide open, and many who are now unaware of the many things they could do to help in the evangelization of the world would enter these open doors and "buy up the opportunity," thereby enriching themselves and others.

Many people of the world are impoverished by "bargain days" and "special sales."

I am going to set before you some "special opportunities, which if grasped, will bring to you that "blessing of the Lord which maketh rich," and will in a practical way help forward the work of God in heathen lands. Who is willing to "buy up an opportunity?" I hope many boys, girls, mothers, fathers,

dear old men and women will herein find a place where you can help in this great work.

As God has given us the privilege of laboring with Him and for Him in India, what I shall say will touch some of the many needs of that field. But I am sure that our dear fellow workers in Central and South America, Cuba and China will have similar needs which perhaps you who have helped there have not thought of. May God move upon many hearts to respond to this appeal, is my prayer as I write.

As we missionaries are, like you at home,



MR. AND MRS. ROY G. CODDING.

dealing with *real human beings* who need to be fed and clothed, housed and taught as well as to preach to them the gospel, we must minister to all these various needs, and we need you who cannot go in person to minister by prayer and gifts. The latter may seem impossible to some of you, but if you faith-



GROUP OF NATIVES IN INDIA.

fully pray, love will find a way to give something to its Lord. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me!" Shall we withhold until He must say, "Inasmuch

as ye did it not unto one of the least . . . ye did it not unto Me?"

God has given us many precious boys and girls (about seventy or seventy-five) to raise and train for Him. Some of our home friends have responded to the call for the support of these with the exception of a few which we hope God will put it on the hearts of some of you to take. Twenty-five dollars a year will clothe and feed a boy or girl and we have asked only that amount from each supporter and given the name of the child so they could pray for him or her.

There are many other needs that must be met by other funds—money for a house in which to live. Praise God He has provided with teachers, books and maps and other essential things for a school. Our schools are run on simple and practical lines—we realize that "education is not only to discipline intellect, but character," and "its function is to fit us for complete living."

Our efforts have not been in vain, for we have seen our boys and girls developing into strong Christian characters, learning that they may be able to teach others. Many who could not read are now able to read and understand the best of all Books.

Older missions have done much in the way of planting schools in neglected parts—villages where bright promising boys may not only get an elementary education, but be taught something of the Christian religion. Great good has been accomplished through this agency. We desire to open up such schools as we have opportunity. If some one would take the support of young men whom we could secure as teachers, and if

others would pay for books (which are very cheap in the primary grades), and other for house rent, which is reasonable where we can get the people to rent us a suitable building, it would not be long until we could open up several schools where we could present the gospel daily to many young hearts.

In some places it would be necessary to build a house worth \$150 to \$200 and in this we could let the teacher and family live and have one assembly room large enough for school and S. S. chapel. Would not some one like to "buy up this opportunity"—a combination school, chapel and home? It would mean more than you can know to plant such a place among the heathen.

The need of supporting missionaries, Indian preachers and Bible women, boys and girls, and supplying them with food, clothing, houses, beds (by this I mean for Indians mats and blankets), are needs that are with you to stay. Contributions for such needs are always in order.

But there are some *emergency needs* just as urgent for which we ought to have *special, systematic offerings*. One dear woman first began to support an Indian preacher, but afterwards learning of many needs in that station, has sent frequent and regular gifts to the missionary in charge of the work in that station, saying, "Use as you see best," and this has been in answer to prayer, as the missionary saw so many "emergency needs"

which others did not see fit to meet. God's blessing upon this Sister!

By *emergency needs* I mean, a new preacher or Bible woman, who wishes to unite with our mission; also young men and women to be trained for this work; a new boy or girl (or sometimes more than one, as on one occasion twenty-two came at one time, and God, foreseeing it sent in an extra \$200 "to be used where needed"—it met this emergency), who must be supported until we can notify friends who will take their support. Other such needs are the buying and feeding of oxen to draw the gospel carts. Some missionaries try to feed them out of their allowance, with the result that the oxen, or horses, as the case may be, *get fat* and the missionary *lean*—this, of course, unfits them for the best service.

Then in cases of sickness, where extra food is needed, or where extra clothing, blankets, etc., are needed, these could be supplied from such funds.

In one station which we are now building, we shall need a cow, as the people will not let us have milk (they fear being defiled by contact with Christians) and it will be one of the chief articles of diet, as it will not be possible to get things to eat as we can in the established stations. We would prefer getting the *milk*, but if we cannot, then we shall need a cow. (\$50 will buy a *good cow*.)

I might mention many things along this line, but perhaps it would be wiser to do this as you join in the plan I am going to suggest. I believe some of you have this work on your hearts and are perhaps doing all you can, many of you are praying. But I believe numbers are doing almost nothing. Are we willing if we can't do *big* things to "gather up the fragments," and be faithful in doing *what we can do and doing it systematically*.

How many of you are willing to add your *mites* (the widow's mite was small, but accepted because it was all she had), and help forward this great work?

If you are a small band, circle, church, Sunday school or school, will you not pray over this and "stir up the gift that is *within thee*" ("stir into a flame" that will shed light into the darkest places of this lost world), and pledge yourself, with God's help, to give a certain amount annually, semi-annually, quarterly or monthly to some station in one of these fields, to be used as the missionaries see best for the greatest good. We have three stations in India and are now building a fourth. We shall gladly inform you as to any or all of them if you write us. Of course, you would have to write the missionaries in other fields to know their needs.

The missionaries are doing as much as in them lies to preach the gospel and hasten the coming of Jesus. Will you join hands with us to push the battle and bring in the time when "Christ shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied?"

If you are alone and feel that you can do only a little, bring it hither to Him and it will be multiplied to the feeding of multitudes. *Is it hid or in His hands?*

Perhaps some of you would like to have a small part in the *Christmas* gifts of clothing

and blankets for the *poor* villagers, among whom we have been preaching. Others might like to add a little joy to the lives of our Christian families, boys and girls, by an offering of some small amount. We always try to make it a joyous season in the Lord. Hoping to hear from many who want to become systematic givers for the work of the Lord. In His glad service.

HOSPITALITY.

There were once two boys, John and James, working in the same store on Kerby Street in Boston. After awhile John went to Chicago in her muddy days, married, reared a family, became a well-to-do, open-handed and open-hearted business man. James remained in Boston. He too married, reared a family, became a well-to-do and well-respected business man. John's oldest son, Jack, at 21, visited Boston, bearing a letter of introduction from his father to his old friend.

When he entered his place of business he found him buried in a dark room, deeply absorbed in business. Jack handed him the letter, stood with his hat in hand. James read it twice, then looking up, said, "Are you John's son? Well, you do not look at all like your father." Then there was a pause. "What ever brought you to Boston?"

"My father thought I should see the old home and get a breath of salt air."

"Will you be in the city over Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Our pew is No. —, at Trinity. I hope to see you at church."

A short time after this James' son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunted him up in his office. Before he had the door closed behind him—

"Well, my son?"

"My name is James, sir, and I thought"—

"Why, you don't mean to say—why, of course you are. I might have known it. Where's your baggage?"

"At the hotel, sir."

"At the hotel! Well, go and get it, and take it right up to the house."

With a slam of the lid of his desk, he says, "We'll go right up now. We have time for a drive this afternoon, you can spend this evening in company with my girls, tomorrow we will run out on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road for a look at the country, then I want to take you out to the stockyards, and have a trip on the lake, and"—

"But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home tomorrow."

"Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. you can't begin to see this city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, any how." —*Selected.*

GREATEST NEED OF THE DAY.

The late Mr. Gladstone was once asked, "What is the deepest need of the day?" and he replied, "It is the sense of sin." There is certainly no conception more remote from the temperament of our generation. But, unless it is true, the whole edifice of Redemption

and Grace, so noble, so mysterious—the home of so many of the deepest and highest experiences of the human race—is dissolved into a disordered dream.

A world which feels no longer any need of being saved from sin will no longer feel the need of a Divine Saviour; but a world convicted by the Spirit of God of sin from which it is groaning to be delivered, of righteousness in which it is longing to be arrayed, and to a Bar of Judgment at which it must stand, is a world that has been to Calvary, has seen there the God-man, Christ Jesus, crucified for its Redemption, and is ready to let Top-lady say in its name:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

"As thy days so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25).

Not stored up strength or self-constituted sufficiency, but daily supplies for all our need, that is the provision of His grace, and that is the place of dependence and security. Let us live by the moment and trust Him step by step and day by day.—A. B. S.

PRAYING IN THE FAMILY.

Family prayer is being neglected in many so-called Christian homes. To neglect family devotion at least once a day is almost sure to lead to backsliding, if it does not indicate that Christ has already departed from the lives of those who ought to pray. This is a very important means of grace. It stimulates faith, increases courage, leaves an impression upon children that is helpful and lasting, is a source of strength for the duties of life, and if omitted is a very sad loss to any Christian home. If the family altar has been broken down in your home, we lovingly urge that you establish it at once. The home is largely the conservator of the church. Let religion die there, and the church suffers in her spiritual life. The home is also the conservator of the nation. Let spiritual life cease there, and the future generations will be morally weak, indifferent to the claims of the Gospel, and unsafe to manage the great interests of a Christian nation. The church generally teaches that the people should evidence their desire for salvation by attending upon all the ordinances of God, such as family and private prayer. Father, mother, children, we appeal to you to gather around the family hearthstone in the morning or evening, or both if possible, and pray for your own home and the homes of others.—*Joy Bells.*

THE LOVE OF HOME.

Truly the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure and deep and lasting in earthly affections. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longings to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow and burn and brighten among the peaceful threshold of home.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

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EDITORIAL

A COMMON FAILURE.

*"God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in
ceasing to pray for you." (1 Sam. 12:23.)*

These folks had acted so badly that many shallow, superficial natures would have ceased to pray for them, but not so with Samuel, their need was only the greater and he did not propose to add to their sin that of his own in ceasing to pray for them.

It is not always easy to pray for people. It is sometimes hard work. The heart is so absorbed in its own needs that the cry of others is often unheard. The faults of others are so discernible that many criticize rather than pray. You can sit down and discuss the faults of your neighbor for one-half hour and the probabilities are that you will not feel like praying for him when the conversation is over. Very few have the grace of seeing the beam in their own eye while they are talking about the mote in their brother's eye. Consequently much time is spent in criticizing people that ought to be spent in praying for them. All parties concerned would be helped much more by praying than by fault finding. We little know the crushing load that may be on a brother's heart and how a word of prayer might tide him over the awful strain. Those who live close to God are often called by the Spirit to pray for someone, maybe far away, who at that very time is fighting some severe battle. Who knows but what the Lord has his chosen ones just ready for a time like this; ready to be thrust here and there as intercessors for some of His struggling children. History abounds with incidents of this kind—mothers like Hudson Taylor's, wrestling for the salvation of their children and they converted at that very hour, though in some other part of the country. Somebody is making the fight of his life in a distant state and the Spirit thrusts someone forth to pray for him. Ah! this in-
terwrought prayer! This time when God seems to bring your Spirit in an agony of desire! How may we jealously guard such sacred moments, for who knows what mighty destinies have been decided in a time like that, when

the Spirit travails in the heart and things are brought to pass in the life and some new heavenly force bursts upon the scene.

We are commanded to pray one for another, and the more marked the weaknesses of a brother, the more he needs your prayer. Multitudes have gone down for the want of it. No doubt Aaron and Hur found it fatiguing to hold up Moses' hands, but as long as they did so, Israel prevailed over her enemies. How important that the servants of the Lord shall hold up each other's hands by prayer! It is hard work, but it means victory. As the spirit of prayer possesses us, the spirit of unkind criticism flees away.

Try praying for that disagreeable person and see if you do not get a blessing. Do not sin against people in ceasing to pray for them.

THE TRIVIAL.

J. F. Millet says, "The aim of art is to express the sublime on the trivial." The aim of every Christian should be to do even little things in the kingly simplicity of a great soul. Nobility of character should leave its impress on everything we touch. True greatness is shown as really in the performance of what is looked upon as trivial duties, as in the larger responsibilities of life. The tendency to degrade the commonplace is to be deplored. Over a peasant's grave in a country churchyard was the following epitaph, "Only a Clod." Certainly such an inscription as this was not complimentary to the dead, nor inspiring to the living. Little deeds are immortal, therefore they should never be looked upon with indifference. It is said that a milligram of musk will go on giving out its odors for seven thousand years, and that the radium will radiate eleven times longer, or seventy-seven thousand years. By the smallest acts, the most trivial incidents of life, are set in motion influences which are forever and ever.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and drift of character may be discerned by one's behavior amid the commonplace. At least nineteen-twentieths, if not more, of what we do is just the ordinary, and yet it is here that we either fail or succeed. There is a halo around the commonplace, if we could only see it.

"Be mine some simple service here below;
To weep with those who weep, their joys to share,
Their pains to solace or their burdens bear;
Some widow in her agony to meet,
Some exile in his new-found home to greet;
To serve some child of Thine, and so serve Thee.
Lo here am I; to such a task send me."

There is a strained, distorted way of looking at things that is not only unnatural but severely hurtful. The bulk of life is made up of little things, but life is seriously full of grave responsibilities, therefore that which constitutes by far the larger part of it must also be fundamental and vital in all character building. It is said of one, "Thou art wearied in the greatness of thy thinking," but we need never tire with the nobleness of our doing, even in the trivial, for there is a dignity of spirit and a majesty of movement essential in all successful living. One need not sit on an

earthly throne to have a kingly spirit, for "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." There is a beautiful simplicity of character that leaves an inexpressible charm on everything that we do. It is seen as often amid the walks of the lowly as in the palaces of the great. True virtue does not consist in possessing many things, but in using what we have to the best advantage.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The book of life the shining record tells."

CRUCIFIED.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which I am crucified unto the world and the world unto me."

Judicially we were all nailed to the cross in Jesus, and we become the recipients of this death as we appropriate it by faith. Not only were our actual transgressions, but the very sin principle itself was nailed to the cross. This seems to us to be in the line of argument followed by St. Paul in the sixth chapter of Romans. The believer looks to Jesus for pardon and remission of sins, and then as he advances in the Christian life he learns that it is not merely his duty to be saved, but that he, like his Lord, should be crucified to the world and the world to him. This giving up all to Jesus is the very essence of consecration so often talked about but so little realized. The proud, self centered spirit must go down in the grave with Christ and die, and from its ashes, will come forth the meek, broken and contrite spirit, abounding in the resurrection joy, belonging to those who are risen with Christ. It is not enough to merely go down in the grave and to die to sin as he died for sin. Some people stop just here and they have but little joy or victory in their lives. They should rise with Christ into a life of gladness, triumph and victory through Him.

