

twenty years had been doing good service as a leader of Christian Endeavor, and in other branches of Christian work. God permitted me to start him on his Christian career, and then, like Philip and the Eunuch, we saw no more of each other. But God had other servants ready to be used to help the lad on his way.

How this shows the value of a word spoken for our Lord, and the importance of buying up our opportunities! We are continually coming into contact with some we may never see again. The one opportunity seized, the word spoken to some one we are meeting for the first and last time, may produce wonderful results.

STORIES OF WORK IN GLASGOW.

When I was a pastor in Glasgow, every New Year's morning after leaving my watch-night service, I spent from about 12.30 A.M. until 2.30 A.M. upon one of the principal streets of the city, speaking as I had the opportunity to some of the young men who promenaded up and down, according to Scottish custom, meeting and greeting friends with "A happy New Year." Three years ago last New Year's morning, among several other cheering cases of decision, there were two young lads about nineteen years of age. They were companions, steady, respectable young fellows. I gave each a gospel of St. John, and showed them the importance of starting the New Year well. They listened very attentively, and both professed to accept Christ as their Saviour. I took their names, and a week or two later wrote them, enclosing some helpful little booklets. I heard nothing further about them until about five months afterwards. Being unexpectedly asked to preach at a mission hall in the city, I went that night. At the close, the Bible woman told me that a young lad wanted to see me. I inquired who it was, and she said it was one to whom I had given a Gospel on New Year's morning, and told me his name. Then I remembered the circumstances. I asked if she knew how he was getting on, and she told me he had been attending the services ever since, and was going on splendidly. When the young fellow came to me I found him very bright, rejoicing in Christ. I said, "I wrote you about five months back. Did you get my letter?" Touching his breast pocket he replied, "I have it here." I asked him concerning the other lad who decided at the same time, and he told me that he was working at night, and they did not see each other, and he could not, therefore, say whether he was standing firm. Sixteen months afterwards I received a letter from Belgium. I found it was from a young soldier at the front. He began by saying: "I must apologize for not writing before in answer to your most welcomed letter which you wrote me on January 21, 1914, now nearly two years ago." He then went on to say that he was now a soldier in the army, and was so thankful that he had made his decision for Christ. He lamented the fact that very few round about him in his camp were Christians, and asked me to write and tell him how he could best serve Christ out there. He added a postscript which was most interesting: "I am sorry to say that I don't know anything about the other chap who decided that New Year's morning." Then I knew I had news of both.

IN THE EARLY HOURS OF MORNING.

The next New Year's morning, as I walked the same street in the early hours, I got into touch with a young man who professed to accept Christ. I wrote him a few days later, enclosing booklets. About a month later I received a letter from a camp in England, written by this young fellow. He thanked me for writing him, and still more for speaking to him that morning. He wrote: "I am trusting Christ, and it was you that got me to do it." He went on to say that he enlisted the very next morning to get away

from bad companions. He had met in his camp with several Christian soldiers, and they were having good times. He added: "If Christ spares me to come through this war, and I get home to Glasgow, I will attend your church every Sunday." I wrote him and received another letter in reply, in which he told of decisions made by other soldiers, and said a chum of his who had left that morning for the front had accepted Christ before he left. Speaking of the great change he had himself experienced, he wrote: "You were the turning point in my life." Although I wrote to each of these two cases again, I have not heard from them since, and sometimes wonder whether they, like many others, have died on the blood-stained fields of Belgium or France. I saw each one once, and then saw him no more, but I look back with thanksgiving to those two New Year mornings when I was privileged to turn into the way of life these bright young lads.—*The Life of Faith.*

THE LOVELINESS OF CHRIST.

BY C. I. SCOFIELD.

"*Yea, He is altogether lovely.*"—*Sol. Song, v. 16.*

ALL COMPARISON IS IMPOSSIBLE.

All other greatness has been marred by littleness, all other wisdom has been flawed by folly, all other goodness has been tainted by imperfection. Jesus Christ remains the only Being of Whom, without gross flattery, it could be asserted, "He is altogether lovely."

My theme, then, is:

THE LOVELINESS OF CHRIST.

