

LIVING WATER

"CALL UNTO ME, AND I WILL ANSWER THEE, AND SHEW THEE GREAT AND MIGHTY THINGS, WHICH THOU KNOWEST NOT."—Jer. 33:3.

J. O. McCLURKAN, Editor
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SPIRITUAL INCENSE

BY MRS. MAY MABBETTE ANDERSON

The Pentecostal Convention of 1904, held in the city of Nashville, is now among the things of the past. And yet such a spiritual aroma lingers about it that it projects itself into the present hour with such penetrating sweetness that one knows the incense reaches the courts above, and evokes a continuous blessing upon the work and workers sheltered under the protecting wings of this Mission.

The need of the crucible to eliminate "wrinkles" and "blemishes" after the life of sanctification is entered, was brought forcibly before the Convention by one of the visiting brethren. His sermon was based on the experience of Job (the man whom God Himself pronounced perfect) and clearly proved the believer's need of the crucible and the chisel. During this series of sermons one was borne into the very presence of Jesus and seated around the board where the hallowed marriage supper of the Lamb was being celebrated. The earnest words which lifted the veil and made those who were prepared a sharer of this unutterably blissful feast, also revealed Gabriel and Ariel, called from their high mission, as ministering to those who had been washed in the blood of the Lamb and counted worthy to share in this joyous celebration.

From these lofty scenes—as the days of this notable Convention opened and waned—one was permitted to look abroad over the vast field of missions, and to solemnly ask his own heart: "Am I one whom God is calling into this honored service?"

A goodly number of earnest-hearted young people with glowing faces arose in response to this thought, thus saying: "Here am I, Lord: Send me."

Two young soldiers of the cross, now on their way to Central America, gave tender and forceful testimony as to the joy that follows the severance of all natural ties in order to respond to the Spirit's call and leading in-

to the "Regions Beyond." No one who listened to their words and looked into their glowing faces will ever forget their message.

Jesus Himself—rather than "the blessing"—was also one of the precious thoughts urged upon souls during this Convention. And over and through all of this varied repast, a tender, yet firm pressure—so gentle and wisely exerted that the unobservant did not note its exercise—was wielded against fanaticism and wildfire entering into and gaining a foothold.

Altogether, this Convention counts as one

of the most important ever held in Nashville, and its influence will be farther-reaching than any of us yet understand.

Each soul fostered under its care is left to the leadership of the Holy Spirit as to his church relations. Some are clearly called to remain where they are. Others are as definitely called to make a change.

The thought of this work is to feed and nourish souls on meat suited to develop strong, symmetrical characters, and to build up an aggressive band of workers ready to go forth into the whitened harvest fields with hearts on fire for God, yet with minds so wisely taught that the ultra-radicalism which has so crippled in the past some of the most promising among Holiness workers, shall be avoided.

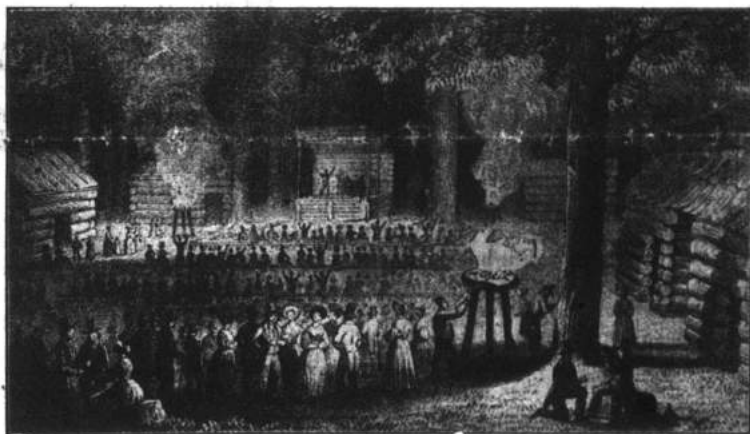
"The burnt child dreads the fire" and some of us have seen dear ones so warped and injured by "high pressure" methods of presenting truth, that we are crying mightily unto God for wisdom, as well as for the holy fire that shall make of tongue and pen irresistible channels through which Christ may be glorified and His cause and kingdom truly advanced.

This Pentecostal Mission work embodies—as some of us see it—what is best in the Holiness movement.

Dangerous extremes are avoided; fervency of spirit and an ever-deepening life in Christ is emphasized, and we feel that it has truly "come to stay."

Little centers are being formed over an ever-widening area where hearts hungry for the Holy Ghost—and those already in the sanctified life—are gathered together, and "shepherded" by someone fitted by God for the place. Thus many souls are being guarded from drifting into the old paths of formalism, and are being fed on the "old corn of Canaan" whereby their sinews and muscles may be developed as befits those engaged in this "Eleventh Hour Movement."

The spirit of fraternal love toward the brethren in the churches, as well as toward those in the Holiness ranks who differ from



AN EARLY CAMP-MEETING IN KENTUCKY

The writer is very grateful that she was permitted to become a sharer in the good things given out during the five days of its session, and is enriched by the privilege.

The Pentecostal Mission, while stretching out and lengthening its cords as God offers new fields for it to enter, is watchfully guarding the points of work near its base, lest "heart failure" should result from a neglect of these nerve-centres. This thought was emphasized during this last meeting.

A wise oversight is also kept, and a gentle spirit of restraint is inculcated by those placed at the front of this work, over radical tendencies toward church-fighting and kindred ani-

Human Holiness

GEO. D. WATSON, IN REVIVALIST.

Divine grace working in the soul has two directions, one upward thro' the spirit toward God, and the other downward through the soul toward nature and self. The human spirit, even though religious, has peculiar weaknesses which belong to it. Here are some of the manifestations of that holiness which belongs to the soulish part of a Christian.

1. The joy of the Holy Ghost is apt to be counterfeited by natural buoyancy and glee of human feeling, good health, social hilarity, or poetic thoughts, or the vivacity of a beautiful imagination. When we feel a sudden burst of joy and impatience of expression, we may suspect that it is more human than Divine. The joy of the Holy Ghost is deep, serious, tranquil, and patient, and the movements are conformed to the great, pure character of God.

2. Human holiness frets over its own failures, and is greatly annoyed and disgusted with itself because it fails to measure up to some pretty ideal. You see, the soul draws a charming picture of what it wants to be, and then falls in love with its own beautiful ideal, and then pouts and grows disgusted with its faults in not filling the picture. Is there not some secret, refined self-love in this? The enlightened soul always remembers its own nothingness and weakness, and quietly looks at Jesus, and leaves all under His precious blood, not repining at its own defects, but spends the time in taking a fresh draught from the Divine fountain.

3. Human holiness soon becomes wonderfully attached to its own zeal and good works and nice big enterprises for the Lord. Human holiness builds a church, and then makes a religious idol of it; writes a book, and thinks it is about infallible; runs a camp-meeting, and esteems it the very best in all the world; starts an enterprise, and gets wedded to it, and will cry like a peevish child when the enterprise falls through, because it is so eagerly attached to its own good works. Divine holiness keeps detached, believes that Almighty God has entire charge of it, and will not see anything fail that ought to succeed, and that God is making the river flow toward the ocean, even when for a time it runs toward the interior. The human religion wants everything done square, without breaks or delays, but hurried through like a limited train, and completed with a shout, and the word "Success" printed all over it. The Divine thoughts, even in the Holiness movement and missions and good works, are not as our thoughts. We must love God Himself instead of loving our own plans and works for Him.

4. Human holiness has a childish passion for clinging to religious forms and habits and tastes. Some can not worship God with ease

unless they have the same seat in church always, or always pray in one certain posture. Some can never believe a Bible doctrine unless it comes to them through their particular Church, or their Holiness association, or their favorite preacher, or their pet author. With them the quality of the water always depends on the cup out of which they drink it. This obstinate attachment to devotional practices is not Divine, and must pass away with the other baby clothes of things earthly.

5. Human holiness is uneven and fluctuating like the tide and the price of stocks. It gets easily blessed under certain circumstances, and then cast down by a sudden change in the moral weather and appearance of things. You can not bank on a fussy, boisterous, slapdash sort of a religion, which acts in a hurry and makes voluble promises and changes its mind; and just when you think it ought to be solid, then the bottom drops out. Divine holiness is slow, solid, counts the cost, steps on solid rock, is made for storms, without brag, and never impatient about success, but secretly laughs in faith, and knows it will come out ahead and on top at last.

The Strength of Silence

If you want to listen to the *one* voice in your heart—God's voice, you must bid all other voices cease. Have you ever heard the nightingale? When all other birds are silent and the stillness of the night is over the woods, you can hear its voice burst forth in a tone so pure that even the silence is, not disturbed by it.

There must be in your heart a silence as hushed as that of the night, waiting for the morning, before you can hear His voice speaking through it in the new strength that comes to you. All the voices of this world must cease. Whether they are voices of sorrow or hope, disappointment or joy, discontent or satisfaction, you must lay aside your own small life that you may hear in the silence of your soul, the "Be still, and know that I am God."

And the way to do this, you will have to find out for yourself, "The Spirit within you," "He shall lead you into all things;" and the first and last words of the old sages were "Know thyself," it is all in you, and in the silence you shall find it.

The Lord himself pointed out the way to you. He went into the mountains alone, and when there in the silence He had found His God-given strength, He came back and gave of it freely. Those were moments which none of His disciples ever shared with Him. Even your own highest thoughts which you may have consecrated to the Lord's service must be left behind, that you may not turn to for help, but stand alone, that every thought and feeling may be filled with the new life coming to you in your silent waiting. You may ask questions by the hundreds and read hundreds of volumes, but no answer

or knowledge coming to you in that way will be worth the gain of one hour of that silent communion. When you have found the "secret of His presence," the libraries can be locked and double-locked and you will find your God in spite of them.