He has broken the bands of death and is now at the Father's right hand, making it possible for the humblest believer to live in heavenly places down here on this earth. But how many of us have really taken the place of the crucified? Too often self struts and flourishes in much of our religious endeavor. Is the cross really in our hearts? "If we die with Him we shall also live with Him."

"Life evermore is fed by death in earth and sea
and sky.
And that a rose may breathe its breath something
must die."

Quinton Hogg, while taking some friends around the Polytechnic Institute, was asked what it cost to carry on such an institution. With a smile, he said, "Oh! Only some one's life blood." Jesus said, "Because I lay down my life for the sheep, therefore the Father loveth me." And Peter exhorts us: "For as much then as Christ has suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourself likewise with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh has ceased from sin that he should no longer

live the rest of his life in the lust of the flesh to man, but to the will of God." The degree of our death to the world will measure the degree of our likeness to Christ. Even in some of our testimony meetings the absence of a cross is painfully manifest. There may be a subtle pride even in spiritual attainment. Be sure to give God the glory.

"How shall we reach the people?
We everywhere hear the cry.
How shall we waken souls to life?
There is but one answer—die!

Die and make room for The Mighty,
Let Him empty and fill your soul;
Then carry not words, but The Life Himself,
To make sin-sick sufferers whole."

Editorial Comment

SOCIETIES.

The mania for Societies and the harmful result that follows is strikingly illustrated in the following story related by Theodore L. Cuyler of New York:

"We asked," he says, "an old colored preacher how his church was getting on, and his answer was: 'Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder.' We ventured to ask the trouble and he replied, 'De 'sieties, de 'sieties. Dey is just drawin' all de fatness and marrow outen de body and bone of de Lord's body. We can't do nuffin without de 'siety. There is de Lincum 'Siety, wid Sister Jones and Brudder Brown to run it. Sister Williams mus' march right in front of de Daughters of Rebekah, den dar is de Dorcases, de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham and Liberian Ladies.' Well, you have your brothers to help in church,' we suggested. 'No, sah, dar are de Masons, de Odd Fellows, de Sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Promised Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by de time de brudders and sisters pay all dues, an' tend all de meetings der is nuffin left for Mount Pisgah Church but jis de cob! De co'n has all been sheeled off and frowed to de speckled chickens.'"

"SILENT BEFORE HIM."

So many good people unconsciously manifest a spirit of self-assertion that is hurtful to the deepest spirituality. There is a fussiness and rawness of action about them that savors of the energy of the flesh. *Alpha and Omega*, writing on this subject, says:

"The great and greatest want among the people of God today is quietude. 'Be still and know that I am God.' Human activity has ever been the bane of the grace of God. The clatter of selfhood is heard above the gentle wooing of the Spirit of God, and the result is, so much of the human has obscured the Divine.

Never, no never, in all the history of the past, was there more of the outside of grace. Bibles in profusion, preaching in abundance, ceremonies beyond measure. Indeed we have everything of religion but its life, and everything of grace but its subduing qualities. 'Having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof.'

Human activities can only mar the celestial life. God cannot 'Work in us to will and to do of his good pleasure' while we are so active that we do not discern His leadings. Human zeal can only tie the hands of God. 'Be still if ye would know God.' Not in the sense that we have lost all interest in the things of God, but in the sense that we have no wish nor preference, except as it comes to us in his

guiding hand. Here I am Lord, I am all ignorance, thou art light; I am all helplessness, thou art strong; I am unclean, thou art holy, give me thyself in the place of myself."

COULD EXPECT NOTHING ELSE FOR IT

The Record of Christian Work quotes the following with regard to the effect in Germany of preaching so-called "New Theology."

"The 'liberals' ruin our churches from top to bottom. Those where men of this stripe preach are almost without exception emptied of the people. The number of one hundred worshippers is hardly ever reached in these great buildings. In one giant church, with seats for 1400, there is a usual Sunday attendance of forty or fifty, and in a large parish chapel, with 300 seats, there were recently but thirteen present, and this included sextons and officials. That is nothing short of bankruptcy. On the other hand, churches with believing pastors, even though they be no great speakers, are almost always full. Here there is active parish life and often much personal sacrifice. But among the 'liberals,' even when rich, there is little evidence of readiness in giving.

"Yet the 'liberal' in Germany, as in America, insists on imposing himself and his doctrine on the churches, and the Christians of Germany, as those of America, are getting heartily tired of him."

"The negative and the positive pastor cannot, as discordant bells in one tower, remain together in one national church. Ministers who cannot preach the apostolic gospel should cease preaching in apostolic churches."

What else could be expected under such a ministry. The people ask for bread and they are given a stone. They will submit to this treatment for awhile and then fall away from the church altogether. Thoughtful people recognize that there is a serious drift, on the part of the masses, away from the church, and it is in the main due to faithlessness on her part. While there is a flame of fire in the pulpit, the people will go. Fire always attracts, whether it be the burning of a building or some Spirit-filled preacher burning at white heat for the salvation of the people.

WORTHY OF THOUGHT.

The coming of the auto has been a great blessing. It is a very useful invention, and in many respects will be a blessing; but, like

all others, it has its abuses. Some time ago a prominent contractor said to us that two-thirds of the homes in the most fashionable part of our city were mortgaged, and now the cry is going over the country that the mania for autos is becoming so widespread that the banks are having to sound a note of warning. Much better live in a cottage paid for than a palace owned by somebody else. The *Free Methodist* quotes the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, writing on "Homes or Automobiles," as follows:

It is not well for those who are compelled to walk to envy those who ride about in automobiles. The craze for this new means of locomotion has been raging for some time, and many have purchased a machine who could not afford it. It is much better to walk than to become involved in debt for the sake of riding and of making a display. The *Western Christian Advocate*, under the title of "Homes or Automobiles," calls attention to the matter in the following sensible words:

"We have heard repeatedly that the automobile fever had risen to so high a pitch that many people who were ambitious to get in the procession were jeopardizing their financial standing to accomplish this desired end; that homes were actually being mortgaged to make the ownership of a machine possible. There is much truth in the report if the cautious action of state bankers' associations is any criterion. These associations are discouraging the loaning of money on machines, and the practice of money borrowing with the view of automobile ownership is looked upon with such suspicion that the United States Motor Company, the recently formed motor trust, has sent out to all the banks of the country a series of questions calculated to learn the facts in the case.

"Cincinnati bankers were last week asked the following hypothetical question: 'If a man owning a piece of property worth \$2,500 and unincumbered comes into the bank for a mortgage loan on the property of \$1,000 to purchase an auto, and if this man is a wage-earner getting about \$2,500 or \$3,000 a year, and has a small family, would you loan the money?' The majority answers were that the money would not be loaned.

"One banker went so far as to say that 'automobiles have created more disturbance in this country than the Civil War,' while another told of a recent incident in one of the banks where a man was asked for a statement of his assets, and he included a machine for \$2,500. The auto was scratched out of the list with the curt remark of the grizzled old banker that 'it's a liability, not an asset.'

