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THE VOICE OF GOD
By Paul Frederick Elliott

Published for the Author
By the "Revivalist Press"
Cincinnati, Ohio

Printed Book Copyright 1911
By P. F. Elliott

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INTRODUCTION TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

This digital edition of "The Voice of God" has been edited by Duane V. Maxey. Subheadings have been added to the text of Chapter 2. Those interested in using the many incidents from the author's life that are found in this chapter may find some of these subheadings helpful.

Along with other editing changes throughout the text, some word spellings have been modernized, some portions of the text have been punctuated differently, and various long paragraphs have been divided into multiple paragraphs.

Only the author's initials, "P. F." were given, but they have been taken to stand for "Paul Frederick." Internal evidence points to the fact that the author's first name was "Paul," and the fact that he at one time went by the name "Fred" instead of using his first name, "Paul" seems to indicate that the initials "P.F." stood for "Paul Frederick," making his full name "Paul Frederick Elliott." If this is correct, then apparently the author was named after the Paul Frederick Elliott mentioned in the first sentence of Chapter 1.

A poem found in the front of the book has been omitted, being judged as an excellent theme expressed in something less than excellent poetry. The name of the author was not given.

A picture of the author is included with this digital publication as hdm0551a.jpg, and one of his wife is also included as hdm0551b.jpg.

The stories and contents of this book are some of the best and most profound that can be found by holiness writers of the early 20th Century. -- DVM

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LOVINGLY DEDICATED

To My Precious Wife
Whom God Used in Many Ways
To be the Instrument in Leading Me
To Christ, Who has always stood by my
Side on every Field.

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

To the thousands who never go to the house of God a good book has many times been the open door for the Gospel. It speaks a message long after the voice of the messenger has been silenced.

It will reach people in every station of life. The rich and the poor alike will peruse its pages.

The contents of this book is the direct result of the author obeying the voice of God.

I have known him for some time. He is a man whom God has called to preach. He gives the message with energy and unction, and is taught in the secrets of the Holy Ghost; by lip and life has made many hungry for salvation, and they have been saved and sanctified through the precious blood of Jesus.

The author was not reached by circumstances or influence, nor even by looking into an open grave; but by the voice of God, who spoke direct to his soul, was he broken to pieces and cried for mercy.

I pray the reading of this book may be a blessing and benediction to thousands of hearts and homes.

To the sinner, may it be a conviction. To the saint, may it be a comfort. To all, may it truly be the voice of God.

Charles H. Stalker
January 22, 1909

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Chapter 1

BRIEF HISTORY OF MY PARENTS

The Rev. Paul Frederick Elliott was born Washington Township, Whitley County, Indiana, October 12, 1869. He was one of a family of ten children.

His father, William Elliott, was a native of England. He was born and raised in Nottingham until he was about twenty-one years of age. He was the child of religious parents.

In 1851 he came to America, first residing in New York, and later in Ohio.

In 1853, he was united in marriage with Miss Anna Eliza Anderson in Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio. She was of Scotch-Irish parents; was born in Canada, but raised in the United States. After living some time in Ohio, the family moved to Indiana.

Rev. Paul F. Elliott's mother describes her husband's and her own religious experience in the following manner:

"Although trained up in a godly manner, my husband was a gay, thoughtless young man, with scarcely a thought of the life to come. The thoughts of salvation, if at any time they came into our minds, were quickly put aside and forgotten. But one cold winter night we went to an old-fashioned Baptist meeting. As we entered the building the preacher gave out his text, 'The harvest is passed. The summer is ended, and we are not saved.' (Jeremiah 8:20) The Holy Spirit took the text home to my heart, and I said, 'Lord, I am not saved.' When the opportunity was given I was found among the seekers. I really found the burden of sin lifted off my soul, and knew that I was saved through the precious blood of Jesus. Glory to His name!

"I soon saw that my husband was under conviction. The meetings continued, and we attended every night. He would weep and pray, but could not make up his mind to come out and make a full surrender. All the Christians were deeply concerned about my husband, and did all they could to help him. Still he held off. On the coming Sabbath all the others were to be baptized. I prepared my clothes for the baptismal service. I had been praying for my husband, and felt so sure that he would be saved that I took clothes along for him to be baptized in.

"On Sunday morning the brethren and preachers labored with him and prayed for him. It seemed as if it did no good, but just as the meeting was about to close he came forward and made a full surrender. I tell you there was a joyful time. We were all baptized in the river. The ice was so thick that some two hundred stood on it. But we thought nothing of the cold, for our hearts were so warm.

"As soon as we went home we set up our family altar, and we have kept it up to the present time. We moved in the vicinity of the place where the meetings were held, and the next winter we had a nice new church to worship in. I still love to think of that old schoolhouse and the time I found my Savior.

"I will now tell you of God's faithfulness. After we were settled in our new home, and expecting the coming of another little one, I read in my Bible of how Hannah gave Samuel to God

before he was born. I made up my mind that I would do the same, so I told the Lord He should have the little one to preach the Gospel. Before he was born I named him Paul, after the apostle. That was all I could do, for our family was so large that it took all we could do to feed and clothe so many. Our little Paul had few advantages in the way of education, as he had to go to work at an early age. He grew to be a young man without becoming a Christian, but God did not forget him. He is now saved, sanctified, and preaching the Gospel."

* * * * *

Chapter 2 THE VOICE OF GOD

For the glory of God and the salvation of precious souls, I wish to put before the public a few experiences which transpired in my life. It is wonderful how early in life God arouses the soul to a realization of a Creator. I remember very distinctly, when but a boy of eight years, of being alone with mother after the shades of night had fallen. While watching the stars, one suddenly fell to the earth. This aroused my soul to the thought of whether we would know each other in Heaven or not. Then mother told me the story of how Jesus loved us. From that moment there was an inward desire to love Jesus and go to Heaven.

GREATLY IMPRESSED BY A DREAM

I well remember a dream which left a great impression on my life. After a day of disobeying my parents, mother put me to bed. Soon after falling asleep I dreamed that my father's whole family (which were seven boys and three girls) were all sitting in the large front room. There seemed to appear in our midst two men, who were Elijah and Jesus. While Elijah seemed to stand in the center of the room, Jesus walked around and, taking each one by the hand, looked them in the face. Oh, I shall never forget that look! It haunted me from that time on. At last He stopped in front of me, and seemed to say, "You will be lost," and suddenly disappeared upward. I awoke with a guilty conscience. I have had many dreams since, but none have ever made the impression upon my mind that that one did.

BECKONED TO FOLLOW JESUS

Time went on. One night I went with my father and mother to a schoolhouse, where a Methodist preacher was holding revival meetings. I was but thirteen, but I received my first conviction from the Holy Ghost. I did not yield to the Spirit, however. The following morning my father sent me to the woods to get some iron wedges that we had used the day before. Suddenly the same face that I saw in the dream appeared before me, and I found myself on my knees in the snow. I never knew how long I was there. The warmth of my body had melted the snow until my clothes were wet. I shall never forget the words that fell from those lips. They were these, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Although young, I recognized the voice of Jesus. Oh, if I had only yielded and followed Him! How much sorrow and heart-woes it would have saved me! Perhaps it would have meant the salvation of many souls. I got the wedges and went to the house, but never told my parents what had happened. I did not go to meeting any more for years.

DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO SIN

The years that followed were full of sin and darkness. My school days were ended. I only had the privilege of going to school two short terms, and then was put out by my parents to work. God's restraining hand was on me. Many times I would wake up in the night weeping, and wondering where I would spend eternity. The voice of God was following me. Oh, how faithful God is to us! How many ways He tries to draw us to Himself.

At the age of nineteen I seemed to launch out into sin deeper and deeper. The devil wound around my life a spirit of unbelief, until my heart became so hard that I could blaspheme God's name and almost doubt His existence. There were six of us brothers who were unsaved, and we led each other into deeper sin. We became wrestlers, boxers, and fighters. Many times we got into serious trouble. I soon formed the habit of drink. The enticing billiard and bar-rooms became my stopping places. Many times I promised mother and sister that I would never drink or gamble again. Oh, how weak are the promises of man without the help of God! They will only be broken, and the poor victim will again plunge deeper into sin.

Many times I have spent the whole night in gambling. I remember one particular night of going to my mother's home and walking up the old walk. It was in the small hours of the morning. I heard my mother's voice ascending to the throne of God in prevailing prayer for her wandering boy. I shall never forget those hot tears which fell on my cheeks that night. The look on my mother's face put conviction on my wicked soul. There was one thing in my favor; my mother was a real Christian, and knew how to pray and wait on God. I knew it by the remarkable answer to prayer in my own case.

Previous to this there suddenly came a cancer between my shoulders, which was very painful and very dangerous. It was about the size of a hickory nut. Even the weight of my clothing would cause very severe pains to pass through my body. Many times I would go alone and weep at the thought of dying and going to the judgment unprepared.

One day my mother received the evidence from God that I was healed. To the surprise of the world and backslidden church members, the work was really done. Glory to God! I have never felt or seen it since; even in my unconverted state I believed I was healed in answer to my mother's prayers. I used to tell it to some of the church members, but they seemed to take it as a joke. No wonder, with so much unbelief and so much infidelity, that we do not see more of the power of God manifested today. Oh, that awful sin of unbelief! The Word says, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." God has always had a few people that had faith in Him, and He always has blessed and kept them.

I remember one day, while mother and I were talking about how marvelously God had healed me, she put her arms around my neck and told me that she had given me to God for His service, and had called my name Paul, because I was to preach His Word. Even these words seemed to have no weight on my guilty soul. I set about to have my name changed, and went by the name of Fred. Through all of this mother never lost faith in God.

One day soon after this, while passing through the room where my grandmother Elliott was, she called me to her side and told me she was soon to die. She wanted me to make her a promise that I would give my heart to God and preach His Word. I promised her that I would give my heart to God. Grandma had lived to be eighty-four years, and had walked with God sixty years. I bade her good night, and when I awoke in the morning she had gone to Heaven. Soon I had forgotten my vows. Sin had fastened its awful influence on my life; even a promise to a dying friend was only given to be broken again, to go deeper and deeper into the bitter depths of sin.

MARRIAGE TO ADA SOWERS

While in this awful condition I met the girl who afterward became my wife. My marriage brought new responsibilities, which would have seemed to have checked me in my mad career. When Ada Sowers became my wife she was only a girl of seventeen; yet she was a true and kind woman, and always stood for the right. She was a member of the Methodist Church, but that was as far as she had gone spiritually. She did not know Jesus Christ as a Savior from sin. She did not have the presence of the Holy Ghost to keep her in those awful hours of temptation and sorrow.

I can say that she was always patient and kind to me. Many times, when I would come home at midnight, she would meet me at the door and ask me why I stayed so late. I would deceive her by telling her an untruth. Oh, the deceitfulness of a heart without God!

THE SHOCKING DEATH OF TWO FELLOW WORKMEN

I got a position working on the railroad. For four years I worked for one man. I shall never forget the experience of those four years. I remember one night, as they were returning from work with three hand-cars loaded with men, that the front car suddenly left the track and three men were run over. We laid them, bleeding and mangled, on the bank. I shall never forget that sight. I will always remember the words of those dying men. Two of them laid side by side; both were dying. One had an awful look of dread at the thought of meeting an angry God. There was no one to pray for him or point him to God. His dying groans, mingled with the curses of God, drove terror to my sinful soul.

The other was a young man, an Italian. There was something about his looks and the expression of his face that drew the attention of all. The secret of it was that he knew God. The doctor came, knelt beside him, and told him he must soon die. He lay motionless for a few moments, then a peaceful smile passed over his face. He motioned to me. I stooped down beside that dying man. He asked me for a drink of water. I brought him the water. In a few minutes he was gone. Perhaps not less than one hundred people stood by; that dying Italian boy put conviction on every one of us. I know the conviction never left my soul till I gave my heart to God.

Oh, what victory in life and in death to them who walk with God! The prayer of the writer is that every one who reads these lines may live such lives that Christ may walk with them through the valley of the shadow of death. When I think of the other man dying without God, it makes me weep tears of remorse even yet. When I looked into his haggard face, and heard his curses, and knew that his poor lost soul would soon be in hell forever, I turned and shrank from the scene.

I can truly say I never was the same man again. I said to my conscience, "Truly, I do not want to die without God." There is something so awful about a man dying without God. It leaves an impression on our minds that we never forget. Those awful screams and curses haunted me night and day for weeks -- yea, even months.

I have passed by that spot many times, but I always see the same face and hear the same words. Since God saved me it seems more awful than ever, for then I only realized in part the value of a soul. Oh, how faithful the Holy Ghost is! How He pleaded with me at that time! He seemed to lay me right down beside that man; then asked me how it would be with my soul. Then I would promise Him that I would surely serve Him. Could anyone think of breaking a promise made under those circumstances? But listen, reader; I did, and no doubt you have done the same. It was only the mercy and the longsuffering of God that kept me out of hell.

NEARLY DEVOURED BY SATAN

Two years had slipped away since I walked from that scene of death and pain when I found myself sitting on the banks of Grand River, without God, my soul harder than ever. A spirit of recklessness seemed to take possession of me, and the devil seemed to dare me to swim the whirlpool. I suddenly threw off my clothes and was in the water. I soon found I was no match for the current, for it took me round and round till my strength had gone, and I awoke to the fact that I was in the jaws of death. It was then that the devil laughed at me, and mocked me, and seemed to say, "I have got you now."

I screamed for help, but no help came. My awful past seemed to flash before me in an instant. It seemed that every sin of my life was brought to my memory; sins that had been forgotten for years were now as plain as day. Some one asked me if I thought of mother or wife. No, sir; I thought of neither, but I thought of the black past, and an awful eternity without God. A few more struggles, and it seemed to be all over, and I found myself lying on the sand of the river, breathless and almost lifeless.

As soon as I could walk I dressed myself and hurried away from the scene, but not without the knowledge that God was my only friend. I have heard folks say that they did not fear death -- that they were not afraid of the monster; but I want to say right here that when the icy hand of death is laid upon you, your bravery will turn to fear; your courage will fail you. You may have played infidel; but, sir, your infidelity will flee away, and you will want God in your dying hours. But if you want Him in your dying hours you must seek Him while you have the opportunity, and call upon Him while He is near.

I have long since lost all faith in death-bed repentance. I know folks tell us about the thief on the cross; but, my dear brother, do you not know that he repented under the first light that he ever had? There is a vast difference between the light that the thief on the cross had and the light that you and I have. It seems to me now, as I look back, that I rejected light enough to damn the world.

SMITTEN WITH SORROW

Three years passed, and I found myself back on the same railroad where the two men were killed, working for the same man, traveling the same old path, associating with my former wicked chums, playing cards, drinking, swearing, as though God had never warned me.

One day as I stepped from my car a voice said in my ear, "Your boy has fallen into the cistern." God had blessed our union with three sweet children (one girl and two boys). I tried to put it from me and count it only an impression, but it was so real that I could not shake it off. I knew there was something wrong at home, so I hurried on, and went directly to the cistern. He was not there, but I found him on his little cot, suffering with pain and scorched with fever. Just a few short hours before I had left him in his boyish glee, the picture of health; but from the moment I looked into his face I knew that he was soon to leave this world and go to be with God. A strange feeling settled over me that the withering hand of God was on my track.

We sent for the doctor at once, and he said he would be well in a few days; but the voice that spoke to me as I stepped from my car seemed to say, "No, he must die." From that hour on he grew worse. While the kind hands of wife and mother did all that they could do for him, God wanted him, and on the third day of August, 1899, the brightest of all my hopes seemed to fade. In the two short years of his life I had learned to love him seemingly better than all other earthly ties. Alas! it was all over. Those little feet that used to come to meet me would never meet me again in this world; those soft blue eyes were closed in death; those lips that used to lisp the name of papa were hushed forever.

It was then that the devil took advantage of the grief of a sinful heart and whispered to me that God was unjust. I tried to make myself believe there was no God. After all, the Holy Ghost was faithful; and as I stood by the grave and said, "Gone forever," the Holy Ghost said, "No"; and in that moment of grief as I stood looking down into that grave, He convinced me that if that were me in that casket my soul would be in hell.

Then I saw a gleam of hope, and a possibility of being saved and meeting him around the Great White Throne, where death could never more part. There I caught the first gleam of what God can do for man. He can even make a sinner feel that He knows best. He has many ways of drawing us to Himself. He declares in His Book that His thoughts are not our thoughts, and that His ways are as high above our ways as the heavens are above the earth. As I think of it now, I thoroughly believe that it was His way and plan of drawing me to Himself to take my little boy to Heaven.

The Bible says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"; so I no longer think of my treasure being gone forever, but think of a time when I shall meet him, never more to part. There is a time when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes -- when grief will be a stranger forever. No more graves, no more pain, no more separation! Oh, what a wonderful salvation! If the world only knew and could understand what God can do for them! If I had only known it, how much grief and sorrow it would have saved me!

ANOTHER TREASURE -- MORE SORROW

Well, God gave us another treasure -- another baby boy. We called his name Glen. We loved him so much; he was so bright; he seemed to take the place of the treasure that we had lost. Little we knew or thought, as we watched him grow for two years, that he, too, would leave us. The same voice that spoke to me before the death of my other boy spoke again on the seventeenth day of June, 1902. I shall never forget that day, or that moment, or that voice. I recognized it to be the voice of the Eternal God.

It seemed to urge me to go home. When I left that morning he was sick in his little cot; when I returned and looked into his little face, the same impression as before came to me, that he was going to leave me. We sent for the physician at once. Medicine and skill did all in their power, but on the twenty-sixth day of June death withered my flower, and my treasure slipped away to be with Jesus forever.

Oh, those nine days of his awful sickness! I shall never forget them. On the third day of his sickness I too was taken sick, and as I lay in the adjoining room I could hear his dying screams and groans. His sufferings almost drove me crazy, and I truly felt relieved when God hushed his pain and took him to heaven. The day of the funeral came. Unable to leave my bed, I could look out of the window and see the dark, black hearse, when it backed up to the door to take away my treasure. I could see them as they put his little casket into the hearse and closed it from my view forever.

My grief-stricken wife followed it alone to its grave. Oh, the awfulness of that hour! I became hopeless, and from the twenty-sixth day of June until the eighteenth of October I was unable to leave my home. My wife employed three different doctors for me, but all gave me up as a hopeless case. It actually seemed to me that God had left me forever.

Just three houses from where we lived there lived an infidel who used to come to see me nearly every day. He talked to me, and told me there was no God, and left Bob Ingersoll's literature for me to read. He was so kind to me in those hours of darkness that my heart was turned to him. I soon became nearly as bad as he. During all these weeks of my illness only one man uttered a prayer in my home. There was a Free Methodist preacher by the name of E. D. Blackman. He was a real saint of God; but I was so ugly and mean, and had so much carnality in my breast, that I treated him unkindly. He prayed, and told me the truth, and warned me to get right with God.