First of all, as it seems to me, this loveliness of Christ consists in His perfect humanity. Am I understood? I do not now mean that He was a perfect human, but that He was perfectly human. In everything but our sins, and our evil natures, He is one with us. He grew in stature and in grace. He labored and wept and prayed and loved. He was tempted in all points as we are—sin apart. With Thomas, we confess Him Lord and God; we adore and reverence Him, but beloved, there is no other who establishes with us such intimacy, who comes so close to these human hearts of ours; no one in the universe of whom we are so little afraid. He enters as simply and naturally into our nineteenth century lives as if He had been reared in the same street. He is not one of the ancients. How wholesomely and genuinely human He is. Martha scolds Him; John, who has seen Him raise the dead, still the temple and talk with Moses and Elijah on the Mount, does not hesitate to make a pillow of His breast at supper. Peter will not let Him wash his feet, but afterwards waxes his head and hands included in the ablution. They ask Him foolish questions and rebuke Him, and venerate and adore Him all in a breath; and He calls them by their first names, and tells them to fear not, and assures them of His love. And in all this He seems to me altogether lovely. His perfection does not glitter, it glows. The saintliness of Jesus is so warm and human that it attracts and inspires. We find in it nothing austere and inaccessible, like a statue in a niche. The beauty of His holiness reminds one rather of a rose, or a bank of violets.

Jesus receives sinners and eats with them—all kinds of sinners. Nicodemus, the moral, religious sinner, and Mary of Magdala, "out of whom went seven devils"—the shocking kind of sinner. He comes into sinful lives as a bright, clear stream enters a stagnant pool. The stream is not afraid of contamination, but its sweeping energy cleanses the pool.

TOUCHED WITH COMPASSION.

I remark again, and as connected with this, that His sympathy is altogether lovely.

He is always being "touched with compassion." The multitude without a shepherd, the sorrowing widow of Nain, the little dead child of the ruler, the demoniac of Gadara, the hungry five thousand—whatever suffers touches Jesus. His very wrath against the Scribes and Pharisees is but the excess of His sympathy for those who suffer under their hard self-righteousness.

Did you ever find Jesus looking for "deserving poor?" He "healed all their sick." And what grace in His sympathy! Why did He touch that poor leper? He could have healed him without a word as he did the nobleman's son. Why, for years the wretch had been an outcast, cut off from kin, dehumanized. He lost the sense of being a man. It was defilement to approach him. Well, the touch of Jesus made him human again.

A HARD HEART BROKEN.

A Christian woman, laboring among the moral lepers of London, found a poor street girl desperately ill in a bare, cold room. With her own hands she ministered to her, changing her bed linen, procuring medicines, nourishing food, a fire, and making the poor place as bright and cheery as possible, and then she said, "May I pray with you?"

"No," said the girl, "you don't care for me; you are doing this to get to heaven."

Many days passed, the Christian woman unwearily kind, the sinful girl hard and bitter. At last the Christian said:

"My dear, you are nearly well now, and I shall not come again, but as it is my last visit, I want you to let me kiss you," and the pure lips that had known only prayers and words met the lips defiled by oaths and by unholy caresses—and then, my friends, the hard heart broke. That was Christ's way.

REACHED THE MASSES.

Can you fancy Him calling a convention of Pharisees to discuss methods of reaching the "masses?" That leads me to remark that his humility was altogether lovely and He, the only one who ever had the choice of how and where He should be born, entered this life as one of the masses."

The other day I received a letter from a poor prodigal who, when he wrote, had been two days without food or bed. "At night," he says, "I think that my Lord, too, had not where to lay his head."

What meekness, what lowliness. "I am among you as one that serveth." He "began to wash his disciples' feet." "When He was reviled He reviled not again." "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not his mouth." Can you think of Jesus posing and demanding his rights?

HIS GENTLENESS

But it is in his way with sinners that the supreme loveliness of Jesus is most sweetly shown. How gentle He is, yet how faithful; how considerate, how respectful—Nicodemus, candid and sincere, but proud of his position as a master in Israel and timid lest He should imperil it, "comes to Jesus by night." Before he departs, "the master" has learned his utter ignorance of the first step toward the kingdom, and goes away to think over the personal application of "they loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." But he has not heard one harsh word, one utterance that can wound his self-respect.

When He speaks to that silent despairing woman, after her accusers have gone out, one by one, He uses for "woman" the same word as He used when addressing his own mother from the cross.

Follow Him to Jacob's well at high noon and hear his conversation with the woman of Samaria. How patiently He unfolds the deepest truths, how gently yet faithfully He

presses the great ulcer of sin which is eating away her soul. But He could not be more respectful to Mary of Bethany.

Even in the agonies of death He could hear the cry of despairing faith. When conquerors return from far wars in strange lands they bring their chiefest captive as a trophy. It was enough for Christ to take back to heaven the soul of a thief.

PERFECT POSE

Yea, He is altogether lovely. And now I have left myself no time to speak of his dignity, of his virile manliness, of his perfect courage. There is in Jesus a perfect equipoise of various perfections. All the elements of perfect character are in lovely balance. His gentleness is never weak. His courage is never brutal. My friends, you may study these things for yourselves. Follow Him through all the scenes of outrage and insult on the night and morning of his arrest and trial. Behold Him before the high priest, before Pilate, before Herod. See Him brow-beaten, bullied, scourged, smitten upon the face, spit upon, mocked. How his inherent greatness comes out. Not once does He lose his self-poise, his high dignity.

