

Phineas F. Bresee A PRINCE IN ISRAEL

By E. A. Girvin

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APPENDIX



(selected Chapter fragments only)

A Peculiar Temptation

During all the time that Brother Bresee was Presiding Elder of the Winterset District, he was passing through an awful experience along the line of doubt. To use his own words: "I had a big load of carnality on hand always, but it had taken the form of anger, and pride, and worldly ambition. At last, however, it took the form of doubt. It seemed as though I doubted everything. I thought it was intellectual, and undertook to answer it. I thought that probably I had gone into the ministry so early in life, that I had never answered the great questions of being, and of God, and of destiny and sin and the atonement, and I undertook to answer these great questions. I studied hard to so answer them as to settle the problems which filled my mind with doubt. Over and over again, I suppose a thousand times, I built and rebuilt the system of faith, and laid the foundation of revelation, the atonement, the new birth, destiny, and all that, and tried to assure myself of their truth; I would build a pyramid, and walk a bout it and say: 'It is so. I know it is so. It is in accord with revelation. It is in accord with my intuitions. It is in accord with history and human experience. It is so, and I do not question it.' And I would not get through the assertions of my certainty, before the Devil or something else, would say, 'Suppose it isn't so, after all?' And my doubts would not be any nearer settled than they were before."

Is Sanctified

Winter came on and they were in the midst of a protracted meeting, but the terrible doubt which tortured Brother Bresee during his Presiding Eldership, continued to plague him. To again quote his words: "There came one of those awful, snowy, windy nights, such as blow across the Western plains occasionally, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. Not many were out to church that night. I tried to preach a little, the best I could. I tried to rally the people to the altar, the few that were there, and went back to the stove, and tried to get somebody to the Lord. I did not find any one. I

turned toward the altar; in some way it seemed to me that this was my time, and I threw myself down across the altar and began to pray for myself. I had come to the point where I seemingly could not go on. My religion did not meet my needs. It seemed as though I could not continue to preach with this awful question of doubt on me, and I prayed and cried to the Lord. I was ignorant of my own condition. I did not understand in reference to carnality. I did not understand in reference to the provisions of the atonement. I neither knew what was the matter with me, nor what would help me. (Sounds similar to my own impossible position before He rescued me with His Rest-Edit.)

But, in my ignorance, the Lord helped me, drew me and impelled me, and, as I cried to Him that night, He seemed to open heaven on me, and gave me, as I believe, the baptism with the Holy Ghost, though I did not know either what I needed, or what I prayed for. But it not only took away my tendencies to worldliness, anger and pride, but it also removed the doubt. For the first time, I apprehended that the conditions of doubt were moral instead of intellectual, and that doubt was a part of carnality that could only be removed as the other works of the flesh are removed."

Under the ministry of Brother Bresee, the work at Chariton was fairly prosperous. The Lord gave him more grace, liberty and blessing in every way. He held a good revival meeting with some fruits. It seemed, however, as if there was always a fuss in reference to something. The folks were stirred up about tobacco, or worldliness, or something else. But many friends rallied around them. They met with good success, and the church grew and prospered. As Dr. Bresee put it, "Nobody got sanctified but myself, and I did not know anything about it." There was an uplift of spirituality, and one or two seemed to enter into the experience of full salvation. But, as Brother Bresee preached a more spiritual gospel, there was more antagonism.

Appointed To Old Fort Street Methodist Episcopal Church (Chap 9)

That week the Southern California Conference convened in the First church, Bishop Warren presiding. Dr. Bresee's transfer from Bishop Simpson was presented, and he was placed on the list of Conference preachers, which was a very small body. When the Conference was over, and the appointments read, Dr. Bresee's name appeared as pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church. Los Angeles at that time only claimed a population of about twenty thousand, and the First church for a city of that size, was a very strong organization, having between three and four hundred members. It was distinguished for the character of its personnel and family and social life, and contained within its membership much deep and earnest piety. There were those in it who were determined to put it on a basis of fashionable church life, and there were also those who were intensely spiritual.

In due time the Bresee family found themselves ensconced in the parsonage, which was a cottage on Broadway, between Fourth and Fifth. They remained in this church three years, with steady and growing success throughout that period.

Dr. Bresee here found for the first time in his ministry, a class of fully sanctified people. They were clear, sound, substantial, evangelical, and were earnestly and intelligently, although rather quietly, pushing the work of full salvation. Dr. Bresee says of these people: "I instinctively in spirit allied myself with them, and, while they must have known that I was not in the clear enjoyment of the blessing, they seemed to appreciate whatever efforts I could and did make, in assisting them in the work of holiness. They were very kind and gentle. They doubtless prayed much for me, but they did not pray at me, and they stood close by me, and sustained me in every way throughout my ministry. The spiritual life of the church continually increased, and there was a good degree of blessing on my ministry, the church rapidly growing in every way."

The Mac Donald And Watson Meeting

In the second year of this pastorate, through the instrumentality of the leading holiness members of the First church, and other holiness people in Los Angeles, arrangements were made for Doctors Mac Donald and Watson to come to the Pacific coast, and hold a few meetings. They held services in the First church for a period of three weeks. Dr. Bresee stated to me that, while the meeting was a good one, it did not seem to him as at all remarkable. A number of persons were sanctified, and there were some conversions, but, while there was no special, outspoken opposition, the work of holiness seemed peculiarly unpopular, and was exceedingly difficult. Nevertheless, in this meeting good progress was made.

A Great Crisis

Dr. Bresee thus characterized this crisis in his career: "I passed through this meeting in general accord with both the teaching and spirit of the brethren, and did what I could to help push the work of holiness. However, I did not come to any special realization of my own lack and need. But it was not very long after the meeting before I began to be awakened to the deep necessities of my own heart. This realization grew more and more intense, until my heart cry began to go out to God for the mighty grace that was adequate to all my needs.

"At this time there came to me in answer to prayer, a very striking experience. I had been for some time in almost constant prayer, and crying to God for something that would meet my needs, not clearly realizing what they were, or how they could be met. I sat alone in the parsonage, in the cool of evening, in the front parlor near the door. The door being opened, I looked up into the azure in earnest prayer, while the shades of evening gathered about. As I waited and waited, and continued in prayer, looking up, it seemed to me as if from the azure there came a meteor, an indescribable ball of condensed light, descending rapidly toward me. As I gazed upon it, it was soon within a few score feet, when I seemed distinctly to hear a voice saying, as my face was upturned towards it: 'Swallow it; swallow it,' and in an instant it fell upon my lips and face. I attempted to obey the injunction. It seemed to me, however, that I swallowed only a little of it, although it felt like fire on my lips, and the burning sensation did not leave them for several days. While all of this of itself would be nothing, there came with it into my heart and being, a transformed condition of life and blessing and unction and glory, which I had never known before. I felt that my need was supplied. I was always very reticent in reference to my own personal experience. I have never gotten over it, and I have said very little relative to this; but there came into my ministry a new element of spiritual life and power.

People began to come into the blessing of full salvation; there were more persons converted; and the last year of my ministry in that church was more consecutively successful, being crowned by an almost constant revival. When the third year came to a close, the church had been nearly doubled in membership, and in every way built up."

A Great Tide Of Salvation (Chap. 11)

A short time after the beginning of the new Conference year, a brief meeting of about two weeks duration was held in Asbury church, at which Dr. Mac Donald and Dr. Wood assisted Brother Bresee. The Lord very graciously poured out His Spirit, and on the afternoon of the second Sabbath of the meeting, many persons were at the altar, and at a subsequent meeting one of the leading members of the official board cried to God for full salvation. Amidst tears and prayers, he looked up, and seeing some of the brethren of the official board standing by, exclaimed: "Brethren, you can't depend on me any longer." God wonderfully sanctified him, and all, or nearly all, the members of the board came into the experience of sanctification. A goodly number of persons were converted, and there was a great tide of victory.

Amanda Smith

In the midst of one of the protracted meetings held in Asbury church during this period Amanda Smith, the noted colored evangelist, came to Los Angeles. She helped at the meetings for a few days. Dr. Bresee gives the following eloquent description of this mighty woman of God: "She preached one Sabbath afternoon, as I never heard her preach before, and as I have rarely ever heard anybody preach, in strains of holy eloquence and unction, almost equal to Bishop Simpson in the zenith of his power and sacred oratory. The Lord opened heaven on the people in mighty times of glory." Among those who were sanctified, was a young preacher who was still in one of the Conferences. He was so overwhelmed by the mighty baptism which came upon him, that for days he was confined to his bed, and about all he could do was to lift up his hands and exclaim: "The Lord God of Elijah." He did not get over it for a long time. The last I heard of him he still claimed to be sanctified. Pearl Sigler, another young preacher, was also sanctified at this meeting. He joined the Southern California Methodist Episcopal Conference, and maintained and preached the experience up to the time of his death in Kansas City.

During the year of Dr. Bresee's ministry at Asbury church, he was absent nine weeks attending national campmeetings in the eastern states and middle west, and the tide of salvation in Asbury had received such marvelous impulse by the outpouring of the Spirit, that it went right along throughout his absence, without any diminution in the downpour of victory and glory.

Dr. Bresee desired and expected to return to Asbury church the second year, and was invited to do so by the church, but Bishop Mallalieu, against his earnest protests, appointed him as Presiding Elder of the Los Angeles District. Brother Bresee put forth every effort that was possible to avoid having this appointment thrust upon him, but he was unsuccessful.

Conditions Preceding Dr. Bresee's Withdrawal From M. E. Church

I deem it best to quote from Dr. Bresee as to the circumstances and motives which actuated him in withdrawing from the church of which he had so long been an honored member: "It had been my long cherished desire to have a place in the heart of the city, which could be made a center of holy fire, and where the gospel could be preached to the poor. In the early part of this year (1894), such an opportunity presented itself. Persons into whose hands had come as a trust, an amount of money sufficient to open a work of this kind, came to me with proposals to enter upon such an enterprise. They desired me to co-operate with them in securing a proper location, putting up suitable buildings, and conducting a work of such magnitude as might be sufficient to accomplish the results that we all so ardently desired. The conditions of this enterprise were such that, if it was entered upon, it must necessarily be undenominational. At first, the matter was scarcely entertained, but the proposal being repeated and pressed, thought and much prayer were given to it, and finally the conclusion was reached that this was a providential way to accomplish the object which had been sought.

Agreements were entered into, arrangements made, property purchased, in the heart of the city, a block erected, which contained a large auditorium and other rooms for services and for rent.

"At the end of the conference year this building had been completed, and was ready for dedication. The dedicatory services were held and the work entered upon, the second Sabbath after the opening of the new year. All this necessitated unforeseen courses of action. I had supposed that it would be possible for me to carry on this undertaking in connection with the Conference of which I was a member, as the law of the church made such a course possible. I supposed that, at any rate, I could take a supernumerary relation to the Conference, still remain a member thereof, and at the same time do this much needed mission work, even though it was undenominational. Through my

Presiding Elder, I formally and in writing, asked the Bishop and Cabinet, if it was thought desirable and practicable to arrange for me to do this work by regular appointment; but, if this was found inadvisable, for my Presiding Elder to ask of the Conference on my behalf, a supernumerary relation. I am not informed whether the former proposition was ever seriously discussed, but I was advised that it was impracticable. Hence, my Presiding Elder, in executive session of the Conference, asked for me a supernumerary relation. After continued discussion, in which my course was strongly deprecated, the request was refused. In this discussion I had taken no further part than to reply to some questions asked me by the Presiding Bishop, as to the methods which I purposed to pursue. Phineas F. Bresee

Is Forced To Withdraw From The Conference (Chap. 13)

"The action of the Conference placed me in a position where I could not remain one of its members and go on with the work for which I had arranged, without transgressing the law of the church. So, after a night of prayer and thought, I told my Presiding Elder that he might ask for me a location. This he did, and it was granted without apparent reluctance. It seemed as though the Conference felt that it was relieving itself of the responsibility of this great question, when in fact, it was assuming it in a far more vital way.

"I was now out of the Conference. I had been a member of an annual Conference from the time of my boyhood, having united with the Iowa Annual Conference when I was 18 years of age. I had thus held my membership for a period of 37 years. I scarcely knew any other home relationship in the church than the annual conference, and when I laid it down that day, it seemed to me that I laid down everything pertaining to the church which I had so loved and labored for. My heart was full of almost unbearable sadness. The night was spent in much prayer, and with many tears.

Is Given A Comforting Scripture

"In the morning when I arose and went into the sitting room, I took up my Bible, and asked the Lord to give me some message from its sacred pages which would comfort and strengthen me. It had not been my custom to look for random readings in the Bible, having been taught to search the Word of God for His truths and teachings; however, I asked God to guide me at once to a helpful portion. I opened the Bible to the 66th chapter of Isaiah, and the 5th verse, which I read, and which was applied to my heart greatly to my comfort and peace. That verse is as follows:

'Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word; Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified: but He shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed.'"

As has been already stated, the Peniel Mission building was dedicated on the second Sabbath after the annual Conference. The intermediate Sabbath was spent at Redlands, in the Methodist church, in a great all-day service, conducted by Dr. Bresee, at which about seventy-five persons were at the altar, seeking the Lord, most of them for entire sanctification. In connection with this service, arrangements were made for Rev. Joseph H. Smith to hold a meeting in Redlands in the not distant future, finally resulting in his removal to that city, where he resided for a number of years.

The new building, which was situated on Main street, between Second and Third streets in Los Angeles, was dedicated with large audiences and great blessing. The enterprise was entered upon with good prospects of ultimate success. The work, which was conducted in connection with the persons with whom arrangements had previously been made, was earnestly pushed. Three regular services were held on Sunday, besides Sunday school and prayermeeting. There were meetings every night in the week. In addition to these regular services, special meetings were conducted, especially

two great meetings of three weeks each, one led by Rev. Joseph H. Smith, and the other by Dr. Carradine. At these revival services large numbers of people went to the altar. The entire year was one of marked success and victory. A training school for Christian workers was organized and carried on throughout the year, and there seemed very large possibilities opening up before this mission enterprise.

I will close the description of Dr. Bresee's connection with the Peniel Mission in his own words: "In the summer of the year I went East to be gone two or three months, and to assist at a number of the national campmeetings. While in the East, I was informed by my coadjutors of their unwillingness to go forward with me in the work. As to their course, and the treatment accorded me by them, which made it seem necessary for me to withdraw myself finally from this work, I prefer to draw a veil."

Events Preceding The Organization Of The Church Of The Nazarene

This brings us to the year 1895. Doctor Bresee was now without a place in the Conference, and apparently without opportunity for service, but immediately a new door was opened for him. Many of the people who had gathered about him in the mission hall, rallied around him, and after considerable consultation and prayer, a hall was provided at 317 South Main street, where, with glad hearts and great rejoicing, the people gathered to worship God and "push the battle." This was on the first Sunday of October, 1895. Fortunately the little notice which was sent out among the friends, apprising them of this meeting, and its time and place, was preserved. The notice is as follows:

NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct., 1895. Dear Friends:

Permit us to inform you that Rev. P. F. Bresee, D. D., will preach next Sabbath, October 6th, at 11 a. m., in the hall at 317 South Main street, Los Angeles, Cal., instead of at Peniel Hall as heretofore.

There will be a special holiness meeting at the same place at 3 p. m., conducted by Rev. J. A. Wood, D. D.

Rev. J. P. Widney, LL. D. will preach at 7:30 p. m.

We are also very glad to be able to announce to you that Drs. Widney and Bresee have arranged to associate themselves, together with such Christian people as may desire to join with them to carry on Christian work, especially evangelistic and city mission work, and the spreading of the doctrine and experience of Christian holiness.

We cordially invite you to the opening services of this work next Sabbath, October 6, 1895, at 317 S. Main street, Los Angeles, Cal. Committee.

Dr. J. P. Widney

There came into the work at this time what seemed a providential agent in the person of Dr. J. P. Widney, who brought with him a good degree of influence, giving much cheer and hope. I will let Dr. Bresee himself characterize his old time friend and associate, Dr. Widney: "He was a member of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a noble, cultured Christian gentleman. His life had been largely given to his profession as a physician, until some years previously he had founded and organized a medical college, of which he became dean. He was

afterwards elected to the presidency of the Southern California University, because of which relation, he had united with the annual Conference. He was a man of ripe scholarship, and earnest Christian life. He at once entered heartily with me into the work of organisation and evangelism. His training and teaching were such as not to adapt him in all respects to the various features of such a work as had been undertaken, and after about four years, he withdrew from the Church of the Nazarene, and returned to the Methodist Episcopal church, taking up the regular work of the ministry in that church."

The First Church of the Nazarene

On the third Sabbath of October, 1895, the work of organisation heretofore referred to, was begun. At the morning service eighty-six men and women stood together and plighted to God and each other their fidelity in the organization and carrying on of the work of the Church of the Nazarene, with the declared purpose of preaching holiness, and carrying the gospel to the poor. The numbers were added to, so that during that day one hundred were enrolled, and the list of charter members being kept open for a few days, the organization was finally consummated with 135 charter members.

"I Have Given Myself To You" Chap. 14

Just at this period, as Dr. Bresee was riding one day down Grand avenue in his buggy, he came upon a church building in process of erection, which was large and commodious. A number of churches had been erected in the southwestern part of the city, and he was surprised to see this church and the progress that had been made in its construction. Stopping his horse for a moment, his heart almost sank within him as he realized that there was no place to be found for him and his people, when so much provision was being made for various other congregations. Involuntarily, as he closed his eyes, he cried out to God, saying: 'Oh, Lord, there is plenty of money seemingly for great churches out in this part of the city, I would that Thou wouldst give me some money to make a place for the Church of the Nazarene.' Immediately as though a voice from heaven, there were uttered in his very consciousness the words: "I have given Myself to you." Dr. Bresee exclaimed: "Thank Thee, Lord, that is enough. I would rather have Thee than all else, and with Thee we have all things." Immediately it was impressed upon him and upon others, that they should lease a lot and build a temporary building. As a result, a lot on Los Angeles street, between 5th and 6th, was leased, and, as the people were poor, and it seemed impossible to raise the money, a personal loan was made of about \$800, the note being signed by the leading members of the church. This amount was sufficient to purchase the boards and shingles for the temporary building, the work on which was done largely by the members themselves, a few of whom were carpenters.

The Prayer Meeting

During the early years of the church, the prayermeeting was indescribable in its glory and power. It was invariably crowned and characterized by the manifested Divine presence. The attendance was very large, and great numbers sought and found salvation and heart purity at this meeting. I will try to convey some slight impression of this mighty gathering of the saints by narrating a few typical instances. At the prayermeeting on June 1, 1898, there were songs of victory, prayers for many special cases, and testimonies triumphant and pointed. The altar was filled with seekers for purity and pardon. Nearly all swept into the kingdom, and there were shouts of rejoicing.

In August, 1898, Dr. Bresee thus spoke of the prayermeeting: "The mid-week meeting held on Wednesday night, continues the great and blessed gateway to heaven which it so long has been. We are thankful to see such a multitude at it; but the way to increase the number that are saved, is to formally invite and secure by our influence the attendance of the people to this means of grace. Many

have no idea what a live, glorious prayer and testimony meeting is. They think that religion is a thing to be endured. To get them to this meeting would be a revelation to them."

The evening of Wednesday, September 13, 1899, was a time of peculiar heart-searching and crying to God. The Lord's people felt that new anointing with fresh fire was an imperative necessity, and with strong cries and tears they went deeper down, until tides of heavenly strength and glory came into their souls. Several were converted and sanctified.

At the prayermeeting on August 25, 1900, there were at least three hundred persons present, and there was a great tide of blessing.

Without giving the dates of other prayermeetings, except on very special occasions, I will merely note some of the salient features of these marvelous mid-week services. They were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, with much of Divine glory, and many seekers for pardon and purity. Early in 1901, I find the following record: "The Wednesday night, mid-week prayermeeting this week was one of peculiar interest and power. About three hundred were present.

The prayers, the faith, the testimonies were strong and full of triumph. Several seekers were at the altar, and the Lord was in the midst to save. The bugle blasts of victory never gave a more certain sound in the Church of the Nazarene than in these days. Glory to Jesus!" On another Wednesday evening, five were converted and two sanctified.

The Holiness Meeting Chap. 16

The holiness meeting, on Tuesday afternoon, has been maintained and made much of ever since the organization of the Church of the Nazarene. It has certainly been a season of wonderful blessing and salvation. Dr. Bresee spoke of this meeting, early in 1898 as follows: The Tuesday holiness meetings are seasons of profit and blessing. They are especially along the line of the second blessing, and the experiences in the land of Canaan. There have been no evil reports. The fruits are luscious, the milk and honey good, the springs and wells of water abundant. It is a goodly land. We love to sing: 'I am living in Canaan now.' There is a good attendance, and many souls have found the fulness of the blessing of the gospel at these meetings. Indeed, it is a rare service when some hungry soul does not plunge into 'the fountain of blessing so sweet.' Let our people make a great specialty of this meeting, and always find some one to bring with them to it."

In August, 1898, Dr. Bresee said: "The holiness meetings were never better. Clear teaching, definite testimony, and some getting into the cleansing fountain. This meeting seems more deeply rooted in the hearts of the people than ever. Its utility and blessings are very great. We urge upon all who can to make it the one week-day afternoon meeting which they specially provide for, bringing with them those whom they hope to interest in full salvation."

On another occasion he says: "I wish that special emphasis may be laid upon the Tuesday meeting. It is at 2 :30 p. m., and is known as the week-day holiness meeting. It is an accusation that with us every meeting is a holiness meeting. We do not deny it. We are trying all the time to help somebody into the glorious mystery, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, but which the Holy Ghost reveals unto us in these days. We trust that we may ever abide so close to the cleansing fountain that we may constantly be pushing needy souls into the purifying tide. But this Tuesday meeting stands somewhat by itself. It is on a week day. The attendance of those who can be secured at no other time can be arranged for at that hour. It has peculiar opportunities and possibilities for teaching and testimony, for the deepening of experience, and leading people into the blessing. It can reach its highest success only by the most enthusiastic efforts of all the lovers of

holiness. Many attend, but conscientious effort could largely increase it. Let us by our faith and enthusiasm make it the great rallying point of Southern California."

In December, 1898, Dr. Bresee said of the holiness meeting: "At some of the meetings the power of God has been displayed in a wonderful manner. On the second Tuesday of the month, Rev. Thomas Fluck, of the Free Methodist church, was present, and gave a heart-searching message from Luke 5: 5: 'Nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net.' The Holy Spirit was manifest in such power that great grace was upon the people. Souls were converted and sanctified, and gave testimony to their new-found joy and victory. On the fourth Tuesday, Dr. Campbell, of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, was present, and gave a message of peculiar sweetness and power, consisting largely of his own experience. Precious testimonies and an altar service with salvation followed. On the fifth Tuesday, Rev. J. E. Langen, pastor of the holiness church in Pasadena, read and expounded Zechariah 4:2, 3. A precious testimony meeting and altar service followed, and one soul was happily converted. Both the attendance and the spiritual power of the meetings have greatly increased during the month."

The Young People

In the early days of the work of the Church of the Nazarene, the Young Man's Band was organized, and about the same time the young women of the church came largely under the leadership of Sister Lucy P. Knott. The two organizations held separate meetings, but from the beginning there were regular young people's services. Later on the Brotherhood of St. Stephen was formed to take the place of the former organization of young men. Miss Emma Stine was for some time its faithful and efficient leader. At a subsequent period the young people of the church were brought into the Young People's Society, which took the place of both the other organizations. On July 1, 1898, the young men had charge of the Sunday evening service. The house was packed. The Lord was present in power to awaken, and Brother C. E. McKee, who led, was at his best. The Young People's Meeting was held on Friday evening, and all, whether old or young, were urged to attend and take part. At this meeting there were prayers, songs, testimonies, a short message from the Word. All enjoyed the greatest liberty, and those who preferred to sing their testimony, were perfectly free to do so. Salvation was a characteristic of the service, and there were very many cases of triumphant conversion and sanctification.

A Pen Picture Of The Early Church Of The Nazarene

In April, 1899, I spent some little time in Los Angeles, and wrote the following description of the Nazarene work as it was carried on at that time: "My twentieth semi-annual trip to Los Angeles was blessedly spent in communion with the Lord's people, and aggressive work under the direction of Dr. Bresee. In spite of the smallpox, which broke out during the winter in the immediate vicinity of the church on Los Angeles street; in spite of the dry season and hard times, and consequent removal of many of the workers to other localities; in spite of many other opposing forces, which may be briefly summarized as the resistance of the world, the flesh and the Devil, the work of the Church of the Nazarene in Los Angeles and thereabouts goes grandly on.

"I was much impressed with the depth of love for sinners which animated the people, and the burden for souls which the Lord had put upon them. In the Wednesday night prayermeeting, April 19th, this was especially apparent, and, as a result of the spirit of prayer which there prevailed, God manifested himself in a solemnity and awfulness which can not be described. I can not better epitomize the character of the meetings which I attended at the church on Los Angeles street, than by saying that mothers wept for their unsaved children, and implored the saints of God to pray importunately for their salvation; wives besought the prayerful interest of fellow Christians for the conversion of their husbands; friends requested that friends be earnestly remembered at the throne

of grace; prayers for the sick and dying were asked with great depth of feeling; women with tears streaming from their eyes, told of what God had shown them of the sin, suffering, and misery all around them, all of which might be removed and alleviated by the precious blood of Jesus; men whose appearance showed the intensity of their struggle for the merest necessities of life, proclaimed exultantly the saving and sanctifying power of Christ, and almost danced for joy; young girls narrated in joyous accents the sweet story of their salvation; colored sisters sang with power and pathos the quaint hymns of their people; colored brothers told with touching eloquence of how Jesus brought peace and rapture to their souls; Dr. Bresee preached with shining face and kindling eye, amidst fervent choruses of hallelujahs and amens, the mighty power of God to save now and to the uttermost, every soul who sought Him in sincerity; the place resounded until the very rafters shook with the songs of salvation; seekers came to the altar in quest of pardon and the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire; (sanctification-Edit.) and all around were the tokens that God was in the place, and that it was the very gate of heaven. One dear brother, dying with consumption, came there for the express purpose of getting saved. He said that he gave himself completely to God, and it is quite likely that ere this he has passed through the pearly portals, and is now amidst the throng of the redeemed who sing so rapturously around the throne of God and the Lamb.

"I felt while I was in Los Angeles, that the Church of the Nazarene was on the very eve of greater victory than it had ever known. This was what the people were praying for, and what I feel confident they will receive. There as here, Satan is entrenched in most of the families of the church, and there, as here, only a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of Him who holds the universe in his hand, will suffice to drive the enemy from these entrenchments.

"As I drove with Dr. Bresee to the Mateo street charge, where Sister Hagg and Brother and Sister Snelling and others are working so faithfully; as I accompanied him to South Pasadena, and joined in the work for a few moments with Brother Clark, Brother and Sister McReynolds, and the brethren there; as I rode out to Elysian Heights with Dr. Bresee and Brother Sisson, and preached to the people and saw the evidences of the harvest which had already resulted from the faithful labors of Brother and Sister McIntyre, Brother and Sister Jaynes, and their fellow laborers; as I went with Brother Bresee and Sisters Knott and Baldwin, to Jefferson street, and there in a little cabin joined hands with Brother and Sister Allison and their blessed work among the children and families of that neighborhood, and listened to the happy testimonies of salvation--I was more than ever impressed with the fact that God is using the Church of the Nazarene in Southern California to carry the gospel among the plain people, and to permeate with the highest and most victorious type of Christian life and experience whole neighborhoods which heretofore have known hardly anything of the Savior's love. The glorious work in Los Angeles, and the encouraging signs in Berkeley and Oakland, cause me to thank God, and believe that greater power and victory than we have ever seen or known are just ahead."

A Narrow Escape From Death Chap. 18

On the evening of August 8, 1900, Dr. Bresee, and those who were with him in his carriage, met with a terrible accident, which caused the death of one of the party. The following is taken from the report of the disaster written by Brother W. S. Knott, who is one of the charter members of the Church of the Nazarene, and a prominent attorney of Los Angeles:

"On Wednesday night, August 8th, a carriage containing Dr. P. F. Bresee, Mrs. M. J. Willard, Mrs. L. L. Ernest, Mrs. Ada Bresee, and Mary Robinette, while crossing Hill street a short distance south of Pico street, in Los Angeles city, was run into by a Traction electric car, and crushed to fragments. Mrs. Willard was almost instantly killed, Dr. Bresee was seriously injured, Mrs. Ada

Bresee sustained a fracture of the collar bone, which, though not dangerous, caused her much suffering, and both Mrs. Ernest and Miss Mary Robinette were painfully bruised.

"Dr. Bresee, who was driving, started the horse rapidly across the street, but before the carriage could clear the track, the car bore down upon them with fearful velocity, and crashed into the carriage with the dreadful results stated.

"Dr. Bresee was cautious and careful, and the sad calamity was the result of the recklessness of those in charge of the car.

"The Young People's meeting Friday night was largely devoted to earnest supplications to God for his speedy restoration to health." Brother Knott concluded his report as follows:

"When we last saw our dear Sister Willard in life, she had just been kneeling at the altar with an unsaved young woman, praying with her, and pointing her to the Christ who died for her, and she was then listening to the young woman testify to the glorious fact that the Lord had pardoned her sins. Not more than twenty minutes after this, Sister Willard had passed through the pearly gates, and cast her crown at Jesus' feet."

Mrs. Mary J. Willard

A page of the issue of the Nazarene Messenger, of August 16, 1900, is devoted to the memory of Sister Willard, who was born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 19, 1829. She was an honored member of the Church Board of the First Church of the Nazarene, a deaconess of that church, and a most earnest and efficient teacher in the Sunday school. She was also a member of the Board of Publication of the Nazarene Messenger. In labor she was more abundant, and her works do follow her. Mrs. Alice P. Baldwin, the sister of Mrs. W. S. Knott, signed a beautiful tribute to the deceased, in which she said, among many other things: "She was a woman of faith; she was a woman of deepest humility; she was a woman of joy; she was a woman of song. God had given her preeminently the gift of song. Surely if ever one sang and made melody in her heart unto the Lord, it was she. Those of us who heard them, will never forget the songs she sang to the sick and dying, especially that sweet refrain, 'Lie low, dear heart, at Jesus' feet.'"

The Experience Of Mrs. Willard

In the issue of "The Nazarene," of September 14, 1899, there appears a very interesting article written by Sister Willard, and headed "My Experience." She states that, although she had Christian parents, her youth was a careless one. Having a voice of some sweetness and compass, she was much interested in opera music, and enjoyed the praise and flattery which her singing received. Her mother continued to pray for her, and to plead with her. As a result of serious sickness, she was converted, and joined the Episcopal church, in Louisville, Ky. On account of her husband's ill health and business losses, they came to California. She was sanctified in 1892, through the ministry of Dr. Bresee, and secured the witness of the Spirit that the work was done. In 1895 she became a member of the Church of the Nazarene. Putting it in her own language, she said: "What a blessing it has been to me; the teaching from Dr. Bresee and others; the loving hearts in Christ; the manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Surely God is in this place, and this is the very gate to heaven! I want to thank Him for all that He has done for me. He has drawn me with loving kindness, and with tender mercies does He keep me day by day, cleansed in His blood, and made ready for the glory of His coming." Two or three years before his death, and speaking solely from memory, Dr. Bresee gave the following account of the tragic event:

Dr. Bresee's Account Of The Accident

"In the summer of 1900, a very serious accident occurred, which well nigh terminated my career. At the close of the Wednesday evening prayermeeting, August 8th, on our return home, we had taken into the carriage some friends, to bring them to their residences. The occupants of the buggy, in addition to myself, were my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ada Bresee, Mrs. L. L. Ernest, Mrs. Willard and her niece, Miss Robinette. On our way through what was then comparatively the suburban part of the city, it became necessary for us to cross the street car line at a place where, at that time, the night cars ran at great speed. A rapidly-moving car struck our carriage, hurling the horse, the vehicle, and the people in it more than forty feet. The speed was so great that the car itself could not be stopped for fully a block. The carriage was entirely demolished, and Mrs. Willard was instantly killed. I was picked up in an unconscious state, not regaining consciousness for two or three days. Mrs. Dr. Paul Bresee, my daughter-in-law, had her shoulder fractured, and was otherwise badly bruised. Mrs. Ernest and Miss Robinette were also badly hurt, although the latter was more slightly injured than any of the others. I was carried into a nearby house and laid on a bed, the ambulance took Mrs. Paul Bresee to the hospital, and Mrs. Ernest and Miss Robinette were able to minister to the others. The alarm, however, was immediately given, and Dr. F. A. Seymour, an old friend of mine, whose residence was in the immediate vicinity, came directly to my side, took charge of me, and summoned my son, Dr. Paul Bresee, who was also a physician. Shortly afterward I was removed to my home, and in three or four days I began to ask about conditions, and it was thought best for Dr. Seymour to tell the facts. In the meantime, Mrs. Willard had been buried; so he told me of her death and burial, and where and how I was. It was some five or six weeks before I was able to be about. "When I got out, I was hardly recognized by my friends. My hair had turned white, and I was emaciated and an old man in appearance. My daughter-in-law was confined to the hospital for several weeks, and for some years was greatly weakened in her physical constitution, but finally recovered fair health. A naturally strong constitution, and great care, enabled me to rally and secure a fair degree of physical vigor and health for the years that have followed.

"Mrs. Willard was brought into the experience of full salvation under my ministry, was a woman of strong personality, and beautiful Christian life."

It was not until September 10th, that Dr. Bresee was able to be present at any of the services. His return is thus chronicled in the Nazarene Messenger: "Sabbath was a wonderful day at the Church of the Nazarene. A large audience assembled in the morning, and from the very beginning, the Holy Spirit was present in great power and glory. While the preliminary services were being conducted, the audience was electrified by the appearance of the pastor, Dr. Bresee, after an enforced absence of several weeks. The congregation stood and sang the long-meter Doxology, and sang it again and again, while tears filled the eyes of hundreds, and many shouted aloud. Brother Clark, of Pasadena, led in prayer. The services were conducted by Dr. Bowers, who called upon Dr. Bresee to say a few words to the people, which he did, greatly to their joy and comfort. A little time was given to testimony, and so wonderful was the manifestation of the Spirit, that it was difficult to close that feature of the meeting."

On October 2, 1900, Dr. Bresee resumed his public ministry. His sermon in the morning was full of the old-time vigor and fire, and brought joy to many hearts. His text was Galatians 2:20. He spoke of Sister Willard, Sister Dean, and Brother Hazard, all of whom had been called to their heavenly home since he last preached.

How The Nazarenes Died

Much of interest and profit might be said of the noble men and women who by their fervent prayers, holy lives, and self-sacrificing labors, contributed to the success of the young church, and

were translated before it grew into a mighty movement. But the limits of such a work as this make it impossible to do more than merely mention a few of the Christian heroes whose faithful co-operation enabled Dr. Bresee to carry the banner of holiness through so many glorious victories. They passed to their reward, and doubtless gave their beloved pastor a joyous reception when he entered the Eastern Gate.

Mrs. A. Neil, a beloved member of the blood-washed company, was suddenly lifted into the glory of the holiest of all, on August 2, 1898. Apparently in her usual health, she went to spend the afternoon with a friend, Sister Hill. As the time drew near for her return home, they bowed together in prayer. With especial earnestness she prayed for each one of her family by name, pleading for their salvation. And then, without a struggle, she ceased to pray and ceased to live at the same moment, for God took her. From her knees, from her pleading lips, her soul went up to God. It seemed like a translation--one moment a pleader on earth, and the next with the ten thousand harpers before the throne. She was led to Jesus and into the fulness of His love, about two years before, at the altars of the Church of the Nazarene, from whence she was borne by loving hearts on August 4th, the funeral services being simple and triumphant.

Silas McClure

This patriarchal hero, one of the large company of elderly people who formed the vanguard of the Church of the Nazarene, died on August 28, 1898, at the age of eighty-one. He was constant in his attendance upon the means of grace, loved the altars of God, and rejoiced in the gospel of Christ, and the testimonies of the redeemed, in which he gladly took part. As Dr. Bresee was about to bid him good-by one day, when he could speak only with difficulty, he said: "Peace, peace, peace." His last words were: "Praise the Lord!"

Gardner Howland

Gardner Howland was born in New York, Aug. 1, 1817, and died in Los Angeles, Jan. 4, 1899. In his youth he became a paper manufacturer. He was converted in his early manhood, and four years after, through hearing the testimony of a young girl, was led to seek and find the blessing of entire sanctification. Strange, overruling providence led him to sell his mills, and go to Troy, New York, where he erected mills, and carried on the manufacture of paper. In that city he led many into the experience of full salvation. He was a member of the famous Troy Praying Band, which was used of God to lead thousands to Jesus. In the spring of 1847, on account of broken health, he and his son, William, came to California by way of Panama. He afterward brought his family to the Southern part of the state. Brother Howland was a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Just before his death he said: "In my early life I was very much afraid of death; it was a torment to me, but when I was converted, that fear was somewhat broken, and when God sanctified me wholly, the fear of death was all taken away, and I have had complete victory over death for more than fifty years. I challenge death to his worst." His dying message was: "Preach holiness; preach it as a definite second work of grace. It has done everything for me. It cleansed my heart. Jesus came in to dwell. It has been Christ in me, the hope of glory. If we have this, we need no further blessing.

We are dead unto sin. We need die no more. We are alive unto God. We have the power of an endless life. It is all done through holiness, received as a second definite work of grace. Preach it; urge people into it." Dr. Bresee said of this prince in Israel: "His dying chamber was a place of great glory. I have never felt nearer heaven than in receiving his dying benediction." Brother Howland came into the Church of the Nazarene soon after its organization. I knew him personally, and shall never forget the peculiar unction, sweetness, and likeness to Christ, which made his very presence as ointment poured forth.

Robert Marley

This grand old veteran of the cross was born in North Carolina, in 1826, came to California about 1874, and settled in Los Angeles. He was converted when a child, and came into the experience of sanctification in 1881, in the very beginning of the work of holiness in Southern California. He was a charter member of the Church of the Nazarene. Though in ill health, he seldom missed the Sabbath morning service. It was no strange thing for him to rise in the midst of the sermon and sing:

"I would rather be the least of them, who are the Lord's alone,
"Than wear a royal diadem, and sit upon a throne."

Dr. Bresee paid this tribute to him: "We shall hear his shouts of victory and songs of triumph no more here; but we doubt not that he has gone where the songs he loved are sung with sweeter cadence, and the shouts are like mighty thunder and the sound of many waters. He died January 11, 1899, conscious to the last, and triumphant to the end."

Dr. Michael Everley Whistler

Dr. Whistler was born in Virginia, in 1817, practiced medicine in Philadelphia, and lived in Arkansas for ten years. He left the South because of slavery, and came to California in 1852, settling in El Monte, where he lived until 1873, when he removed to Los Angeles, and there resided until his death in April, 1900. He was converted at the age of eighteen, and was a devout and earnest Christian. When Rev. Adam Bland, the pioneer Methodist missionary, came to Southern California in 1853, he found a home at Brother Whistler's house, and soon afterward, the first campmeeting in that section of the state, was held at El Monte. A little later, largely through his influence, the first Pentecostal church was built in that town. While traveling along the highway near El Monte, in 1881, he was enabled to trust God that then and there the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed him from all sin.

As he arose to testify that night, the baptism with the Holy Ghost fell upon him. Dr. Bresee conducted the funeral services at the Church of the Nazarene, assisted by several other clergymen.

Among other members of the church who were called home to God during the first few years of its history, and who left bright and triumphant testimonies behind them, were the following: William W. Herbst, Miss Clara Morris, Mrs. Charlotte A. Langdon, Mrs. Phoebe M. Kinnie, Charles Hazard, J. W. Miller, George W. Penneman, Miss Mabel Louise Mott, Dr. W. M. Johnson, Mrs. Sarah V. Bartlett, Mrs. Virginia Hayworth, Norman Ingraham, and Miss Lillian Emma Moore.

In many cases Christians not members of the church, were sanctified at its altars, and were only permitted for a brief period to bear testimony to the glorious experience of full salvation. Among these was Mrs. Elizabeth Hightower, who died May 31, 1901. She was converted in early life, but knew not the joy of a heart made whiter than snow by the blood of the Lamb. At the Tuesday Holiness Meeting, a few days before her death, she was a seeker for sanctification, and was gloriously baptized by the Holy Spirit. At a meeting on the following Thursday, she gave sweet testimony to the sanctifying grace of God in her heart, and went home to fall asleep in Jesus the next day.

In later chapters I will add somewhat to the illustrious list of those who were associated with Dr. Bresee in the great battle for souls, and who from time to time passed to their eternal reward.

Chap. 19

An account of the early period of the Church of the Nazarene, and Dr. Bresee's fellow laborers

in the kingdom of God, would not be complete without at least a brief sketch of Brother J. H. Crowell, who was even then a veteran in the army of the Lord. At one of the Tuesday afternoon holiness meetings, in November, 1900, he spoke of his experience, which was one of the most thrilling in all the glorious annals of Christian martyrs and heroes. He was converted at the age of sixteen, and soon afterward shipped on a sailing vessel, with a crew of twelve, he being the only Christian on board. Previously he had promised his mother that he would meet her three times a day at the throne of grace. To accomplish this, he would go below, where, feeling that his prayers were not satisfactory unless they were audible, he always prayed aloud. This brought terrible persecution upon him from the sailors. They tried to compel him to desist from praying, but he would pray. They danced and sang around him while he was engaged in his devotions, but he would pray. They threw pieces of wood at him and bruised him, and poured buckets of water upon him, but could not extinguish the fire in his soul. Then they tied him to the mast, and laid thirty-nine stripes upon his back, the marks of which he carries today, although now more than ninety years of age. But still he prayed. Finally, they tied a rope around his body and threw him overboard. He struggled and swam as best he could, but when he would take hold of the side of the ship to climb up, they would push him off with a long pole. At last his strength gave way, and, supposing that they really meant to kill him, he made a final effort, and called to the sailors: "Send my bundle of clothes to my mother, and tell her that I died for Jesus." He then sank into the deep, but his persecutors pulled him out, and up on the deck. He was almost dead, but their long-continued efforts resulted in his resuscitation. Conviction then began to seize those sailors. Before night two of them were gloriously converted, and while they were praying down below with the young martyr, the others thought that the two were again persecuting him, and called upon them to desist, saying that he had been tormented enough. In less than a week every one on board the vessel, including the captain, was blessedly saved.

In a little while the ship put into a port near Cape Cod, because of an approaching storm. Other vessels gathered there, to the number of nearly three hundred. The heroic boy had been conducting religious services every Sunday. Unknown to him, when the vessels were lying at anchor, the captain sent word around that on the next Sunday, services would be held on his ship, and that a boy would give his experience of how he had been persecuted and nearly killed for Jesus' sake. While the boy was down below preparing something to say in the meeting as usual, the sailors began to come on board. They filled the ship's deck, climbed into the rigging, crowded every available space, and also sat in boats all around the vessel. When the young preacher came on deck, this was the sight that met his startled gaze. The crew formed a ring around him. They sang, and he prayed, after which he took for his text: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The Holy Ghost began to work, and after giving an earnest message, the anointed lad invited all who wanted to be prayed for, to so manifest. From every direction the sailors responded and asked for prayer. The work of grace broke out, and salvation flowed, until it was estimated that there were one hundred conversions that afternoon. This was the beginning of a glorious revival in the assembled fleet. Men continued to seek and find Christ, and while the ships lay in the harbor, word kept coming to young Crowell that on such and such a vessel a meeting had been held and some one saved.

The foregoing is only one of almost innumerable interesting and thrilling events which formed part of the life history of Dr. Bresee's associates in the early work of the Church of the Nazarene, but the limits of this volume will not permit their narration.

Having given this brief synopsis, which I committed to paper as the words fell from the lips of Dr. Bresee some three years before his death, I will now turn back a little, and take up the events in his busy and useful life somewhat in their chronological order, beginning with the year 1903, and immediately subsequent to the dedication of the First church in Los Angeles.

At the time of the march from the old tabernacle into the new one, and for a few days thereafter, Brother C. E. Cornell, at that time a lay evangelist, conducted a series of revival services in the First church. During these meetings, which closed on March 30, 1903, there were two hundred seekers at the altar, and a great tide of salvation.

On March 31st, immediately following Brother Cornell's meeting, a great twelve-day campaign began in the First church, led by the Rev. C. J. Fowler president of the National Holiness Association, Rev. Bud Robinson, Rev. Will Huff, and Mr. and Mrs. Harris, the gospel singers. Although almost incessant rains interfered very much with the attendance at these great meetings, there was much salvation, and the service closed on Sunday, with twenty-two definite seekers, and a mighty manifestation of the presence and power of God.

Bud Robinson

From this time on, the relations between Dr. Bresee and the Rev. Bud Robinson, became closer, and a few years afterward the latter united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. I can not better describe him than in the words of Dr. Bresee: "He is a marvelous exhibition of what the grace of God can do for a man. The ignorance, suffering, and sorrow of his early life can scarce be conceived, but the wonderful transforming power which can so lift up and make new and glorious, is far beyond the grasp of human thought. It is love, measureless love, and grace, boundless grace, which do these 'greater works.' The conditions from which he has been taken, and the abounding grace, make possible his unique personality. His other gifts are peculiar, so that when you hear him with his unpremeditated humor and spiritual pathos, you feel that he is a mixture of elements made up of Mark Twain and the Apostle Paul, but all these elements filled with the Spirit of our Lord. We glorify the grace of God in him, and believe that this grace manifest in him will lift up many that others could not reach. Only those who have heard Rev. Bud Robinson, have any idea of this gentle, earnest personality, with genius to see and say things, with native humor and pathos, which the Holy Spirit uses to utter the truth--much of which is in exact Scripture phraseology--to reach the hearts of men. The people greatly enjoy hearing him, but more than that, hearts open to him as flowers open to sunshine, and he is enabled to lead them in the way of life."

Chap. 24

During the progress of the Assembly a great home campmeeting was conducted by the Rev. G W. Ruth, assisted by Rev. Isaiah Reid, Rev. S. S. Chafe, Mrs. De Lance Wallace, Rev. George Newton, Rev. R. Pierce, and others. The glory of God was present throughout these great services, and some two hundred seekers knelt at the altar, most of whom claimed either pardon or purity.

Rev. Isaiah Reid, of Iowa, thus describes this great meeting, in the Nazarene Messenger, of December 10, 1903:

"It is a great inspiration to face a congregation of from one thousand five hundred to two thousand, where one feels that the expectation and the joy is to hear, not only about the 'common salvation,' but that uncommon measure of it involved in full salvation. An anti-holiness preacher who perchance might have found himself in this pulpit to preach, would find himself unable 'to go on without proceedin,' as the colored man explained when he found himself unable to introduce the subject he had in mind. With such countenances before him, such a regiment of eyes looking him full in the face, and such an atmosphere around him, anti-holiness insinuations, even in his words, would paralyze his tongue, and the ringing chorus of 'No! No! No!' confuse his thought world.

Imagine him in such a tidal wave as struck us the last Thursday night of the meeting. The very building seemed surcharged with the divine presence. The songs took fire at once. The melody was

grand, but the thought in the words was like fire in the dry grass on a prairie on a windy evening. When there was prayer, it was in pentecostal measure. The season of song surpassed the former. The organ was more melodious. The piano keys danced to the holy music, and the chorus of four horns was actually needed to give fuller tone and additional noise to the voluminous chorus of human voices. The evening thankoffering went in as an actual part of the service. Then we sang again. When the hymn was ended, some of it had to be sung again, for the praise spirit was not yet satisfied.

When one song ended, some one in the congregation would strike up some other chorus. When this was done, another in another part of the house would do the same. At last the shouts drowned the songs. The hands went up of their own accord till they looked like a miniature forest. Then each tree in the forest waved with a white handkerchief. It was like the noise of many waters. Brother Ruth had arisen to try to preach. He could not. Once he got to where he thought he could read the text, but again the shouts broke out, and the strong cedars of Lebanon bent again and again from the mighty wind from the skies. The altar began to fill up. The rest of the evening was all taken up with altar work. Few will ever forget that mighty cyclone of divine power."

The Pressure Of Fanaticism Chap. 27

"While we believe that most of our churches will be found to have maintained their ground, and to have made very satisfactory advance in the real elements of strength, we have found that testings of the work, which prove what is wood, hay, and stubble, sometimes in a work like this, lessen numbers, while at the same time they strengthen the work and prepare the way for greater victories. It often occurs in a new movement, that hobbyists, cranks, and fanatics--more or less--come to it for the purpose of advancing their own peculiar notions; and when they find that this is the embodiment of the old gospel of salvation to the uttermost, without side tracks, they usually disembark at the first station, to the great relief of the crew and through passengers. It seems to be a necessity that most of our churches from time to time be subject to this ordeal. We are grateful that hitherto so little harm has been done to the work. The pressure from fanaticism on the outside has been especially brought to bear upon so me of our churches during the last year, but that it has been allowed to harm us so little, either in spirit or the wrecking of so few souls, is a matter of thanksgiving. While most of the churches have done well, the work in some parts has notably advanced.

Some Glorious Realities Chap. 30

"First. The Nazarenes in Chicago love God with an ardor and intensity that is indescribable. They give expression to this burning love in varied ways. They smile and laugh and weep, and clap and wave their hands, and sing and shout. They say 'Amen,' 'Glory,' 'Hallelujah,' 'Bless God,' 'Praise the Lord,' and other things which have ample scriptural warrant and sanction. Sometimes when they cannot help it, they leap for joy, and walk up and down the aisles or platform. Sunday morning, one sister, who is usually very quiet and undemonstrative, walked swiftly up and down the platform, clapping her hands and praising God. Her face was so radiant with holy joy, that my own heart was instantly filled with glory, and my eyes suffused with tears. Her husband told me afterward that she had been sick, and had besought the Savior to heal her, so that she might take part in the services and victories of the day. The Lord answered her prayer, and gave strength to her body, and raptures to her soul. Oh, glory!

Holy Love

"Second. They love one another with a warm, tender, and sincere affection, and do not permit differences of opinions to estrange them. All their meetings are sociable, and Sunday is a real campmeeting. Many scores of people come to the church in time for Sunday school, at 9 a. m., and stay until 10 o'clock at night. They bring their food with them, and eat two meals in the church. Most

of them bring enough to entertain one or two others. Between services, they have a real picnic to the glory of God. All are happy, and their conversation is in heaven, and not of a worldly character. Now and then, even at these times, a soul is brought to the altar, and saved and sanctified.

"Third. They love their pastor, and hold up his hands in every possible way. They encourage his heart by frequent expressions of appreciation and affection.

"Fourth. They love souls with an intensity created and sustained by the Holy Ghost. They have learned the sweet lesson that this is the central purpose and thought in the great heart of God, and that only by travailing for, and giving birth to spiritual children, can the church or its members retain their spiritual life and freshness, and constantly get deeper down into the fathomless depths of the love of God."

Dr. Bresee, in telling about the Chicago convention, stated that he was met at the depot in Chicago, after leaving Kewanee, by Brother Martin, Dr. Burke, and Sister Martha Curry; that during the various services conducted by him, nearly fifty seekers were at the altar; that at the convention proper, on September 6th and 7th, there were present representatives from the churches in the immediate vicinity, and some from greater distances, among the latter being Dr. Nye, from Michigan, Brothers Pattee and Harper, from Indiana, and the Rev. L. B. Kent, of Jacksonville, Ill.; that the General Superintendent was requested to organize that part of the country into a District Assembly; and that one happy peculiarity of the meetings was the presence there of Brother and Sister Ely, Brother Trumbower, and Sister Lynch, all of the First Church, Los Angeles.

After holding a largely attended meeting at Howard, Kansas, where Brother Brillhart was pastor, with a good tide of salvation, Dr. Bresee turned his face homeward, and for a time resumed his labors as pastor of the First church, in Los Angeles.

A Weird Baptismal Service (Chap. 33)

"Arrangements had been made for a baptismal service on Saturday afternoon, at the lake. The church having no baptistery for persons desiring the ordinance by immersion, the lake is resorted to. Saturday came with wind and rain. For a time our going was a question, but candidates desired that there be no postponement, so those who had gathered at the church repaired to the lake, where many awaited them. Nearly three hundred Nazarenes gathered on the shore. A song was sung, prayer offered, a brief ritual service held, and the pastor and his helpers began baptizing the twenty-nine candidates. It was somewhat of a weird scene. The clouds had gathered blacker than before, the forked lightning was playing in every part of the heavens, the rain was coming down, and nearby was an upset boat, which had been overturned a few hours before, resulting in the drowning of the fisherman, whose body had not been recovered. As all mingled, pealing thunder, flashing lightning, descending rain, the presence of death, the song of the warriors, the vows of eternal devotion to Jesus Christ, the dashing waves, the gathered multitude, the anxious candidates, the officiating minister, the shouts of triumph--the scene was one not easily described, and not to be forgotten.

A Great Sabbath

"The Sabbath was a day of great interest and power. The preaching of the day was done by P. F. Bresee, and G. C. Walker. The afternoon meeting was given to the baptizing of children and adults at the altar, the reception of members, personal praise to God, and prayer at the altar. At all three of the services the house was crowded with earnest worshipers; and at night, when all whom it was deemed safe to admit were in, the people had to be turned away. It was remarkable that in the last

days of July, when many are on vacation, and when even many of the churches are closed, this place of salvation should be crowded to overflowing through long services.

"Brother Cornell is throwing his wealth of boundless energy into the work, and is surrounded by a great company of most earnest and enthusiastic workers. As the pastor is to be absent during August, in campmeeting work, Rev. C. W. Rose has been engaged to supply the place.

"The new lots at the corner of Eggleston and Sixty-fourth streets, are very beautiful and finely situated for the work, and are not far from the present location. It is the firm faith of those whose brows are bathed in the light of this great movement, that this will be the greatest center of spiritual life in the land."

A Tent Meeting

"On the morning of July 31, 1906, a four-hours' ride from Chicago brought us to Stockton, Ill. Brother Meek, the pastor and Brother Eade, who with his family have spent the last two winters in Los Angeles, met us at the depot, and we were soon comfortably located in the beautiful home of Brother and Sister Eade, where they, with their delightful children--sons and daughters at home--keep open house for the saints.

"Stockton is a beautiful village of a thousand people, surrounded by a rich, thickly populated country. Everywhere here, a few miles apart, seem to be towns about this size, or a little larger or smaller. There are here five or six churches, and as many saloons--five--which pay \$900 each per year license to carry on their destructive work. The whisky curse is the great woe of this country; in some parts the whole community is honeycombed with drunkenness.

"Near the center of town our people had pitched a large tent, and had it well seated and prepared for the meeting. Here for six days, three times a day, we were permitted to worship with the saints, and with the brethren, and to testify and preach the gospel. On the seventh day, Monday, the rain descended in such torrents, that a meeting in the tent was impracticable, but at night the people gathered in the hall, and the last service together was there held.

"A goodly number were present at the meetings from surrounding towns. Rev. Cass Davis, of Warren, twelve miles distant, was present with several of his people. Some also came from Apple River, Hanover, Elizabeth, and Mt. Sumner.

A Sanctified Family

"One lady, who was sanctified at the altar, in giving her testimony, said that she was now one of three to stand for holiness at Hanover. I found that her husband and another brother residing there, were sanctified four years ago, and had established a Saturday afternoon prayermeeting in their homes, and had maintained it until now, and that five or six persons attend. Now, as this sister testifies, there will be three of them. This breathes of a fidelity that will be surely owned and blest of the Lord. During the meeting several came to the altar and were blest, the saints were freshly anointed, and streams of holy blessing went out to the country round about.

"The people in these parts cherish the memory of Brother Linaweaver, who was stationed here for four years, and preached full salvation; during which time those here who now enjoy the blessing, and bear aloft the banner of holiness, were sanctified wholly. This country is being seeded down more and more with the Pauline-Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification.

"Rev. G. C. Walker, the recently elected District Superintendent, did excellent work, preaching with power, leading in song, and at the altar, and in every way pushing the battle.

"Our people have a beautiful hall provided for them by Brother Eade, without rent. It is centrally located, nicely furnished, and every way available. A great debt of gratitude is due and is rendered to Brother Eade.

"Rev. J. H. Meek, the pastor, came to us from the Wesleyan church. He is enthusiastic, and falls readily into the step of the Church of the Nazarene.

"There seems to be a large degree of prejudice and opposition, but the holiness people in this section appear to be doing what aggressive work is being done. No more heroic and faithful band is found than that of the Nazarenes in Stockton, Illinois."

The Breath of God Chap. 37

The following is Dr. Bresee's summary and characterization of this historic gathering:

"The great General Assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene for 1907, has gone into history. Not to be laid away upon the shelf, and dry up like a mummy, and be forgotten, for, though past, it lives, and will live for ever. We expected a great meeting. The coming together of the two churches in their representative capacity; the perfecting of the government for the new church; the arranging and adjusting of the various interests and agencies for the carrying on of the work; the drawing together of many people deeply interested in this movement; and, above all, the deep, earnest, widespread spirit of prayer which was upon the holy people--really the breath of God upon the hearts of men, as a mighty inspiration to ask largely of the Lord-- had assured us in advance of great things.

Glory from the Skies

"The Lord never disappoints, but He does surprise us by the greatness and richness of His gifts. It has been so in this Assembly. While many things have been as we expected, and in no part less, yet there has been through and about, environing it, such manifestations of the providences of God, such evident divine guidance, and, above all, such a sense of His presence and approval, as to be an unspeakable benediction and joy. We could only wish that the whole church could have been present and felt directly the impulse and glory from the skies. It was not in the number of people brought together--great gatherings are frequent-- nor in the religious enthusiasm--this is often at fever heat in great gatherings. There were many present, about two hundred delegates, and I think probably nearly as many more friends, who came from far and near to see and mark the epoch-making gathering of earnest people with a purpose, besides multitudes of earnest people, only numbered by the size of the house. At one call it was shown that there were representatives from thirty-four states and territories, besides Mexico. There was religious enthusiasm, though we have often seen more demonstration. We have seen greater tides of seekers, yet at every opportunity we were permitted to witness, some were weeping their way toward the Lamb of God. All these often come and go at various gatherings, and are blessed, and they spend themselves as water poured upon the parched earth. The sun rises upon the spot where they were, and there is little to tell that they ever were.

"Though we may not be able to tell men who do not feel it, the burstings forth of glory in this Assembly--the Divine Presence and His leadings, which are not with observation, are difficult to delineate--yet there are some marks that men must see. "They were a people conscious of the special

call of God to gather the holy forces into organization, and create and arrange for permanent centers of fire throughout the land, that the world might know His glory. These people seemed under an awe-inspiring conviction that God had called them, and in this day of need, to this great work. This sense of a divine call to this great and definite purpose, would of itself have glorified this Assembly.

There is so much indefiniteness in the holiness work, and when there has seemed to be an aim, it has usually been only far enough to lead into deeper uncertainty, so much aiming at nothing definite, and hitting it, that to find a people with a great, definite purpose, clear and evident before the gaze of men, thrilled all hearts.

The Vision of Seers

"That these people had received the promises, and like Abraham, did not stagger under them, but were looking all difficulties and sacrifices, and sufferings, and even impossibilities in the face, knowing that with God all things are possible, and counting all things but loss for the excellency of being conformed to the purposes of His death, not only in their own experience, but in the salvation of the world, glorified the Assembly. The coming of so many noble man and women with the vision of seers, especially from the Southland-- many sections being represented, and different organizations--all with radiant and satisfied faces, that the Lord was leading in the way of unity and enlarged victory, was inspiring.

The Special Call

"There was no note of doubt or doubtful questioning, but only arrangements and adjustments for the forward march. The enthusiasm was that of men who see the certainties of things in divine light, who distinctly hear the voice of God calling to heroic duty. The Assembly excelled in the elements which usually enter into large gatherings of holiness people, the preaching was full of the strong meat of the gospel, the hours of prayer were seasons of holy triumph, the altar services were full of victory, souls were converted and sanctified, and believers were edified; but underneath and over, and emphasizing all these, and sweeping on, was the special call and inborn purpose, the prophetic outlook, and manifest divine guidance which made this meeting peculiar unto itself.

Blessings Which Abide

"We have been told about 'every good and perfect gift.' It seems that among good gifts there are some which are more excellent. So it is of the blessings which come to the world through the gatherings of saints. There can be no gathering of holy people for worship, but there will be prayer and praise, with the Word and the divine blessing, and more or less souls will be refreshed. God has promised that He will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground, and I fancy that there can be no such gathering of the saints, but what this promise is fulfilled. We have seen many meetings when the parched earth was moistened, and sometimes there were floods enough to change the face of things somewhat. But the shower passes, the flood sweeps over the earth, the sun comes out, and, while many remember the rain, it is only a little time until things are as dry and parched as ever. There is another class of promises, such as tell us of more permanent things, that He will cause waters to break out in the wilderness, and streams in the desert. These represent blessings which abide. 'I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys,' tells us of blessings which abide to pour their richness for ever. This Assembly was not gathering blessings from the skies for the day, but to open ever flowing rivers of love and salvation to the ends of the earth, and as long as time endures."

In closing his account of his homeward journey from Chicago, Dr. Bresee pays this touching and noble tribute to Rev. Joseph Knotts, his closest, dearest friend, of whom so much is said in preceding chapters: "As I approach El Paso, there is a shadow upon my soul. Here alone, among strangers, died

the best friend I ever had. And yet to know that a man can go steadily on, doing that to which he feels called, expecting any time to lie down and die, and yet not waver, give his dying word to a stranger, and pass on as he would have gone to another day of toil, glorifies human personality. It was from these valleys that such a soul, with such a large capacity, such gentleness, heroism, and unconquerable courage, went up to God."

Strong Faith Chap. 39

He was a man of strong faith. He simply took God at His word, and waited restfully for the answers to his prayers. His definition of faith was "heartfelt, trustful loyalty to God." He believed that the Lord had in hand everything that pertained to the welfare of His kingdom; that He would care for and shape the destinies of His saints; and that in some way, He would bring things to pass. One of the passages of Scripture which was especially impressed upon his heart in the last two years of his life, and which he often repeated, was the sixth verse of the sixth chapter of the Gospel of John: "And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do." The last six words, "he himself knew what he would do," were the portion of the text which he most emphasized. In the midst of the most trying difficulties, and when the responsibilities connected with the various great institutions of the church pressed most heavily upon him, he would smile, and say with joyous emphasis: "Jesus knows what He will do."

Free From Fanaticism

I never knew a man who was freer from all forms of fanaticism, and from that presumption which so often masquerades under the guise of faith. He insisted upon our using all the means which were placed at our disposal, trusting God for the outcome, and giving Him all the glory. While he frequently prayed for the healing of the sick, and his prayers were marvelously answered in many cases, he never anointed any one with oil. He would pray with and for those who desired to be anointed, but would invariably have some one else do the anointing. His exegesis of the passage in James, referring to anointing the sick, was that the oil was used as a kind of medicine, and that we complied with that requirement when we gave to those who were ill the best remedies at our disposal. He claimed that God healed in all cases, whether means were used or not, and that healing was always divine healing.

Bible Sermons Chap. 40

I had hoped to be able to include in this volume a few of the greatest and most notable of Dr. Bresee's sermons, but feel that to do so would be to unduly extend the book. In this chapter, however, I give the outlines of his two most brilliant and powerful addresses, one called "Regnant Manhood," and the other entitled, "The Unchanging Purpose." I also give the outline of his sermon on the text, "Be still, and know that I am God," as preached at the Southern California District Assembly, in June, 1915. In addition to this, I have set forth the greater part of another sermon outline, which he prepared from the same text, with the intention of preaching it at the General Assembly, at Kansas City, in October, 1915, but which he was unable to preach because of his feeble physical condition. This last and revised sermon was probably the greatest that Dr. Bresee ever prepared.

Regnant Manhood

"The address "Regnant Manhood," was delivered at the Nazarene University, Pasadena, California, on Commencement Day, June, 1913, and is as follows:

Man is not always on the throne. He is sometimes in the prison cell. He does not always wear the

diadem. Sometimes he wears the chain. It is not environment that makes man king or slave. He is crowned or bound in his very being. One of the finest little poems on liberty which I ever heard or read was written on the walls of a slave den in Charlestown, South Carolina, by a slave awaiting the auction block. He wrote of soul liberty, higher than prison walls and though but a few days afterward, in the effort to escape, he was torn to pieces by bloodhounds, yet his soul was free. There was a man in the first century who wore a chain of bondage, and yet at the same time wore the fairest and brightest diadem of any man of that time. The luster of its jewels was so bright that the atmosphere of this world in eighteen centuries has not been able to shake out its radiance. Men assume to occupy kingly places and to sway scepters, and yet their every movement clanks their chains.

To be a man is a marvelous verity. A man is not a result achieved by matter and motion. There is but one tenable theory of man's origin, which also somewhat defines his being, and that is in the Book of Wisdom: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." A man, even in his physical being, is a marvelous creature, with sight and hearing and sensation; with unseen capacities of sensation, and possibilities of pleasure and pain. To have measureless possibilities of the accumulations of knowledge, with a moral nature, with a sense of right and wrong, with a strong somewhat or someone within his being that always pronounces upon the rightness or wrongness of the choice of motives, with a mysterious capacity of communion with his fellows, and a still more mysterious capacity of communion with God -- he is a very marvelous being.

King David, the poet-prophet, in one of his times of deepest meditation, looked upon man in wondering awe, and said: "What is he? What is man, that thou dost spend so much thought upon him; that thou dost have so much care about him and visit him?" He expressed the greatest astonishment. He had been looking at the universe. He had traced system after system of worlds. He had looked upon Orion and Caseopia and Perseus, the wonderful suns and their systems. Then he looks at man and sees a thousand times more attention and care bestowed upon him. Worlds and systems of worlds might be thrown off from the end of God's fingers, but here is a frail being upon whom constant and infinite care is spent. Almost as if he would absorb the Divine mind and heart, the thoughtful poet begins to go into careful research about it. He takes up the history of things. He says: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," or "For a little time lower than the angels."

I find myself doubly interested as I stand before this Being so strangely affecting even the Divine thought and ministry, as I stand with this student of his place in the universe of intelligent beings.

In what or how was he lower for a little than the angels? He was made in the Divine image and likeness. In that he was not lower. In moral purity he bore his image. He had no reason to think that in possibilities of thought or knowledge and affection man was made lower than the angels. For a time his sphere was closer, narrower; he was a denizen of much narrower quarters; his knowledge and intellectual grasp and power were much less. We do not know what angels were when first created, in the babyhood of angelic existence; but when man was born, angels seemed to have excelled in strength. "Bless ye the Lord, ye his angels that excel in strength," as with Sennacherib's army. "The angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians one hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose in the morning they were all dead corpses." "The Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold," etc. Man seemed to have been lower than the angels at this time in his great difficulties of environment, as well as in the possibility for wrongdoing. In early angelic being and ministry there were evidently no outside influences for evil. Whatever temptations were possible to them must have come from the eye or ear, or outer senses directly to

themselves or from themselves. But when man was created, evil spirits were already in the universe to tempt and press evil upon him. In this sense, for a little at least, he was lower than the angels, but here the comparison ceases.

Imperial Dignity

There is nothing commensurate with the Divine grace pertaining to man. "Thou crownest him." To invest with imperial dignity, peace, and power, to be crowned, is to be perfect in the state or type, to be the acme of his kind. God crowns manhood with the perfection of glory and honor. It is this crowned or regnant manhood that we would consider this morning. I am about to speak of his crowning, of his excellence and perfection. We can properly consider man, only as we regard him divinely accredited and crowned. Man without God can have no valuable excellence or glory.

Atheism is necessarily pessimistic in reference to what is, and its own plans for something better are utterly futile. An ancient atheistic philosopher says: "It would be right and admirable to sacrifice all men actually existing, if it were possible thereby to organize a stronger species." But, if there was no Divine being, no immortal life, this super-humanity would only see more clearly the misery and futility of existence.

We rejoice to be able to consider man in connection with his Divine creation and coronation, in that God made man in His own image and likeness of thought and volition and moral nature and sense of right and possibilities of glory; and, notwithstanding the awful incident of sin, God is not defeated, but the preparations for His coronation have been carried on just the same. The arrangements for his perfection and excellence have not been stayed. Man is before us with his marvelous powers, and the day of his coronation has come the time and possibility of man's imperial glory are come--regnant manhood, not at the judgment, not in heaven, but now, in the earth, for this, for all worlds.

Man's Coronation

It is with this crowning that we have to do. Man is divinely crowned. Such a being, created in the Divine likeness, can never come to his excellence but by Divine power and glory. If I were to say of what this crowning of glory and honor consists, I should say possibilities and opportunities. But when I have said that, I have drawn but a faint outline--scarcely that. I have only indicated the encircling but retreating horizon, that which enters into and makes up the landscape--hills and valleys and rivers, and forests and plains, with God-given light within the horizons of possibility and opportunity revealed. The crowning of manhood, the giving of royal excellence to a human soul, begins with the advent of Jesus Christ into this world--begins by the revelation and manifestation of His Divine power, by the Virgin conception and birth.

Taking upon Himself our nature, becoming not a being filled with God simply, such as John the Baptist, but a God-man, Jesus took up into His Divine nature our nature, and began to open the wider, higher possibilities. This was wrought out through His sacrificial death, by His triumph over death and the grave, by His resurrection and ascension. He took humanity up into a God-man, that man might be filled with God. He took human nature by a new creation out of the old, into the womb of the Virgin, uncontaminated by sin, that He might lift men out of sin. And that was not all; but that man might be filled with God. His coming in the Holy Ghost was man's coronation. By it man is filled with the Divine presence, and crowned with the excellence and glory of God. When we really see this, we begin to see the landscapes, and mountains, and hills, and valleys, and oceans of human possibilities and opportunities.

He is crowned with glory and honor, the glory of transformed personality. Whatever really adds

to the glory of a man, must be in his personality. Place, environment, laudations, coronets, scepters, waiting courtiers, control of human forces--these do not glorify a man. They may only display his littleness and poverty of being. Many a man has been surrounded by the pomp and pageantry of a throne, only to show how little and near a nonentity he was. Real men are not made by conditions. They change or make conditions. We prize little the momentary environments and conditions which surround a man, especially such temporary things as simply tend to earthly aggrandizement and power, which a breath of air may dissolve, or a stroke of the clock may end.

Real Regnancy

Real regnancy comes into personality. Divinely imparted regnancy comes only in the prescribed way of Divine personality, bursting forth in human personality. The crowning is the supernatural making a man pure and strong and luminous. The coming upon a human soul of the Holy Ghost is coronation. No diadem ever rested upon a human brow like the tongues of fire. Fading leaves, or the tinsel of rubies and diamonds, which seem to be fitting to the cold brow of a mummy, or the ghastly skull of a skeleton, are naught.

The man of whom we speak today, God crowned with glory and honor in his very being. He already reigns with Christ. He is come unto Mount Zion. In his unity with the risen Christ, he is raised up with Him and made to sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. In all things this regnant one, crowned with the glory of the indwelling Christ, is more than conqueror. Over against the enemies of the love of Christ there comes up the shout: "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Enlarged Empire

To the regnant man there is always the possibility of enlarged empire. For him are all things and to him all things come. Such a life is so deep that it is a river flowing toward and into the sea of glass, mingled with fire.

A river never competes with other streams, it opens its bosom and takes them into its life, and bears them to the great sea. "Unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundantly." For him the generations past have lived and labored. For him all noble words were spoken, and all heroic deeds done. For him Moses lived and wrought. For him three hundred perished at Thermoply. For him Demosthenes spoke words of matchless eloquence. For him Columbus sailed the untraveled seas. For him Galileo gazed on the starry vault. For him the Savior died. For him poverty and difficulty and opposition and persecutions have lifted their heads that he might be lifted into the depth of greater love and lowliness and strength. The regnant soul is crowned with peace. To be kind, gentle, patient, to be buffeted and bear the burdens of men; to weep with them that weep and love and care for them for whom nobody else cares; to come unto the woes of men and gaze into the heavens until he can see over all the stars, until he ascends the throne of Christ's own standard of greatness--and becomes the servant of all.

The Diadem.

Thus man is crowned with a diadem of brightest jewels, purity, humility, gentleness, patience, long suffering, faith, hope, and love. His heart, his deeds, his words fulfill the highest ideals of greatness. His heart bears the Divine image, and throbs with abundance of love. His deeds and words are filled with the kindness and gentleness of Christ. As eloquence and rhetoric are trash, tenderness and love are regal. Thus the regnant man fulfills God's own ideal. He says: "A man shall be as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land"--a sheltering rock in the desert, a rock that makes a sheltered

place, that makes possible a green place when all is fear--a garden in the desert. A man shall stay, or hold back the trend of a sin-cursed civilization, and make it easier for men to be good.

The Drift of Sin

Sin is a long, heavy drift, sweeping on, burying everything in its cursed course. But a man stands forth with the anointing of God, withstands the drift and at last turns it aside. He is a shelter to some souls. Such was Abraham. He turned his back to the idolatry of his forefathers, lifted his brow to heaven, and worshiped one unseen God. When Judah was rushing down the hot steeps of politics, carried off by the two great powers, fear of death and greed to be on the side of the strongest, Isaiah turned his back to the drift and said, "In greatness and in continence shall be your strength; in returning and rest shall ye be saved." When the tide of Judaism was about to sweep over the church so that even Peter and Barnabas and all of the apostles seemed to have been swept away, Paul stood up and turned back the drift. When the Roman empire, checked a little by the efforts of the reformers, gathered itself and rose in one awful front, cardinals, priests, and rulers determined to bury supernatural things for ever, Luther arose and said, "Here I stand. I can not do otherwise, so help me God."

God's ideal is far more than this. It is not only or chiefly staying the drift of evil. This regnant man goes forth as a new creature to create in the earth the kingdom of God. He is as rivers of water in a dry place. He is not a reformer simply. He is the avenue of God for a new earth. The reformer has a great work. He is a gravedigger, and stands to welcome the superstitions, errors, poisons, customs, tyrannies, and cruelties to bloody hands and ready graves. But this regnant man goes forth to recreate and make new. He is never a pessimist. He never blights the budding hopes or breaks the bruised reed. He lifts up the fainting heart. He pours oil and wine into the wounds of the poor pilgrims who have been wrecked by the Devil on the journey from Jerusalem to Jericho.

John Brown was a reformer. It was a dark day when he stood on the scaffold, that December day; but he was more than a reformer. He poured his life into the future and his soul went marching on. Henry Ward Beecher was more than a reformer, and Abraham Lincoln was more than a reformer. Dr. Grenfell said recently: "Do not pity me. Do not talk of sacrifice. This is my job. I like it." So with everyone who stands in the regnant, conquering place that God plans for him. Such men wear the crown of the Lord. One may say: "But you speak of great men?" God has other measures. The microscope is as great a revelation as the telescope, and God cares as much for the atoms as for the constellations.

The Unchanging Purpose.

The following is Dr. Bresee's outline of his great address, delivered at the Nazarene University on Commencement Day, 1915, the last occasion of this kind at which he was permitted to participate:

There are stadia in the lives of men, crisis points, birthdays of new departures, arrests, and startings which awaken reflection. We have reached such a point today. Slowly, with toilsome effort, we have reached this place. We tarry to look back down along the valleys by which we have come, and to turn our eyes and look up along the hillsides, hoping to catch, at least, some vision of the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Life is not all sunshine. There are to most people, some days at least a few, of mildness and calm, of freshness and beauty, like a bright, early June day, when the sun laves the landscape in golden beauty, when valley and stream and hill and mountain and azure and flecking cloud all seem to combine like a variegated jewel reflecting the golden light, and our spirit seems to respond to it all

with unfettered delight; and for a little moment it seems a luxury to be alive. There are times when love and friendship and home are about us, and we feel a sense of peace. There are some Elims in this wilderness with palm trees and springs of water.

Then there are days of storm with some, many days--when the beating tempest is upon us, when the winds blow cold and chill, when the tornadoes sweep, when the thunder shakes the earth, and the forked lightnings are athwart the heavens, when our hearts and brows are beaten, and there seems no refuge.

There are some human crafts on life's ocean which, like the boat that bore Paul and his fellows toward Rome, get along very well with sunshine and a favorable wind, but are only driven before the euroclydon that comes down from the mountains, or the cyclone that comes from the great deserts.

There are other souls, like the great steamship, not dependent on or controlled by outside forces, moving steadily through storm and tempest, on toward its destined port.

There may be no absolute safety outside the gates of pearl. There may be the artillery of the world, the icebergs of the forces of darkness, or the submarines of the arch-demons; but there may also be the power within that does not swerve.

When Jesus our Lord and Master, was in the midst of the swellings of the billows of the most terrific storm that ever raged upon the ocean of human life, as He stood before Pilate, who asked, "Art thou a king then?" He answered: "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth." There was one unchanging purpose. Neither mockery, nor buffeting, nor the scourge, nor the cross, nor the deeper darkness, nor the untold agony of utter suffering could swerve Him from that purpose. There was but one end, the regnant end, to bear witness to the truth.

This is the crucial purpose of every human life. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world. Man's being in this world has but one purpose, and that is the same as the unchangeable purpose of our Lord: to bear witness to the truth. Man's foreordained and true destiny is the same as His of highest destiny. Every man can say, and in the clearest light must say, "To this end was I born," etc.

God's Plan

God has planned every human life. How carefully God planned everything! How careful is the plan for the building of a world! How exact the balance with a million other worlds! It is said that He weighs the mountains in scales and the earth in a balance. How carefully it must be weighed against every other particle in the universe! How particular the measurements of force and attraction!

How careful the adjustment of it all with every other body of matter in the universe! How carefully planned is all animal and vegetable life, and all their adjustments! So it is with a tree or a flower.

Take an oak; see it springing out of an acorn. Not less is this plan manifest in the rose, the violet, the creeping vine. Every house, temple, and cathedral is carefully planned. A human life, so much greater than them all, is not left to chance. God has the plan of every life fully wrought out in the outline of its magnificent possibilities. They are not all after the same pattern. They are not all great oaks or towering pines, or redwoods. But each one has his place in the Divine plan, and one part is

as great, as beautiful, as glorious as the other, being in the Divine plan and purpose. The one great end being the manifestation of the Divine glory; that end being in every man, as in the Lord Jesus, to be a witness to the truth. The manifestation of Jesus' regnancy, His highest kingship, was in His being a witness to the truth.

What Is Truth?

When Jesus declared that He was a king, to this end was He born, and for this cause came He into the world that He should bear witness unto the truth, Pilate was aroused a little, enough to say, "What is truth?" But he was so overwhelmed by the conditions, that he did not wait for a response, but turned to go out and say to the people: "I find in him no fault at all." But he asked the great question.

Jesus' mission was in it. His kingdom was in it. His knowledge was in it--also the being and destiny of every one who hears His voice. Had Pilate tarried, Jesus might not have undertaken to tell him. It might not have been possible to have told him. That one touch of the Christ was as a flash of lightning. For an instant, strange landscapes seemed to flash before him, far distances seemed to come nigh; towering mountains stood like specters; far-off worlds glimmered. But a flash of lightning scarce reveals the universe; it needs the day, and the morning had not dawned upon Pilate. But to us the Day Star is risen, the sun is in the heavens. We ought to be able to see more clearly. What is the great end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. Yes, that is the catechism. That is great. But what does it mean? What lies underneath it? What is it to glorify God? It seems now very evident that we are to be with Christ, in Him, filled by Him, our personality mingled with His personality.

One Face

What is truth? Not a statement of fact, not a principle, not a science, not a philosophy. Truth is infinitely more than all this. Truth is personality. Righteousness is personality. Power is personality. Love is personality. God is personality, divine personality, which embraces all this in an unthinkable, comprehensiveness, and completeness. Jesus said, "I am the truth." Righteousness, justice, mercy, compassion, power all blended, every part melted, into the indescribable beauty of love. As I look, I see many lineaments. As I continue to look I see one face--Jesus Christ, the embodiment of the Godhead. God is love. Jesus Christ is God incarnate, manifest for and unto the salvation of men.

The Infinite Verities

His testimony was not just an utterance, even by Himself. It was not the utterance of a man in reference to Him. John bore witness unto the truth, but Jesus said, "I receive not testimony from man." God testified to Him, and in Him, and of Him, and through Him. So He was that faithful witness, being Prince of the kings of the earth, who loved us and gave Himself for us, and makes us kings and priests unto God, having loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. He testified to the infinite verities--God righteous and holy, just and glorious in holiness; God infinite and eternal in love, blessed for ever. To man in sin and exile, wrecked and dying, in chains and dungeon, He testified in love and power, in dying agony and resurrection power, rending the veil in twain, bursting the prison doors, breaking the chains of sin, bringing the captive back to the bosom of God. He bore witness to the infinite verities. For this cause came He into the world.

A Witness to the Truth

It is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord. What is the divine plan for man? Why is he here? That he might bear witness to the truth. He seems to have little of mission or message or vocation other than this. The truth is divine personality, manifest by an incarnation, made radiant and more fully revealed by the unlimited spiritual manifestation of divine personality. To this truth man

is a witness.

I wish to mark some of the possible elements, the necessary elements, the practical elements, essential to his being a witness to the truth.

The truth is the divine Christ. Barnabas exhorted the people at Antioch that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord only this, etc. We hear much in this day, of comparative religions. I question whether there is any such thing. There are differences and contrasts; but there is nothing to compare to the religion of Jesus Christ. Whom can you compare with Jesus Christ? Buddha?

Zoroaster? Mohammed? There is no religion to be compared with the religion of Jesus Christ. There is none that can remake men cleanse the inside of the cup and platter, and clothe the outside with humility, gentleness, long suffering, and hope.

Christ is the truth, and the highest human ideal is to be His witness. This is the divine purpose for us. This is the inwrought purpose created in us by the Holy Ghost.

Sainthood

The necessary soil, the essential conditions, the ensphering environment of this purpose, the atmosphere in which it lives, is sainthood. I use this term with aforethought. It is not much used in these days. The church sheers away from it. It seems a part of that letting down, both from experience and confession, resulting partly, perhaps, from misunderstanding as to Christian perfection. But the Bible is full of sainthood. Perhaps no term is so often and so lovingly used for God's people. Nearly one hundred times His people are called or referred to as saints.

But what are some of the constituent elements of sainthood, in which this purpose finds its springs of life and power?

1. Unswerving loyalty to conscience.

Conscience is the voice of God in the human soul, pronouncing upon the rightness or wrongness of the choice of motives. What I mean by loyalty to conscience is unflinching determination to be right at any cost, which Christ always approves. It does not tell us what is right. It does not point out the way. It only smiles at the irrevocable determination to be right. This is the fountain of the great power. This is the rock from which the waters of life burst forth. Saul of Tarsus was smitten in his inner being by what was to him the most momentous question, of having the prophetic religion (which was to fill the earth and lift up the nations) hindered or perhaps overthrown by an impostor. Every element of his being was aroused. He purposed to throw himself in the way of what to him was an awful catastrophe. It was this which impelled him to hale men and women to prison and to death. And when the divine Christ met him in the way, and there came to him the heavenly vision, that Jesus is alive, He is the Christ, his purpose was not changed, and the Jewish religion was lifted to a new plane. It was not now a higher ethical and moral condition, but a message of life, of transformation, of glory, with the same loyalty to conscience, but with a brighter glory through Christ Jesus.

2. The Vision of God

The next element of sainthood in which unchanging purpose abides, is the vision of God. It is not enough that I mean to be right, that I am determined to be right. I must know the right. I must see the truth. I must catch a glimpse at least of Him who is the truth: I must see God. To hold steady to this unchanging purpose, there must be reality of spiritual experience, not simply a mechanistic

intellectualism, under which spiritual life grows atrophied, as Darwin felt that his musical and poetic instincts did--not fanatical and incoherent things to excite sensibilities; but spiritual realities and experiences.

There is to be the receiving of the intellectual, the broadest and completest of human thinking, together with that which might-- even without deep thought, stir the heart and mingle the whole in the fiery crucible, the experience of the Divine, God manifest in the soul, until it fills our being and gives unspeakable impulse to the one purpose, to be and bear witness to the truth. It is this which pushes back the shadows of the world, and gives steady and resistless power into the hand which guides life's great purpose. It is this which lifts and glorifies personality, whether it be genius or mediocrity, learned or unlearned, and presses men steadily toward the mark of their high calling in Christ Jesus, filling their hearts with power and touching their lips with fire.

To fulfill our mission, to be a witness to the truth, is to be a witness to Christ. How great, how all-comprehensive this is! It is difficult as a theory to comprehend. It is only as an experience, that we know how all-embracing it is, how it presses everything, from motive to destiny, into one all-pervasive and controlling purpose.

It is here that Paul stood, when he said, "This one thing." It is all-embracing, all-comprehensive, all-controlling. He looked out upon every opposing force, and in the greatness and intensity of his purpose, cried out: "None of these things move me.... So that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." To testify, that is to be a witness to Jesus Christ.

The Great Motive

This one great motive filled the lives of patriarchs and prophets and of martyrs and heroes all down the ages. Enoch purposed in his heart, etc. Abraham staggered not at the promises of God, but purposed in his heart to stand as a witness and pillar for the ages. How clear and strong the purpose of Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, John the Baptist, Polycarp, Savonarola, etc. These were all in heroic mold, when the battle waged hard about them.

The battle was never heavier than it is today. The church today is smitten with weapons more subtle and effective than the sword of Herod or the fires of Nero or Trajan. We are smitten with mildew. We are paralyzed by worldliness. We are buried under forms and pretenses, until the vision is lost, and the testimony in the power of God by manifestation is lost. Men will preach holiness, if there is a place for them. Luther was asked, Will the princes defend you? He answered, No. "What will you do," etc.

Our Aim

Piety that is intelligent, and intelligence that is pious. When I began to think specifically about this matter, I was led to suppose that these two, piety and intelligence--at least when they were once acquainted, and especially when betrothed--would ever almost increasingly, walk together. But we find instead that there is a continued tendency to separation, with frequent divorce courts, with sad results.

By piety we mean much more than religion. There are religions many. Different religions have many devotees, and almost everybody has one. There are several different classes of religion, and in them are many different kinds. When we speak of piety, we mean the Christian religion in its spirit or mystical meaning, and in its activities incarnated in a human soul and life, controlling reverence

toward God and loving conformity to His will. We scarcely mean mysticism or pietism; and yet in their best forms we might mean both. We are led almost to say that such piety must be intelligent. It would seem so, and yet there is a constant tendency to draw apart--for piety to draw back and undervalue various activities, as well as different branches of knowledge, to shun or draw away from investigation, to become introspective, and find its standards in its meditations and experiences, and its ends in the ecstasies of its own being. Thus, its tendency to quietism, or to extremes and fanaticisms.

On the other hand, intelligence, or, as we sometimes express ourselves by that word which seems to us broader and fuller, culture seems to have a tendency toward being self-contained and self-efficient, and irreverent of its own ideas and to draw away from the humility, devotion, and spiritual intensity of piety, and set up its own esthetic forms and ceremonies. This has been the history of the ages. This is the difficulty today. But for this we should scarcely have been here today.

Places of Cleavage

Our colleges and places of learning are largely places of cleavage in this matter, and have such a tendency to divide the one from the other, and are at the same time such a power in fixing and controlling the lives of students, thus tending to turn culture against piety, when they ought and need to be melting pots in which piety and knowledge blend.

The first great end in this world is piety. See the old confession of faith. Saintliness is infinitely above scholarship; yet without scholarship, it is shorn of much of its possibility, and runs constant risks, which it ought to be protected against.

Culture without piety is bright and cold and selfish and worldly. To educate a man without piety is likely to make him worse. The gleam of light is brighter and shines further, but it leads into the wilderness of doubt and despair. We can ill afford that the boys and girls of the church shall be spoiled in the making.

We have built this place. May God let the strands drop down from heaven and call us to take their ends and weave them into an institution where the Holy Ghost with infinite glory can mold culture into young life after the pattern of the heavenlies, where men like Enoch shall have the testimony that they are pleasing God; and like Abraham will get visions of a city that hath foundations. Like Moses may they see the bush of truth all aflame with the divine Presence. May it be a place where men shall be filled with the message of Chrysostom and Savanarola and Jerome and Luther and Whitefield. This is a sacred trust given us from the skies. For it we pour out our lives, as David poured but the water brought him from the well at Bethlehem.

"Be Still"

The following outline of a sermon preached by Dr. Bresee, at the Southern California District Assembly, at Pasadena, Cal., in June, 1915, is perhaps the most comprehensive and far-reaching in its scope of any that he ever preached:

"Be still and know that I am God" (Psalm 46:10).

The greatest question of all ages, in every department of human thought, is the question of God. The deepest scientific questions involve it. It fills human philosophy.

The deepest longings of the human heart, and all the great problems of life are involved in it.

My text is a most comprehensive and startling utterance. It is a command embracing all thinking, experience, and life.

Of the existence of God all thoughtful creatures agree. The great, necessary thought of Cause, efficient and sufficient, drives every man to the thought of God. Everything that would stop man on his way breaks down. Spontaneous generation stopped man a little while. Evolution did so also.

Every one comes soon to stand in the midst of the universe and say, "The heavens declare the glory of God." The necessities of our being reach out to know this. Our thinking stretches out its hands toward Him. Here is the history of all philosophy. Here is the basis of all religions. Here are heard the deepest outcries of the human soul. Here men have builded hierarchies and ecclesiasticisms, have reared magnificent cathedrals, and builded innumerable altars; here they have made their costliest sacrifices, and paid their richest devotions; and here their most appealing cries have found utterance.

Here Job cried, "O, that I knew." It is the deep, the deepest, cry of every human heart. When the mystery of our being is upon us; when the struggles of life are about to overwhelm us; when we feel near the borders of desperation, how there comes up a cry to God!

An Unholy Being

We can scarce put ourselves in the place of a heathen, who has seen the sun and moon and stars, and built an altar and offered sacrifices upon it. We are Christians. We are born into the light of a divine revelation. From the time we have opened our eyes in this world, we have been taught of God, infinite in holiness, power, wisdom, love, and mercy; of His incarnation, of His redeeming grace; of His eyes of glory, looking through and through us; of His loving longing for us. We have been taught to look for His presence, to listen to His voice, and to feel His touch. And yet all this teaching does not satisfy us. We cry out with St. Augustine, "Thou, O God, hast made us for Thyself, and the heart is restless till it rests in Thee." An unholy being can not love or abide in a holy being. A holy being may love an unholy being, for he may conceive of him outside of his sinfulness, in his possible separation from evil. But a sinner in his very being is in antagonism to holiness: he can neither love it nor dwell in it. As an intelligent being, there may be to him things which have their source and inspiration in holiness, and that he admires. There may be heroism, unselfish devotion, deeds of valor, benevolence, altruism, things of sentiment, artistic and poetic things, which he admires, and which his sentiment responds to.

It is in this field that a worldly church operates. Here are the intellectual and moral activities of an unspiritual ministry. Into this field are brought the altruism, the benevolence, the unselfishness, the service for others, of the Christ and apostles. Into this comes the service for men, and the heroic doings of men, with their achievements in art, poetry, hierarchies, the winning of influence position, etc. It is in this field that we find social Christianity.

The Divine Presence

But the door is not opened into the divine presence. While these may have their fountain in divine personality, they are separated from divine manifestation, grafted into human experience. They become a man-centered religion, and divine manifestation is not sought or desired.

There is in all of this no soul salvation, no meeting the needs of the human soul. In it are many things, human things, beautiful things; but there is no coming to the mountain brow, where the fires of the divine presence burn; no coming to the Mount of Transfiguration, where the glory glows in the face of Jesus Christ, until the heart cries, "It is good for us to be here"; no lifting of the veil amid

the perfume of incense and the merit of the sprinkled blood, no coming where the Shekinah shines.

Every person, now and for ever, goes where he is prepared to go. The world seeks its own--gross minds, gross things, refined minds refined things. Those who know the Spirit, and are transformed by the Spirit, seek for and enter into the glory of divine manifestation. Every man seeks his own, and goes where he is prepared to go-- now and for ever.

Their Own Place

Men coming to this city, go to their own place. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" (Psalm 24:3) "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isaiah 33:14, 17).

I speak today more especially to those whose hearts are fixed on God, "whose delight is in the law of the Lord," who long to know God, who count all things but loss, who are in the house of the Lord with great delight, saying, "One thing have I desired of the Lord," etc. I speak to my own soul, to my brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. God is our great desire, delight, and joy. We have escaped from the heresies of our early teaching and the chains of conditions. Some of us from the very dawn of our thinking were impressed with the most unreal, untrue, if not the most outrageous, things, in reference to Him--not by the intent of those who taught us, but by the way it was done. We came to regard Him as a monstrous being, who knew everything, was ever near us; who seemed to be on the watch to catch us and punish us, and hold things against us; who knew our thoughts, especially to upbraid and censure, until we wished there was no God, and would get away from Him if we could. I well remember my own early experience in this regard.

I sometimes hear men preach of the necessity of our meeting God, and of the punishment of the wicked, in a way that seems to carry with it a vindictiveness in God, that fills me with sorrow, but also with thanksgiving that the spirit of the whole thing is false.

The great need of men is God; and while sin can not desire God, yet human need is such that under the helpful, illuminating power of the Holy Spirit they would see how He only can meet their needs. It seems to me that if He were properly presented and manifested, and the scales removed from their eyes, men would run to Him like a famished child to its mother's arms, like the prodigal to his father's bosom.

Tumultuous Seas

At any rate, hearts set on holiness long to know Him, and it is to such that He says today, "Be still and know that I am God." He speaks this to us gently and earnestly, amid the conventions and confusions of earth, amid the roaring of tumultuous seas, and the removal of things from their foundations. He speaks of His presence as a quiet and secure place, amid earth's confusion and desolation. He calls on us to hear and know Him. He would have us learn what we may from the temporary, dissolving things of earth. Some voice of His is in it all, and yet no clear, divine utterance. Not in the whirlwind, or in the tempest, or in the earthquake. Job says, "Lo, these are the outskirts of his way, but how small a whisper do we hear of him." There must be the direct, divine utterance. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, I will manifest myself to him" (John 14:21).

It is to this point that we have come. In obedient trustfulness we wait the divine utterance. We hear Him say, "Be still, and know that I am God." "Be still" is an expression here strangely used. Hebrew scholars tell us that this is the only time that this word "Raphah" is used for "being still," and

that it is in the active voice, an act of silence for a purpose, a mental and spiritual activity for an end. It indicates:

ATTENTION

It is an intensely active condition, but a silent activity. Silence is the condition of activity. While I speak, I demand attention, etc. This active silence indicates:

RECEPTIVITY

To listen and receive. An excited condition, which grasps every word. As David declared of himself, "I was as a dumb man, that openeth not his mouth" (Psalm 38:13). As Job said, when the Lord spoke, "I lay my hand upon my mouth." No question, no argument, etc. Not only the silence of my own soul, but the silence of environment. My attention must not be distracted. My listening is so active toward God that my attention is withdrawn from other things. Other things are of small account, and have little attraction. One seeking for amusement or entertainment will hear nothing from heaven. If our ears are filled with the sounds of earth, the message from beyond will not get through. I call long distance, etc. I am told that the wire is busy, etc. In silence we come to know ourselves.

We may live so much in outer things, in their noise and tumult, that our real self is lost. We become external and shallow. I need to be still and hear the cry of my own soul. I need to get below society. I need to get below a sociological religion, down into the desperation of my own being. This is on my way to hear God, and brings me where God can talk to me.

Thus, in my own need, attentive, receptive, with all noises shut out, in the activities of intense silences, I hear His voice. I am enamored to hear His voice. I am delighted to hold the receivers of His truth, and listen to His own utterance.

Silence of the soul

The divine conditions are that I must be silent, alert, hushed, quiet, intense, hearing no other voice. Then God speaks, etc. This all-prevailing silence of the soul, listening to and hearing divine verities, is a state of desperation. There may be a silence which is meaningless--an absence of thought and feeling or emotion. When thought begins to act, and feeling to come in, there is usually an outcry; but when thought becomes strong and concentrated and feeling intense, outcry ceases. When there is the beginning of determination, and feeling begins to work, there is effort to give it expression, but when it becomes all-pervasive, it takes on the awful quietness of the depths. Such do not declare they are they do.

We are through with arguments, at the end of appeals. We are waiting upon the Lord, gazing to see the glory of His face, to feel the thrill of His utterance; stretching out our hands to touch the hem of His garment, etc. We are in one mighty effort of discovery: to see the unseen, to know the unknown. We hear Him say, "Be still, and know that I am God."

What does this mean? I confess that I am overwhelmed. I am not in the full sense confounded, but I am in the sense of being overwhelmed. As I think, I tread giddy heights; I go down into unexplored depths. The horoscope of finite things has lifted, and the infinite eternities press me.

The King of the Palace

I have discovered the King of the palace of earth and of the ages. How long and how vainly I sought Him in the palace itself, and through the ages! I sought in the cities and in the solitudes. I

inquired diligently. I was shown the print of His feet and His finger prints; but Him I found not. I traversed the ages. I saw strange, marvelous things. I made diligent inquiry and I was shown many things that were intimately associated with Him; but Him I found not.

In my longing I went into the solitude of my own being. My eyes began to feel a new anointing, and I began to see that the Author of my being must be Spirit, infinite Spirit, and that He could be discerned only in the Spirit, by the Spirit. I felt a strange touch on my ears, and I heard a strange word, "Ephphatha," and I heard, "Be still." The light flashed through my own being, and the heavens were aflame with light. As in the twinkling of an eye, I became a new being. With the rising of the sun, I was filled with light. And I began to see God. In the beginning God in the end God. In time, God; in eternity, God. God over all, blessed for ever. God in His Son, Jesus Christ. God in the Holy Ghost.

He breaks the chains and makes us free. He cleanses us, and makes us pure. He empowers us, and causes us to walk in His commandments.

Nothing transforms men but the manifestation of the divine presence. It is this that makes us men, worthy men, Christly men; that lifts us out of contaminating conditions, and regulates our relations to the universe.

To Know God

To know God as God is to know Him in fellowship. Moses in one of his trying days, cried out to God, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." There had been great sin; the tables of stone were broken. God had talked with Moses, and had said, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

The experience of Moses as set forth in Deuteronomy 34:10 and other Scriptures, belonged to Canaan, into which He was leading them.

His Last Sermon

In preparing his sermon for the General Assembly at Kansas City, the last he was permitted to attend, Dr. Bresee took the same text. "Be Still, and know that I am God," and wrote a new outline, in which, however, he incorporated nearly everything contained in the foregoing outline. He elaborated, changed the arrangement and order of thought, and enriched the illustrations. The sermon thus diligently and prayerfully prepared was never preached. I shall not set forth the full outline, but will simply give what was not included in the former outline, or was so changed as to be practically new. It is as follows:

Carlyle said: "As I get older, and I am now near the borders of eternity, there comes back to me with increasing force what I learned from the Catechism--that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever."

We are so taught as to be filled with misconceptions of Him. Heresy is rubbed into us from our childhood, and often preached into us, or at us, all through life. I well remember when I was a little child, these facts led me to wonder whether I could escape Him and the hell that I was to be punished in, if I were to crawl into the fire and burn myself up now and end the whole business. The Lord himself says to us, "Be still, and know that I am God." He speaks thus gently and earnestly to us amid the conventions and confusion of the world; amid the removal of things from their foundations; amid roaring, tumultuous seas; amid the overwhelmed and sinking mountains. Amid all this He hides away in a quiet, protected place, and says, "Be still, and know that I am God."

He evidently desires us to see it, and know what an uncertain thing it all is. He may, and probably does, desire that we hear some voice of His in it all, and yet there is in it no clear, divine utterance.

The clear utterance is not in the whirlwind or earthquake or fire. The clear utterance is the clear voice of God. There is a great utterance in Job. After describing one of the wildest of manifestations, he says, "Lo, these are but the outskirts of his way, but how small a whisper do we hear of him." All nature, all history, are but a small whisper of Him. To know Him, there must be direct manifestation and revelation to human consciousness.

There must be silence about us. Dr. McClarren, writing of Dr. Joseph Parker, in the days of his great power at the Temple, in London, and his magnificent work in so many ways, speaks of the necessity of his living much alone, isolated from society, giving himself to hearing the voices and seeing the visions of divine truth.

A Peculiar Necessity

This is a peculiar necessity. The voices of the world must not charm or confuse us. They must not fill our ears, or clutter our souls. There must be solitude unto God.

Silence here is unutterable desperation. The man who is declaring his determination, who is giving voice to his feelings, who can find words for his passion, who can give utterance to his intensity, is still dealing with surface conditions. There is passion too deep for utterance. The deepest depths are unmoved by surface currents. There is a silence that is meaningless. Silence from the very absence of thought or feeling or emotion. When feeling begins, there is usually an outcry; but when feeling gets deep, the outcry ceases. I have often marked this at the altar. You are at the end of things.

You are through with arguments, through with appeals--simply gazing, with every power of the mind alert, with every avenue open. The eye is strained, the ear is open, the hand outstretched. I am in one mighty effort of discovery. I am looking for the unseen. I am open to visions of the infinite. I am stretching out my hand to feel the robes of divine personality. I hear Him say, "Be still, and know that I am God." From the depths of my soul I am gazing toward horizons. I am looking to the hills. My mind is open to the avenues of His revelation. I look at the environments about me, the universe in which I find myself. I am as one awakened in a great palace. I walk up and down the halls. I open the doors and enter the great rooms. I look upon the magnificent pictures upon the walls, and the fine sculptuary in the niches. I roam through the great library. There are couches here and there, and I sit down to rest. I begin to wonder where the owner is. I admire the skill, the thought back of it all. I lie down and rest, and wake and wonder. My curiosity is excited, and I press on. The rooms are cleanly swept and everything is freshly dusted. I will find Him soon. I press on into the parlor--a book lies open upon the desk; He can not be far away. I come to the dining-room; the table is freshly spread with viands. I sit down and eat. So in this world: there is plan everywhere; marks of His skill everywhere; footprints everywhere; prepared food; lighted fires; handiwork, care, and planning everywhere.

The Ages

I turn my eyes out along the ages. Surely God is in His temple. I am unable to catch up with Him in Nature, but surely I will find Him among men. Man is His masterpiece in creation-- man, the thinker, the reasoner, the seeker after the cause of things, the moral being with a sense of right and wrong; man with the ages for the platform of his activities; man working out his destiny. Surely, here I will find God. I have sought Him there. I have walked slowly through a hundred generations. Men have told me of Him. Men have told me that He had been among them; that He veiled Himself in flame; that He hid Himself in light; how He manifested Himself in flesh; that they beheld His glory;

how He spoke in terrifying tones and in gentle whispers which soothed and blessed; how He had overturned empires and kingdoms, and brought things to pass. But Him I found not. I have cried out with Job, "O, that I knew him!" and with David, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Footsore, weary, and worn, I have sat down under the stars, with the shadows of the ages upon me, and closing my eyes, I have said: "O, where is He whom my soul desireth to know? May I not know Him in Agnosticism, the end, after all?" And I have heard clearly the voice, "Be still, and know that I am God."

In Spiritual Realms

It began to come in upon me that God is Spirit, that He will be found in spiritual realms, that He is to be known in the Spirit; that it is vain for me to search for Him among the mountains, or to march through the centuries to find Him; that, if I found Him, if I came to know Him, it would be in the depths of my own Spirit. It was then that I heard these words of revelation, "Be still, and know that I am God."

There is knowledge which does not come through the eye, or ear, or sense of touch; that does not come from sense or memory, or imagination, or conscience, or judgment. I do not say that it comes without them, or any one of them. But no one of them seems to be the real avenue of it. There seems to be a direct way to human consciousness--a way by which the Spirit-man comes to know spiritual personalities. How much sensuous and mental faculties may be avenues, it is difficult to tell. How much a super-sensuous and intellectual avenue is opened up to the human spirit, may be difficult to tell. But that into our consciousness comes knowledge of Spirit personality-- other than self--there seems no room for doubt.

When the child Samuel heard again his name called, it was not the ear that caught and conveyed the sound. When Isaiah saw that vision and heard those words, there was something more and other than eyes and ears and sense of touch, which revealed it to his inner consciousness. The same was true when Moses stood on Sinai, or on Pisgah's brow, and saw the promised land; when John saw heavenly visions on the Isle of Patmos; and when Paul was lifted to the third heaven, and heard words that were unutterable.

An Open Vision

God has a way of manifesting Himself directly to the spirit of man. The pure in heart shall see God--not as a matter of the future; but the very condition of a pure heart is an open vision of Him. The knowledge of Him is as mysterious as the way of knowing Him; it is even more so. How those who have known Him have tried to tell it! They have only been able to say, "The mystery so long hid, has been made known unto me by the Spirit."

The longing to know Him finds large expression. David cries out, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Paul said, "I count all things but loss, that I might know him." Augustine said, "The heart is restless till it rests in Thee." Charles Wesley said, "In vain thou strugglest to get free, I never will unloose my hold."

But when men come to tell what the knowledge itself is, they are silent. John says of that supreme manifestation of Him, "We saw his glory." Paul says, "I heard." There are some things we know that we can give expression to, or describe. There are other things which we can only describe by telling their effect upon us. The knowledge of God seems to be of this class. When men undertake to tell

us, they merely begin to describe how they themselves felt.

Job says: "I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself." Isaiah says "I saw the Lord." John Wesley says, "I felt my heart strangely warmed." Charles Wesley says:

"'Tis love! 'tis love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love Thou art."

Samuel Medley said:

"O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine;

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine."

Complete Unity Chap. 41

As the Assembly progressed, it was found that there were no serious hindrances to be overcome in polity, and the faith being common between the churches represented, and the experience and purpose one, things were rapidly adjusted until, on Tuesday, October 13th, at 10:40 a. m., the fact of complete unity and oneness of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene and the Holiness Church of Christ was declared by a unanimous rising vote.

A Great Shout

The scene which followed was beyond description. Amid songs of praise and victory, the people shouted a great shout; until finally it burst over all bounds, and they began to march through the aisles of the great tent, until that could not hold them, and they began to march out and around the tent, until at last they gathered on the campus, a great company of nearly a thousand people, who sang and praised the Lord, with a brief address, emphasized by ebullitions of shouting and singing between paragraphs. It was declared by all to be the greatest occasion they ever witnessed. There was no holding back, no opposition, no criticism, but one mighty wave of holy victory and triumph, which was probably never excelled this side of Pentecost. All said, We have seen great things today.

Chap. 44

A Partial Survey. In the issue of the HERALD OF HOLINESS of January 7, 1914, Dr. Bresee says among other things:

As a whole, the work is going forward with a good degree of rapidity. We have closed up the eighteenth year since the Church of the Nazarene was organized, and the other branches have generally near the same length of history since their beginning. It seems questionable whether any other compactly organized movement for the spread of evangelical Christianity, since the days of Constantine, has made at the beginning, in eighteen years--in evangelism, in organization, in general upbuilding, in educational provisions, and in institutions--so great an advance. It has had the

difficulties, struggles, and discouragements of infancy; the ostracism, persecution, and mistrust of being new in the world; it has known the coldness of friends and the blows of enemies; it has had to create the beginnings of all kinds of institutional life; it has been obliged to create and test leadership, raise up workers, build churches, get people saved and sanctified, overcome prejudice, and opposition of many kinds and yet it has passed the empirical period, established its right to life, and is enjoying the privilege.

We are not like other people: we are to sing our shouts and shout our songs, and shout without our songs, and maintain and rejoice in our separation from the world, and unto the Lord, to be His own peculiar people -- made peculiar by His manifest presence, and the holy fragrance of hearts and lives filled with His love.

In The Harness

Dr. Bresee continued in the harness until the end. Occasionally when his health would fail, or his physical strength would flag for a few days, he would relax his labors, but as soon as he recovered his wonted bodily powers, he resumed his activities. He preached his last sermons in the First Church of Los Angeles, in August, 1915. They were masterly in every way, and full of high thought, unctuous utterance, and impassioned eloquence. During the months of July and August, he wrote several articles for the HERALD OF HOLINESS. In another chapter I have given the outline of his last commencement day address at the University of California.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE Chap. 45

We rejoice to believe that the fresh glow of spiritual life, which attended those who first went out under the stars to preach holiness and gather together a holy people, has not been lost, nor has it departed from us; that with the foundations laid of all our people declaring in unmistakable terms their belief in entire sanctification, and all of our preachers clearly confessing their experience of the blessing, and the constant insistence that all men seek and obtain it, there has not been, as a rule, loss of spiritual life; but the manifest presence of God among us abides, and the scenes of Pentecost are often repeated. It is a favorable omen that our people, more and more, seek not simply times and seasons of revival, but look for constant tides of salvation, so that in many of our churches, a week when there are not conversions and sanctifications is of rare occurrence; and there are added to the church daily such as are saved. As a result, there is an increase of the spirit of unity among us, with intensified loyalty to each other and devotion to the work. There have been no serious schisms among us, but a growing and intensifying of the unity and thankfulness that the Lord has raised up a people where the gospel of entire sanctification is clearly and continuously preached, and where there is liberty in its confession, and in seeking and manifesting the fulness of the divine indwelling. We also rejoice that the statistics are likely to show a good increase in the membership of our churches, as well as the strengthening of the various agencies of Christian service.

A Touching Scene

On Thursday evening, November 4th, he sent for all his children, as he felt that his end was very near. First he spoke to his four sons -- Ernest, Phineas, Paul, and Melvin -- and then called for his two daughters, Mrs. Bertha Parker, and Miss Sue Bresee, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Paul Bresee, whom he loved as a daughter. As they all knelt around him, with his faithful wife among them, he prayed for them and all the absent members of his family, mentioning each by name, and commending them to the mercy of God. He thanked the Lord for the great love and kindness of his children to him, and besought the Savior to bring them all to heaven. As he prayed in a way which Sister Bresee characterized as wonderful, and something that would be indelibly impressed upon the memories of every one present, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and were wiped away by his eldest

son, Ernest.

During these long and weary days of suffering, he said many sweet and precious things to Sister Bresee. He frequently rallied, and spoke at different times to quite a number of the brethren, among them many of the leaders of the Church and University. He gave them wise and loving counsel, addressing them with the utmost love and tenderness, not only about the different phases of the work, but about the importance of freely and fully forgiving every one that had ever injured them, and dwelling and working together in the divine love and the unity of the Spirit.

Finished His Work

While waiting for death, he finished every detail. He forgot nothing that pertained to the welfare of his family, the Nazarene University, and the church which he loved so well and served so faithfully. Like the apostle Paul, he fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith. His last days were crowned with complete victory. He was very tender and solicitous for the spiritual well-being of all his family, friends, and brethren, and faced death, not only fearlessly, but with glad anticipation.

Victorious Death

He passed away at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, November 13, 1915, loved and lamented by a vast multitude of those who had been helped by his ministry, and blessed by his life. At last the busy hands were still; the clarion voice silent.

His brethren paid him many beautiful tributes, all of which I would rejoice to include in this volume. In most of these expressions of love and appreciation, he was spoken of as "A Prince in Israel," and so I have chosen those words as the title of this book.

In His Zenith

At the time of his translation, he was in the zenith of his intellectual and spiritual powers. He was a man of genius, a prince among his fellows. For sixty years he followed Jesus, and proclaimed the glorious gospel of the Son of God. For nearly two-score years he was a fearless evangel of holiness. During each successive year he laid increasing stress upon the essentials of salvation, the fundamentals of holy living, the primary elements of godliness. He realized with growing intensity that the disciples of Christ must have more and more of the divine manifestation, of the revealed personal presence of God; that they must be lowly and loving and loyal in all the relations of life.

But, more than this, his life corresponded with his teachings. His faith was simple, his love tender, his hope buoyant.



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