A SURPRISING ANSWER TO A SINNER'S PRAYER

The Baptist church stood on the hill about two blocks from our home. I could see the folks going to church; I hated every one of them, and cursed them as far as I could see them. When the bell would ring I would put my fingers in my ears so I could not hear the sound. One Sunday morning, while it was ringing, there was thundering and lightning; I called on the God whom I tried to disbelieve in to strike the church with lightning. To my surprise, God answered the prayer of a sinner. There was a sharp flash and a clap of thunder. I looked out of the window, and soon discovered that the church had been struck with lightning. It had struck the rear of the building and run by the pulpit. This frightened the preacher and the choir, for they were not used to the fire.

These were awful days! It seems to me that if I could have seen some one who manifested the Christ-life, it would have stopped me in my mad career. No doubt there were some. My eyes were blinded with sin and my heart was hardened with sin. But I want to say to all who may read these pages that Jesus said that we were to love one another as He loved us, and that by this we would convince the world that we were His disciples. What if we do not? What does it mean to the world? Listen, dear reader; it means this: that we will drive folks into infidelity, and lock poor, hungry souls in hell forever. The awful coldness and formality, the imperfections of professors, and the unbelief of the church members are doing as much to damn souls as the open saloon of today.

THE LITTLE BAND OF SANCTIFIED SAINTS

During the time of my sickness, a little band of God's saints had banded themselves together to hold street meetings and jail meetings in our town. They had rented the office of a justice of peace, and were holding prayermeetings Friday evening; also meetings Sunday afternoon and evening. God really had His seal upon them. How they would pray and shout the victory till the walls would fall, and some of the real toughs of the town were getting saved!

Of course, some of the cold-hearted professors called them crazy, and persecuted them as Daniel was persecuted of old. They went into the furnace and came out shouting, without the smell of fire on their garments. Upon recovering, the first place I went to was the little mission; not to get saved, but to fight God and the truth.

When they used to get up, their faces shining, and tell how God had saved them from all sin and sanctified them, that old carnal man of mine would get so mad that I really wanted to fight them. I remember once of getting up and testifying (after the preacher had preached) that I did not want to go to Heaven, for I guessed there would be no one there but Free Methodists, and I never did like them.

The minister was free from inbred sin, and looked upon me as an object of pity. Well, I had always been taught that, to be a Christian, meant to ask God to forgive our sins every day; and to hear some one testify that God saved them from all sin was more than I could stand. I had heard lots of folks testify that they knew they sinned every day, and made many crooked paths, and left undone the things they ought to do. Then they would ask the folks to pray for them that they might continue on in the same. The backslidden preacher would nod his head, as much as say, Amen. He did not know what God can do for man.

I continued to attend these meetings for nearly a year, till I became Gospel-hardened. I could do or say most anything and count it a joke. I was not aware of the fact that God was turning their prayers on me and mine. In one of the Sunday afternoon meetings my wife arose and asked every one to pray for her husband.

Wife had recently been marvelously saved of God, and had made me lots of trouble by putting me under conviction by her life. God had really saved her, and given her real victory in her soul. I used to try in many ways to stir her up and make her mad. Sometimes I would get under

conviction and stay for family prayers. The way she would hold me up to the throne of God would make me feel as though I was slipping into the very regions of the damned.

Oh, if there were more wives and mothers that would really get saved and live for God in their homes! By taking their stand against worldliness and ungodliness they would bring conviction on their ungodly husbands and boys. Jesus said that if we will keep His commandments we shall ask what we will and it shall be given us. Well, wife kept His commandments, burnt the cards, cleansed her house of all of the devil's traps, and set up her family altar, although I whistled sometimes when she prayed, and often had to build a fire about that time. After all, I had to acknowledge that if she could keep sweet with such a man as I was, there must be something in salvation, for actually there were times in my life before God saved me that I even had murder in my heart.

I was like some other folks. I used to try to hide beneath the rags of self-righteousness, and smile when folks talked about sin. I want to say that sin is more to be dreaded than the bite of a mad dog or the sting of an adder, for they only kill the body, but sin will kill both body and soul. Jesus said, "Fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Yes, my dear reader, sin is fatal physically and spiritually. Where is the home that has not felt the effects of sin? Some of the brightest buds have been blighted by the withering hands of sin before they ever bloomed. No wonder I say, "Glory" when I feel the freedom from its grasp. No wonder we can sing, "The Lion of Judah Can Break Every Chain."

Oh, if men everywhere could only know what God can do for them! He is not only able to save them, but to keep them in every walk of life. One year had slipped away since the death-angel had come into our home and taken away our baby boy, and I was a worse man than ever. Why? It was because I had rejected so much light and so many warnings.

BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE

An event took place on the 23d of January, 1904, that changed my life. I was working in the woods that afternoon with a man, Mr. S____. We were sawing on a large oak tree which was leaning to the west. We had it scarcely half sawed down, when it suddenly split for over fifteen feet and shot backward for nearly ten feet, and I barely escaped with my life. Oh, how faithful the Holy Ghost was to me at that moment! He showed me how many folks had been killed just that way, and how near I had come to death. He then pictured to me the awfulness of dying without God, and spending my eternity with doomed and damned spirits. I left the woods and went home in that state of mind.

My precious wife had a good supper ready for me. After supper I went into the front room and sat down. Suddenly I was seized with a feeling that I ought to go to the mission. I tried to fight it off, but it came to me again and again. I did not understand it all then, but I have seen it all since. Some one prayed and fasted in behalf of my soul, and God answered. I said to my wife that I thought that I would go to the mission awhile. I did not know at that time that wife had spent nearly the whole day in prayer for me. I did not know that she had locked in her bosom the evidence that God was going to save her husband. No wonder her face shone with victory that night.

My dear reader, how wonderful it is to live in the secret place of the Most High, and have Him whisper secrets to us that will make our faces shine! I have heard folks say that we could not know that we are saved until we get to Heaven; but let the writer say right here that you can know that you are saved, and that the Holy Ghost abides. He will whisper secrets to you that kings would desire to look into. Oh, glory to His precious name! How faithful He is to His own! How tenderly He says to them, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

The Holy Ghost is not only faithful to Christians, but He is also faithful to every sinner. The Word of God declares that the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. Again and again God pleads with sinners and warns them to come to Himself.

It was a cold January night, and the snow blew and the wind howled, but I left my fireside and started for the meeting. I could not have told why -- could not have explained the cause that took me to meeting. The Holy Ghost is able to take folks from their homes -- from the Fifth Avenues, from the hovels, and from the streets -- if you will only pray, and believe God. I soon found myself entering the hall.

Only six people were there -- five saints and one sinner. She was seeking God with all her heart. As soon as I entered the hall I recognized that there was an unseen power there. It was one of those meetings where God has promised to meet with a few of His own. Truly He had kept His promise. It seemed to me for a few minutes that I could scarcely breathe; finally the seeker -- a young lady -- came through with a shine and a shout, and at once began to praise the Lord with all her might.

There was a real shout in the camp. A young brother stepped to my side and asked me if I would not like to have an experience like that. I do not know the answer I gave him, for I felt just as though I was dropping into hell. The devil suggested to me that I had better get out of that place, but the Holy Ghost said I must get saved tonight or never. Although a sinner, I recognized the voice of God. He had spoken to me so many times before. He had tried so many different ways to win me to Himself, that I truly believe if I had left that hall that night He would have left me forever. I never can tell the awful darkness of that moment. My soul hung on a thread. It depended on the decision of the next few moments. Oh, the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost!

Satan is always on hand to oppose a soul to the very last. He said to me at that moment, "These are the people you have been laughing at; these are the people you have called crazy; you ought to leave the hall at once." I arose and made three steps toward the door, when, like Paul of old, I fell before the power of God. I believe that was the darkest moment of my life. It seemed as though my mouth was closed forever, and I had no voice to pray. The saints would urge me to pray; but all I could do was to groan.

I thank God hundreds of times that that was not my death-bed. Had it been my death-bed I would have been in hell today. People can talk about death-bed repentance, but I would not give a fig for persons, who have had light, repenting on death-beds. I do believe, however, in people dying to sin and carnality, to the world, the flesh, and the devil. I believe in people repenting while

they have time and opportunity. May God help us not to depend on getting right on our death-beds, for hundreds of folks never have a death-bed.

NO SMALL THING TO REPENT

I found it was no small thing to repent. For five long hours I was struggling with the powers of darkness. The saints were faithful to pray, sing, and believe God for me. One sister told me afterwards that they sang and prayed until they were so hoarse that they could scarcely speak. About the first prayer I remember making was that I would never fight holiness or any person that professed it. I promised the dear Lord that I would throw away my tobacco and cigars (I was a slave to both). I got to seeking in the old-fashioned way, and meeting the conditions that every soul has to meet before God can come.

When a soul gets honest, and meets conditions, God always comes to his help. I began to confess out and pray out. The city marshal, not knowing what the trouble was, thought he would come in and see. Many others came in off the street, until the crowd became quite large. But I only saw one man, and that was myself, and he was doomed forever if he did not find God that night.

GLORIOUS CONVERSION

Say, my friend, when you get to that place, God will do something for you. I found it so with myself. When I got to the place where I promised God that I would quit the sin business forever, threw up my hands, and promised Him I would follow Him wheresoever He would lead me, God came to my rescue. Yea, in the secret of my heart I promised Him that I would even preach His Word, for I knew that was what he had wanted me to do for the last twenty years. I did not know all that it meant then; but I do know it brought joy and peace to my soul; that it brought the witness of the Spirit from Heaven; that all my sins were blotted out forever, and my name was written in the Lamb's book of life, and I was really a child of the King. The change was marvelous. I remember standing up and testifying that God really had saved me. I knew it as well as I knew my name. Could anyone ever forget such an hour and such a place? I say, "Never."

I remember riding home with the preacher, Brother Blackman, that night. He gave me some real good advice. He told me to burn my old tobacco sack, and be faithful in prayer, and God would help me. I had heard this man speak many times before; he had prayed in my home when I was sick, but he seemed so much different now. It seemed as though I could throw my arms around him, I loved him so. Well, he was the same Free Methodist preacher, but the change was in me. I was a new man; old things had passed away, and behold, all things had become new. That old stony heart was at last melted, and I had a heart of flesh. I was not only saved from my sins, but I knew it; and that seemed so wonderful to me, for I had met so many people who did not know, they only guessed at it.

When I entered my home that night I found my wife awake and praising the Lord. I said, "Wife, I am saved." She said, "I knew it long ago; I had the evidence before ever you left the house that God was going to save you." Oh, what a time we had! There was no sleep that night; we just knelt down and praised God for His wonderful goodness to us. My wife never looked so good to

me in all my life. I just told God I had the best wife there was in the wide world. Home never seemed so dear as it did that moment.

We stood at the window and watched the sun rise. Oh, what a morning! Although the world was wrapped in snow, it seemed to me that I could see God in every ray of sunshine and in every snowflake. Even the snowbird, chirping, seemed to be singing praises to God. I could hardly wait to tell some one what God had done for me. God soon opened the way, and I had the opportunity of testifying to the man I had worked with the day before of the marvelous things God had wrought in my soul.

We went back over the same road that we came over the night before, but everything seemed so different that I declared that I was living in a new world. Every time I struck a blow with my axe that day it seemed to say, "Praise the Lord"! I remember meeting one man and telling him how God had saved me. He told me to be faithful, for it was better on ahead. I thought, "My Lord, help me; if there is anything better for me, I will not be able to stay on earth!" The blessing of God had already begun to run over. Truly, these were wonderful days.

God had begun to speak to my soul in real earnestness. He had begun to show me some things that I must do, some confessions that I must make, and some restitutions that must be attended to. I did not understand them as I do now. Oh, how I thank Him that He ever led me in this way! It seemed so different from the old life. There was no more desire for the old companions, but I found myself surrounded by new friends and new associates. The old haunts had no more charm for me. The mission and the Salvation Army were my favorite places of attending.

I remember one night, about a week after my conversion, of going to the [Salvation] Army. The captain was a real godly man, and knew the Holy Ghost. After preaching a short sermon against sin, he opened the meeting for testimonies. The voice of God said to me, "Ye are my witnesses." I never knew how I got to my feet, or all that I said, but I do know that when I stopped speaking there was a man and a woman at the altar. They prayed through till victory came to their souls.

CALL TO PREACH SETTLED

That night, after going home, I shut myself in my room to pour my soul out to God and have Him speak to me. The impressions and the convictions of that night have never left my soul. The same voice that had spoken to me in the woods so many years ago, again spoke, but this time clearer and more definite. There was no mistake; it was settled forever it was the voice of God, and I knew that I must preach the Gospel.

My dear reader do you know there is something about the voice of God that we never forget; though we disobey Him, and wander from Him, we never forget the time that He spoke to us. Though we make our bed in hell, and be forever lost, we will never forget the words He spoke to us!

I arose from my knees and went into the room where my wife was asleep, and told her that God had really called me to preach His Word at any cost, and that obedience was better than

sacrifice. She said that she did not know where we would get the money for me to go to school; for we had always been taught that people must go through college in order to be able to preach the Gospel. We did not know, nor did we understand, that the Holy Ghost is the greatest preacher on earth. I did not have the Holy Ghost at that time, but I had said an eternal "Yes" to God, and He was blessing me so that I could hardly stay in the body.

TONGUE LOOSED TO PREACH THE GOSPEL

About that time Beelzebub, the prince of devils, appeared on the scene and began to ask me a few questions, which at first seemed to disturb my peace. He could not see how I was going to preach when I was tongue tied. I could not but acknowledge that that was so, for my tongue had always been tied from my birth. When my folks would send me on an errand they would have to write it down for me. There were so many words I could not say; but when God saved me, and called me to His work, He cut my tongue loose, and gave me power to speak for Him.

Oh, if people only knew what God is able to do for them they would not turn Him away! They surely would seek the blessed Holy Ghost. As I look back over my life, I cannot understand how I could have lived so long without Him. Three months had slipped away since the voice of God had spoken to me and said, "You must preach." God had been faithful to me in every way. I never will be able to tell how much He has done for me. He had marvelously opened up doors, and wonderfully blessed me in preaching His Word.

WIFE HEALED OF THE GRIPPE

One thing He did for us that strengthened our faith so much -- He marvelously healed my wife. We had all been sick in bed for nearly a week with the grippe; wife seemed to be the worst of any of us. The doctor said that she would have pneumonia. We were poor, and had no money to pay the doctor bill; so we began to earnestly ask God to heal her, and in less than twenty minutes He had answered prayer, and wife was up and dressed, and caring for the rest of the sick folks. You see that He was not only our Savior, but our Healer. That was the first time that we ever knew that Jesus was able to bear all our sorrows and heal all our sicknesses.

We had never been taught anything on Divine healing, but the Bible says that He will teach us all things and bring all things to our remembrance. Cold-hearted professors would come in, and we would tell them how wonderfully God had healed wife, and they would look at each other and laugh, and count it as a joke; but, bless God! it was a reality to us. The work was really done. Wife was doing her work, and the more they said, the more we praised God for such a deliverance.

A DEN OF INIQUITY CONVERTED INTO A MISSION HALL

The little mission where we were converted had grown, and we looked for a larger hall. After praying and waiting on God, He directed us to an old hotel which had been a place of bad report, and at that time was used by the devil as a poker room and gambling den. We followed the voice of God, and He put it on the owner's heart to rent it to us for our new mission hall. God turned the devil's house into a mission, where many precious souls -- yea, hundreds, sought God.

Even now, while I am writing, some that were saved in that place are preaching the Gospel of the Son of God.

It is wonderful how God will bless everybody who will really take His way and be true, declaring the whole counsel of God. Of course, people did not understand us, and called us fanatics. I have found since then that preaching the real Gospel will bring persecution. The cold-hearted will always reject Christ. He told us that when we were persecuted, to rejoice, and be exceedingly glad, for so persecuted they the prophets who were before us.

SANCTIFIED WHOLLY

At this time God laid it on the hearts of His people to have a holiness convention, for the purpose of edifying the saints and giving honest hearts the privilege of seeking their Pentecost. There were truly some honest souls there who had already broken through and received the Holy Ghost. The preacher in charge, Brother Blackman, was one of God's own men, and had walked with God for many years. He was a radical holiness preacher. Also Brother and Sister Brown had been led into the experience of holiness by God. How I bless God today for those faithful saints who fed my hungry soul!

On the first day of May, 1904, Brother A. H. Kauffman opened fire on the devil's ranks in our new mission hall, and organized an Apostolic Holiness Union. He gave us much light and many precious truths on the doctrines of Bible holiness. God wonderfully blessed in those ten days. A few honest hearts walked in the light, and really crossed the Jordan into the land of Canaan, while others came up to Kadesh Barnea, rejected the light, and died in the wilderness.

Rev. Charles E. Cliff followed Brother Kauffman with a three-weeks' revival service. Brother Cliff was a young man who was a God-made preacher. He had the gift of the Holy Ghost, and loved to preach God's red-hot truths. It was under his preaching, and by means of these truths, that my wife was led to see that she needed a clean heart. In one of the afternoon meetings she sought and obtained it.

While wife had a wonderful experience in her justified state, I must confess it made a wonderful change in her. She truly received power after the Holy Ghost came upon her -- power to pray, power to speak for Jesus, power to hold still under every circumstance. It just seemed to me that wife had gone about a hundred miles ahead of me, and that about all I could do was to watch the wonderful change that had come into her life. Her life, with the truths God helped the preacher to give (for it seemed that every sermon he preached got hotter and hotter), made carnality very uneasy, and put a hungering in my heart for the Holy Ghost.

When an invitation was given for those to stand who wanted the Holy Ghost, I was among the number. The devil rushed on me, and said that if I went to that altar folks would think I was backslidden. I have learned since that this was only one of his ways of keeping people out of the blessing. I believe he has frightened many an honest soul and kept him from obeying God. Then he told me the people would lose confidence in me, and would not come out any more to hear me preach.

I found my way to the altar by the help of God. I found that the devil went to the altar. He suddenly changed his tactics, and began to tell me I was good enough -- I did not need the blessing. He said, "You have been preaching and winning many souls; what do you want of anything more?"

I want to say to every dear reader and brother preacher who may read these lines that he will never be what God wants him to be until he receives his Pentecost. There will be times that he will feel the lack of power as long as carnality is suppressed in his life. There is nothing that can take the place of the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost. God has said that He would make His preachers flames of fire and sons of thunder, and He will do it with every honest soul who will let Him have His way.