Let me ask some unsaved sinners here to follow Him still further. Go with the jeering crowd without the gates; see Him stretched upon the great rough cross and hear the dreadful sound of the sledge as the spikes are forced through his hands and feet. See, as the yelling mob falls back, the cross, bearing this gentlest, sweetest, bravest, loveliest man, upreared until it falls into the socket in the rock. "And sitting down, they watched Him there." You watch, too. Hear Him ask the Father to forgive his murderers, hear all the cries from the cross. Is He not altogether lovely? What does it all mean?

"He bore our sins in his own body on the tree."

"By Him all that believe are justified from all things."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life."

I close with a word of personal testimony, this is my beloved and this is my friend. Will you not accept Him as your Savior and beloved and friend?—*Tract.*

THE POWER OF PRAYER

A young, delicate, sweet-faced woman, a Salvation Army officer, was appointed to the charge of an Indian village, where the dominance of a certain caste made any sort of missionary effort almost hopelessly difficult. On the face of it no good had been accomplished for many months before her arrival. But the pale-faced Captain set herself to pray. Every morning before the people were astir she crept through the slumbering village to the jungle beyond, with no other companion than her Bible, and on the same spot morning after morning she prostrated herself on her face before God—the God of India, she said in her petitions—to intercede for the souls which sat in darkness around her. And her prayers were answered, though not as she had asked or expected. She died and never saw the fulfillment. One day, a long time afterwards, a tall, powerful, handsome Hindu, with luminous eyes and regal bearing, called at the little mud hut which served as the Officers' Quarters and told to that faithful Captain's successor the story, unknown as it was supposed, of the dead woman's prayers. He had followed her to the jungle, and peering through the heavy undergrowth, had seen her throw herself upon her face and cry to the God of India—his country—and shed overflowing tears for the people of his village—her people, she called them. "Then," he said, "I believed that the God of that woman was a real God, and I made up my mind to worship him." This was the beginning of a great wave of soul saving in the village.—*Selected.*

LIVING WATER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY
(Incorporated)

136 FOURTH AVE. N., NASHVILLE, TENN.

FANNIE CLAYPOOL Editor
JNO. T. BENSON Business Manager

Entered Jan. 8, 1908, at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class mail matter,
under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. CANADA AND FOREIGN COUN-
TRIES FIFTY CENTS ADDITIONAL FOR POSTAGE

EDITORIAL

WEEKLY TEXT

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Col. 3:4.

THE POWER OF THE WORD

Quite a noted scholar of Peking, China, recently read the New Testament for himself and was genuinely converted. He went to the Bible Society rooms and testified to the saving power of the Gospel. He then inquired if he could purchase as many as fifty copies to give to his friends, and finally raised the number to 5,584 copies. Some of these Testaments, which he desired to give to influential friends, were elegantly bound. In many of them he enclosed beautiful silk leaves on which in characters of scarlet and gold he expressed his appreciation of the Book. He stated that he had investigated different faiths, but this was the only one that had the true ring, and he was confident that it contained the truth that would transform China. The old Book has never lost its power. It is as potent to-day as it has been when the most devout saints have pilloved their faith upon it and have gone home "washed in the Blood of the Lamb." Its truths are as vital now as they were when Daniel slept unharmed in the den of lions or when the three Hebrew children were immune against the burning fiery furnace that was heated seven times its usual heat, and in which they beheld the "Form of the Fourth." Its value has not decreased since the saintly mother of Ziegenbalg, as she lay dying called her children to her bedside and said, "Dear children, I have a great treasure for you—a very great treasure have I collected for you. Seek it in this Bible, every page of which I have watered with my tears." Though critics have assailed its foundation—even its mud-sill doctrines, yet its truth is as powerful as when Saul of Tarsus was changed from a bitter persecutor to "an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God," to "a servant of God," to a love-slave.

The Book has stood the test of the ages. It has maintained its pre-eminence over all books, and to the child of God who searched for its treasures it will become more precious. In these last days when the devil is so hotly pursuing the followers of Christ, and when the testings seem so severe the great facts of the Gospel shine with increased luster. The Book, God's eternal truth, his sure Word of promise that will stand forever.

