



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

REVIVAL INCIDENTS

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CONTENTS

(43 of 131 pages selected)

Chapter 1 FIRST EXPERIENCE AS AN EVANGELIST

Chapter 2 A REMARKABLE REVIVAL

Chapter 3 DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME

Chapter 4 A SABBATH WITH A FORMAL CITY CHURCH

Chapter 5 A PRESIDING ELDER'S WIFE

Chapter 6 ANTICS OF THE OLD MAN

Chapter 7 TWO REMARKABLE SUBJECTS OF GRACE

Chapter 8 UNUSUAL SCENES

Chapter 9 COMMON SENSE

Chapter 10 HARD NIGHTS

Chapter 11 INTERRUPTIONS

Chapter 12 UNFORTUNATE RESPONSES

Chapter 13 HAPPY SPEECHES AND REJOINDERS

Chapter 14 RIGHT GUIDANCE

Chapter 15 DIVINE IRONICAL JUDGMENTS

Chapter 16 GOD'S WONDERS

Chapter 17 PUZZLED PHYSICIANS

Chapter 18 CLEAR CASES

Chapter 19 STRANGE CASES

Chapter 20 EXPLANATION OF DIFFICULT CASES

Chapter 21 THE CAPTIVE SEAL

Chapter 22 THE MOSS PARABLE

Chapter 23 VICTORY IN THE WAY OF DISCOURAGEMENT AND HINDRANCES

Chapter 24 BESETMENTS OF A REVIVAL MEETING

Chapter 25 THE REGULARITIES OF A REVIVAL MEETING

Chapter 26 STORMY AND RAINY SEASONS OF A REVIVAL MEETING

Chapter 27 THE REMUNERATION IN SOME MEETINGS

Chapter 28 THE RESTITUTIONS OF A REVIVAL MEETING

Chapter 29 THE REVELATIONS OF A REVIVAL MEETING

Chapter 30 SINGING AT THE HOLINESS CAMPS

CHAPTER 1 FIRST EXPERIENCES AS AN EVANGELIST

On adjournment of the St. Louis conference, the members of that body started northward on their journey to friends, loving expectant families, and to the various pastoral charges awaiting them.

I, for the first time in many years, parted from my brethren; and journeying southward, turned my face, steps, heart and life into the lonesome and toilsome life and work of the evangelist. God only knows the sense and weight of isolation that fell upon my spirit that morning at the parting of the ways, when, leaving a host of friends, the pastoral charge with all its close, loving ties, and the certain support accruing to the preacher in regular conference relations, I set my face toward the new field and work, and pressed on into the future which held for me toil, battle, trial, difficulties, and experiences of every conceivable character. Perhaps if I had known all that awaited me in the nineteen years that have since passed, I might not have had the faith and courage to have gone on.

I cannot tell. I only feel that the wisdom of God is great in hiding the tomorrows from our eyes.

My first appointment was a town in Arkansas, a place of about three thousand inhabitants.

At this period of time many of the striking events of that first battle cannot be recalled, although one fact can never be forgotten, that on the sixth day what I call the “break” came, and I saw at the close of the meeting of ten days over one hundred souls converted and sanctified.

My entertainment at this place has abided as a recollection, not so much blistered as frozen in. I was sent to stay at a small cottage home of an aged couple. The man was not only good but deeply spiritual. The wife, a woman of sixty or more, had a face that looked like it had been carved out of hickory wood, and then soaked in vinegar. She was usually as mum as she was grum. She insisted, however, in the testimony meeting at the church that she was saved. I did not contradict her, but felt that if she was correct in her statement that she had taken the salt or acid route to Heaven, and was not sugar-cured. She was pickled, but not preserved.

The small bedchamber they gave me for my accommodation had no stove in it, and the weather was cold. The dining-room adjoining had a diminutive heater but whose warmth could scarcely be felt even when the door between the two apartments was open. When I closed the portal on account of rattling dishes, or I was in prayer, meditation, letter writing or preparation for the pulpit, I became so chilled that I wrote, or prayed, with my overcoat on.

Nevertheless God kept the soul warm, and the praises of full salvation were continually bubbling up from the heart and overflowing the lips.

Little dreaming that my sour-faced landlady was in the dining-room listening, or forgetful of the fact of her presence in the next apartment, a regular apostolical succession of, “Praise Gods” and “Bless the Lords” flowed from the abundance of my heart through the mouth, filled the room, penetrated the keyhole of the door or its ill-jointed seams, and fell upon the listening and amazed ear of our salt-cured sister.

It pleased God to put her under terrible conviction over these words of the Canaan Life and Experience, spoken as they were in a cold, cheerless little room and in utter unconsciousness of any human hearer. As she afterwards narrated the matter at the church: “When I first heard him, I said to myself as I stood wiping dishes at the table, ‘Listen at that man praising God for nothing.’ But in a few days more of listening and wondering, I felt all through me that this evangelist had something I did not have, that he knew God in a way that I did not, and so I became so miserable that I could not eat nor sleep. Then you remember how I fell down here at the altar and got the blessing. But I was started by hearing this preacher praise God in a cold room over nothing.”

Dear heart. God had sent me down there among other things to do, to awaken her from spiritual sleep, to show her also the difference between a title to Heaven and fitness for Heaven. To reveal to her the more excellent way. To get

her out of her salted state into a sugared condition. And indeed to prepare her for her burial.

A few years later she passed into the skies. She died not only in perfect peace, but in great joy. She rejoiced to the last that she had heard of Holiness in time.

Among the large company that came brightly through at the altar, I beheld in the person of a young woman an illustration of self-forgetfulness, an unconsciousness of surroundings, which is generally conceded to belong to the deathbed. Where an individual really “goes through,” as we term it, and dies out to the world, to all human favor, criticism and opposition, to all that men think, say and do, there is a most remarkable suggestion as well as likeness to death and the deathbed in the language and very appearance of the person.

The lady in question had been seeking the blessing of sanctification for days. Her approach to the grace was marked by a corresponding unconsciousness of the presence of people about her, watching, whispering and commenting. She was too much absorbed in dying to notice those who stood around the deathbed, so to speak.

Suddenly one morning she received the blessing. It came like a lightning flash. In a second she was on her feet. If she had been dying and dead, she surely now had a resurrection. Some One with all power had said, “I say unto thee, arise.” And she arose, with her face radiant, clapping her hands, uttering the most heart-thrilling praises to God, walking swiftly up and down before the altar, and only stopping now and then to embrace one of her female friends.

In her excited movements and by reason of the fervent handlings given her by her sisters, by and by her hat was pushed to one side of her head and finally hung over the left ear. But she gave not the slightest attention to this millinery disaster, and went on shaking hands in this adorned, or rather unadorned, state, with her lips overflowing with praises.

After a little a lady came up from behind and shoved the hat with great expertness up on the top of the head, but our rejoicing sister went on just the same, as indifferent to that appearance as to the other, until the hat finally fell over on the other ear. But by this time the people were so deeply moved at what she was saying and so impressed with the glory shining in her face, that I am confident that not a soul in the house cared a snap whether she had a hat on at all or not, and would have listened to her just the same regardless of any millinery array or disarray whatever.

My second appointment was in a Tennessee town of 12,000 inhabitants, in the First M. E. Church South. And here was a battle indeed from beginning to end.

The board of stewards seemed without exception to be men of the world. They were not even saved. Reinforced by the presiding elder they met me with a most tremendous opposition. In addition, a number of the leading women, arraying themselves against the doctrine of holiness and the meeting itself, tried my patience and faith to the utmost limit.

This combined hostility and resistance, however, could not keep the audience away. The lecture room in the morning was well filled, while the auditorium on the second floor, where the night service was held, was crowded, and many people were turned away unable to get entrance.

Still the bitter antagonism of the leading members of the church, the stand of the stewards who were nearly all prominent business and professional men, the influence of the presiding elder in offices, homes, and on the street, confused the outside world as well as a large body of the congregation, and made what might have been one of the most glorious revivals, one of the hardest and bitterest battles in which I was ever engaged.

Such was the power of God on the Word as it was preached, and such the growing conviction all over the community, that could the meeting have gone on beyond the allotted days, we are convinced a mighty work would

have been done. But the pastor was one of those men in the ministry who feared ecclesiastical authority and human coldness and wrath more than he did God. So the meeting was closed when and where it never should have ended.

Only forty souls were converted and sanctified in these services, but they were clear, bright cases, and through them many others were afterwards brought to God, and a holiness meeting ran for years with great grace and unction at every service until finally, through a series of Conference appointments, it was wiped out.

Among the forty who were reached in this meeting was a case the recollection of which has always peculiarly appealed to me. The party referred to was a colored man and the sexton of the church.

I first observed him listening intently to the preaching, or, rather, to scraps of the sermon, for he was kept so busy with the duties of the janitorship that he had to hear on the jump and run.

Repeatedly I saw him lingering at a door before closing it, or stopping a moment to catch some word or sentence before taking up some pressing duty. As he would close a window, feed the fire, bring in fresh water, or open a door to leave, just before going out I would see his hand go up to his ear, his head bend in strict attention to take in the pulpit utterance and then turn away with a most thoughtful expression of countenance.

One morning as I walked down the steps of the pulpit to the main floor, he caught my hand in his, and with tears running down his black face, he choked out the words: "I done got it, Doctor."

How I was melted under that simple speech can be imagined. But I was also made to wonder and adore God's ways with men. While clearer than ever I saw the meaning of the words of the Saviour, when He said, "I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes."

My third appointment was a city of 18,000 people in the state of Mississippi. Here the Lord gave me over one hundred souls.

The result of this revival would require a volume to describe fully. Out of this work came directly and indirectly men who have been stars of the first magnitude in the Holiness movement in the South. A gentleman visiting the place several months later on business, told a friend that he struck the most remarkable community, in some respects, that he had ever beheld in his life.

He said he had taken a meal at a restaurant where the white man who had waited on him, after refusing a tip, said: "I have brought you food for the body, but if you would let Him, Jesus Christ would give you the Bread of Life that would cause you to live forever."

The gentleman said, as he noticed the kindly eyes and serious face of the waiter, he could see there was no spirit of fun or guying in him, and walked away too surprised and affected to make a word of reply.

Later, on the corner of a street, he asked a policeman to direct him to a certain business house.

After the officer had done so, he turned a remarkably clear-looking and good face toward the gentleman and said in a kind, respectful tone:

"I have shown you to a certain street and number; I wish you would let me point you to the way of salvation."

The gentleman thanked him, but hurried away more amazed than ever as well as disturbed.

In a barber shop he got a third shot stronger than any received before, until the man thought, as he said to his friend, that he had struck a corner of the Millennium or gotten into a religious colony, or was walking around in his sleep, dreaming.

A final surprise awaited him when, leaving a hack in which he had been driven to the depot, the driver said in parting:

“Good-by, sir, a bigger trip is waiting for you, that ends in Eternity at the Judgment Bar of God. I hope to meet you there safe and sound on the Right Hand Side.”

This time the gentleman fairly blurted out his astonishment, which had been gathering all day.

“What on earth is the matter with this town? Has everybody gone mad? Or got religion? Or am I crazy? Or dreaming in my bed somewhere?”

How he solved the problem I do not know; but many times since he has told the story of a town he visited once where everybody had religion, and where bootblacks, barbers, dentists and policemen knew enough theology to have become presidents and professors in any church college in the land.

CHAPTER 2 A REMARKABLE REVIVAL

In company with my singer, Professor Rinehart, I once opened a ten days' meeting in an Alabama town of several thousand inhabitants.

The services began on Sunday. At the conclusion of the first sermon seven people presented themselves at the altar for pardon and holiness. On the following day one of these seven gave up seeking and dropped out. On the third another fell away, so that each successive day I beheld the spectacle of a thinning altar without anyone obtaining salvation, until on Saturday not a soul would come forward. Perhaps discouragement was the cause with some as they saw no one getting victory, or perhaps the growing opposition to the meeting may have chilled or alarmed them. Anyhow they did not come, and I, who had watched this unprecedented spectacle of a diminishing altar for a week beheld it utterly stripped as already mentioned on Saturday.