"Thus the case is pretty strong against the automobile, and the fact pretty well substantiated that all is not gold that glitters, and that all is not wealth that rolls on wheels. The danger is not so much in the mere ownership of a machine, though that would prove a serious undertaking to many. But it is the automobile plane of living which is expensive in proportion to the keeping of the machine. One must go certain places, do certain things, and in a dozen ways behave differently from his former habits, all of which eats into the very vitals of finances that are not exceptionally fortified.

"The auto is increasing the recklessness of the American people, is tending to destroy the love for home, and though in time there may be a proper adjustment of the serious phases of the question, there is but little doubt that for the present the advent of this latest luxury has placed a serious financial problem in the way of many who feel they must get into the parade."

OUR Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."

--Prov. 8:17

Address all communications for this
Department to Mrs. John T. Benson
Eastland Avenue Nashville, Tenn

Letters Will Not Be Published Unless Written
On One Side Of The Sheet Only

Chile Horn, Hoi Ping, Kwang Tung, China.

Dear Isal and Vernon: Thanks for the package of cards and pictures just received. Your Auntie told me you enjoyed my letter to you, so I think I must tell you how big and fat our preacher's baby girl has grown, and also our boatman's baby boy only two weeks older than the little girl; they laugh and coo just like all other babies; I know you would love them like I do. I must tell you a little about the baby girl's sister, three years old. Her papa has taught her to sing in Chinese, the chorus, "My Soul Shall Overcome by the Blood of the Lamb, Overcome, Overcome, Overcome by the Blood of the Lamb."

The little boat baby boy's sister is five years old. She can sing in Chinese, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye, We Shall Meet on That Beautiful Shore." My new little blind girl, six years old, that I took a little over three months ago, I have taught the "American Chorus." It was so sweet, the other day, as the three children were playing together in the chapel and I was busy in my room over the chapel, to hear these three little ones each singing their own chorus at the same time; quite a medley, but sang quite well, so I could distinguish each chorus and singer. No one was with them, just pleasing themselves. And I could not help but thank God that these were some of Jesus' little lambs in this dark land of China, and they are each of them bright children. Then again it is sweet to hear Ah Tsong, the pastor's little girl, and the blind little six-year-old Shui Kwok, whom we call Faith Galloway; Chinese say in Chinese, Sun tak (Faith), Ka' lok wall (Galloway).

At morning prayers our pastor teaches his own little girl and Shui Kwok a prayer together, they following him. Think of it—it is only a little over three months since that Shui Kwok has been taught to pray to the True God—always before taught to worship idols. Of course Ah Tsong (or Alice—we call her after me) has, ever since she could lisp, been taught to pray. Her first words were (that her father taught her) Hallelujah, Glory, and praise the Lord. And now every morning she says her verse of Scripture after her father at prayers as we read around. So Tili, my other blind girl, twelve years old, is home on her vacation; she returns to school this month and little Faith will go with her. So Tili is very pleased with her little new sister and has taught her since she came home, some of "Se Che King," the first book they commence at school. I want to tell you what I overheard her say to Som Po, the Chinese woman. It was just before going to bed; they had been speaking about robbers and I heard So Tili say in Chinese: "Shi pit ti ti, Je So Po wu ngo tai (Must trust Jesus Protect Us).

I could not help thinking of the sweet trust, as soon after she was fast asleep.

Yes China is full of darkness yet, but I believe the greatest hope is through the children, taking them out of heathenism and giving them the gospel in their earliest days. Paul and Stephen are both talking of their schoolmates, and so the day is dawning for China. So we go tolling on, giving the message of salvation daily. He has promised the increase.

Please send this on to the children's corner in the Living Water paper Nashville, Tenn., after Isal and

Vernon have read it. It may be a blessing to other children. I have many letters to write and it costs so much to write to all, so pass it along. Love,
In Jesus Name, ALICE GALLOWAY.

I too had a letter from dear Sister Gallo-way not long ago. She told me of the blessed work that is being done, and also about some of the hardships. It makes me think of a story I read once. A man went down into a deep well, and was overcome by poisonous gas. His fellow workmen knew that he would die in a very short time unless he could be rescued,—but they also knew that it would be a risk of life for anyone to go after him. Then a brave fellow seized a rope, and tying it about his waist, said: "If you will hold the rope, I will go down." He did and saved the life of the unconscious man below.

I feel like our missionaries have gone down into the deep, dark, dangerous places to rescue lost men and women. We who stay at home must hold the ropes if they are to be held. Are we doing it?

John tells us to live so that we will not be ashamed before the Lord at His coming.

I often think that our lack of faithfulness to our missionaries is that which will cause us more shame than all else.

O the thoughtlessness, the carelessness, the selfishness among those who profess to be Christians!

God help us, and open our eyes.

Dear Cousin Eva: Here I come with my birthday dues again. I was sixteen years old—last January. I am late, but better late than never. Will try to be sooner next time. I also send birthday dues for my mother and two sisters and brother. Mother is forty-nine. My sisters' names are Velma and Ruth. Velma is fourteen, Ruth is ten, and James is five years old.

Papa and mamma and myself are Christians. Pray for us, that we may live closer to our Blessed Savior each day of our lives.

We send a dollar for good measure. Yours, trying to live for Him,

WILLIE KATE SKINNER.

Bluff Springs, Fla.

I hope that all the cousins who are late will follow Willie's example.

I am so glad you are a Christian, my dear girl. Yesterday I heard a young woman talking about the Christian life, and whether it was a hard one. She said: "Sorrow, trouble, sickness, affliction, death,—all of these things come to the unsaved as well as to the Christian. The latter has God to lean upon, with all His power to comfort and wisdom to guide. The other must bear the same things in his own strength. Of the two, it is the way of the transgressor which is hard."

Do you not think this is true? We are in a world where we cannot escape these things. Often the most innocent are the greatest sufferers. Life is a serious thing, full of problems and difficulties. Surely it is better to face it under the care of an all-wise, all-powerful God, than to undertake it by ourselves.

Dear Cousin: For such I feel that you are. I have thought many times of writing a line for our much loved paper. I can't work much when it comes till I have read it. Am so glad we can worship God at home as well as abroad. I feel weak, but by his

grace I want to live for Him. I pray every day for his children the world over to be kept by his hand and love. I have a small bundle of Living Water papers; where could I send them to be used in Jesus name? I feel like I would like to work for Him; pray for me, dear brothers and sisters. In Christ,
B. B. McNEW.

McCormick, Ill.

Dear Sister Benson and Living Water Family: Once again our dear Lord has permitted me to write you and send in my birthday dues, also my subscription for another year to the dearest paper to me I have ever read. May God bless these dear people in this grand work and help them to be able to carry it on for many years to come.

Was fifty-three the third day of September last. What there is over, dear sister, use it for the cause of the Lord, where you think best. I want to praise the dear Father in Heaven this morning for His sanctifying, healing and keeping power, for he has healed me and kept me, through His blood, His precious blood, and keeps me free from sin.

Your sister, in Christ,

MRS. N. V. LOWNDES.

150 Gates Avenue.
Jackson, Tenn.

Dear loved ones in Christ, since writing the above, and before I had a chance to send it, for some cause, I know not what, our dear Lord has seen fit to send affliction on me, from which I have not been able to attend to or do anything since. It could have been worse, but praise His dear name. He says all things work together for good to those that love the Lord and I know that I love Him—Hallelujah. Dear Living Water family, pray for me and mine that we may all meet all the dear loved ones in that home not made with hands; there to meet our Savior first of all, and sing praises with our Father forever and ever.