The Christian who becomes a prayerful student of the Bible lays a foundation sure and steadfast for the structure

that he is building—the character that is to be prepared for the exalted positions of the coming kingdom. Not only so but he is becoming established in a religious experience that will not be a prey to every passing wind of doctrine, but will measure all things by the Word and stay upon the sure promises of God. It is a security against narrowness and legalistic fetters. An intelligent knowledge of the old Book ballasts in every gale and fortifies for every onslaught of the enemy. Its promises so rich, so full, so inspiring are the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast; for are they not, yea, and amen in Christ Jesus? Blessed Book, price-less treasure.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

The drift of the times is not toward God. The spirit of the age is mercenary, selfish, ease-loving. There is a decline of spiritual fervor in the church. Sad, indeed, that this world-spirit should so infuse itself into the sacred precincts of the sanctuary and blight the most vital and potent force belonging to the church. Without this vitality the pulpit has but a vague response from the pew; the weary who drop in for encouragement and help go away disappointed; the stranger who happens that way is not impressed by the power of the Gospel, nor inclined to come that way again; the unsaved who, from some reason, are constrained to attend, are not made uncomfortable on account of their sins.

If the church fails along these lines it has largely failed in its mission to the world. The commission was not only to preach, but it carried with it the further thought of bringing men into the kingdom of grace, and of instilling within them the essence of truth and salvation.

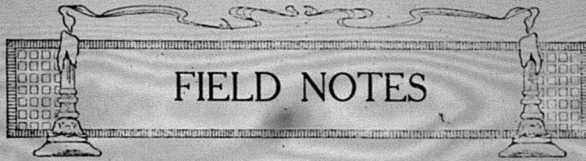
These are perilous times—times when Satan is holding high carnival and deceiving the very elect. The souls of men are being tried. Suffering, heartache, and sorrow abound on every hand. Does it not seem that the heart of man would turn to God at a time like this—yea, be driven to the bosom of Jesus as a storm-tossed vessel is driven into harbor. How blessed, how hallowed would be the rest for weary souls if they would but flee to the outstretched arms of Jesus and abide in his love; but the bent is away from Him.

The spirit of the times is overmastering, and man, yielding to its subtle sway is borne into the maelstrom of indifference to be swept onward by its mighty current away from the spiritual, away from the Cross, away from the life that honors God.

The way of the Cross may not always be easy to the flesh but there is a sweet joy and a blessed victory in the lonely way. The crowd is not going that way, but is deluded by the siren voice that lures on to pleasure, or perchance to fame.

This is a time for sober thinking and honest, simple living. It is not a time for heedless extravagance nor selfish indulgence. It is a time that demands the heroic in Christian living and service. It would seem that if the Christian ever had a passion to win souls it should be now. The world is in a mad rush toward eternity, apparently unconcerned. As we walk the busy streets and mingle with the throng we are amazed at the lightness that everywhere exists, and our hearts are pained that there is so little thought of God. There is a pity for the restless multitude that is seeking pleasure and finding nothing but the vain and transitory.

We seem to be living in the last days, hence it behooves us to be stirred and to be on the alert in soul-winning that as many people as possible may be gotten ready for the coming of the King.



Rev. Sam S. Holcomb is the evangelist at the Gordon, Texas, camp-meeting.

Rev. J. W. Weldon is holding a revival at Buffalo, Ky., where he will remain till September 2d.

Revs. J. L. Brasher, Guy Wilson, and W. W. Owen are the leaders in a series of meetings at Covenantville, Pa. The date is August 7-19.

Rev. W. H. Hudgins is preaching at the Hollow Rock, Ohio, camp. Rev. L. J. Miller of Nashville, Tenn., is also one of the preachers at this camp. The other is Rev. John F. Owen of Boaz, Ala.

Rev. Roy T. Williams held services the past week with the Nazarene Church in West Nashville. Rev. H. H. Wise is pastor of this church and is doing most faithful and effective work, both in the church and among the people. His faithful house-to-house visitation is proving a great blessing. Brother Williams preached in the power of the Spirit, and a number were at the altar for regeneration, reclamation, or sanctification.

The members and friends of the Nazarene Church at Water Valley, Tenn., are building a parsonage to be known as the Joe Dodson Memorial Parsonage, in memory of Mr. Joe Dodson, one of their members, who recently went to be with the Lord. Mr. Dodson was a faithful, devout servant of the Lord, and one of the most loyal supporters of the church in all that section. They greatly need a home

for their pastor, and we heartily endorse their plan. Anyone interested in this enterprise write