All this was naturally very trying, and could hardly have been quietly and patiently borne, if the Spirit of God had not constantly filled my soul with a deep, sweet peace, and a strange assurance that all was going on well, though human eyes might not see as yet the full work of the Almighty.

Another reassuring fact was the size of the crowd, which came to hear the Word. The outer vestibule had been given to the colored people in order that they might listen to the preaching, but the white audience became so great that they had to vacate this position and stand outside and hear as best they could. Repeatedly, in glancing outward, I would see them in a dark mass on either side of the church, standing in the midst of the weeds, hearkening in fixed attention to the sermon as it came to them through the open windows.

A half dozen of these Negroes had been sanctified in a meeting in the country, led by a godly man of their own race. They interviewed me, saying that they were glad indeed at my coming. That since they obtained the blessing of sanctification their own families and church had turned against them.

That they were counted to be beside themselves, and actually crazy, both by white and black people.

And that they were rejoicing that I had come to explain to, their critics, judges and persecutors, that they were not lunatics, but possessed a religious experience which God had promised His people, and which Christ had died to bring to the church.

No words can describe the pathos of this scene, as these humble followers of the Saviour gave in their simple

language their experience, their joy in the Lord, and yet the difficulties and trials they had to meet on account of the very blessing they possessed.

On the second Sabbath I preached in the morning with a blessed sense of the presence of God, and the power of the truth I was declaring. At the close of the sermon I made a call in spite of the stripped and forsaken altars of the day before, and instantly there was a rush, and over fifty people fell at the chancel rail.

That morning twenty-five souls were converted, reclaimed and sanctified. At night fifteen were added to the number, making forty in one day.

Something may be imagined of the startling effect this had on a town of three thousand inhabitants. Conviction became general, and there were more at the altar the next day than on the Sabbath. Quite remarkable, also, was the fact that exactly forty souls were regenerated and sanctified in the Monday services. On Tuesday thirty-five more swept clearly and powerfully into the experiences of justification and holiness. So here in three days we had one hundred and fifteen new witnesses to the grace and power of the Son of God.

Compelled to leave at the close of the Tuesday night service for a North Carolina appointment, I telegraphed to the Rev. U. E. Ramsey to come on and continue the meeting. The people would not hear to its closing. Under Brother Ramsey's preaching as many obtained pardon and sanctification as in the earlier part of the services.

The noteworthy happenings and gracious results of this meeting would, I verily believe, fill a volume. Some were of such a private character and sacred nature as could not be told. A few occurrences that may be referred to out of the many, I mention.

The pastor of the church where the meeting was held was sanctified. Full of joy he wrote to his wife, who was in the other town composing his circuit, telling her what God had done for his soul.

Her reply, in a few chilling, angry lines, was, "That if it was so that he had obtained such a blessing, she hoped he would never put his foot across the threshold of their home again."

A father dragged his son of eighteen years of age bodily from the altar one night. The youth at once became in a manner desperate and frenzied. He said he now did not care what became of his soul, went to drinking and into sin of every kind, and died within a year. The father fell dead on the street soon after his son's death.

Another citizen of the town stood on the street one day and cursed the doctrine of holiness. In a little while he was smitten and bedridden with a strangely diseased tongue. The doctors cut into it, and worked on it in vain. In a brief period he died from the malady, and was buried in the cemetery near the man who had dragged his son from the altar.

These were a few of the dark occurrences of this wonderful revival. The gracious results were far more numerous and much of the fruit of that meeting abides to this day.

Only lately a Methodist preacher whom I met for the first time was telling me of workers in the field, and other fruits of that meeting that I had never heard about. I myself, swept to another part of the country, beheld only part of the victory.

The meeting stirred, quickened and blessed every denomination. The town became so spiritual that no theatrical company could secure an audience. The building which had been constructed for that purpose and called the Opera House, was advertised for sale. The citizens bought it, and presented it to the Christian church, the one religious body that possessed no place of worship in the community.

There was a hunter's club in the place whose members had regularly their spring and autumn outings in the woods in search for such game as turkey and deer. Previous to the meeting, they on these occasions would take playing cards and jugs of whisky and have what they called a jolly and carousing time.

In the revival, every one of these men were converted or sanctified, and in their next camp hunt took with them Bibles and hymn books, and had a camp meeting time of it. This was not all; but they never had a more successful hunt. They said on returning that it seemed to them God actually drove to them all the game they wanted and could pack away.

In addition to the many scores of people who were converted and sanctified, God gained a number of workers for His vineyard, most of whom are in the field faithful to this day. Consecrated money was set to flowing which has never ceased for nineteen years. Other revivals sprang up as a consequence of this meeting, and camp grounds were established where hundreds of other souls have been and still are brought to the light and peace of pardon, and to the joy of full salvation.

One would think that any branch of the Church of Christ would rejoice over a work of grace, that was so manifestly of God, and which brought such blessings and blessedness to individual, family and community.

The disciples would have sent down their Johns and Peters to strengthen and establish so great a spiritual movement among the children of men. Mr. Wesley would have visited the place immediately, appointing leaders and preachers to nourish, protect, defend and perpetuate such a glorious income and outcome of grace.

But the denomination in which this wonderful revival occurred, sent men clothed with ecclesiastical authority, conference after conference, to crush out this work of God.

It took them years to accomplish their purpose, but they succeeded at last. While the distinct fruits I have mentioned cannot be destroyed, the work in the church itself was obliterated, the holy people were grieved, discouraged, scattered or overcome. The ark disappeared, and a dead place of worship could scarcely be found anywhere today than the sanctuary I once saw filled with eager, hungry throngs, while salvation rolled like a flood, and the building resounded with the happy cries and exultant shouts of penitents finding pardon, and of seekers sweeping into the blessing of entire sanctification.

I once sat in a chapel on Sunday morning in the city of Jerusalem. A more formal, lifeless service I hardly ever attended. And yet the place of worship was on Mt. Zion! And not over two hundred yards from the spot where the Holy Ghost fell in power on the one hundred and twenty, and where on the same day, three thousand souls were converted to God.

I did some thinking that morning, and I indulge in a similar kind of thought in these days whenever I sit in a cold, dead church, where once the Holy Ghost had right of way, where salvation free and full swept every service, and yet, where the chief priests and the sanhedrims of our day have ruled out the Word and Work of Almighty God.

At such a time I seem to see the word "Ichabod" written on the pulpit; on the choir; on the walls; and in the pews. I think of that chapel worship in Jerusalem, and going out of the desolated place I say with a heavy sigh in the heart and on the lip, "The glory is departed."

CHAPTER 5 A PRESIDING ELDER'S WIFE

I was invited to hold a meeting by a Methodist pastor in a Southern city of twenty thousand people. The presiding elder of the district lived in that community, and by some strange coincidence left town the same hour I arrived and

by a similar curious coincidence as it must have seemed to some, he returned the day I departed.

Evidently anticipating the gloomiest results, and feeling unable to stand the sight of the ecclesiastical ruin he dreaded, he packed his grip, took a train, and journeyed fully sixty miles southward and buried himself so to speak, in the piney woods in one of the circuits of his preachers; and so out of the sound of the melee, contest, wreck and disaster that he apprehended, he waited forebodingly to the end.

He had a bright, gifted wife whom he left behind to attend the meeting, hear what I said and report to him daily by letter the damage which would be done, and observe where the various fragments of Methodism in that place fell, so that later they might be gathered up and nothing be lost.

I saw the lady with note book and pencil in her hand quite busy for several days. She was quite a superior woman and soundly regenerated. As she listened from day to day, the truth took hold of her mind and heart. She soon saw that I was preaching God's truth, a Methodist doctrine, and presenting a religious experience taught both in the sacred book and in the standards of her church.

So on the fourth day she suddenly arose, left her note book and pencil on the chair, and coming with a rush to the altar knelt there with sobs, cries and fast flowing tears.

And behold the husband in the piney woods received no report from the battlefield that day. Nor did he get one on the second or third day which followed; for his convicted wife was in too much trouble to write any more bulletins. She was too busy with her own case and too hungry for the blessing to stop for anything short of full salvation.

And so there was silence in the piney woods for the space of three days; when lo! Here came a report that he did not expect; a letter from the wife, saying: "I've got it! I have received the blessing of sanctification which you so much dreaded."

The tableau in the woods made by the husband with the letter in his hand can, I think, be imagined by the dullest of minds.

The meeting in the town went on, and sitting forward with parted lips, shining eyes and eager face the presiding elder's wife drank and swallowed thirstily and hungrily the precious truths of full salvation which she had so often longed for, but knowing not what she craved nor how obtainment could be had.

Meantime there was quite a number of whisperings going on about her.

Finally I went to her and said: "Sister M____, the people are talking about you."

Taking her thoughts as it were from Heaven itself she asked simply and sweetly: "What are they saying about me?"

I replied:

"They say you have not eaten a morsel of food for several days."

A beautiful smile passed over her face, and she answered without the slightest sign of annoyance: "I don't care to eat; my soul is feasting on what I never thought was possible in this world."

I could but smile myself at this response and that most sympathetically; but I returned to the question box again and said:

"They are saying something else about you."

With a half amused yet patient expression of countenance she replied: "Well, what else are they saying?"

“They say that you have not slept any for three nights.”

Her face fairly shone and eyes filled with happy tears as she replied, “I don’t want to go to sleep and lose consciousness of this wonderful blessing in my soul.”

I answered, “Don’t think, Sister M_____, that I misunderstand or criticize you. I know all about how you feel, and haven’t it in mind or heart to blame you. I simply would warn you against injuring yourself physically. You know God has put natural laws on us and about us, and we must keep them or bear the penalty. In spite of the happiness in your soul I can see your body is not receiving right treatment and you are thereby injuring God’s temple. While in the flesh we must eat and take rest and sleep or we are bound to go down under such violation of physical obligation.”

With a wistful patient smile she said, “I know all that.”

“But that is not all,” I continued. “Your appearance is hurting the cause of Christ and Holiness.”

“Oh!” she said. “I would not do that for the whole world.”

“Well,” I replied gently, “you are doing it just the same. Your face is deadly white, there are black circles under your eyes, you look haggard, and those who love you are getting uneasy about you.

Your sleepless nights and long fasts are telling on you. Then Jesus, you know, said when the bridegroom was present we should not fast; and you know He has come to you.”

“That is true,” she responded.

“But that is not all the people are saying,” I said.

Raising her eyes with a surprised but smiling look she said, “What else are they saying?”

I replied, “They are saying that you will land in the lunatic asylum in about six months.”

To this hour, and it has been now over sixteen years ago, I cannot forget the flash of light in her face, the exultant ring in her voice and the triumphant gladness in her manner as she said, “Oh! If that is so, then I am so glad I got the blessing before I went to the lunatic asylum.”

Right then and there I gave up the job of showing people who are full of the Holy Ghost how to conduct themselves in a way to suit and please the outside, observing, critical world. If anybody desires this kind of employment he will find our discarded staff and mantle on that line somewhere down in a certain town in Mississippi.

If they succeed in the business I would like to hear from them on the subject, and might, if they desire, use my influence to get them to address perhaps a single time, one of the schools of the prophets held at some of our holiness camp grounds during the summer months.

This woman I have been writing about soon became established and feeling that God had not given her such a blessing to run away in a corner or secluded place with; set her candle on a table that it might give light to all the in the household, her social realm, and her church.

She proved by her after life that she did not believe in putting the meat in one barrel and the salt in another, but that the salt must be in contact in a saving sense with the meat or the latter would spoil and the former would lose its

savor.

She never gave up a single church service, but threw her beautiful glowing life and experience into every one of them. She transformed the Ladies Aid Society into a spiritual, prayerful gathering of women. She attended the Sunday school conventions and missionary meetings of the district and conference as well as her local church calls. And yet in no instance was there compromise of any kind. In testimony meetings and in private she told the people what she experienced, while in the various boards, societies and gatherings, she felt it her duty to attend, she, without being dictatorial, tried to guide and shape properly and lift all of them to higher spiritual planes as far as it was in her power.