Through prayer, faith and trust in Him, He doth keep me every day. O praise His dear name. O how sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ears. It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds and drives away his fear. Yes, dear friends, it is balm of Gilead to my soul. My friends, how many of you have read and studied the fourteenth chapter of St. John, where Christ comforteth his disciples. It is a lesson, dear ones, for us. O so many good promises if we will only trust, obey and do His commandments. O Father, help us to live on in Thy great blessings, trusting in Thee for all things, pointing out Thy redeeming love to the lost world till you come for us to take us home to heaven; then our toils and cares of this world will be over and we can rest forever with Thee. Amen. Yours, in Christ,

MRS. N. V. LOWNDES.

Somehow Cousin Eva thinks that these are two very sweet letters. It means a great deal of hard work for people who are already hard worked, to get out this paper. For instance: I have sewed hard all day, making a little coat. It is now nearly midnight, and I am sitting up writing my page.

When a letter comes telling us that the paper is a blessing, we feel so encouraged, and don't mind the work at all. Indeed, we feel that it is a privilege. But when a cross letter comes—and they do come—fault-finding, written in an impatient spirit, then it isn't quite so easy. But we try to get a lesson out of this kind even.

Also we try to keep one rule. That is never to answer such letters until we have "slept" on them,—and feel quite pleasant about it all. Do you not think this is a good rule?

Well, the Lord bless the writers of both kinds of letters. We love them, and believe that they love us.

Mrs. Benson—Dear Cousin Eva: I address you thus, for you have been our Cousin Eva ever since you began writing for Living Water. All these years we have enjoyed your page. We feel that we know you well, and you have done us good. We were much interested in your description of the children in the Training Home for Girls, and our sympathies were aroused for them. As a family, we send them a contribution of three dollars. It is a cheerful gift, and our very best wishes go with it for them and you.

Our two oldest children, Herbert E. and Fannie F. McGrew, were taught by your mother in Tulip St. S. S. They remember her well, and our daughter fondly keeps a little prize she gave her for learning the commandments.

May our Father's richest blessings be upon you and your work for Him. May grace and wisdom be given to the worker in the Home, and may the dear children all become soul-winners. Your true friends,

MR. AND MRS. G. N. MCGREW.

Dallas, Texas.

I need not tell you this letter was a pleasant surprise to me. And not a surprise either. Because all along during the twenty years which have passed since she went home to heaven, people have been telling me of some good influence she had in their lives. Once I met a young man far down in South Georgia who had once been in her Bible class. For many years he had been a wanderer all over the country. Yet in all his wanderings he had kept in the bottom of his trunk a letter she had written him about his soul's salvation. Sometimes it is a negro man or woman who tells me of help or sympathy she once gave them, and I have learned the meaning of those words, "Being dead, he yet liveth." Kind deeds wrought in living hearts are better than words cut in marble shafts.

I want to thank these cousins for their interest in the Training Home, and the money they send. Winter is upon us, and there are so many restless little feet to keep shod, and bodies dressed, and mouths filled. Two boxes came in recently with so many nice things in them.

I want to tell you about them next week if possible.

Kidron, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva: I am a little girl ten years old and love Jesus. We take the Living Water and I enjoy reading it. I go to Sunday School every Sunday at the Kidron Mission.

I have a pet squirrel and a pet kitten. I have two sisters and one brother living and one little brother in Heaven. I am going to school and am learning fast. My sisters, Kate and Matilda, are going to school at Ruskin, and my brother, Hardin, in Nashville. I am the only one left at home with mother.

As I want to join your birthday band I send ten cents for my birthday dues.

MINERVA FOSTER.

It is a good thing that mother has one little girl left at home. I once read of a mother who had a large family of boys and girls. There was so much to do for them, so many garments to make, and stockings to darn; so many books to buy and lunches to fix,—so many, many, many steps to take. She grew so weary, and often the clatter and noise made her head ache. How she longed for rest and quiet and an orderly house. The years slipped by before she knew it; the girls married, the boys moved away, and she was alone. Things were so quiet, and there wasn't any-

one to put them out of place. There was so little sewing, and darning, and cooking, that time hung heavily upon her hands. She wasn't tired any more, but she was very lonely, and that was much worse.

I have thought of this very often when cares pressed heavily, and I want to pass the thought on to other mothers. Perhaps these days, so full of duties, when it is hard to get a bit of quiet, or keep things in order, may be our happiest days,—for we still have our children around us.

Dear Cousin Eva: Greetings in Jesus Name. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear from a shutin up in the Cumberland Mountains. Have often wished to send you a message, telling you and all the household of faith, that Jesus is merciful toward me, and gives me full assurance of His Divine grace, and keeping power.

However, I am only a shutin, bedfast, and suffer a great deal, but I am going to trust my dear Savior by all means, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Isn't it a happy consolation?

Now, I'm going to ask an interest in your prayers. I believe each one of you will remember me in this way. Yes, we are commanded to love and to pray for each other, therefore it isn't so hard to do—for 'tis love that does it.

I am enclosing twenty cents in stamps, for to be used in the good cause, whatsoever that may be. I was twenty years of age September 5.

May the Lord bless the whole family who are believing and trust in Him. May we also have continual victory.

"My love is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

Your brother, in Christ,

WILLIAM M. GALLOWAY.

Spencer, Tenn.

And as you pray will you not believe in the promises God has made for the body? He has encouraged us to pray for healing, and I know for myself that He answers. I think that we often make the mistake of trying to get hold of *divine healing*, as if it were a science, or philosophy. We can't study it as we would a system of medicine, for it is not a system. What we need is to get to *Jesus*—the One who heals; to read the promises He has made us in regard to healing, and to *believe* and trust it because it is *His* word.

Publisher's Column

LIVING WATER

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Without Worldly Advertisements.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ITS THEMES

Salvation, Sanctification, Divine Healing, The Second Coming of the Lord, and Missions will all be duly stressed in its columns. "Deeper Yet" is its motto for God's consecrated people.

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These calendars are mounted on beautiful, decorated plush cards, 8½ x 12½ inches, and have a pad for each month, each day of the month having an appropriate Scripture text.

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Pentecostal Mission Publishing Co.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



FIELD NOTES

A series of revival services will begin in the Pentecostal Tabernacle, at Franklin, with an all day meeting Sunday, Nov. 13. Rev. J. O. McClurken will be in charge, assisted by other workers.

W. M. LANTRIP.

Bros. C. R. Pollard and W. M. Tidwell have held a meeting here in which the Lord blessed. Both sinners and believers were helped by their messages. Pray that I may know the Lord's will concerning my winter's work. Yours, "Complete in Him,"

MACKAY BROWN.

Beersheba Springs, Tenn.

I am praising God for a real good holiness meeting at Echo, Ala. It was run in the Protestant Methodist Church. God manifested himself in his saving and sanctifying power. Glory be to God.

The work was greatly opposed, but in spite of men and devils, we fasted and prayed through to victory and revival fire fell on the people and the shouts of victory were heard. Hallelujah to God.

Pray for me.

MARION CARROLL.

Ozark, Ala.

We closed our fifth meeting in Cumberland county last Thursday night. The dear Lord was with us in His mighty convincing, convicting, converting and sanctifying power.

Something near four hundred bright professions. These were the first tent meetings ever held in the county. Have just opened up here in Methodist Church. The fire is falling and souls praying through and we are expecting a great revival. His and thine,

JOHN AND GRACE ROBERTS.

Breechling, Ky.

Our meeting at Austin, Ark., was a great one. It was the first holiness they ever had preached to them. Not so many got through, but the whole town got stirred and many of them are believers in holiness now. We closed out with an altar full of seekers. As many as sixty-three were in the altar at one time. They want us to hold another meeting for them next year. We closed a meeting at Temperance Hill Sunday night and are here in one now at the Opera House. Interest is good. Several at the altar last night.

We go from here to Hampton for our next meeting.

W. H. McCHESNEY,
LEE L. HAMRIC,

Thornton, Ark.

Since reading "A Pitcher of Cream," written by Rev. Bud Robinson, I can not keep quiet any longer. He gave the names of several evangelists and singers that were doing a great work all over our land and country, but failed to name our evangelist, Lige Weaver, and John Grissom (singer). They held a tent meeting for us in August, with over fifty conversions and cleaned, filled and lighted our lamps and left them burning. Thank God.

You can visit a neighbor's home now and hear around all corners, "I have not felt like sinning since Bro. Weaver's meeting." We have organized a prayer meeting, which, if we all meet in good faith, I feel will be a great blessing to all and God will be with us. Yours for God,

MRS. W. P. REED.

Himesville, Tenn.

Our meeting at Liberty Church, between Charlotte and Dixon, was a glorious one. There were twenty-seven or more professions, only three sanctified, but a goodly number and added to the pale of the church. Families and hard old sinners. The church took a leap for a higher life in every respect.

Prayer meeting and Sunday School received a goodly number and added to the pole of the church. T. B. Marshal, P. C., is a fine young fellow.

We are now here at Charlotte, having a hard pull. Pray for us.

I notice I have preached a hundred and ninety sermons since the eighteenth of last June. Had two hundred and thirty professions; a hundred and sixty-seven conversions, sixty-three sanctifications. We have four more calls just ahead, but will be bound to call a halt soon and rest.

I will (D. V.) go in home for a while in next month. "Prosperity be within thy gates!"

God bless you and my many friends. Amen. Saved and kept,

B. L. PATTERSON,
Evangelist.

The tenth session of our Apostolic Holiness union convened with Pilgrim Rest Church and it was one of the grandest sessions in the history of the associations. The Lord wonderfully blessed our coming together.

On the first day and after the introductory sermon by Bro. G. B. Haney, the body was permanently organized by electing Bro. W. J. Barker chairman, who presided over the body with a heart full of love for everybody, and the business of the session was gone through with in perfect harmony: We are progressing in our Lord's cause and he is blessing us.

During the session the Moderator called for the report on foreign missions, which was responded to by the churches donating \$25.65, and a freewill offering was made of \$4.25; total \$29.90, to be placed where most needed.

Our people are becoming more alive along those lines. We have doubled our sum of last year and the Lord is blessing us abundantly. May the Lord bless our missionaries wherever they are, and help us to send workers where there are none.

May the Lord bless our association and our preachers; may this be one of the greatest years in the history of their ministry, and may we all do more for him this coming year than we have in the past.

Yours in Christ,

D. A. NEWMAN.

Covin, Ala.

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(Collection for Missionary Purposes for September.)

807....	\$ 4 38	844....	\$ 1 00	991....	\$ 2 00
808....	2 50	845....	1 00	992....	250 00
809....	15 00	846....	50	993....	12 50
810....	3 00	847....	75 00	994....	3 00
811....	5 00	848....	4 00	995....	2 00
812....	20 00	849....	15 00	996....	5 00
813....	1 00	850....	5 00	997....	2 00
814....	5 00	851....	1 50	998....	8 70
815....	13 65	852....	2 00	999....	2 00
816....	10 00	853....	4 00	990....	2 50
817....	5 00	854....	1 00	991....	1 00
818....	25	855....	22 00	992....	7 00
819....	60 00	856....	3 00	993....	3 00
820....	3 00	857....	6 50	994....	3 00
821....	25	858....	2 00	995....	1 00
822....	1 00	859....	5 00	996....	1 00
823....	90	860....	10	997....	15 00
824....	2 00	861....	12 00	998....	2 00
825....	1 00	862....	1 25	999....	1 00
826....	50	863....	2 50	990....	5 00
827....	6 40	864....	1 00	991....	50 00
828....	25 00	865....	7 14	992....	10 00
829....	4 00	866....	1 00	993....	6 00
830....	13 00	867....	10	994....	75 00
831....	16 60	868....	1 00	995....	27 40
832....	1 00	869....	4 00	996....	3 25
833....	6 00	870....	25	997....	1 00
834....	1 00	871....	1 00	998....	5 00
835....	2 30	872....	1 00	999....	24 30
836....	5 00	873....	25 00	990....	3 00
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840....	10 00	877....	1 00	994....	10 00
841....	1 00	878....	2 50	995....	15 00
842....	6 25	879....	1 50	996....	50 00
843....	37 33	880....	6 25		

Total.....\$1,347 59

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE

A number of our friends have requested us to continue their paper promising to remit later.

Some of them have allowed more than a year to go by. The post-office authorities have made a new ruling and do not allow a publisher to mail his paper to a subscriber on credit longer than one year.

This will force us to discontinue all papers not paid for after a year elapses.

Attend to this at once.

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An Important Notice

We have enlarged the Literary and Bible Training School. Several new departments have been added, and the name of the institution changed to Trevecca College for Christian Workers. This is the third time in the history of the school that is has been necessary to make more room. It looks now as if we will soon run over again. The building added this time is 40 feet wide, 110 feet long, and three stories high. It cost over \$4,000, which we wish to raise by January 1. We have borrowed the money, and we want to pay it as soon as we can, so as to stop interest, and remove the burden of indebtedness. The property is, deeded to the Trustees of the Pentecostal Mission, to be held for Bible school purposes. The college is insured in connection with the Pentecostal Tabernacle, and in the event that the building should burn, the pro rata part of the insurance obtained would go to the Bible school. If for any reason the school should ever be discontinued, the property would go to foreign missions. There is no individual ownership; it belongs to the work in which we are engaged. The most of what has been collected for the new building has come from a few personal friends in and around Nashville. Some from a distance have kindly contributed, to whom we send a hearty thank you. We have no doubt there are many whom we have never met face to face who are interested in a work of this kind. Shall we not all put our shoulders to the wheel and push, and clear away this indebtedness by January 1, 1911? The estimated cost of the structure was arranged in the following contributions:

5 at \$100.....	\$ 500	50 at \$10.....	500
10 at \$50.....	500	100 at \$5.....	500
15 at \$20.....	300	200 at \$2.....	400
20 at \$15.....	300	1000 at \$1.....	1,000
		Total	\$4,000

If every friend of this enterprise will send in whatever contribution he wishes to make, the entire indebtedness can be eliminated in a very short time. How many will respond for our next issue?

All those who are preparing for Christian work are admitted free of tuition, and the rates for board and lodging are made so exceedingly low as not to bar any who should come. We have asked for the sum of \$4,000. Less than half of this has been collected to date. The following have been taken:

5 at \$100.00.....	\$500 00	5 at \$50.00.....	\$250 00
6 at \$25.00.....	150 00	2 at \$15.00.....	30 00
31 at \$10.00.....	310 00	47 at \$5.00.....	235 00
51 at \$2.00.....	102 00	1 at \$20.00.....	20 00
94 at 1.00.....	94 00	Cash	1 40
		Total	\$1,692 40
Amount necessary	\$4,000 00	Amount paid	1,692 40

Balance necessary \$ 2,332 60

Send all remittances to JNO. T. BENSON, Treas., 125 4th Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

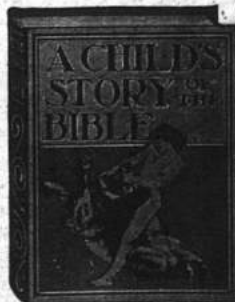
We want to make a persistent effort this year to build up the circulation of LIVING WATER. You can help us by soliciting subscribers.

In Bread of Life Songs we have tried to make invitation and altar songs a strong feature, and we believe we have succeeded. Send 15 cents for a sample copy.

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A Progressive Valentine

BY FLORA LONGFELLOW TURKNETT.

Up at the Old Ladies' Home on St. Valentine's morning, Mrs. Wood blinked fretfully at the sun trying to shine in through the shutters, and no wonder. She could not lie comfortably on her right side because her right shoulder was stiff; and she could not lie on her left side because her left hip ached; and she could not lie on her back for more than five minutes at a time because her poor old heart troubled her. So all night long she had been awake thinking of the seven sons who had been taken away in the strength of their manhood, leaving her alone in her old age. Mrs. Wood was not naturally of a peevish disposition, but there were days when everything looked blue to her, and this beautiful February morning seemed ushering in one of them.

Breakfast over, Mrs. Wood placed herself in a chair by a window. Some boys were coasting in front of the Home, and they reminded her of her sons. She jerked the chair around, coming into collision with the rockers of Grandma Sanford's chair, and waking the dear old lady up from her first catnap, which she usually took directly after breakfast. Grandma Sanford reached her trembling hands for her knitting and commenced garrulously chatting:

"No, I ain't afeard of nothin'. Did not come to the Home on that account. No, I just kinder got tired of livin' alone by myself. Wasn't afeard to stay alone, even if I was sick. Used to have my medicine on a stand at the head of my bed. Ginerally it was pills; and I knowed the ones in the big box came first, so I'd put out my hand in the dark and feel for the big box, and then the next time I waked up I'd feel around for the little box, which was ginerally harder to find. There was times when I'd think I would surely die all alone there before mornin', but I wasn't afeared to die alone. No, and I wasn't afeared to live alone. Can you see the clock, Mrs. Wood? Ain't it most time for the postman? I am hopin' I may git a letter from my son this mornin'. It is just thirty-one years ago today since my son ran away from home, Mrs. Wood, and I have looked for a letter from him every day since."

Mrs. Wood sighed heavily: "I don't never git no letters. No, nor never look for any. My boys are all in heaven, where they can't post no letters; but I have one thing to be thankful for, and that is, they all died at home and had a Christian burial. One can't never tell what may happen when one is away from home amongst strangers."

Though not intended to do so, this remark naturally had a depressing effect upon Grandma Sanford. She dropped her knitting into her lap, and her eyes took on a far-away, sorrowful look.

"I know it, Mrs. Wood. Sometimes I see Willie dead and all deserted like, but I am goin' to keep on lookin' for him whilst this

old body lasts, and then when I reach them heavenly gates I will be lookin' there, and if the good Lord wants to disappoint he here I know he won't there."

The entrance of the cheerful matron with a number of letters in her hand put an end to these somewhat somber confidences. "A letter for you, Grandma Sanford," she called out in her high, brisk tones, "and one for you, too, Mrs. Wood."

"I ain't the Mrs. Wood," asserted the latter, shaking her head gloomily, "I don't never git no letters. My folks is all dead and gone, you know, Mrs. Plumer."

"But this one is addressed straight enough to Mrs. Timothy Wood," answered the matron smiling, "so you would better hurry up and open it. Here are your glasses on the window sill."

Meanwhile Grandma Sanford had drawn from its envelope her beautiful valentine, and was gazing in speechless admiration at it.

"Why, grandma, you don't mean that you have a valentine!" said the matron, looking almost as surprised as Grandma Sanford herself. "How giddy you are! Who do you suppose sent it?"

"I'm thinkin' it surely must be Sonny," answered grandma in a solemn, happy voice. "Listen to this: 'Though absent far from you my dear, I've loved you now for many a year.'"

She turned to show her treasure to Mrs. Wood, but the big arm-chair was vacant. Mrs. Wood had gone to the window to get the best possible light on her valentine.

Gladys Crandell, passing underneath the window on her way to take a music lesson, waved her hand blithely at the old face, with its unwonted joyous expression. Mrs. Wood was a very bright old woman. Instinctively she glanced from the young girl to the valentine. Then she waved her hand back at Gladys, with a vim that made her rheumatic shoulder ache for many a minute.

"Guess I don't need to ask no questions about who sent my valentine," she murmured sagely. "I always was good at 'rithmetic; and doesn't it reason right out, as plain as two and two, that a sweet child who never forgits to nod and smile at a homely old woman when she's a-sittin' in the window of an institution, and always brings her flowers, would be just the one to send her a valentine?"

After Mrs. Wood had watched Gladys out of sight, she continued gazing out of the window, feeling keenly the charm of the landscape, the beauty of the snow-laden bushes and trees, the bright spots of color made by the children's red coats and toques. The door of the elegant mansion opposite the home opened and a handsome woman and three young girls came down the steps, and entering a sleigh were driven away.

Mrs. Wood shook her head. "Same old

story," she said, in an undertone. "Anywhere and everywhere but in their grandmother's room." As she spoke Mrs. Wood looked pityingly across to an upper window in the mansion where a white-haired woman could be seen, also gazing after the sleigh. "Prancin' round town the whole day long, playin' the piany and fiddle all the evenin', and never a minute to spare to set with that lonesomest person in the city, lonesomer than I am, and ain't had a valentine today same as I have had. I declare! I've a good mind to—if I only had an envelope! Why, I have the one I keep my newspaper clippings in!"

Mrs. Wood limped hurriedly up to her room. There, in the tray of her trunk was the desired envelope. When the valentine was safely sealed within it, and addressed to Mrs. Leonard Bridgman, in Mrs. Wood's trembling, but still graceful chirography, Mrs. Wood began her laborious journey to the kitchen to hunt up Rosie, the best-natured of maids.

Rosie entered into the spirit of the commission with great glee, and, after oft-repeated instructions from Mrs. Wood as to how the valentine was to be delivered at the door of the Bridgman mansion, "with the best compliments of Mrs. Timothy Wood, of the Old Ladies' Home," departed, while Mrs. Wood returned to the sitting-room window to watch her progress across the street.

Madam Bridgman was no longer at her window. She had rolled her wheel chair in front of the open fire, and her sad eyes were studying the glowing coals. Time lay so heavily on her hands. She could not knit all the time, and she tired so of reading. At the sound of the maid's rap on the door she looked up in surprise. She was seldom disturbed at that hour.

The maid smothered a giggle, as she presented the silver tray with the envelope upon it. "It is from one of them Old Ladies' Home women, a Mrs. Wood, and with her compliments, please, Madam Bridgman."

When the maid had closed the door behind her, Madam Bridgman carefully opened the envelope. What could one of these nice old ladies have to say to her, and which one was Mrs. Wood, anyway? When Madam Bridgman saw the valentine, two lovely dimples appeared in her faded, but still round, cheeks, and her eyes shone with pleasure.

"A valentine! To think of my having a valentine at my time of life. How very kind of Mrs. Wood to send it! I will use it for a marker in my prayer-book. What a pretty custom this sending of valentines is! I wish I had thought to buy one for my dear little friend, Gladys. That child is the only one of the young people who come to this house who ever takes the pains to run up to my room. But there, how can I blame them when my own grandchildren are so thoughtless? I wonder if Janet would not go down to the bookstore for me. Gladys could get the valentine by afternoon."

Madam Bridgman rang the bell.

Janet appeared at the door with a decidedly cross face.

"O Janet," timorously stammered the old

lady, "could you find time to run down to Hervey's for me?"

"Indeed, I could not think of it, Madam Bridgman," replied the maid; pertly. Had not her mistress told her never to bother with the old lady's "whims?" "There is to be a big dinner party tonight, and I've no end of work."

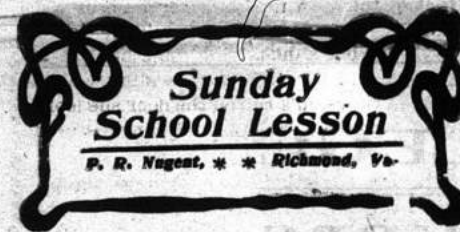
Madam Bridgman's face fell. Then an idea flashed through her mind. "Wait a moment, Janet," she said, "I want you to take something downstairs for me. Something for the postbox."

Five minutes later the unsuspecting Janet placed in the slide of the postbox Mrs. Wood's valentine, in a fresh envelope, addressed to "Miss Gladys Crandell, 110 Lawrence Avenue," and Madam Bridgman, still looking in the fire, wore on her face an air of childish triumph.

Young Dr. Richard Rogers was resting from his professional labors by teasing Gladys's kitten, Dot, when the five o'clock delivery brought the aforesaid valentine.

"Another proof that I am growing old," he remarked, laughingly, as Gladys handed him the valentine to admire. "I had forgotten that this was St. Valentine's Day."

"I shall think more of this valentine than of any that I have received," Gladys answered seriously, "for it is from dear Madam Bridgman. Isn't it strange, Richard? It is exactly like one I sent Mrs. Wood yesterday."—Zion's Watchman.



Sunday School Lesson

P. R. Nugent, * * Richmond, Va.

Lesson for November 20, 1910

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Mat. 26:36-46.

Nov. 20.

Golden Text: "The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." Matt. 26:45.

Our Lord's experience in Gethsemane (the word means "oil press") is found in all the gospels. The garden was on the Mount of Olives (v. 30), east of Jerusalem, across the brook Kidron. It was a regular place of resort for Him and a quiet place of prayer.

CHRIST AND THE FATHER.

Secondary causes did not get between Christ and the Father. The will of God was to Him supreme in a twofold way. (1) He was absolutely submitted to that will. He had no will against it. It was experimentally supreme. (2) He recognized that it was supreme to do for Him in the world exactly what God should decide should be done. The varied record of His prayer on this occasion shows this. "If thou be willing" (Lk.); and "If it be possible" (Matt. —possible, as not being against God's perfect plan and will) "Let this cup pass from me," for "All things are possible unto Thee" (Mk.) as regards ability to fulfil Thy Word. The "Ifs" had reference to God's will, purpose, plan. When it was a matter of supremacy, ability, power, there was no "If."

The child of God needs to learn this lesson from the Lord Jesus and practically see and take God as supreme; not only in the heart, but also in all the circumstances of life—Satan and all his agents in-

cluded. This will teach real submission to GOD and not merely to circumstances.

The "cup" has various interpretations. (1) His near sufferings. (2) Death before He reached the cross on account of His present intense sorrow (v. 34). Heb. 5:7 is quoted in support of this to show that His petition was granted. His later utterances, however, shows that He was not to avoid, but drink, the cup (Jno. 18:11). The prayer for deliverance from death was not the same as the one for deliverance from the cup. (3) That contact with sin which finally brought the cry—"My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He shrank from losing conscious fellowship with God. I regard this as the cup He asked to be delivered from.

Vs. 46 and 53 show the depth and freeness of our Lord's attitude of willingness towards God. When in prayer, He had settled the question of God's will, He rose to promptly meet those who were to persecute and kill Him. There was no compulsion exercised upon Christ. At any moment He could have asked, and received, deliverance from His enemies. Nor was He held to His course (as His followers often are) by any fear of personal loss to Himself if He turned from the darkness and death. Christians are often held to a difficult course by a dull sense of duty, or by fear of evil consequences to themselves if they do not go on. There was none of this in our Lord. His course was taken for other and He was not driven by mere dull duty, nor fear. He was indeed a freewill offering. He desires, and can put, the same disposition in us.

CHRIST AND THE DISCIPLES.

Truly spiritual people know what refreshment, help and comfort come in a time of conflict in prayer if others are on hand to take part. Probably it was a desire for this kind of companionship that actuated our Lord in having the disciples—especially the three—with Him in the garden. The true humanity of our Lord is evident in Gethsemane. He had a human desire for friends to watch with Him in His time of conflict.

But the Father's plan for Him was for Him to stand and to suffer alone. His course took Him to the point where His closest, truest friends failed Him and left Him to win the victory alone—unaided by any earthly fellowship. And when they failed thereby, and added to, instead of lightening, His load, notice how free He was from faultfinding and chiding those who failed! He saw, and mentioned, the willing spirit whose purpose was overcome by the weakness of the flesh. He saw that His followers did not mean to fail. Their sorrow had worn them out and instead of reprimanding them He takes thought for their welfare and has them take some needed rest in the little time that still remains. How thoughtful love is! (v. 45.)

Yet love is faithful to exhort and warn also. The weakness of the flesh calls for watchfulness and prayer (vs. 40, 41). If we fail to keep out of temptation it constitutes a call to do better next time for failures should not continue.

We doubtless have to undergo the same sort of a test that these disciples had that night, for Christ, in the person of His people and His cause, is still in the world. Hence our relation to His cause and people puts us to the test as to whether we fail to "watch with" Him or not. Like the Lord, His people still travel the path where every friend fails—fails because they do not "watch with" someone in His Gethsemane trial.

CHRIST AND HIS ENEMIES.

From John's account we see that Christ revealed Himself to His captors. Probably He did this to shield His disciples (Jno. 18:4-9). It has been suggested (Prac. Com.) that Judas, anxious to fulfil his bargain, came up after this and greeted the Lord with kisses (R. V. margin).

Notice here that (1) Christ protected His followers who were about to forsake Him. (2) Allowed Judas to kiss Him in betrayal, with kindly reproach calling him "friend" (the word is said to have the meaning of companion). (3) Corrected the mistake of Peter in smiting a man with the sword. (4) Healed the wound Peter made. (5) Sorowfully reproved the

people who came to arrest Him for treating Him as a dangerous criminal. In all these the character of Christ as God's Lamb, dealing in grace and forbearance, is marked. In days to come the world will see also the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" taking vengeance on them that know not God and do not obey His gospel.

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