R. F. D., Columbia, Tenn. H. D. MCKENNON,

We left Donaldsonville, Georgia, on May 29th, after about six months labor with the Southeastern Nazarene College as Business Manager, and pastor of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, for Hartford, Connecticut, to take up the pastorate of the Church of the Nazarene. We were privileged to stop off at Jasper, Alabama, with Mrs. Lancaster's parents and our many friends for a few days. Rev. Z. B. Whitehurst, pastor of the Nazarene Church, asked the writer to preach at his church from Friday night over the first Sunday in June, which he did with delight. We had good attendance throughout the services. Sunday night we had a great time preaching on "A Better Country," and one girl decided to join the ranks and boldly came forward to the altar and was saved. There was a splendid spiritual atmosphere and the saints all rejoiced and we had a farewell handshaking with dear people whom we had lived and labored with for eight years before going to Florida and Georgia. We arrived here on Friday morning and received a very hearty welcome. On Sunday morning at 11 a. m. I preached at the Nazarene Church with liberty to a very good sized audience. At the church we were enthusiastically received by all the members. I must say that we are delighted with the New Englanders.

After we had arrived it was suggested that we must attend the ministerial meeting of the New England District at North Scituate, R. I., on June 13th. There was a good attendance upon the part of the New England pastors, and to say that we had a good time is putting it mildly. General Superintendent J. W. Goodwin was present and gave a rousing message in the afternoon to the pastors. I will say that the pastors of the New England District gave me a hearty welcome. We also had the privilege of attending some of the closing exercises of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute which were very good.

C. H. LANCASTER.

Millions Should Be Scattered Broadcast Everywhere, and Read By the People

We are sure that it will open the eyes of anyone who will read it. You will agree with us if you will examine it. We do not see how it would be possible to secure stronger proof of the inspiration of the scriptures, also of the fact that we are living in the end of this age, than is found between the lids of this booklet.

Written by a converted Jew who has made a careful study of prophecy from a Jewish point of view. The facts contained are positively startling.

"Startling Fulfillment of the Prophecies Concerning the Jews in the Last Days"

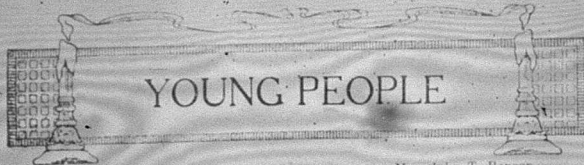
By the REV. JACOB H. ROSENBERG, Superintendent of the Hebrew Association

Price per single copy, 10c; 60c a dozen or \$4.00 per 100 postpaid.

Hundreds of our readers might purchase 100 copies each and sell or give away these booklets. We know of no better way to arouse profound interest in the most vital theme of the New Testament, namely, the closing out of this age or the Second Coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

So far as we know these subjects have never before been handled in just the same way as Mr. Rosenberg handles them in this booklet. We know of nothing in print like it. Order from

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY
NASHVILLE, TENN.



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

Dear Children: Some weeks ago I wrote you the story of a young Greek lad, and how the hand of the Lord was upon him, finally leading him to the home of a Christian woman in Chicago, where he was saved, and called to be a missionary. I met Brother Athans in Kansas City last year at the meeting of the Missionary Board of the Church of the Nazarene, and it was then I learned the story of his life. Now I must tell you something very interesting and, I think, strange, in connection with the sketch I wrote for you. A Christian woman, living in El Paso, Texas, has a friend, living in another part of the country who mailed her a copy of *Living Water*. It "happened" that this particular copy was the one which contained the story of Brother Athans' life. The woman in El Paso took it to the missionary, wondering, she said, if "Cousin Eva wasn't writing about him." He remembered my name and that he had told me his experience when we met in Kansas City. I received a nice letter from him this week, inclosing one which he had written for you, which you will appreciate and enjoy very much I know. It was very kind of him to write this letter for you. Brother Athans and his wife, who is the daughter of a Methodist minister, have a mission church for Mexicans in El Paso, Texas. This city is just across the border line from Mexico, you know, and there is a large Mexican population there. He sent me a picture of their Sunday School in the Pentecostal Nazarene Church for the Mexicans. I wish we might have had this picture of the bright faced Mexican boys and girls on our page. It would show us what Christianity is doing for these people. The children have on nice clothes, girls in their pretty little Sunday dress, and boys neatly clad. Pray for Bro. and Sister Athans, and the work they are doing for the Lord.

Dear Young People: It is raining this morning, something that seldom happens in El Paso, as this is a very dry country, and as I sat by the window of my lonely little adobe room behind our Mexican church, watching the torrential rain fall, I thought I could well employ my time in the next hour or two, writing a few unique and humorous stories of Mexicans, which, I trust, will amuse and interest you.

As I have spent several years in missionary work among the people I am going to tell you about, nearly all these stories are facts that have come under my personal observation and you may be sure you will get them first hand.

Every race on God's green earth has its own peculiar and queer customs and ways, and it would certainly be interesting to all of us to observe some of the things we are not familiar with in the lives of others, and if our "Cousin Eva" will kindly allow us a space in her little corner in the *Living Water* I will try to give you a few sketches, in as simple language as I can of what I promised beforehand.