The Lord himself and He only, holds the key to your soul, and you must take it from His own hand. The deepest truths cannot be put into words, but only felt in the heart. The Lord showed this in His teachings here on earth, in what He left unsaid, rather than in what He said; and it is through the wonderful silence of the Gospel stories that we feel the divine strength of His life. The Star of Bethlehem brilliant in the night.

It must always be so. Your deepest feelings can never be expressed, and the deeper they are the greater the silence that surrounds them. You may try to put them into words or actions, but however much you will do or say, you will always know that the feeling itself is infinitely above the mere expression of it; it is much like some steady light well guarded behind the glass, against which the birds flutter trying always in vain to reach it, while the light burns on still and unmoved.

And of all feelings that may come to you, the greatest and deepest is your consciousness of the Lord's LIFE in you. It is an individual experience new with every new human being.

You have been taught, perhaps in a very general way, what is understood by a spiritual life, and you feel instinctively a desire to experience what is so much spoken of and written about. And in moments of sorrow, when you are forced into a more conscious life, you want this something which is so great a comfort to others. Then do not look to words spoken or written to explain it to you, at the best they are only the guide-posts along the road pointing the way, but the way you must tread yourself step by step, in the strength gained in silence.—Sel.

Be of good cheer. Do not think of today's failures, but of the success that may come to-morrow. You have set yourself a difficult task, but you will succeed if you persevere; and you will find a joy in overcoming obstacles—a delight in climbing rugged paths, which you would perhaps never know if you did not sometime slip backward—if the road were always smooth and pleasant. Remember no effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost. Sometime, somewhere, somehow we shall find that which we seek. We shall speak, yes, and sing, too, as God intended we should speak and sing.—Helen Keller.

Still are we saying, "Teach us how to pray?"

Oh, teach us how to love! and then our prayer
Through other lives will find its upward way,
As plants together seek and find sweet life and air.

Thy large bestowing makes us ask for more,
Prayer widens with the world wherethrough love
flows,

Needy, though blest, we throng before Thy door;
Let in Thy sunshine, Lord, on all that lives and
grows.

—Lucy Laroon.

What Sanctification Does

— BY BISHOP TAYLOR. —

Sanctification frees us from selfishness. It sinks one out of self, and raises others up higher in his opinions. It also saves us from worldliness. It cuts us loose from the world, not by taking us out of the world, but by taking the love of the world out of us. Negatively, it empties the soul of self, of sin, of the world and worldly tendencies. Positively, it fills the soul with righteousness and right tendencies toward God and man.

Sanctification is a sure cure for lukewarmness and backsliding tendencies. It keeps us off the down grade in the divine life and puts us on the up grade. It puts fire in the engine, steam in the boiler, and sets things moving for God. It is absolutely essential to the most efficient service for the Master. Only a sanctified people will witness continually in word and work for Jesus. And only such are always found on the sunny side of the massive mountains of a full and sinless salvation. None but the sanctified soul will thirst no more; because none other slakes its thirst at that fountain which becomes in us an artesian well of water springing up into eternal life.

Sanctification kills us to sectarianism. If we are wholly the Lord's we know no difference between sanctified people of other denominations and those in our own branch of the church. It also sets aside caste among its members and cements them together with the love divine. It associates the rich with the poor, the learned with the illiterate, those in authority, and makes them all one in Christ Jesus, their common Lord. Sanctification takes away all the banks and boundaries of selfishness, sectarianism and sectionalism and lifts the sanctified up into boundlessness and blessedness of the Sanctifier's own matchless love for a lost and ruined world.

Sanctification brings soul-ease—an abiding soul rest. It gives rest from doubt, discord and discontentment, a sweet, heavenly rest, in which the heart's tumults are all hushed into the calmness and serenity of the full assurance of hope divine. It is the soul at peace with itself and all mankind. It is soul-satisfaction and soul-centered in its God. Sanctification gives us a new sense of the divine presence. It imparts a knowledge and power to the soul hitherto unknown. It brings the soul into new and more sacred relationship to its God, into a hidden state or condition, where God mysteriously controls all its movements, and wisely shuts the soul in with God and God shuts the door of this spiritual ark of full salvation, into which the sanctified have entered. This shutting, or sealing is the result of a mutual understanding between the sealed and the Sealer. The

divine ownership is in this way fully recognized and henceforth we bear in our foreheads the mark divine. For God, in this sealing, has simply heard and answered the song of the soul longing for a perfect assurance of heaven:

Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Sanctification brings with it an experience hitherto unknown to the regenerate heart. There is a constancy of joy—a continual indwelling of the Holy Spirit—to which all others are strangers. There is a song in the sanctified soul that no one else can sing. There is a mocking-bird experience in the soul of the saint which warbles forth the Divine praises by day and by night, whether in prosperity or adversity. The sanctified hosts are a rejoicing company. They never hang their harps upon the weeping willows. They never refuse to sing the soul stirring songs of Zion. They are always making melody in their hearts unto the Lord. They delight in admonishing each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. They are pilgrims journeying to Mt. Zion, with songs of gladness and everlasting triumphs upon their consecrated life. The sanctified live rejoicing while they live; and die shouting when the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken. Hallelujah!—Ex.

LAPSES AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM

There is no need that there should be any failure in the sanctified life but often, through the wiles of the enemy and neglect of prayerful watchfulness, a break occurs.

Just so soon as a soul experiences genuine penitence over past failures in the life of faith, and confesses such failures, his sin is washed away. We know this from the precious words found in 1 John 1: 9: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Because you experience no strong feeling that you have been thus forgiven and cleansed, you fail to appropriate by a living faith what has truly been granted you.

It is easy thus to fail in "appropriating," because faith has become weakened through past failures.

Faith grows strong through exercise exactly as the muscles of the body do. And it becomes correspondingly weak when it is allowed to remain inert and inactive.

So, instead of recognizing this fact and determining to believe God's word anyhow, even though faith is so tremulous that no conscious experience of forgiveness is felt, what do you do? "Wobble and waver," waiting for feeling before faith has even begun to appropriate God's free gift. And the enemy, seeing his chance to fling you back into his maelstrom of doubt and fear, begins to nag you mercilessly over your past failures.

Ten chances to one but that some of the deadly virus from his artful tongue is not admitted into your heart. And once admitted,

the average believer, instead of recognizing his danger and the tactics of the foe and at once ejecting the foul stuff, proceeds to incorporate it into his inmost being.

This is done by mournfully submitting to be nagged; by "patting the Accuser on the back" (so to speak) and telling him his words are true. That it is all very sad, very dreadful, yet you are forced to acknowledge your many past failures, and also to admit that there seems small chance of being restored to God's favor.

And some there are who call this an "honest confession" and plume themselves on their candor.

Beloved, out upon such nonsense! A hearty, open confession of sins and failures before God (and also before men, if such failure has involved others, or has led you into a life of hypocrisy) is all right. It is needful, in fact, if you are to be restored.

But after such confession has been honestly made, and when the tremulous, weakened hand of faith is truly reaching up to grasp God's free gift as given in the quotation already cited from St. John's epistle; if, at this juncture the wily Accuser comes and holds up the past sins before you, what should you do?

Fling the precious BLOOD in his face. Cry out in desperate earnestness:

"The BLOOD, the BLOOD is all my plea!"

And then, as the quickening of faith responds to this cry, and the blessed Comforter draws nigh to strengthen you, you can add, with uplifted heart and eyes:

"And hallelujah, it CLEANSETH me!"

You still may not feel the cleansing. But maintain your position; meet every attack of the Accuser, no matter how plausible his words may sound, with the BLOOD that washes away all sin and all defilement, and the consciousness of cleansing will come to you in time, as sure as the sunrise follows the dawn, or the noon follows the morning.

It was thus that Luther, the sturdy champion of faith, met the enemy's subtle onslaughts.

Satan brought a long black list of sins and held them up before the kneeling saint and said: "Everyone of these sins are yours. See what a lot of them. And one sin is enough to send you to hell. How can you hope to escape? You deserve hell, not heaven."

"That is true. But the blood of Jesus Christ my Lord cleanseth me from all sin. Not one is left," answered Luther, undisturbed.

"But look. Here is another list. And these are blacker than the others," persisted the Accuser.

Yes, I know. But every sin has been blotted out by the blood of my Lord, and my heart is cleansed," and the face of the kneeling man grew radiant rather than sorrowful.

Three times did the adversary thus approach him with his list of damning sins. But Luther's faith prevailed over all his arts, and the Accuser finally withdrew, silenced and discomfited.

Beloved, learn to use the precious blood. When you do, Satan must flee. He cannot stand having this far-reaching sign of the atonement held up, in living faith, before his cruel eyes. He must needs turn aside to torment other souls not thus hidden under the crimson tide.

Will you be victor in Christ, or will you still continue to allow the Accuser to be conqueror?—Sel.

Hopeful Signs In The Holiness Movement

J. W. BEESON, PRESIDENT MERIDIAN FEMALE COLLEGE
MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI.

It has been my privilege within the last three months to attend nine Holiness Camp-meetings and two large Holiness Conventions, and to come in personal contact with a majority of the leaders in the Holiness movement in the South. Some things that I have observed in my travels and attendance upon these gatherings, serve to give me a hopeful view of this great movement.

My first thought is of the magnitude and rapid growth of the movement. Only a few years ago the subject of Holiness or Sanctification as a second work of grace after regeneration, was scarcely heard of in the South. Now one can hardly get on a railroad train, a street car, or stop at a town, village or country place where there cannot be found one or more of God's chosen ones that belong to the despised sect known as Holiness people.

We find also that Holiness camp-meetings are springing up in every section of the South, and hundreds of meetings are being held, and hundreds of thousands are now hearing a full gospel, and many thousands are being converted and sanctified. We find Holiness evangelists and workers going out on faith, with or without invitation, often without visible means of support, carrying this blessed message of salvation and deliverance from all sin, into the highways, hedges, street corners, country churches, schoolhouses, cottages and wherever hungry hearts are to be found, telling them of a Savior that can deliver from evil appetites, desires, and inclinations, and satisfy every longing of the soul; and the common people are hearing it gladly and many are sweeping into the experience, and rejoicing in a mighty deliverance from sin.

It is true that many of these messengers are unlearned, with few natural gifts, and they often make mistakes, sometimes go to extremes, sometimes get their theology crooked, but their hearts are right and they are filled with a warning message to the people and God is blessing their efforts in spite of all mistakes and short comings. Many of these earnest workers are toiling hard to support themselves and families, and spend their evenings and Sundays in witnessing for Jesus and spreading full salvation.

Another hopeful sign is the great effort this Holiness movement is putting forth in behalf of Mission work at home and abroad. It is estimated that about half of the missionaries in the field are Holiness people and about one-fifth are supported by Holiness people

independent of any church. It is a fact that the only people who are making much headway at saving souls in Mission work are the Holiness missionaries. When one gets Christ enthroned in the heart it puts the missionary spirit in him and he wants either to go or to send some one else to tell this news of perfect deliverance to a lost world. Some one has said that the Holiness people are the "out-givingest" people in the world. The expression may not be good English but it expresses a great fact that is easily evident. When one is wholly sanctified his possessions belong to God to be used for His glory, as He may direct by His Spirit.

Another hopeful sign in this movement is the tendency of the Holiness people, and especially the leaders, to gather together in large annual Conventions and exchange ideas and counsel together as to the best method of carrying on and advancing this work, to take each other by the hand, look each other in the face and put forth a more united, systematic and aggressive effort in advancing the work. "In union there is strength," is a great cardinal truth. One weak point in this movement up to date is a lack of unity in our forces. We are one in our experience but are not united in our efforts to spread full salvation. We do not realize what a mighty force of workers we have in this great Holiness movement. When we come together from all parts of the country it gives us some idea of the vastness of our forces. Let us have more of these great Conventions. We are divided up into little independent bands and associations, each being a little world within itself, not seeing much farther than our little horizon, thinking we are the Holiness movement, whereas there are hundreds of other little bands thinking the same thing, differing perhaps in some mannerisms, or in stressing some particular phase of a full gospel, yet when we get together we realize it is the same work in the hearts of all of us that came into the world at pentecost. It makes us broader to rub against each other a little. Let us come together more largely in these great annual Conventions.

The last and perhaps the most hopeful of all signs in connection with the Holiness movement is the work that is being done among the children and young people. The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Our people are beginning to recognize this fact and are in some places giv-

ing more attention to the training of the young people along the line of full salvation, and leading them into this experience. Many camp-meetings are holding services each day for children, and many little ones are getting saved and sanctified. Some of you will be surprised to know how young children can be sanctified. As soon after they are converted as they can realize that there is something within trying to get them to do wrong, they are old enough to have that something taken out. They may not realize what it is, and may never have heard of sanctification, and may be unable to understand the theology, or the philosophy of it, but they can soon learn that Jesus is able to deliver them and take up His abode in them. I have seen little ones as truly and genuinely sanctified as gray headed men and women. In fact, it is easier for them to consecrate their young lives to God before worldly ambition, worldly pride, and allurements and learning are in the way. It is much easier for them to exercise simple child-like faith when they are young than after they are older. They will never miss worldly pleasures and desires if they are brought up in this beautiful grace.

Parents, get the little ones converted and sanctified while they are young. If they are old enough to know right and wrong they are old enough to be saved and sanctified.

I am glad the Pentecostal Publishing Co., at Louisville, Kentucky, is publishing Holiness literature for Sunday-schools. It is a great step forward. Let all Holiness people start a Holiness Sunday-school and use Holiness literature, even if you have to start it in your own house. Invite your neighbors to send in their children. Go out after those neglected ones who are in no Sunday-school and teach them of a Savior that can save to the uttermost. Here is a work every body can do. If you cannot preach you can teach; if you cannot teach you can go out after them and bring them in for others to teach.

It is also encouraging to see Holiness day schools springing up here, there and yonder, in cities, towns and country places. We have been unable sometimes to supply the demands for sanctified young men and women as teachers. This is a hopeful sign. Parents, if you want to raise your children for God, you better not send them to Godless schools and colleges. If you do you will be almost sure to regret it. You say there is no other school near you? Then you better join in with your neighbor and hire a holy man or woman to teach them, or employ a governess for them, or send them away to board to some Holiness school where you know they will be safe. They are never young but once and first impressions are the most lasting. "As teacher so will be the student" is generally a true maxim. Don't wait till they get worldly and hardened against religion then expect some Holiness College to do wonders for them. They might succeed; but it is possible for it to be too late. Put them under the best influence while they are young and keep them in it, and even at best the devil will make a hard fight for your child. What if it does cost more, if your child is trained for God and His service no cost is too great.

When we get our young people rooted and grounded in the deep things of God, the Holiness movement is established.

Marvelous Experience

The wife of President Edwards records a heavenly experience as follows:

"Last night was the sweetest night I ever had in my life. I never before, for so long a time together, enjoyed so much of the light and rest and sweetness of heaven in my soul, but without the least agitation of body during the whole time. Part of the night I lay awake, sometimes asleep, and sometimes between sleeping and waking. But all night I continued in a constant, clear and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ's excellent love, of His nearness to me, and of my dearness to Him; with an inexpressibly sweet calmness of soul in an entire rest in Him. I seemed to myself to perceive a glow of divine love come down from the heart of Christ in heaven into my heart in a constant stream, like a stream or pencil of sweet light. At the same time my heart and soul all flowed out in love to Christ, so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and reflowing of heavenly love and I appeared to myself to float, or swim in these bright sweet beams, like the motes swimming in the beams of the sun, or the streams of his light which come in at the window. I think that what I felt each minute was worth more than all the outward comfort and pleasure which I had enjoyed in my whole life together. It was pleasure, without the least sting or any interruption. It was a sweetness which my soul was lost in: it seemed to be all that my feeble frame could sustain. There was but little difference, whether I was asleep or awake, but if there was any difference, the sweetness was greatest while I was asleep.

As I awoke early the next morning it seemed to me that I had entirely done with myself. I felt that the opinions of the world concerning me were nothing, and that I had no more to do with any outward interest of my own than with that of a person whom I never saw. The glory of God seemed to swallow up every wish and desire of my heart.

After retiring to rest and sleep a little while, I awoke, and was led to reflect on God's mercy to me, in giving me, for many years a willingness to die; and after that, in making me willing to live, that I might do and suffer whatever He called me to, here. I also thought how God had graciously given me an entire resignation to His will, with respect to the kind and manner of death that I should die; having been made willing to die on the rack, or at the stake, and if it were God's will, to die in darkness.

But now it occurred to me, I used to think of living no longer than ordinary age of man. Upon this I was led to ask myself whether I was not willing to be kept out of heaven even longer; and my whole heart seemed immediately to reply; Yes, a thousand years, and a thousand in horror, if it be most for the honor

of God, the torment of my body being so great, awful, and overwhelming that none could bear to live in the country where the spectacle was seen, and the torment of my mind being vastly greater. And it seemed to me that I found a perfect willingness, quietness and alacrity of soul in consenting that it should be so, if it were most for the glory of God, so that there was no hesitation, doubt, or darkness in my mind. The glory of God seemed to overcome me and swallow me up and every conceivable suffering and every, thing that was terrible to my nature seemed to shrink to nothing before it. This resignation continued its clearness and brightness the rest of the night, and all the next day, and the night following, and on Monday in the



MRS. JONATHAN EDWARDS

forenoon without interruption or abatement.

When I arose on the morning of the Sabbath, I felt a love to all mankind, wholly peculiar in its strength and sweetness, far beyond all that I ever felt before. The power of that love seemed inexpressible. I thought if I were surrounded by enemies, who were venting their malice and cruelty upon me, in tormenting me, it would still be impossible that I should cherish any feelings towards them but those of love and pity and ardent desires for their happiness. I never before felt so far from a disposition to judge and censure others as I did that morning. I realized also, in an unusual and very lively manner, how great a part of Christianity lies in the performance of our social and relative duties to one another. The same joyful sense continued throughout the day sweet love to God and all mankind." —The Vanguard.

When thou prayest rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart. The spirit of prayer is more precious than treasures of gold and silver. Pray often; for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.—Sel.

ACCORDING TO

"That ye may know...the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to that working of the strength of his might which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and made him to sit at his right hand in the heavenly places, far above all." (Eph. 1: 19, 20.)

How many are the prayers for power. Many seek power for service, many power over sin, others power in prayer, but what is the standard set up for the expected power? What is its equivalent? How great is it? If the power you look for will only result in God going halves with the devil in the possession of your heart, it is not the power that "wrought in Christ" and raised Him from the dead.

If the power you look for will only bear the strain of five or ten minutes in prayer daily, when you may be alone with God, can that be the measure of the power that wrought in Christ? If that power will not result in your being kept from falling, that is not the power which raised Jesus "far above all rule and authority and power and dominion and every name that is named . . ."

The power in the believer is to accord with that strength and might which placed Jesus where he now is

IN THE HEAVENLY PLACES.

The power in the believer is to produce spiritual resurrection life, and to place him on the throne with his Lord. Is the power in you "according to that?" This is the power in which Paul accomplished his ministry.

"I was made a ministering servant according to the gift of the grace of God, which was given me in the measure of his mighty working"

Would there be the mourning over the empty churches, flagging Christians, dearth of converts, if the ministers of today served according to the full measure of his mighty working? Are not these failures exactly according to the power claimed, expected, or received? A small measure of power is known, and small results are seen.

Not only in outward service but in inward conflict could Paul give the same testimony.

"I labor in earnest conflict according to his working which worketh in me in mighty power."

Is the labor in intercession and waiting on God at all according to the mighty working power of God? How many prayers are

SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT

because the suppliant has never realized the ability of Him who

"is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power which worketh in us."

Oh! God send Thy mighty steam-hammer to knock my tin-tacks in. Thus men pray. Epaphras, one who contended earnestly in prayer, knew how to pray largely only because he knew the exceeding greatness of the power to usward who believe, "live and labor in prayer," "according to the power which worketh in us."—A. S. Crowe, In *Tongues of Fire*.

PETER CARTWRIGHT

Peter Cartwright was born in Amherst county, Virginia, in 1785. His parents removing to Logan county, Kentucky, he was brought up in that wild region known as "Rogue's Harbor," which was infested with desperadoes and refugee criminals. His natural temperament was in keeping with the spirit of his associates—he was strong, active, sharp-witted and daring. His jovial disposition lent a social charm to his character. At the age of sixteen, as might have been expected, he was a horse-racer and gambler in embryo—addicted to the vices of that rude and lawless community. Cartwright was converted in a camp-meeting at Cane Ridge, after being several months under deep conviction, from the anguish of which, he sold his race-horse, burned his cards, and read the Bible with fasting and prayer. He was licensed to exhort in 1802, and to preach six years later.

HIS EVENTFUL LIFE

"The crowded years of this long and busy life were marked from week to week with the strangest occurrences, the natural results of the wild, unfettered thoughts and life of the West; often most grotesque, and at first sight coarse, and even ridiculous, silly or absurd, to an eastern man; and yet requiring but a brief consideration to discover how peculiarly fit and proper were the rough repartees and even the comical tricks, practical jokes, and ready physical force with which this hardy soldier of the church militant upheld his authority, or silenced his opponents at camp-meetings or in controversy with the ignorant fanatics, the deceivers, and the rabid sectarians of his rugged field."

Doubtless in the wisdom of God was Cartwright chosen—"a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth," so that in encountering colossal difficulties in a crude civilization, he would "thresh the mountains, and make the hills as chaff." The rough, uncouth pioneers were over-awed into subjection by the bold, unusual tactics of this sturdy preacher.

The camp-meetings were often besieged by rowdies, who were organized under a leader, to break up the meeting by noise, personal violence, liquor-selling and drinking, riotous conduct, stealing horses and wagons. Cartwright once thwarted a gang by appointing their own captain to the business of preserving order. One captain was struck down among the "mourners" just as he had come quickly up to hang a string of frogs round the preacher's neck. At another time he knocked their leader off his horse, and had him fined fifty dollars, his discouraged companions having fled. Again he captured the whiskey which the rowdies were drinking, and defeated them in a night-attack on his tent, having gone among them in disguise to learn their plans. Once he sent a liquor-seller to jail for selling on the camp-ground, having himself and four friends summoned by the timid officer as a posse; and the enraged rowdies attacked his quarters that night, he drove off one of their leaders by hitting him a violent blow with "a chunk of fire," and another by a smart stroke on the head with a club, which drove out his "dispensation of mis-

At another time, he had himself and five

stout men summoned by a frightened peace-officer to secure a whiskey-seller who had been rescued by his clan; then forced the reluctant deputy-sheriff to seize thirteen more of the mob, had them all fined, and give security on appeal. On still another occasion, he secured an armed whiskey-seller by night in his own wagon, and scaring him handsomely, fired off his musket, threw away his powder, and drove him away beaten and humiliated. He once silenced a boastful Baptist presbyter by a witty question: "If there are no children in hell, and all young children who die go to heaven, is not that church which has no children in it more like hell than heaven?" He preached three-quarters of an hour to a solitary hearer at his first appointment on a new circuit. He had a large audience at his next appointment at that place, as this hearer had sounded his praise through the country. He hoisted a certain woman out of doors who had disturbed his class-meeting, then held the door shut by standing with his back to it, while he went



PETER CARTWRIGHT

on with the services. When a fat and unbelieving old lady troubled him at a camp-meeting by kicking her daughters as they knelt to pray among the "mourners," he caught her dexterously by the foot and tipped her over backward among the benches, where she bustled about a long time to get up, because of her size, while the victorious preacher went straight on with his exhorting.

There was a dance at an inn where he stopped, and no room to sit in but the ball-room. A young girl politely asked him to dance with her. He led her out on the floor, and as the fiddler was about to strike up, said to the company that it was his custom to ask God's blessings on all his undertakings, and he would do this now. Instantly dropping on his knees, he pulled his partner down too, and prayed until the fiddler fled in fright, and some of the dancers wept or cried for mercy; then proceeded to exhort and sing hymns, and did not cease his labors until he had organized a Methodist church of thirty-two members, and made the landlord classleader. He was once interrupted by a gray-haired Baptist, who called out sternly, "Make us cry, make us cry; don't make us laugh." Cartwright turned short and sharp upon him, and

with equal sternness answered, "I don't hold the puckering strings of your mouths, and I want you to mind the Negroes' eleventh commandment, and that is, 'Every man mind his own business.'"

SOME AMUSING INCIDENTS.

At a quarterly meeting on one of his early circuits, his presiding elder William McKendree, asked the customary question: "Are there any complaints against the preacher?" An old brother arose, and hitching up his nether garments, which had no support but his hips, and expectorating a mouthful of tobacco juice into the fireplace said, "Brother McKendree, that young preacher of ours won't do for the work; he's not fitten." The young preacher flushed and grew pale by turns, his heart beating violently. The elder said, "Brother, what's the matter with Cartwright?" "He's given up to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Brother McKendree, I reckon you and the other brethren will hardly believe me when I tell you that young man is such a slave of fashion that he wears galluses" (i. e. suspenders.) Cartwright was much comforted, on going to bed in the same room with him, to find that Brother McKendree also wore galluses.

A Methodist Conference was held in Nashville, Tenn., shortly after the battle of New Orleans. Peter Cartwright was appointed to preach in one of the churches on Sunday evening. As he was about to announce his text, there was a stir in the congregation, and the pastor pulled the skirt of his coat and said in a whisper, "Brother Cartwright, you must be careful how you preach tonight, General Jackson has just come in." Cartwright replied in a loud tone, "What do you suppose I care for General Jackson? If he don't repent of his sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, he will die and be damned like any other sinner." The next day, General Jackson sent his servant to call him as he was taking his morning stroll, and grasping his hand heartily, said, "Sir, you are a man after my own heart; if I had a regiment of men as brave as you, and you for the chaplain, I'd agree to conquer any country on earth." They became fast friends, Cartwright often stopping at the Hermitage.

One Sunday at the General's dining table, Cartwright was thus accosted by a visiting young lawyer from Nashville: "Mr. Cartwright, do you really believe in such a place as hell? I know you preach a great deal about it, and that's all very well, but I want your private opinion; you are certainly too intelligent a man to believe anything of the kind." As the preacher paused a moment to answer a fool according to his folly, General Jackson impetuously thumped the table with his knife and said, "Mr. Jones, I believe in a hell." "You, General Jackson," said the startled fledgling, "what possible use can you have for any such place?" "To put such infernal fools as you in, sir," thundered the infuriated General. Once he rode to a ferry on the Sangamon River, and heard the ferryman, a herculean fellow, holding forth at the top of

his voice about an old renegade; one Peter Cartwright, prefixing a good many adjectives to his name, declaring that he would drown him in the river if he ever came that way.

When the boat was fairly out into the river, and Cartwright was safe from interference from the crowd, he threw his bridle over the stake on one side of the boat and told the ferryman to lay down his pole. "What's the matter?" asked the man. Said Cartwright, "Well, you have been using my name improperly, and saying that if ever I came this way, you would drown me in the river. I'm going to give you a chance." "Are you Peter Cartwright?" "Yes." So the ferryman laid down his pole and they grappled, when Cartwright caught him by the nape of the neck and slack of his breeches and soused him in the tide—his companions looking on from the bank, unable to interfere. Said the preacher as he plunged him under again, "I baptize thee in the name of the Devil whose child thou art." Having immersed him thrice, he said "Did you ever pray?" "No," answered the ferryman, strangling and coughing in a pitiful manner. "Then it's time you did," said Cartwright; "I'll teach you: say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'" "I won't," said the ferryman. Down he went again. Then lifting him out, "Will you pray now?" "Let me breathe and think," said the ferryman. "No, I won't; I'll make you," said the relentless pioneer, and he immersed him again. Finally pulling him up, he asked him a third time, "Will you pray now?" "I will do anything," was the broken-spirited answer. So Cartwright made him repeat the Lord's Prayer. "Now, let me up," demanded the ferryman. "No," said Cartwright, "not yet. Make me three promises; that you will repeat that prayer; that you will put every Methodist minister across this ferry free of expense; and, that you will go to hear every one that preaches within five miles, henceforth."

The ferryman kept his promise and became a useful member of the church. Cartwright preached for more than sixty years; received 10,000 members into the church, baptized 12,000 children and adults; preached 500 funeral sermons, and approximately 14,600 sermons in the course of his ministry.

Rev. W. H. Milburn D. D., Chaplain U. S. Congress, pays this eloquent tribute to the memory of Peter Cartwright:

"Well do I remember the first time that I saw Peter Cartwright. The Sunday succeeding our removal to the West, we attended the Methodist church. It was a bright June morning; the place, the people, were all strange, and we felt the keen pang of loneliness more on that first day in our Father's house than at any other time. While brooding over the dear old home far away, our attention was arrested by a strange apparition striding up the aisle. All seemed whispering, 'There he goes,' and all eyes were riveted upon a man of medium height, thick set, with enormous bone and muscle, and although his iron-gray

hair and wrinkled brow told of the advance of years, his step was still vigorous and firm. His face was bronzed by exposure to the weather; he carried a white Quaker hat in his hand; and his upper garment was a furniture-calico dressing-gown, without wadding. The truant breeze seized this garment by its skirt, and lifting it to a level with his armpits, disclosed to the congregation a full view of the copperas-colored trousers and shirt of the divine—for he was a divine, and one worth a day's journey to see.

He had been a backwoods preacher for nearly forty years, ranging the country from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. He was inured to every form of hardship, and had looked calmly at peril of every kind—the tomahawk of the Indian, the spring of the panther, the hug of the bear, the sweep of the tornado, the rush of the swollen torrents, and the fearful chasm of the earthquake. He had lain in the canebrake, had made his bed upon the snow of the prairie and on the oozy soil of the swamp, and had wandered hunger-bitten amid the solitude of mountains. He had been in jeopardy among robbers, and in danger from desperadoes who had sworn to take his life. He had preached in the cabin of the slave and in the mansion of the master; to the Indians and to the men of the border. He had taken his life in his hand and ridden in the path of the whizzing bullets, that he might proclaim peace. He had stood on the outskirts of civilization, and welcomed the first comers to the woods and prairies. At the command of Him who said, "Go into all the world," he had roamed through the wilderness; as a disciple of the man who said "The world is my parish," his travels had equalled the limits of an empire. All this he had done without hope of fee or reward; not to enrich himself or his posterity, but as a preacher of righteousness in the service of God and of his fellowmen. Everywhere he had confronted wickedness and rebuked it; every form of vice had shrunk abashed from his irresistible sarcasm and ridicule, or quivered beneath the fiery look of his indignant invective.

In him the character of the Christian minister might have had a somewhat exaggerated infusion of the frontiersman's traits. The whole line of his conduct may not have been marked by the spirit of meekness, or guided by infallible wisdom: but let those who have been tried as he was, and have overcome as he did, be the first to throw the stone of censure at him. Many a son of Anak has been leveled in the dust by his sledge-like fist; and when the blind fury of his assailants urged them head-long into personal conflict with him, his agility, strength, and resolution gave them cause for bitter repentance. Another Gideon, he more than once led a handful of the faithful against the armies of the aliens who were desecrating the place of worship and threatening to abolish religious services, and put them to inglorious flight. But he only

girded on his strength thus, and used the weapons that nature gave him, when necessity and the law of self-defense seemed to admit of no escape. The vocation in which he gloried was that of an itinerant preacher, his congenial sphere that of a pastor in the woods. To breathe the words of hope into the ear of the dying and to minister solace to the survivors; to take little children into his arms and bless them; to feed the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him an overseer, and to warn the ungodly of the error of their ways, entreating them to be reconciled to God by the cross of Christ was the business of his life. Learning he had none, but the keenest perceptions and the truest instincts enabled him to read human nature as men read a book; a sagacity rarely at fault, a vivid sympathy, and a powerful fancy that supplied the want of imagination—these, together with the dedication of his whole soul to his work and a studious and prayerful acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, made him a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

A voice which, in his prime, was capable of almost every modulation, the earnest force and homely directness of his speech, and his power over the passions of the human heart, made him an orator to win and command the suffrage and sympathies of a western audience. And ever through the discourse came and went, and came again, a humor that was resistless, now broadening the features into a merry smile, and then softening the heart until tears stood in the eyes of all. His figures and illustrations were often grand, sometimes fantastic. Like all natives of a new country, he spoke much in metaphors, and his were borrowed from the magnificent realm in which he lived. All forms of nature, save those of the sounding sea were familiar to him and were employed with the easy familiarity with which children use their toys. You might hear, in a single discourse, the thunder tread of a frightened herd of buffaloes as they rushed wildly across the prairie, the crash of the window as it fell smitten by the breath of the tempest, the piercing scream of the wild-cat as it scared the midnight forest, the majestic rhythm of the Mississippi as it harmonized the distance East and West, and bore their tributaries to the far off ocean; the silvery flow of a mountain rivulet, the whisper of groves, and the jocund laughter of unnumbered prairie flowers as they toyed in dalliance with the evening breeze. Thunder and lightning, fire and flood, seemed to be old acquaintances, and he spoke of them with the assured confidence of friendship. Another of the poet's attributes was his—the impulse and power to create his own language; and he was the best lexicon of western words, phrases, idioms, and proverbs, that I ever met.

Such was the man that now stood before us in the desk; the famous Presiding Elder of Illinois—the renowned Peter Cartwright.—The Pentecostal Standard,

LIVING WATER

(Formerly known as Zion's Outlook.)

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EDITORIAL

Dwelling in Stillness

God loves patience! souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing life's little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as pleasing in the Master's sight,
As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Doing great things that all around may see.
Our Savior cares for cheerful acquiescence
Rather than for a busy ministry.

—Mrs. H. W. Brown.

J. J. Rye has been appointed Field Secretary
for the Pentecostal Mission and will endeavor
to visit the various missions during the fall
and winter.

Wanted

A stenographer to work a few hours each
day to pay her way through the Bible Train-
ing School. Address LIVING WATER.

John L. Boaze and family left last week for
their home, Trinidad, Cuba. They return
with a renewed strength and purpose to push
the mission work in that inviting field. Dur-
ing their absence the mission has continued
prosperous through the faithful ministry of
the other missionaries.

Richard Anderson and wife are spend-
ing a few days with us preparatory to sailing
for Guatemala, Central America, next week,
where they are to join Bro. Butler and co-
workers.

N. B. Strickland and wife, of Four Oaks,
N. C., are here in the Training School prepar-
ing for work in Central America.

To Our Trial Subscribers

Many of your subscriptions are now expir-
ing. We hope that you have become so at-
tached to LIVING WATER that you will re-
new your subscription immediately, so as not
to miss a copy of the paper. We would re-
gret to have you drop out of the LIVING WA-
TER family. If you wish the paper continued
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right on from year to year, so as to not miss a
copy. Kindly write us accordingly, so as to
prevent discontinuance, as all papers are
stopped at the expiration of the subscription,
unless we are otherwise notified.

The Scriptures clearly teach that sooner or
later the oppressors of God's ancient people
are to pay the penalty for their cruelties.
Russia has been peculiarly zealous in perse-
cuting the Jews. Perhaps her continued re-
verses in the present war are largely due to
this fact.

Martin College was recently burned and
Rev. B. F. Haynes has moved the school from
Pulaski, Tenn., to Tullahoma, Tenn., where a
good location and buildings were furnished
him. None of the students were injured by
the fire and the school moved in a body to
the present location without any long break
in the work.

We want to furnish the Bible school with a
good library. Some of our friends no doubt
have books that they would like to donate for
this purpose. Webster's Unabridged Diction-
ary, books on Missions, Cyclopaedias, works
on Holiness, Biography, History, Theology,
etc., will be gladly received. Maybe you
wish to have part in this good work, if so
send along some good books.

Rev. Geo. Hughes died at his home in Or-
ange, New Jersey, week before last. He was
one of the pioneers of the National Holiness
Association and was well known among the
Pentecostal workers of the North. He was
for awhile editor of the Guide to Holiness and
was active with his pen in the advocacy of
the truth, even after he was eighty years of
age. Many of our readers will remember the
series of "Pen Pictures" of the Holiness move-
ment he wrote for LIVING WATER two years
ago.

A Foward Step

The Seventh Annual Convention of the
Pentecostal Mission, which was recently held
in this city, was the most satisfactory of all.
The attendance was good, the preaching
above the average, the results far reaching,
and above all the Holy Spirit graciously
manifest. The outlook for the strengthen-
ing and extension of the work is better than
ever before.

Missions were stressed, and we purpose a de-
cided advance on this much neglected line.
We hope to see the day when we will have at
least one hundred trained workers in the for-
eign field.

A number of excellent young people are
now in the Training Schools expecting to
become missionaries. We have enrolled fifty
in our Bible and Literary Training School,

with a goodly number yet to follow, and Bro.
Holmes reports the prospects good for an ex-
cellent attendance in his school at Columbia,
S. C. A few well equipped institutions of
this kind will go far toward settling the prob-
lem of how to secure efficient help for con-
serving and extending the work. When these
schools become able to turn out annually
scores of thoroughly trained missionaries, pas-
tors and evangelists, much of the neglected
territory can then be worked.

LIVING WATER has the blessing of the Lord
upon it and is growing in favor with the peo-
ple.

The Eleventh Hour laborers returned to
the whited harvest fields with an increased
assurance of victory for the ensuing year.
Praise the Lord.

Complaints are being made of a scarcity in
candidates for the ministry. Out of 1,200
students in Harvard, Yale, Columbia and
Princeton graduating this year, only twenty-
eight of all denominations are reported as in-
tending to enter the ministry.

Prof. Matthews says that "all over the
world the number of young men being edu-
cated as clergymen is growing smaller." He
assigns the following reasons:

1. Parents do not want their sons to enter
the ministry. Seldom, if ever, do Christian
families, especially if they are well to do, even
consider the prospect of one of their sons be-
ing a minister.

2. The churches apparently do not care
to have their young men enter the ministry.

3. Ministers do not care to have their sons
enter the ministry. At least, this is the im-
pression made upon me by the fact that so
few sons of ministers follow their fathers, and
by the reasons which many ministers' sons
give me for becoming teachers or business
men.

4. Nobody for the last ten or fifteen years
has taken the trouble to present the matter
systematically or generally to young men in
colleges and academies. The Y. M. C. A.
has maintained a vigorous campaign for mis-
sionaries, and astonishing figures have been
given relative to the number of student vol-
unteers. The testimony of hundreds of
young men taken last summer indicates that
the ministry has never been presented to
them in colleges. They simply never thought
about it."

The cause of this decline is found in the
lapsed spirituality of the churches. A world-
ly, materialistic spirit is drenching us and this
is the explanation of the barrenness in bring-
ing forth clergy material. In Pentecostal
movements there is no shortage of persons
wishing to preach. A church on fire for God
will always have plenty of flaming tongues to
herald the glad tidings.

ANGER

REV. JOSEPH H. SMITH.

That God's anger is, at various times and in different ways, referred to in the Scriptures, and that Jesus is spoken of in at least one instance as "having looked upon them in anger, being grieved," etc., is evidence sufficient that there is such a thing as holy, and even Divine anger. Feeling, as well as principle and attitude, enters into the character of holiness and into the nature of God.

When we are commanded to "abhor that which is evil," it is very evident to God that all the soul's intensity may be, and ought to be aroused in its devotion to righteousness and in its detestation of wickedness. And it is quite likely that much that passes for meekness may be weakness of moral character, and much that seems conciliatory and prudent is of the nature of a compromise, prompted by a desire to conserve personal interests of a material, social or official character. That is to say, when self-interest dominates over righteous conviction of what may appear as an excellent grace of meekness or patience, may be a rascally vice of cowardice and time-serving. Our suspicions in this direction are strengthened by the fact that we have observed instances where those who have easy self-culture and absence of anger before the grossly wicked or the worldly churchman of high position and doubtful practice, have been unable to conceal their impatience towards some of lowlier rank, or to restrain their manifestation of detestation towards those whose vigorous denunciations of sin has been too impolitic for their "conservatism" or whose positive testimony to holiness has been a rebuke or a thorn unto them. Hence, strange as it may sound, we venture that the absence of anger under some circumstances and towards some things is presumptive proof of the lack of holiness, rather than of its possession in a high degree.

There are several characteristics of holy anger, which we will do well to observe.

(1) Its object is invariably a thing rather than a person. Though a sinner will doubtless furnish the occasion of its awakening, nevertheless it is sin and not the sinner that holy love hates and is moved against. The expression of this anger may take on the form of rebuke—perhaps, in some instances, the punishment of the sinner; still the holy soul is grieved at the offense, rather than estranged from the offender.

(2) It is an equable anger. That is, it is aroused against all kinds of sin, and not simply those sins which amount to public crime and those which involve personal interest. It is amazing how "righteously indignant" (?) some may become at the sin of theft when they are the parties robbed, who can nevertheless remain cool and apathetic, and recommend the course of meekness, when the name of

God is profaned all around them. But holy anger takes cognizance of sin on its own account, not on our account. It is an all-around hatred of sin.

(3) Holy anger is reasonable. Unlike carnal wrath, it does not run away with the senses and with the judgment. It is not feeling turned loose; but it is principle and intelligent perception, illuminated and enflamed by sanctified feeling. Hence this anger does not indispose for thought, or work, or prayer, but it accelerates and aids all three. It is, in fact, the warm circulation of a pure love throughout all the system of a purified nature.

(4) It is limited in its duration. Unholy anger settles down into fixed resentments, revenge, grudges and rancors, and is the inspiration of the memory that "can never forget." But the wrath of God is appeasable. "He will not keep his anger forever." Not that He is vacillating, like those who are "quick up and soon over," but He beholds the sinner's sacrifice in Jesus a reconciliation. So that saints who are holily angry, fixing their eye upon the atonement for sin, find themselves, with Stephen and with Jesus, praying for the worst of the sinful, and so they let not the sun go down upon their wrath.

There are instinctive excitements, or provocations, which ought hardly to be classed as either carnal or holy anger, which yet have a semblance of both, and, while they are more properly included with infirmities or temptations, may nevertheless, by the action of the will, or its inaction, either one, either develop into holy anger or degenerate into carnal wrath. To this class belong all those instinctive and disagreeable sensations which we feel from the jostle of the malicious, irreligious and thoughtless about us.

Against both the possibilities of instinctive anger and the deflection of holy anger we need the apostle's injunction, "Be ye angry and sin not;" but against the carnal anger of a corrupt nature we need his command, "Let all anger be put away from you."—Christian Standard.

Hans Don't Like The Suppression Theory

I haf me mine made up. Der is someding midtin me wrong—ungovernable—someding uncondrolable. Some peoples calls it "a chip off die old block," die "upsetting sin," a "droublesome somedings," a "fearful feelings" undsowweiter.

I haf found me oudt vat der matter mid me is. It is dot undesired, unmanageable, ungentlemanly, unkindt, unholy old man midtin. He must outcast be. I haf me mine made up to lead him to der electrocutor's chair vonced where he must die. I haf tried to "keep him under," but ven I looks not for him, oudt

he comes up yusht ven I don't vant him. I haf tried to "subbress" him, vat Mr. Kesvick would say; but ven I see mine neighbor's pigs in der garden midt mine krount make havoc, I gets off die cellar-door where I keeps him subbressed, undt schpoiles die beautiful subbression theory. I am sorry for Mr. Kesvick. Den I goes back to der house undt feels bad. I goes into mine chamber undt kneels before mine Fadder in heaven, undt says, "Fadder die subbression arrangement dond't work; vill you blease forgif me vonced more, undt I vill take die express blan. Fadder, I haf me mine made up." Den Fadder forgifs me, undt den, singing, I goes along life's road, braising die Lordt, uadtsowweiter.

Die old man haf schpoiled me many meetdings. Often haf I die Spirit quenched when I should haf schwung oudt for Godt. Den I returned home midt a droubled soul. He has schpoiled me mine life at home undt away in vays too numerous to mention. When I vas oftewelmdt mid a tousand cares he comes up from der cellar, where I keeps him a "fretful, peevisht" old fellow. When die children vas vildt undt aet yousht as if it vas going to schtorm bretty soon, he schtepped oudt from his headquarters as "cross as a bear." When die needs of die home vere abarent, he manifested himself as a "much-wrouged neglected, undt unappreciated" old man. Ven some von schpoke vell of mine life, wridings or sayings, he come oudt like an inflated vindbag, vaunting himself in his boasting pride. When some von mine exalted views crossed he assumed schtraighthvay de argumentative, undt sought to down die odder feller midt cunningly-devised logick, undt, if successful, he vendt schtrudting from der fieldt like Naboleon before he meets Mr. Vellingdon; but if unsuccessful, he vendt home midt der pouchts, nursing his vounded bride undt a ranking in his heart vot brought disaster to der life spiritual.

He is a queer old man. He vants die breminence. He had seated himself in die throne-room of my soul, undt demanded absoludt attention. He vanted to be noticed. He ofden felدت jildtet or schilted. He grew fat on braise. He lifed on Fladtery Avenue. He vas always "at home," although down cellar midt his hell-invented baraphenalia. He vas all schmiles undt sunshine ven all vas "quiedt on der Patomac," but black as der midnight darkness ven someding vas wrong. He ofden got up "on der wrong side of der bedt." He had schpells quiedt frequently, und sometimes offener. He would get "nervous" when me mine neighbor's schtock boddered. He would be "positiff" when I disagreed midt der mule. He would feel "indisposed" when it vas time to go to church, or when der collection-basket vas bassed.—Printed in tract form; 2 cents each; 25 cents each per. dozen; \$1 per hundred.—Revivalist.

Have you been receiving LIVING WATER on our five months' trial offer? If so the time will soon expire and we hope you will renew promptly.

OUR Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me" Prov. 8:17

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

Dear Cousins:—

I know you will be glad to hear that the orphan girl I wrote about a few weeks since has been taken into a good Christian home. I received a number of kind letters from Christian people in regard to her, and wish I had the opportunity of putting some homeless child into every one of these families. I will say more to you about this later, for my heart has been much stirred about it.

Henderson Xroads, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I will write you a few lines for the first time in my life. I remember you in my prayers. I have one sister, and she is unsaved, and I want you to pray for her. I have a mother and two brothers in heaven. I feel like one of God's children. If I see this in print, I will write again. Love to all the cousins.

Bonnie Roberts.

Keep on praying for me, dear. I need your prayers. And hold on to God for your sister. Don't give her up. Jesus has all power given Him in heaven and earth. Do you believe this? If so, trust Him, and pay no attention to the discouragements of the devil.

Henderson Xroads, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am sixteen years of age, and going to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Lena Band. I have one sister, and she is sanctified, and have a mother and two brothers in heaven. I am not a Christian, but want to be. Pray that I may be saved. I want you to pray for my father, who is a sinner, and I do not know where he is. Pray that he may be saved and sanctified. If this is published I will write again. May God be with all the cousins.

Oedie Roberts.

My dear girl, when we yield our hearts to Jesus, it is easy to trust Him to save us. We can't live a Christian life, and a worldly life at the same time. I somehow believe that we make a real choice, make it way down in our hearts. Here are two pathways open before us. On one hand, a broad road filled with a great hungry multitude of people. "Come this way," cries Satan. "You are young, you need pleasure, and there is no harm in having a good time. I offer you just what every girl ought to have. I think young people ought to have the pleasure of the dance, the theater, the card-table, in moderation. When you are older you can leave off these things. Come and travel my road for the first few years of your life. Then change to the other." On the other side we see a narrow path, and Jesus stands pointing to it. "It is the way I trod," He is saying. "Come to me and I will give you life, eternal life. Your past sins shall be blotted out, you shall be made God's

child, with a new nature put into you. I will give you rest and peace and joy now. I will be your Friend and Guide. I will lead you to God and heaven. But if you take me, you must give up the sinful pleasures of the world. You can't walk in the broad road and narrow one at the same time. You can't serve two masters. Take me, and what I offer, and you will get life from God, now."

When this passed before me, I chose Jesus. I couldn't help it. I just couldn't turn away from Him—loving Christ that He is. He had died for me. How could I turn my back upon Him, and say no? Well, it meant a change in my life. I had to keep out of lots of things my schoolmates did, but I am not sorry. I am so glad I ever chose Jesus and what He offered me. Praise the Lord for salvation in His Son.

Echo, Tenn

Dear Cousin Eva:—You never heard of this little five year old girl, but I have heard so much of you that we tried to see you a few weeks ago, when we were on a visit to my Uncle Walter, in Nashville. I am a little girl; but I help my mamma do the house work, and nurse my baby sister. My papa and mamma belong to the Methodist Church, and I will too, sometime. My grandma wrote this for me. She is an old friend of yours. Before long I will write myself. Love to you and the little cousins.

Please answer.

Carrie Hall Stratton.

What a nice, sweet letter Grandma writes for little Carrie. You must try and learn to write neatly, too, as you grow old enough. Little girls can help a good deal, when they truly want to. And even very little girls can be Jesus' helpers. How? Not by doing great things, of course. They can't preach sermons or write books, but if they are his own little girls, He will find many sweet things for them to do, yes, and true, brave things as well. If you gave your heart to Jesus, and told Him you would be His own little girl, that would mean that you were to obey Him, do what He wants you to do. Let us suppose a case. Here is a little girl whom we will call Alice. She sees that she cannot be saved unless Jesus saves her, so she goes to Him and asks Him to take her, and be her Savior. A few days after this another little girl calls her to one side of the schoolyard, and begins to whisper a secret in her ear. Alice hears but a few words before she realizes that this secret is something mamma wouldn't want her to hear. It is not nice, it comes from the unclean heart of the little girl who loves to talk about unclean things. Alice also feels down in her soul that her dear Savior, whom she has so recently promised to love and obey, does not approve of these things. Her face flushes and she feels that she must refuse to listen if she would be true to Jesus and true to mamma. But it requires bravery to do this, and she is sure this schoolmate will get angry and call her a "goody-goody" girl. But she really loves Jesus, because He has died for her, and she is trusting Him to save her. So she says, "Jennie, please lets don't talk about these things,

I know mamma doesn't want me to, nor does your mamma. If we want to understand things, I think we ought to go to our own dear mothers, who are wise and will tell us the truth. Then, too, I have given my heart to Jesus, and I know that He doesn't want me to listen to things that are not modest and good. And Jennie, I wish you would take Jesus for your own dear Savior, and I believe you would love Him so much that you would only want to talk about what you would be willing for Him to hear." Now Carrie, and all you little cousins, such things do come up. O, so many girls are the kind who call others off to a quiet corner, and whisper their ugly secrets.

It would require real bravery to act as we have supposed Alice did. This is what I call being true to Jesus, and helping Him. I do wish you would, now, give that heart to the precious Savior, and then obey Him, and be His little helper.

Moltke, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—For the first time in my life I will try to write to LIVING WATER. I was converted about three weeks ago and joined the church. I have four sisters and one brother. My oldest sister belongs to the M. E. Church, South. I have one sister and two brothers in heaven, and I hope to meet them, too, some bright day. My mamma and papa are both Christians. Papa belongs to the Baptist Church, and mamma belongs to the M. E. Church, South. I will ring off for this time. Bye, bye, Cousin Eva. Your new cousin,

Myrtle Williams.

Sandusky, Ill.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Here comes a little girl eleven years old. Papa takes LIVING WATER and I like to read the children's page. I am a Christian. We are having a grand meeting here. I was converted Tuesday night. There have been twenty-one converted during the meeting. I have two sisters and a brother. We are all Christians. My papa and mamma are both Christians, and thank the Lord, I am glad to say it too. I have one sister married. She has the sweetest little baby girl. Its name is Jeanie Smalling. I haven't any pets at all. Well I will close. I hope to see this letter in print.

Your new cousin,

Jessie Phelps.

Myrthe and Jessie, how glad I am you have listened to the voice of Jesus, and have broken away from Satan. You know, dear little girls, that the enemy of our souls does all in his power to keep us from Jesus. He advises us to put it off, tells us there is plenty of time, that surely we have many years yet before us, and we must first get some real pleasure out of the world. Well, many heed his words, and lose their poor souls. But, if he can't keep us from Jesus, if he can't keep us from getting saved, he will try to cheat us out of what Jesus has given us. So pray to your Savior to help you keep near Him, and be watchful, that the devil doesn't succeed in winning you away from Jesus. How he cools off some people! But Jesus can help us, and will, just as long as we seek to obey Him. He wants to keep us, bless His name, and will, if you will just mind Him. Be obedient then, for He knows what is right.

Kimberling, Va.

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am going to school. I am at grandmother's tonight, and my little sister is living with her. She has a little pet calf and a doll. My oldest sister is married. She married Mr. Jim Miller. She

came up today to the wedding supper at at Mrs. Holliday's. My sister is going to the fair at Radford the 18th of October. I went to Sunday-school every Sunday this summer, and I am going to the every-day school now. My teacher's name is Miss Edie Wagoner, and I like her very much. I am in the Spelling Book and Third Reader and Arithmetic. We have a fine time at school. I am not a Christian, but want to be one. I am twelve years old.

Remember me, when this you see,
If my grave should be my bed,
Remember me when I am dead.

May Bird.

Thank you for the pretty hearts at the top of your letter. Cousin Eva had to laugh at that funny little rhyme at the end. It made me think of verses I used when a child. And yet it brought serious thoughts also. "When I am dead." Ah, May, *we don't die*. Our bodies, of course, are laid in the grave, *but our souls live right on*. They pass out of this world, only to enter at once upon another. Terrible thought if we are not ready for another world. O, if I didn't love God, if I was not trusting Jesus for salvation, how afraid I would be to make the change. I would be sorry that my poor soul couldn't die, if it had to live in torment. But that wouldn't help. We will spend eternity somewhere. We are all going to live forever, somewhere. Where? Well, praise God, I am looking up in His face and saying,

"Hallelujah 'tis done,
I believe on Thy Son,
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One"

I am trusting Jesus, and no one else, nothing else, for my soul, and I expect to live on through eternity with Him.

Neal, Okla

Dear Cousin Eva:—I am a little girl twelve years of age. I love God with all my heart. Mamma takes LIVING WATER. I enjoy reading it. My school is out. My teacher's name was Margery Dykes. I love to go to Sunday-school and learn about Jesus. I will close, hoping to see this in print, with love to you and all the cousins. Your little saved girl, Lula Trammell.

Dear Lula, what a blessed thing to be able to write "your little saved girl." So few of us, I believe, really appreciate what it means to be saved. First, what it meant to God to give His Son, second, what it meant to Jesus to leave heaven and come to the earth and suffer and die for us, and then what it means to us to *really* become children of God, joint heirs with Christ. What a wonderful thing, and yet how matter of fact we accept it and how little we make of it. It looks like we ought to be shouting and praising God all the time for this great blessing. Now, dear cousins, just as we read this, stop and try to realize what a wonderful blessing this is that has come into your life. Then ask the Lord to really show you what it means to be saved, and then I think you will feel like praising God. Try it.

Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Cousin Eva:—Your answers to the children's letters interest me so much, that I felt like writing to you. LIVING WATER is the best paper I ever read, and I am going to read it all the time. I don't take it but Mrs. Rolland does. From your loving friend,
Gilbert Hume.

I am glad you, like our paper, and that you expect to continue to read it. I trust that the great truths it contains will get down in your heart and bring forth fruit in your life. When I read your letter I thought what a good thing it would be if every cousin would try to get at least one new subscriber for the paper. Many of them could get several, and there is hardly anyone who could not get one. This would help the paper, and then just think how much help it would be to your friends whom you induced to subscribe. Has the paper been a blessing to you? If so, lets try to pass it on to someone else. How many of you will try it? When you send the subscriptions in, tell them in the office that you are one of the cousins. I believe this is a fine chance for you to do some good.

Cousin Eva.

Expectation Corner

If we were asked to name an inexpensive book specially designed to increase the faith of God's children we should unhesitatingly recommend the above named book, written by E. S. Elliott. It is one of the most wonderfully inspiring books we have ever read. The writer opens up before the mind the boundless provision made for the happiness, comfort and highest welfare of God's children, and how alas by unbelief they are depriving themselves of these rich blessings, and shamefully dishonoring their Lord by so doing. It would seem almost impossible for any Christian to read this book and not feel like living a great deal nearer to his spiritual income than he has ever done before. If you want to have your spiritual appetite sharpened, and have a fat soul, then by all means read this book. Bound in cloth cover and sells for the small sum of 40 cents, or paper cover 10 cents.

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DOXOLOGY IN AN EMPTY FLOUR-BARREL

H. B. GIBBUD

It is one thing to trust God when the flour-barrel is full, when there is money in the bank to fall back on, and when the wages are coming in regularly; it is quite another thing to trust God when the barrel is empty, the money in the bank is gone, and no wages coming in. Under those conditions one is quite apt to find what is supposed to be faith in God was simply faith in a full flour-barrel.

I heard the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, say: "When I came to a place of testing where my faith was most needed, I found it gradually going and then I learned to look less to my faith, and to depend more on God's faithfulness."

Only as we come to God's Word and plant our feet upon the promises, shall we find faith abiding in times of testing. The flour may be gone; the money may be gone; the salary gone; but God is there.

I know this to be true. I often said in public talks: "It takes real faith in God to be able to put your head into an empty flour-barrel, and sing the doxology." My wife had heard me say this, and not long since called me to come to the kitchen.

I said: "What do you want me for?"

She replied "I want you to come out here and sing." I thought this queer so went out to see what it all meant.

In the center of the floor was an empty flour-barrel she had just dusted out.

"Now, my dear" said she, "I have often heard you say one could put his head into an empty flour-barrel, and sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' If he believed what God said. Now here is your chance: practice what you preach."

There was the empty flour-barrel staring at me with open mouth; my pocket book was as empty as the barrel, I was not on a salary and knew of no money that was coming in. I do not know that my wife enjoyed my preaching, but she was evidently bent on enjoying my practicing. I looked for a way of escape, but could not find that, my wife blocking the door of exit with the dust-brush covered with flour.

I said: "I will put my head in and sing on one condition."

"What's that?" said my wife.

"The condition that you will put your head in with me. You know you promised to share my joys and sorrows."

She consented; so we put our heads in, and sang the long meter doxology. I will not say what else we did, but we had a good time; and when we got our heads out, we were a good bit powdered up, which we took as a token that there was more flour to follow.

Sure enough, though no person knew of our need of the empty barrel, the next day a groceryman called with a barrel of flour for the Gibbuds! Who sent it or where it came from, we do not know to this day, save that

we know our heavenly Father knew that we had "need of these things."

I have joined with a thousand voices in singing the grand old doxology; I have sung it in many a fine church building, also in the open air under the blue canopy of heaven; but there is something very peculiar about the sound of the song when sung in an empty flour-barrel under the foregoing conditions. I have repeated the experience once or twice since, with the same result, though now I never spend any time in looking for my faith; I simply apply for flour at Phil. 4:19, and then sing: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Bread, butter, beef, beans, and all our needs we find can be supplied from the same place.—Pittsburg Advocate.

The Great Need Of Prevailing Prayer

The worldiness and sin of this age is heart-rending. Multitudes are rushing on to destruction through saloons, the beer gardens, the brothels, the theaters and a thousand other devices of Satan. Drunkenness, licentiousness and all kinds of debauchery are on the increase. The judgments of God are plainly seen throughout the world in famine, in pestilence, in floods, in wrecks on land and sea, and in the awful wars of recent years. The indifference and luke-warm condition among God's professed people is appalling. Even the Holiness movement is not what it has been in the past, at least in many places.

We all need more of the old-time power and glory. There needs to be more prevailing prayer for all who are seeking the lost. More prayer for Holiness schools, Holiness churches, Holiness evangelists, Holiness papers and all engaged in the Holiness work. There should be much special prayer for the unity of God's people everywhere. Every Christian should pray earnestly to God to stop that awful war in the far east and especially for the sick and dying and bereaved friends. Cry to God to relieve such untold suffering resulting from this war. The work of Holiness suffers most by its professed friends. Yours for the unity of the faith among all believers.—S. B. Shaw.

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TESTIMONIES

I do praise God for His goodness to me. I am glad I am one of His saved and sanctified children. I joined the church at fourteen years of age and lived a justified life until August, 1903, when I received the second blessing. We have a little Holiness band here in Alabama. I ask the prayers of all the readers of LIVING WATER to help me do my Master's blessed will. I am in the Holiness movement to stay until Jesus comes on earth. Your sister in Christ. Mrs. Drusilla Clark. Echo, Ala.

I want to tell what the dear Lord has done for me. Praise His name, He has saved my soul from sin. He forgave all my sins when a small child, but as I became older, I found there was a higher life for me. There was something in my heart that said "It's for you." I stood off for awhile, but bless God, when I fell at His feet, He wonderfully sanctified me and put such love in my heart no tongue can tell. Bless His name. I am still saved and kept by His blood. C. E. Ponder. Dodson, La.

Please allow me to praise the Lord through your valuable paper since He is so precious to my soul. I praise Him for a free and full salvation that cleanses from all sin that we may serve our dear Lord in deed and in truth. I cannot praise him enough for sanctifying me. His precious truths have been singing through my soul ever since. Praise His holy name. My greatest desire is to do something for my dear Savior. I pray God that I may learn of Him each day of my life. Our prayer meeting is still going on. Your sister in Christ. Erin, Tenn. Mrs. Eutha Reynolds.

We are still in the ranks of the Lord, fighting the battles, and by the help of the Lord we will conquer every foe. Praise the Lord that holiness has been planted in our midst, and there is a goodly number doing their best to spread it, for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," (Heb. 12:14), or in other words no man shall enter heaven without it. May the Lord thrust out more Holiness preachers, and send them to the thirsty in His vineyard, where the people are perishing for the true gospel. The Lord was with us in great power last Sunday at the different points and some were heard to shout the praise of God because of such a feast to the soul. As most of the workers are farmers and will have only a few weeks in which to work, we are organizing for a short campaign and will be ready soon for work. Pray for us that we may go only where the Lord would have us go, as the time is short and so many souls are perishing without God. Our Sunday-school and prayer-meetings are still doing well. Yours, under the blood, S. C. Baldwin. Ozark, Ala.

It is now fourteen months since God sanctified me and it has been the best part of my life. I would not go back into the justified state without sanctification, for everything this world could give. I praise God for salvation that puts a heart of love, peace, joy and gladness in the Holy Ghost in me in place of the stony heart that I once had. God has healed me of rheumatism, and heals all my diseases. It pleases Him for me to trust Him entirely for health and strength daily. Dear ones in Christ, God is leading me through some dark places but praise His name I have learned that He does this to teach us precious lessons in faith and trust and by these dark places. As dear Sister Anderson, puts it, He is leading us to overcome the giants, smooth the wrinkles, take away the blemishes and perfect the work He has begun. I want the prayers of all God's people, that He may have His way with me whatever the cost to this flesh. I want Him to make of me just what He wants, without one particle of my own will in His way, to be used by Him to His own glory. Praise His dear name I do love Him this morning. He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul and I love all His dear people. I feel and realize down deep in my heart that we are truly brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. Amen, praise Father Son and Holy Ghost. Yours, under the blood, Laura E. Adcock. Upshaw, Ala.

I joined the Methodist church in 1855, I think like a great many do in these days, without knowing anything about the power of the Holy Ghost to cleanse me from all sin, and I remained in this unsatisfied state for five years. I would listen to the testimony of some of the brothers and sisters and I knew that they had something I did not have. I would reason with myself and sometimes think I had better be out of the church than in it and so I went on. But in 1860 I was pungently convicted and the more I prayed the darker my way seemed to be. I would tell the Lord everything I could think of and I had no rest day nor night and at last there came a time when I felt that I deserved nothing but God's wrath and I told the Lord to send me to hell if it was His will. I felt willing that His will should be done right there and then. The burden of guilt was taken away and I knew that I had peace with God. I was happy and thought there was nothing more for me. Oh! how bright everything looked and I went from the church rejoicing. I know that I was in a justified state. I went upstairs that night and before going to bed I fell upon my knees to thank the Lord for the pardon of my sins and in a moment the power of the Holy Ghost fell upon me and when it came down I ran all around the room shouting and laughing and praising God for the wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost that flooded my soul with such wonderful joy. Since that time I have known there was a Holy Ghost. May God bless all you are doing for the betterment of the world. Your brother in Jesus. W. H. Carr. Jewell, Ga.

Publisher's Column. LIVING WATER

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REV. J. O. MCCLURKAN, EDITOR.
JOHN T. BENSON, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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Spiritual Incense

Concluded from page 1

them on minor phases of the work, and the best mode of carrying it forward—love that enables one to see and appreciate the pure gold found under various points of difference in teaching, is a marked feature in those chosen to lead in this Pentecostal work.

As one notes the various elements gathered together in these conventions; the radical, turbulently-inclined teacher amicably standing by the side of those whose watchword is love and fraternal fellowship with all who truly love and follow the Lord Jesus Christ, one is constrained to praise God afresh for the divine fire that welds such diverse characteristics into a chain of surpassing strength and power.

May this chain engirdle each one of us, and may the altar fire that forges the link burn at such white heat in our hearts that all within us that is not of Christ, may speedily be consumed.

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Seasons of the Soul

Sharp winters with their frosts, chill and deadness in our affections, and the hours of darkness which recur to dim our understandings, are not unmixed evil. In the coming rest such alternations will not be needed: therefore no summer or winter or shades of night are there. Here, like the gales from the ocean, they remind us of our state, and in that state work in the creature what is really best for it. We could not bear, while as we are, unbroken day. It would, though we know it not, destroy the creature.

Ceaseless summer would wear us out. So faith wanes and waxes, and Christ is seen and hid, each change making the creature learn its own dependence; forcing it to feel, that, though blessed, it is a creature all whose springs of life and joy are not its own.—Sel.

Slow Growth.

Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth; the newer, and greater, and higher, and nobler the work, the slower is its growth, the surer is its lasting success. Mushrooms attain their full power in a night; oaks require decades.

A fad lives its life in a few weeks: a philosophy lives through generations and centuries. If you are sure you are right, do not let the

voice of the world or of friends, or of family, swerve you for a moment from your purpose.

Accept slow growth if it must be slow, and know the results must come, as you would accept the long, lonely hours of the night,—with absolute assurance that the heavy-loaded moments must bring the morning.—Selected

Conscience.

The old illustration of the man who failed to heed his alarm clock and in consequence soon failed to hear it, finds a new version in the following note in *The Evening Post* (New York) about ex-Chief Bonner of the New York fire department:

"Chief Bonner once said that he could hear the slightest tap of the bell over his bed, while the baby could cry loudly all night without disturbing him. 'My wife,' he added, 'never hears the fire alarm, but she wakes up with the slightest squeak from the baby.' Fireman also say that they get so accustomed to the bell in their station that they notice none other."

That is what comes of not simply hearing but heeding, and it is the same with the voice of conscience.—Sel.

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