Like her Saviour she had to endure the “contradiction of sinners” and the misjudgment of friends, but she kept sweet and remained steady, and demonstrated clearly to thousands that a person with holiness can live in the church, need not leave the church, and whether understood or not, or whether rewarded by man or not, can keep the experience and be a downright, outright and upright blessing in the midst of all the people.

But to return to the husband in the woods.

When it came to pass that my meeting finally ended in the town before mentioned, the news of my coming departure reaching the presiding elder, he immediately took the train, and, as I have said, by a curious coincidence entered the city as I left.

He arrived at about two o’clock in the morning. As he walked up the silent streets the town clock was pealing forth the second hour after midnight. The sound, the silence, the night, the loneliness were all favorable to the mood he was in. He was returning in a different frame of mind to that with which he departed. He was now thoughtful, troubled, convicted.

He reached his house, entered the front entrance with a night key, walked down the hall and stood before the door of the bedroom of his wife and himself. A light was gleaming through the crack at the bottom of the portal. He tapped softly, the door gently opened, and an angel stood before him!

One glance at the holy, shining face of his wife smiling upon him, and with a groan he fell upon the floor and on his face crying out, “Pray for me.”

She knelt by his side and poured forth her soul to God in his behalf. For hours they prayed. And then like the scene in Jacob’s life, just as the sun was rising, the Lord blessed and sanctified him there.

“What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband.”

CHAPTER 7 TWO REMARKABLE SUBJECTS OF GRACE

In one of my meetings in New Mexico, two men who were citizens in the place, were touched in different ways by the revival and furnished a couple of lessons to be found in this chapter.

Number One had been an outbreking sinner for years. He did what seemed to him good, and of course that good was bad. He drank steadily, and would punctuate and emphasize even that kind of life with what intemperate men call big drunks.

His wife was as godly as he was ungodly. Her love for him and devotion to Heaven went hand in hand. If her heart

had not been made of something like India rubber, the man to whom she was wedded would certainly have broken it with his carousals and the shame and suffering that he by this course threw upon her.

But she held on to God for the transgressor, and hoped and prayed for his change for over fifteen years. Meanwhile the husband, in his course of iniquity, derived a certain kind of consolation from the fact that while he was sinning, his wife was praying for him. Awful to state, this consciousness that a good woman whom the Lord loved was living in supplication for him, actually sustained him in his guilty course. He somehow felt safe in his wicked career. He reasoned that the Lord would not strike him down through his wife's petitions and tears, and so he made a pious wife a shield for an impious husband. Under cover of her godliness he practiced ungodliness.

Translated in unmistakable language his conduct would have read, "Wife, I want you to pray on, while I drink on. You shelter me with your prayers while I go on breaking the commandments of God."

Let me say right here that I have beheld the greatest abundance of this kind of doing in the land today. Men who are running from duty, riding on Sunday trains, dodging the church and revival services, drinking on the sly, and breaking the commandments generally; and yet comforted and sustained in such a life with the thought of a devoted wife at home praying for them. On the other hand we have women that are as signally failing in the duties of wife, mother, daughter and member of the church of Christ, yet trusting that their existence of duplicity and iniquity will be overlooked through the faithfulness of a consecrated father or husband.

Doubtless God does spare some on account of others. Doubtless there are cases where the tare is allowed to remain because of the presence of the wheat in the same social and domestic clod. But think of one using the faithfulness of a child of God to protect the misdoings of a follower of the devil. In the revival I speak of, the wife of the perverse man got sanctified, and with the coming of the great new joy, every burden left her, and with them all the worry, grief and concern about her husband. She actually seemed to forget that she had possessed such a life load and old man of the woods as he had been to her.

Moreover, the man himself marked this happy change, this bright, joyous spirit, and especially this forgetfulness of himself with great chagrin. It was not soothing to his vanity to be so completely set aside, nor comfortable to his feelings to be allowed to press on his way to hell unnoticed and unlamented.

So one day the joy-overflowing woman was putting on her hat, preparatory to coming to an afternoon meeting I had appointed, when the gloomy-browed husband asked her where she was going. She replied, "To the afternoon meeting." His rejoinder was, "Don't forget to pray for me."

The radiant-faced woman turned from the looking-glass to him, and said, "George, for fifteen years I have been breaking my heart over you, and wearing out soul and body in praying and agonizing over you and your sinful life. I want you to know today that I am done with it all. If you have made up your mind to do wrong and go to hell, you will have to do so. I have washed my hands of the whole matter, and turned you over to God. I refuse to be burdened any longer about you. I am going to Heaven glad and happy every moment from this hour."

The man's amazement at first was unspeakable, and then gave way to consternation. Why, here his life shelter was gone. His license to sin, so to speak, was lost. His shield between him and an offended God had been knocked down.

Rising up, he stretched forth a detaining hand as she was leaving the room, and said in a frightened, awestruck voice, "Wife, let us kneel down together here, and pray."

In the same meeting was case number two. A man lived in the town for whom his wife and her mother had been praying for twenty years. He drank steadily, used tobacco immoderately, swore continuously, never darkened a church door, and seemed to have made up his mind to be lost.

Absorbed in politics, bound up with lodges, he had left no time in which to prepare his soul for judgment and eternity. Among other things I heard of him was that he took fourteen secular and political newspapers, and read them all diligently and devotedly.

The two women prayed on with now and then a hope fluttering in the heart, but usually a kind of dull despair over the case.

My meeting opened, and the man came from curiosity. He heard of some of the illustrations of the preacher with an overcoat and chair, and came to behold the unusual proceeding himself.

Not an illustration was used that night, but the sermon, full of solemn thought and convicting power, reached his soul, and he awoke from the sleep of a lifetime.

The next night he was powerfully converted. Five days later he was tremendously sanctified. I use the word tremendous in the endeavor to convey to the mind of the reader the clearness, brightness, gladness and thoroughness of the work of grace that he received that day. It took him completely out of the hospital. I never heard of his returning to the repair shop. He became an "Inhabitant of the Rock," and had nothing more to do with the grounds in any and every sense of the word.

I do not remember ever to have seen a clearer case of holiness received and lived. The man's face literally beamed with light. His every breath was one of prayer or praise. He seemed saturated with the presence of God, and talked religion and only religion to everybody and all the time.

I met him again six weeks after the meeting, and in that time he had read the whole Bible through once, and the New Testament through three times. He had also completed the lives of Carvosso and Hester Ann Rogers. The staple of his conversation was Christ first, and after Him, Moses, Joshua, Carvosso and Hester Ann Rogers. He refused to be led away into conversations and discussion about politics, war, crops or anything else. His eye would wander, his manner become abstracted, and then suddenly he would break into the talk in a musing tone and with reverent, awe-struck speech -- "Wasn't that wonderful that Jesus did; or that Jesus said!"

A day spent with this man in a trip across the country, made the writer richer forever with the inspiration and strength given him through the grace, goodness and unwavering piety and devotion of a brand that had been so recently plucked from the burning.

But what about the two women who had prayed so long for the salvation of the wicked husband and son-in-law?

The reader will scarcely be able to credit it, but they were displeased and highly indignant.

They were glad over the conversion for a few hours, but when they saw the subject of their twenty-year prayers, not only leave sin, but sweep past them in the regenerated life, consecrate all to God, which they would not do, and seek holiness at the altar which they again refused to do, and more than that, get the blessing, and still more, live the life before them -- they were first disgusted and then became furious.

Not only was Othello's occupation gone in their case, but the one they had prayed for so long had, in a week's time, so far outstripped them, had become so much bigger than Othello himself, that the Othello, or, rather, the Old Fellow in them, known in the Bible as the "Old Man," was irritated, exasperated and generally infuriated -- and our two friends, the praying wife and mother-in-law, were plainly, to every eye, both outdone and undone.

The solution and explanation of this last case is so evident to all in the light of full salvation that I need not give it. The lesson to be drawn, however, is that it is well when regenerated people beg God to cast the devil out of sinners, not to fail to ask him to take the "old man" out of themselves.

CHAPTER 8 UNUSUAL SCENES

The solemnity and order in the worship of God is very beautiful to the eye, and grateful to the hearts of many of God's children.

I often wish in some of our democratic and almost mobocratic meetings that the reverence we mark and approve in certain churches, could be introduced into our gatherings.

The temple ritual ordained of God was evidently most solemn and impressive. And when we recollect how the angels veil their faces before Him in Heaven, and then mark the flippancy of speech and almost clownishness of conduct in some of our services, we are made to marvel and do a lot of serious and regretful thinking.

Still I have to admit that in services full of confusion, and lacking in the elements of order that I have mentioned, I have beheld some of the most astounding scenes of divine power, and seasons of grace.

I have repeatedly beheld the Spirit come down upon ignorance, uncouthness, awkwardness and heaviness and roll a tide of salvation over the audience.

Not only have I seen the divine glory which once shone in a temple of marble and gold, blaze in its fullest splendor from a rickety clap-board pulpit, and around an altar made of split logs and wooden slabs, and up and down a straw covered aisle lined by puncheon seats; but the same Holy One who shone amid the cherubim, pour the same effulgence on plain, unlettered men and women without rank, wealth, earthly station or personal comeliness.

In addition to all this I beheld a celestial honor paid a meeting, a heavenly outpouring granted a service where not only many things were lacking that would have been desirable in worship, but even blunders abounded.

Evidently God looks on the heart, sees deeper than we do, and under uncomeliness and awkwardness and even ignorance, beholds honesty of heart, and a whole desire to please Him; and so the Spirit falls with power on the humble audience under the brush arbor, and holds aloof from a congregation regarded as refined and cultivated, assembled in a pillared, spired and galleried cathedral costing a million dollars.

Truly, God's ways are not like the ways of men. He seems hungry for genuine affection, and seeks everywhere for those who want Him supremely and who would worship Him in spirit and in truth.

It is with Him, I doubt not, as it is with us; for it is not the grace and elegance of a child who waits upon us that satisfies and delights us, but the fact that it loves us and is glad to be near us and to minister unto us. We care little for awkwardness and blunders made in the service of our children, when we see the love beaming in their eyes, and the devotion manifest in their lives.

In one of my meetings there seemed to be an utter absence of musical talent. Not a woman on the ground seemed to be able to read music. Several could pick out a few gospel hymns of the ancient order of "Hold the Fort," etc.

A dozen singers, so called, would gather around the hesitating performer, and clustering in a knot, and some bending over the excited organist to read the words of the hymn, and with children running in and out among the singers, and dogs lying on the platform listening to the caterwauling going on, it all made a scene that would have been laughable in the extreme, but for the unmistakable earnestness as well as goodness of the little group who were doing the best they could.

And how the Lord smiled upon and blessed them; how their faces shone with spiritual light; and how my own soul was warmed, melted and made happy at the scene before me.

In this meeting I beheld over fifty souls regenerated and sanctified, and yet I know of great cathedrals and beautiful temples of worship, where the singing is said to be magnificent, and that at every service, and yet these congregations never witness a single case of salvation from the beginning to the end of the year.

In another meeting, after the conclusion of a deeply convicting sermon on inbred sin and full salvation, I called for seekers, and a man came running up the aisle and fell with such force and momentum on top of the tall altar rail as to go clear over, heels over head, and was sanctified as he struck the floor full length, inside the chancel. He rose instantly, shouting the praises of God.

Long months afterwards a gentleman who witnessed the scene, meeting us in his community, asked me if I remembered what I said when the occurrence took place.

I had to assure him, that other happenings had crowded out the recollection. Then with a smile he said, "You stood with folded arms watching the brother as he revolved over the altar rail and fell flat on his back, while the blessing at the same second filled his soul, and he leaped up with a shout.

You said, turning to the laughing, crying audience, 'That is the first man I ever saw who threw a somersault and landed in the middle of Canaan.'

Truly God has not laid down rules of graceful and dignified bearing for successful entrance into Beulah Land. Lovely positions, beautiful folding of the hands, the impressive bending of the knee, the thoughtful three fingers on the alabaster forehead, the seraphic gaze at a knothole in the roof of the rustic tabernacle, or at the stained upper windows of the costly sanctuary; all of these, charming and picture-like as they may be, I see utterly discounted at many of my revival meetings where people fall on the ground, roll in the straw, and with sighs, tears, and groans, fairly pitch and tumble into Canaan land.

Our brother's "somersault" into the Kingdom of Perfect Love was doubtless quite an absurd spectacle to a lot of cultured and worldly wise people, but God understood it all, and as an act it certainly laid in the shade, and put to discount, many other styles and efforts in seeking the blessing that no matter how full of grace and dignity, yet had borne no fruit, and obtained no victory.

In still another meeting held in a good sized town of Arkansas in the Method church, a dozen men, all in the experience of holiness but one, came down from the mountains in two wagons to attend the services. The twelfth man, a friend and neighbor, the eleven brought with them to get the blessing.

The brethren brought some provisions and bedding in their vehicles, and renting a small empty house, prepared to enjoy the meetings in full.

On the first night of the services I saw them all ranged in a double row on one side of the church, listening intently and eagerly to the sermon.

One of the first to come to the altar at the conclusion of the discourse was the twelfth, of whom I have spoken. At once the eleven followed and stood grouped around him waiting for him to get the blessing.

In about ten minutes the man who was already ripe and ready for the experience swept with a loud, glad cry into Canaan.

In the next second, the eleven men, so to speak, fell on him. All wanted to embrace him in their simple, honest-hearted joy. As one would turn him loose another would lay hold on him, and the spectacle presented to the amazed congregation was that of a dozen long bearded men with red faces and loud cries engaged in what looked like a wrestling match!

The congregation, perfectly unused to any sights and sounds of salvation, and spiritually dead as a membership, sat astounded and dumbfounded over the exceedingly lively scene going on before them. Many looked panic-stricken and appeared ready to run. Some did run. That tangle of waving arms, floating beards, crimson countenances, and glad cries of praise and salvation as they swung each other around, utterly oblivious of the petrified town audience, was entirely too much for them.

They doubtless were glad to escape from the presence of such lunatics with their lives.

At the conclusion of the service, the pastor, who had been much exercised over the scene, walked back to the parsonage in company with his wife and containing himself with great difficulty. Just as they reached their gate, the preacher said:

“I tell you, wife, that altar affair was terrific!”

In an instant the wise woman laid her hand upon the husband’s arm and replied: “Not a word, husband. Do not dare to criticize those men and that scene. God was in it, and God is in them.”

Several days afterward when the preacher got the blessing himself he related the yard gate occurrence, and with filling eyes, said:

“I thank God for such a wife as the Lord has given me. Neither of us had the blessing of sanctification when the meeting began. But she was more spiritual than I was, saw more deeply and understood better the workings of the Spirit of God, and saved me at a very critical time. I firmly believe that but for her restraint and counsel at the time, I would have been led into criticism, fault-finding and wrong judgment of good men and the work of the Holy Ghost; would have gotten into darkness of mind and hardness of heart, and not only lost this beautiful, precious blessing God has given me, but perhaps finally Heaven itself.”

It would be well indeed for every man if he had such a wife as this man possessed. It was well for him as it proved then and afterwards. And it was well for the church where the protracted services were held. For in spite of the opening scene which so many dreaded in its effect on the town, God sent a gracious revival to the community in which over one hundred souls were regenerated, reclaimed and sanctified.

CHAPTER 18 CLEAR CASES

I do not fail to recognize in the matter of personal religious experience many shades of difference proceeding from temperament, education and other causes. Nevertheless the foundational work is compelled to be the same, and the testimony of the spirit to one’s relation to God is a universal privilege. Many individuals, therefore, with but little outward demonstration are as soundly regenerated and sanctified as those whose noisy overflow commands the attention of gazing hundreds.

While this is true, I must confess, however, to a wonderful partiality for those cases which give no feeble or uncertain note when the fire of heaven falls upon them. Out of a great number that memory recalls I give several instances.

In one of our western states lived an unconverted man, who owned a store and was doing a prosperous business. Among other things which he sold was whiskey by the bottle, jug or barrel. He was thriving so well that he gave his

store a new coat of paint and treated it to a brand new sign, which swung and creaked in front.

One day a farmer, who was a friend and acquaintance, came into the store and asked him to let him have a drink of liquor, that he was tired and cold. The merchant in reply gave him a key to one of the barrels and told him to help himself. A half hour or so rolled by, and the merchant had forgotten all about the circumstance, when a gentleman strolled into the store, leaned on the counter and said to him slowly and solemnly,

“I see your sign is lying flat in the road.”

“What!” exclaimed the storekeeper, and rushed out on the gallery expecting to behold his new front ornament down on the ground. To his great relief there it swung in its place near the ceiling.

“No,” he said, turning to his informer, “my sign is not down; what made you say so?”

“Yes, it is,” persisted the gentleman. “It is further down the road.”

The storekeeper followed the pointing finger and beheld, forty yards down the street in the middle of the highway, the prostrate form of the man to whom he had given the key of the whiskey barrel.

He was dead drunk.

The sight was like an arrow to the heart of the beholder, and crying out, “My God, is that the sign of my store!” he walked into the building and closed the door behind him.

He never sold another drop of liquor from that hour.

Then followed days of unspeakable anguish of mind and heart through the convicting power of the Holy Ghost. He could not eat, sleep, rest or attend to business.

There grew around the town, and extending deep into the country, dense thickets. Taking his axe he penetrated the jungle and cut out a place in which to pray. He spent an hour in his leafy cavern, and failing to find relief, he went out and, a hundred yards away, hewed a second nook for prayer.

Still finding no deliverance, he prepared a third. But as he prayed in it his burden seemed to increase.

He then returned to the first, next visited the second and wound up in the third, praying in great and growing agony in them all.

Thus he did for several days, until one morning while in one of his leafy caves calling on God for mercy, the blessing of salvation was poured into his heart and he shouted for joy.

His hallelujahs were heard a quarter of a mile away at a United States military post, and officers and men both thinking that it was an outbreak of the Indians, a corporal and squad of soldiers were sent running toward the town. Guided by the whoops and yells, they dashed into the thicket where our new convert was having the whole war to himself.

Filled with a rapturous love, he flung himself on the corporal and hugged him, and attempted to embrace all the soldiers, when the corporal, at first stupefied and now still mystified, but also deeply disgusted, cried out to his men: “About face! Double quick!” and went back in a swinging trot to the garrison.

After this our brother joined the church and for months greatly enjoyed his new-found salvation.

One of the idols of the past life, however, which he would not give up, was his pipe. He felt disturbed about it at times, and had occasional gloomy spells, but still was moving along.

Soon after this there came to his western village a holiness evangelist, when he found that under his searching sermons his moodiness was increasing. But still he puffed away at his tobacco and did considerable grumbling.

One morning the preacher, who was watching him load his pipe preparatory to putting a coal of fire on it, said: "My brother, would you be willing to swap that filthy old pipe for a clean heart and a sweet family altar?"

At once he became very angry in spirit and with difficulty kept from being rude to the minister.

He felt that he was being very hardly dealt with, that his rights were ignored, his privileges trampled upon, and he was being tormented before the time. In a word, he fumed. He remained in this state several hours, getting what consolation he could from his pipe; and he never obtained less.

Toward the middle of the day he was a mile from town in his two-horse wagon, filling it with large stones for one of his fences. The pipe lay unsmoked in his pocket, and the rocks seemed to get in his breast. Grimly and with groans he worked until the vehicle was nearly loaded.

He stopped a moment to rest as he stood on the boulders. A sweet inner voice whispered, "Surely you would not keep out the Comforter because of an unclean habit."

At once there sprang into his mind and heart the determination, "I will give up everything for God!" Running his hands into his pockets he pulled out his pipe and tobacco pouch and threw them as far as he could into the forest. **They had scarcely left his hands when the baptism of the Holy** Ghost and fire fell upon him.

With cries of joy and tears of rapture rolling down his cheeks, he gathered the reins in his hands, turned the galloping horses homeward, and came flying down the road, filling the air with his shouts and the highway with all the stones he had gathered.

The town, attracted by the outcries and rattle of the wagon, turned out to meet him as he swept into the square. They thought he had lost his mind, but he told them from his wheeled pulpit that it was his carnal mind that was gone. Oh, how he preached! His wagon indeed was empty, but he himself was full. He had given up the last of his old idols, and got in exchange a clean heart and a sweet family altar – in a word, the blessing of full salvation.

The writer saw him two years after the transaction had taken place, and he was still pre-eminently satisfied.

In a certain western town, services were held in the opera house. God gave me a number of clear conversions and most powerful sanctifications. Among the latter was one that was quite remarkable.

For days the man had been patiently and persistently seeking the blessing. Just as I had concluded the morning sermon and while a number were approaching the altar, the holy fire fell upon him. The scene which followed was simply beyond description.

The power on the man was so great that it looked like he was electrified and to the spiritually ignorant would have appeared as if he were in agony. He was literally flung about the house by an invisible, but uncontrollable force. He would sink down for a moment on his knees in a rapture of joy, only the next instant to be lifted suddenly to his feet and swept away to a distant part of the building. I thought several times that he would break a platoon of chairs and throw down the stage scenery before which I was preaching under one of his amazing rushes.

But, nothing of the kind took place. All could see who watched the man, that not a particle of "put on" or the

“worked up” was in the case. God was simply pleased to make an individual a spectacle of his power, and show that the live Gospel was still in the world and that the Holy Ghost had not exhausted himself on the day of Pentecost.

But it was fully a half hour before the man calmed down. A crowd of men rushed from the street and with faces as solemn as death, viewed the scene of a hundred holiness people rejoicing and praising God, salvation flowing at the altar and a man whom they all knew, filled with the Holy Ghost and fairly caught away from the world in which he lived.

As I studied the case before me, I could not but think of one in the book of Acts who was saved by the power of Jesus’ name, and went “leaping and praising God through the temple.”

The man in our meeting was not in the temple; but he did not leap and praise God the less because he had found full salvation in an opera house. It was God and not the place that did the work.

Perhaps Christ had in his mind these days of ecclesiastical exile of full salvation, when he said “Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father, but the hour cometh and now is when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.”

It is blessed indeed to find that God is not confined to times and places. He is everywhere and to the soul perfectly redeemed every house is a temple. The mist of the morning is incense. The birds are a part of the heavenly choir, while every bush and shrub by the roadside burns and sparkles with the glory of God.

On the third, fourth and fifth days of still another meeting, God began to stretch certain individuals out on the floor around the altar, in the old-fashioned way.

I was deeply interested in the case of a Methodist local preacher of fully sixty years of age, who sought the blessing of sanctification with a persistence and patience for five days that I never saw surpassed. Morning and night he was first at the altar and sought the blessing with strong crying and tears. Service after service he failed to obtain the witness of the Spirit that the work was done; but he never allowed himself to be discouraged. Others swept in ahead of him who had begun seeking later, but he did not murmur, fret nor fall into darkness, on account of what to some would have appeared as divine favoritism.

He held on his lonely way. He told the Lord audibly that he must have the blessing. He did not kneel a little while and then get up and go back to his seat, as we have seen many others do. But, he clung to the horns of the altar of mercy and pleaded with God, while great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the rail before him.

Meantime, his soul was greatly blessed in the seeking. He was evidently in the path of the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. He was nearing Canaan and stood on the banks of Jordan, in the same beautiful country that so captivated two of the tribes of Israel that they would not cross over at all. Alas! For people who stop short of entire sanctification with any religious experience, no matter how good it is. The word is “Cross over.”

Mr. Wesley said that sanctification is preceded and followed by a blessed growth in grace. All sanctified people find it so. It pays spiritually just to seek sanctification. The soul wakes up; the spirit gets on a stretch for better things; the heart becomes inflamed with love and devotion to God. But, it pays better to “go on to perfection,” to “groan after it,” and never stop until we are made perfect in love in this life. See the Methodist Discipline and above all see the Bible.

Our local preacher spent a couple of blessed days on the beautiful banks of Jordan, but still sighing out his soul for Canaan beyond the flood. One night nearly everyone had left the altar but himself. He still lingered with great pleadings before God, when suddenly the Saviour whispered to him, “He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven.”

