

# Living Water

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

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## "WHEN HE GIVETH QUIETNESS"

BY ERNEST DOWSETT.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can condemn?" Job 34:29.

It is all about the gift of the still hour; and how seldom the still hours come to us. Nay, rather, they come, but how seldom we are willing to take them when they come! We are too busy here and there, and the lovely gift has passed; so our Shepherd God very often has to use pressure—He has to "make" us to lie down.

Maybe you and I are this year under the very pressure of the great hand of God. We have been too busy to take the gift of the still hour, and now in His mercy He is making us to lie down. How seldom the still hours come! Think of it. "They were glad because they were quiet." They were glad with the joy of voyagers when the ship gets home.

"Rest after storm, port after stormy seas,  
Life after death, doth greatly please."

Glad because they were quiet. So he leadeth them unto the haven of their desire.

I know something of my own desire already kindled by the gracious ministry of this tent to-day. Do you not share with me something of the quest after a purer life, after the Bethlehem life we heard about this morning? Oh! for the haven of that desire! Do you not share with me the joy of making a better world by the contribution of your best? Do you not share with me the light of that supreme ideal—to be like Him—even about your pathway? Oh! the haven of our desire, a purer life, a better world, because of our ministry. And you with me have felt a moment of reaction after the vision, a moment when our comeliness is turned into corruption, and we say in that moment of reaction: "Who am I to tread temptation under my feet? Who am I to be called to the ordeal of always to be the best in an indifferent world? Who am I to be like Him, to meet ridicule calmly, to meet persecution without becoming soured or intimidated? Who am I ever to reach the haven of my desire?" Listen! "When He giveth quietness, who then can condemn?" And I am here to tell you that God is offering you the gift of quietness to-day. Shall we think for a moment? What is quietness? Five years ago I started out on the quest for quietness.

I was busy, and breaking in my work at Brighton. I wanted to be quiet. I thought, when I was in the midst of the Mediterranean Sea under the stars, I had found my secret. When I penetrated the depths of the Great Pyramid at midnight, and felt for one moment the awful quiet of the desert, I imagined that was the secret. But I found it in another way. We were riding our horses slowly down the hill into Tiberia, when we stumbled suddenly upon the body of a pilgrim. I turned aside to look into his face. Still! yes, so still! for he was dead! And there flashed this great secret into my heart as I rode into the city: "Oh, I should never find the secret of quietness apart from the secret of death." I remembered St. Paul's great words: "Are ye ignorant that all who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into His death?"—the flesh and all its energies denied, mortified; the gift of quietness as a gift of death! and I wondered how I might tell you of the precious gift.

There came to me a lovely parable. It is the parable of a girl who set out to find the "Pool of Learning." She started for the pool in company with many playmates, but, one after another, the playmates grew tired, and soon she found herself alone. But she did not give up her quest. Over the hill into the valley, up the hill again, until alone she stood by the silent waters of the pool. "What seest thou?" said a voice. "Myself," she answered. "Go thy way," said the voice, "there is nothing here for thee"; and, broken-hearted, the girl slipped back into the darkness. But she longed for the "Pool of Learning," and the day came when she was grown up, and again she started to find the waters of the silent. "What seest thou?" said the voice. "The flowers, the mountains, the sky." "Is there any place in the vision for thyself?" "A tiny speck." "Go forth and guide others," said the voice; "thou hast learned all the pool can teach thee." It was a baptism unto death.

How can I tell you of the gift of quietness? I can tell you of a young monk who came from the monasteries when Christian faith was preached in power in Egypt. The monk came to the Bishop of Alexandria and said

to him: "Father, what is it that St. Paul meaneth when he says, 'Baptised into His death'?" The bishop looked at the young monk and said: "Go to the grave of Clement, and tell him all the unkind things you have heard said of him; tell him how the people in the city say that he preached for fame, that he worked for gold, and he sought for place and position." "The grave of Clement!" said the young monk, "he is dead!" "Go, my son, to the grave and tell him we are glad he is dead, thankful to be rid of him!" The young monk returned. "Well," said the father, "what did he say?" "Say!" said the monk, "he was dead!" "Go, my son, again to the grave of Clement; tell him all the kind things you have heard said of him, what a saint he was, how we miss him, and how the whole Church depended on his ministry!"

He obeyed and returned. "Well," said the bishop, "what did he say?" "He answers nothing," was the reply. "He is dead!" "Now thou knowest what it is to be baptized into His death, to be indifferent alike to praise or blame, wistful only to accomplish the will of God." I think I can understand the gift of quietness a little, by parable and story, as a gift of death. Our ambition busy with vexatious evil; our discontent feeding upon shadows; our covetousness never allowing us a moment's peace; our pleasures ministering to self-love and never satisfying! Let us pray for the gift of quietness, for the gift of death to every ambition save to be found in Him; death to every covetousness save to earnestly covet the best gifts; death to every lust save to hunger and thirst after righteousness; and death to every luring pleasure save the pleasures at High right hand for evermore. The gift of quietness! "Peace I give unto you," "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you"—the peace of a wonderful Personality streaming into your life:—

Thou shalt know Him when He comes,  
Not by any din of drums,  
Nor the vantage of His airs,  
Neither by His Crown nor by His gown,  
Nor by anything He wears;  
He shall only well known be  
By the holy harmony  
That His coming wakes in thee.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can condemn?" Because the gift of quietness is, first of all, the gift of growth. We are like this respect. I have a friend who is a great gardener. In the days when he knew little about gardening he always wondered why the stake was thrust deep into the ground by his standard roses. On one occasion, seeing the gardener at his work, he said to the gardener: "I suppose the stake is by the rose-tree to keep the tops from blowing about?" "No," said the gardener, with a smile, "the stake is by the rose-tree not to keep the top steady, but to keep the roots still; for unless there is stillness at the root, things won't grow." Thank God for the stake in our lives that keeps the root still; thank God that there you can see, as with the roses, growth.