I shall first of all tell you some of the interesting and amusing things I have seen and heard of Mexican children. Mexicans as a rule raise a large crop of children. There is no such thing as "race suicide" in Mexico. I once was asking a Mexican how many children they had in the family. He began to count them one by one, and said, "Seven," when his wife suddenly exclaimed, "No, you are mistaken, we have eight," and she tried to name them one by one to convince him of the fact. There are as many as twenty children in one family in many instances, and their parents get confused in trying to call each child by its name. And

you would pity the poor mother of so large a number of children if she would try to dress every one of them in the morning, or give each one a bath, which they so often need, but believe me there are thousands and thousands of Mexican children who go barefoot, half-clothed and many of them without any clothes at all on their backs. In central and south Mexico the climate is so warm and mild all the year around that the children of that country would as soon parade the streets garbed only in the clothes mother nature has so beautifully provided for them. Of course, it would shock you to see some of the sights we have seen; but there, well, a man can't afford to buy clothing for so many children; besides it saves time in dressing and undressing them every day and it saves them the laundry bill. The majority of Mexican children are seldom given a bath and they never demand it. When their mammas think they ought to have one the children begin to cry and resist. Once I saw a Mexican boy of six standing in front of a mirror in his house crying. I asked him why he was crying and his mother replied, "Because I am going to give him a bath."

Soon after a Mexican child is born its parents will try to find a name for him, and as the majority of the Mexican people are devout Catholics, they will give them the name of some saint. The following are some of the many Bible names they give their children: Mary, Joseph, Conception, Incarnation, Nativity, Jesus, Light, Cross, Ascension, Angel, Gabriel, Trinity, Beloved, Holy, Just, Bethlehem, Faith, Hope, Charity, then follow such names as these: Consolation, Candle-Mass, Bread-and-Water, Pains, Piety, Pilot, Pillar, Shelter, Liberty, Glory, Refuge, Modest, etc. It is amusing to listen to Mexican mothers calling their children to come home or telling them to do a certain thing. "Lazarus, get out of that pond, do you hear me?" "You bad bred Angel, haven't I told you to stay home after dark?" "Abraham, will you mind?" "Jehoaquim, take Abednego and go to school."

When Mexican children go to school they kiss their parents' right hand and in return they get a kiss on their forehead. Teachers in schools punish naughty children by putting them in a dark cellar, or compelling them to stay for an hour or two on their knees.

Mexicans as a rule are not as tender and gentle with their children as Americans are. They treat them roughly and speak to them in a harsh way, especially when the parents are under a spell of drunkenness. They often beat and lash their children mercilessly and the poor little defenseless creatures scream and moan until they almost faint. Owing to the lack of proper care and sanitation the death rate among children is very high in Mexico.

A Mexican wedding is, perhaps, one of the most interesting events we have observed in the social affairs of that race. I must state by the way, that thousands of Mexicans are not legally married. They just consent to live together as man and woman. There is nothing sacred about their family life and most naturally their children become the subjects of the greatest neglect imaginable. But you cannot much blame them for not being legally married, since the priest charges them an exorbitant fee, which they, being too poor, cannot pay, and the land is full of illegitimate children.

It is the custom in Mexico for the parents to arrange their children's matrimonial matches. Marriage is not often the result of a pure "love affair." They marry when they are really too young. Some girls marry at the early age of thirteen or fourteen when they ought to be in school.

A Mexican wedding is a very expensive proposition from a money standpoint, for it must be as elaborate in every detail as the pocketbook of the groom can possibly make it.

He must buy the bride's dress and jewelry. He must pay the priest a big sum of money for the marriage ceremony. Sometimes the priests get as high as \$200 and \$300 marriage fee. Scores of friends and relatives are invited to be present at the marriage feast which is likely to continue for three and four days or even a week. Good things to eat and plenty to drink must be provided for the invited guests. A band of the best musicians in town is hired to provide music and entertainment for those present. A young Mexican whom I know spent as much as three thousand dollars at his wedding.

A Mexican wedding would not be considered a wedding at all unless drinking and dancing constitute the principal feature, but often such wedding feasts are saddened and marred by stabbing and shooting affrays which usually attend dancing and wine drinking, and whenever there is a Mexican wedding in town policemen must be detailed to keep order.