He leaped to his feet crying “I believe Christ sanctifies me now,” when suddenly the fire fell! The power of God came upon him, and there followed a scene that the congregation of that night will never forget. Oh! How he shouted, laughed, wept, clapped his hands and embraced his brethren.

Did any one of our readers ever hear a man rejoice who had not thus overflowed in twenty, thirty or forty years; who was doing the first real shouting of his life?

As a rule such people make up for lost time. Besides, the Holy Ghost can make a first-class shouter in a single second. There is needed no evolution of growth into this Methodistic, old-time religion, Pentecostal and heavenly overflow of the heart and exercise of the voice.

So our brother shouted and cried out that he was sanctified, and shouted some more and said he had the witness! That the Spirit told him he had the blessing! Then he shouted again and went over to his weeping wife at the altar and said to her “Say Glory,” and then fell back upon the floor and clapped his hands over his head and shouted again.

Other men were quietly saved that night, but this case drew special attention and interest, because of his being a preacher and his having sought the blessing so long and patiently.

What someone has called “The Problem of Methodism” was solved with him forever, and so it would be with all who would do as he did. If our preachers and laymen who fight the doctrine of instantaneous sanctification by faith, would spend the time and energy in seeking for the blessing which they now lose in withstanding it, there would soon be no “Problem of Methodism” to discuss while the glorious solution read in shining faces, liberated tongues and God empowered lives, would send a revival wave of salvation over this land that would sweep the church, and the world with it, up to the very borderland of the long promised Millennium.

CHAPTER 19 STRANGE CASES

In one of my meetings there came to the altar an individual who gave me a strange history of himself. If ever there seemed to be a child of providence, and one preserved for gospel and remarkable work, it was this man; and yet here he was at the altar a seeker after departed light, unction and power.

His mother, I was informed, was a poor woman. Left in widowhood with this one boy of six or eight years of age, her poverty became extreme.

When two years of age, or hardly that, while she was out in the yard engaged in some manual toil, the child fell in a pot of scalding water. Amazing to say, he was not killed or even scarred. She found him in this condition of peril, his screams having brought her in, and yet he was soon well again from the accident that had ensued.

It was when he was about eight years of age that the mother, more to relieve her desperate financial condition than through love, married a very wicked man. She was pious and devout; and yet broke the commandment about “being yoked unequally with unbelievers,” a command, by the way, that should take every preacher and Christian church member out of the lodges and so-called fraternities all over the land.

The husband’s hate seemed to turn at once upon the boy; and continuous and unspeakably cruel was his treatment of the innocent, unoffending child.

One day, while the mother was absent at a neighbor’s house doing their washing, the lad, who was out in the yard, happened to look up and saw his stepfather leveling a gun upon him. The boy, without being able to account for it,

instantly fell upon his knees, stretched his hands heavenward and, with uplifted face, began to pray to God for deliverance. Impressed to look down, he saw that the man, in some way moved and touched, could not shoot a being on his knees in prayer, and was lowering his gun. A third impression bade him run, and he fled with all the speed he could make for twenty or thirty yards, when still another prompting urged him to fall on his knees and pray again.

This he did, and as he, with a frightened glance, looked toward the house, he saw that the gun had been aimed at him again. Once more he was impelled to fly, and as he did so saw that the weapon had been lifted.

This time his run placed him out of gunshot, and entering the woods he still ran until he was hidden from sight, and going a mile or so deeper in the dense forest lay down exhausted at the foot of a tree and spent the night in the heart of the woods with nothing but the cry of night birds and the sound of an occasional prowling animal to fall upon his hearing. But this loneliness and the dangers of the forest were far more acceptable to him than the sight of a gun and the scowling face over it that had been directed toward him.

The boy's history and life did not lack in interest and providential leadings and deliverances after that, but what I have written is sufficient to show the reader how engaged God had been in this human life for some wise purpose.

He finally, after manhood, became converted, sanctified and called to the ministry. He was most remarkably honored in his work by the Divine Being who called him. Without education, yet he had an influence over souls that cannot be given by schools and colleges, excellent and desirable as they are. I was told that God had used him in a most unusual way, and his life had proved one of genuine spiritual power, and a benediction to his community.

As far as I can learn in the matter of explanation, there was in his way a set of unconverted grown-up children at home, a hard-featured, unspiritual wife and a prosperous business. The wife took no stock in holiness, and his sons insisted that he remain at home and help them with the farm and saw-mill. Anyhow, when I saw the man, the glory was departed. A second individual I met at a still later meeting. The trouble in his case was that I could not get him anywhere near the altar. The heart seemed to be turned to stone so far as salvation was concerned, and his spiritual nature dead or paralyzed.

He said that he had been very bitterly dealt with in life, and being filled with self pity and resentment, turned from God, duty and the claims of humanity upon him.

His history was quite wonderful. When a lad of seven he was separated and lost from his parents in London, England.

A man coming with his family to this country encountered somehow just before embarkation, this lost wandering boy, and brought him over to the United States as one of his household.

The man was emigrating west, and, while crossing a river in Kansas, a sudden rise or freshet drowned every one of the party but the boy waif.

As a wagon body swept past the struggling lad there was a halter attached to one of the rods. Grasping, with almost a drowning clutch, the strap of leather, he pulled himself hand over hand until he was able, finally, to climb on top of the upset wagon frame. On this frail craft he floated all day long, washed first near one shore and then towards another; now in an eddy; now in a swift current; until at last, at about sunset, he drifted against the branches of a fallen tree, and, crawling along the limbs, reached the ground and found himself on an island.

Some Indians, for this happened in the early '50s, saw the lad and his escape, and next morning came over in a canoe and brought him into their camp, and he became one of their tribe.

He grew up to manhood, and forgot his own name, the name of his parents, and almost everything connected with his earlier life.

Later on he separated from his Indian friends and entered civilization. Taking up different kinds of employment, he soon amassed a competency and indeed a fortune.

When I saw him he had a sweet-faced ladylike wife, and was a man of large property.

If ever I read or heard of an individual who had been providentially dealt with, and that in a merciful, gracious and extraordinary manner, it was this person. And yet I was told that his constant declaration was that he had been hardly dealt with in life both by man and God.

Nothing in the gospel services seemed to move him. He made no response to any proposition and, of course, ignored the altar call and service.

The two cases set me to thinking.

I remembered how many people God had fairly rained mercies upon; that were surrounded with every gospel privilege and advantage; had other beings to make constant and profoundest life sacrifices for them; and yet nothing seemed to touch, move or change them. They went on railing at fate, the hardness of the world, the injustice of being brought into such a life as this, the pitilessness even of God himself; when their life was one long history of Divine mercy and human kindness.

Why could not the first man remember the remarkable display of the Divine interest and power in his life? Why not escape the traps laid for him by the devil in his unconverted children, hard wife and prosperous business? Why could he not break through and over them all, giving glory and obedience to God?

As for the second person, why could he not remember how God had raised up friends for the homeless child, saved him from a raging torrent, made the Indians kind to him, led him to marry a sweet, good woman, and prospered him in material things as He once had blessed Jacob.

This man only saw the fact of his forgotten name, the freshet, and some lonely years on the plains with the savages. When, like the grateful leper, he should have returned and, in view of Heaven's mercies to a lost and unworthy sinner, given thanks to God in a loud voice.

On the other hand, I have seen men who never had anything done for them. No halter was thrown to them in a critical time; no wagon body lifted them in peril; no Indian cared for them; no one helped them on and up in time of trouble; and yet these precious souls found God and not only found Him without help, but served Him in spite of human resistance and bitter opposition of all kinds.

They adopted the plan of doing good and following the example of their Saviour. Nine times out of ten they met with no gratitude for what they did for others. Their own families accepted their sacrifices as a matter of course, and, like the children of King Lear, repaid affection with insult and ill-treatment.

I have known such men abused and accused of everything mean and vile under the sun. I have heard them called devils. Their lives have been dubbed Pharisaical and hypocritical. Slandered by their open enemies; stabbed with innuendoes by secret foes; their own church doors closed against them in face of a life of loyalty; misunderstood and inwardly despised by the nearest of kith and kin; yet they went on doing good, faithful to God, and standing by the Word, the testimony, the doctrine and the faith once delivered to the saints until the very end.

Verily, it seems that the more that is done for certain beings in the home circle, the ecclesiastical realm, the business world and the religious life, the more helpless, ungrateful and generally no account they are. While the less that is done for multitudes of others we know, the better it appears to be for them, their characters, their success in life, their salvation and their final standing in heaven.

Behold, I show unto you a mystery.

CHAPTER 20 EXPLANATION OF DIFFICULT CASES

The Spirit and the Word always agree. So when penitents and seekers declare that they have done all, and yet cannot hear from Heaven, I know there is another history, another side to the matter that does not agree with their statements.

As they protest and affirm with earnestness and even heat of manner that they have done all that the Bible requires, and that they are keeping back nothing, and that they do not know why forgiveness does not come, or why the work and witness of the Spirit is not felt in the blessing of sanctification, we may all know that the truth is not being told.

The inexperienced and spiritually ignorant may be bewildered by such cases, especially if said case is attired in silk and broadcloth, wears diamonds and gold watches, and is prominent in the church or community.

But older heads, and Spirit-taught and led men are not deceived. They know that God understands the man before them, and that because God does know him, certain things asked for by the man, and expected immediately by his admirers and sycophants do not and cannot happen.

In some of these occasions the prayers of the penitent's friends actually reflect on God and contain insinuations against the divine faithfulness and promises. And the seeker's own statements would lead some to believe an innocent, overlooked, injured party is being neglected by the Almighty.

The silence of God through all these kind of altar histories is both affecting and also awe-inspiring to the writer. God is being wronged again, and in this new way, but contemplates and takes it all without a word. He hears himself and His faithfulness reflected on, and gives no sign that He has been grieved and outraged, or that He sees a humbug, liar or hypocrite at the altar.

Once in one of my meetings a man suddenly arose from the altar, where he had been a seeker for several days without apparently making any advance, and walking to the stove in a corner of the building, opened a door at the top and casting a plug of tobacco into the flames, slammed the iron lid back in place, and returned to the altar amid the shouts of a number of Holiness people who knew his bondage to the weed.

But I noticed that the man himself did not shout, nor was there any lighting up of his countenance or any facial change for the better whatever. On the contrary, the face was dark and gloomy.

Going up to him I said, "I am glad you have given up this unclean habit, so God can bestow on you the blessing of holiness."

His reply was, "I have not given it up as you think." "But I saw you open the stove door and throw the plug in, and supposed by that act that you meant you gave up tobacco then and forever."

"No," he rejoined, "I gave it up for today."

My disgust over this piece of acting, over this false impression made on the people, and the effort to deceive God, was almost too deep for words.

But I did manage to ask him how he could get his consent to mock God in such a way, and added, “Did you know that God killed a man and woman for doing a thing similar to what you have done today? Do you remember they said they had given up all for God, and yet had not done so; and they were stricken down in instant death for their deception?”

Of course the man became very angry and gave up seeking full salvation, as he could not humbug man or God.

Meantime I recalled the look and meaning of his dark, heavy face when he performed the stove scene. God knew he was acting. And though the hypocrite walked with firm tread across the whole breadth of the church, and though he looked determined and honest, and though he pitched the tobacco into the fire as if he was disgusted with it, and slammed the stove door on it with the air of one burning or blowing up a last bridge, and though he strode back to the altar from the tobacco burial as one who had looked his last on the face of a departed one in the coffin, and though the people shouted, wept, clapped their hands and cried out, “Glory!” all over the house, yet the Lord was never deceived a single moment! God, who knows the heart, knew the humbug before him and the poor little farce of a minute’s acting that was trying to pass itself off for a life tragedy.

We may delude man, but we cannot deceive God, for He knows us and that thoroughly and completely.

I have alluded a number of times publicly to an occurrence at a camp meeting in a southern state where a prominent man in the community came to the altar. He was quite a wealthy man, had several large plantations and any amount of blooded stock. Among other possessions he owned a number of race horses.

As he bowed down a penitent and seeker at the mourners’ bench, five or six preachers promptly gathered around him to help him and assist in praying him through.

A couple of hours passed by and there was no change in the look and bearing of the penitent who knelt silent and glum at the altar. The preachers were tired, but the game was too big, the seeker too influential to be left alone, so that their prayers, though now quite wearied, yet still rang out, “Now, Lord!” “Let the fire fall, Lord! He has given up all, Lord; why does not the blessing descend! Open the heavens and come down upon our precious brother.”

But heaven remained silent to the “precious brother” in spite of the insinuations of the preachers. The precious brother continued silent, sulky, gloomy and lockjawed in the midst of a semi-circle of clamoring and vociferating ministers of the Gospel. Heaven and the precious brother were alike silent.

Another hour passed and the preachers were not only worn out but hungry as well. The dinner hour had passed and they had been afraid to leave the prominent seeker at the altar. So that their prayers, so-called, actually reflected on the mercy and knowledge of God. “Give him the blessing now, Lord! He is ready for it! He has given up all, Lord! Why not now, Lord!”

When suddenly the rich sinner at the mourners bench, who had been mentally dropping sin after sin, and giving up different wrong practices lifted his head, and looking up to Heaven cried out, “I give up the colt too, Lord!”

When like a flash of lightning the skies opened over him and God flooded the man’s soul with the pardon, peace and rapture of salvation. Oh, how he shouted around the camp ground; and how cheap the preachers must have felt.

In a word, God understood his own business, and thoroughly knew the man kneeling before him.

The position was that of a surrendered sinner, but he was keeping back one thing connected with his sinful past. He

owned a colt of the very best blooded stock. He told God that he was done with horse racing and gambling of every form, but he wanted to see that colt run just one race.

On that single reservation he was silently and invisibly battling with God for three hours. Every sin surrendered but one, and so he sulked, and the preachers clamored. Both sides from the different standpoints of deception on the part of the man at the altar, and of ignorance of the withheld thing on the part of the preachers, were trying to make God ignore and set aside his own Word which said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me," but "He that confesseth and forsaketh shall have mercy."

Thus it is that the explanation of a human figure stalled and lockjawed at the altar; and the meaning of a silent heaven over such a bowed down, voiceless, joyless form, is, that God knows the man altogether who is before him. Half of the fortune has been kept back. The wedge of gold is under the tent. The colt has not been given up to God.

CHAPTER 23 VICTORY IN THE FACE OF DISCOURAGEMENTS AND HINDRANCES

Certainly the Lord is in the full salvation movement, or it could never have survived the animosity of hell, the resistance of the world, the ridicule of an onlooking multitude, and the mistakes, blunders and inadequate human resources of its friends and followers.

In the beginning of my evangelistic labors I was so deeply impressed with these contrasting factors and features, as beheld in the comparatively small company of the Holiness people, and the vast number outside the Movement who were ignorant of the doctrine and experience and either indifferent or full of bitter opposition, my heart would be overshadowed with anxiety and apprehension. But as months and years rolled by I soon saw that numbers amounted to nothing with God; that He could win battles without human scholarship, culture, riches, and social, civil and ecclesiastical power being on His side; and that so long as His people would remain true in doctrine and in life He would always cause them to triumph. I then began to draw easier breaths, and have been doing so ever since.

It matters not what may be the opposition, how great the ridicule, how black the falsehood, uttered against us, if we as Holiness people remain clean in heart, sweet in spirit, and steadfast unmovable always abounding in the work of the Lord certainly we will never know defeat, but victory greater or less according to time spent, and conditions confronted, will always be ours.

Four times since I have been an evangelist, I have left a meeting before the allotted period was complete. This I did, following not only the example of Doctor Finney, one of the greatest of evangelists, but thinking the procedure was to be found in the Gospel both in act and word. But with growing knowledge and experience I question now whether I did right. As I see God's pity and power now in a stronger light, I believe I would stay to the end.

In one town, fully eight or ten years ago, the resistance was so bitter to Holiness, and the hatred to altar work so intense that at the conclusion of the seventh day, I, feeling that the "Blood" was being trampled upon, closed the meeting with a solemn farewell, and God knowing the integrity of my heart and loyalty to His Son, filled me with a great peace, and even joy in my departure.

But in the next three days there came a number of people from other towns and distant neighborhoods hungry for the blessings of reclamation and sanctification, and lo! The meeting had closed.

Perhaps this was not a mistake I made, perhaps it was. But here is one thing absolutely sure, that even in this case God obtained the victory. Quite a number were deeply convicted over the unexpected sudden termination of the

gospel services; some saw the “closing of the door” mentioned so solemnly by the Saviour, and still others followed me to another meeting and were blessedly sanctified.

The Kingdom of God certainly does not come with observation in the outset of many of our Holiness meetings. We have not the biggest tents, the finest tabernacles, the largest choral bands, nor the company of resident pastors on the platform, nor the newspapers, nor the mayor and board of aldermen. Rarely indeed does a presiding elder lend us the light of his countenance, while a bishop is beheld only here and there and hardly ever more than a day at that. Then when he is gone, a great number go with him, so that it is evident that if the King does not help us, the Kingdom now undergoing humiliation of all kinds as the King Himself once did, must necessarily be in a great strait and sore distress.

But the King is with us, and is constantly proving His presence and overruling power to all who will be true and faithful to Him, and submit entirely to His leadership.

A retrospective glance over the past years ought to fill every sanctified pastor and evangelist’s heart with renewed confidence and zeal as he must see that Christ never left him, but always gave him unmistakable triumph in different ways over the opponents of full salvation whether they were in the church or in the world or from the Pit itself.

From the beginning God has been warring with a minority against an overwhelming majority. Then he has taken the weak things to confound the mighty, and things that are not to bring to naught the things that are.

It has been the same in every age, in every land, and as far as I can see the Lord is now carrying on the battle in the old time way.

The ox-cart with the ark of God is still seen humbly coming up the road, while the chariots of sin flash in their brazen and golden splendor over the land. Saul is on the throne and David in the woods in many places in the world today. And the Lord’s true following is often beheld in these very times looking like the little band of Samaritans and Galileans in the presence of the great and glittering ecclesiasticism in Jerusalem.

But no matter what may be the difficulty, the reproach, the opposition, the apparent weakness of our side and the evident numerical superiority of the other side, yet if God is in us and with us we will not and can not be defeated, but will come out victorious in spirit, ahead in spiritual results, and with the divine smile, favor and honor upon us every time.

It is certainly heart-sickening to begin a meeting with a handful of discouraged looking people; but what evangelist has not started thus and beheld a deep and widespread revival spring up with large convicted crowds in attendance before he got half way through the ten days’ or two weeks’ protracted services. What faithful servant of Christ has not beheld under a firm loving and persistent presentation of the truth, an icy crowd melt, a hard one break, and a violent angry one become calm, reasonable and convinced by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

Once in a large city church there was a deliberate attempt made to head me off from preaching full salvation. Even the leader of the choir carefully selected hymns which she thought had not the slightest reference to holiness as a second work. But I kindly thanked the music leader for the two hymns, showing where the second work was taught in each. The indignation in that choir can be imagined. But God filled the altar, and that with the best people. Moreover, the leader referred to went down with the rest. In addition, one day when I gave one of my “Wine Talks,” as I called them, the fury of the congregation arose to its highest pitch, and yet that very day God sanctified twice as many as usual and proved that there was a wine blessing such as the disciples received at Pentecost.

At another place the hindrance was felt in a dissimilar way in the form of a raging chairman of the board of stewards, a slamming side door, and a holiness sister who had a way of stepping over the altar rail in the church, which railing was two feet and a half high.

The chairman would get little knots of people together before and after the sermon and ridicule and inveigh against the doctrine of Holiness. The side door with a terrific clap would sound and resound hundreds of times in every service, distracting attention and preventing people from hearing many words and parts of sentences of the Gospel message. The high stepping sister with her unfeminine acrobatic performances, hurt the meeting more than the chairman or the side door, and I used to groan every time I saw her rise to clear the fence, so to speak.

But I held on, and held in, and prayed mightily, and preached faithfully, and believed steadily, and God gave the victory with over one hundred conversions and sanctifications. The chairman of the board went down at last with a bitter cry at the altar, got recovered, and then sanctified. The side door was forgotten when the Lord opened the doors of Heaven upon us. And as for the agile sister, we turned her over to the tender mercies and instructing providence of the Almighty.

In a third place at one of my opening meetings, I had for my audience one gray headed old man, three women who seemed to be in a brown study, two hens scratching around in the wheat straw, and one dog lying asleep at the far end of the altar.

And yet strangely, sweetly encouraged by the Saviour, I held on from day to day and night to night, and saw the tent filled with people, a number of deeply convicted souls at the altar, a score of souls get clearly and powerfully through into pardon and holiness, and a victory so clear in every way as to be evident to every one.

In a fourth place my first meeting consisted of a band of holiness women and four men. And such men, speaking in a physical sense, I never encountered in one group before. One had a leg off.

Another possessed but one arm. A third had but one ear. The fourth had a harelip and could with difficulty be understood when he spoke.

Speaking after the manner of men, it seemed that I was but poorly furnished on the male side of my audience. That the masculine enrollment of my troops when all put together would only make about one whole man after all. Doubtless the world would have laughed at my roll call. Perhaps the devils in hell did.

But Holiness people have a way of looking and counting that is all unknown to this sinful earth in its wisdom.

First there was a natural pang at the physical inadequacy before me. Then came a deep, sweet, tender feeling of pity. Then a joy that God could take up men that the world and the devil had injured and maimed, and would make them His soldiers. Then an assurance that God in these maimed creatures of His was more than a match for all the stalwarts and mighty ones of earth who knew Him not and possessed Him not.

My four afflicted and dismembered brethren certainly had the blessing of sanctification, and he who said He could take the weak things of this world, and the things that are despised and that are not, and could bring down through them the forces that are considered great and powerful, did so in this case; and a sweeping revival was the outcome, and that in the face of churches by the score who with wealth, culture and numbers had not beheld salvation in their pews and at their altars for a score of years, and some not through the whole course of their brick and mortar existence, not to mention the marble front, and the laying of the cornerstone by the Masonic Fraternity.

Certainly we have nothing to fear from our weakness as to numbers and insufficiency in many things, nor need to dread the wisdom, might, power and combinations of men against us no matter what form the attack should assume. The God of the stripling David, of the single handed Gideon, the solitary Paul, the imprisoned Peter, the ridiculed John Bunyan, and the daily mobbed John Wesley, is still alive; and as He gave these servants of His triumph in a way the world can never forget, so can He grant us success in our posts and places in spite of all the hate of men and rage of devils that can be hurled against us.

So long as we abide in Christ and keep His sayings, we are promised victory under any and all circumstances. And the word is, that filled with the Spirit, one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight; while the inspired declaration has been given, that as Christ overcame and has sat down with His Father on His throne, even so we through Christ can overcome all things and sit down with Him on His throne.

CHAPTER 28 THE RESTITUTIONS OF A REVIVAL MEETING

There have been few meetings I have conducted but beheld the transfer of money from one pocket to another among the individuals in the audience. The more powerful the meeting the more frequent these restitutions became and the larger the amount of money exchanged.

Yet when the services began there was no outward sign of these generally long standing wrongs; nor have I ever preached an entire discourse on this spiritual essential; but simply gave it a feature in one of my sermons, or dwelt on it some minutes as one of the steps God requires in order that the soul might get right with Him.

The Word is that if our brother hath aught against us, we must get right with him and then come to the altar.

There is no doubt that grasping, overcharging, pilfering and downright stealing are so many manifestations of carnality. During the last Christmas season hundreds of special detectives were stationed in the leading stores of Chicago because of this sinful bent among women.

Any form of wrong done a fellow creature may be wilfully cast into realms of silence and oblivion by the trespasser, but God does not forget, and the Spirit brings it again and again to remembrance and especially in a time of gospel preaching and genuine revival services.

This often accounts for the sudden discontinuance of attendance upon the meeting. The convicted man or woman was brought face to face with the past wrong, and feeling unwilling to confess it to man or God, and altogether disinclined to right the financial obligation, became ostensibly offended at the evangelist's methods, style of preaching or altar work, and so with an appearance of honest disagreement or virtuous indignation, the convicted thief departed.

In a town in Tennessee where there was a joint school or college with two principals, one with clear, bright face stood by the Holiness revival. The other, with dark, sullen countenance, fought the meeting on the street and in private homes, and wrote a letter to a leading Methodist church paper full of false statements about what was being said and done in services where the Holy Ghost was present in great grace and power.

The cause of the anger and fury of the second principal was discovered in less than a year. It was not the preacher or the meeting after all. Our infuriated college man had wronged his coadjutor out of five thousand dollars. The Word had dug him up, and the Holy Ghost had arrested him and brought him to the bar of his conscience.

Here was an instance where the convicted being did not follow the leadings and commands of God, but went on fighting Holiness, saying that it disturbed and divided the church, until he finally died with the lie of his lips.

There are many who submit to divine arrest, make restitution, get wonderfully blessed and saved, and as wonderfully bless the meeting.

In Alabama a single dollar stolen in girlhood brought a lady into profound darkness as she sought Holiness. She had been forgiven the wrong deed years before, but a voice within whispered to make the wrong thing right. It was days before she could consent to the course laid down by the Spirit to be followed in the matter. But when she did, there

was instant glory in her soul, an effulgence of light on her face, while the services took on thereafter a deeper form, and convicted people mightily increased in number.

In a Kansas town I missed a young man from the altar one day who had been a persistent but unsuccessful seeker after sanctification. He had hired a horse and ridden nearly twenty miles to confess and restore the value of some brass ornaments he had taken years before from some steam machinery.

In return for this God took the brass out of his experience and gave him one of solid gold; while the man who had been thus wronged was deeply touched and impressed and came to the revival services as an attentive listener to the doctrine and experience that he had not given a thought to before.

In a town in Ohio when only a brief allusion had been made about restitution in one of my night sermons, a young woman got into deep conviction. Her face was cloudy, her friends wondered, and went into minute explanations of the doctrines and experiences of Christianity, telling her that all she needed to do was to exercise faith and she would be blessed.

The trouble with her, however, was not faith, but ten dollars. Her father owned some real estate, and one of his renters brought in a balance of ten dollars one morning in his absence, and she pocketed the money and then spent it. But God keeps all accounts of the past, and for our sakes brings certain sad facts to remembrance. This recollection divinely brought up was the load on her conscience.

One day, unable to stand the burden any longer, she said to her father, who was sitting in his library: "Father, I stole ten dollars from you," when like a flash of lightning the Holy Ghost fell upon her and she ran about the room clapping her hands, laughing and crying, and then only waiting a moment to obtain her parent's forgiveness, flew to the church where the morning service was going on, burst right into the midst of the amazed Christian assembly, still clapping her hands, while with tears and happy holy laughter she cried out, "I stole ten dollars from Papa."

Of course for a minute or so the audience was astonished, but soon with a few additional words of the transfigured girl they grasped the situation, and saw that her joy sprang not from having stolen the ten dollars, but from the blessing God had given her for the sorrow for and confession of the deed, and the joy sprang from obedience to the commandments of God in regard to restitution and the straightening or crooked paths.

Some may say she had committed no wrong, that it was her money through her property rights, etc. But God's Spirit did not so present the case to her. The divine dealing was unmistakable; for if she was right there should have been no gloom. And if she had not done right in her confession why did God bless her so?

In a western city of twenty thousand inhabitants there was still a more remarkable case.

The M. E. church and M. E. church South had united in a protracted meeting and called me to lead the services.

The president of the board of stewards in the Southern Methodist church was a regular and deeply interested attendant for several days. When the doctrine of restitution was presented and handled in no uncertain manner he became very gloomy the next day, and disappeared the day following.

The explanation given of his sudden vanishing was that he had pressing business calls up the railroad.

After an interval of four days he reappeared and presented unmistakable indications of having gone through the mills.

It seems that years before he had wronged a woman in the settlement of her estate out of six thousand dollars. She was in the audience and the Spirit of God bade him get right with her and then come to the altar.

Instead of this he played Jonah and ran from duty under the plea of pressing business engagements up the railroad.

On the first day he lost his valise. On the second he lost a portmonaise or wallet of very valuable papers. On the third day he lost his pocketbook with several hundred dollars.

At this juncture he said, "If I go another day in this flight from God and duty I will lose my soul."

So our fugitive ceased his unhappy and calamitous run from God, went to a bank where he was well known, obtained money for his return home, and on the eighth day reappeared at our morning meeting where altar services were being concluded and not more than fifty or sixty people were present. Our modern day Jonah looked wearied and worn, his voyage had evidently been tempestuous, he was disgusted with Joppa, the whale, the ship and the storm and preferred the Nineveh of duty above his chief joy.

Walking across the entire breadth of the building he stopped in front of his financially wronged victim of other years as she sat with a sad quiet face among some friends, and presenting her with a certified cheque for over six thousand dollars, said, "This is your money. I wronged you out of it.

I want you to forgive me." When in an instant the Spirit of God fell upon the man and flooded and overflowed his soul with a heavenly peace and joy.

So many scenes of the character described in this chapter I have beheld in my meetings, that I sometimes think that if all the tithes and offerings which belong to God, and all the money owed by men to men in the form of unpaid bills and accounts, overcharges, pilferings, stealings of every character, unmet pledges, promissory notes, and downright robberies of every kind from trust companies to highway thefts; that if all this money was suddenly to leave purses, stocks, estates and bank accounts and fly toward the rightful owners, that for days we would not be able to see the sun, moon nor stars because of the rushing currency in mid air.

Meantime Christ still keeps looking steadily upon the race He would redeem and says, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

CHAPTER 29 THE REVELATIONS OF A REVIVAL MEETING

It is often said that a Holiness meeting divides the church. If it does, then it does no more than Christ did in His stay on earth, nor what every revival sent by Him from heaven to this world has done ever since.

I remember as a lad certain meetings held in my native town that were genuine revivals, and that before the Holiness movement was ever started in the South, and yet these same revivals not only divided the congregation where the services were held, but even rent the community.

To this day I can recall that there were different classes of faces at these deeply moved gatherings.

One class was shining and triumphant, another dark and lowering, others troubled, and still others amused and indifferent. Some preachers were preaching, helping and leading with songs, prayers, and shouts at the altar, while other preachers were ridiculing and opposing the meeting all over the town. Conversions were doubted, absurd reports were circulated, tongues raged, excitement was high, and the whole community was stirred.

Boy as I was, I can recall the divisions between families, friends and neighbors. Some kept sweet I remember, while

others did not.

The same objection applied to the Holiness meeting could be urged against those of earlier times. The meetings divided the people.

If so, what was the cause? Perhaps the truth as preached called for life decisions that declared for character and destiny. Or perhaps the preaching revealed a division that already existed, and simply showed on which side of the moral gap or chasm the members of households and the town itself was located.

This last thought is certainly a grave one and ought forever to silence tongues that are always clamoring ‘‘Holiness divides the church.’’

The solemn potential question is, which side is the person on who makes the remark.

‘‘Are you for or against Holiness?’’ The reply may show that the meeting is not the cause of the faultfinder being on the side he is, but is the light that reveals the whereabouts of the objector. The meeting has not been a division so much as a revelation. Of course it can and does operate in the first way, but what if it be the latter case with many who affect such regret over the deplorable rent in Zion.

When a young preacher in the pastorate I was preaching at the morning hour in a large camp meeting in the South. The Spirit of God so used the message in regard to the life wreck and ruin of a disobedient character in the Bible that a fearful conviction fell upon many people, and the altar was crowded.

The Holiness movement had not yet reached the Southland, nor even been mentioned on that great camp ground; and yet there took place under the tabernacle that morning one of the most remarkable divisions ever beheld. For awhile it looked like a battle and then pandemonium. The altar call to publicly acknowledge disobedience to God, and now henceforth declare for a perfect consecration, for I knew nothing about the experience of sanctification, turned not only men loose upon me, but a legion of devils from the pit. Twenty or more preachers were on their feet, some approving, the majority protesting against the proposition and the marvelous scene at the altar.

I never knew until that morning how enraged, fiendish, and even satanic a face can look in spite of snow-white cravat and the black coat of a clergyman. Some perfectly crimson with an unexplainable fury, cried out for retraction and apology, waving their hands and shaking their heads in the most violent fashion.

One white-haired minister, Dr. Abby, now in Heaven, stood in the altar in the midst of the cries, prayers, wails on one side, and the angry vociferations and clamor on the other, and lifting up his trembling, withered hand for attention, cried out to the amazed audience, sitting as if stricken under the tabernacle, ‘‘He is right,’’ then turning to me, said, ‘‘Go on, God is with you!’’ and then sank to his knees at the altar.

The Holiness movement, as I have said, had not yet reached us, and yet here was a great Methodist camp meeting suddenly divided as by an earthquake.

Who does not see that here was not simply a division arising from a call to a perfect walk with God; but mainly there had taken place under the Word of God a revelation of spiritual condition, and people by the score saw the side of the chasm they were living on.

In either case how can a Christian, an honest man, object to the making, or to the discovery of a division which has been brought about under the preaching of the Gospel of the Son of God.

Certainly it is too risky to put such things off until the hour of death. At the Judgment the separation is made final: some being on the right and others on the left. And in hell the rich man was told that there was a ‘‘great gulf’’

between him and probationary life, and he could not come back to earth, and no one could come even from Paradise or Heaven to him.

Very many of these revelations of character and life division I have seen since becoming an evangelist. In fact every meeting is a fresh disclosure of the truth, and so a confirmation of the matter concerning which I am writing.

In a city in the South where a leading Methodist steward protested against the preaching and the meeting saying that it reflected on their harmony and unity as a church, that the congregation was like a great loving family; the flashing light of the revival broke in through the darkness, and poured through his soft oily speeches and revealed to the amused and astonished public that not only were there numerous divisions in this “happy family,” but the household of the steward himself was at outs and daggers points with four other households in this so-called unified congregation.

The revival there brought a revelation of a split that already existed.

In a western town the revival that came revealed an escaped convict among the men, and among the women one with four living husbands. She was quiet and gentle in her manner and quite refined.

Much of the preaching was too harsh for her delicate ears, and she also objected to the noise and confusion at the altar.

I have seen such conviction in some of my services that I verily believe that if one had cried out in a loud voice the names of certain wrongs and evils, that some in the audience would have dropped at their seats or run from the tent or hall. In fact some seeing the light coming of God’s presence and power, leave in the beginning of the ten days’ meeting, or in the early part of the sermon which they feel is going to lay hold on them with a divine arresting hand of judgment and doom.

The genuine revival meeting shows a lot of people that they are on the wrong side of the salvation line which God has drawn down here among the children of men.

Mr. Wesley in his Journal speaks of the effect of one of his convicting sermons preached to a multitude in an open field. Trouble seemed stamped on every face, but especially on the countenance of a middle aged man from the walks of the gentry as he stood by the side of his wife. He seemed to be stricken under the Word. Mr. Wesley looked upon him and said, “Are you a sinner?” The man gazed upward with one uplifted hand, and letting it drop said, “Sinner enough!” and stood like one paralyzed. In this condition his servants placed him in his carriage and he was driven away.

In the strange, clear, solemn illumination that comes in a genuine revival meeting, facts and conditions come up that seem to be hidden in every other kind of light, as well as by the shadow and darkness of this world.

In a town of six thousand inhabitants the Word God sent me to preach took deep hold. But while salvation was taking place at the altar, a minister of another denomination from my own, was much offended at the doctrine and experience of Holiness. He had not the patience nor the courtesy to sit through a single sermon, but noisily stalked out to show his disapproval and condemnation of preacher and meeting. To this hour I recall the long black skirt of his clerical coat as it disappeared through the door and down the head of the stairway.

In less than a year he was out of the ministry on account of a number of deliberate falsehoods he had spoken, and for unprincipled conduct in matters unmentionable.

The recollection of that long black skirt has clung to that incident, and started first in my mind a willingness for short business coats to be seen in the pulpit and on the public rostrum.

In a town of several thousand, while victory was steadily coming down from Heaven upon the meeting, a minister again led the opposition. Neither a Methodist nor believing in the Holiness movement, he attended the services only to obtain matter to find fault with and attack.

It would be tedious as well as melancholy to describe what he said and did against a meeting that God blessed from the beginning to its completion. Suffice it to say that the preaching of Christ's power to cleanse the heart from all sin, and to keep us from falling, met with his unqualified ridicule, scorn and abuse. He said everybody sinned, and had to sin.

A few weeks after the close of the meeting, the store of a merchant was broken into one night and one hundred dollars in bank bills was taken. Two bloodhounds in town were put on the track and ran swiftly and unerringly to the house of the man I have mentioned. The merchant and his friends were much shocked, but hoping against hope took the dogs back to the store and started them once more thinking the first run had been a mistake. But turned loose again the dogs with the low peculiar note of the sleuth hound ran without a single halt back to the house of the man who had so bitterly fought holiness.

It seems that the man and his wife were asleep when both of the runs were made, and knew nothing of it, though the dogs strained at the leash to get into the house.

So the matter was hushed up; yet some lips muttered, and other faces were full of an angry gloom.

Then, strange to relate, the fighter of Holiness after a lapse of two weeks, and though known to have no money, paid out sixty dollars for a valuable animal, and paid cash in bank bills.

There needed but one proof more, and it came. And so the people in that town now know as others do in different communities why some men rage as well as run under the preaching of Holiness and full salvation.

Ah! the terror stricken faces in the audience that fearless preachers and devoted evangelists have seen looking at them. And yet no pastor or evangelist preached to bring up that look. It gives no joy to see it. And no true preacher or messenger of God would take advantage of this revealment of Heaven, and expose by glance, word or finger such a convicted one. Rather would he cover and protect them from others until they find the Lord with His pardon, healing love and perfect defense and protection from men in their pitilessness and from devils in their rage.

Evangelists deserving the name, know that it is the light shining in a genuine revival which reveals the heart, and holds up the guilty unamended past.

Nor is that all; but many churches, and camp grounds, and some Holiness camp meetings at that, also know this same fact. And so certain soft pulpit pedalers are selected to lead services; the days are filled with programs that are non-conductable of full salvation; the meetings are made so numerous there is no time for the power to fall and the light of eternity to flash; the Holy Ghost is scheduled; the censers taste like brass; the fire beheld does not seem to fall from Heaven but to be kindled on earth; the wine does not really intoxicate as it did at Pentecost; the ecstasy is not so much put in, as put on; there is no real vision of the people, and when there is no vision, the people are fallen and dead.

CHAPTER 30 SINGING AT THE HOLINESS CAMPS

One of the remarkable features of the Holiness movement is its singing. Many of the songs are of quick measure and running over with joy, while the sweep of the palm branch of victory is heard in every line. Some abound in

minor notes and solemn chords that follow you with a strange heart-melting power from the camp back to the distant home, office and store and will not be put down nor thrust away.

I have been repeatedly impressed in our smaller camp meetings with the melody of country choirs.

It is a singing that must be heard to be understood. Unlike their city cousins, and often using books whose names we never heard before, the band of country singers come up from their training in school houses, and in the old moss-grown church buried in the fragrant depths of a pine forest, with something in their voices, and something in the hymn, that with minor notes and all, fills the eye with tears, the heart with longings for Christ and Heaven, and the mind with fixed purpose to live for God, though the whole world shall fall away and leave us alone.

Among these singers is the brother, who possesses a high peculiar kind of tenor. I do not know if in the musical realm proper it has a recognized part, and is accorded a distinct name; though for gracious and soul-moving effect it deserves a couple of names. As I only hear the plaintive whippoorwill in the hills of my native State, and never in the swamp, so this strange tenor is never heard in cities, but rings out in remote country churches and the piney woods camp ground.

No nightingale note could bring us sweeter pleasure as we listen to this peculiar pathetic part in music, with its steady harmonious rise, and even more melodious step-like descent, and we might say disappearance among the other voices. Like the nightingale, these singers are scarce, and also just as those birds sing sweetest from the depths of the woods, so our unnamable tenor sounds best where the stars look down through the roof of the brush arbor, and the gleaming camp fires illumine the tree trunks and make broad paths of light into the forest beyond.

There is an additional feature about our country camp meetings which binds us with a golden cord of grateful memory to a number of them. I allude to the custom of afternoon singing that prevails with some. At times a group of excellent singers will gather under the Tabernacle and, led by the organ, will pour forth one melody after another from Holiness song books.

Often in my tent, engaged in writing, meditation or prayer, I have had the lovely strains borne to me, softened by distance, and felt in the melting experiences they brought to the heart an abundant compensation for the toils of the day.

It would be hard to describe the spell this distant singing weaves about the soul. The earth looks so little; heaven is so near; the harsh things said and written to and about one are forgotten; the lonely, toilsome, misunderstood life suddenly becomes sweet; the spirit that had been undecided between a smile and tear, between hope and discouragement, swings out with a firmer trust in the Word of God, and the man arises from the olive trees of a lonely testing Gethsemane time and, looking with a steadfast heart down the road of duty, presses firmly on towards Jerusalem, where a cross is seen leaning against the horizon.

From many recollections I take several reminiscences connected with the singing at our country camps.

Once in a testimony meeting which preceded the sermon, there was a slight lull or pause, when a plain-looking farmer, sitting far back, commenced singing an old time Methodist hymn, such as I had heard years before of what is called a backwoods meeting.

The man would sing a single line three times with a kind of terminal chorus of "Oh Glory to the Lamb" as follows:

"My soul has got religion,
My soul has got religion,
My soul has got religion,
Oh Glory to the Lamb."

The next verse was:

“I’ll tell you how I got it.”

The third was:

“I just gave myself to Jesus.”

It would be simply impossible to describe the effect that this simple plaintive hymn, full of minor strains, had upon the audience. Men and women burst into tears on all sides, while heart-thrilling “Amens” and shouts and cries of “Hallelujah” and “Glory to God” filled the Tabernacle. The soul longed to get away in some secret place and fairly weep itself away in tender humble holy joy at the feet of Christ.

Many other hymns were sung at this camp meeting, but I question whether anyone present on this wonderful afternoon will ever forget the singer and the song of that hour. It opened well with the statement: “My soul has got religion;” and explained most simply and satisfactorily the way the sweet, glad life experience came in the words, “I just gave myself to Jesus.” It certainly required no effort to add the chorus:

“Oh Glory to the Lamb.”

At another camp my tent was several hundred yards outside of the regular inclosure. One night at half past eleven o’clock I left the altar quite exhausted from a hard day’s work and sought my little cypress board cabin in the woods for sorely needed rest. A number of penitents and seekers remained, with quite a band of Holiness people singing, praying and working with them.

As I sat in the shadows listening to the distant singing, one hymn in particular arose from the forest in the starlight, crossed the valley and, sifting through the tops of the branches of the pine trees, fell upon my ear with such tender melting, yet inspiring power as to make a beautiful life-long memory. The chorus of the hymn was:

“O Glory! O Glory!

There’s room enough in Paradise

To have a home in glory.”

Among the band of workers and singers were a dozen preachers who had been removed from their pulpits and even driven from their Conference to another Church because they claimed the blessing of holiness. A larger number of laymen had been removed from official positions, and the whole company had suffered ridicule and persecution in their different towns and neighborhoods for testifying that they had been sanctified through faith in the blood of Christ. And yet here they were at the hour of midnight working hard around the altar trying to bring souls into the peace of pardon and into the joy of holiness, while those who had so mistreated and ill-treated them were sound asleep in their beds without a burden on their minds and hearts for the salvation of the world.

Listening at the cabin window to this midnight hymn, the question kept coming up, “Why is it that so many of God’s people spend their time and strength in ridiculing and opposing such followers of Christ? These, their victims, love Jesus, they are working to save souls and to quicken and purify the church. How can a true Christian find it in his heart to strike them?”

As I thought on in the shadows, the volume of the song seemed to increase, and I suddenly recalled the fact that it was an old-time Methodist hymn that was being sung, and under which many thousands of souls had been saved, sanctified and blessed when our church had its former glory. So I marveled all the more.

Again I heard the lines:

“There’s room enough in Paradise

To have a home in glory.”

And this time they were full of plaintiveness and pathetic power, and I said: "Yes, they are crowded out from pew and pulpit, and from Conference and Church now, but thank God, there will be room for them in Heaven."

Maybe all of the true Holiness people will have to wait until then. But somehow I have an idea that they will not be disappointed when the pearly gates unfold. We can but think that He, for whom there was no room in the Inn, will be especially pitiful to those who were made to feel while on earth that they were in the way, and there was no place nor welcome for them. Hated by the world, turned out of the synagogue, ejected from the pulpit, ostracized from the social circle, unrecognized and unappreciated in the home, how unutterably sweet it will be to have Christ bid all such welcome to Heaven, and be told:

"There's room enough in Paradise
To have a home in glory."

A third recollection is connected with a meeting in the South.

A long, hot country camp was drawing to its close. In spite of heat and dust, in the face of poor entertainment and uncomfortable quarters, although the services had been numerous and lengthy, and there was much physical exhaustion, yet the gathering of the people had been owned and honored of God, the Spirit had descended in power, and salvation full and free had flowed about the altar. There had been conversions, sanctifications and reclamations. Many others had been strengthened and blessed. The Lord had so gladdened the souls of a number with spiritual mercies that they cheerfully endured the physical discomforts of the ten days now almost closed.

I had been requested by the committee of public worship to preach Sunday morning and afternoon, when the greatest crowds would be present. I had done so and beheld the salvation of several in the first service, and the power of God descended remarkably at the close of the sermon in the afternoon. And now as the evening came on I sat in front of my tent wearied, almost exhausted in body, but filled with a sweet, quiet joy over another finished work for the Saviour and another victory for his cause.

The great body of the people had left or were leaving as the day drew to an end. Hundreds of vehicles had ascended a hill on the western edge of the camp ground and disappeared over its crest.

I found myself wondering as I looked at the vanishing caravan what this meeting had been to most of those beings now going forever out of my life! What distant homes would be changed for the better and what souls saved and blessed.

The deep dyes of the sunset faded away and the stars became thick in the sky, and yet I still sat alone in front of my tent, full of prayerful, wistful thought, while the branches of the trees stirred softly overhead.

There was going on a short farewell service at the tabernacle of those that remained and some brother had been appointed to lead. The worship began and a volume of harmonious song floated to me through the night air. They were singing:

"DO YOU WANT TO GET READY TO GO THERE?"

In melody, unction and power it had all the distinctive and indescribable properties that belong to what is known as the Holiness hymn.

My heart was all softened and I found myself thinking of many things. I wondered again what that departed multitude would do with the truths they had heard and the experiences they had found. I thought of the scattering of these many individuals to remote homes, obscure lives and difficult fields of suffering and duty. I brooded on the long uphill struggle of the misunderstood and misrepresented Holiness movement. I recalled how to be its advocate and defender was to bring upon one toil, pain, reproach and loneliness, and that in abundance. Then the adversary

brought up pictures of a happy home, a joyous family group, a lovely social life and earthly comforts now gone forever. He called attention to the wrongs, trials, unceasing work, inadequate compensation and a certain forsakenness connected with the work and life of an evangelist. Some katydids in the woods near by furnished a melancholy accompaniment to the whispered suggestions and the soul for some moments grew sick and faint.

But the hymn from the distant tabernacle sounded clearer and louder, "Do you want to get ready to go there?" And the stars seemed to look down pityingly, and Christ came out of the darkening forest or from over the silent fields or down through the twilight sky and blessedly filled and comforted my lonely heart. And lo! The wound in the spirit was healed, the faintness passed away, and one of God's servants was ready again for the march, the battle and the long warfare that is to precede the perfect victory of full salvation around this sin-stricken, grave-riven, heart-breaking and heart-broken world.

THE END

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