I had settled it for time and eternity that God should have His way with me, so I began to cry for the power that delivered from all sin. Saints prayed for me and exhorted me to believe God. Three nights in succession found me at the altar seeking for a clean heart, but some way I was not able to get the witness to my sanctification; but on the fourth night, as I was going up town, the sun was just setting, and as I looked upon its golden rays my soul was crying out for God to give me the Holy Ghost.

The voice of God said to me, "Do you think that a God who can paint that picture, and make the sun rise and set, and make a world like this, and plant the heavens full of stars, could sanctify a soul like yours?" The truth dawned upon me in a moment that this was a work of faith. I grasped the truth and stood on the promise. Quicker than a flash the witness came to me, and the "old man" died, and I walked into the mission one of the happiest men out of Heaven. Can I tell it? No; and I never have met anyone who could. People have talked about and described the blessing of sanctification, and no doubt have done their best; but the only way you will ever know about it is to get it yourself.

From the moment God sanctified me He began to speak to me as He never had before. His voice seemed more real and clear, and the Bible began to be revealed to me in a way that it never had before. He began to reveal His future plan for me, and burden my soul for a lost world, and unctionize my prayers and preaching in a way that surprised myself. I had thought it was wonderful to be saved from all sin, and truly, it is. We talk about miracles of healing, but the greatest miracle, to my mind, is God taking a man from the depths of sin to the peaks of holiness.

He does not only save him from his sins, but He takes the sin principle out of his life. The Holy Ghost comes in to abide forever. Instead of a Jewish altar, where the fire burns constantly, our souls become the altar where the fire constantly burns. He has promised to lead us into all truth and bring all things to our remembrance.

I have learned since that night that the Holy Ghost has a personality, as much as do the Father and Son. If the cold-hearted professors of today would get saved, and quit fighting and insulting the precious Holy Ghost, they would have something that would beat all the pipe organs and all the paid choirs that ever sang. Bless God! I am glad that I left the oyster stews and church frolics and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I know that we are living in an age when people say that God does not speak to men as He used to in the days of Daniel and the days of Elijah. I want to say to every dear reader who may read these pages that the God of Daniel lives today, and the voice of God has never changed. He always has had, and always will have, a few people who are on speaking terms with Him. He really speaks to them, and they know His voice.

LED TO MASON MISSION -- VICTORIES THERE

I remember now how He once spoke to me while I was working in the woods with a brother. While chopping a tree, amid all the noise, and above all other sounds I heard His voice. I stopped chopping, and didn't fell the tree. God said that I need not do it. I went on my knees to listen to the words of God, and after about an hour of secret prayer He told me He wanted me to go to Lansing, a distance of twelve miles, to deliver a few messages that he had for me to give. I did not know how, neither did I care. It was enough for me to know that God said, "Go".

I left the woods at 2:30 p. m., and at 5 p. m. had reached the train, when it dawned upon my mind that I had no money to go on. I felt God wanted me to go on that train. When the train pulled in, the conductor jumped off. He was a friend of mine, and invited me to take a ride with him to the city. I thanked God for His leadings, and soon was aboard, and had a chance to testify to my friend of God's power to save from all sin.

That night, as I walked to the mission (for God led me that way), I said: "Now, Father, you know I am a stranger here. You must put it on the heart of the leader to ask me to deliver your message." I sat down in the back of the hall, and as the people gathered that night, the devil said to me: "Nobody will notice you, or ask you to preach; you are a stranger here." But the voice of God said, "I can give you an introduction."

After the meeting started, and a few pieces had been sung, the leader said, "Let us pray." God put it on my soul to pray aloud, and after prayer they sang again. The leader looked straight at me, left the platform, and walked to my side, and said, "My brother, have you a message for this people?" I said, "Yes, God has given me a message."

Without any excuses I took my place on the platform and preached from the parable of the prodigal son ("I will arise and go to my father"). The heavens opened over me that night, and God sealed the broken message, to the hearts of people, and my tongue was tied no longer, but I had liberty in the Holy Ghost. Before I quit speaking, an old man stood up and cried, "I am a prodigal," and started for the altar.

I quit preaching, and invited every one to come who wanted to find God. A young man came to the altar. Oh, I shall never forget that night! it seemed to me that my soul would leave my body. Neither will I forget the old man, with his wrinkled face and gray hair, as he sobbed through to victory, and then stood up and confessed his faith in Christ, and how the burden had rolled away and Christ had saved him from all sin.

I have never seen him since that night, but I have prayed for him many times, and expect, when the mists from the hilltops have rolled away, when the last prayer is prayed, and the last

battle won, and when Jesus comes for His bride, that he will be among the rubies that have been washed in Jesus' blood. This was one of the memorial nights of my life. He was among my first converts, and you know how we love them.

Oh, how my soul cries out for the prodigals all over this great world! My dear reader, do you obey the voice of God? If you do not, you do not know the awful wreckage it means to you and to many other precious souls. Well, I stayed and preached four nights, and gave myself over to prayer for further leadings.

One day, after waiting on God, the telephone rang and a message came for me. I was asked if I would take charge of my own home mission. This was a great surprise to me, but I said that I would wait on God, and let them know soon. I had been asking God to open up doors where I could preach His Gospel and win more souls for Him. The more I prayed, the more sure I was that it was His leading for me to go to Mason.

On Friday, June 20, 1904, I settled the question, and decided that I was to take charge of the Mason mission, or rather, that the Lord would use me there. The first meeting I held in my first field of labor had the seal of God, for one young woman really sought and found God, and is standing true today. For one year and a half I had the privilege of preaching to some of the best saints I have ever met. They would pray and shout the victory while I was preaching. Many precious souls were saved and sanctified, and light was given to many more.

HIS FINAL WARNING

The voice of God spoke to some for the last time. I remember one young man whom I had formerly worked with, and who had been a very dear friend to me when I was in sin. At one time I saved his life, at the risk of my own, by pulling him from in front of a passing train that no doubt would have killed him. When he came to the meeting one Sunday afternoon conviction seized him, and suddenly a voice said to me that that was his last warning; so I went to him personally, and talked with him about his soul.

To my surprise, the evil nature within him sprang up, and he said unkind words to me that made my heart ache, for I felt sure that I was carrying a message that meant heaven or hell to him. That very evening he took a northbound excursion train, came to Lansing, the next morning hired out to the Grand Trunk Railroad as a section hand, and at 12:30 that same day the handcar which he was on was struck by a passenger train, and he was instantly killed, without a moment's warning. The man whom God spoke to on Sunday afternoon went into eternity on Monday afternoon -- without God. I never saw my old friend again, but I can meet him at the judgment bar of God and tell him I am clear from the blood of his soul.

I do not believe in following impressions or uncertain voices, but one whisper of the Holy Ghost will take me to any part of this great world. Jesus said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." Oh, how sweet it is to have Him speak to us, and just call us His own, and lead us out where the pastures are green and by the side of the still waters! Oh, glory to God! I love to sit at His feet and have Him speak to me. These were wonderful days, and He gave us many tokens of His presence, and assured us that His seal was on our life and ministry.

WIFE'S DIVINE HEALING

One Sunday afternoon while I was preaching, wife was suddenly taken ill; so ill, indeed, that they had to take her home. After meeting, on returning home, I found my wife in great agony and pain. On the following morning she was so bad that we called our family doctor. He said that she was suffering with inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The doctor's medicine seemed to take no effect upon her, and for one week she seemed to grow rapidly worse.

One day the doctor said that he had done all that he could do. Oh, I shall never forget those days! The faithfulness of God in those hours of darkness strengthened my faith forever. It looked to me as though wife was going to slip away to Heaven, and I would be left alone with my two children. I remember going out under a tree alone and talking with the Lord. A voice seemed to say to me, "Have faith in God."

One of the saints of God came out where I was and said that my wife would soon be in heaven. This was on Saturday, August 16, 1904. Wife had grown so weak that she could only whisper when she tried to talk; her very body seemed to be burning with fever. The next day was the Lord's day. It was one of those memorable days that will never be forgotten in the history of life. The sun arose as usual, and the morning slipped away.

In the afternoon, about four o'clock, a saint of God came in, and in a few minutes two more of God's saints came. They said that God had sent them there to anoint my wife, and they believed God was going to heal her. After talking it over together and waiting on God, it seemed to be His will. We stood upon the promises of God, and one of the sisters anointed my wife with oil, and we prayed and believed God. There was no change in wife for the better; there were no visible signs that the work was done; but we were not looking for signs, nor seeking feeling; we were believing God. The voice of God whispered to me, "It is done."

I left two of the saints with wife, and went to the mission that night and preached. I would not have been surprised at any moment to have seen wife walking in. After preaching I hurried home, to find very little change in my wife except that her voice seemed stronger. I asked her if she was healed, and she said that the Lord had touched her, and she wanted to sleep. So the saints all went home, and I lay down on a couch just outside her bedroom.

I shall never forget that night. It seemed as though the whole room was filled with the glory of God. I could see the smoke as it ascended from the sacrifice, and with this vision of the power of God, I fell asleep, and did not awake until the morning light was streaming in. Wife called me by name. She told me that God had healed her, and asked me to build a fire, and put her clothes by the fire, for she was going to get up.

This seemed almost too good to be true, but it was evident that God had really done the work. Wife arose and dressed herself, and ate breakfast with us. While we were eating, the doctor who had been attending her came in, and looked first at one and then at another. We had a chance to testify to the healing power of God. She was not only healed from that disease, but her body was really made over anew.

THE HOLINESS CAMP AT DIMONDALE

The Holiness Camp at Dimondale was to open the next day after she was healed. God spoke to wife, and told her that she must go there and testify to her healing. The next morning at five o'clock wife and another started for the camp-meeting, a distance of about sixteen miles. The neighbors and the backslidden church members said that we would bring her home in her coffin. They said that we had gone crazy over religion.

Bless God! We had something besides religion. We had really found God. I will admit the religions of this age are enough to drive people crazy, but real salvation will clothe the people in their right minds. This was the first campmeeting we had ever attended. There were twenty-one of us that went from our mission. Those ten days were among the best of my life. There I met some of God's holy preachers, whom I have learned to love dearly. God bless them! I shall never forget some of their sermons at that camp-meeting. I have had the pleasure of being their co-worker on many fields of battle since.

As I walked around on those holy grounds, God assured me that these were His own people, and that I was in the center of His will. I shall never forget how the fire fell during those ten days. We stayed to the end, and drank in some things that have never left us. God gave wife an opportunity to testify publicly to His healing power. She did not go home in a coffin, as the false prophets had prophesied, but was never so well as at the close of those meetings. I left that sacred place with a determination to push the battle for God as never before.

DURING THE PAST FIVE YEARS

Five years have slipped away since that camp-meeting. Oh, how precious Jesus has been to us during those five years! He has so wonderfully supplied all our needs, and His precious voice has led us through every dangerous place. God laid the burden of lost souls on our hearts as never before. We soon opened a revival in our own mission which lasted six weeks. God met with us in every service. There were two incidents in those meetings that made a deep impression on our minds.

One young woman who came up to the light of holiness and, like hundreds of others, counted the cost and would not pay the price, refused to go through with God. She is still unsaved, and leading a fast life, and I do not think that God has striven with her since. Oh, the warning of God's Word! He said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Many others came up to the truth, but would not obey, and it seemed as though God sent them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth but had pleasure in unrighteousness. The Word of God is a savor of life unto life to them that believe, but of death unto death to them that believe not. The truth of God got hold of many hearts. Some were really saved and sanctified, and are standing true today.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A BLASPHEMER

A man whom I am well acquainted with was standing by the door one night, and I invited him to go to the meeting. He cursed and swore, and said that he wanted nothing to do with God or the meetings. This sent a chill to my heart, and I remarked to my wife that I did not think that he would be long out of hell.

He was one of the strongest men of that community, and right in the prime of life. I warned him to be careful how he trifled with God. As I walked home that night I felt a strange feeling pass over me as I thought of the words that he had spoken about God. The next day, as I walked by his house, I saw a confused crowd around the door. As I walked in, I saw him lying on the bed, cold in death. He came in, complained of pain in his head, and dropped over on the bed, dead.

I trust that all who read this will take warning, and be careful how they insult the Holy Ghost. It taught me a great lesson. It taught me that a God-sent revival brought three things to pass in the neighborhood in which it is held. First, it means the salvation of souls; second, it means the damnation of souls who will not receive the truth; third, that God always sends warning before destruction.

We find this taught all through His precious Word. He warned the antediluvian world for one hundred and twenty years, but they heeded Him not, and at last the crash came. The Sodomites received their warning before the fire came. I trust that every dear reader will remember that God has faithfully warned them, and He is again warning them as they read these lines. God declares that he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.

At the end of six weeks we closed this meeting. A score of souls had really found God. The devil had been defeated, but not converted.

MEETING IN A UNION CHURCH

While in this meeting God spoke to our souls, and told us that He would have us hold a meeting in a Union church, five miles west of our home. It was a very needy and a very dead field. There had not been a revival in ten years. I did not know whether they would let me in their church, but God knew they would.

One day I saw their preacher, and told him what was on my heart, and he said that he was willing, and that it had been on his heart, too, for some time. We went together to see the official board. They said they did not object to our having the church, but they laughed at the idea of having a revival, and assured us that nobody ever came out to meeting there. They did not know the God of the Bible. They did not know that when God sent a man He would stay by him.

It was really true that there were not many people there the first night. We opened the meeting with song service, then called on someone to lead in prayer. There was a silence, with no response to the call. We prayed, and God blessed us, and we cried out with the prophet of old, "Can these bones live?"

CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL

I shall never forget the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost in those six weeks that we held meetings. People began to come from all parts of the country until the house was filled.

The fifth night of the meeting an infidel, who lived near the church, came, and God got hold of his heart. He came out to the altar, and began to seek God with all his heart, and prayed through until the witness came to his soul that he was a child of God. It was wonderful how God took the infidelity out of that man and made him as meek as a lamb. It is wonderful how God can melt the hard heart of stone, and change it to a heart of flesh. Truly, it is a marvelous change, and so it was with this man. He could cry out with Paul of old, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away, and behold, all things have become new."

The Spirit of God kept working on souls night after night, until twenty-seven had fallen at the altar and cried for mercy. Then we cried out, "Is there anything too hard for God?" The community now became stirred, and great crowds came out until the house was full, and many could not get in.

The devil also was stirred; for when God works, the devil always works. Right in the hottest of this battle he attacked my body severely. I was stricken with a severe cold which settled on my lungs. The devil said that it was a symptom of pneumonia. The third Sunday of the meeting they rolled me up in a fur coat and took me home, a distance of six miles, so there was no meeting on that Sunday.

When I reached home I found my wife all ready to go to the mission. I told my wife I was sick, and had to give up my meeting for a while. She assured me it was the devil that had scared me off my field. She insisted on my going to the mission with her.

So we went to God in prayer, and He seemed to say that I should go. It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. Brother Martie Rion, who was holding a meeting in my church at that time, failed to be there. A large crowd was waiting for him. God put it on my heart to preach from Ezekiel 33:5 -- "But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul." God honored His Word, and a God-spell fell upon the people.

At the close of the meeting, seekers were at the altar, and while praying at the altar God completely healed my body. I sent a message early Monday morning that the meetings in the country would continue.

NEEDS SUPPLIED

Before leaving home, wife reminded me that our rent was past due, and as yet I had had no offering. So we went to prayer, and He made it plain for us to pay our rent by selling our chickens. So the chickens were sold, and the rent paid. I returned to my field of labor, and for three weeks God blessed His Word, and many precious souls sought the Lord.

On the last Friday night of the meetings, Brother White, the pastor in charge, asked the congregation to make a freewill offering for Brother Elliott. I bowed my head and said, "Thou knowest what we need." To my surprise they gave \$125.00. Oh, how faithful the Holy Ghost is to

them who put their trust in Him! That was one of the first offerings I had ever received from the hand of God. It wonderfully strengthened my faith, and when I went home and told my wife what the Lord had done for us, we bowed our heads and gave Him all the glory.

We never have been afraid from that day to this to obey the voice of God, although it may take the last chicken. It pays to obey God's voice and follow His leadings. It is so sweet to have Him speak to us and say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Truly, His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are paths of peace. He declares that His ways are not our ways. We may not understand, but, thank God! we can always afford to trust Him where we cannot see.

AT LOCK CENTER WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH

The next door that He opened for me was near Lock Center, in a Wesleyan Methodist church. It seemed to be a special call, and after much prayer, God made it plain to me that it was His will that I should go.

Dear Brother Humphrey was the pastor in charge. (God bless him! I shall never forget the days spent in his home.) He was a real man of God. He had sought and obtained the blessing of holiness, and was striving with all his might to lead his flock into the fullness of the blessing. He had three charges. The charge where I helped him was about eight miles from his home. We used to ride back and forth together to his home, and talk of the things of God until our hearts burned within us.

In some ways this was the hardest; and yet the most remarkable meeting, I ever held. The meeting had been going about a week, and it seemed that all the powers of darkness had settled down upon it. As we looked over the congregation we could almost feel that there were acres of carnality in our presence. But we could hear our God say: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

We felt convinced, from the first meeting, that the church was in a cold, backslidden condition. Some of them opposed holiness very much. They had rejected so much light that God had entirely left them. The third night of the meeting a young man and his wife came to the altar. We felt the coldness of the people and the lack of fire to bring forth souls.

The Bible tells us that when Zion travails she shall bring forth sons and daughters. Our God is faithful, and answered prayer, and delivered them from the powers of sin. The fifth night of the meeting the climax came. After much prayer, God led us to preach from the text, "Thou hast healed the hurt of the daughters of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, where there is no peace."

DYNAMITE FROM THE SKIES

God helped us to preach, and He uncovered sins. We had not preached over twenty minutes when the voice of God said, "Pray." I dropped upon my knees and began to wire the throne. Quicker than a flash there came a shock of dynamite from the skies, and Brother Humphrey

dropped like a dead man at my side, and a wave struck the congregation, until sinners and saints were on their knees crying to God.

Seven souls crept to the altar without an invitation. I started to walk down the aisle to view the remains, when another shock struck me, and again I was down. I felt sure for a while that Jesus was going to translate me, and take me to the skies, but I soon discovered that the Lord was not through with me yet.

I had never been in a meeting like that before. Such weeping, such confessing and crying to God I had never heard. The devil said my Brother Humphrey was dead, he lay so still and lifeless until one o'clock in the morning.

CONFESSION OF SIN

A certain Mr. P____, the class-leader of the body, who thought I had been preaching too close, after lying on his face for some two hours, survived the shock, rolled over, and confessed that he had stolen fourteen cords of wood some ten years ago. He said he buried it at a camp-meeting, but the ends had been sticking out, and the devil had been throwing wood at him ever since. That is the way some people cover up their sins.

I remember one, eighty-four years old, leaving the altar and going back and making her confession to one of the sisters, and the power of God struck her soul, and she jumped and shouted like a girl. That meeting lasted until the small hours of the morning, and from that night on God's power was manifested in saving and sanctifying souls.

God will bless every honest heart who will confess their sins, but He will not bless a soul who will not confess. He has said in His Word, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper."

After three weeks of hard-fought battles we closed with victory, and went back to our field of labor a wise man in the Holy Ghost.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOLINESS CONVENTION AT GEORGE KULP'S CHURCH

Feeling that my work was done there on my charge, I began to wait upon God for leadings for the future. Oh, how careful we ought to be to get the leadings of the Holy Ghost, and move as He leads. He put it on my heart that spring to attend the International Holiness Convention, which was held in Brother George Kulp's church at Battle Creek. It was a great blessing to my soul, and made a great impression for good on my life. Here I met Brother S. C. Rees, the Texas boys, L. B. Compton, and many other holy men of God.

It was in this meeting that holy men of God laid their hands on my head, and commissioned me to go and preach the everlasting Gospel. This was a memorial day in my life. I shall never forget the Divine thrill that went through me, and the deep determination that settled over me to live for the Holy Ghost as never before. And it was here, while in prayer before God, that the Holy Ghost made it plain to me to accept the offer of Danville church to be their pastor for a year, but

did not move on my field of labor until some time afterward. There I found some precious saints of God, who were loyal and true to the cause that was dear to their hearts.

MINISTRY AT DANVILLE

While on this field I learned some of the most precious lessons of my life. Twelve miles from a railroad, living in a log house, one-half mile from the little white church, I could look out of my window and see it plain. Many times I thanked God for a little holiness church where the full Gospel was preached, and where many precious souls sought and found God. Oh, how I love the humble way! I spent one year and a half with these saints, with sweet fellowship and unity with the Holy Ghost, and at this time He laid it on my heart to hold tentmeetings in Lansing.

LED TO LANSING

He soon opened up the way, and in company with Brother Briggs, we came to the city to look for a place to pitch our tent. The Holy Ghost was faithful, and led us to the right place and to the right man. He opened his heart, and gave us a lot to put our tent on, and we opened fire on the devil's ranks in the heart of the city, and for three weeks God blessed us in preaching the red-hot Gospel. Some fifteen or twenty souls knelt in the straw and cried for mercy.

While walking the streets, and seeing the masses on their way to a devil's hell, my heart cried out to God to raise up a people in this wicked city that would go with God and honor the Holy Ghost. So one day He gave me the assurance that my prayers would be answered. That was enough for me. I believed God. So all I had to do was to wait for His time.

In the coming spring, while in prayer one day, He spoke to me and said, "Go to Lansing and preach my Word." I knew it was the voice of the Holy Ghost. Blessed be God, there is such a thing as living on speaking terms with God!

I came out of my prayer room and told wife what God had said to me, and in less than one hour I was on my way to a railroad station, a distance of twelve miles, and reached the city at 5:30 p. m., not knowing where God was going to have me preach, neither did I care; it was enough to know that God said, "Go."

I went direct to my brother's house, and he told me there had been a mission opened up at 116 Ottawa Street, who called themselves the Holiness folks. He said they acted a good deal like I did. He said there was one woman there who would throw up her hands and shout until you could hear her four blocks away.

It occurred to my mind right away that that sounds like Sister Brown. So after supper we went to the mission, and there I found Brother Nelson and wife and Sister Parker. Three nights previous to this they had come to the city to open a mission by the leadings of the Holy Ghost and the directions of our state president, W. O. Nease.

I knew nothing of this while I was on my knees in my home, but the Holy Ghost did. Oh, the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost! He never makes a mistake; He is never a minute too late or a minute

too soon. Jesus said He would bring all things to our remembrance whatsoever He had said unto us, and He promised to lead us into all truths. Oh, how I love to have Him speak to me and tell me secrets I never would have known if it had not been for His faithfulness.

We began a revival that lasted six weeks. One hundred and twenty-five souls sought God in the six weeks. During that time the Lord made it plain that He would have the state convention in Lansing. It was held from March 15th to 20th, and proved a blessing to all.

DAMNED BY PROCRASTINATION

I feel that the Lord would have me speak of an incident that occurred during those meetings. A certain man, Mr. D____ by name, sat in those meetings, while many souls came to the altar and sought God. Great conviction was on the people, and that night God specially led me to leave the platform and speak personally to him about his soul.

I could see that God was pleading with his soul, and I felt that God was giving him his last call. He seemed to treat the matter lightly, and tried to turn it off as a joke. I tried to tell him that the death angel was going through the land, and that men were dying all around us without God. He, finally looked me in the face and said, "There is no hurry about it."

That was on Sunday evening. The coming Monday night I stayed at my brother's home, where Mr. D____ boarded. About one o'clock in the morning I heard a loud rap at the door. I opened it, and found four men, who bore the form of a man who seemed to be dead. They quickly laid him on the floor, and I knelt down beside him and tried to speak to him about his soul.

He could not answer me -- only groaned. He lived three days and three nights, and passed into eternity just as he had lived. Oh, the awful sin of procrastination! On the following Sunday he was brought up the same aisle, and passed the same chair where he had made his boasts that he had twenty years to live.

We laid him before the sacred desk, and I preached his funeral sermon, with a knowledge in my heart that I would warn precious souls as I never have before. How foolish the boasts of man are! How unwise to say "tomorrow," when Jesus says, "Today is the day of salvation." He warns us to "be ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh," and the great God of the Bible says that he that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

This is only one out of many hundreds who are rushing on to their doom, like the mad waters over the Niagara Falls, not without warning, not without light; for Jesus declares that He is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into this world. Oh, how many times I have seen the picture of that upturned face, and heard those words, these twenty years!

I trust God will bless this to every one who boasts on tomorrow. Brother, listen! there is a cold messenger, "Death," who is going up and down this land. He has no pets; he is no respecter of persons. He will knock at your door one of these days. The dark, black hearse that has come so often to your neighbors, will come and carry your lifeless form to its last resting place, while your

immortal soul will wing itself into the regions beyond, and will either be welcomed at the white throne of God, and meet the smiles of a Christ who shed His precious blood for you, or you will hear the awful words, "Depart from me; I never knew you, ye workers of iniquity. Go into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Oh, what a darkness! Oh, what a night, with no end! Not a ray of light; no sun, no moon, no stars, not even a candle; but an endless, eternal night, where no prayer will ever be answered; where the Holy Ghost never pleads again; not a baby face to remind us of the innocent days of childhood! May God help us, as preachers, to warn men as we never have before!

Soon after this the Holy Ghost made it plain for me to move my family here and take charge of the work in this city. Without a dollar in my pocket, I went home and told my wife that God wanted us to move to Lansing.

God put it on the hearts of two of my brethren to move my goods to the station and put them on the train. I was several days looking for a house to live in. The devil suggested to me several times that I had made a mistake, and told me I was out of the will of the Lord; but the Holy Ghost was faithful, and whispered to me that the cattle on a thousand hills belonged to Him, and assured me that I was in the will of God by putting it on the heart of one of the brethren here to give me a ten dollar bill. God bless the memory of that precious brother! He will never know how that encouraged me to push the battle for God until he gets his reward.

FIVE YEARS OF MISSION WORK IN LANSING

We were soon settled in our new home on Isaac Street, and began the five years' campaign in the mission work, of which now I am about to speak.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MISSION PREACHER OR WORKER

There are but a few who know what it means to be a mission preacher or a worker. First, the opportunities are wonderful, and are to be appreciated, and I look upon them as a special favor bestowed upon me by the Holy Ghost. It means to deal with every class of people who are in a city, from the bootblack, harlot, and the poor drunkards, to those who live on the Fifth Avenue. Thank God, through His blood all can be saved, and the Holy Ghost can put them on the emory-wheel until they will all shine like some of the most beautiful diamonds that are found in the roughest rocks.

So it is with some of the boys and girls who are saved from a life of sin and shame; they shine the brightest when they find Jesus. Then they are so hungry for all that God has got for them that they seem to realize the depths of the miry clay that they were dug from. I have known some of them to be saved one night, and back to the altar the next night to get the Holy Ghost, while cold-hearted professors would sit for weeks under light enough to sink the world in outer darkness, and wrap the rags of self-righteousness around themselves, and laugh at the thought of being holy in this life.

Then a mission that is run on strict faith lines is so much different than a popular affair that is run by money and machinery. But, blessed be God, I like the faith line. I will take the salt, and they can take the celery. Jesus said that we are "the salt of the earth." That means sometimes to eat our bread without butter. But what of that? He only promised us that our bread and water would be sure, and He is faithful to every promise.

It meant at the end of every thirty days there had to be from \$75 to \$100 raised to keep up expenses. This is a large amount when you consider a little handful of people, but all things are possible with God, and my Bible reads that all things are possible to him that believeth. He said, "You pray, and I will answer." And during my five years in mission work He has never failed me.

It meant to scrub in the afternoon and preach at night, for most of the people who attend a mission are laborers. I have known some of them to lay brick all day long and be in the meetings every night for months. Others would work ten hours in the factory, and be at their posts in the evening, shine like stars and pray like bishops, and lay their money down on the Bible to support the work, as though they were worth their thousands, and many times more than those who had a bank account. They had a secret about giving that many folks never knew; they would give until it hurt, and then give until it stopped.

I remember once taking up an offering when the Lord needed twenty-five dollars, when one brother who had given away everything he had but his experience, arose, took out his watch and handed it to me, and said he guessed it was worth a dollar. I feel sure that many things would come off if folks would obey the voice of God.

This broke the spell, and twenty-four dollars; with two extra dollars, were raised. Many times we came to the last of the month with seventy-five dollars to raise, and the devil would say, "This is the time I will turn the key in the door," but God knows how to run His business, and does not need any of the devil's help, and in all of these years He never failed in raising the needed amount, and He did it without any bean suppers, oyster stews, or church frolics or one-eyed shows.

Thank God, He is able and willing, and if we will go, start, He will see us through; and I want to testify to the glory of God that He has raised up some of the most self-sacrificing saints that I ever knew here in this place. God bless them! They bear the fruits of their Savior.

Then it means to be in actual service every night; practically means a new message every night. Think of three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, besides one extra meeting on Sunday! And as we think of it now, how we rejoice in a God who is able, and in Him is strength for every occasion!

How at times the body would have gone to wreck if it had not been for His keeping power! Then there is a secret in trusting Him to keep our bodies well, as well as our souls. A God who made a man out of mud is able to heal his body as well as his soul.

Then there is the opportunity of preaching to thousands upon the streets who never attend a church or even a mission! Some of the most blessed meetings I have ever been in were in the

streets of this city, with the starry heavens for a canvas. Many hungry hearts followed us from the streets to the mission, and they heard the story of Jesus and Mary, gave their hearts to Him, and some of them now are preaching the everlasting Gospel.

All the fruits of the Holy Ghost mission in a city will never be known until the books are open, and thousands of those rubies will come up with their white robes, and the elders will say, "Who are these who are arrayed in white garments? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any more heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Will it pay? Yes, ten thousand times yes. Though it means a self-sacrifice and a self-denying life, it will pay.

WHEN THE FOOD AND COAL WERE GONE

One cold February night, after returning from the mission, wife reminded me that we had eaten everything for supper that was in the house; and, putting the last chunk of coal in the stove, and with the glory of God in our souls, we went to prayer, and told our Father about it. He gave us the evidence that it would be all right. We put our babies to bed, kissed them goodnight, and committed them to the safe-keeping of Jesus, feeling sure that He would not see one of the little ones want.

While we slept, God worked. There were two men in the city who did not sleep good that night. There was a Mr. A____, who lived about two miles away, who awoke his wife about four o'clock in the morning, and told her that God had been speaking to him about Brother Elliott's family. So they packed two suitcases full of baked goods, and a roll of butter, with some beefsteak, and awoke us out of our morning slumbers at five o'clock for an early breakfast, with all prepared. Oh, the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost!

Another man, in the eastern part of the city, was troubled in his night slumbers, and had an invitation from the skies to bring the preacher a load of coal. He obeyed the voice of God. These men knew not our circumstances, but God knew our needs. This is only one of the many answers to prayer that makes our heart rejoice, and to God we give all the glory.

"GIVE BROTHER ELLIOTT THIS MONEY"

There was another very remarkable answer to prayer at this time. We owed a note at the bank for twenty-five dollars, which would be due in a few days. The money panic was on. The banks were breaking all over the country; but, thank God, there is a bank that never breaks.

Wife and I went to prayer; the Holy Ghost whispered it would be all right, and we believed Him. The next day in the mail we received a letter with a New York draft for twenty-three dollars and twenty cents, with a short note from a friend who lived miles away who

said, while walking down the street one day, the Lord spoke to him and said, "Give Brother Elliott this money; he needs it."

He talked to his father, and he said, "You had better obey the Lord." So the money came, all but two dollars; and the rest was handed in, and the note was paid, just as the Lord had promised. Brother, we can live and die on the promise of God, and be safe. It will pay everybody to obey the voice of God and the leadings of the Holy Ghost, and carry the messages to a lost world as God gives them to us.

FIFTY OUT OF EIGHT HUNDRED

Two years previous to this, while walking down the streets of this city, God promised to raise up a people who would honor the Holy Ghost. So He laid it on our hearts, with many others, to organize a Holiness church, and give our converts a church home, where they could hear the plain, simple truth of Jesus and still hold it as a mission. So on Friday, November 20, 1908, we organized into one body for Jesus and the salvation of precious souls.

Eight hundred souls have knelt at the altar in the last two years, but only about fifty who were willing to come out from among them, and strip for the race, and go with God. This is due to the fact that there are not very many people who are back to Pentecost. Old carnality does not like the narrow way. He will do most anything but die -- join the church, take communion, testify, cry, sing in the choir, preach on the platform, a willing hand to do church work.

Carnality is not always a lazy fellow, but sometimes will bake and stew, and take part in many other industrious matters, and only ask for a place to remain in the heart as its pay.

A true Holiness church means a good deal to this dark world; it means all the fruits of Pentecost shall follow, and the promise is, "It shall come to pass in the last days, says God, I will pour out my spirit on all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams, and on my servants and on my handmaids I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy, and I will show wonders and signs in them."

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Chapter 3 THE GOOD SOLDIER

Ephesians 6:10-17: "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

Second Text: 2 Tim. 2:3 -- "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

I have read for a Scripture lesson tonight Paul's description of a soldier who enlists under the blood-stained banner of Jesus Christ. It has always meant something to be a soldier. It did in the days of Paul. Nobody understood it better than he. First of all, it means something to enlist. Many people today act as though it was a small thing, and start out without the uniform and the weapons of war, and are defeated in the first battle.

They are not soldiers at all; they only imagine so. They may have heard the call, but their name has never been enrolled. There is something to be done and some conditions to be met. Many are called, but few are chosen.

I remember when I joined the army of this country and became a soldier, first of all, I enlisted. My name went before the army officers, and I was closely examined. They weighed me, they tested my eyes, they tested my hearing; yet I was not a soldier. I still had on my old clothes. I had not yet taken the oath that I would forsake all, and go at the call of my country and the sound of the bugle. But the day came when I settled it. I was no more my own; I belonged to another.

Now, my brother and my sister, that is what it means to be a soldier of Jesus Christ. It means to say "good-bye" to all; it means to turn your back on home, and all that is dear to you, and take the lonely way with Jesus, and go at every call of the bugle.

I remember the first morning that I heard the bugle call. I did not understand it all then, nor scarcely did I understand it at all, but my comrades who were with me did. I remember I said to them, "What does that mean?" "That was the get-up call." Oh, I would to God that more people today understood what it meant to get up for God! That meant to go to knee-drill at 5:30 in the morning. A soldier who does not go to knee-drill never makes a good soldier. There is where we went through our physical culture that hardened us and made us good soldiers.

Sisters and brothers, if you want to be a good soldier for Jesus Christ, don't miss your knee-drill. You will get something there that you can never get out of books. It is as essential to the soul as food is to the body. It will sharpen your spiritual gaze and harden your spiritual muscles until you will endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Another characteristic of a soldier is obedience. A soldier who disobeys orders goes to the guard-house, and sometimes is shut in darkness. Just so in the spiritual warfare, obedience is better than sacrifice; so if we want to keep out of the guard-house -- the dumps and the doubts -- we must obey the faintest whisper of the Holy Ghost. Not only so, but we must obey the Word of God. Folks do not put stress enough on the Word of God. It is the Book that God intended we should live by, and the Book that we will be judged by. A good soldier obeys the manual to the letter, and if we want God's blessing on our lives, and to win in every battle, we must obey the Bible.

There are three ways that a soldier may be known, viz., by his uniform, his walk, and his stripes. I want to say that every one who becomes a soldier of Jesus Christ will change garments; he will take off the old dusty, filthy garments of self-righteousness and put on the beautiful robes of

spotless white. These pearly-white garments become an armor of defense to him. A face radiant with the glory of God, the loins girt about with the truth, having on the breast-plate of righteousness, your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Oh, what a robe! How beautiful! What an armor of defense! This surpasses the marching garb of the Knight Templar.

Then again, he is known by his walk. You can tell a soldier by his step. He keeps step with his captain and his comrades. A man or a woman who has enlisted under the bloodstained banner of Jesus is known by his or her walk and by his or her step. His walk is right and righteous; he has left the old crowd; he keeps step with the Man of Galilee. The soldier who is always out of step is a hindrance to other soldiers, and will never make a good soldier until he learns to keep step. So, brothers and sisters, if you want to be at your best for God, keep pace with the Holy Ghost.

Third, a soldier is known by his stripes, by trials and hardships he endures. The soldier's life is a life of self-sacrifice; it meant many times to go hungry, and many times thirsty, and many times to march when the feet were naked and bleeding, and be beaten by storms and winds, and to sleep out of doors, with only the stars for a lamp. How gladly the boys of the sixties suffered and gave their lives to free this country of slavery. How they pointed to the Stars and Stripes of freedom! Some fell by the wayside, while others pressed on with a conqueror's tread, and followed their captain to battle, and from battle to victory, until the curse of slavery was driven from the land.

Listen, brothers, there is a slavery in this land of ours. It not only affects the blacks, but it affects every nation of the earth. Every color and every tribe is under the yoke of sin, but we have enlisted under the blood-stained banner of Jesus Christ. We are men of war; our God is a God of battles. Our Captain is Christ Jesus. We must endure hardness as good soldiers; we must fight sin from our land; we must rescue the fallen. God expects us to carry the Gospel to the nations of the earth, and follow our Captain from zone to zone, until the banner of Jesus has waved over every nation.

Oh, yes, I say, it means something to be a soldier. It meant something for those boys and girls to leave their home and go to dark Africa and China to meet the Boxer's knife, but they gladly did it. They endured hardness like good soldiers. They faced hardships and dangers, but they did not go alone. The Captain of their salvation was always with them, and went ahead.

A friend of mine who was there during the Boxer movement told me how three precious girls gained victory in the hours of battle, faced the enemies of Jesus without a murmur, faced the Boxer's knife with such victory that those heathen men turned away and wept. While the streets ran with their blood, the hills echoed with the songs of victory. Two had gone down under the Boxers' knives, and the third one was left. She was offered freedom if she would desert her Christ and her faith. She waved it aside with scorn, and began to sing:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

She endured hardness as a good soldier, and gave her life for Jesus and the salvation of the heathen.

Thank God, that is the spirit of the patriarch! That is the spirit of every true soldier: I'll fight until I die; I will never lay my armor down until I lay it down at Jesus' feet. Thousands may fall on all sides; some may desert and turn back -- prove a traitor -- but the true soldier pushes on to the battle front. He moves on with every beat of the Holy Ghost. He loves the cannonading of battle, but the weapons of His warfare are not carnal. He has only the breastplate of righteousness, and carries with him the shield of faith. It quenches all the fiery darts of the devil. If the bugle-sound calls him to the lion's den, he gladly goes; he knows the God whom he serves is able to shut the jaws of lions, give him power to step on the lion and the adder.

Thank God for Daniel! He was a soldier who endured hardness. He prayed with his windows open toward Jerusalem. He refused to bow his knee to Baal, and to eat the king's meat or drink the king's wine. He chose to obey God rather than man. He won the battle, and will wear the crown. Shadrach and Meshach were soldiers in this warfare. God has always had a few true soldiers whom He could trust to go to battle. He has always had a few sample packages that He could show to the enemy. They were tried men; they were fighting men; they were soldiers who could endure hardness. God could trust them, and they could trust God. Medes and Persians could not scare them. They did not want the king's golden chain nor his honor, neither would they bow to his golden image, though it meant to go to the fiery furnace.

The king said, "Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" "Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thy hands, O king"! They had faith in their Captain. Their lives were not their own; they were in the hands of their God.

Listen, brother, they said: "But if not, we will not bow to your golden image which you have set up. You can take our lives; we will obey God at any cost."

This was a battle on the plains of Dura, in the province of Babylon, in the face of the wicked King Nebuchadnezzar, who was drunk on the wines of the world. And he commanded the most mighty men of his army to bind them and cast them in his furnace.

The most mighty enemies of God cannot defeat God's men. It may mean to go to the furnace; but, thank God! this battle is not ours, it is God's. The Captain of our salvation will go with us. He will cool the furnace if we will endure hardness as a good soldier. He will step in ahead of us. When He leads the way the victory is ours.

When Joshua led his army across the Jordan he was not alone; God was with him. When he marched around Jericho he simply obeyed the voice of his heavenly Commander. He told him when to start, when to stop, when to shout the faith-shout. The walls fell, the battle was won, and victory was theirs.

But, brothers, listen! Joshua was a drilled man. He had marched in the wilderness. He was a soldier under Moses. He saw the lightning flash around the rocks of the Red Sea -- one of the greatest battles that was ever fought, with water as a fort. With one mighty blast God swallowed up the mighty enemy, Pharaoh and his hosts; Moses and Joshua marched on, and sang a new song, ate the manna and honey, and drank from the spiritual Rock.

They had started to Kadesh-barnea. They followed the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. They went early to knee-drill. They were good soldiers and endured hardness. They fought the fight of faith, thank God! They were men of war; they had the upward gaze; they had on the uniform; they kept step with the Captain of Israel.

They had left Egypt and all its darkness. They had the sword of the Spirit, the shield of the Faith. They had learned the secret of keeping pace with the Holy Ghost. They had settled it; they were determined to run the race with patience.

How is it with you? Have you on the uniform? Are your ears tuned to the spiritual bugle-call of God? Do you keep His holy commandments? Have you forsaken all to follow Him? Have you something that shrinks when He calls you to battle? Brother, if you have, let me say you are not a good soldier. Have you victory in the thickest of the fight, and in the hottest battle?

Now, the man who gave us our text was a man of war. He left the ranks of the Pharisees and all the Sanhedrin courts and started as a soldier of Jesus. He had on the uniform. He says, "God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and a sound mind." Paul declares he was not ashamed of the testimony of the Lord. "Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake; that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Jesus Christ with eternal glory." He was a soldier when he stood on Mars' Hill. He endured hardness as a good soldier. He carried the marks of the Jewish lash upon his back. He carried the scars of the stones of the mobs. He was carried out of the city for dead. He was ship-wrecked, he was imprisoned, but he was a soldier; he had something that caused him to stand when the battle was on. Listen to his words:

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword, as it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long? We are counted as sheep for the slaughter." No fear of death, no fear of defeat. Yes, "in all things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us." Yes, I love Him too well to shrink, too well to compromise, too well to run when the battle is hard, "for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heights, nor depths, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of Jesus Christ our Lord."

I say again, it means something to be a soldier. But oh, what a privilege to follow our Captain with victory in our soul, victory in our lives, victory in battle, and victory in death! May God help us tonight to be ready, and say with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.

How many are there here tonight who will take your stand, leave the old crowd, and give your heart to God? Amen.

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Chapter 4

THE BEAUTIFUL CHURCH

Song of Solomon 6:10 -- "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and as terrible as an army with banners?"

Sometimes the Bible compares the Church to a vine, sometimes to a family, more often the Church is called the bride -- the Lamb's wife. The first thing that I notice in the text is that she looketh forth with hope and brightness.

I am glad the man or woman that really gets saved and sanctified has something to look forth to. Most of folks are looking for death and for a hole in the ground. I have long since ceased looking for the monster, but with an upward gaze I am looking for the Bridegroom of my soul.

Say, my brother, are you a member of the real Church of Jesus? Do you know that Jesus is coming again? He said that He would in John 14:3, and His Word endures forever. The angels said that He would come again. The same Jesus, and in like manner. Acts 1:11. And they were not mistaken when they announced His first coming. Luke 1:26. Just as surely as He went up, just so surely will He come back again.

Then I notice that the bride of Christ has eyes that she looks forth with. She not only looks forth, but she goes forth with a conqueror's tread, with a light step and a bright eye.

She has the promise, "I go away to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

With this promise she looks forth, not doubting, not grumbling, but with faith and patience. She is constantly robed and waiting for His return, like the bride whose husband has bid her good-bye and told her that he will be back in a few weeks.

Say, my friends, do you know that Jesus was here, and He actually went away to prepare a place for His bride, for His own Church? He is preparing a mansion, and it is almost finished, not made with hands, but eternal in the skies. Some folks are very anxious about fine houses and mansions here; but say, my brother, did you ever stop to think that they will soon fade away -- that they are for only a few fleeting years, and then they are gone forever? But the mansion that Jesus is preparing for us will never fade away. It will stand when this old world is on fire. No one can ever beat us out of it or drive us away from it. There will never be any trouble about the title. The title is clear.

The bride of Christ is upon earth. It is true that Jesus has gone away to prepare the mansion for His bride. He did not leave her alone. He sent the Comforter (the Holy Ghost) to prepare the

bride, putting us on the great emory-wheel of His love, smoothing off every corner and rough edge, taking out every spot and wrinkle, getting us ready to present us to the Father. It seems to me that this is the brightest glow of the Christian life. Say, my friends, have you got the upward gaze in your soul today? Have you that hope within you that purifies yourself even as He is pure. That hope that causes you to look from this world, with all its gaiety, causes you to look forth as the morning?

This is a wonderful picture of the bride of Christ. She no longer slumbers, but looks forth as the morning. The morning hour is the brightest of all the twenty-four. The eastern sun bursts forth on all nature, driving darkness from the earth. Yes, my brother, the morning will soon dawn when Jesus will split the eastern sky and catch away His waiting bride. This will be the greatest morning-dawn that ever dawned on this world. It will be the climax of all days.

The morning brings with it joy to all nature; even the flowers take on new beauty. They raise their heads to kiss the first light of the sun. The birds meet it with songs of gladness. I have sat during the long watches of the night in the sickroom, and oh, how we welcomed the first ray of light! I have watched those who were restless during the night. I have seen their faces lighten as they welcome the first ray of light.

Oh, when we stop to think of the time and hour when there will be no more sickrooms, no more dark hours, no more pain, no death, no grave, no sad good-bye or separation -- not a carnal thing to mar our everlasting bliss. No wonder that the Savior said, "Watch, for ye know not what hour your Lord cometh; for as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so also shall the coming of the Son of man be." My heart today thrills with the hope expressed by the prophets of old. I shall see him, but not now. I shall behold Him, but when, I know not.

I would not dare to set the hour, for the Bible says, "But of the day and the hour knoweth no man." No, not the angels in Heaven, but the Father. Only listen! He does not leave us ignorant on this great question. He tells us that as the days of Noah were, so shall the coming of the Son of man be. He exhorts us to be ready.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Say, my brother, if He should come right now, would you be ready? You remember He said He would come as a thief in the night. Already has the sun of this dispensation set, and the last ray of evening has faded, and has given place to the darkness of night. Spiritual darkness has settled down upon the modern church of today until you scarcely hear a sermon on the second coming of Jesus, and Divine healing is a lost doctrine to the ecclesiastical organizations today. And the offended bride of the Son of God is forced to go to the missions and caves, to the street-corners and lanes.

But, thank God, she is glad to go. She goes with a clean heart, a light step, and an upward gaze. The servant is no greater than his Lord. Jesus went to His own, and they received Him not.

He said, "The foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of man had nowhere to lay His head." His beautiful brow was wet with the dews of Palestine. "This is the

way; walk ye in it." He trod the winepress alone. He was oppressed and afflicted, but He opened not His mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth. He did all this that His bride might be pure. Yes, He drank the vinegar that she might have the honey. He wore the purple robe that she might wear a starry crown.

He was not of this world. In the world, but not of the world. He said: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The bride of Christ has no other lovers. She is done flirting with the world forever. Her old lovers are a thing of the past, and she is looking for the promise to be fulfilled.

Acts 1:9-11 -- "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up in the heavens? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have, seen him go into heaven." He went up with His body. He went visible. The promise is, "He shall in like manner return."

Are you ready, my brother? He went in His own Divine personality. Are you robed and waiting? Can you say, Come, come, Lord Jesus; come quickly? I am ready; I am waiting; I am longing to go. Oh, how I long to lay my weary head on His bosom! Does the thought of His speedy return fill your heart with joy?

Just to have Him call me His own forever -- leave the old wooden building, the brick and mortar, and enter a house not made with hands, but eternal in the skies, and to put my feet on the streets of gold. And to watch the angels dip their wings in the river of life, to see the golden gates as they open, and to see the bloodwashed throng as they pass through. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife has made herself ready, and to her is granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints; and He said unto me, write, "Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage of the Lamb."

I am glad that I answered the call. She not only looks forth, but she goes forth to meet the Bridegroom of her soul. Listen, my brother! If the cry would be made at midnight, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him" -- would you be ready? Would you welcome Him? Are you robed and waiting? It is your privilege. This is your opportunity. Come now!

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Chapter 5 REGENERATION

It is alarming to see how little is made of this wonderful work of grace, even among those that profess a high standard. Many who teach holiness have never yet reached the standard of regeneration. Regeneration is a work done in us by the Holy Ghost, the impartation of Divine life to a dead soul. Regenerated souls have the Spirit of Christ, not only by spells or under certain provocations, but every moment of their life. Paul says in Romans 8:9, "If any man have not the

Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Not only so, but he says, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father." Hallelujah to Jesus! This is a wonderful work of grace. I would to God that more people were alive with the burning Spirit of Jesus.

Now, in the next verse lies the secret of the whole thing. Listen to what the Holy Writ says: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." And I want to say right here that every soul lies in darkness until they receive the witness in themselves that they have passed from death unto life. A regenerated soul is alive, and walks in every ray of light, and hates all sin and worldliness. And Jesus said in His prayer, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world," and their soul is full of that love that bubbles up and rejoiceth "with joy unspeakable and full of glory," for God truly manifests Himself to every regenerated soul.

All five of their spiritual senses are alive now, for they have the abiding spirit of Christ enthroned in them. They have power over all sin, inward and outward. He that abideth in Him sinneth not. They have power to pray; they have a wireless telephone that reaches Heaven in the darkest hour of their life. They have constant communication with God. They are "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." That is, they are equal heirs with Him. Their life is His life; His love is their love. They also have the mind of Christ, and they mind Him in all ways and at all times, and many times their prayers stir demons in the pit.

They do not only have the Spirit of Christ, but they have all nine fruits of the Spirit. They love God supremely to every earthly thing. They walk in the light, and meekly obey all His commandments, regardless of men or devils. They are consecrated up to all the light that they have, crucified unto the world -- the love of the world gone. The spirit of the age is abomination unto them. Their shouts of glory would start the bells of heaven to ring, and I believe the angels of Heaven would lay aside their golden harps to view the victory of a regenerated soul.

Bless God! I feel like stopping here, and shouting over this wonderful work of grace. They love to read the Bible superior to any book. It is a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path. They love the prayer-meetings; they love to pray and talk with God more than any intimate friend on earth. Not only so, but they love their enemies. Bless God! they love them that oppose them, and do good to those who hate them. They bless them who curse them and despitefully use them. They have joy; the joy of the Lord is their strength. This gives them victory over every test of life.

Again, they have peace, the peace of God, which the world cannot give, neither can it take away. Jesus said before the day of Pentecost, "My peace I give unto you." They are longsuffering. They bear with those that do not agree with them.

They are saved from becoming impatient; they are saved from harshness and unkind words. Thank God, they are kind to every living creature. They are gentle. The old kicker is tied in every regenerated soul. They have the spirit of goodness to every living creature. They are good to their wives when no eye sees them but God's. They have faith in God; they live in constant touch with Him. He answers their prayers. They have a cable that reaches the skies, and over this wonderful cable comes every need of their life.

They are crucified unto the world; they are done with boasting, and growling, and fault-finding. They love the truth of God. They are meek. Thank God, they are halter-broke! They have the meek and lowly spirit of the Man of sorrow. They have a teachable spirit. You can rebuke them, and still they are meek. They are humble in spirit -- are not puffed up.

They are not fashioned after the world. They don't look like the world; they don't walk like the world; they do not dress like the world; the desire for the world is gone, for the Bible says, "He that is a friend of the world is the enemy of God." In fact, they are not of this world, even as He is not of this world. They are for the highland bound. They are temperate in all things as God lets light on their souls, temperate in their conversation and look, and "do all to the glory of God."

We have briefly considered the nine fruits of the spirit. This is not sanctification, but regeneration. Now let's take one more look at the regenerated man. He is in the kingdom of Christ. Christ is the King; and if Christ is the King, He must control the kingdom. We will admit that the old enemy of inbred sin is still there; but, thank God! he is under subjection to the King of the skies. He has turned his back on the world, the flesh and the devil. He cares nothing for their persecution and criticism, but chooses to suffer affliction with Christ; they have shouldered their cross and started toward Golgotha, that skull-shaped hill where He was crucified; and while they may feel that all the world has forsaken them, they will have a determination to tarry until the old man of sin is crucified with Him. Now, reader, this is Bible regeneration. Have you got it?

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Chapter 6 WORTH KNOWING

Romans 6:6 -- "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

These words were written by the infallible pen of the Apostle Paul. First of all, we want to notice whom he was speaking to. He was not speaking to backsliders, nor cold-hearted church members, but he was speaking to his own dear children; for we read in the fifth chapter of Romans, verses 1 and 2, "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Therefore being justified" -- that is, saved from all outward sins and having peace with God. Not by spells and spasms, but peace that passeth knowledge. Now, this is a wonderful experience; would to God that more of the professors of Bible holiness measured up to this justified state. There would not be so many dry, powerless prayers. A justified experience is wonderful. All sin is blotted out, and the soul has a live wire that reaches the bosom of God. And over that wonderful cable comes every need of his life.

Now, the second verse says, "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." But the soul who walks in every ray of light that God lets on them, finds that the blood of Christ cleanses them from all sin, and they will exclaim with the apostle of old, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified." And I want to say that this is one of the great essential things that we must know. There are a great many knowing

people, and a great many wise people, and a great many scholars, but not many who really know that the Holy Ghost abides.

They know that they have joined the church. They know that they have been baptized. They know that they attend church on Sunday, and any sinner can do all this and yet be a stranger to the grace of God. We no sooner begin to speak or preach about the old man than people seem to get the thought that we are speaking of the devil. But nowhere in the Bible has God ever promised to crucify the devil. But, thank God, He has promised to crucify the old man of sin; He has promised to destroy every element in our hearts that is unlike Himself.

Now, crucifixion has always meant a real death, just as Christ was crucified on the cross; and His physical body really died, just as our old man of sin must be crucified with Him and die. Now, I know there are lots of people, and lots of preachers, who teach a baptism of the Holy Ghost and deny the destruction of the old man -- simply teaching suppression. But, my brother, what does the Bible say? What did Jesus say? Did He not say that "every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be plucked up" by root?

What did John the Baptist say? "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He that cometh with me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." What does our text say? Crucify him, kill him dead, in order that the body of sin may be destroyed.

Now, this word "destroyed" is a strong word, and when God destroys a thing you may know the job is done well. When God sent the fire to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah it was a total destruction. It was completely destroyed. Just so, my brother, when God sends the fire to your soul to destroy the old man, he is as truly dead as the man in the casket. I know that is more dead than a lot of people who profess holiness.

This old man does not mean our personal sins, which are no older than we are, but original sin, which is as old as Adam, and is called the "body of sin." And the only way that God can sanctify a soul is to kill the old man and then remove the body. There are a lot of folks who reckon themselves dead unto sin, but there are things that prove the old body is there, and they are not dead.

Sometimes we can tell it by the smell of their breath, and the look of their eye, and the way they shut the door. Then, again, it is manifest very clearly when the truth of God comes close and cutting; they change positions in their seats often, and sometimes change color. Then, after meeting, you will hear them say that the preacher is "clubbing", and they will chew his sermon over for a week. Now, these are very strong evidences that the old man is not dead, but playing opossum.

Then, again, we see manifestation of him by their dress. It has not been long since the writer was in a testimony meeting where a lady arose and gave testimony to being saved and sanctified, and there was not a sinner in the house but knew she was either deceived or lied. Why? Because she was dressed like a harlot on her way to an opera show, with dead birds and feathers on her head, and gold watch and chain dangling on her person. Now, these are evidences of the most soul-damning sin out of hell -- the awful sin of pride.

Listen! We can talk about holiness, and play Ananias and Sapphira, until we drop into the pit. But we will never be able to convince anybody that the old man is dead until they see the fruits in our lives. The devil does not care how much we talk about it, or how much we profess it, so long as we do not possess it. He knows that he will get us at last.

There is a popular holiness going over this land today that would not measure up to the Bible standard of regeneration, and they are powerless and prayerless, and know nothing of soul-burden, and their eyes are as dry as their prayers, and they can tell you all about the secret orders of today, and many of them are members of from one to three.

They spend their time cooking and stewing, while the poor lost sinner is on his way to perdition; they listen to their pipe-organs and their paid choirs and pay their money to a backslidden Freemason to take sides against the Holy Ghost. Now, my brother, if this is holiness, the devil has it, and you know, and every devil in hell knows, that this is an insult to the shed blood of Jesus Christ and the Trinity of Heaven.

But, thank God, there are a few people who know that the old man is dead, and they are bearing fruit like Jesus. Glory to God! I feel like stopping here and shouting for a hundred years.

Then there is another indication of his presence -- the lack of patience. I want to say that impatience is a mark of carnality, for the Bible says, "Let patience have her perfect work, wanting nothing."

The old man is a very impatient fellow. You would not have to be around some homes long to see the manifestation in some of the mothers in this country as they manage their children. It is awful, the impression that some parents make on their children. I think one of the grandest pictures there is upon earth is a home where father and mother are saved from all sin and their lives are hid with Christ in God. The children of that home will never forget the lessons learned at mother's knee.

It is awful when we stop to think of the unbelief there is in the hearts of the young today. Listen! there is a reason for it. It usually starts with a lack of faith on the part of the parents. They live so worldly that their children often grow up unbelievers and infidels.

I want to call your attention to another symptom of the old man. It is the gossip, these days, and the lack of power to control the tongue. If lots of people who are talking about the third blessing would get the first, they would have power to keep their mouths closed, and would never talk about the third blessing again. All of this sort of stuff comes from the fact that they do not know that their old man is crucified. There are other symptoms too numerous to mention.

The old man is a great fault-finder, and very deceitful. You know how many times he has deceived you. You have stood up and said that you were saved and sanctified. Something said to you, "You know better", but you choked it down, left the meeting, went home, and took one of your spells. Then you had to get down and repent, confess, and start all over. Now, these are all dangerous symptoms, and, brother, the blood-cure is the only cure.

Another very prominent evidence of his presence is surmising evil. This sin is being practiced by hundreds who are professing a high standard of grace, and is an evidence that we have never been made perfect in love, for Divine love thinketh no evil. We meet lots of people who claim they are sanctified, but they got it all when they got saved. This is an evidence that that soul has never felt the power of regenerating grace. Any man with spiritual eyes knows that teaching conflicts with the Word of God and the teachings of Jesus.

Then again, I want you to notice the first work is a birth (to be born again), and the second work is death to the old man of sin. Now, there are quite a lot of folks who claim to be dead who won't stand pinching. You lay the Gospel axe too close, and you and everybody around them will know they are not dead. And the very fact that some of you are now squirming under these truths is an evidence that the old man is not dead. But remember, the truths of God will meet us at the judgment to save us or condemn us worlds without end. Amen.

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Chapter 7 PERFECT LOVE

I John 4:17, 18 -- "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

We want to notice some things about Divine love -- some of its fruits and its operations in a soul. First, it's God's kind of love. The Scripture term of perfect love, perfection, sanctification, holiness -- these terms are used to express full salvation. The word "sanctification" has a double meaning, of consecration and purification. The Old Testament sense of setting apart to a sacred service, and the New Testament sense of purification, "Sanctify them through thy truth."

The term "perfection" signifies completeness of Christian character -- its freedom from all sin. Then let us remember that this is the privilege of every Christian -- that every one of you may know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honor. I Thess. 4:4. Again, "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." He commands us to "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

Now, it was Jesus Himself who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Now let us stop and think seriously for a moment. Would Jesus bless a people who did not nor could not exist? The fact is that they did exist, and do exist still, and God is blessing them, and keeping their souls filled with God's kind of love.

Now, if it is the will of God, and His plan, that His people should have this wonderful soul rest, we had all better get in His will and plan, for Jesus said, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 7:21

So you see that no one will enter Heaven who does not do the will of God. It is our business to find out what the will of God is concerning us. It will pay us to stop eating, talking, walking and sleeping, until we know His will. Jesus said, "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

Now, from the first moment God saved me my heart yearned to do the will of God. I found in my Bible that it was the will of God, even my sanctification or, in other words, that I might be made perfect in love. I soon discovered that I did not have it, but my heart yearned for the blessing, stepped out upon the promise, crossed the Jordan into the land of Canaan, found plenty of grapes, and ate the old corn.

Oh, glory! it is wonderful when we really get it. Instead of doubting God, we ought to thank Him for His goodness to man; we ought to thank God for the fountain that was opened to the house of David for sin and for uncleanness. Now, God's Word tells us to purge ourselves and become vessels of honor, and sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work.

There must be a way into this experience, and we want to notice the Bible way in.

First of all, let us remember that perfect love is only promised to people that are well saved (justified by the blood of Jesus Christ), and walking in every ray of light that the Holy Ghost lets on their soul. It is not for sinners nor backsliders, grumblers, doubters, unbelievers, but for those who are His own dear children. How sweet it is to have Him call us His own! How wonderful to know that He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all one, for which cause He is not ashamed to call us brethren!

Our sanctification is the same as His. Therefore He said in His parting prayer, "For their sake I sanctify myself, that they may be sanctified." He gives us His kind of love. Christ gives us His own holiness. But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

He sends us out into the world as God sent Him out. The same power that keeps Him will keep us. Jesus said, "As my Father has sent me out, even so I send you;" and when he had said this he breathed on them, and said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Now, this was literally fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, when one hundred and twenty of God's children tarried in the upper room and received the promise of the Father, or, in other words, wherein their love was made perfect, that they might have boldness in the day of judgment. "Because as he is, so are we in this world."

Let all who read this remember that this is God's way of making our hearts clean and holy. It is His plan. Would any soul be so unwise as to think that they could please God as long as they were out of His will and plan?

My brother, my sister, have you got God's kind of love? There is no fear in love -- no fear of the grave, no fear of death or the judgment. No fear of self (self is dead); no fear of others, or what they may say of us or about us. No fear of failures; there are no failures for them who are made perfect in love.

There is no storm that can disturb their peace. Winds may blow, thunder may roll, lightning may flash, but perfect love casteth out fear. Not only so, but it destroys the sin principle, or, in other words, restores to the soul what we lost in the fall. It drives from our soul envy, strife, division, evil thinking. Love thinketh no evil; in fact, Jesus imparts to us His nature. It's wonderful when we come to know and believe that God made man with the elements in him to enjoy all that God enjoys.

Man is the highest art of God's creation; not one of the angels did he call "son". But does He not tell us, "Now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know when he shall appear we shall be like him"?

It will be well for us to remember that all the orthodox churches believe in heart purity, but the difference is the way and time of seeking it. Some believe they receive it all in regeneration. We object to this because it is not Bible. No sinner, if they would stop to think, could help but see that they are rebels, and hell is their just doom. So you see it is not for sinners. Others hold to the idea that they get it at the death. We object to this, because Paul said that death was our enemy. There is nothing in death that will make a man holy or pure. But the Apostle Paul tells us in Hebrews 13:12, "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." So you see that it is only through Jesus that we can obtain perfect love.

All other ways will be a failure, for He said, "I am the way, and all that ever came before me are thieves and robbers." He declares that He is the true vine, and His Father is the husbandman. My brother, are you one of His branches? Have you got His kind of love?

Do you bear this kind of fruit?

Oh, for that love that will cause us to suffer long, and seek another's interest before our own! Do you remember how He said to His disciples that we ought to love one another as He loved us -- that by this we should convince the world that we are His disciples? Now, this is a wonderful experience. But Jesus paid the price, and all we have to do is to believe Him, and let God put us in His plan whereby our love is made perfect. It is nothing that we can do of ourselves, but, thank God, there is a way to get in. We may not be able to see or to understand all about it, and the devil may tell us that we cannot get it; but he is a liar, and only seeks to deceive us and keep us out of the experience of perfect love. Let us notice the latter part of our text, "because fear has torment."

My brother, are you bothered with fear -- fear of being too holy? Let me say there is no danger. Dig in, and get everything that God has got for you. Does it torment you when folks point their fingers at you and say, "There goes one of them"? Are you afraid to be recognized among God's plain, modest, godly people?

I knew a girl once who claimed to have perfect love. She was afraid to go on the street in a meeting. But the precious Holy Ghost was faithful to her, and showed her that she had torment. She really sought and obtained perfect love that casts out all fear.

My brother, God wants us to be free, fearless, valiant, and daring soldiers. He does not want us to be tormented with any of these carnal fruits. There are lots of precious souls who are tormented with that sin of evil speaking. This is an awful sin, and is being indulged in all over the world. It is practiced by cold professors of religion who know nothing of perfect love, and some who profess to be God's own children. But no matter who does it, they sin against God.

Now, the people of our day do not think it evil speaking unless some one tells a lie on them, or they tell a lie on some one else. This is what they call speaking evil. But John Wesley says a thing may be as true as the Bible; but if I tell the faults of someone else I sin against God. This is one of the special sins which God has said in His Word that He hates -- "He that soweth discord among the brethren." Prov. 6:19

Evil speaking makes other good, honest people lose confidence in people without a cause. So if you want to keep a good experience, and have power with God, make it a rule by the grace of God never to speak evil of your brother, We notice, "He that feareth is not made perfect in love"; so my prayer to God is that you may apply this to your own case; examine your experience, for God's kind of love is the best thing out of Heaven. It will endue you with power, for we read in the Bible, "Ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you." To live, to testify, and preach His Word; power to hold still under the severest test. It will place you at a place in your experience where you can hold still and keep humble under prosperity. When Jerusalem got rich she lost her power.

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Chapter 8 A TOUCHING INCIDENT

[This moving story was inserted into P. F. Elliott's book as Chapter 8, but it was not written by him. He does not show the author, and at the close of the story, its source is merely shown as "Selected". -- DVM]

A most touching incident occurred here last Sunday in a church. Two young men tramps, who were dressed in rags, were brought back to the fold of Christ. How God led them there, and their dear old mother together in church at this meeting, and how they fell in each other's arms, was the most touching thing I ever saw.

About one block below our place of business stands the church. It is a large and handsome building, far more beautiful on the inside than on the outside. This church, seating about one thousand people, with the gallery, was filled to the utmost last Sunday (January 26, 1895). The audience was composed of all, classes of people, both rich and poor, God-fearing and ungodly people.

As in all great revivals, many came only for curiosity's sake, and others to point the finger of scorn and to scoff. Those who have wandered far away from the fold of God have become His meek followers, and now dare to face old friends and testify in unmistakable words of Christ's wonderful saving power. The Holy Spirit has always, in time past, and will in the future, use such

incidents as that which took place here, which almost compel sinners to feel themselves lost, and make them cry aloud to God for mercy. It was the most heart-touching scene I ever saw.

Even now, although it is past, it comes to memory time and again. They brush aside every obstacle and fill my eyes. But I am thankful to God that I was there, because it has drawn me closer to Him. It has strengthened my faith in Him most wonderfully that He is able to save to the utmost, and no man, however low he has fallen in sin, no matter how far he has wandered away from God, need despair.

How many have shaken their heads and said, "It's no use to pray for such men, as they have sinned until their hearts are so hard that God Himself is not able to move them." But, thanks be to God, such was proven not true by the case of these two tramps. I will tell you now about it.

As I said, the church was full, and these tramps were dressed in rags. One arose to his feet. By his clothes you could readily tell what manner of life he lived. There was deep silence all over the church. We could hear the clock tick. It seemed as though we were all holding our breath. But when we looked into his face we could read that Jesus had possession of the man, and could tell at a glance that a great change had taken place in his heart.

He was a handsome young man, about five feet and ten inches high, high forehead, dark hair and eyes, and about twenty years of age. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. At first his voice seemed choked, and he could hardly speak; but as he kept on his voice grew stronger and stronger. Toward the close he became eloquent. We all could see he was an educated man, and could have listened to him another hour. My eyes seemed not to be my own; even so with the rest. Handkerchiefs were used by the strongest men as he continued to speak.

He said if ever a person had reason to be thankful it was he. He said:

"Although you see me clad in rags, I am a most happy man -- happier than any millionaire or king up on his throne, because God has come to me and my brother and forgiven our sins. He has made new men out of us. He has taken, or, better said, snatched us off the road that leads to damnation, and placed us in the road that leads to a useful life, and at last to a life everlasting.

"It seems more as if we had just arisen from an awful dream than that it should be something real. No greater sinner than I ever lived. My father and mother lived ten miles from Nashville, on the Gallatin pike, on a small farm. Father and mother were the best parents a boy ever had. It was their desire that we two should have a good education, and they worked hard to help us, never seeming to become weary.

"They sent me to Nashville, to Scott University, to study law. They often spoke of the joy it would be to them to see me rise higher and higher in public life. Four years they sent me to school. Money gave out, and in order that I might finish my studies they mortgaged their farm, and sent me two hundred dollars more.

"A short time after I entered college I fell in with a lot of companions who walked not in the ways of God, and made light of my father's and mother's religion. At first I would not listen to

them, but at last I yielded, and from that time I date it that I started on the downward path. I also became a scoffer at religion. I soon started to drink and gamble. I was found in company where no man should be.

"I first went about in my sinful ways shyly, but grew more and more bold in sinning. I have seen one of my companions die of delirium tremens, another killed in a drunken fight, and another commit suicide when he realized that his life was a wreck. I was shunned by everybody, and ashamed to meet my dear old mother and father and ask forgiveness.

"I started the life of a tramp again until last Friday. As about seven of us tramps were sitting about the campfire, another tramp came up to us. We were glad to see him come, as he had something to eat, which we all ate heartily. Why it was, I know not, but I took a special liking to the newcomer.

"As we were talking of different things, each boasting of what he had already done, each trying to outdo the other in telling of shameful acts, this newcomer of ours told us how nicely he had fooled his old mother. With an oath, he said he would never be a preacher.

"He said: 'Wesley Crockett will never be a preacher. That is for people who are soft-minded, and men who are more women than men. But I fooled the old woman. But boys,' he added, 'she was the best woman that ever lived; I have often wished I could do her a favor now and then.' And with his dirty, ragged sleeves he would wipe away tear after tear.

"We were all touched by the word 'mother.' Then one after the other would tell of his good mother; and these hard-hearted men would turn their heads to one side, so that they could not see each other's tears that had gathered in their eyes. This newcomer seemed to be the most tender-hearted, and when I heard him mention his name I began to take a special interest in him.

"I asked him if that was his name -- Wesley Crockett. He said it was. I told him that Crockett was my name; I handed over for a shake, and as we shook hands I thought he was my own brother. I asked him if he had a brother by the name of Daniel. He said he had. 'He was about five years older than I. But he left home some five or six years ago. My father loved him, and sent him to college, and mortgaged his farm to raise money so he could finish his studies. But Daniel, my brother, broke his heart, and it killed him at last. But he told us before he died, if we saw Daniel, to tell him that his father forgave him. Those were the last words he spoke. And,' he said, lowering his voice, 'as mean as Brother Daniel was to father, I have been to mother.'

"I now realized that this stranger, who was also a tramp, was nobody but my brother. I tried to keep back, but could not. I said, 'I am Daniel,' and cried aloud, 'Brother, brother!' We then fell on each other's necks and wept like children. When we got to ourselves again, and looked around, we were all alone -- the rest had left.

"Brother had studied for the ministry. He said we were like the prodigal son -- we had sinned against Heaven and against father and mother. He told me the story of the prodigal son. When he finished the story he said, 'Let us ask God to forgive these great sins of ours, brother.'

"Then he told me one Bible verse after another, which we applied to ourselves. We stayed on our knees and prayed to God until God left His glorious light of forgiveness of sin shining deep into those black hearts of ours."

Here the speaker broke down and wept like a child. The congregation was deeply moved. As he sat down, an old lady dressed in a thin calico dress came in and sat down in the back part of the church.

The younger brother got up next. He was equally handsome as his brother Daniel. He started to tell us how he had wandered away from God, and how he had sinned against Heaven and parents. He told us of the grandmother he had, and how she sacrificed everything so that he could go to college and study for the ministry. He continued:

"As my brother told you, father mortgaged his farm to raise money in order to let brother finish his education. After he saw how brother was living, and that he had left, not knowing where, it grieved him that he was soon brought to his grave. But his love for Daniel never ceased.

"After father died, mother paid all she could. The farm was sold by the man who had the mortgage, and we were turned out into the world. But dear old mother never lost faith in God. She said to me, 'God leadeth us at times in mysterious ways, but at the end all will be well.'

"It was her and father's, and my own, desire that I should go to college and study for the ministry. I gave myself to Him in my early youth, and now I make another vow to go out and preach the Gospel of the blessed Savior to the lost sinner.

"We moved to Nashville. One day mother told me to write to the president of the college and tell him how I was situated, and what I wanted to study for, and ask him if there was any way that a poor boy could go to college and study. I received an answer that I could earn my education by doing all manner of work about the college, but that I must board somewhere else.

"When I read the letter to mother she said, 'The Lord has opened a way already. We will move into yonder log house, near the college, and I will take in washing and sewing, and you can take your meals and sleep at home.' So I went to college. The boys would make all manner of fun at my patched pants. But I could tell them I was proud of those patches, because mother made them.

"One time a gold medal was to be awarded to the best orator in college. I took part. Mother helped me all she could. When the judges decided who was to get the medal, to my astonishment it was presented to me. But I thought it belonged to mother, and not to me, so I walked down the aisle to the last seat, where mother sat, and put it about her neck, saying, 'Mother, you earned this; you shall have it.'

"Yes, I loved my mother and she loved me. But in an hour of great temptation I fell. I had disgraced myself, and did not feel worthy of the high calling for which I was studying, and was wondering how I could face the Christian mother. Others who fell with me were making preparations to run away that very evening. I was not myself any longer, and I went with them.

"We then roamed from one place to another. We took to eating whatever we could find or lay our hands on. My heart grew harder and harder. That tender love for mother was gone, and I became a mocker and scoffer at religion.

"One day a wonderfully strong feeling came over me. Something seemed to drive me away from my companions. I wanted to be alone. I thought of my dear old mother, and something told me that mother was praying for me. So I broke away from the boys and roamed and tramped about until I met Brother Daniel.

"He told you what happened then. When we arose from our knees I said, 'Dan, let's hunt mother, if she is living. I want to see her.' We went to the old log house where mother and I had lived. We asked the nearest neighbor if he knew where we could find mother. He told a most pitiful story. He told us that from the time I ran away mother never gave her boys up as lost. She had said, 'As a shepherd I will seek for my boys.' They tried to persuade her not to go, as she was old and feeble, and had no money to travel with. But she said she must go.

So she started out on foot, and has walked many and many a weary mile, and slept many nights under the clear heavens when there was no house near by, no kind people to offer her shelter. But she came back now and then, and asked if her boys had not come back, or if the neighbors had heard anything of them. She has not given up yet, they tell me. She believes God will bring back her boys."

The man cried aloud, and begged as I never before heard anybody:

"Oh, is there anybody here today who knows where mother is? Tell her Mrs. Crockett's own two boys are saved -- that her prodigal sons have returned."

Just then the little woman who had come into church dressed in a thin calico dress, and had taken the last seat as the first brother finished speaking, cried out, "God answers prayers." The younger brother said out loud; "Dan, it's mother." "Mother, Mother!" they both cried.

They ran to meet her; then they fell on each other's necks and wept -- the boys dressed in rags, the mother poorly clad, but rejoicing because God answers prayers.

I never saw such a sight in all my life. Men who you would think could not cry wept like little children. And such feelings! I never saw any thing so touching. Many who had come for fun were now down on their knees pleading with God to have mercy on them.

Oh, I wish I could tell it so that you could all understand it as I saw it.

* * * * *

Text: Matthew 6:6 -- "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

God's people are a praying people. They do not pray merely because they have to, but because they love to pray. Prayer is the secret of a Christian life; and the new-born soul loves to breathe out to God his thanks and desires.

Notice that Jesus used the words, "But thou, when thou prayest." He had been speaking to a class of people who had repeated words, but failed to get their prayer through. Thousands of people today repeat words, even have family prayers, who fail to hear from Heaven.

There are two commands in the text:

First, "Enter into thy closet." Dear Christian reader, do you make a daily practice of approaching God? Does He meet you thus alone each day in earnest supplication? If not, you have not kept the first commandment in the text.

Second, "And when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret." We take the door to mean our mind. Oh, how many people there are who leave the door open! Secret prayer is one of the greatest weapons of a Christian life. It is the great fly-wheel that moves all of the spiritual machinery. People who do not practice closeting with God in secret prayer will soon become lean in their soul, and quickly lose the witness of the Spirit, either to their regeneration or sanctification.

The beauty of secret prayer is being alone with God. There are hundreds of things to be told to God alone. We cannot tell them to the public, or to our nearest friend, but we can spread them out before His loving gaze, and He that seeth in secret will reward us openly.

We must not forget that Jesus said to "shut the door." If we want to get right into the great heart of God we must shut everything else out. Oh, how the devil would rejoice if we would only leave the door open! Many a hard battle has been fought right here. The cares of life will crowd us, and the on-coming business of the day; but Jesus said, "Shut the door" -- leave them out.

The Apostle Peter said, see that our prayer be not hindered; and the door is really not shut until we get lost to all our surroundings. Jude said, "Build yourselves upon your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost ... pulling them out of the fire." Oh, beloved, you can wrench people out of the very jaws of hell by secret prayer. The saintly Whitefield said, "Oh, God, give me souls or take mine!"

Now, beloved, this means more than simply getting down by your bedside and saying a few hurried words, half asleep, and worn out by the business of the day. Jesus was speaking of the real communion with God, His Father, and was teaching His disciples the same.

Again, secret prayer was taught and practiced by Jesus Himself. Many times, after preaching hard all day, He would go alone at night into the mountains and weep and pray, and pour

out His soul to God for a lost world. Oh, my God, teach us the power of prayer! There are not many people who pray alone on their knees forty minutes a day. Brother, do you? We love that old song, "Alone with God."

Many times God's people are pressed by the adversary of their soul, but a little talk with Jesus makes it right. They are like the rose in the garden; they are beaten by the wind and storms of life and furnace of afflictions, but they only rise again to send forth their fragrance and odors of a life of prayer.

Again, secret prayer is taught from Genesis to Revelation. If you are not a praying man, you are not God's man. If you do not enjoy it, you need not get the oil, for I declare unto you that every regenerated soul loves to pray. Jacob separated himself from his family and spent a whole night in prayer, got the victory, and God called his name Israel, for he prevailed. Daniel, while an exile from his native country, prayed three times a day, prayed the lion's mouth closed, and the king under conviction, and was promoted third ruler in the kingdom. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego prayed the furnace red-hot, and then prayed it cool, opened the king's eyes, and he confessed that he saw the Fourth Person, which was God -- and the secret of it all was prayer.

Moses prayed to God, and the answer comes, "Lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it." The sea was divided, and Israel passes over the dry ground. Elijah prays, and he locks Heaven and it does not rain. He prays again and unlocks Heaven, and there is an abundance of rain. He beats Jezebel and outruns Ahab.

Again, secret prayer is taught by the apostles. The early Church prayed Peter out of jail. God heard, and sent an angel, and brought him out. Paul and Silas prayed themselves in jail, and started a revival, and prayed themselves out. "What must I do to be saved?" John, the beloved, was a man of prayer. He kept himself so hot that boiling oil would not burn him. He slipped through the oil tank to the Isle of Patmos, and there, alone in secret prayer, wrote the Book of Revelation, and says more in fifteen minutes than all the backslidden bishops and D.D.'s of earth.

I read of a drummer boy, fighting in the English Army, who was charged as a spy because he was seen to go in the direction of the enemy's camp. He was arrested as a spy. When he was questioned, he declared he went to pray; but they did not believe him, and he was condemned to be shot. The general in charge refused to sign the death warrant until he had questioned the boy himself. He was brought before the general and his staff.

"So you pray every day?" said the general. "How long have you been praying every day?" he asked. "Every day since I can remember. My mother taught me to pray."

"Well, my lad, if you have been praying every day for several years, you certainly know how to pray by this time." The brave Christian boy was only too glad of a chance to pray, and at once fell upon his knees and began to pour out the burden of his distressed soul to God.

"That will do, my boy," said the general, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. But the lad, closeted in with God, continued to beseech a throne of grace, and more and more of the presence

of God filled the place. "There, my boy, that will do," cried the excited officer; but the boy prayed on. "Some one stop him!" he cried, but his officers had left the tent, weeping.

At last the boy arose from his knees and calmly said, "You may shoot me now, General; I am ready."

"No, indeed," said the noble man; "Christian soldiers who appear so well in inspection must have been faithful on private drill."

He was released, and had his open reward for secret prayer.

It was said of Abraham Lincoln during the war of the sixties, when a spirit of discouragement was upon the soldiers, and their feet were bleeding, and they were hungry for want of food, that he went two hundred miles to spend a night of prayer with Henry Ward Beecher. God answered, and the battle was won.

Say, beloved, we are soldiers enlisted under the blood-stained banner of King Emmanuel, and if we would win we must pray.

The writer remembers, two years ago, when typhoid fever struck our family, when our little Pearl of five years was smitten down with the awful disease. The fever had reached 102 degrees. How the saints of God closeted with me, and little Pearl lifted her eyes and said, "Oh, Jesus, I believe that Thou canst do it!" A few drops of oil in the name of Jesus, and the answer came, and we had our reward openly.

The men and women who have moved this world for God, and left the footprints upon the history of time, have been men and women of prevailing prayer. It was said of the sainted Wesley that he spent two hours a day alone with God. He shook Europe, America, and the gates of hell, and we read that his knees were callused because of secret prayer.

Beloved, how much do you pray? Do you really closet yourself with God, and does your prayer get through to Heaven, and the answer come back to your soul? All hell is afraid of the man who prays in the Holy Ghost. No wonder the disciples said to Jesus, "Teach us to pray!" Only God alone knows what we have lost for the want of prevailing prayer.

The prayer of the writer is that God may take every saint alone with Himself and teach him the power of secret prayer. Amen.

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Chapter 10
HE HEALS TODAY
(Testimony of Mrs. P. F. Elliott)

For the glory of God and the encouragement of any of God's children who are suffering bodily affliction, I am writing this testimony of God's power to heal.

A year ago last July I was suddenly taken with a severe pain in my side. So intense was my suffering that I could not speak, or even groan, for about half an hour, and then I lost consciousness -- God in His mercy permitting this because I could not stand the pain longer.

Upon returning to consciousness the pain was gone. But my side was sore from its effects, and I was physically exhausted. For the next four months I suffered constantly, and occasionally had severe attacks similar to the first.

In November I was seriously ill with typhoid fever, and during this time found the pain in my side was caused by a tumor and chronic appendicitis. After recovering from the fever, the pain was worse than it was before.

God healed me from the typhoid fever, and during my sickness He gave me a wonderful vision of Himself. About six o'clock a.m. I was praying, when suddenly Jesus appeared in mid-air over me. I commenced praising Him, and He drew nearer me, and I also was drawn toward Him until I was caught in His embrace and lost consciousness of worldly surroundings.

Jesus then said to me, "Is there anything you want to say before you go?" "I want to say good-bye to my husband," I replied, and He bid me stay. Then I gradually came back to earth.

The nurse, coming in, thought I was dying, and worked over me for a long time until I slowly regained strength, but was still so weak that about 8:30 I asked God to restore my strength, and suddenly He so marvelously strengthened me that I was able to assume a sitting position in the bed. From that time my fever was gone, and I soon recovered from its effects.

Soon after the fever, the pain in my side became so much worse that I had an examination before two different doctors, who said that only an operation could save my life. Mr. Elliott felt that God was our physician, and would undertake in my behalf. Husband wrote for the saints over Michigan to pray for my healing.

From this time until September 3, 1910, my condition remained about the same. About eleven o'clock of that day, while attending the State camp-meeting at Seminary Park, Owosso, Mich., Brothers Charles Stalker, Nease, my husband, Sister Nease, and Sister Emma Brown prayed, while Brother Stalker anointed me. God honored faith, and instantly healed. Oh, how I praise Him!

As I look back on the nights and days of suffering, and upon the attempts of friends, who did not realize God's power, to have me have an operation, upon the severe attacks of the enemy on my faith, I thank God that His grace sustained me through all these trials, and that I tarried before Him till He healed me.

My healing was instantaneous, and since the time that I touched Him by faith, and by His stripes I was healed, I have not felt any symptom of the old disease, and He has given me the sweet assurance that He has made me whole. Bless His name! He is dear to me today.

Trusting this may be an inspiration and encouragement to all those who suffer with disease to take Christ as their physician. It pays! it pays!! it pays!!! Romans 8:11 and James 5:14, 15.

Your sister in Jesus,
Mrs. P. F. Elliott

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Chapter 11 "THOU GOD SEEST ME"

These words are found in Genesis 16:13. This is one of those small texts, but it means much. These words were uttered by a woman who was in despair. Her name was Hagar. She was Abraham's bondwoman. "Thou God seest me."

To God's children this thought is inspiring. He sees us in times of trouble. In the hours of darkness, in the moments of despair, "Thou God seest me."

There comes times that all human eyes are closed, but there is an eye that never sleeps. We are told in Revelation 19:22 that "His eyes are as flames of fire." In I Peter 3:12 we read, "For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open to their prayers."

I wish you would think a moment on the passage of Scripture, "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous." The eyes of the Lord are over us every moment of our lives, and His great ear is opened to our prayers. Every prayer is prayed into the ear of God, for His great ear covers this universe. He declares there is not the falling of a sparrow to the ground without His notice. Think of His knowledge and His unfathomable wisdom. What wonderful love!

"Thou God seest me." Do you know that He is looking down this moment into the soul of every person in Divine presence? There may be some here that this would trouble. But oh, how inspiring to those who have clean hearts! This thought has often lifted me above the tempter's reach. I have feasted on it in the darkest hours and under the most severe tests. When my body was racked with pain I have been able to utter these words with victory in my soul, "Thou God seest me."

If we could only realize this as it really is, how it would help us over every dark place in our lives. My brother, worlds may crash and go to pieces, stars may drop from their sockets, but God will never forget to keep you. Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on it? Yes, she may. "Yet I will not forget to keep thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands. Thy walls are continually before me." "Thou God seest me."

God is able to keep His children in the darkest hours. Just think for a moment how He kept those old prophets. No wonder David cried out, "He that planteth the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Psalms 49:9. "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the whole earth to shew himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." "Thou God seest me."

Look back in the days when Pharaoh's heart was against God and God's people. How he sought to kill God's men But "Thou God seest me." Look at Moses in his cradle of bulrushes. See him on the bosom of the Nile; no mother to rock his cradle; no mother to tuck him in his little bed; no mother's kiss that night; no mother's eyes to watch him through the darkness. Mother's eyes may fail, mother's love may fail, but there is a love that never faileth; there is an eye that never sleeps. "Thou God seest me."

Oh, what a thought! It inspires my very soul. It drives me to my knees. It causes me to cry out with David of old, "There shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

There have been times when we have proven the above Scripture in our lives. I remember a time in my life when the monster Death slipped into my home and took away my two-year-old boy, and filled my heart with sorrow. He hushed his breath, stopped his little feet, left a vacant chair. Oh, I never shall forget those hours!

I remember standing beside the grave and looking down into the cold earth. It was in this hour of great despair that the enemy of my soul whispered to me, "Your hopes are banished forever." But the precious Holy Ghost whispered to me, "Thou God seest me."

There comes a time when all human love will fail. There comes a time when mother's hands will fail. I want to say to you saints that there is a God who will never fail. There is a God who never lost a battle, and He is more concerned about you in your dark hours than at any other time.

Some folks think that they will go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. It is not so. God's people are to be a tried people, a tested people, a prepared people. The Apostle Peter said, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial." He tells us that we are to be tried as gold in the fire.

Look at the Prophet Elijah. See him before the king, Ahab, and the four hundred false prophets, but not without victory in his soul. Say, my brother, the same God who kept Elijah will keep you. You remember how famine struck the land -- not only a famine of food, but of water. Rivers and fountains were all dried up; deaths and funerals were not strangers. How God made the barrel of meal waste not; neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord. How God made the birds feed Elijah when he went down by the river and the rocks.

Elijah also had to drink water. God saw to his needs. He was God's man. God knows how to take care of His own. Famine may come, storms may roll, tempests may beat upon us, the devil may howl, but God will never suffer us to be plucked out of His hands if we will obey Him.

A great many people are measuring God's power by man's power and man's ways. The Bible says, "My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts." "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways."

See those three Hebrew children, as they stand before the king without shrinking or fear, with a death sentence on their brows. Hear the words of the king, "Who is the God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" Hear the answer of those three men of God, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hands, O king." It was in this dark hour, with the fiery furnace staring them in the face, that these three patriarchs looked away by the eye of faith and remembered, "Thou God seest me."

Now, we have been looking at this from one standpoint. Now let us change, and speak to another class of people -- to that class who never have made their peace with God. To that man or that woman who has a black catalogue of sins, I want to say to you now that God sees you. Christ, the Son of the living God, said that that which is covered shall be revealed, and that which is spoken in secret shall be declared upon the housetop. He declares that he that covers his sins shall not prosper. Be sure your sins will find you out.

You may have been successful in covering your sins from all human eyes; perhaps your husband or your wife know nothing of it, but I want to say to you there is coming a day when it will be revealed; there is coming a time when it will be uncovered. "Thou; God seest me."

You will be like Adam of old. Your fig leaves will not hide you when You stand at the judgment bar of God and He turns His eyes of fire on you. He will find you out. You may be able to deceive your wife, friends and neighbors; you may deceive the whole world; but "be not deceived; God is not mocked;" you cannot deceive God.

I knew a man once who deceived a great many people. He deceived a beautiful girl in Texas and won her heart. She became his wife. Two beautiful children were born to them -- a boy and a girl. He became tired of her, left her, and broke her heart. He came to Michigan and married again. I remember once of being on his farm, and his showing me his wealth, his cattle, his sheep, and broad acres of land. Three more beautiful children were born, but they were children of shame. Oh, what an awful thing sin is! How deceitful sin is! How it does rob men of principle.

People looked up to this man with great honor. You know they do when men have wealth. They chose him for a juryman. Oh, the blackness of our courts! Even the judges on their seats, the lawyers at the bar, and the jurymen in the box are as guilty as the criminal at the bar. Thank God, there is a day of justice coming, a day when men will give account for the deeds done in the body.

Now, listen! This man had covered his sins, his conscience had become seared, conviction was a thing of the past. But one day he was suddenly startled by a voice saying, "John, I have found you at last." He had not heard that voice in thirty-six years. He turned and looked into the face of the woman whom he had deceived (shall I say deceived?), that woman whom he took from a happy home, and whose heart he had broken, whom he had left to fade like a flower.

He shrank from her; yea, he ran from her presence. His sin had found him out. "Thou God seest me." Conscience had done its work. He went home that night, but not to sleep. To look into the face of his illegal wife and children, then to turn from that unhappy scene to gaze upon another one, still more horrible, was his fate.

In the dark shadows of that night he could see the haggard face of his lawful wife. He lost interest in wealth, friends and fame. He spent three of these awful nights, and finally became desperate. He took the last look at the deceived woman who supposed she was his lawful wife, took his revolver from his pocket, blew out his brains, and went into a murderer's hell. "Thou God seest me."

Do you know that every deed you ever did, good or bad, is known to God? Every thought, every word you ever spoke, you spoke into His great ear. You had better be honest with God today, and confess your sins. He sees you now. If you confess your sins, He is faithful and just to forgive you your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness.

The Word of God says that the fearful and the unbelieving, the abominable, the murderers, the whoremongers, the sorcerers, the idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Now, there are a lot of unbelievers. God says that they will be forever damned unless they repent. God says that whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. God's eyes are on every one who hateth his brother. Say, sir, listen! He knows your name, He knows the number of your house, He knows the color of your eyes, He can put His finger right on the spot where you did the deed.

The murderers are not all in jail. We are passing them every day on our streets. Mothers are entertaining them in their homes. We are lifting our hats to them nearly every day. The thing is covered. "Thou God seest" it.

There may be some here tonight. I want to say to you, as a man who loves your soul, that there is a day coming that you cannot escape. There is a God who rides the circles of heaven who will bring every guilty sinner to judgment. Now is your time to repent. Now is the hour of mercy.

Murder is no uncommon crime in this age. There are plenty of mothers, all over the land, who will stand in the judgment with their hands red with blood. There will be plenty of witnesses in the judgment. There will voices cry there that never had the opportunity here. "Thou God seest me." His eyes are scanning this congregation. He is looking right into your heart. He is looking through hats and clothing. You cannot hide from His eternal gaze.

He loves you tonight, and that is why He is pleading with your heart now. No doubt He has knocked before. There is not a man or woman, boy or girl, but that God has been faithful to. Will you not let Him save you tonight? My only thought now is to hold out a red light of danger to every soul. I beg you in Jesus' name to come now, while the opportunity is yours. Sickness is coming time is rushing us on to the judgment bar. We cannot escape. We must meet it. Oh God, "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

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Chapter 12 HELL

This sermon was preached in Lansing Holiness Church by Rev. P. F. Elliott.

Luke 16:25 -- "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment."

In our lesson this evening we are told of two men -- one a beggar, the other a rich man. Both men lived, both men died; one awoke in the bosom of Abraham, the other lifted up his eyes in hell.

I want to speak on the doctrine of hell tonight, for hell is a Bible doctrine. The same Bible that tells us of Heaven tells us of hell, and a "lake of fire," "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," and may God help me at this time to warn people as I will wish I had when I stand at the judgment before the eternal throne of God. I want to give three reasons why I believe in hell:

First, the Bible teaches it.

Second, my conscience tells me so.

Third, it is reasonable.

It is alarming how bold men are today in openly refuting and denying the Word. But as long as we have such plain and forcible passages of Holy Writ as these I shall hang them out as a red-light of danger to every man who is on his way to a devil's hell.

Listen, brother! "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God," and I want to say to you tonight, as sure as God rides the circles of heaven, there is a hell, and he who fails to get his sins pardoned, and does not tarry for the Pentecostal fire, and live a holy life, will be eternally damned, for men will either bow at this altar, or some other altar, or they will bow at hell's altar.

We read in Revelation 20:10, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Again we read, "But the fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

I know men are scoffing at it, and trying to make themselves disbelieve it; but our belief never changes the eternal truth of God. A man drinks whiskey, and says he doesn't believe he will get drunk, but he gets drunk. A man puts his hand on a hot stove, and says there is no danger of getting burned, but he gets burned just the same. His unbelief does not change the Divine laws of nature.

I notice that the Word says he was a "rich man," but he was not damned on account of his riches. But "he lifted up his eyes in hell" because he did not believe God -- because he did not get saved from all his sin.

I want to call your attention to some facts in this lesson:

First, he was in torment, for he declared that he was "tormented in these flames, and seeing Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." He had eyes, for he could see; he had his reason, for he recognized Lazarus.

Second, he made two requests, but not one of them was granted. First, he wanted Lazarus "to dip his finger in water and cool his tongue," but there is no water in hell -- not a single drop. It is awful to be thirsty in this life, and burn with a fever, but think of that soul who rides on the billows of eternal damnation, where the "smoke of their torment ascends up forever and ever," without a drop of water to cool their tongue.

I knew a woman who once knew God, who once could pray, but afterward rejected light and became demon possessed, and under the power of the devil would clench a glass of water between her closed hands, and when people tried to take it from her, declared she was going to take it to hell with her, for there was no water in hell.

I notice another thing: he had his memory, for Abraham said, "Son, remember." I believe one of the tortures of hell is the sharpened increase of memory. Doomed and damned men will have their memory there. People say they forget things, but that is not so. Not one single thing will ever be forgotten. Every act of life, every hidden thing, flashes before the mind in the hour of death.

A young woman lay dying, rolling from side to side, saying she could not die. She called her friend to her, and told her there was a toothbrush between her and God. Memory had done its work, conscience was troubled, confession and restitution the only relief. No eye but God saw her.

But you are here tonight with crime and a black catalogue of sin on your life. You say you have forgotten them; but, sir, let me warn you: one of these days you will remember them. When the damp, cold sweat is on your brow, and the death-rattle is in your throat, and the dark winged fiend from hell is waiting at your bedside to carry your doomed and damned spirit into the regions of the damned and lock you in hell forever, you will remember every dark sin of your life -- there will not be one forgotten -- remember the pleadings of the Holy Ghost; remember the faithful prayers of the saints; remember the faithfulness of Jesus Christ; remember that gray-headed mother with tear-streaming eyes.

You broke her heart and sent her early to the grave. You remember the last time she laid her hands on your head and warned you to get right with God. You will remember the opportunities you let go by, never to return; you will remember the warning of the preacher tonight; you will wake up in hell, if you do not repent, to see his face, and it will haunt you through an endless eternity.

I know men say they are not afraid to die. I know better. They are afraid to meet an angry God. They are afraid of the judgment; they are afraid of death. I have seen all the men die without God that I ever want to see.

I was preaching one night when a man arose, cursed the preacher, went out slamming the door and saying: "There is no hell! I do not believe in hell!" Three weeks later I stood by his

deathbed. His face was white, his eyes glassy, his spirit troubled. I knelt to pray in that room, but as truly as I feel the presence of God this moment, I felt the presence of demons in that death-chamber. Heaven was locked; I could not pray; God would not answer. He had mocked God and had blasphemed His holy name.

He at last said to me: "There is no use; I am a doomed man; I am lost." He then cursed me and himself for being a fool. I walked out into the night air to get a fresh breath, and when I returned he sat up in bed, looked square at me, and asked, "Do you expect some one to come?" I said, "Yes, sir; I expect Jesus to come." He groaned and said, "I am not ready. I am not ready to see Him." He was afraid to die; he shrank from God; he had a black catalogue of sin; he would not repent; he mocked God in health. "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

There is no cure but the blood of Jesus. He lived on for several days in that awful torment of conscience without hope. One day he sat up in bed in the presence of his family, ran his bony fingers through his hair, screamed "Murder" three times, and dropped over dead, and "in hell lifted up his eyes," not because God was not merciful; not because God did not warn him, for God warns every man. There will be no one in hell who has not gone over the warnings of God and over the woings of Jesus Christ.

I notice he believed in prayer, for his next request was, "I pray thee, therefore, Father, that thou wilt send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come unto this place of torment."

He believed in Lazarus' testimony now. He believed in repentance now; he believed in missionary work now. Every soul in hell believes in repentance. "But he lifted up his eyes in hell," where no prayers ever will be answered; not a ray of light will be there, no sun, no moon, no stars, no lamp, not a ray of light, not even a lightning-bug; for my Bible that I hold in my hand declares it is "outer darkness, where there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," where millions of Christ-rejecters will ride on the winged flames of dark damnation in God's eternity.

Methinks I hear them say: "How long! How long! How long!" I listen for the answer. It echoes back, "Forever! Forever! Forever !" Oh God, help us here tonight to comprehend something of an eternity without God: Listen, brother! If it were possible to stand on the brink of hell and give an altar call, I believe every soul in hell would answer to the call. But alas! it is too late. No prayer will be answered there. They will pray for the "rocks and the hills to fall on them," but nothing can hide them; no rocks will ever fall on them; their sins have dragged them down; their unbelief has locked them in the prison-house of the damned forever.

You may mock at it tonight, but remember, God said He would not be mocked. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." You say you do not believe it, "but God will give you over to believe a lie, and to be damned." If you spurn His mercy you will hear the awful words, "Depart from me; I never knew you."

Let me warn you tonight, as a judgment-bound congregation, you cannot afford to mock God. Your soul is too valuable; eternity is too long; death is too sure.

Two young men came into a meeting where I was raised, near my father's home. At first they seemed to be under conviction, just like some of you are now. Thank God, the Holy Ghost is faithful! Their proud hearts threw off the conviction. They came again, and had less. You may never have another bit of conviction after you leave this house tonight; and if God never speaks to your soul again you are as much damned as though you had been in hell for one thousand years.

They came again; this time without any conviction. The preacher was preaching from Revelation 14:10: "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb forever. And the smoke of their torment shall ascend upward forever and ever: and they have no rest day or night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of His name."

Brother, hell is an awful place! I pray God you may flee to the cross of Jesus Christ and have your sins all blotted out.

They began to laugh and make fun of the wine "of the wrath of God." The preacher spoke to them kindly; but their proud, devilish nature was stirred, and they left the room, crossed the street, and entered a saloon. The bartender said, "Boys, what will you have to drink?" One of them said, "I will have a drink of the wine of the wrath of God."

There was silence in that saloon. He poured out the red wine, raised it from the bar, but never put it to his lips, for he fell over backward -- dead; and "in hell he lifted up his eyes," to "drink the wine of the wrath of God" in all eternity.

He did not go without warning. God's servant faithfully warned him just like I am warning you tonight. I am preaching your funeral sermon, for all that I know. For all that I know, before the hour of midnight you will have settled where you will spend eternity.

Oh, may the God of the Bible warn you tonight. Oh, Jesus, Thou Son of God, help me to be faithful in giving this judgment-bound congregation the last message they may ever hear.

The thought of this awful responsibility makes me feel like going to my knees and leaving the results with the God of the Bible. You will never be in another meeting just like this. You may see the same preacher and many of the same congregation, but you will never see the Holy Ghost play as He plays tonight on the hearts of men in this room. There are some here who are not concerned, who are not under conviction. But you remember the time that you were; you remember the last time that God spoke to you, but you hardened your heart and seared your conscience as with a hot iron; but, thank God, there are some to whom He is speaking, "Choose you this night whom ye will serve."

Listen, brother! Hell is as real a place as Lansing is a city. It is not a myth or Jewish fancy. I want to warn every sinner here tonight that you make your own hell, for the "wages of sin is death"; and when you drop into the smoky regions of the damned, men will curse you for coming;

you will be an intruder there; they will stick their tongues of fire in your face and curse you because you did not repent. You are working hard for your birthright there.

Hell is the prison-house of the devil, where doomed and damned spirits wait for the last judgment, and for the day when "the seas shall give up the dead who are in them, and death and hell are cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

This is the second death, and "whosoever is not found written in the Lamb's book of life is cast into the lake of fire." With all these Bible truths men are not taking warning, but are rushing on like the waters of Niagara, plunging into the rapids of their awful doom.

"He that taketh warning shall deliver his soul." They have become so used to Gospel sermons, so used to the warnings from God's servants, they pay but little or no attention to them, like the people who lived in San Francisco. The first shocks of the earthquake startled them, but they soon got used to them and paid but little attention to them.

A man who was there on the Christmas before the fatal shock told me he was down at the Golden Gate Park when a shock came. The people who had lived there paid but little attention; they had become so used to it, and had been so often warned. But it scared him; he was not used to the warning. He took his little boy by the hand and led him out of the place. It was God's warning to the wicked people of San Francisco, but they did not heed the warning. They boasted of the strength of their iron buildings, joked and laughed, and went on in sin.

In a few months from that day there came another shock. It was sudden; it was in the dark hour of the night. It was God's wrath on sin and wickedness. He touched a button in the bowels of the earth, and the city was turned into a pandemonium. Strong men wept, women screamed, many knees bowed that never bowed before. Fire broke out, to add to the torture of that awful hour. Men's hair turned gray in one single hour. People leaped from windows to meet their fatal doom, and many "lifted up their eyes in hell" whom God had faithfully warned.

Some folks accept the warning of God and escape the fatal doom. I would to God that every sinner in the room would heed the warning, and flee to the city of refuge, and fall at the feet of Jesus, for "He will lift you up, for he careth for you."

Again, I notice one thing more:

There is no hope in hell. Hope is a stranger -- a thing of the past. Hope is the one characteristic that leads from despair in this life; without it the human heart sinks into a gloom deeper than midnight. We look at the ship in mid-ocean, wrapped in the burning flames. The captain gives the command to lower the boats; the passengers put on the life-preservers, and trust themselves to the raging sea in the frail boats. What prevented confusion and destruction in the hour of danger? Their confidence in their commander, and the hope of final safety; but there is no hope in hell.

I knew of a young woman who was born blind, cataracts keeping her in total darkness for twenty-three years. Still she had a ray of hope, the physicians telling her that an operation might restore her sight, although they could give no definite assurance.

She worked hard at scrubbing, often earning not more than fifty cents a day, saving all she could, until, at the age of twenty-three, she had money enough to take her to Ann Arbor. Cheerfully she underwent the operation, patiently awaited the day when the bandages were removed, and for the first time she beheld the light of day and God's beautiful world, and with tears of joy thanked God for the wonderful change, and at once laid plans to assist her blind brother to secure his sight.

Listen, brother! We were once blind, but we now see. We were all born with spiritual cataracts of sin over our spiritual eyes; but, thank God, the operation of the Holy Ghost removed them, and we thank God for the marvelous change, and turn to our blind brothers and sisters, blind in trespassing and sin, and who cannot see their fatal doom.

I would to God that this congregation might see the red-light of danger, and take the warning that is given from this sacred desk tonight, and bow at this altar, and let Jesus Christ save them from all sin here -- save them from a burning, yearning, gasping hell. How many souls are there here tonight who do not want to die and be damned; where the lightning of eternity will flash in dark despair; where memory will add to the torture of hell; where prayers will be mocked by the imps of hell, and millions who have rejected light will cry for a drop of water to cool their parched tongues, only to be refused. Oh God, help this congregation to take this message as a warning from the living God! Amen.

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Chapter 13 THOU HAST LEFT THY FIRST LOVE (Rev. 2:4 -- last clause)

This message to the Church at Ephesus was not given by a preacher or a bishop, nor even a prophet. It was the decision of the Trinity, and a message carried by the Holy Ghost Himself.

"Thou hast left thy first love." This must have fallen heavy on the ears and hearts of the members of this church, who ranked so high in the apostolic age, and stood for holiness, or bore the name of the bride.

The first thing we notice the Holy Ghost saying, "I know thy works." Thank God, the Holy Ghost knows us better than we know ourselves. There isn't a thing covered from His gaze. His eyes of fire look into every secret of our lives. He knows every time we have put our heel in the sand. He knows every tear that ever dimmed our eyes, every sigh that ever heaved our bosom, every arrow that ever pierced our heart is known by Him, and He is faithful.

He says, "I know thy works, and thy love, and thy patience, and how thou can not bear them that are evil." That is, they do not love evil, and do not commit outward sin. In fact, they had all the

fruits of an orthodox church. The Holy Ghost made mention of all these fruits and, we believe, gave them credit for it.

But listen! There was something wrong. The standard of this church is higher than two-thirds of the so-called Holiness churches today. They had works, and patience, and did it for His name's sake. Yet the Spirit says you are backslidden, and have left your first love. He did not invite them to the altar to seek the Holy Ghost, but called them to repentance and to do their first works over. May God help us to see, if that was the condition of this church, what must be the condition of the normal church, with all the machinery and formality and carnality that she carries today.

Thank God, the Holy Ghost is faithful. He did not call them to turn over a new leaf, or stand under the test, but to repent. The only thing for a soul to do that has lost its first love, or leaked out, is to repent. But the strangest thing is that people would rather do most anything else than to repent. They will join the church, sing in the choir, pay a tenth, keep the Sabbath day, say "Amen" to the truth, dress plain. Now; any Pharisee can do this, and die and be damned, without the witness of the Spirit.

"Thou hast left thy first love." It must be, according to this text, that God calls everybody backslidden that has lost his first love. He did not say that you have grown a little cold, or have let up a little. But He did say, "Remember from whence thou hast fallen, and repent quickly, or I will remove the candlestick out of its place." That is, the light which I give you will become darkness, and oh, how great is that darkness!

Hundreds of souls all over this world today realize there is something wrong. There has been a leakage of love. That sweet, childlike spirit is gone. Faith has given place to doubts. That wonderful zeal that they once had for the reading of the Word of God has disappeared, and it is quite a trial now to go to meeting. The truth seems a little too close. They don't get blessed around the family altar as they used to. Yet they stand under every test. But the shout and shine and hearty "Amen" is a thing of the past. Now, what does all this mean? Well, the Holy Ghost now says plainly, "Thou hast lost thy first love."

Now, what was it that brought about this condition to the church? Well, the very same condition we see today -- disobedience. There is no other way that any soul, in earth or heaven, can become unholy but by personal disobedience. If one act on the part of an holy angel depraved him through all eternity, and cast him down to the depths of hell, and reserves him in everlasting chains until the day of judgment, may God help us to see there are thousands that have fallen in this world of wickedness.

No wonder God said in His Word, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." I believe thousands over this land today are at altars, seeking to get sanctified, never seeming to get victory. Now, there must be a reason for this. God says in the Bible that He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit than we are to ask for Him. Again, He tells us to be filled with His Spirit. And the last message Jesus ever gave was, "Tarry in Jerusalem till ye receive the promise of your Father."

Now, that promise was the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Jesus said, again, in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which will believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, as thou art in me and I in thee."

Now, this is Pentecostal holiness, and is within the reach of every regenerated soul. So we must conclude that the fault is in the seeker. The Holy Ghost makes it plain in the fifth verse of the second chapter of Revelation, "Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen." Remember what thou hast lost that new-born sweetness that you once had, that child-like spirit, that gentle peace that used to flood your soul, is gone.

Now He urges them to repent and do their first work over. He means to get religion again. Repent of the thing that caused you to fall. Repent of the thing that caused the leakage and deadness in your soul. And the Spirit says, Do it quickly, or I will come to you quickly and remove the candle-stick out of its place, except thou repent.

Now, these people were backslidden in heart, not in works. Their works were good; the Spirit said so. But, beloved, good works will never save us. Works are dead without faith and without the blood. And one of the great troubles in these last days is a leakage of love and a falling away; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Many people who profess a high standard of grace are void of the fire. And they do the deeds of Nicolaitans. And God says He hates their deeds.

This is an age of sinning against light. When light is rejected it becomes darkness. And the Word of God calls all such back to repentance, and those who refuse to do it will wake up at the judgment bar of God to hear the awful words, "Depart, I never knew you."

So the Holy Ghost is crying out today, "Awake thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ will give you life"! Thank God, He will hear the prayer of every honest soul!

Another thing I notice about the church at Ephesus -- she failed to repent, and wandered far from God, and went into apostasy. And missionaries who go that way, and stand upon the ruins, say that the air is pregnated with unbelief. Oh, my God! what a picture of desolation; where once salvation flowed like a river, now given place to idolatry and heathen gods! But so it is with every nation or church, people, or person, who rejects light will go into darkness. God has promised to give us light, and He is faithful.

This church was highly honored with good preaching. The beloved Timothy was their bishop, and Paulus was the one that brought the message with unction and power. But, like many churches of today, they did not heed the warning, and fell, but went right on playing meeting. And the saddest part of it was, they never repented, and no doubt the most of them were lost.

Now, my friend, if you have a good experience in the things of God, it will pay you to take care of it, for these are truly perilous times. May God help you to examine yourself, and see if you have lost your first love. If so, repent quickly. Amen.

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THE END