Many Mexicans in our country who do not understand our laws and customs respecting marriage beg to be married in Mexican as well as in American style, meaning, of course, that they wish to be married by the judge of the civil court and the priest or minister of their religion. Sometimes Americans marry Mexican girls, and what surprises one is that neither party understands the other's language. Three months ago I performed a wedding ceremony in my home. The young man is an American soldier, tall, light complected and fine looking, but the bride is a dusky Mexican-Indian girl, and she is anything but pretty. The ceremony had to be performed in Spanish and English for the benefit of both, as they did not understand each other's language. The young groom is now in Syracuse, N. Y., with his regiment, and he had to leave his young bride here. As she does not know English, she writes her letters to him in Spanish and brings them to me to re-write in English, so that all their correspondence has to pass through my hands. I am a sort of corresponding secretary of foreign affairs, you see.

Mexico, being a heathen country, which means that it is a thousand leagues behind in point of morals and civilization, presents a very ugly picture of superstitions and heathen practices. They practice so many things there that are very repulsive to us. I know a Mexican woman whose only child died a few years ago. She had the body of her child exhumed a short time after it was buried, placed it again in another casket and keeps it in the parlor of her home on an altar she has built. She thinks she is not so lonesome now that she has the dead body of her child in her parlor.

In Mexico City another Mexican woman who lost her husband had his body cremated, placed his ashes in a jar, and every once in a while she would dissolve a teaspoonful of his ashes in a glass of wine and drink it down. She loved her husband so, she said.

In Mexico the blood of animals is sold in the meat markets and the people buy and eat it. They think it tastes good. They also eat grasshoppers and other creeping things that none of us would care to touch.

But there are a good many fine qualities about the Mexican people which I must not fail to mention. They are a very hospitable race, especially to strangers. They will kindly invite you to their homes, however humble they may be, and will say to you "My name is Torres, a servant of yours, and this is your house at your orders." When you sit down to eat with them you must eat of every dish that is set before you, asking no question for conscience sake, and what you can't eat you must carry home with you. Mexican dishes consist of beans, chilli peppers, and corn

tortillas, made into a sort of pie crust. Very few bake bread in that country.

A Mexican home, as a rule, consists of only a one room building, made of adobe, with dirt floor, and one door and one window. The whole family sleep in the same room. They close door and window at night. Chickens, pigs, goats, cats and dogs form a part of the family, and they are housed in the same building at night. If they are left outside at night they are sure to disappear.

Mexico is a country where the parrots abound, and the Mexican parrots are very talkative and shrewd, and you very seldom find a Mexican home without a parrot. A Mexican lady told me a very interesting and funny story about a Mexican parrot. In Mexico donkeys are the common carriers of burdens. A wood seller was leading through the streets of a small town six donkeys loaded with wood which he was trying to sell. "Wood, wood," the man would cry as he would turn from one corner of the street to another. As he passed by a certain house and hollowed "Wood, wood," he heard a voice from within saying "Bring it in." The man, thinking it was the lady of the house speaking, opened the front gate and unloaded all the wood in the yard. When he went in the house to ask for the money, the lady, in surprise, said "What money?" "Why, you said for me to bring the wood in, didn't you?" said the wood seller. "No, I did not," said the lady; "it must have been that bad-bred parrot." She got hold of the parrot, scolded him, and punished him good and hard. The parrot then crawled under the bed, but while she was spanking the parrot the cat jumped on the table in the kitchen and ate a piece of steak she had left there, and when she found the steak gone she punished the cat harder than she did the parrot, and the cat crawled under the bed where the parrot was. The parrot had heard the cat scream hard, and when it saw her crawling under the bed, said to her, "Did you buy wood too?" The parrot evidently thought the cat had done the same mischief he did.

S. D. ATHANS.

OUR NEW SONG BOOK

"Soul Stirring Songs"

ONLY SUCH SONGS AS EVERYBODY LOVES

For years we have earnestly tried to get out only such song books as would supply a deep, general and spiritual need. In this last book we have taken advantage of all past experience and combined in it only the songs that have proven in all our other books to be the very best. We are sure that every Christian worker has over and over again felt a crying need for just such a song book as we have compiled in this one—only the songs which everybody loves—those baptized with power and revival fervor. While the price of everything else is soaring, we are able to offer this, the very best collection, at the very low price of 15c. Send this amount for sample; or \$1.50 per dozen, postpaid.

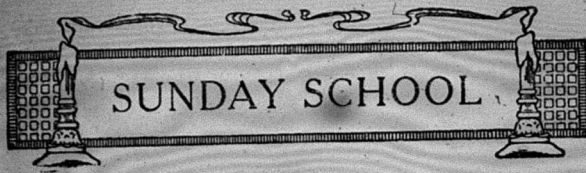
OUR OTHER SONG BOOKS

Living Water Songs No. 1	Living Water No. 2
Bread of Life Songs	Jewel Songs
Price of above, 15c each, or \$1.50 per doz., postpaid	
Redemption Songs	Glory Songs
Price of these two books, 25c each, or \$2.50 per doz., postpaid	

Have Sold Over a Million Copies of the Above Books

ORDER OF

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.