"Who, then, can condemn?" for the gift of quietness is the gift of vision. Our own early training was in the architectural profession, and it was my duty very often to look at the buildings being erected. I would go into the noisy, dusty buildings, where the toilers might not understand how things were going. But I always found away from the building the office of the clerk of works, a little place apart, where he kept the plans we sent him; and if in the noise of the work he sometimes wanted to know just what to do, he would retire to his little office and consult the plans. That little separate office was to me, and has been since, a beautiful parable of the office of communion, the quiet hour apart from the busy building of my life. We have come from London and from the provinces, from the noise of the building of our lives, and we hardly know how things are going. But we have come to the still hour, we have come to a time when flesh shall be mortified to the gift of quietness. And what shall we see? We shall see the pattern from the great Architect, and we shall go back, and "who shall condemn?" We shall have seen the pattern in the still hour. He says: "I will instruct thee"—that beautiful word which suggests the illumination of the Spirit in the heart of everyone of us—instruction by the Spirit. "Thou gavest Thy good Spirit to instruct"—the Urim and Thummim lit up in the quiet hour! "I will teach thee." In the quiet hour, when we see the drift of circumstances, God will teach us by the closed door, or by the open door, His will. Yes, "I will instruct thee, I will teach thee, I will counsel thee with Mine eyes upon thee." When the gift of quietness is mine, when sense is dumb and its heats expire, I shall take again my Bible, as I have taken it in years gone by, at the foot of these hills, and I shall say: "Lord Jesus, counsel me by some word, some manly word; let me know Thy will"; and the gift of quietness shall be the gift of vision, and "who then shall condemn?"

Last of all, the gift of quietness is the gift of supply. I find that in Philippians 4:6, the apostle says: "In nothing be anxious"—oh, what a gift of quietness!—"but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving"—that is the wonderful ritual of the

quiet hour—"let your requests be made known unto God."

And now take these three mighty "shalls" of supply, the true gifts of the quiet hour. Verse 7: "The peace of God . . . shall guard your hearts and your thoughts"; the peace of God shall answer that prayer we uttered a moment ago, and heal our minds and stand sentinel to the intruder, challenging every thought. And more than that; for I read in the ninth verse: "The God of peace"—the peace of God is beautiful; that is a guard; but the God of peace is better, for that is God Himself—"the God of peace shall be with you. Think of the quietness and the supply of it!"

I have told, in small conventions, of that business man who thought he had a career before him. He felt the gift stirring within him, and wanted an introduction. The story goes that he went to one of the Rothschilds and asked the great financier for an introduction. "I am very sorry; I don't think I

can do anything for you." The young man looked dispirited, and then Rothschild said to him: "If you like to come down you shall walk up and down by my side, and we will say good-bye." The young man was astounded, but he took the offer, and he walked up and down the Exchange once or twice with the great banker, and was amazed at the business that came to him after Rothschild had said good-bye. What a glorious introduction; what a glorious supply for some of us—to go back to the old church, to the college, to the old class, not alone, but the God of peace Himself walking with us! What business we shall do for the King then!

And the last "shall" is a "shall" that I like to go to sleep on every night. Verse 19: "My God shall fulfil every need of yours, according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." What more can we say after that?—the gift of quietness bringing its supply to our heart of hearts. "Now unto God our Father be the glory for ever and ever. Amen."—Sel

## Denial of Self

AN ADDRESS BY EVAN H. HOPKINS.

"Then," saith Jesus, unto His disciples, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up my cross, and follow Me." St. Matt. 16:24.

Our Lord is speaking to a man who desires to come after Him. It is a personal word. "If any man"—individual, singular; and He speaks to other men when He addresses Himself to that man: "If any man wills to come after Me." Mark, it is not the "will" of the future tense, but the will of volition. "If any man willeth, if he wills to come after Me." Then He gives him the direction.

We have many desires, and we come to God with many godly petitions, but the question is: Do we put our will into them? How important this is for us here to-day? Where is your will? Will you put your will into your petitions? Do not only express your thoughts when you come to God in prayer, but throw your will into your desires. To will to come after Christ means

THAT YOU WILL BE HOLY.

There are some people that hesitate at this point. Here is a man that our Lord is thinking of who really wills to follow Him, and he wills to do it now—the present tense. That is the man He is speaking to. "If any man willeth, really desires to come after Me, then I have a message for him." Have we arrived at that stage to-day? Are we quite decided about this matter of holiness? Are we not thoroughly dissatisfied with the life that is past? Have we not come up here because we want to know experimentally what many other people have been brought into—the better life, the truer life, the fuller life? Have we thrown our will into that desire?

Look at the past. What a miserable failure your life has been! How cold, how lifeless, how formal, how unfruitful! Have you made up your mind now at once to seek and to will to be holy? If so, God is speaking to

you—the Lord Jesus is speaking to you individually. It is as if He said: "Is your heart fixed, is your mind thoroughly made up? Then I have a message for you, and let Me reveal to you the secret of accomplishing what you desire." You want to follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

Turn to the next part of our text: "Let him deny himself." We have something to learn here. But, first of all, we have something to unlearn.

We must see, first of all, what it does not mean. Notice that the tense at once shows us what our Lord means—that our Lord is not speaking of a process—of a course of discipline. He is not now thinking or speaking of self-denial in the sense in which we ordinarily understand it. The tense shows us—the aorist tense—that He is speaking of a crisis, that He is speaking of a definite, decisive, and immediate act. It does not mean here denying to ourselves, day by day, or throughout our lives, many things, or certain things that we like. It means something far beyond all this, something infinitely more penetrating, influential, and far-reaching. There is much, then, that we have to unlearn.

Now, let me ask you how you understood that passage: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself." You thought of a life of self-denial, of a process of discipline. But this is not the thought of the passage. But here, as our Lord presents it to us. It is not a process at all; it is an act. Self-denial assumes that

SELF IS IN THE WRONG PLACE, self is in the centre of control, planning, choosing, directing, managing; self-denial means here the removal of self from that centre. Christ supersedes self.

Remember Joshua before Jericho. Before he could conquer Jericho there were some



things especially that he needed. We know that he needed Divine direction; he needed wisdom, he needed courage, he needed power. Ah, but there was something that he needed more than all these:

#### HE NEEDED TO BE SUPERSEDED.

Joshua was the captain, he was the center of that great army. On that day another took that place. There appeared unto him, the Man with the drawn sword, the Lord Himself. "As captain of our Lord's host am I now come." What did Joshua learn on that day? That he had to step aside and let the Lord have the pre-eminence. The Lord Himself was Captain, and Joshua was only the lieutenant. Joshua stood aside and was superseded. That just illustrates the meaning of self-denial in this passage. Let self be denied, let self be set aside because Another has come to take the centre.

When self is displaced, superseded, and Christ takes the center, then at once there is a new principle of action, new resources, new possibilities. I want you especially to notice this—that our Lord said: "I do nothing from Myself." He did all from His Father; and so when this self-denial has taken place we learn what it is not to live from ourselves, but from Christ who has come and taken possession of us. "If any man will come after Me," the first thing needed is that self be set aside. You cannot do it except in a positive way—the Lord Himself must come in. He alone can cast out self. We call this spiritual adjustment, and that is a real experience that is a definite blessing. All spiritual progress, all progressive sanctification follows. It is a crisis with a view to a process. This is what needs to be emphasized here. "If any man will come after Me, let self be denied," and

#### YOU CAN ONLY DENY SELF BY ENTHRONING CHRIST.

Let Him take the throne, let the government be upon His shoulder, let Him manage your life, let Him plan you, and He will bring with Him the power to accomplish.

Now, you are in possession of a new principle of action, a principle that is exemplified in the case of our blessed Lord Himself. Though He was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, this was the grand principle of His life: "I can do nothing from Myself." What a wonderful declaration as coming from Him: "The works that I do, the words that I speak are all from the Father. The centre of My being is the Father, the source of My power is the Father; not I, but my Father."

That is the true principle for every believer, but we are not all living that life. The definite blessing of which we speak is there in a nutshell. What is the center of your being? Who is in control, who is managing that little kingdom within you? Do you know Jesus Christ as Lord? That is what the Apostle Paul preached—"Jesus Christ as Lord." He comes to reign, He comes to rule. When we can say: "Thine is the kingdom." Then we can say: "Thine is

the power," for He brings the power of a king with Him. When you enter into that experience you begin to understand the meaning of the Apostle's words in Gal. 2:20: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." If self is denied, then self is displaced, superseded. Our great need, after all, is not the Christian life; it is the Christ life—Christ the center, Christ the fountain, Christ the source of all our activities; we are to live from Christ.

You say: "Then you believe that the personality is done with, that there is no longer any personality?" My brother, you are mistaken. Look at the words again: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." There is a "me," and the "me" is the personality, but the personality has found a new center—Christ. We read that Peter denied Christ, and self is to be denied as our Lord was denied by Peter. Peter ignored Christ; he did not say a word against Him, but he ignored Him, and when they questioned him still more closely he said: "I know not the man." That is the way you have to treat self—ignore him; and the only way in which you can ignore him is to be occupied with Him who is the Lord of all. God does not bring about this result by negatives, but by positives. Christ alone is the secret by which this blessing becomes a reality.

What follows? Another aorist tense: "Let him take up his cross." There are two crosses; there is the Cross of Christ and there is the believer's cross. They are not the same thing. "Let him take up his cross." Our Lord points to a definite, decisive, and voluntary act. What is the believer's cross? The believer's cross is not something of his own choosing, it is not self-imposed; it is God-given, it is Divinely appointed, it is God's will for you—suffering, trial, difficulty—and if self is set aside by the indwelling of Christ, then you will be able to do that which you could not do before. You "take up" the cross, you do not walk round it, you do not hesitate, you do not shrink, you do not murmur about it. Because you have discovered a new power, and you are walking by a new law. As the cross lies in your path, for Christ's sake and for His glory you take it up voluntarily. That is put in the aorist tense because it is to be done fully and at once each time that the cross meets us. We have to face and meet the will of God, and as He leads us we not only choose His will, but as we grow in grace we delight in it, we glory in it. Our hearts are brought into harmony with God's will, and we discover that our deepest joy, our truest blessing, is to be found in the path called the will of God.

I say that is in the aorist tense. Mark the tense. There is an immense amount of divinity in the tenses of the New Testament. Do not put the present tense when there is an aorist tense; and especially mark that this denial of self is a definite, decisive, immediate act. Then the rest follows: What is it you have been doing? Shall I tell you? You have said to yourself: "I learn from my Bible,

God teaches me that I must practice self-denial, and the way I do that is by carrying the cross." You are entirely reversing God's order. God's order is that

#### SELF MUST BE DENIED, THAT YOU MAY CARRY THE CROSS;

but you say you are carrying the cross to deny self. That is not the Lord's order, and that is why you have missed the blessing! Most of the difficulties connected with following Christ are to be traced to this common mistake: We have not understood the second clause in the text, we have not grasped it on its practical and spiritual side. The life of discipline which so many understand by the denial of self, has its true place in the believer's course. The Scripture abounds in instructions on that topic, but that which is the essential preliminary to all spiritual discipline as a continuous course is that displacement of self which is not a process, but a crisis.

With many intensely earnest Christians it has been a matter of self-imposed austerities, self-chosen. They have tried punishing themselves that they may get rid of self. Such persons are doomed to be disappointed. The secret of God's discipline is to be seen in the Cross of Calvary. You learn there not only that the Lord Jesus bore your sins, but you learn also that you yourself were crucified with Christ; you learn not only the great doctrine that He is your Substitute, but you learn this further truth—that you are identified with Him, absolutely identified with Him in the eye of God. All reckoning is judicial. Do not lose sight of that. All reckoning is judicial that the blessing may become practical, experimental. But you must begin with the judicial, and when God says, "Reckon," He is referring to the judicial side, and He comes and says: "I reckon you as having died with My Son on the Cross; now enter into my reckoning; reckon yourself as I reckon you." It is not a question of experience, or of feeling; it is a question, shall I say, of spiritual standpoint? The Lord Jesus took my place, and I am identified with Him. I have to reckon myself as having died with Him on the Cross. There is a power in His death, but I not only died with Him, I am risen with Him. I need the power of His life. There is a power in His death: it is the power of separation. There is a power in His life: it is the power of union. Identified with Him in His death—united to Him in His life. It is upon the life side of the Cross that we are brought into union with the risen Christ. Christ, in His risen power, is the One who comes to take possession of you, to take the throne of your heart, to manage your whole life, to satisfy you, "to work in you both to will and to do for His good pleasure."

"The God of peace make you perfect," bring you into harmony, put you into joint—adjust you. There is the thought. This displacement of self will bring you into harmony with Himself—then follows the power, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight. He will please Himself by

working in you. But there must be spiritual adjustment before there can be spiritual endowment. That is precisely the main thought of our text: If any man desires to come after Him, it is only possible on this

condition—that self is displaced, that Christ is enthroned, and that you have a new power, a new principle, and you live not from yourself, but from Him who dwells in you.—*Life of Faith.*

## Biblical Holiness

BY J. STUART HOLDEN.

It is obviously impossible in the limits of the time at our disposal to deal in any sense worthily, not to say exhaustively, with the great subject of Biblical holiness. For when one begins to ponder on its very title, one is lost in a sense of its immensity—the nature of holiness, its attainment, its limitation, its distortions—for perhaps there is no subject which has been so distorted—about which the malign powers of the devil seem to have been so successfully exercised as with regard to the subject of Biblical holiness. On the other hand, there has been an altogether disproportionate emphasis laid upon what I venture to call the objective side of the great work of Jesus Christ, which I shall illustrate to you in a moment; and, on the other hand, too much stress has been laid upon the subjective methods; on the one hand, altogether too much has been made of identification of holiness with Christ on the throne, and, on the other hand, altogether unwarranted emphasis has been given to holiness as an attainment possible to men even apart from His enabling grace.

There is, perhaps, no subject about which there is so much misconception in the Church of Christ to its debility and its weakness. For, after all, holiness is just wholeness, and spiritual health is power to do, power to influence, power to realize the divine ideals and objectives upheld in life and service. And hence, if we fail here, we fail at the very root of things; if we fail here, we fail at the source of real dynamic. We may become experienced in theoretical holiness. I mean by that we may hold Conventions, and after consideration of the subject to which we apply our whole mind we may become entirely orthodox, if I may use that word, with regard to holiness, and its nature, and its attainments, and its limitations, and its out-working, and yet our own hearts may be dry and barren, as dry as was Gideon's fleece when the ground all round it was wet.

### GOD'S DESIGN FOR HUMAN LIFE.

After all, holiness is not a mere theory, and the way of holiness is not for men to wrangle over, but rather to walk in. And, therefore, I do not propose in any sense to attempt the academic—I know you would not thank me if I did; but to speak as God shall help me to your own hearts, as God speaks in mine as to the necessity of our lives becoming in an ever-increasing degree what the Lord Christ designed they should be when He died for that purpose and their redemption.

I remember some years ago being at some gatherings in the city of Glasgow. At the

close of the meeting, being occupied in talking to some of the brethren, the hall rapidly cleared, but at the end of it there was a little group of people, and one man seemed to be the most voluble in the group. And I went down. In fact, I think I was beckoned down by a young man, and there I found a Christian brother volubly disputing what had been said in the meeting with regard to this subject of holiness. I suppose the young men regarded my coming as a kind of reinforcement, and they wanted to turn me loose on this man. However, I listened to what he said. He said, "I do not believe in anything that has been said. I have got all this in Christ." He did not see that at the same time he had got a most irascible temper. I said, "My brother, this may be perfectly true. But have you got it in Glasgow?" And then he lost his temper, entirely, and told me he did not think I was ever converted, and that was the end of it.

### UNDER THE SPELL OF CHRIST.

There are a lot of people who will wrangle on holiness who will not seek to be holy, people who will dispute as to rival theories of holiness without even attempting to bring their lives under the spell of Jesus Christ and the power of His transforming Spirit. And it is for this latter purpose that I would speak to you to-day words very simple, in the hope that they may lead us from anything small, theoretical, and academic, to the heart of things for our own lives in His Word and in His purpose.

It is impossible for any man to read the books, the two books, the Word of God and the book of his own life, without being convinced of two great outstanding facts attested and proclaimed in each of them. Firstly, the great fact of responsibility; and secondly, the equally great fact of personal human inability. We cannot read the New Testament without having it borne in with ever-increasing strength and light upon us that we are bound, if we name the name of Jesus Christ at all, worthily to reflect Him and to walk worthy of God. On the other hand, if we read rightly the book of our own lives, we find there an entire inability ever to fulfil this responsibility of our own selves. Our own human resources are adequate; the net result of our best endeavor is failure. Indeed, who is there here to-day who has not had the experience of utter blank discouragement and failure to achieve victory in the realm of his own secret life, failure to realize success? What man of us is there honestly and sincerely attempting to work for Christ who has not had again and again to mourn

over the resurrection of old temptations that we thought we had long conquered for ever and rid ourselves of? Who is there who has not again and again been forced on his knees and to his face because of his discrepant life, a life discrepant with the Word of God, and a discredit to the Lord Jesus? I say it is impossible to read the book and then read the volume of our own lives without being faced with these two great facts, that if I am a Christian I am bound to seek to be holy. Holiness is not an option, it is rather an obligation.

### THE FUNDAMENTAL PRECEPT.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy" is the fundamental precept which is to guide us in all our thinking and in all our effort and activity in this great matter. Responsible to Him, and responsible to the world if I am a Christian, but utterly unable to come to any other conclusion with regard to my own life than that to which the Apostle Paul came when at a stage in his experience he said, as the result of his observation and examination, "I know that in me dwells no good things." If I am to be holy, I must be holy by the result, and as the result of some external influence coming into and possessing my life. If I am to be holy, it will never be by a mere development of what I am at present possessing, but rather by a reinforcement of every weak activity and prayer of my own by the great omnipotence of God. Let us settle this as fundamental, that holiness is not an option, but an obligation; that it is not something that a man may go in for as a student goes in for a certain course of study or chess as a test. It is not an addendum to the present profession which I seek to maintain, but rather is holiness a life itself, the character, root and branch of the life Jesus Christ has redeemed, laid hold of, and saved, ever moving forward toward the fullest apprehension of that for which I have been apprehended by Christ Jesus.

The theme of the Old Testament is holiness, and the theme of the New Testament is holiness. In the Old Testament it is the holiness of God mainly; in the New Testament it is the holiness of the people of God. In the Old Testament the holiness is ceremonial; in the New Testament the holiness is actual. In the Old Testament the holiness is largely by separation from the unclean, whether actually or ceremonially unclean; in the New Testament holiness is not entirely by separation, but mainly by association by union with the Holy One. It is the normal life in the Old and in the New, only with the distinctions I have tried to draw; it is the normal life which the people of God should live—normal, that is, in the Divine purpose. We may, perhaps, best understand it by taking two simple lines of consideration and applying them to our own hearts. First, in the pattern presented to us, and then in the vocation announced. In the pattern presented I will choose just two fragments of the New Testament; in the first Epistle of John 2:6: "Every one that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so walk even as He



## SEARCHING QUESTIONS FOR "BORN AGAIN PEOPLE."

Do you speak of the faults of others unnecessary?

Do you love to hear others praised when God has worked through them?

Can you rejoice to see another succeed when you have failed?

In every heart there is a supreme place—a sort of throne. Who sits in yours, an Idol, Self, or God?

Can you pretend to love Christ, without exerting yourself for the spiritual welfare of those for whom He died?

Do you give hard judgment on sins to which you have never been tempted, while you are full of excuses for your own?

Do you impute the lower motive in any case of ambiguous conduct, instead of "hoping all things," as love demands?

Can you recollect six times in your life that you ever denied yourself to the extent of real inconvenience from love to God?

Do you come up even to the Jewish standard of giving a tenth part of your income to God's service?

Do you try to find out subjects of sympathy, instead of dwelling on and aggravating the points on which you differ from those around you?

Do you ever pretend to greater knowledge than you possess? Or take unworthy means to hide your ignorance, or appropriate undeserved praise?

Can you be said really to believe in God, when the presence of a human being is a greater restraint upon your actions than the fact of His all seeing Eye?

Have you thought how much greater is the shame you feel when a sin is discovered, than when it was hidden from the knowledge of others, altogether God saw it all the time?

Do you get real pleasure from your prayers, reading and meditation on holy things; or do you get through them to satisfy the demands of conscience, and are secretly glad when they are over?

"SEARCH ME, O GOD." Psalm 139:23.—Sel.

### "HIS WAY IS PERFECT."

Oh, how He loves! Our Lord cannot bear to see a flaw darkening the Holy Spirit's working.

I have been in the school of "His appointments" through "Dis-appointments" all summer. How I praise Him for showing me myself as He sees me; so far as a pitiful love dare show it to such a weak creature. I am finding how far I am from being the "emptied vessel" I am pleading to be made.

How I yet loved and was still clinging to earthly ties. Over and over again we must be taught to absorb these deep spiritual lessons on "Holiness Unto the Lord." How patiently and lovingly our God waits for us; blessing us while He waits. Oh; may we not miss any of the all-ness and full-ness that God is to do in and to give unto us.

I rejoice that there cannot be anything left of the earthly "us" when God has made us all His own. None of the friends invited could come to me. Even my own dear ones were hindered. The Lord had planned alone-ness for me; teaching great lessons upon "Thy Will Be Done."

To have life made full of needed spiritual teachings and blessings; to know God; to hear Him, we must be set apart unto Himself in some some bereft and in heart loneliness; stripped of Nature's fleshly loves and ties.

God, through Christ, cannot share His holy indwelling life with any chosen clinging to Adam's loves or self-deceptions. "God first!" "All for Jesus!" that will be the honest heart-cry that will bring us low down at the foot of the cross. Getting still and saying, "Lord, here am I!" will bring to us and will enable us to hear the love message, "Behold, I will draw her and bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortably unto her," Hosea 2:14; "And I will betroth the unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies." Hosea 2:19.

These glorious, Christ-bejeweled blessings God has promised unto all those who will, Paul like, count it all joy to hate self, to die unto the world and, if need be, offer to God all that is most cherished of earthly ties and hopes, if so idolized they are given the worship due only to God. He will enable us then to say, "He brought me to the banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love." S. of S. 2:4.—Sel.

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## Finding The Heathen

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Toddles had nodded during most of the sermon on missions. She was a serious little girl who, like Cassius, thought too much. Of course, "Toddles" was just a nickname. The two grandmothers, who shared equally the love and honor of the home which claimed Toddles, each contributed a name apiece, and her real name was Mary Jane. But, alas! she had not the quiet ways, nor the slenderness of body, nor the correct deportment that would do credit to the title Mary Jane.

In the big Bible that lay on the stand in the parlor they had written, "Mary Jane Goodwin." But her "Daddy Dear" said she only lived up to her surname—for she was a "good up" sure enough, and he called her Toddles—for, said he, the unexpected and Mary Jane are never far apart, and Toddles suits her better.

She seemed to be born with an all-consuming desire to be very good. By some perverse fate, her most strenuous efforts ended in disaster—"She is so innocent in her mischief," wailed her mother. "If she would be just really bad so I could spank her with a clear conscience it would be a relief; but, no—she is struggling to live up to some ideal or idea acquired either in Sunday School or some conversation of the grown-ups, and before we know it we have trouble enough to turn our hair grey." Her mother made this remark just after Toddles had put her little Christmas candle in the window, trying to let her light shine, and burned up a pair of very fine curtains.

But no disaster turned Toddles away from her efforts in the right direction; so this Sunday, when she caught herself nodding, it startled her wide-awake just as the pastor became much in earnest. He was saying: "You hold to your money and the heathen are unsaved. Does not your Heavenly Father bestow all that you claim as yours? Do you not know that, after all, it is God's money? He has just loaned it to you to use for good in this world." Then the pastor went on to tell some of the uses to which money might be put. Most of it was lost on Toddles, but she was listening earnestly when he continued, "Do you not know there are heathen all about you as well as those far off?" Have you ever gone out in the highways and hedges and given of your money—God's money—to help them to a better life? Here he paused impressively and—she was looking right at Toddles, and she felt in her serious little soul that she alone was meant. Of course, she was the one he meant, for was she not saving her pennies for a beautiful new doll with real eyelashes? Just yesterday she had counted them, twenty-seven in all. Grandmamma was scouring the big brass kettle, and Toddles had taken some of the vinegar and salt and with a flannel cloth had rubbed each one until it shone like gold.

She was no longer sleepy; her little mind

was too busy. She had an idea that the highway meant the "big road" that lost itself over the hill. As to the hedges, she had a recollection of playing ball with the big hedge oranges and getting mad at her playmate, Billy Jones, who lived next door, because he persuaded her to take a bit of one. Having decided that she knew what the highways and hedges meant, she let her eyes and mind go back to the preacher's face. He was saying, "I have told you the way—I leave it with you, hoping you will use your money in this blessed manner and begin right away—now—to-day." Then came the hymn and benediction.

Toddles ate her dinner so quietly and circumspectly that they actually called her Mary Jane before they knew it. "A penny for your thoughts," said her father.

"I am thinking if men are ever heathen," said Toddles gravely.

"Some men are heathen," laughed mamma.

"But not your papa," said grandmamma.

"Oh, I know papa's not a heathen. Daddy Dear couldn't be a heathen." Then she asked if the big road was a highway.

"Yes," said her father, "you can call it that."

They remembered afterwards that Toddles seemed to suddenly have made up her mind to something, for, without taking off her little checked apron, which her careful mother had put on over the fluffy white dress, she slipped off upstairs.

Her pennies were all in a little box in a stand drawer. Lovingly she drew them forth from their hiding-place. You, who have ever taken time to study the child heart, know that childish sacrifices and troubles are very real things. The older person has

the light of experience for a guide, the help that much observation can give in order to work out his mental processes. But the child, to whom this is indeed "a great wide, wonderful world," has just come, so fresh and sweet, right out of infinite love into finite life, and has only its own white soul ready for any impression, right or wrong. There is no wide horizon of the years, no judgment, no experience to decide his puzzles as to good or bad. Hence the battles which these little throbbing hearts must fight with life are serious things. So Toddles in her little room upstairs, with her bright coppers in her lap, fought a real battle—and Toddles won. Putting the coins back into their box she sunk it deep into the pocket of her checked apron and slipped quietly downstairs and started out with "God's money" to find the heathen. It was a sultry afternoon, and Toddles' heart almost failed her as she started out. She looked up at the big road winding itself so far away she could not see where it was leading; but she felt she could not meet her dear good pastor until she had fulfilled her mission. Resolutely she trudged on. Up and over the hill her little feet pattered in the dust and heat. At last she was near the hedges and she began searching diligently for the heathen. Finally her bright eyes espied a man sitting close up against the hedge at one side of the road. He was "not pretty like Daddy Dear," she afterwards confided to her mother, "and he was dirty." At first she felt afraid, but when she had stared for a minute the man said, "Hullo, Sis, has the cat got your tongue?"

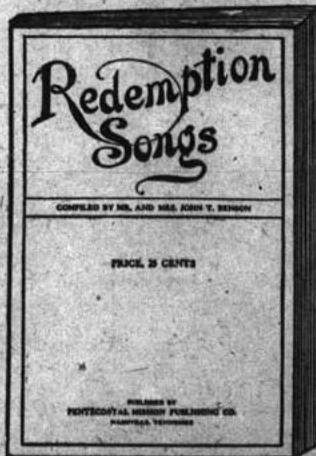
"No," she said, taking courage, and walked over and sat down beside him. "Are you a heathen?" she asked in a friendly manner.

The man straightened up with a jerk and stared blandly.

"A what?"

"Are you a heathen?" she repeated.

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"Do I look like one?" he asked, after studying Toddles' face for a second.

"I don't know. I never saw one," Toddles replied; "but Brother Williams said we must go out and find them."

"So you've got a brother Bill, hey?"

"My brother's name is Jimmy, and he has curls like mine." Toddles pulled at her yellow ringlets by way of explanation.

"But the brother who told you to find the heathen?" he questioned.

"Oh, he preaches. It was at church he said it."

"Well," said the man, "I guess I am a heathen of the worst sort. Now that you have found me, what are you going to do?"

"I have some money for you," said Toddles, and pouring the pennies into her lap, she pointed out certain ones: this one, which she could not scour as bright as the others, she had found near the gate when she was making mud pies—they had such a nice garden when she could make mud pies. Ten of these pennies, she had not known just which ones they were, she had been paid for carrying water to fill up the pans for her neighbor's chickens to drink. Five of them her papa had given her for just sitting down and keeping still. The rest—she had forgotten just how she did get them. She had meant to buy a doll, and she told him what a lovely doll it was. "You see," she said, "I did not know it was just loaned to me until this morning," and placing the pennies into his hand she started away.

The man was slowly rising to his feet when Toddles started back. She came up to him quite breathless. "I was so glad that I had found you that I forgot to say that it is God's money I gave you."

The man glared at her. "What are you talking about now?" he asked.

"Even if I did save it up," replied our small missionary, "it is God's. He just loans money to folks so they can help somebody be good. You will have to find some heathen, too." With this last word to her newly-found heathen she turned again towards the road for home. It seemed a long way, and the little feet grew tired. She thought she would sit in the shade of the hedge and rest a minute. Presently her eyes closed, and she slept as only the tired and virtuous can sleep.

Meanwhile there was a pair of excited and anxious parents scurrying about their neighborhood. "Where is Toddles?" No one had seen her. Finally Bill Jones remembered seeing her walking up the hill.

"Oh," cried her mother, "don't you know, 'Daddy Dear,' how she asked if the big road was a highway. Goodness knows what was in her mind."

It was sundown when Toddles opened her sleepy eyes to look into her mother's anxious face. "What made you do it, Toddles? Why did you run away! She had done exactly as the good pastor said. She had gone out and found a heathen. She was no longer saving up God's money to buy a doll—and—she

wanted the dolly, too. As though such sacrifice and virtue was no longer to be endured she burst into tears. When it was all explained she said, "Well, the heathen has got the money, and I am glad it is all done, for I am tired—I walked miles and miles"—with which declaration she gave a contented sigh and sank back to sleep in the comfort of her father's arms.

A few Sundays later the text was, "Out of the mouth of babes," for that week a man, seeking the right way, had called upon the pastor. He spoke of sad mistakes and an Ishmaelitic career, with his hand against every man, believing naught of good. But he had been awakened. He told of being found by an earnest and clean little girl—where he had slept off a debauch by the roadside. He took her message as a joke and he had meant to use the money to buy another drink of whiskey; for "I was burning up inside," he said. "But when she came running back and said it was God's money—well—you see, I had some manhood left. I had to keep that money clean."

"So," the pastor concluded, "it is not our Father's will that any should be lost. When they have wandered far, He has many ways of sending after them. Sometimes His spirit moves upon their hearts and they return. Again He honors His servants by letting some word of the preacher sink deep into the

heart, and sometimes, as it was with this man, my friends, He sends a little child to lead them Home."—*Florence Furgason Branch in Missionary Tidings.*

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## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

P. R. NUGENT, Richmond, Va.

## THE REPORT OF THE SPIES.

Num. 13:1-3, 25-33.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCT. 12, 1913.

**Golden Text:** "If God be for us who can be against us?" Rom. 8:31.

Read chs. 13 and 14.

It is important to notice that this message from God seems evidently to have come on account of a proposition from the people recorded in Deut. 1:22, 23. This proposition was not the result of pure faith in God's wisdom, love and leadership. If they had had simple faith in God they would have seen that He could as easily led them on into, and in, Canaan as He had in the wilderness. The desire to explore, and see, the land was of course a desire to walk by sight and not by faith. It was a preference to go by their own knowledge and judgment instead of by God's. So the very beginning of this movement was marked by some lack of faith. And it was also marked by a choice of those who were humanly great—"Every one a ruler" (v. 2). This was of course a choice of those who were up to the religious light to those who are in high position, even though the position is political, or social, or merely ecclesiastical. If they had aimed to get the opinion of men strong in faith it would have been more in accord with wisdom.

In all this God was simply meeting them on the plane they had chosen for we get from God what we choose and His dealings are in accord with what we decide upon. It is instructive to notice that, all along, God's directions through Moses were on the line the people asked for (vs. 17-20).

V. 25. The time taken shows that the search was not done in a careless, superficial way. These men were evidently true to their appointment to search the land.

Vs. 26, 27. What a day that must have been when the spies returned and how great must have been the interest of the people in hearing the news about the promised land! The fruit—at least the grapes—must have been remarkably fine. It is said that a bunch of grapes from Syria has weighed 19 pounds. The spies also said that a vine from that land was cultivated up to the point of producing a bunch of grapes that weighed nineteen pounds. Even these faithless people confessed that the land was excellent. It flowed with milk and honey and produced good fruit.

So, too, people acknowledge that spiritual Canaan has its good things. They see its fruits in those who live there.

Vs. 28, 29. But the acknowledgment of the excellence of the land was the result of necessity and not attended by praiseful, glad faith. It was more truthful than believing. "Nevertheless," starts the testimony on an entirely opposite track. Unbelief begins to assert itself on account of difficulties. Their attitude, summed up, is this: "God has given us a good land, but it is impossible for us to take it." This attitude, now as well as then, attributes to God a false, insincere, unjust and unloving character for all this He would have been if He had given them what they could not take.

The same applies to people who take an unbelieving attitude towards that spiritual experience of which Canaan is a type. Canaan represents a spiritual life of warfare and victory in "the heavens" over unseen foes (Eph. 6:12). It is the life in which there is rest from the wanderings of the wilderness; a settled experience where, through faith, the soul is possessing its possessions that have been freely bestowed by God. Here, as in literal Canaan, there are enemies and difficulties and obstacles over which some stumble and fall through unbelief. Hence the warning of Heb. 3 and 4.

Notice here a full list of the things on which unbelief was feeding—about eight points mentioned. Unbelief is full of arguments for its existence.

V. 30. The same facts that stir up unbelief may become also an opportunity for faith to assert itself.

The attitude and words of faith are so fully opposite to those of unbelief! Caleb stilled, where the ten had stirred, the people.

Vs. 31-33. Caleb's language of faith only stirred the ten to more violent and excessive language of unbelief. They had said the land floweth with milk and honey; now it "eateth up the inhabitants thereof." Surely they did not suppose the milk, honey and fruit had that effect, especially as they immediately went on to say—"all the people . . . are men of great stature!" The land was rich in productions yet it ate up the inhabitants and (wonderful to relate!) the inhabitants were still there and, instead of being slowly starving to death and emaciated, were all of great stature! The more they talked about it the worse it got. In one respect they evidently seemed to "hit the nail on the head," namely, in looking upon themselves as grasshoppers. He who is ruled by unbelief is worth just about as much as a grasshopper for God's service.

Ch. 14 shows the sad result of the unbelief of these ten men on others. They were plunged also into unbelief. They wept (1), murmured (2), wished that they had died (3) and, at last, (4), proposed the election of another captain to

lead them back to Egypt (5), and got so enraged against Caleb and Joshua for trying to help them that they bade stone them with stones.

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