P. R. NUGENT, RICHMOND, VA.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1917
THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH
2 KING 25:1-21

GOLDEN TEXT: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Ezek. 33:11.

In Josiah we see the last flashing forth of kingly righteousness in Judah before the final collapse in sin and in national ruin. Josiah's sons and grandson were all displeasing to God so that there was no stopping of the down grade movement, and long drawn out mercy at last gave place to judgment. It came through Nebuchadnezzar, and came in an ordinary way, but God's hand was in it (ch. 24:20). Zedekiah rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar and this brought about the siege and capture of Jerusalem. The real explanation was that God was executing punishment for long continued sin. He had placed Israel in that land to worship and serve Him and be a witness for Him and his truth to the nations of the earth. Idolatry and other sins made the nation an utter failure on this so that there was no reason, nor right, for them to continue in the land and God brought about their overthrow and removal.

The lesson shows how unsparing God's wrath was. The temple and city were given up to destruction, for the material works and wealth of man that have served his purpose are utterly worthless when they have ceased to do so. This, and the final overthrow of Jerusalem by the Roman army, are a suggestion of what will take place at the end of this age on a far larger and more awful scale. God's judgment on a nation was terrible. His judgment on the nations which, after a trial lasting 2,520 years, have failed to honor God, will be far worse. And this judgment seems to have already begun.

The lesson shows how a people may have much that tends to help them, but that, without God, it is of no avail. The fact that the siege of Jerusalem lasted about eighteen months (lacking only a day) shows that there was much in favor of the city so far as men and material were concerned. The walls must have been strong or they would have been broken down sooner. The soldiers must have been brave and persevering or they would not have held out so long. They must have been loyal or they would have deserted to the enemy. And they were strong and heroic to endure the hardships of a long siege.

And what did all this amount to so far? Nothing. "Except the city was concerned? Nothing. 'Except the watchman waketh but in vain.' Sinners and sliders may have a show of strength and natural points in their favor. The worldly professor of religion may be in like condition and for a season they all may do well in outward appearance, but the time must come when, like the Jews under Zedekiah, they go down in ruin under the judgment of the One whose favor they would not seek and whose punishment they merit and will receive.

Another lesson connected with the fall of Jerusalem is found in the book of Jeremiah. The prophet was shut up in the city during the siege and was a messenger of mercy to the king and people by telling them the best way for them to take with reference to their safety. But the king was so proud to give heed to good advice and took the way that

made his calamity greater. About the last thing he saw before his eyes were put out was the killing of his sons. Throne, freedom, sight, city, sons—all gone because he would not harken unto God.

Another point to notice is that God's promise to punish is as sure as his promise to bless unless the people who are warned turned from the sins that call for punishment as was the case with the Ninerites. The trouble is that many will not believe God's warnings. This was the case with Judah, as it had been with Israel, and as it still is with the majority of people now. God has called and is calling, nations, communities and individuals to acknowledge, confess and forsake their sins, but many people refuse and all nations are heedless as a whole and will be to the end. Not even the tribulations that close this age will bring all to repentance (Rev. 9:20, 21) and so final punishment is coming on, getting nearer with the passing days. "Watch ye therefore and pray always, that ye may be counted worthy, (R. V., prevail) to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man." (Lk. 21:36.)

What a good thing it would be to get a club for *Living Water*. It cannot fail to be a blessing in any home

Lectures on the Apocalypse

By J. A. SEISS

One of the Best treatises on the Book of Revelation ever placed before the public.

Three Volumes, \$2.50

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

TREVECCA COLLEGE

THEOLOGICAL
MISSIONARYLITERARY
MUSICAL

ITS AIM

Literary training both thorough and practical. Biblical teachings, sound and comprehensive. The development in the student of true ideals, and a correct conception of life. To constantly surround the student with atmosphere of deep spirituality. To impress Scriptural Holiness, the second coming of the Lord, and other deeper truths of the scripture.

PRACTICAL

There are regular services on the streets, in missions, in prisons, in hospitals, cottage prayer meetings and elsewhere, giving all the practical work the student can do.

LOCATION

The college is located on a beautiful, well-shaded campus in the suburbs of East Nashville.

THE STUDENT BODY

This institution is open to all who desire to be surrounded by a wholesome religious atmosphere and spiritual environment. Students have come from nearly every state in the union, and from several foreign countries.

NEXT TERM OPENS SEPT. 12, 1917.

C. E. HARDY, B.S., M.D., President
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE